

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper.
EIGHTH PAGE—Lecture by Rev. H. W. Beecher.
TENTH PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon.
SIXTH PAGE—Cora L. V. Hatch's Discourse.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"BERTHA LEE," OR, MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,
Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

She did not answer me at once, but opened a book that lay on her table, and read aloud:

"Let us bear patiently what God sends; for impatience doth but entangle us like the fluttering of a bird in a net, but cannot at all ease our trouble, or prevent the accident; it were therefore better that we compose ourselves to a patient than to a troubled and miserable suffering."

God, who in mercy and wisdom governs the world, would never have suffered so many sadnesses, and have sent them to us, but that he intends they should be the seminary of comfort, the nursery of virtue, the exercise of wisdom, the trial of patience, the venturing for a crown and the gate of glory.

In this world you are but a stranger, traveling to your own country, where the glories of a kingdom are prepared for you; it is therefore a huge folly to be much afflicted because thou hast a less convenient inn to lodge in by the way."

"And this is the way you teach yourself patience, dear Mary?"

"It is the only way to do it effectually; and, Bertha, it is by such chemistry that the ills of life may be transmuted into blessings. Remember it, and when trouble comes, wait patiently, and God will deliver you—or, if he does not, you may know that the discipline is what you need. There was a time when my spirit chafed against my lot in life; but I believe that my heavenly Father placed me here for a wise purpose, and I have learned not only to be contented, but happy. It is certainly one step toward happiness to know your duty, and my path is so plainly marked out for me that I cannot mistake it. You know my early history, and can understand why I would not forsake Mr. Mudgett in his old age. I thought my sickness was a trial almost too hard to be borne; but it has given me a most precious friend—one who has led me from a path of error."

"You don't mean," I said, in some astonishment, "that you subscribe now to all Miss St. Leon's views—that you have adopted Mr. Calvin's creed?"

"I was sorry that I had spoken thus, as soon as the words had left my lips; for an expression of pain passed over my friend's face, as if I had recalled sad memories."

"I mean," said she, "that a creed which produces such characters as Miss St. Leon, cannot be very bad. She has shown me—that I ought to have seen for myself—that I was fanciful, imaginative, and craved a religion that would satisfy that want of my nature, while I should have been seeking the truth. I fear that you are too strongly prejudiced against Mr. Calvin. I think he is one of the few who believe his creed, and act accordingly; he may have more zeal than discretion, but give him credit for sincerity."

"Now, Mary, you will come back to school; we miss you very much."

"No!" said Mary, decidedly; "I must tell you, what I told Miss St. Leon, to-day, when she urged my return, I am not willing to place myself in any position where I cannot be perfectly free in my religious opinions, and where the same liberty of conscience is not allowed to all. I was humbled and dismissed because I investigated and thought for myself. I would not willingly submit to the same ordeal again; so, dear Bertha, I fear you will think me a proud little woman, with too much independence for my poverty—for here I am, with only ninety dollars a year (my uncle's pension), for my support. But he needs my care; and so, following good old Jeremy Taylor's advice, I try to trust in God, and thus cast out anchor for my soul, to keep it from shipwreck, though I cannot keep it from storm."

She sat still a moment, my hand in hers—what could I say? poor little me, who had neither spiritual knowledge, nor the strength which comes from trials nobly borne!

As we sat thus, some one tapped lightly on the window, and Addie's bright face peeped in.

"Let me in at the window. If I come round by the door, Uncle Mudgett will be sure to poke up his head, and say, 'What's that madcap here at this time of night?'"

We aided her to spring in, when she produced from her pocket a little box.

"There, Mary, I know my dear, good father would bring it!" and she opened the cover, and displayed a valuable gold watch, and a little card, on which was written:

"For my daughter's friend; with the gratitude and kind wishes of
ARTHUR STANLEY."

"I wanted him to come and bring it himself; but he said, 'Oh no, Addie! I don't want to see any more Yankee schoolma'ams. Miss Garland is well enough in her way, and I have the highest respect for her; but she is stately and cold as a granite mountain covered with snow. Miss St. Leon has a

man's soul in a woman's body, and we men have a special partiality for feminine women; and Miss Crooks, who made such tremendous efforts to entertain me, to-day—I am afraid a second interview would send me back to 'old Virginia' by the express line direct! I am under great obligations to your friend, Miss Lincoln; and I never paid a bill more cheerfully in my life, than the one Dr. Kirtledge presented yesterday; but I would rather pay two more than have to sit face to face with a prim Yankee schoolma'am another hour, whose face is like an Egyptian mummy, and whose words remind me of the old hymn, 'Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!'"

I laughed heartily at Pa's notions, and feeling a little roguish, I told him I would inflict no more Yankee schoolma'ams upon him; if he didn't think Miss Crooks interesting and beautiful, he certainly would not like Miss Lincoln's black eyes, and yellow skin, and long neck; and then she was good, too, as good as Miss Crooks, and might make him feel his own deficiencies in that respect. Then he laughed and went to smoking, and I ran over here with the watch."

"Why, Addie," said I, "how could you describe Miss Lincoln in that way?"

"I was in a wicked mood, I suppose; but come, Bertha, we are already late for study hours."

As we ran through the garden, Addie said—
"Wouldn't it be a joke now, if Pa could see Miss Lincoln, and not know her by name? Now, do contrive some way to bring it about."

I had seen Addie's father, and was not surprised at her warm admiration and love for him. Their affection was mutual, and they seemed perfectly happy in each other's society.

The next day was bright and warm, and Addie proposed a ride on horseback to her father. He was delighted with the idea, and asked her to invite one of her companions; but as saddle-horses were rare, that arrangement could not be made, and I was therefore to take Addie's place on her return, and ride a few miles on a fine but gentle-spirited saddle-horse.

"Where will you ride?" Mr. Stanley asked, when I was mounted.

Now there was an old road that led to the ocean, shady and pleasant, on which were a few farm houses, and further on, toward the water, some fishermen's huts; a bridge was thrown across the water, which we could pass, and then find ourselves on one corner of a long, barren, sandy island, which runs for some miles near the shore.

It was very pleasant to watch the waves dash against the beach, and see the vessels coming in and going out. As we rode along, I observed the hut where old Mr. Mudgett once lived, and where, near which, Mary Lincoln's mother was shipwrecked. I told the story; my companion was much interested, while, from design, I omitted the name of my teacher.

I gave a faithful account of old Mudgett, adding that he was a sailor during the last war with England, and could tell some amusing incidents.

"You must procure me an interview with the old sailor," he said, "and I will manage to endure his gruffness for the sake of a sailor's yarn."

This was just what I desired, and therefore proposed to ride home by the way of Mudgett's house. We were always in the habit of going to it by the garden path, but the front of the house faced a narrow street, leading to the village. The door was open as we passed, and the old man sat just inside, watching with the interest of second childhood, any passer by. Mary was not in sight, but the old man, was unusually gracious as I rode near, and when I introduced Mr. Stanley, returned the salutation with more gentleness than I had ever seen him manifest to strangers; a little conversation ensued, and when the war was referred to, Mudgett seemed to forget his rheumatism and his temper. My horse was restive, and when Mr. Stanley proposed to call at another time, the old man said—

"Come in the morning, and I'll spin you some yarns, maybe you'd like to hear."

"That's an original," said Mr. Stanley to me; "even a crab apple has its sunny side, and though the old fellow has perhaps had a hard battle with life, I'll find one mellow spot in his heart. Tomorrow I'll chat with him while Addie is at her recitations."

The next day found him seated by the old boatman, wondering, as he afterwards said, how that delicate blossoming, "our Mary," as Addie and I called her, but "my darter," as Mudgett expressed it, came to be budded on so rough a stem. She was dressed, as the day before, in a delicate pink gingham, with the brooch, which attracted Mr. Stanley's attention, from its similarity to one worn by his first wife before their marriage.

Mary had never seen Mr. Stanley, so that they met as strangers.

"I am told you were on the ocean during the last war, and took part in the struggle."

"Yes, I fought the British till I was taken prisoner, and placed on board one of the prison ships, and you may guess whether I have any love for the old country left. But the last war was nothing to the first; perhaps you don't know that I served in that, too."

"It seems hardly possible," said Mr. Stanley.

"I was a youngster of eighteen. Didn't I hear the cannon of Bunker Hill; and didn't I stay behind, when all the folks ran for their lives, because the 'regulars' were coming?"

It was one Friday afternoon, April 21st, the second day after the battle of Lexington was fought—the news ran like wild-fire through the town, that the

British soldiers were on us, and were cutting, and slashing, and killing all before them. Such a tumult you never saw before—men, women and children running in all directions to escape the regulars, while men rode through the town, screaming, 'Fly for your lives! They are behind you! One man yoked in his oxen, and taking his own family, and his neighbor's, drove off to escape the soldiers. One woman ran four or five miles, and then sat down on the steps of a meeting-house to nurse her child, and found, to her great horror, that she had brought the cat, instead of her baby!

I thought I should be left alone in the town. I was caulking a boat, and was sitting down on the sand, eating my bread and cheese, when the alarm came. I went home and loaded my musket, and then finished my lunch. I had been longing for a shot at 'em ever since them guns talked so loud at Breed's Hill. After awhile, the town was still as a graveyard, and I went up into the street with my musket on my shoulder, but saw nobody but Colonel Hudson. He was so fat he could n't run, and he stood at his door with his musket loaded. 'Going off?' said I. 'Going! no,' said he; 'I'm going to stop and shoot the devils.' 'I'm your man then,' said I; and we watched all night; but not a red coat showed his face in the town, much to our disappointment, and who started the rumors has never been found out to this day.

But I'll tell you something that happened the next January. You're puffed, perhaps, if you are an observing man, that there is a sand-bar at the mouth of the river, which prevents vessels from passing, except at certain stages of the tide. They are trying to get a breakwater at the port; but I can tell 'em it will do no good. Water has put her bar there, and water'll keep it there, spite of all man can do. But it's an ugly place for vessels, sometimes. Well, one morning Joe Stanwood and I were looking out to see the brig Sukey, which was taken by one of our privateers, when we spied, several miles from land, a British ship off the bar. The wind was easterly, and threatened a storm. She looked often, and we could n't imagine for some time what it meant; but it occurred to us that the English booby had mistaken our bay for Boston harbor, which was then in possession of the British. Here was a chance, then. We kept our own council, letting into the secret only those who were needed for the expedition; and starting with three whale boats, we rowed out to offer our services as pilots to the poor Englishman. We could help him over the bar. We selected our captain, and when we came near, he hailed the ship, 'Where from and whither bound?'

The captain, not guessing our purpose, answered, 'From London, bound to Boston. Where are you from, and where bound?'

Captain Boardman shot off a lie in return, like a boat going with the tide.

"From Boston. Want a pilot?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Then heave to, and I'll come aboard."

They heave to at once, like good friends. Our boat was rowed to the ship's gangway, and our captain went on board, and gentleman that he was, went to the quarter-deck, shook hands with the captain, asked the news from London, &c. While he was talking, the other boats rowed near, and we went on deck with our arms, and were paraded across the gangway. Our captain then left the quarter deck, and ordered the ship's colors struck! Didn't the captain open his eyes, and did n't the crew stare at us, and did n't they look all round to see Boston, and find out that General Gage was too far south to help them then?

We did n't hurt 'em, though. I have wished, since, we had treated them as they treated our prisoners. But we made a good thing of it, for we found the ship loaded with wine, and porter, and vinegar, and hogs, and sour trout; and in six hours from the time we started, we were in port again with our prize."

We have given just a specimen of Mudgett's reminiscences. They amused his listener, and he called often, and would smoke a cigar while the old boatman smoked his pipe.

Mary Lincoln listened to these stories, as she had often done before, with patience. They were worn threadbare to her, but if it amused the invalid to relate them, she was happy.

Her quiet ways, her refinement and beauty, could not escape the notice of the connoisseur in woman's charms, as Addie's father possessed to be; and one day he said to his daughter:

"That Mary Mudgett (pity she has n't a prettier name), would grace a queen's court. Wonder where she picked up so much knowledge. I spoke of the Greek war to-day, and I found that she knew more about it than I did. You must make her acquaintance, Addie; and don't let your Southern pride be a barrier to the possession of such a friend. Our family have pedigree and position sufficient to choose our friends where we please. Come with me to-morrow, and see this old boatman's daughter, (not his daughter, though. It is plain enough there is no blood of his in her veins,) and who knows but the little waif thrown up from the sea, may have as pure blood as that of which the Stanleys boast?"

Addie bit her lips, and listened to her father, and he went on, expatiating upon "our Mary's" charms, and half vexed that Addie expressed no more interest.

"Well, my daughter, what say you to a call upon the old boatman this afternoon?"

"I will go, father, on one condition—that you'll not laugh at my Yankee schoolma'ams."

"Bless your heart, child, I never laughed at them; only I do not fall down and worship them. You are

so warm-hearted that you carry your admiration too far. Miss Garland is greater than Zenobia to you, and Maria Theresa and Queen Elizabeth combined, are not equal to one-half of Miss St. Leon; and as for Miss Lincoln, though it was the name of your grandmother, and a proud old English name in our State, I am heartily sick of it; and now she is well again, and you have compensated her for her labors, let us say, 'Peace to her memory.'"

"I like the name better than Mudgett," said Addie, trying hard to put a little; but the suppressed smile chased the frown away.

Her father looked annoyed.

"You remember, Addie, a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But like as not that is not her name. I wonder if she has no clue to the name of her parents. It is strange no one has taken more interest in the girl. Why, I'm as much surprised as if I had found a diamond in Berkeley Swamp."

"Oh, father! don't be so warm-hearted as to carry your admiration too far," said Addie archly.

"You are incorrigible," replied her father; "now, to pay for your impudence, put on your bonnet, and go with me to Mudgett's."

They did go, but found the old man alone; Mary had gone to her mother's grave. They walked thither, and found her trimming the grass, and setting out some English violets.

"I have often heard Aunt Mudgett say that this was my mother's favorite flower; but I have never been able to get a root till this Spring; their perfume is very sweet."

"They are very common in the old country," said Mr. Stanley; "I have gathered them in the meadows very often."

"Were you ever in Lincoln?" asked Mary.

"What—in the rare old city of Lincoln, on the Withan, in the County of Lincoln? Yes, indeed; that was where old John of Gaunt lived; and the tomb of his wife, Catharine, is yet to be seen; and the old Cathedral itself is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. It is very rich and beautiful, and its bell, called the 'Great Tom of Lincoln,' is said to weigh five and a half tons. I spent days there, wandering about the ancient remains, and I never weary of the Saxon, Norman, and pointed arches, doorways with turrets, walls, mullions of windows, and other rare relics of the past, enough to set Scott's old Antiquary, Oldbuck, in a furor of talk."

While they were talking, Mr. Stanley had seated himself on a fallen tombstone; Mary was on a large stone near her mother's grave, and Addie had thrown herself on the grass by her side, and was in her usual position, her head resting in Mary's lap. Her father was so interested in relating his reminiscences, and Mary in listening, that neither of them noticed her at all, till she, becoming impatient—for the old city of Lincoln had no particular interest for her—said abruptly—

"Why, Mary, what do you care for the old relics? come, let us walk to the top of the hill."

But Mary was reluctant to go; she would like to hear more, and speaking low to Addie, said—

"That was my mother's home, I believe."

At that Addie started up.

"How did you know that?"

"It is on the back of the picture, and Aunt Mudgett says she used to scribble the name on a paper; and I have a bit of paper, with a picture of the old Cathedral upon it, which she drew."

"Let me see," said Addie, as she drew the picture from Mary's bosom, and opened the locket.

"To Mary Lincoln, of Lincoln—from Robert."

"Why, father," said Addie, forgetting everything else, "that is where Mary's mother lived, and where Mary was born!"

Mr. Stanley looked from one to the other, wondering what it meant.

"Excuse me, Miss Mudgett; but I am puzzled to know what this means. I had heard something of your history, but supposed you bore the name of your adopted father."

"Father," said Addie, her roguish eyes dancing with mirth, "allow me to introduce you to my friend, Miss Lincoln, the Yankee schoolma'am!"

Mr. Stanley, with all his natural and acquired ease of manner, was a little perplexed how to proceed, but rallying his gallantry, said—

"I am happy to acknowledge my mistake, and do not regret that it was a mistake. As to you, my little mad-cap, I cannot censure you very severely, for I believe I did absolutely refuse all acquaintance with Miss Lincoln, while I introduced myself to Miss Mudgett, and, if I remember right, gave her the name."

"All's well that ends well," said Addie. "But there is the bell for recitation. Oh, dear! Miss Lincoln, I wish you were my teacher again in history; but good-by, I'll take the shortest road," and away she ran over the hill to the Seminary.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JOURNEY.

I do not know, for Addie was not there to report, whether Mr. Stanley and Mary finished the history of old Lincoln that day; I opine not, for it runs back to the old doomsday survey; the castle was built by William the Conqueror, and in the middle of the fourteenth century inhabited by John of Gaunt, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," and this fact probably led them to investigate Shakespeare, and from Shakespeare they perchance went to history, and Addie said they found more and more to talk about every day; and what was very agreeable, old Mudgett's rheumatism grew better daily. He sometimes even went into the garden, and enjoyed himself awhile every day in fretting at

those who worked there, an exercise that throw off a little of the superabundant ill-humor of his system, into the free air, instead of pouring it all on Mary's devoted head.

It was Mr. Stanley's intention, as soon as the term closed, to take his daughter on her long promised journey; and it was not strange, after being entertained by the old sailor's stories, that he should wish to make some recompense to Mary for her patience in listening to the oft-told tales, and he proposed to her to accompany Addie as a friend and teacher. Mary had always been a close prisoner in Rockford; and the fisherman's hut, the boarding-house, and the Seminary, had hitherto bounded her travels. Her mind was richly stored with the history of the past, and with the progress of the present age; she loved society, and the free air and sunlight; she delighted in fine scenery, and in rare objects of art, but her duty pointed away from all these, and she did not hesitate a moment in refusing this offer, so kindly made. Even Miss St. Leon—the stern, uncompromising Miss St. Leon—who could trample upon all pleasure without regret, when duty lay beyond, advised Mary to go. She would see that the old man was cared for, and every comfort provided; but Mary was firm in her refusal, and though Mr. Stanley ventured to urge, and Addie tried the power of tears, they were all of no avail, but with a smile Mary, bade them "farewell" as they entered their own carriage, luxuriously fitted up for a long journey, and drawn by two noble bays, the pride of the colored driver, "Jim," who declared there was not such another pair in old Virginia. From this Mary turned to her own home, the little wood-colored, tumble-down house, where the old boatman was waiting for her to fill his pipe and mix his glass of grog. "Poor Mary!" said the girls, and I thought so then, but later years have taught me that Mary was happier than any of us. We had letters from Addie—not long and minute as we wished; she was too indolent for that, but they came often; one to me was dated at Boston, and had the following postscript:—

"I have seen your hero, Bertha! I always told you I would, and when the Stanleys say they will, they mean it. But I was luckier than I expected to be, for Pa has a friend in the West Indies, who is in some way connected with the firm where Charles Herbert is, and one day he ordered the carriage driven to the store. It was Charles Herbert that came out to speak with us, and, Bertha, it was just as I foretold. I fell in love with him at once. Now you must help yourself, if you can; I shall see him again, for there is some business requiring an agent to go to the West Indies, and Charles is to call at our rooms this evening. I am going to wear my blue silk and my pearl brooch and ear-rings, and you may guess the consequences. But, seriously, Bertha, for you know I'm only joking, (for I mean to live only for my father,) I like Charles Herbert's looks exceedingly, and the gentlemen of the firm spoke in the highest terms of him, as one in whom they had unbounded confidence. I wish you were with us. Tell Miss Lincoln that Pa says he wishes I would learn 'to talk with the ease and fluency which marks her conversation'; these were his very words. When I return, I shall make special effort."

The next letter was dated at Saratoga. Addie was in the full whirl of gayety and fashion, and entered into it with zest. She danced with this distinguished foreigner, or such a member of Congress, or some great man waited upon her at table; she had kissed Henry Clay, and been introduced to De Joinville—and that evening she was going to a fancy ball—"Pa had ordered the toilette, and of course it would be exquisite."

"My poor Addie!" said Mary Lincoln, "I wish she had not gone there."

The next letter was a doleful one:

"Oh, dear Bertha! what shall I do? There is a rich young Southern widow, dashing and handsome, that is laying siege to Pa's heart. It is reported that she has a large plantation at the South, and by the rich jewelry that she wears, I think she must have a long purse. I begin to think, too, that Pa will marry. He said the other day that he was weary of wandering about the world; he loved the quiet of domestic life; and yet, said he, home is no longer home, now that your mother is not there. That was significant, was it not? Mrs. Le Roche, that is the young widow's name, is very patronizing and kind to me, and as she is all the ton here, I think Pa is rather pleased that she should chaperone me. But my heart does not warm toward her at all, though everybody here says it will be a splendid match. But she's not one bit like my own dear mother. She was gentle and pious, and loved home, and never wanted admiration from any one but her husband. Mamma says she was 'an angel that lost de way, and got down here in dis wicked world, but de good Lord soon showed her de way home again.' What would Mamma say to Mrs. Le Roche with her feathers and point lace and diamonds, real diamonds, worth I don't know how many thousand dollars? She is superb when she is dressed, to be sure, and when Pa walks into the dining room with her at six o'clock—when the gas-lights are all burning, and the tables glittering with silver and glass, and she in full dress, I think I never saw a more noble looking couple. I can't help admiring them, as all the rest do, and Pa, who you know has a great passion for beautiful women, enjoys it too. How can he help it? But poor me! after the first feeling of admiration is over, my heart quivers, and I think of my dear, gentle, loving mother, and can hardly keep the tears from falling into the soup. Pa and Mrs. Le Roche met in Europe, and they talk French and Italian together, and she sings and plays superbly, and all this makes me feel as if I was a poor little ignorant thing, not fit to be the daughter of such an accomplished woman. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall envy you the possession of Charles Herbert, if matters go on so much longer. I must stop now, for Pa calls me to ride out with Mrs. Le Roche and himself. The plot thickens. Your distressed friend, Addie."

I read the letter to Miss Lincoln, and this time she did n't say, "Poor Addie," but "Mrs. Le Roche must be very beautiful, I think," and then she asked me all about Charles Herbert, and said, "You are not engaged, I hope, Bertha."

"No indeed, no indeed, Miss Lincoln; we are only just like brother and sister; we shall always be so, perhaps—and, whatever happens, we shall always be friends."

"Just like brother and sister!" my conscience kept echoing those words, for it also asked, "where will be your happiness, if Charles Herbert becomes the husband of another?"

I told Miss Lincoln all about our early friendship, and how happy we were on the old farm. She sighed, as she said—

"Such a friendship appears to me so beautiful, formed in childhood, strengthened in youth, and enduring to old age and death. There are some such, but they are rare, few experience them, for most friendships are well described by the parable of the sower—some seed fell on stony ground, some by the wayside, some fall among thorns and brambles, and languish in a short, sickly life, while few, (thank God for that remnant,) strike their roots strong and deep, and bear fruit an hundred fold. I trust, dear Bertha, yours may resemble this last, but be not too confident; life has much of disappointment; we sometimes outlive our friendships, or what is worse, find old friends living, but dead to us."

She seemed in a less cheerful, hopeful mood than usual; her lonely life was a sad one, but activity and faith enabled her to bear the cross.

A little incident occurred at this time in our family at home, which gave me much pain. Willie was twelve years of age, and my mother thought old enough to be sent away from home. I do not know how my father came to consent to it; it can be understood only by those who have seen the power of a strong woman's will over man. Man boasts of his power and his strength, but in the hands of such a woman his will is but a reed shaken with the wind. Whatever was the influence used, the result was that Willie was apprenticed to a book-binder, a nephew of my mother's, who was pronounced by her to be a competent man to take charge of a lad, and from her description one might be led to think that the child would improve his situation by leaving his father's roof.

A few weeks of bondage brought me a letter from Willie, blotted with tears. He was harshly treated, and made to labor beyond his strength.

"But of what use will it be to complain," he said; "my mother will sooner believe her relative than myself. I shall run away, sister, and what will become of me, then, I cannot tell."

I wrote to my father. He was absent from home on business, and the letter never reached him. I waited a few weeks—another came:

"Mr. W. is found out now; our mother will henceforth cease to talk about him. He is proved to be a dishonest man—a villain, indeed, and left town at night to escape the vengeance of the people. I will not go home, but shall go to sea. Good by, dear sister, and do not forget Brother Willie!"

I sent the letter directly home, and wrote at once to Willie; but it was too late—he had gone to the Sandwich Islands!

It was sad to think of home without his pleasant face and kind words, and sadder still, to think of him exposed to the hardship, privation and evil of a sailor's life.

I received a visit from Charlie about this time; he had heard of Willie's departure, and grieved almost as much as myself. Charlie was very happy; his employers liked him, and he thought there was no firm in Boston quite so honorable, or doing a better business. I could not help smiling to hear him tell about "our contracts for sugar," or the "amounts of our sales," as if he was in reality a member of the firm. As was characteristic of him, he entered heart and soul into his business, and bade fair to understand it, as well as his employers, in a brief time. The idea of going to the West Indies pleased him; he had self-reliance and courage, and the hope of doing well by his employers made him anxious to leave. I found he was going on with his studies. He was far ahead of me, now; had long since finished Adams's Higher Arithmetic, gone through Algebra, and was then in Euclid. He improved his evenings, either by study or attending lectures; had read a course of History, and could already read and write Spanish tolerably. He was very ambitious now to speak fluently. Ah, Charlie! I felt quite deficient, and began to think that boys were, after all, smarter than girls. He was the same genial, fun-loving fellow as ever, and had changed only in his person. Boston seems particularly favorable to the development of manly beauty, but rather detrimental to feminine charms. Why is this? Charlie had grown handsome; perhaps it was owing to a course of gymnastic exercises, or, in part, to the regularity of his habits, that his form had developed so well, and his frank, open face was pleasant to look upon.

I did not wonder at Addie for "falling in love with him," as she expressed it. I asked him about her. He remembered the pretty, dimpled face, and he told me how beautifully she looked in her blue silk and pearls, and when she returned to Boston he would call upon her. Happy Addie! how few troubles, and how much pleasure in her path!

Of one thing, however, I was sure: that I should be in advance of her in my studies. I had become ambitious, and resolved to stand high in my class; even my teachers regarded me with more favor than formerly, and my unfortunate advent at school was forgotten in the multitude of new comers. You, Anna, will well remember that year of rivalry and study—of pleasant, good-natured rivalry. On the whole it was the happiest year of school-life; it came after the loneliness and homesickness which always attend a new-comer, and before that time of inward doubt, of struggle, of darkness, and almost despair. There was a long interval that we did not hear from Addie; but Miss Lincoln showed me a paper one day, in which, among the other gossip of Saratoga, was the following: "Madame Rumor says that the Hon. Mr. S., of Virginia, will soon lead to the hymenal altar the wealthy and accomplished young widow, Mrs. L. R., of Florida." We could supply the blanks, and understand why Addie had not written. The very next day I received by express a package, with a letter from Addie, written at Niagara:

"The warm season is over, and we left Saratoga with the fashionable crowd. Mrs. Le Roche was coming here, and she invited me to accompany her. Pa gave his consent, and came also, as was, of course, expected. The first thing that interested me, after seeing the Falls, (and I only wished it was Miss Lincoln, instead of myself,) was to procure some petrified moss for Miss St. Leon. You remember she expressed a wish for some, one day, when she was arranging the cabinet. I think of her frequently, when I see the fashionable ladies here. They come down to breakfast at nine o'clock, dressed in beautiful morning dresses, most elaborately trimmed, drink a cup of coffee, and eat a slice of toast, and then recline on the ottomans and lounges for an

hour or two, talking pretty nonsense to the gentlemen. Then, perhaps, they go to their rooms, and, aided by dressing-maids, dress for riding; some of the carriages are splendid—Mrs. Le Roche's, for instance—with colored footman and driver in livery, and horses that show their high blood and fine grooming, while the carriage itself is most luxuriously trimmed and cushioned. Gentlemen are always on hand at riding time, and often you will see two or three couples on horseback, the ladies in jaunty hats with waving plumes, looking, I think, when seated on a fine, spirited horse, prettier than when dressed for a ball; then there are landaus, or open carriages, where the gentleman himself holds the reins; the handsome ladies seem to be very partial to this way of riding.

At one o'clock they have a lunch—a glass of chateau wine, a slice of bread, coal meats and jelly, cakes, etc. I never take wine, because Pa says he does not like to see ladies drinking it, (I am a great mind to tell here that Mrs. Le Roche has a variety of choice wines for her own special use.) Then what do you think they do after lunch? Why, go to bed, and remain there till it is time to dress for dinner; then such a fluttering and commotion as there is in all the rooms. Dinner is at six, and then comes a display of grand toilettes, and oh, Bertha, it is a splendid sight! I wish you could see them, especially on the day Henry Clay dined here. To quote from Miss Lincoln's favorite poet—

"T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

Dinner occupies two hours—there are so many courses, and we sit so long at dessert. After this, the ladies go in the drawing room, and we have tea and coffee passed round. You can fancy that when this is over, it will be bed-time. It would be for us at home, or at school; but ten or eleven begins the amusement of the day, or rather night. Every night there is a party, a ball or a hop, and the ladies dress again. At dinner they come out in rich, heavy silks, at night, in light, airy dresses, and in fanciful costumes, that make them look, to me, like pictures I have seen, of little naked cherubs floating on clouds, or peeping out, head and bust only seen, from a drapery of crimson-tinted mist. The ladies seem ambitious to see who will show most shoulder and neck. Pa forbids me to have my dresses quite to the extent of the fashion. It's queer, I think, for I have as fair and plump a neck and shoulders as any of them. He doesn't seem to see Mrs. Le Roche's "unclad bust," or if he does, it is with admiring eyes.

Now, as I said, comes the good time—the dancing, and the waltzing, and the flirting, and "soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again," and bright gas-lights shine over fair women and brave men. Oh, Bertha, did you ever waltz? No, I know you never did. It's superb, glorious! I can't describe it to you. It is the true poetry of motion—the fairy's dream realized. I learned to waltz of Mrs. Le Roche. She gave me private lessons in her room. Pa did not care for me to learn, and when I teased him, he shrugged up his shoulders, and said, "Not yet, Addie. Wait a few years."

You see, Monsieur Hazen is here, and gives lessons, and I fancied that it would be quite an improvement of time to attend his classes; but Pa seemed so reluctant, I gave it up, and Mrs. Le Roche has given me a few lessons in her room.

I can't understand why Pa objects; but I heard him once say to a gentleman, that he agreed with Lord Byron in his opinion of the waltz. Now do ask Miss Lincoln what that opinion was. I'm too ignorant to tell. It must be favorable, I think; for Mrs. Le Roche waltzed at one of the "hops" here last week, with Colonel McGregor, of the United States Army. He is an elegant man—tall and stately as a granite obelisk; and he threw his arm so gracefully about the beautiful widow, while her face came up to his breast, (a soft place, I guess, for the coat looked as if it had as much wadding as ladies use,) and then they went sailing around the room together, keeping perfect time to the music, and looking as if they were floating in a fairy world, all their own. Pa was there, and remarked that the colonel was one of the finest looking officers in the army; and I thought he looked very admirably at the widow, and saw her once or twice looking our way, as if he were sure that we saw her.

This morning she told me that she was preparing a pleasant little surprise for me, and invited me to her rooms, where she would have a little private dance. I am very glad, for Pa is going to a dinner, to-day, to Buffalo—a political dinner, I believe. He is getting quite absorbed in politics; they have nominated him for Congress in our district at home, and he, with some other southern gentlemen, are in our parlor a great deal, talking about "nullification," "tariff," "State rights," and other dry subjects, till I get very weary, and go to Mrs. Le Roche's rooms for amusement. I always find plenty of it there. The ladies never retire here till two or three in the morning; for the riding, and talking, and dressing take so much time. I think sometimes of Miss St. Leon, and wonder what she would say of these beautiful butterflies of fashion. I can see her now, with that huge, white-lace turban on her head, her hair parted smoothly beneath it, on her broad forehead, while her Mount Holyoke of a nose rises on her large, fair face like that same mountain in its smooth valley. "Young ladies!" I hear her say, "you were sent into this world for a higher purpose than to amuse yourselves, or to deck this frail body for admiration. Live for some high and noble object, cultivate the mind, purify the heart, and remember that you are immortal, and that this world is but a probationary state to another and higher state of existence. Look not upon marriage as the chief end of woman's life; fit yourself for its duties by the cultivation of those graces which make home happy; but never, never descend to that lowest of all games, as degrading to the soul of woman as is gambling to men—viz., husband hunting!"

What would the stern but noble woman say, if she should hear the talk in the ladies' parlors, when they are by themselves, or see the coquetting at the hops and parties? Her holy soul would be filled with righteous indignation; and I am not certain but she would speak right out, as Miss Lincoln said old John Knox did to the ladies of Queen Mary's court.

Morning—I must add a few lines to this letter before it goes into the letter bag. Only think, Bertha! Ned Green is here! Mrs. Le Roche is in some way connected with his family, and he came to see her, she says. He is a student in William and Mary's College. He has improved very much since we used to play together at home. This was what Mrs. Le Roche meant, when she said she was going to surprise me. We had a dance and an elegant little supper. I had some doubts about waltzing, but Mrs. Le Roche said she would be responsible to Pa, and Ned Green wanted me to waltz with him, but to make a solemn promise that I would never waltz with anybody else. Wasn't that odd? I had a glorious time! Ned said I waltzed divinely, and even Mrs. Le Roche, who was considered the most elegant dancer at the "United States," in Saratoga, told me that I only needed one course with Monsieur Hazen to make me perfect. I'll tease Pa again. Don't forget that the petrified moss is for Miss St. Leon, the bracelet for your dear self, and the copy of Wadsworth's poems for Miss Lincoln. I wanted to send Miss Lincoln a pair of pearl earrings; they were beautiful, and would become her so well, but Pa said, "No, Addie, send her that copy of Wadsworth, which we saw at the bookstore this morning." Now I didn't fancy the idea at all; she may like the binding and engravings, but the poetry is awful solemn to me, except two or three pieces, and they are baby stories; but I did as Pa thought best. I suppose his heart is so full of Mrs. Le Roche, that his usual good sense has gone wool-gathering. Tell the girls I am coming back this fall. This is the longest letter I ever wrote in all my life. Do answer by the next mail. Yours, now and ever,

ADDIE.

P. S.—Oh, dear Bertha! what shall I do? Pa has just come in and says that important business calls him South, and we must leave for home to-morrow. And this, too, when Ned Green has just come, and I was beginning to have such a good time! Besides, I want to see the French nobleman that arrived here

to-day, Count De Graffo; one of the descendants of the old French nobility, Mrs. Le Roche says. What a world of trouble this is! There's no comfort, Mamma! will sympathize in all my trials."

When I read this letter to Miss Lincoln, she said—"I am glad Addie is at home. Good old Mamma June! Is better company for her than the society at Saratoga and Niagara."

Her eyes were bright when she saw the beautiful copy of Wadsworth; it was an English edition, very finely got up, and illustrated.

"What should I have done with ear-rings?" said she, with an expression of comic distress.

She wrote Addie a long letter, full of sisterly counsel and comfort, and advised her now to study awhile every day, that she might not be so far behind her class. The advice was needed, for her class were working hard; the school hours were from eight till five, with an intermission only of one hour for dinner, while out of school, not less than six hours were devoted to study. The world is becoming wiser now, we trust, in this matter of crowding the young, especially girls, forward in studies. As I said before, there was no such thing as a playground on the school premises—no riding, no social amusements—nothing but a dull walk in procession, required of all, and which by solemnity forcibly reminded us of a funeral.

But notwithstanding, the health of the pupils was generally good—there were but two or three deaths for as many years at the school, though a few every term left, unable to endure the confinement and study. The flow of animal spirits was repressed, a loud laugh was not permitted, all noise was forbidden, and the very youngest became old women in their quiet demeanor. It was the tendency of the system to repress originality; anything a little peculiar or bizarre was frowned down at once, and freedom of thought on religious opinions was not admissible. Our teachers had their creed, which they honestly, conscientiously and most faithfully taught their pupils, and any deviation, any discussion even, was "crushed out" immediately. The aim of the teachers was to win the majority of the school to their modes of government and thought, and they would have opened their eyes in astonishment at the expression "rights of minorities." The minority had no rights; they were swallowed, rights and all, by the great whole of public opinion.

The course of study was thorough. Miss St. Leon, who on account of the ill-health of Miss Garland, became for some years primo manager, allowed no shirking, no superficial attainments. We must study and pass our examinations thoroughly, or we were placed back again in lower classes. There was no favor shown; the only question asked—Can this scholar perform all the examples in Adams's Arithmetic? Is she familiar with the rules? If any doubt was expressed, she would institute a personal examination; if satisfactory—"You may take Algebra"; if not, the scholar must return to her Arithmetic. We were told that it was no credit to spell well, but much to our discredit to be incorrect in our orthography. Miss St. Leon had the old fashioned notion, now almost obsolete in our high schools, that the foundation for a scholar must be laid in a knowledge of the common branches, reading, spelling, geography, grammar and history. "Then," said she, "we can raise a superstructure that will do us credit." Therefore these studies were never omitted and the very thoroughness with which she taught them made them pleasing to the scholar.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light. OUTSIDE OF THE WALLS.

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD.

Outside of the walls of an orthodox town,

With the blessed sky over him, sunshine or rain,
Liveth one in whose hair the grey silvers the brown,
And whose soul gets admonished again and again;
And he hears the great bells pealing out in the blue,
And of sermons is told in cathedral halls,
But he says, "I am nearer the angels than you
Outside of the walls."

Outside of the walls he dreams never of prayer,
And his words are impatient, joyous and loud,
And he calls churches names it would shock them to hear,
And his jokes please a sinful and numerous crowd;
And of all his jokes, one the saints least can endure,
"What's so less from his lips it relentlessly falls—
"He is nearer the angels than they, he is sure,
Outside of the walls."

Outside of the walls he is frizzled and burned,
He is razed with anathemas—yet not at a loss,
He is caught, crippled, crushed—all of which he has earned;
And such crosses as those he calls bearing his cross;
But his wickedness rapidly thins, on his crown,
All the hair of his head—and no wonder it falls;
Yet he still liveth on in this orthodox town,
Outside of the walls.

Outside of the walls he is burned at the stake,
But refuses the burning and spite on the fire;
On the wheel he is broken—declines to break;
He is hung, drawn and quartered—yet liveth entire:
It is strange to the pious, benevolent sect
Who have preached each week in the orthodox halls,
How the devil's such a devil the Devil can protect
Outside of the walls.

Outside of the walls all his children abide,
And they seem very happy outside of the walls,
And you would not suppose they were roasted or fried
By the pious good folk of the orthodox halls;
When the good folk relate to them what God will do,
And depict the great wrath, and the doom that appals,
Then they smile—"We are nearer the angels than you
Outside of the walls."

Outside of the walls of this orthodox town
I myself, have a dwelling, and the angels come there,
And they wish to go in, but the orthodox frown,
With a pious delight, drives them near to despair;
Yet they think they may get to throw salt on the tails
Of these birds when they moult and their gay plumage
falls,
And meantime they're content with the joy that prevails
Outside of the walls.

New Orleans, Sept. 14th, 1850.

INGENUOUS IDEA.—The fact that the study of nature tends directly to the civilization of a nation was well understood, more than a century and a half ago, by that ingenious, self-made, Peter the Great, of Russia. He conceived the idea that a love for this department of science would contribute much toward the civilization and refinement of his barbarian subjects, and accordingly he established, at an enormous expense, a large museum of natural history at St. Petersburg; and, in order to induce his whiskey-loving subjects to go there, he ordered a glass of brandy to be presented to every visitor.

PROFANEITY.—The famous Dr. Johnson never suffered an oath to go unrebuked in his presence. When a libertine, but a man of some note, was once talking before him, and interlarding his stories with oaths, Johnson said, "Sir, all this swearing will do nothing for our story; I beg you will not swear." The narrator went on swearing. Johnson said, "I must again entreat you not to swear." The gentleman swore again, and Johnson indignantly quitted the room.

THE ANGEL "LOVE."

Soft and clear, and very gentle, were the blue eyes of little Anne, as she looked up to the face of her dear mother, and heard her say words that her childish thoughts could scarcely grasp, yet which made her young heart seem to stand still in her bosom. Because her mother's face was so fair and pale, and her eyes so strangely bright, and her smile so beautiful and holy, the little one felt as if it were an angel who talked to her, and the words came like echoes of all the child had ever heard of goodness and of heaven; and she felt something like awe even at the caress of that dear, dear hand, that had been so often laid on her bosom—laid in love and in blessing; but if anything of sadness crept in with the strange feelings, it was shown in her calm stillness, and not by tears.

"Because I am going away from you, my child," said the beautiful pale lips; "and because I would meet you again, I tell you these things. You are so very young, that much of what I say will be a strange sound, without meaning to you; but I know that you love me, and will treasure up all I say in your little, loving heart, till the time when light from above shall fall in among the words I leave you, and then they will arrange themselves into beautiful forms, and come up out of the dimness, and, like angels, teach you pure and lovely things, that you could not understand now."

"But," murmured the child, with clasped hands, and eyes that would not turn from those that looked down so fondly on her, "I would always learn from you, my mother. No one—nothing can teach me so well as you, because I love you best of all."

"You think so now," said the mother. "Once I thought so too; but I have learned to know better; and a time will come when you will know it is not so. When I was well, and full of life, I thought that I would be strong for your sake, and would lead you, with a firm arm and steady heart, away from danger and pain. But it was not a true spirit that whispered so to me, and our Father in heaven sent a better spirit to teach me that I was very, very weak, and unfit to guide and lead. But though the spirit wore a dark mantle of shadows, and had tears, instead of stars, glittering in its crown, and spoke in sorrowful tones, so that at first I shuddered at its presence, yet, the good Father who sent it to me, opened my eyes to its true nature, and lifted the dark mantle, that I might see how white, and pure, and lovely a robe it wore beneath; and I know now that tears, if pure and full of love, are more precious than stars of light, and the tones of sorrow are now soft and sweet as music; and the spirit I feared is become a bright angel to me, and stands beside me to soothe and bless me; when, if it were not there, all else would be dark."

"And its name, my mother—what is the spirit's name?" asked the child.

"I called it 'Affliction,' while its radiant face was hidden from me," replied the mother; "but when the dark veil was lifted, I saw its true name—'Love,' written on its white forehead in brightness; and now I love it so that I would not lose its presence and its teachings for all the wide world could offer me."

"Mother," breathed the child, softly, while her hand clasped more closely the arm of the pale lady, "you said you would go away from me. Will this spirit leave me, too?"

"No, no; it will never leave you, my dear one, so long as you will only follow its guidance; and love to obey it. But you must love it above all things; must feel in your very heart that it is wiser, truer, purer, and more mighty than any other thing. Ah, dear child, when you shall feel how great and good this glorious spirit is, then you will know, indeed, how frail and feeble a guide your mother could have been to you. See, love, how my heavy limbs droop, and my voice grows faint even now; ere long it will be silent forever; and then, if your trust were only in me, you would be lonely indeed. But this true guide never fails, never falters; it is strong, as bright, as full of love as of wisdom; it will never, for one moment, leave you—sleeping and waking, will the lovely one be near to bless you."

"But, mother, you did not know it at first, and I am so young, so apt to be mistaken, how shall I know if it tells its face from me?"

"A trusting, loving, innocent heart, will be sure to know that spirit, even in disguise, my child," answered the mother. "It was because I feared it that I doubted it at first; but if you are willing to give up your own way, to do right in all things, even when it seems hard to do so, this angel's face will beam so brightly with joy on you, that it will shine through the veil. But it may be long before you learn so to give up your own will, and this spirit may wear many forms to you. It may appear all clad in sunny brightness and rainbow colors, or it may wear even a darker form than it did for me. Perhaps you will hear it called 'Death' by those who are around you, and the tears in its crown may be more bitter than those I saw. But if you are constantly looking for this bright 'Love,' you may still know it. Look for it, my child, in every event of life; remember that it may be in every place, in many forms; and when you hear those who are near you speak of 'pain,' of 'sorrow,' of 'trial,' or of 'sickness,' think that all these may be but other names for the heavenly one, and do not murmur that it seems to change, but be patient and humble; and, in the end, it will raise its veil, and you will see that in reality it never changes, but is still the same beautiful Love; and only its dress is different; and PRAY, my dear one, that you may always be true to its teachings: pray always—pray now, my child. I am very faint and weary, but it will warm my heart to see you pray."

The child looked up, and saw that the pale face was paler still, and that the languid head hung wearily down, and she felt that her mother's hand was chill; but still there was so soft a smile on her lips, that it made the wondering little heart stronger to do their bidding. And she knelt down, and laid her face in her mother's lap, and said the prayer her mother had taught her long ago—"Our Father, which art in heaven," and when she said, in her low, earnest, childish voice, "Thy will be done," she felt her mother's hand press her own, very, very closely in its cold grasp; but still the child went on till she had finished the prayer, and then she saw that the loving eyes which watched her were strangely changed, and looked still and glassy; and a whisper, so low that she could scarcely hear it, said, "I am dying; but do not tremble nor shrink, dearest: even this is the angel, 'Love.'" And the faint breath passed away from the pallid lips, and the child saw that her mother was no longer among the living ones of earth. Then, again, she bent her head, and prayed that she might feel the angel's presence, even

in its darkest dress; and peace stole in among the half-formed fears in her heart, and on her mother's lips still seemed to live their last word, the name of the angel, and it comforted the child, and still again she prayed, "Thy will, oh Father, be done."

Ere many days, the form of the gentle mother was laid away in the earth; but Anne felt that the pure and loving spirit, which had stood beside her, dying, was still near; and she did pray often, and strive earnestly to see it everywhere; and very often it lifted from its radiant face all that hid its glory, and it spoke sweet words of cheer and hope. When she yearned for the old, kind tones of her mother, and when the child read in the holy book her mother had so loved, then the face of the good angel glowed with a perfect radiance, and it taught her to understand what she read there; and then the child learned great and pure lessons, that made her strong to love, and ready to suffer. Many, who spoke to her, talked of pity, and said how lonely she must feel now that her mother was dead; but the child said:

"My mother is alive again, and I am not alone."

And the angel smiled at her words.

But after a time the child grew weak, and her steps were faltering; and very often she pressed her little hand on her heart to allay its pain, and the friends about her whispered that she had the same look that had been in her mother's eyes, and spoke of "trial," and "sickness." And, with a gentle smile, the child said:

"But still I know the holy, good 'Love' will show itself."

And it did, indeed, with sweeter words than ever; for it said, "Now that the child had well obeyed her mother's words, and walked her short path on earth with a true heart; and that now the Good Father of all had prepared a place for her in heaven; and, after it, (the angel,) should yet, for a little time, wear dark robes, and appear in sterner shapes, even to that of 'death.' Yet it was afterwards to carry her up to the ready home—the angel's own birthplace—and she would live forever there, with all she loved; and her mother would welcome her, and then the angel would always wear its white robes and stars in its crown; and they would never doubt it any more."

And so the child kept on smiling peacefully at all the sad names they called the heavenly friend she loved; till, at last, it bore her up to heaven, with its face unveiled, and its beauty all revealed.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LETTER FROM THATCHWOOD.

BY COUSIN BENJA.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Do n't you ever get tired of city life, of its fashions and follies, and long to come out into the country, and once more in your life be natural? If you do, then lay aside your pen, give me the reins of your thoughts, and I will lead you out from your joyless prison in the great noisome city, walled in with brick and mortar, to a quiet, shady little home nestled down in the green heart of a New England neighborhood. Here it is, simple and rustic, our little brown cottage, with its small windows and green blinds, a natural illustration of country life. From the front door a winding path leads out to the grand old forest, through which the summer winds move the musical leaves, softly as an angel's rhythm; where the shadows dance in and out, and the streams leap and sing on their gladness way; where my soul is refreshed with nature—ever new and beautiful nature—and in whose quiet, lonely haunts of beauty, I may meet God, as it were, face to face. On the other side is the little window, where the sunshine always breaks through the tangled rose-vine, hovering about the old oak table in one corner, where I now sit, incarnating with this little pen of mine the visions and thoughts that haunt and stir my young heart.

Now let us go down and enter through the rustic arbor the back porch, with its unpainted floor, and neatly white-washed walls; in one corner is the old well-curb, with its two buckets, all green with moss, sparkling and dripping with the crystal water-drops; there, too, is seen over the back cupboard bunches of thoroughwort and everlasting, which forcibly reminds one of next winter's colds and influenza.

But methinks you must be faint and weary, and your appetite well sharpened after so long a journey; so let us pass on to the kitchen, for I know, Mr. Editor, that you have been into just such a one before, have sat down in just such an old fashioned, high-back chair, have eaten from just such a pine-table, covered with just such a home-spun linen cloth. And does it not look inviting, with its brown platter of steaming Indian pudding, and that broken-edge plate of nice yellow butter; and that loaf of brown bread, and the pan of milk, with its top thickly coated with golden cream? I know it does; and you will be welcome to share it with us, if you will. We will now step into our little parlor, and I will show you my cabinets of minerals and curiosities, my pots of gillyflowers and verbenas, my library of books and papers; but please do not look at their titles, for if you do, you will be sure to find the radical writings of Emerson, Davis, and Parker; and do n't forget to look at that sweet face in the cone frame; it is the likeness of my little blue-eyed sister; she don't live in the cottage now, for one bright, glad morning long ago, in the autumn time, the angels came, and she went with them up the shining track, and is now beckoning me homeward as she looks over the crystal battlements in the white city. I will now play and sing you a little song she has taught me since she went away, and then we will go and admire some of the out-door beauties of country life.

It is sunset, and the last red light of the autumn day is fading in the West. How delightful it is at this time to wander over the pleasant farms, through the green meadows, over which, with gentle feet and fanning wings, glide the zephyrs; to watch the fields of Indian corn, lifting their green, shining banners in the joyful air; to look over the patches of turnips and beets and great sleepy cabbages; to go through the beds of squashes and count the various kinds, some sitting erect, others lying down; while now and then is seen a great yellow pumpkin turning up its side to tantalize the old cow as she stands looking through the barnyard fence! Yonder is the potatoe field, and near by it runs the meadow brook; and, as I speak of it, my thoughts go back to my boyhood days, when I built in its laughing waters cunning mill wheels, whittled out of pine, and fastened with pins and bands of leather. Still more vividly comes before me the moonshiny evening, when I, in my childish simplicity, stood leaning over the cedar railing of the old bridge, and, seeing the reflection of the moon upon the water, ran home to my mother and told her that the moon

greater.
Richest is he that wants least.

A China War.

The fresh outbreak between China and France and England, by which the latter were repulsed, with the loss of large numbers of men, in the Peking River, is probably destined to result in large gains to the commercial enterprise of the world. It is now likely that the English and French governments will throw away the scabbard, so far as the Chinese are concerned, and proceed to open the cataract to the other important questions which intervene between the two to which they have so long been directing their blades. We append the following speculations on the result of such a war, from an able financial writer in one of the leading New York journals:

"Of the issue of the contest no one can entertain a doubt, however long a period the war may last. The Allies are pretty sure to be victorious in the end, and the first condition of the peace, we may feel certain, will be the payment of a large indemnity by the Chinese. This indemnity, if large, as it must be, will probably exercise a marked effect on the money markets of the world. During the past eight or nine years, \$300,000,000 have been shipped in gold from this country to Europe. Of this large amount nearly the whole has gone to France and Germany, but especially to France, where it has been exchanged for silver. This silver has been shipped to India and China, where it now remains. The same remark may be made of the Australian gold, of which some \$350,000,000 have been sent to the cities of the world since 1849. The gold has for the most part gone to Continental Europe, where it has taken the place of silver in general circulation. It is probable that not less than \$450,000,000 of silver have been thus liberated and sent to China and India within the past ten years, to pay for tea, silks, and other Asiatic products. In the present condition of trade there seems very little prospect of getting this silver out of Asia and into commercial circulation again by any ordinary process. The British are forcing their manufactured goods upon India as fast as they can—with very trifling success thus far. We are steadily increasing our shipments of domestic goods, hardware, &c., &c., to China; but the amount thus far is so inconsiderable, and the consumption of tea and silks increases so rapidly, with the increase of population and prosperity, that the balance of goods always remains heavily in favor of China, and keeps up the drain of silver thitherward. It is possible that this war may in some measure correct the anomaly. If the Chinese were made to pay the expenses of the war and an indemnity, the whole in silver—say \$250,000,000—the money markets of the commercial nations would be essentially relieved; and if an entry were once secured to the interior towns of China, it stands to reason that a market would be found for some European and American products which would be a good substitute for silver."

Dancing.

The Christian Watchman and Reflector thinks it is a perversion of language to say there is such a thing as a "dancing Christian." It thinks that "the line which separates the Church from the world has been bridged over by this fashionable amusement."

If men and women, boys and girls, want to dance, they will, in defiance of all the churches in Christendom, whether they are church members or not. We are not able to see why dancing to the music of a fiddle is not just as good a religion as dancing to the airs of self-righteousness. We honestly confess that we have never yet been able to discover and trace the line of division which separates the church from the world, for this line runs zigzag all through the church and all through the multitude of sinners, in and out, and out and in, the same in one as in the other—just the same in dancing as in every other act of life called by the church, wayward.

Friede, Laziness and Suicide.

The New York Leader contains a sensible article with the above heading, and asks, in conclusion, "when shall we learn that no labor, properly performed, is a degradation? When will parents learn, in behalf of their children, and men and women learn for themselves—how helpless is that man or woman, in the world, who is not both ready and willing to embrace any respectable means of support, at whatever resource against vice, suffering and death? There is—except in times of the utmost stringency—work enough for all; and one-tenth of the labor expended in meaning over broken fortunes or a hopeless lot, would find it. We have no patience with this self-accused or self-permitted suffering. Away with it! The power lies in the strong heart and the willing hand of labor."

Prof. Agassiz on the Works of Creation.

The following is the summing up of the conclusions which Professor Agassiz drew a quarter of a century ago, after a most elaborate and profound investigation on fossil fishes:

"An inviolable thread," says he, "in all ages runs through this immense diversity, exhibiting, as a general result, the fact that there is a continual progress in the development, ending in man."

Have we not here the manifestation of a mind as powerful as the acts of an intelligence as sublime as provident? The marks of goodness as finite as which we can perceive in the works of the Creator of a Personal God, author of all things, ruler of the Universe, and dispenser of all good? This, at least, is what I read in the works of Creation."

A Mass Meeting.

Will be held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Monday evening, Oct. 10th, 1859, at 7 1/2 o'clock, to further the efforts now in progress to secure the true welfare of the Indians of our country. The justice of the claim is appealed to, and the humanity of the masses, to aid by their presence and approval this object. Many eminent Clergymen, and citizens of distinction have promised to be present and aid by their advocacy on this occasion. Seats will be reserved for ladies until half past 7 o'clock.

The Christian Times and Spiritualism.

A long article has recently been published in the Christian Times, on the subject of "Demonology and Spiritualism," which admits the fundamental claims of Spiritualism, but endeavors to show that only "bad spirits" communicate. This is admitting a great deal for a Baptist newspaper. This step must be retraced, or else the truth of modern Spiritualism must be admitted. The Christian Times is published in Chicago, and is considered the leading religious paper in the Northwest.

Distinctions.

The Spanish titled aristocracy, according to one of the Journals, consists of 2 princes, 82 dukes, 389 marquises, 540 counts, 78 viscounts, and 63 barons. The American titled aristocracy consists of 67,827 capitalists, 149,476 colonists, 102,840 millionaires, 211 generals, 27,323 honorables, 34,932 doctors, 40,190 able editors, and 1 baron.—*Exchange.*

Spiritualism destroys the potency of all these titles, dislates the airy nothingness of aristocracy, tears down mountains of material excellence, and brings humanity, like the drops of water that make the ocean, to one common level.

Charity.

To the poor, the needy, the erring everywhere, let us be compassionate and kind, ever remembering that in proportion as we are charitable, benevolent and forgiving, we become the practical disciples of the great Teacher of the world, by good works, and the friends and benefactors of the world.

The above gem, which sparkles all over with goodness, we extract from a letter in the last Christian Freeman, written by Rev. Mr. Alvord. Such sentiments should be treasured in every heart. Then, indeed, would anguish and despair give place to peace and joy, and those who now sit in darkness be made glad by the benign influence of charity.

Lawrence.

John C. Oliver lectured in Lawrence on Sunday, Sept. 25th, and his daughter Susie gave readings. We are informed by a correspondent, J. H. C., that the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the audience highly gratified with both lecture and reading.

Nearer Heaven.

Is one nearer heaven than another? We answer, no; for the better a soul is prepared for heaven the more that soul feels a sympathy for those who suffer, which sympathy shall hold that soul even with all other souls in its progression. This sympathy is the delight of a soul that is progressive. The soul that desires to possess heaven before any or all the souls of humanity do, possesses a selfish element that neither helps itself nor any other onward.

We shall make up our minds, sooner or later, that a web of sympathy is woven into the hearts of humanity, over whose electric threads the elements of hell and heaven flash like lightning, and each soul feels every shock of pain or joy, or happiness and bliss, that is incident to each individual soul.

A. B. CHILDS.

Melancon-Tremont Temple.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will lecture at the Melancon, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, Oct. 11th and 13th, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Subject to be chosen by the audience, if desired. Admission ten cents.

Dr. Lowendahl.

In our last we published a notice of Dr. Lowendahl's intended tour in the West. It will be seen by an advertisement in another column that he has since had cause to alter his intentions, and has become permanently established, with an experienced associate, in New York city.

DR. SPENCE TO MR. MANDELL.

D. J. MANDELL: Dear Sir—I have just received yours of the 9th of Sept., published in the BANNER of Oct. 1st. I am much surprised that you have confined yourself, mainly, to two of the many questions which I had presented to your consideration, and that one of them you have selected from the beginning of my letter, and the other from the end. You give no reason for your neglecting to notice the other important questions which intervene between the two to which you have responded, I find it difficult to conjecture any sufficient reason for such a course upon your part, especially when I observe that one of the questions which you have answered is comparatively the most unimportant one, turning rather upon the meaning of a word than anything else; and that, with regard to the other point, though you have written somewhat at length upon it, yet you have still left it very uncertain as to the precise point wherein you differ from me, or whether we differ at all or not, if we properly understand each other; whereas, the questions which you have left unanswered are all important ones, and they present you a fair issue on the very points upon which you passed the most uncalculated and unkind expressions which occurred in your original criticism, entitled, "A Few Brief Hints—No. 3."

In answer to my first question, you say, in substance, that there is no difference in the meaning of the word "faith," as it occurs in the expression, "without a faith," and as it is used in your questions, "Has she no faith in her cause?" "Has she no faith in the progress of humanity?" The difference, however, is evident, as in the former instance it is synonymous with "creed," and in your questions it means "confidence," or "belief coupled with confidence," and in these acceptations of the term one may say, in the same breath, "I am without a faith," and "I have faith in human progress," without being amenable to the charge of inconsistency.

My second, third and fourth questions you have left unanswered. Whether you ever intend to answer them, or not, I am unable to conjecture from anything which occurs in your letter.

Passing over the important matters involved in those questions, you take up the closing paragraph of my letter. To this you seem to object; yet as your objections are presented in a somewhat vague and indefinite form, I shall endeavor to bring that part of our discussion to an issue, by renewing my style of questioning, making no further apology for doing so except to remind you of the fact, that you have, in your original article, voluntarily placed yourself in such an attitude as to subject yourself to that kind of an analysis.

My questions shall be based upon the following passage which I find in your letter. Bearing somewhat upon, though not referring directly to, what I had previously said in reference to the school of experience as a necessary means in the hands of the invisible cultivators of mediums, and the suffering which all who pass through that school must undergo, you write as follows:

"Is there any good sense in still suffering those distresses, &c., when a slight attention to certain important particulars would secure a better progress without the bitter experience."

Furthermore, judging from the tone of the paragraph which follows the one just quoted, you are a zealous advocate of freedom. I will therefore present you a case to which you will please apply those "important particulars," to "secure a better progress without the bitter experience," and thus make a freeman out of one who is not.

I shall take for granted, until it is disputed, that those who are truly free, are so by the power of a principle developed within them, and hence, that such are really free, (in the sense to which I now refer), even although they may be weighed down with chains; whereas, there are others who, though they are not restrained by the weight of a feather, yet, as the principle, or power, which makes men really free, is not developed within them, they are not free men, and hence they become the unresisting, submissive slaves to the first strong, domineering mind who chooses to take them into physical or mental bondage. I will present you one of the latter class—one who is not a freeman because of the lack of sufficient power within him to make him such, and supposing him to be under your absolute control, so far as that control is necessary to afford you every facility to cultivate and develop him, I will ask you the following questions:

What are the "important particulars," and what are the most efficient means, agencies or appliances, which you would bring to bear upon him, so as to make him a freeman?

How would those "important particulars," means, agencies, or appliances operate in "securing" (to him) "a better progress," (in the accumulation and development of that internal power which alone makes men free) "without the bitter experience."

Permit me furthermore to add to the above questions, those which I propounded to you in my last letter, but to which, as yet, you have not given the attention which they deserve, and which the circumstances demand of you.

What do you mean by the "God faith" and "vital faith"? Do they benefit any one? How do they operate in producing their beneficial effects?

What do you mean by "piety and devotion," and "devotion toward God"? What is their *modus operandi* in producing the good effects which you attribute to them?

By implication, you assert that "God does change men." Through what powers, or principles, or instrumentalities? What is God's *modus operandi* in reaching, or affecting those powers or principles, or instrumentalities, and what is their *modus operandi* in "changing men"?

Yours truly, PATRICK SPENCE.

New York, Sept. 27th, 1859.

The Laugh Turned.

The following correspondence from a lady of a neighboring city, to J. V. Mansfield, the medium for answering sealed letters, contains a frank and candid acknowledgment of his success. We give them without further comment, as they fully tell the story:

Providence, R. I., June 30, 1859.

J. V. MANSFIELD—Sir—Having heard of your wonderful spirit eyes, I send you a letter enclosed, which you will do me the favor to read by those same eyes which require neither the light of the sun nor of the moon to perform the service required.

I am desired to do this by some of my friends, who are devoted to the spirits, and who fully believe that you have the power to send me a copy of this same letter without opening it, which (as I naturally should), I very much doubt; nevertheless, I should be most happy to say "they did not tell me the half."

The usual fee, one dollar, according to my best information, is sent with the note, and at your earliest convenience you will return the letter *unopened*, with the copy, so that "he who runs may read."

In truth and very respectfully yours, M. H. M.

Providence, R. I., Sept. 28, 1859.

"Patient waiters are no losers." The communication was satisfactory; it was a good answer to the letter I sent, which was, at the best, an odd, rambling affair, written on purpose to mislead you. Said I, "He will know my mind, and that will be the way he can answer correctly, and I will write something that I cannot remember, and then he cannot answer; and how I will laugh at these poor, credulous people, who have been 'spirited' half out of their wits." But I must, in truth, confess that the laugh will be on the other side, and that the reply was entirely correct.

The note is just as it went from here, and your eyes never saw its contents; but whose did?

Your letter should have in justice been noticed before, but I will leave it with "Uncle Sam" to beg your pardon for the neglect.

Yours truly, M. H. M.

To J. V. Mansfield, Boston.

Back Numbers of the Banner of Light.

Containing HENRY WARD BEECHER'S and EDWIN H. CHAPMAN'S SERMONS, may be procured at this office. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Three Days' Meeting.

E. Dayton writes that there will be a three days' meeting at Melton's Village, Melton's Co., Ill., commencing on the 7th inst. Platform free; and all who love truth are invited to attend.

Meetings at Ordway Hall.

Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth, will lecture in Ordway Hall next Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, and in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. She will speak at the same time and place every Sunday in the month of October.

A SMART PREDESTINIAN—A man advertises in the Ames-

bury Village, commencing this week:—
The subscriber would return his thanks for the patronage he has received the last two years, and will continue to run daily to Boston and all places on the line of the Eastern Railroad."

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS PAPER—First and Second Pages.—"Bertha Lee," continued; Poetry—"Outside the Walls," by Thomas H. Howard; "The Angel Love," Letter from Thatchwood Cottage.

Third Page—"Bernard, the Good Shepherd," by Mrs. L. M. Willis; Sermon by Edwin H. Chapin, delivered Sept. 25; Poetry—"A Noveller," by Rev. E. Case, Jr.

Fourth and Fifth Pages—"Man and His Relations," by Professor Brittan, Editorials, Correspondence, and a great variety of other "good things."

Sixth Page—Messages; Lecture by Mrs. Hatch at the Music Hall, Sept. 4th; subject, "The History of Republics—their downfall traceable to moral and religious causes."

Seventh Page—Laws and Principles; Letter from Warren Chase; A Remarkable Test; Letter from E. V. Wilson; Spiritualism in Ireland; Spirit Portraits; Notices of Conventions; List of Lecturers, &c.

Eighth Page—A Familiar Lecture by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, delivered at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, Sept. 28th.

JOHN BEECHER.—Our venerable friend John Beecher is industriously and earnestly engaged in doing all in his power for the benefit of the Indians. Let all hear him and lend him a helping hand in his noble and generous efforts.

"RELATIONS OF MIND TO PERSONAL BEAUTY."—This essay, by Professor Brittan, which we print elsewhere, is a faultless composition, and presents facts that the whole world should know.

AFRAID OF WAKING THE YOUNG LADIES.—"Bridget" was hired as a "help" in a female boarding-school, and was told to ring the first bell at 5 1/2 in the morning. At 6 o'clock the pupils were required to attend prayers; but for several mornings after Bridget commenced her labors, many were unusually tardy, giving as an excuse that "they did not hear the rising bell." Bridget was questioned by the head of the institution as to the manner in which she discharged her duty of ringing the bell. "Shure, narm," she replied, "I never rings it very hard, for fear I might wake the young ladies!"

A married monster says he once had a most delightful dream, in which he imagined he had an angel by his side, and on waking up found it was nobody but his wife.

The Banner of Light, published in Boston, Mass.—a most excellent paper in many respects—comes to us semi-occasionally. We wish the publishers would cease sending it altogether, or send it regularly. It is only an aggravation to occasionally get a taste of a good thing.—*Look Shore Magazine.*

"Take our hat." The *Mirror* shall have the *Light* regularly, and when it reflects it, we have no doubt it will do us credit—which is more than we can say of many of our contemporaries—if it costs us two hats.

Flowers of the Season.—We acknowledge the receipt of a splendid bouquet of flowers from our esteemed rural friend, "Cousin Benja," comprised of Dahlias, Verbenas, Double Astors, &c., &c. (See his sketch on our third page; it is as beautiful as his flowers.)

A witty exchange serves up the following queer hash:—"Unbused ladies, pure and undefiled Christians, disesteemed friends, common honesty, sound potatoes, first rate butter, unwatened milk and rich printers—are scarce!"

Many fold their arms in petitions when they ought to be using them in toll. They never learn that a useful, willing life may be a perpetual prayer.

Joe Cose says, the first time he went a courting, he felt as if a pink angel had hauled him down a rainbow with a piece of chain lightning smack into a pile of down.

Oh! would this wide world had never a mart, Where love could be bought or sold.

For a heavenly thing is a woman's heart, And an earthly thing is gold; And heavenly things of honor and worth Should never be bought by base dross of earth.

Gen. Alvarez, at the head of a force of 6000 men, was at last captured, preparing to march on the city of Mexico.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Messrs. Ullman and Strakosch commenced their brief opera season on Monday, Oct. 5th. It will last but two weeks, during which operas will be given on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, and Saturday afternoons. The troupe includes Messrs. Gassler, Cortesi and Strakosch, Messrs. Gassler, Brignoli, Amoldi, Stefani, Jucua and Rocco. The conductors are Messrs. Strakosch and Muzio. The price of reserved seats in parquette, parquet circle and balcony, is \$1.50 and \$2, according to location. Reserved seats in family circle \$1, and the same for a general admission, with privilege of occupying such seats in any part of the house as may not have been previously secured. Seats in the amphitheatre will be fifty cents.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—This establishment did a fair business last week, which shows that the public can appreciate talent in this locality, as well as elsewhere. The new play of "Inez" was a decided success. The managers are determined to merit public approbation. New pieces are in preparation, without regard to expense, and we trust that Mr. Conway will be amply remunerated for his strenuous efforts to please.

Mrs. TORREN, to whose advertisement in another column we refer our readers, has recommenced the practice of healing the sick by water treatment and magnetism from clairvoyant examinations, at New York city. She will doubtless give satisfaction, as usual, to those who may seek her aid.

"Digby, how is it that trees can put on a new dress without opening their trunks?"

"I don't, unless they carries them in their outstretched arms."

"Because they leave out their summer clothing," replied Jo Cose.

We would recommend investigators to read "Mystic Hours," which book contains many very remarkable spirit manifestations through Geo. A. Rodman, whose medium powers are extraordinary.

Another Arctic expedition is soon to be organized, under the auspices of the American Scientific Association—the lead to be taken in the enterprise by Dr. Hayes, one of the old, hardy and valued companions of Dr. Kane.

Mortals sacrifice the Present in regretting the Past that has already gone, and in tormenting themselves about the future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same thing with a widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she cannot change, and what she cannot command.

We have received from the publishers—Fowler & Wells, 142 Washington street, Boston—a very useful little pamphlet, entitled "The Pocket Water Cure Guide," showing how much better disease can be cast out by natural means, than poisoned out with drugs. Everybody should have this book. On page 25 we find the following item:—

REPENTANCE.—As in the spiritual life repentance is the remedy for sin, a repentance which includes reformation, so in the animal kingdom, transgression of the natural laws must be cured by amendment of life. Yet not perceiving, or not approving this remedy, man has searched diligently and called hard to find out some other cure for their ill; but in order effectually to remove their diseases, they must "go and sin no more."

People who have handsome clothes go to church three times on Sunday. People who have poor clothes don't go to church very often. Church-going would be lessened to a considerable extent were all church-goers to wear the same fabric, of the same cut and make.

Ye cannot quench the light of love Within the poor man's breast— Nor rob him of his sympathy, That makes his pathway blest. Ye cannot bid the hue of health Within his cheek go out— Nor shroud the sunlight of his home In ignorance and doubt.

The voice of Autumn begins to rustle among the leaves. A Mr. Reynolds shot a wild tiger, eight feet long, in Rockport, N. Y. He says he came across the "varmint" while on acoon hunt.

The bills of indictment, charging Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball and others with treason against the United States, we learn from the Deseret News, have been *not pro'd.*

The Watchman and Reflector has got so far along in Spiritualism that it published a vision of one of its correspondents in its last issue:

It is said that a young lady in Ohio became insane from viewing the Aurora Borealis. The *Fact* will probably say she was a Spiritualist. Wonder how much people know about the real cause of insanity in any one?

A bachelor advertised for a "help mate," one who would prove a companion for his heart, his hand and his lot. A fair one, replying, asked very earnestly—"How big is your lot?"

DEATH OF A PROMINENT SWEDENBORGIAN.—Professor George Durh, who is well known as one of the ablest and

most prominent expositors in this country, of Swedenborgian tenets, died at Rochester, N. Y., last week, in the 63d year of his age. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College.

SHAKESPEARE DIVISION.—On Saturday evening last, the G. W. P., Samuel A. B. Dragg, assisted by the O. C., Robt. D. Rogers, installed the following officers of Shakspeare Division, No. 46, B. of T. W. P. John Plunkett McKay, W. A., Henry C. Coleman, R. B., Burton Cogswell, A. R. B., Wm. H. Nelson, V. B., M. H. Parkinson, T. David Paulsler, C., David McNaughton; A. C., Nath. Durbanck; I. S., George L. Harlow; O. B., Bonf. J. Morgan; Chaplain, John Wm. Day. The retiring W. P., Wm. M. Robinson, was presented with a superb Grand Division regalia, by Miss Addie Trefethoren, in behalf of the ladies of the Division. This Division of the "Bona" meets Saturday evenings at Sons of Temperance Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, and is the "star" Division of the city.

Love, from the country of its birth, Brings thoughts in sorrow, or in mirth, That sanctify the earth, Like angels earthward tempest-driven, And waiting to return to heaven.

The machinery of the churches in Lynn is sadly out of gear.

General Scott has gone to the Pacific, on a pacific mission. A little girl about six years old, asked an astronomer, in an earnest manner, if she might go up with him in his balloon "next time." He asked her what for, she said, "my father is dead, and has gone to heaven, and my mother says heaven is up in the skies, and I want to go and see my father."

Petitions are in circulation for the President to commute the death sentence of Capt. John A. Holmes, on the plea of insanity.

A NEW SCIENCE.—Prof. Buckham, at the Vermont Teachers' Convention, convulsed the audience by relating an anecdote. He said that at the first district school he ever taught, he announced one day that on the following Monday he would commence a parsing class. A bright-eyed little girl, one of the pupils, ran home and burst into her mother's parlor, where a Sewing Society was in session, and with uplifted hands cried, "Oh, mother, Mr. Buckham is going to have a *sparking class!*" The Sewing Society was delighted to hear it.

There are now ten anti-slavery papers printed in the Slave States, (in English), besides eight in German. Of these, nine, or one-half, are published in Missouri, three in Virginia, two in Kentucky, two at Washington, D. C., one in Maryland, and one in Baltimore.

He that pursueth evil, pursueth it to his own death.—Prov. The *Courier* is an excellent paper, and of course "still has its readers." Where's that *Repp?*

The steamer Little Baker, it is said, will run regularly between Boston and Portland during the stay of the Great Eastern at the latter city. She will leave Boston at 8 o'clock A. M., and return at the same hour from Portland on the following day.

OUR THOUGHTS.—When we are alone, thoughts come to keep us company. Where do they come from? We never call them. What makes them come? Where is the great source from whence they come, and what are the unseen causes of their coming? Spiritualism suggests these questions, and holds the answers to them yet concealed in its bosom.

Two hundred million feet of lumber is produced in Bangor, Me., yearly.

SAD ACCIDENT.—By the falling of a bridge, which was covered with people in attendance upon the County Fair at Albion, N. Y., Sept. 28th, eighteen persons were killed and many others seriously injured.

Cora Giffard, daughter of the President of Hayti, has been assassinated by conspirators.

"Don't be afraid of the bacon, Mr. Jenkins," said a boarded house mistress to a newly arrived boarder. "Not at all, madam. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

In New York there is somewhere in the region of five hundred brokers, and five hundred barbers; but the census has never informed us which class does the most shaving.

Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these pumbers, "Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning, I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

Professor Brittan

Is now engaged in lecturing in the New England States. Those who require his services during the autumn, may address him at this office, or at Newark, N. J., where he still resides.

D. W. EVANS & CO.,

THE PIONEER NO. 677 BROADWAY, N. YORK.

GIFT BOOK HOUSE.

205 GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, Rich Silk Dress Patterns, &c., &c., GIVEN AWAY IN ONE WEEK.

Each Present worth from \$12.00, to \$100.00, and amounting in the aggregate value to \$10,000; Besides Twenty Thousand Dollars' worth of Miscellaneous Presents, each worth from fifty cents to twelve dollars.

A LIST OF THE RECIPIENTS OF GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, RICH SILK DRESS PATTERNS, &c., &c., FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1859:

MATHE. Mrs. Dyer, Sidney. Mrs. M. Alexander, Topham. Mrs. J. Kimball, Springfield. Miss M. A. Sloan, Skowhegan. NEW HAMPSHIRE. O. Rabbit, Enfield. Miss E. H. Chamberlain, Canterbury. Charles Walton, Rindge. VERMONT. George L. Cole, Montpelier. W. W. Avery, Montpelier. Mrs. Lucie C. Niles, Powna. MASSACHUSETTS. Geo. Maynard, South Adams. Samuel Jaynes, W. Harwich. Charles G. Shaw, Wales. Geo. Freeman, Lenox. H. O. Nelson, Waver. L. Pease, Springfield. Miss M. Ray, Lowell. Miss A. Smead, Indian Orchard. Miss N. J. Verrand, Huntington. NEW JERSEY. Mrs. Wilson, Tynaborg. Mrs. S. Smith, Princeton. Miss S. E. Lamb, Charlton. M. Rice, South Brookfield. A. G. Mayhew, W. Tisbury. CONNECTICUT. Oliver E. Cook, Woonsocket. Miss M. E. Darling. Miss S. Arnold, Burlington. H. O. Nelson, Waver. A. B. Wetherfield. S. Dean, Norwich. H. Richmond, Preston. Joseph Dunn, Bolton. Miss M. Signor, Danbury.

N. CAROLINA—continued. H. H. Cox, Pikeville. Henry Hill. SOUTH CAROLINA. A. Bronson, Barnwell. KENTUCKY. E. B. Howell, Lafayette. Miss F. Collins, Tazewell. TENNESSEE. F. Dawley, Columbia. S. Imman, Newmarket. G. W. Kungler, Columbia. Miss E. Webb, Knoxville. GEORGIA. S. C. Johnson, Dawsonville. John Trout, Jefferson. J. W. Haskins, Danielsville. Dr. Bradley. Miss H. Dawson, Jefferson. ALABAMA. James H. Telly, Courtland. J. J. Pearce. A. D. Simmons. J. Smith, Centre. MISSISSIPPI. R. H. Tisdale, Cherryton. B. T. Palmer, Sparta. J. H. Mosby, Aberdeen. Miss S. McNeilly, Waterford. O. O. T. Mendenhall, Woodington. A. H. Vickers, Big Run. J. Chatfield, Burton. G.

The Messenger.

Each article in this department of the *Banner* was written by a person who is known to the public. We have no intention of publishing any article which is not signed by a name, and we have no intention of publishing any article which is not signed by a name, and we have no intention of publishing any article which is not signed by a name.

Mrs. Conant Sick.

We have not been able to hold our sessions since August 12th, in consequence of Mrs. Conant's illness. When we resume, notice will be given on the 4th page.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Aug. 10—Peter Valkendahl, New York; William Pelty, Boston; Michael Clary, Boston; Lyman B. Pease, Ogdensburg, N. Y.; Thomas Clark, Halifax, N. S.; Simon Gales, New York; James Parkhurst, Plymouth; Mary McDonald, Edinburgh; Charles M. Dresser, Albany; Lydia Fisher, New York; Joseph White, Concord, N. H.; "Why do men die?"

Charles Brown.

Why don't you give every one the privilege of seeing their friends? or can't you do it? I'm in a strange way. The trouble is, stranger, I don't feel at home here. If I could write, I could do better; but, unfortunately, I don't know how to control the medium's hand to write. Then, again, I have got so much to say. I have got a wife and daughter in Providence, Rhode Island. I have one daughter with me. Can you be kind enough to assist me to speak with them?

My name was Charles Brown. I died in the Island of Jamaica, eleven years ago. It's an uncomfortable position to be in, to be obliged to communicate to a stranger, instead of your own friends. Some can get along with it, but I confess I can't. I will be brief as possible, and will ask my wife or my daughter, or both of them, to meet me where I can talk with them alone. Aug. 6.

John King.

Won't you inform my friends, and the public in particular, that I have my own way of doing things; and when the right time comes for the boys to come out, they will come, spite of all the blacksmiths on earth; and when the time comes to let them in, I'll defy all the blacksmiths on earth to keep them in.

The public are making a great fuss about the boys. They won't suffer as long as I have anything to do with them. I can take care of the boys, and the public needn't mind about them, or trouble themselves about them. It pleased me to have the boys go there, and it will please me to have them come out when I get ready.

I have been gaining power slowly, and when I got so I can produce all these manifestations in daylight, the people won't doubt so much as they do now.

If I had taken care of my wife as I have of the boys, she would not have been against me, but he was n't smart enough to be taken care of, any way. Well, I'm going. Aug. 6.

Samuel Ricker.

Tell my friends that Samuel Ricker has been here. I was born in Saco, State of Maine. There was a time when I worked in a factory; but the last part of my days, I was in Rochester, Illinois. I died there of a fever and shingles; when I did n't shake, I had a fever; and when I had n't a fever, I had shingles. I took whiskey to stop shingles, and when they went off, I had a worse fever for it, and that's what killed me.

I have got a half-brother here in Boston. I rather concluded it was him I was going to see, but he ain't here. I died in 1867.

I am terribly troubled, myself; I don't think I ought to have died, and then I don't do anything as I thought I should, and I am troubled about it.

I know how to talk and write, but I can't make any other manifestations. I often wish I could pound, as others do, to let folks know I am here. Can't spirits make other manifestations unless there's a medium around?

Won't you tell my half-brother, John—and his name is Ricker—that I want to speak to him? I don't know about telling you my private business. Don't know but I can trust you, but can't trust all creation.

If I had lived four years longer, I should have been thirty-eight years old.

There was always some little trouble since father died between John and me. His mother brought my father some money when he married her. Well, I wasn't much, any way; but 'cause my mother didn't bring father anything, he considered he ought to have all of it. Well, 't was n't much—not worth quarrelling about—so I cleared out.

Well, the old man, my father, didn't like this trouble, and he wanted me to come home and try to fix it up. Now, you may say, if he's a mind to square up accounts, I'd like to have him; if he ain't, I'll not come again. Of course, I don't want any of the money. I don't know what his views are, for he traveled his way, and I traveled mine; but I think I have given him enough in this to let him know it's me, and if he's a mind to second the motion I have made, we'll proceed to business. Aug. 6.

Why are all Men born in Sin?

A question has been given up to answer to-day, which is this:—

"Why are all men and women born in sin?"

Simply from the fact, we answer, that all are born in ignorance.

Each individual, forming a member of the great human family, can claim ignorance for his parent. But we will here inform our questioner that there is no positive sin, no positive evil existing in the universe. For as all sin is begotten of ignorance, therefore it cannot be positive. All positive forces belong unto Wisdom; and all negative, unto Ignorance.

We find every child has a distinct physical organism, and as distinct a spiritual organism, previous to its entering this state of life. The child may inherit some physical ailment from the parent; may it not also inherit some spiritual defect? Was not nature provided for the spiritual department, as well as the physical? We tell you she has.

We expect the child who is born bearing physical disease, will pass from this sphere to another, by some development of that disease, unless wisdom steps in, and it is driven away by the sunlight thereof.

So, then, it is with the spirit. We find the child who is naturally spiritually deformed, will exhibit marks of that spiritual deformity throughout its natural life, and it will also be carried to the spirit life.

Behold the one whose hands are stained with the crime of murder; who, as you have been told, has committed a murder while in possession of all his senses. Shall we call that act one of positive evil? No. Go back with us, if you please, to the time before that one was ushered into a mortal life, and see what influences were stamped upon the spirit.

You will see that murder was stamped upon the child, and it waited only an incentive to break out. Now, had wisdom stepped in, it might have averted the evil. Shall we not, as we view murder stamped upon the spirit of the unborn infant—shall we not call him a "murderer from the beginning?"

Yes, we may. Men and women should seek these spiritual deformities that are everywhere developing themselves in your midst, and, by the light of wisdom, seek to overcome them. Should you find the marks of physical disease showing themselves upon your infant, you would naturally call in some medical advice; that adviser, if he were a wise one, would inquire in regard to the physical life of the child, and of the parent also; and when he had gotten all he could, he would go to work to drive that disease from the form, and, in nine cases out of ten, that disease might be driven from it. If the physician were wise. So, if they who are boasting of their skill in the understanding of the form, would but study the laws of the spiritual being as well, they might by wisdom drive back those spiritual evils, and people the spirit world with angels, instead of demons; for Evil is but the child of Ignorance, and may be driven back by the star of Intelligence.

The spirit of Wisdom through Jesus tells the multitude to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven, and all else shall be given them. That same spirit is proclaiming in thunder tones to the inhabitants of the earth at the present time, to seek particularly to acquaint themselves with the things which belong to the spirit.

These problems which have puzzled the wise men, the savants, to comprehend, may be made so simple that the little child may read them. But while the savants content themselves only with understanding the physical form, evil shall be to them positive, and child after child shall be born in sin, and shall die in sin, entering into spirit-life with numbing influences on its lips, because every avenue of its progression has been closed up by false education of earth life.

We have much more to say upon this subject; but as we have answered that particular branch which has been given to us, we shall retire for this time. But ere we go, we will ask our questioner to call upon us again, and give us the next idea in this subject he has marked out, so that we may still go on with that which is agreeable to us and beneficial to him.

Margaret Jane Moore.

I have no friends in this country. My name was Margaret Jane Moore; my father keeps a book shop in Chesham, London. I have been dead about one year. I was fifteen years of age. My mother she's here with me. I died in Edinburgh—was not at home. The doctors say it was tumor in my side. I died at my uncle's, in Edinburgh. His name is Moore. My father's name, John Moore; I wish you would write to him; I wish you would tell him I came here. I don't know much about speaking this way. I can tell you all you ask me, but I do not know what to say. My mother's name is Jane. I was named for my father's sister and my mother. I was very happy when I died, but I suffered much; was sick three years.

I wish to speak to my father, and my mother also wishes to speak; say so, if you please.

My father thinks, perhaps, I may come. Tell him I would not go so far from home, if I could speak at home; my sister Clara, I wish I could come, if he, too.

Will I speak to you longer, sir? Will you send to my father? My father has friends here in your country—no relatives. I have seen your paper, Father got it, and thought, perhaps, I'd come. Tell him I am very happy. I would not live here again. I wish to tell him all I have seen since I have been here. Tell him to find me a medium, and I will speak.

James Walker.

I'm in a queer position—you'll think so, when I tell you of it.

A little while ago I was here, when a friend of mine was giving a communication, and I thought I'd like to come; but after trying it, I gave it up. This communication was handed in to my folks and his folks, and they did n't like it. His folks said, "Perhaps your James will come back." "Oh, mercy!" they said, "we would n't have him for the world!"

Now, that's just the reason why I will come. I'm bound to come, and they will see why, when they read this. Now will you publish a communication given under such circumstances as these? You will? That's right—you're one of my kind—you suit me, exactly!

I tell you what it is, I feel kind of good to get here to-day. There ain't many weeks elapsed since I heard them say what they did.

My name is James Walker. I was twenty-one years of age. I died in New Orleans four years ago, of fever. I have a mother, a couple of sisters, with their husbands, living in Boston, and they are every one members of a certain church here.

I was always the wild one of the family, and it is perfectly true, I took a part of my wild life from my father. He is here, and will own up to it. I don't know as I ever did anything very bad in my life; did some things wrong—such as drinking once in a while, playing cards at times, and shaking props at times—but I never committed any very bad sin. The folks used to try to bring me over to their faith; but I couldn't swallow the pill, and I did n't. They regretted I did as I did, but I don't. Death bed repentances are not to my mind. I said, "If I've got to die, I'm going as I lived. I have no confession to make—none at all." I have been moving on earth much of the time since, taking part in what pleased me on earth; and I have n't got rid of that excitable temperament of mine.

If I came to talk with my folks, they would n't think I was unhappy; would they do you think? I am not half so much in hell as they are. My friends ought to thank God that I lived as natural as possible, and died a natural death; now, if I had experienced religion before I died, I should have died an unnatural death.

I never could believe in the devil. I told my mother once, that if there was anybody worse than I was, I should like to see him. If the old lady sees this, she'll think I have been round here, or, if I haven't, somebody has that knows me pretty well.

I'm just the same as ever; if I was fast once, I am now. How terribly afraid people are to have their friends come back in the same rig they left in. They want them to come back saints, and bring all the wisdom of heaven with them, and pour it into their brains, not knowing that their brains are not large enough to hold it. Now what's the use of my coming back here a saint, when I'm a sinner? I do n't care a straw whether they believe it is me or not, but I was just as anxious to come here and let off this load, as I ever was.

Now there is no chance to get up these things, for the people who got the message you published were not Spiritualists, and thought that somebody who knew him had forged the letter, though they said it was like him. Well, my people thought this was a good joke, and so they made fun of the other party, and, to get square, the lady hinted that I might come.

Now they are members of the same church, and my people may ask her if she has had a hand in getting this up. And I want to ask them, as rational beings, if the walls has legs, and eyes and ears, and has come here and repeated the conversation, or was it James, who was one of the jiveliest ones that ever wore earth?

But if my friends desire it, I will come to them, if they will give me a chance; and I will converse with them about religion—their favorite theme—as sober as a duck. Now my friends will see my name in the list, probably, and they'll be as nervous as lunatics—they won't sleep much unless they've got narcotics to help them.

I've tried to be myself here. If I haven't, it's not my fault.

Do you keep cigars to treat friends with here? No, we do not smoke in our life; but you see I have taken on a physical form, and I feel just as I used to feel when I had one of my own. I should not have smoked if you had given me a cigar, but I thought I'd try and see how liberal you were.

Virginia Stewart.

[The following communication is rambling, and betrays the fact that the spirit passed out of the body in delirium, and returned too soon to control a medium, bringing with her the same delirious state of mind.]

Those who were present at the time the above was given, will remember that the spirit, while complaining of the headache, joined both hands on the top of her head. We were informed, August 30th, by a gentleman who called upon us to see the message, at the request of her mother, that during her illness she was in the habit of doing this. She gave the name Augusta, instead of Virginia. The same party also informs us that her mother named her Augusta, as she averted, but that parties who took her to live with them, when a child, called her Virginia—the name of a deceased daughter who resembled Augusta—to supply as far as possible this daughter's place in the household. Thus it will be seen that, though little is given in the message, it presents features which mark it as coming from the spirit.]

I am dead now. I was a medium myself. I know all about coming. My name was Augusta Stewart. The last thing I remember, I was so sick and they kept the room so hot! [A few seconds silence occurred, when she continued.]

Why, where am I? Oh, yes, I wanted to come here. Oh, brought me here? Oh, I have had such terrible dreams. Oh, I remember now—I'm dead. I was a medium. I've got such a terrible headache I cannot talk.

[Here she rambled again.]

Oh, would you come again to see me?

Oh, I remember I have come to see you. I lived in New York. Oh, I've got such a terrible headache.

I tell you your room is too small, and the windows are all shut. Oh, dear, dear they told me not to come, for I was all mixed up.

[Some one suggested it might be Virginia Stewart, lately killed in New York, which would account for the strangeness of her manner.]

I wish you would be still, all of you; my name was not Virginia—my mother named me Augusta. Why don't you take some of these things out of the room?

I know I'm dead—why, certainly I know it, and I wanted to speak. Who told me I came too soon? I suppose I have. What have you got me set up here for—why don't you lay me down?

[The spirit seemed to relapse into a slumber, and passed out of the medium.] Aug. 10.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 4th, 1859.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT, BY J. M. POMEROY.

THE HISTORY OF REPUBLICS; THEIR RISE AND DOWNFALL TRACEABLE TO MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CAUSES.

Our theme is not a sacred one, at least not so considered by religionists; not a religious one. But to us it is a most sacred topic. Its text is Liberty, its creed is Justice and Freedom. What more sacred theme could occupy the most elevated of minds than *The History of Republics*?

We have much to say, not, perhaps, as you would expect we should say. We do not intend to dwell in the statistical records of history, well known to every mind; we believe our aim is a higher and more inspiring one—to show, by comparison of the past and of the present, how great, how perfect, how beautiful, has been the divine economy which has marked out the history of nations.

You live in the only true Republic that is in existence. You have for your standards the only true republican principles. Your Constitution is based upon 'the highest known republican laws. The administration of your government is the most perfect of any in the world. This is not an assertion or an assumption; it is so considered by all intelligent minds. Your laws, the principles of your justice, their administration in every form, are higher and better than those of other nations, the criterion of political excellence is the best and the greatest, the men who have been chosen to administer your government have generally been the greatest and best and highest minds the country affords. The privileges, in each and every department, which you enjoy in these United States of America, are greater and better and truer than the world has ever before known. Is it strange, then, that in viewing the history of the past, we should pause and wonder at the cause of this, at the reason why America still stands a Republic, while all other nations that have attempted republicanism have failed? Is it strange that the statesman, the politician, the sage, or even the theologian, should pause for a moment and inquire into the causes of this peculiar development?

Liberty we believe to be an innate principle of the human mind; justice we believe to belong to the highest conceptions of the human soul; and freedom, in its highest and truest sense, in worship, in social life, we believe to belong to the category of the beautiful and divine attributes supposed to belong to the Godhead. The effort of all nations, from the earliest history of government to the present time, has been to produce a government where freedom, justice, and liberty, hand in hand, should control and guide and direct. How successful this has been, the history of the past, the rise and downfall of nations, thrones, and men, will prove. How futile have been the attempts to establish a just republican government, how worse than futile the effort to produce one which should have for its foundation freedom in religion, justice in judicial administration.

There exist, among the great powers of Europe, at the present time, three forms of government, which it may be useful to consider in the present discourse. Great Britain, that nearest allied to the government of this country, is the government of an aristocracy, wherein the monarch as well as the masses, is of secondary influence, where royalty itself is subservient to the aristocratic element. The aristocracy control, the aristocracy advise, the aristocracy are privileged; it is truly and entirely an aristocratic government.

Austria is a theocracy, the union of Church and State, where the Church and the State together must control the masses, where oppression and tyranny, if administered in any form, must be administered in every form, where all that belongs to liberty and justice and truth must be crushed and down-trodden, lest the Church should fall, and the State fall with it. You all know what a theocratic government is to any country. You all know what revolutions have taken place in France, in England, and in Italy, in consequence of such a government; you all know what have been the causes of the revolutions in the past which have occurred in consequence of the government of Church and State; you all know how many martyrs have died, how many monarchs have been dethroned, how many kingdoms have fallen, in consequence of this union.

France is an imperial republic, so-called from the fact that the people represent their ideas through one person, who thinks and speaks and acts for the people, not they for themselves. An imperial republic, therefore, is no worse and no better than a monarchy.

The other, lesser monarchies of Europe, you all understand, are modified, in some degree, in the administration of these greater powers; but still all have their origin in these three great models of government.

The fourth great nationality in the world, your own country, is a republican America, which has, for its fundamental basis, what the people desire, and which is ruled by the majority. The people think and speak and act for themselves. If their representatives do not act well, others are placed in their stead; if the President does not fulfill the duties of his office justly and truly, another President is elected. The people make the laws by which the people shall be governed. This is the true republic.

We will first call your attention—briefly, for we have but few moments to speak upon this great theme—to the ancient history and revolutions of the Gracile of Liberty, so called by classical scholars and poets, ancient Greece. It will be remembered, by all readers of ancient history, that in the ancient struggle for liberty, Greece was first and foremost in her attempts to throw off the yoke of bondage. It will be remembered that in those days of hardship and strife the highest honor any man could claim was to be a great warrior. It will be remembered that physical strength was held superior to mental excellence—that the greatest conquerors, who spread devastation and ruin through the greatest extent of territory, were the greatest men. It will be remembered that they who could call down upon themselves the curses of the millions mourning for those who had been slaughtered, were the greatest of mankind. It will be remembered that those who could beat hand the sword, who could lead an army forth with greatest courage, and who could best overthrow kingdoms and thrones, were greatest, in all that was known of greatness. It will be remembered that the early Greeks fought well for liberty. It has not been forgotten of Xerxes, a great man in his great time, of Cyrus, who overthrew his brother's realm, of Darius, who marched forward with an army, under the standard on which was emblazoned the great symbol of the Persian empire, the sun.

In those wars, there was but one impelling principle, not patriotism, not religion, not justice, not the country, but mere ambition. For we do not know of one warrior of ancient times who had not for his highest motive self-aggrandizement. We cannot point to one, however great, in the annals of history, who did not take the part of patriotism his own interest to subserve. We do not know of one who did not desire to supersede the ruler and ascend the throne. We do not know of one in the earliest history of Greece, where liberty lived, and would have lived for a time, but was driven across the Adriatic.

"To where the Tiber pours his urn."

We do not know of one who could believe and act upon the highest conception of liberty and justice. And why? Because morality had not yet achieved its control over the human mind, because justice and humanity were not known, because men supposed that to live, and be great, and die, was all there was of human greatness, because men supposed, and were educated to believe, that physical strength was greater than moral worth, that physical power was more splendid than religious excellence, that virtue was a mockery, and that all the conceptions of greatness were to be centred in the infinite X which should be greater than all the rest of the world. You all know, as it is recorded in the Bible, of the ancient Egyptians, how they fought and bled and suffered martyrdom, not for liberty's sake, but simply for the fulfillment of their highest conceptions of justice.

Let us glance, for a few moments, at the earlier history of Italy, which has been the scene of so many battles, and which for many years has been subjected to the tyrannical control of despotism. Italy has suffered more, and probably will suffer more than any other country, in consequence of oppression. Being the seat and cradle of intelligence, as well as of political virtue—for all the classics trace their origin to Greece and Rome—there are centred all the expectations, not only of the politician, but of the student, and of all classes of men. And Italy, therefore, has volunteered, many times in the history of Europe, and especially previous to the sixteenth century, to throw off her yoke of oppression. But alas! it was the seat of Papal authority. Rome sent forth the thunders of the Vatican; there the Catholic Church held its stern sway; there was centred the power of the only man upon earth who could control, by one word, nations and kings. You all know what power the Pope has ever exercised, even over all the monarchs of Europe at one

time. You all know how Italy has been the centre of tyrannical control. You all know how there the Church wielded its sway. You all know how each and every nation has trembled at the curse and anathema of the Holy Father should descend upon them. You all know how France, and England previous to the reign of Henry the Eighth, were controlled by the Church. You know that Austria is theocratic. You know how Italy has had its revolutions, but still the Church has held its sway, and all of liberty, and all of patriotism, and all of justice, that could be conceived, have been crushed and down-trodden by the Church. There has been no government that could have so killed the patriotism of its people; there has been no crowned monarch that could have so suppressed justice; there have been no combinations of men in all European history that could have so thoroughly oppressed Italy and the adjacent States, as has the Catholic Church. It has been the voice of monarchy; it has been the instrument of aggrandizement in many selfish hands; it has been the curse of all other nations who were struggling in behalf of their liberty. It alone has caused the oppression and the down-heartedness, the almost paralyzed condition of liberty, to-day, in the heart of the Italian people.

In the reign of Napoleon the Great, and especially in his downfall, and also previous to the Revolution in France, we have illustrations of the attempts of a people to resist the Catholic Church. France has been the scene of many contentions, of many revolutions, none greater than that in 1789, when France, in the Revolution, proclaimed itself a Republic. How well and ably she has sustained her part, let those who have read her history judge. But it was a failure. Why? Because at the head of their republican administration they placed a man, great, it is true, in all that appertains to national justice and the national welfare, to warfare and strife, to political economy, but still, great in ambition, great in self-aggrandizement, great in the aggrandizement of the country through his own means, and, therefore, great in causing the masses to yield once more their supremacy, and make him their ruler. The life and downfall of Napoleon First will illustrate, most truly, the efforts of France to establish a republican government. Alas, how sadly has she failed! For, instead of a republic, now, though it dignifies itself by the title of an imperial republic, they have not a republic, but an anarchy baser than a monarchy, if possible baser than an aristocracy, which allows some of the people to speak; baser than theocracy, the union of the Church and State, where religion is made the sole aim of government; baser than all we can conceive, is France in her present position. Not Spain, not Italy, not Austria, not Russia, with all the power of their States combined, with all their monarchies, with all their conceptions of legitimate monarchial governments—not to one of these can we point whose condition is so deplorable as that of France.

Great Britain has never attempted republicanism. In all the history of her struggles and warfare, the only aim has been either monarchy in its highest form, or aristocracy in its present form. The only aim has been individual government, in the person of one ruler, or individual government in the persons of a favored few. The only aim has been to centre, if possible, in a more advantageous manner, the government in the hands of a few, rather than to place it in the hands of one capricious and ambitious man, like Henry the Eighth. Probably his reign had more to do with the establishment of the present form of government in England, than all other reigns combined. His baseness, his ambitious conceptions, his total want of political administrative ability, all assisted to establish the present Protestant government. His defiance of the authority of the Pope, and his open allegiance to whatever was base and wrong in his own nature, called all the people, or from all who could speak in defence of truth and justice, to themselves.

In his reign, it will be remembered, Luther first spoke his great words of revolution—of revolution, because from those words have grown up not only all the revolutions which England has ever known since, but even the foundation of our own Republic. For no government can ever succeed which has, for its foundation, restraint in religious worship. No republic can ever exist which has not, for its foundation, entire freedom in religious worship. Hence have originated all the failures, in all ages and in all countries, and especially among the nations we have mentioned, to produce and establish a republican government. France, almost wholly without in its religious belief, could not think or speak or act without fear of the Church and Papal authority. And though Napoleon First dared to place his authority against that very voice of the Vatican itself, still France is in some degree controlled, guided, and directed by the Church. Still the voice of Papal authority is heard through the masses; still, though it claims to be an imperial republic, there is no republicanism in the heart of the people of France; it must be ruled; it cannot speak and act for itself.

As we have said, no republic can succeed, or can exist, which has not for its foundation the inviolable freedom and inherent justice of humanity. And whatever may be your own opinion of your own administration, or of republicanism as it exists in this country, there is one self-evident proposition, that all the revolutions of all nations in Europe have only tended to produce this one great result of republican America. If any country may claim to be the mother of young America, it is Great Britain. For hers is the credit of sending forth her young infant across the Atlantic, to seek for a home. To her belongs the honor of having transmitted to us the religious freedom which she had declared, and of having been the safeguard, in early days, of the growing colonies against the domination of tyrannical governments. For although America now is independent of Papal authority, of France, of Spain, although its administration of government is higher, and has a better foundation, yet in its infancy it might have been subjected to the devastating domination of any authority which chose to claim it for its own. Yet how truly and perfectly has America, in her great and entire freedom, established her own true principles. How divinely and greatly has the providence of an all-wise and just God prepared for the great Republic, the centre of freedom, a people who shall speak and act for liberty and religion. How entirely must the other nations of the world yield the palm, as regards republican government, to this. And how utterly useless, and worse than useless, is it for any nation, in this age of republican principles, to attempt to uphold the power of any human dynasty. Austria, with all her pride of church and state—France, with all her claims of greatness—even England, with her royal neutrality—may yet acknowledge and bow before the superior majesty of American freedom.

Italy cannot, will not, must not long remain content. No power or combination of powers, can prevent that country from achieving its freedom, or from becoming a republic. The Pope himself, the Papal authority, cannot long chain the hands and the hearts of the people, throbbing for liberty. Nor France, nor Russia, nor both combined, nor Austria, nor England, can ever prevent that people, injured as they are, from claiming their just rights. And we venture to prophesy, though we do not stand upon the pedestal of prophecy always, that ere another century has passed away, Italy will be numbered with the republics of the earth; and America will not stand alone, but Italy, the favored centre of thought and intelligence, of political life as well of patriotism, shall stand forth and stretch her hand far over the waste of waters, to unite with America. We may be deemed wild in this expression, but to those who have studied carefully the recent revolution there—the meeting of two men to quarrel over a treasure which was not their own, and then at last forsaking it, and leaving Italy in worse bondage—the neutrality of the other great powers, who would gladly claim it for themselves, if they could succeed, the sway of England in countries where the power of Austria, attempting to rule in lands where she has no right to rule, the base mockery of greatness of Napoleon—not the Great—all these points positively toward one great centre. Not Church and State combined can prevent it; the authority of the Pope will not be recognized, the power of a theocratic government will not rule, but the true authority inherent in the hearts of the people shall spring up, and Church and State shall no longer be one, but the State shall rule itself, as all republics should and must rule themselves.

The attempt to unite the Church with the State has in all countries produced the revolutions that have occurred. Oppression in religious worship, we think it can be positively shown, has been the cause of revolutions, from the time of the earliest Egyptians, when Moses and his followers came out from the land of Egypt. Even there, oppression in religious worship was the cause of revolution; and up to the latest revolution which has occurred, even that in which France and Austria have played the chief parts, even that war may be traced to religious and moral causes. There is nothing in the physical nature or location of nations that ever causes battles, nor yet in their political and commercial interests; because warfare is devastating and ruinous to all countries. However great may be its wealth, however prolific its commercial resources, however firmly established its system of political economy, it is ruinous, entirely so, for it to war with any other nation.

This history of all battles will show; this the history

of recent battles will prove; this the history of the war in the Crimea will prove, when Russia, France, and England, all returned to their homes poorer, and, perhaps, wiser than before. France has lost money, and brave hearts, but gained nothing, by her late war. Austria has lost her dignity, but gained nothing. Italy has not lost her freedom, because she never had it. England is not less dignified, in truth, because she is never dignified except through policy. No state, not even Russia, has lost her greatness of monarchial power; because Russia joins hands with the strongest party. There is nothing lost except the hearts once beating, the life—nothing lost but much life. There is nothing lost, except that in the minds of the Italian people there has sprung up a greater and stronger resolve than ever—not to dethrone Napoleon Third, but to establish their own freedom. What is the cause of this? Lack of freedom in religious worship and moral control—the power in the Church to control the State.

The Church is established, has no freedom, no advancement—Alas! the Catholic Church that exists to-day has existed since its first commencement—its powers, its principles, its ecclesiastical control and dynasty, are precisely the same. Political and moral advancement, the advancement of humanitarian ideas in the minds of men, will not submit to this. You will never attract religion into legislative and congressional halls, without degrading and perverting it. You can never attract politics into the Church, without degrading virtue and justice, on both sides. You can never make Church and State one, without destroying and neutralizing the just effects of both. You can never unite religion and political welfare in one form of government, without creating a constant source of warfare and contention. No country is safe when it rests upon religious control. No monarchy is safe when the monarch has for the foundation of his authority the Church. No nation is safe when it has for the fundamental principles of its control the advice of any Church authority.

Even England, proud as she is in the establishment of her Protestant Church, is not safe while that Church is made the Church, because it embodies too much the principles of Catholicism; it is next door to the Catholic Church, though it claims to be free; it is next door to the religion of Rome and Austria, though it claims to be Protestant Episcopal. England is not safe even with her religious foundation. Her political economy is not safe on that foundation, nor her greatness, if greatness it be, safe in the hands of those who claim, in any degree, to control, direct, or guide the religious feelings and emotions of any people.

We are proud of Great Britain; we are proud of our mother. We are proud of the liberty and freedom and justice which an aristocracy can condescend to give to the masses. But we are more proud of the liberty and freedom and justice which a national constitution and the hearts of a great nation of great men can give to each other. We are proud of the condescension which England always shows toward America, toward all governments that are in existence. But we are not proud of Protestant England when she invades other countries, less in military power than herself, for the purpose of self-aggrandizement. We are not proud of a Christian nation, having for her foundation the Christian code of, "Thou shalt not kill," yet who without any provocation will go to war—for what?—ambition! We are not ashamed of Catholic countries, who have their religion and their political economy all in one—we are not ashamed of them when they fight for any motive, either for the establishment of their Church or sustaining it; we are not ashamed of them when they go to

attitude, your Republic, as the greatest and highest and truest government in the world.

America can always be neutral, in any war. Therefore, she is in no danger of any invasion, in no danger of being conquered. America is prepared, with army and navy, to defend herself against all intruders. She is prepared to espouse the side of freedom, though it be the weaker side, in the face of all the monarchs of Europe. She is prepared to fight for liberty, if fighting must be done, but always to rest peacefully, when peace can be preserved.

Republican government we consider to be the only true government in the world. For all other forms of administration, however well they may have been for the times and nations in which they have existed, have failed to satisfy the great aims of the people, have never, in any country, been conducted with a just view to the wants of the people. The people are, or have been, not the kings, or monarchs, or the favored few. God does not smile more on the crowned king than on the lowest serf that crawls at the monarch's feet to ask a favor—probably not as much. The Almighty Father does not smile so much upon the proud rulers of Great Britain, as upon the masses who claim to be heard, but cannot be, except through one of the favored few. The Father is the President of the vast Republic of the Universe. Individual men, not republics, can speak to Him. He rules omnipotently; and we do believe that if your political economy could be compared with the vast economy of God's creation, one would compare faintly with all that the other is infinitely. We do believe that the foundation of your government is, in a finite degree, what that of the government of the universe is in an infinite degree. We do believe that in that government, what is good for the greatest number of people is the motto of its administration. We do believe that not to a few, but to all of its children, He extends His divine favors, as your Christian government extends its favors, alike to the high and the low, the rich and the poor; that in His divine economy, the lowest can be the highest, and the highest may be the lowest, as in your government it is certainly true. The school-boy, dirty and ragged, who walks your streets to-day, may, a few years hence, be the ruler of your nation; and the poor, down-trodden man, who toils wearily along under the yoke of tyranny and bondage, may be one of the highest in that heaven where God rules justly. We can conceive of no form of true government that has not for its foundation the welfare of humanity: "the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of people," is the motto of the United States. The majority must rule; but, still, the greatest number must be benefited, as is evident by the word majority. In the minority there are some who act conscientiously; they still have the privilege always, of claiming their rights; justice is not withheld from them, mercy never turns a deaf ear to their requirements, and all privileges, social, political and religious, which they desire, are extended beneath the broad canopy of American freedom.

Be thankful, then, for your country, for the privileges which you enjoy. And, most of all, American men and American women, be careful that you neglect not the minds of your offspring. Allegiance to your country first, and then all of individual property which is consistent with the welfare of all. Be careful that aristocracy, be careful that any principle except that which is consistent with a true dignity, does not enter; be careful that liberty and justice are not forgotten in the desire for self-aggrandizement, for political office and favors; be careful that in the advance of wealth and civilization your country does not forget that it was once young, and could not walk alone; be careful that it does not outgrow the garments which it wears, and become like an awkward school-boy, greater than its clothes; be careful that it hold itself always in conformity with its requirements and position; be careful that in the administration of justice and government, justice is not forgotten, and the Constitution overlooked; be careful, in all legislative and judicial acts, that the great principles of justice are not forgotten; beware, lest warfare and contention and strife enter your Republic, and destroy the beauty and symmetry of your national institutions; beware that slavery, which is a dark blot on the bright sun of the American Constitution, does not become universal—slavery of thought and feeling, slavery of mind, slavery of soul to principles that are not great, slavery to things that are not true, and perfect, and religious. This is worse even than chattel slavery. Beware of all these, and America shall live, and grow up to full manhood, and mature and ripen, but never decline, until her sun shall illuminate the whole world; and any pale star which flickers in the East as the harbinger of freedom, shall be hailed with delight, and be shone upon and brightened by the great sun of American liberty. Washington, your father, would not be King, because his people had just escaped from bondage. No republic can ever succeed which has not for its foundation freedom in religion, freedom in political opinion, freedom in moral thought—the highest and best of all freedom.

LAWS AND PRINCIPLES.

REPLY TO DR. SPENCE.

BY H. CLAY FREES.

Dr. Spence makes a distinction between laws and principles, the confounding of which occasions, he thinks, much ambiguity in the teachings of reformers. As I understand his definition, principle is the primary controlling force or power, and law the mode of its manifestation. For example: the attraction of one body to another is the principle; the diminution of that attraction, as the square of distances between the bodies increases, is the law, or mode in which the principle manifests itself. Now, as we can take cognizance of a principle only through its law, or mode of manifestation, this distinction between law and principle might appear to the practical mind a mere "splitting of hairs," and I cannot perceive what serious ambiguity would arise from its non-observance. Admitting, however, this distinction, Dr. S. further assumes that principle makes law, and not law, principle. On the contrary, it is evident to me that law, although it awaits the action of principle to externalize itself to our consciousness, yet it pre-exists as an inherent part of the principle—indeed of the subsequent action of the principle—neither creating the other, but both originating, simultaneously, from the great First Cause. Soul is the principle; its mode of manifesting itself in the human form, is the law. Does this law, or mode of manifestation, begin to exist only at the formation of the body, or does it not, evidently, pre-exist as a primary type, an inherent part of the soul, independent of the after formation of the body?

Assuming that principles make their own laws, the Doctor proceeds to say, in substance, that principles require no external legislation, directions or formula, either by man or God, but are to be left to their own free, spontaneous development; and hence, the absurdity of the Decalogue of Moses; that is to say, God, instead of giving a code of external directions, predestined of certain innate, moral principles, should have merely deposited those principles in the human soul, and the principles would have taken care of themselves—made their own laws—formed their own *modus operandi*—without the aid of any "outside," written law upon stone or paper. This is a bold proposition, and one involving, as I shall endeavor to show, a very serious error. Pure, spontaneous development, (which pre-supposes perfect isolation,) is an impossibility in God's universe. Everything that exists is a part of the universal whole, and both acts, and is acted upon. The principle of growth in the seed acts upon the surrounding elements, and these elements react upon the principle; and the principle depends for its perfect development not only on these elements, but often upon the yet more extraneous, "outside" skill of man. The vine, left to its spontaneous development, can never attain its full luxuriance unaided by the pruning-knife—the external legislation—of the planter. In like manner, the innate moral principles in man are more or less facilitated in their growth by the external guidance of the reasoning faculties. The "untutored Indian" may have the innate sense of justice firmly implanted in his nature, and yet have a very imperfect conception of its "law" or "mode of manifestation." In the more complicated relations of civilized society. Is it not evident, then, that innate principles are not purely spontaneous in their growth, but that it is often the office of Reason to detect and open the avenues of "laws" or "modes of manifestations," for the outlet of those principles?

The doctrine of direct, personal communication from the Infinite Creator to the finite creature, might be discarded, and yet the Decalogue stand still on its own intrinsic truth, as an external formula from a mind on a superior plane, for the development of the innate moral principles of minds on a much inferior plane. Moses—whether deriving his law direct from God, or through angelic mediumship, or even his own mind—had a clearer view of the moral wants of his people than the people themselves. He perceived that their innate moral principles were undeveloped, vague and indefinite; and he sought to direct them by a fixed, definite, external formula. The Jews, on the other hand, having great reverence for Moses as a man, and for his authority as the agent of Jehovah, received that formula in ready faith and obedience; and the action of that formula upon, and its corre-

spondence to, their innate moral principles, served the more rapidly to develop those principles. In regard to Dr. Spence's objection to designating the Decalogue a "moral code" because of its negative character, it might be said that a negative naturally implies its affirmative. When a man is told not to kill and steal, is it not plainly affirmed that he must be honest, in so far as the life and property of his fellow-creatures are concerned? Why, then, may not a code of negative, prohibitory laws, be termed a moral code?

Man is a composite being, and no theory in relation to him can stand, which is not predicated of his entire nature. Instead of a simple soul of spontaneous instincts, he is a dual nature of mind and matter, principle and form, reason and intuition; and as, in the Divine Economy, all things "act and are acted upon," it is the reciprocal action of these elements which constitute the great problem of human development. On our present plane, the external must over to the translator of the internal. The divine element, or soul-nature, like a vast, illimitable ocean, is ever surging around the black shores of this earth-life; at intervals, we catch faint echoes of its grand thunder-music; sometimes even a rare truth-gem bubbles up on its surface, whose supernal splendor illuminates the gloom of the Inner-World! Yet it is the necessity of our rudimentary state, that man shall not sit passively on the surface, waiting for these spontaneous bubbles; but he must often light the lamp of his understanding, clothe himself in the submarine armor of external, *terra firma* reason, and descend, with patient effort, to the dark caves below, in which is hidden the Golconda of divine interior truths.

Correspondence.

Explanation.

Messrs. Editors—"The Good Time Coming," a paper published at Berlin Heights, Ohio, copied from your paper my account of the Convention held there July 3d, and in its comments tries to explain a little of my unfairness in some of my allusions to the Free-Lovers, or Socialists, of that place. The editor says they are nearly all believers in spirit intercourse, which he believes constitutes them Spiritualists. I am glad to learn that fact from good authority, for I supposed I was credibly informed that most of them were not believers in spirit-life at all; and on that I based the remark to which he objects—that they were not Spiritualists. I have also, I believe, ascertained that the Shaker Society of Socialists are all, or nearly all, Spiritualists, on the same ground; but some of their principles and practices I do not approve of or endorse. Would "The Good Time Coming," or the Shakers, find anything in this remark to imply that those principles or practices were immoral, or that they were "guilty" of vice and immoralities, &c? I think not; and I think no candid and sensible person would draw such inference. Why has the editor suspected such inference in the application of this remark to them? Was it because they have been gored, and abused, and chafed, until they are exceedingly sore, and so sensitive that they look for a blow in every notice or allusion to them? I suspect it was because they are quite tender; but I assure them that I had no such thoughts, but spoke of them as if they were sound, and as I would of the Shakers, or anybody else. I certainly knew nothing of any vicious or immoral practices, and of course could not point out, such, and should never have suspected any from what I saw, nor from a remark like the one I made. But if I am rightly informed, they believe and teach that all legal forms of marriage are useless and wrong. I do not so believe or teach, although I believe our present laws work great injustice, and cause most of the domestic sufferings, and social disorders, and broken families so common of late, and by which, if I understand aright, their social movement is mainly now sustained. But I cannot give my views at length here, or now, as I am preparing a book—"The Fugitive Wife"—which, when published, will give my views at length on that subject. I am sorry to see our friends at Berlin feel hit by every notice or allusion to them. I can assure them I have no clubs to throw at them, although I do not approve or endorse all of their principles or practices. I believe they are more Christian-like than any Christian society of that town; and, in fact, I never knew a religious society whose principles and practices I could approve or endorse, and therefore never joined any. I think the editor of that paper ought to know me better than to suppose I ever threw in, or out, any expressions to "satisfy the bigots and adobe-pates." I have never had their sympathy or approbation, and certainly shall not go very far after it.

Since I was at Berlin, I have also made a short visit to another Socialist Society, at Onondaga, N. Y.—a community in property, and labor, and life—very Christianlike, highly prosperous outwardly, to all appearance, deeply religious, doing all things for Christ's sake; and they, I understand, dissolve the marriage tie, to begin the life here which they hold exists in heaven, where there is no marrying or giving in marriage. Some of their principles and practices I do not approve or endorse; but I am not their judge; hope the editor of their paper, "The Principle," will not feel that I allude to vice and immoralities, for I do not know that they have any. I would not condemn. Hoping you, Brother Everett, may meet in the Good Time Coming, when it comes, I bid you good-by from Lowell, Mass.

Sept. 28, 1859.

A Remarkable Test.

Mrs. D. Shaw, Lawton, Vt., has sent us the following remarkable test of the medium powers of Mr. L. L. Farnsworth. The subjoined questions were carefully numbered, sealed in an envelope by Mr. Shaw, and answered by spirit power, through Mr. Farnsworth, in the presence of a large number of persons.

Question. Where is the spirit-world located?
Answer. We are compelled to resort to other spirit spheres to obtain the knowledge you desire, and to answer all your questions. The spirit-world is not an extension of the earth's sphere, being in a more refined electrical condition. There is no vacant space between the earth on which you live, and the spirit land; hence, the spirit world is near, and all around you.

Q. By what process, or by what means do you communicate with us, and how do you move ponderable bodies, play musical instruments, &c?

A. The form by which we communicate to you is mostly confined to the physical plane of communicating. The means used by us to move ponderable bodies, is, by the application of our positive spiritual emanations to the negative conditions of your sphere—that is, by natural attraction the two elements are brought together. The effect of this union can be managed by us, and physical substances can be moved by our control, without the aid of any earthly power. In playing on musical instruments we have to construct spiritual barriers, to be used only for such purposes. There are, at present, but few persons that can be controlled in that form, as there are but few that possess the musical physical element to be acted upon in that direction.

Q. Do you pass through material objects?
A. We can pass through material objects when the electrical elements of earth are sufficiently harmonious to receive us. It is the electrical condition of mankind that we allude to.

Q. What are your powers of locomotion?
A. Forms of locomotion we do not recognize.

Q. What is your mode and manner of existence? Do you require sleep and nourishment?
A. We exist on the spiritual plane. All that partook of the material substances of our nature, was forever separated from us in passing from earth to spirit-life.

Those that are not developed spiritually on earth, when the change takes place from earth to spirit existence, will find their appetites and passions follow them to the spirit-life; hence, they require sleep and nourishment. This they obtain from earth by mingling with your passions and enjoyments. To a small extent we mingled with our loved ones of earth in deriving nourishment after our departure from the material world; but as our spiritual nature became unfolded, the use of such gratifications were dispensed with, and our nature met with a true, natural, spiritual repose.

Q. What are your employments?
A. Our employments are varied, assuming more elevated planes of action, both spiritual and intellectual. We cannot, at this sitting, delineate the particular departments of spiritual employments, as it would be a deviation from the conditions of our control of the medium; but at some future time we hope to satisfy you in that particular.

Q. Have you any knowledge of coming events which we do not possess?
A. We have knowledge of coming events, and can foretell with more certainty than the beings of earth.

Q. Notwithstanding the many evidences presented of spirit presence and power, yet, the majority of mankind are still incredulous; shall we hereafter have more indubitable manifestations of their truth?
A. Your spiritual manifestations will become more convincing and instructive in relation to the philosophy of spirit intercourse.

Q. We learn from your instructions, that the Author of the Universe requires of us to be kind, benevolent, and charitable to others, and do all the good we can. Are there any other obligations or duties enjoined upon us, as such as prayers, church formalities, &c?

A. The external forms of the Church, as they exist on earth, are not in accordance with the laws that emanate from the Creator. The duty enjoined upon you, in order to gain wisdom and happiness in the spirit land, is, to do justice to yourself and brother, developing an individuality of your own, not leaving your reasoning powers to be used by your ministers, surrendering your thoughts to them to be perverted to their use, leaving you dependent on them for the light that shall lead you to the realms of peace and happiness. The light that will lead you to the peaceful shores of spirit land, is within the reach of every being who seeks to obtain it. It is not necessary for you to resort to the various church forms to obtain it; but by your own just acts it will flow to you like the dews of heaven, filling you for a higher sphere of existence.

Strive to do all that lies within your reach to unfold the avenues of your spiritual powers on earth, and develop your interior nature, so that you will meet with a response to all the elements of your being; and when your spirit takes its flight to the immaterial world, you will feel content, knowing that you have done all that nature has demanded of you to perform.

Q. In our intercourse with spirits frequent mention is made by you of God and his requirements. Are his attributes and wishes, his works and location, better understood in your past-mortem existence, than by us?

A. We understand better the laws and the attributes of God than while on earth, as we receive the divine light.

Q. Should our friends respond to this letter, will they identify the answer by a reference to some event, or circumstance beyond the knowledge of the medium?

A. We deem it not necessary to narrate events at present, to serve as proof of our identity, as you must believe that it is your beloved ones in spirit-land who are now communicating to you. We are interested in all your movements on earth, and all that we can do to assist you, so that you may be happy, and receive wisdom from the fountain of all truth, brings joy to us in spirit-life. Persevere in the cause of truth, for a crown of happiness awaits you in the spirit-land, and angels will escort you to your spirit-home. We shall be willing to answer all questions that you may write in future, through this medium. We leave you, only to come again.

From your SPIRIT BAND AND GUIDES.

Letter from Maine.

DEAR BANNER—You remember my promise to write you from Maine. Well, in accordance with that promise, I now commence my correspondence with you. I left the good city of Boston on the morning of the 15th ult. The iron horse hurried myself, with many others, through to Portland in short time. Portland is all alive to the fact that the Great Eastern is to be there early in November, and liberal arrangements are making for the accommodation of the million. The Grand Trunk R. R. Co. is at work preparing for the reception of the illustrious stranger with her freight of human beings; and will also be accompanied by a host of ministering spirits, watching with a deep solicitude over the results of this mighty undertaking.

From Portland I went to Yarmouth, formerly a port of considerable importance for its ship-building. It is a pleasant town, and I met many warm friends to the cause. I lectured in this place on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, and on Sunday the 18th. My first audience was small, but intelligent and attentive. I read many persons in this place with marked success, on my last lecture. I read three, all dissimilar in their calling and mentality, giving incidents in their past lives as far back as the ninth year of life. A Mr. Ingraham came forward for examination, and among other things I told him this: "In your ninth year you met with an accident—a fall from a beam, or into a cellar, hurting you very much. I then see you picked up by a tall, spare man, who carries you a short distance and gives you into the arms of a woman, who runs with you into a house, and lays you on a bed." Mr. Ingraham confirmed this fact, and stated that it was just as I had given it. No. 2.—Capt. Small came forward, and after I had described him to the satisfaction of himself and the audience, a gentleman asked if there was not some incident in his life that had been overlooked. I telegraphed to his past, and told him as follows: "Nine years ago at sea, you were in imminent danger of losing your life by the assassin's knife—there were four persons engaged against you, four with you, you making the fifth. One of your number was killed, and two were wounded. You finally mastered, and they were all punished. You were many days under intense excitement, and have not got over it yet." I then described all the parties concerned. Again—"You were at sea six years ago; you were in low spirits—sick; you had much trouble with your men; in fact they almost mutinied; there was death associated with this event." Capt. Small confirmed both these events. The first was the mutiny on board the ship Glen, nine years ago, in the Pacific Ocean, and for fourteen days he hardly closed his eyes. Capt. Small and his first mate were both wounded, and his second mate killed. The four mutineers were mastered and carried into Valparaiso—tried and executed in New York. Also, six years ago, on a voyage home from Calcutta, he was sick with the yellow fever and came near dying; and his crew came aft in a body and demanded of the mates to be taken back to Calcutta, but were compelled to continue their voyage. His daughter, who was with him, sickened and died shortly after he got home from Yarmouth.

I went to New Gloucester, where I lectured two nights to large audiences with good results. I learned some facts in spirit manifestations in this place that are worthy of note. I was told of one concerning the worthy family of a minister of the Gospel, whose name I am not allowed to use. This family lost a lovely child, and as it lay all cold in death, the mother sat weeping near her darling. All at once she saw her sister, who had been in the spirit-world some time, enter and stand by the side of the bed, and then she saw her take the spirit-form of her little one in her arms and go out, and then up with it to her home in heaven; and then her tears ceased and her soul rejoiced, and she knew that her darling babe lived in a land of light and love, and was cared for through God by her dear sister in heaven. This clergyman does not condemn Spiritualism. God bless that man and woman; may they have more truths, and worship God according to the truth.

E. V. W.

Norway, Me., Sept. 23, 1859.

Spiritualism in Ireland.

"H." PHILADELPHIA.—I clip the following statement from "The Press," of Sept. 24th, published in this city, which paper has a wide circulation, and, on the whole, is rather liberal:

"Archdeacon Stopford, who has been studying the phenomena of the great revival in Ireland, has just published a pamphlet, in which he gives many instances of the effects produced by it, and his reasons for concluding that they are only the usual phenomena of hysteria and hypochondria. He gives an analysis of the skill with which he says some of the preachers excite hysteria, carefully eliminating all intellectual action, and endeavoring to produce only a vague or undefined horror of 'hell.' He says that almost every girl now 'struck' in Belfast has 'visions,' and she attributes these hysterical illusions to Divine influence."

[If the archdeacon had the light of Spiritualism to illuminate the pages of his pamphlet, he would have found no difficulty in accounting for the strange manifestations of the revival.]

The West.

L. K. COONLEY, GENESEE, ILL.—Mr. Coonley has been lecturing to large audiences for several months past, on the subject of Spiritualism, in this region.

T. G. Forster's health has been very poor for several months past. Mr. Forster resides in Mendota, Ill. It is hoped his health will so improve as to enable him to meet his numerous engagements the coming season.

A Congregational minister, in this region, delivered an "original" lecture before a society called "Ethical," which gave great satisfaction to the audience and elicited much applause. After the lecture was concluded, one gentleman rose and said—"I have lost none of my interest in this address just delivered because of having heard it before. I am a great admirer of Theodore Parker, that intellectual leader of Boston." It seems that the address was chiefly made up of one delivered by Theodore Parker, interspersed by the lecturer's own thoughts.

Lizzie Doten.

N. LOOMIS, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Miss Lizzie Doten, of Plymouth, has just finished a course of lectures here, which were worthy of their origin—being given from the spirit-land. At the close of her lecture, (evening of Sept. 25), and while entranced, she announced the subjects of her discourses next Sunday in Boston to be, for afternoon, "The Law and the Gospel," for the evening, "The Present Phase of Modern Spiritualism."

Split Portraits, &c.

GEORGE ATKINS, SOUTH OHLAND, MASS., Sept. 11th, 1859.—Spiritualism in this place is young, but not by any means weak. Last November I delivered the first lecture on the subject that was ever given here, but the interest felt in the subject gave me a full house, and, since that time, the friends have kept up regular meetings on the Sabbath, supported by subscription, and made free, and where there was but two Spiritualists in the whole town at that time, there are now scores of them. A number of copies of the BANNER and Aeon are taken, regular circles are held every week, and several good mediums have been developed, for speaking, healing, physical manifestations, &c. There is also a young man who has become skillful in painting portraits of departed spirits, and several which I have seen are extremely well done, and the work all performed in one hour, which must require an artist, not spiritually assisted, a number of days to accomplish.

There is great opposition to the subject here, a portion of which manifested itself from the pulpit of the orthodox church, a few Sabbaths ago. The preacher took for his text the communication of Samuel to Saul, through the medium at Endor, and labored the whole morning, endeavoring to make his audience understand that Samuel's spirit was not there, and that the woman did not expect to get any manifestations; but while she was engaged in her incantations, by which she expected to deceive Saul, Jehovah himself appeared, and she was afraid, and cried aloud. [He forgot, Mr. Editor, that the book says she was afraid of Saul.] Falling to produce the desired effect in the morning, he gave them more of the same sort in the afternoon, the substance of which went to disprove what he had said in the morning; and if he will only continue in the same way a few sermons more, he will completely kill his own theology, and convert his whole Church to Spiritualism.

Millford, N. H.

NORMAN BURDICK, MILLFORD, N. H.—It is not a long time since the few believers in Spiritualism in this place met in a seven-by-nine room, up two pairs of stairs, where a few seeds of truth were sown—now they fill our spacious Town Hall. Such men as T. W. Higginson, Warren Chase and S. B. Brittan, have presented Spiritualism here in an acceptable way, and have, by so doing, effected much good. Many members of the Church have learned the fallacy of creeds, and now mingle in harmony with those who seek a better and truer life—a life more natural and more spiritual.

A pious old woman, in an adjoining town, was persuaded by her son to go to Millford, one Sunday, and hear a spiritual lecture. When she was asked how she liked it, she replied: "It is the most lovely preaching I ever did hear—it is so heavenly, and so angel-like. I don't wonder they have lots of folks to hear 'em. But I can't never go again; if I do they will earth as the world convert me too!"

"Prof." Grimes.

"FRANK," WILLIAMTOWN, CT., writes us that Prof. Grimes has been lecturing there with his usual great pretensions of "exposing Spiritualism." His course of lectures was a failure, as to an audience and the "dimes," the latter of which appears to be the great object of his pretended exposures.

"The fact is this exposure operation is no longer a paying one; the truth is too open, too easily recognized, to be overthrown by the stale triflers of mountebanks, the low vulgarly self-proclaimed professors, or the vacant laugh of fools. To-day's revelation is too well demonstrated to admit of contradiction, too glorious to be rejected lightly. Honest opposers will ever be by us respected—dishonest charlatans despised."

A Voice from Sharon.

"W. A. C.," SHARON, OHIO.—It is now nearly a year since the BANNER has been a welcome visitor in our household, and the good things in it—the lectures, sermons, essays, and communications—we have read, have done the soul good. We love the authors of them all, and some day, in the spirit-land, we shall greet them. We have been gratified to see the Christian spirit of toleration, and love for all, manifest in the editorials; and the pure moral influence that seems to pervade the whole sheet. It contains no denunciations; and but very little that we cannot fully approve. It has far exceeded our expectations; and as long as we take a newspaper, the BANNER will be the first on our list.

Test Facts.

OBSERVER, KENDALL'S MILLS, ME.—"The test facts of Spiritualism speak in stronger words of immortality than all the sermonizing in Christendom. A Spiritualist does not 'believe' in immortality, he knows it."

[Published by request.]

TO MRS. H.

"I was roving 'mid the hills and vales
A nymph I chanced to spy,
Who wooed me by her gentle mien,
Her beautiful, love-lit eye.
Her song was tenderness and love,
Joy kindled in her face;
Was clad in Nature's simple garb,
Her movements all were grace.
I sought, and lo! her gentle tones
Soon melted on my ear;
While 'o'en in childhood's morning hour,
I counseled not with fear.
Love lit my breast, and tuned my harp
To simple notes of love,
Which soothed me 'mid sorrow's hour,
And pointed me above.
But where are those who chimed with me
In girlhood's morning hours,
Who with me traversed hills and dells,
And with me gathered flowers?
Some have indeed come up to light,
To morrow's resplendent day,
And other dear ones linger back,
Yet soon may pass away.
When I shall meet my school-hood band,
They, in or out the form,
Frances' kind greeting will attend,
With heart still beating warm."

MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

Sept. 18th, 1859.

Q. Mrs. H., a lady in the vicinity of this city, an early friend and school-mate of Mrs. Osgood, to whom Mrs. O., at the age of 15 years, directed her poetical effusions, recognizing her in the inspirations of Dr. Robbins, published in the BANNER two weeks since, wrote her gratification to a friend. The letter was to Mrs. O., who collected it, and sought Mrs. O.'s presence thereby, and was eminently successful. She makes known her own identity and true position through the mediumship of Dr. Robbins.

SEPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

A four days' Spiritual Meeting will commence at the Court House, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., at 10 o'clock, Thursday, Oct. 13th, 1859, and continue Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 14th, 15th and 16th. An invitation is extended to all normal Lecturers and Trance Speakers throughout the country.

Sessions will be held for the discussion of facts and personal experiences by the people. Narrations on the various phases of Mediumship and Manifestations; the Formation of Circles, their Uses and Abuses; Public Meetings, the best method of disseminating Spiritualism; its application to the Individual, its relation to Christianity, the Creeds, Churches, Sciences, Philosophies, Literature, Reforms, and Institutions of the Age.

Arrangements will be made to accommodate as many as possible free of expense, speakers being first provided for; and the boarding-houses and hotels will furnish a list of their lowest prices.

To meet expenses and protect the assembly from a disorderly crowd, a trifling door fee will be taken during part of the meeting.

Speakers who can attend from a distance will please communicate early as possible. Address—

Dr. H. M. DUNBAR, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

SEPIRITUAL CONVENTION IN ILLINOIS.
EDITORS OF THE BANNER.—The friends of Spiritualism in this place and vicinity have resolved to hold a Spiritual Convention this fall, commencing October 7th, 1859, and to continue three days—the 7th, 8th and 9th. All the friends of the good cause are cordially invited to attend, and we hope there will be a general gathering; also, that many of our most favored speakers will put themselves out of their way and feel to sacrifice for the good cause, which professes to be the most liberal of all. As to Mediumship, we would simply say: we have several Orthodox churches, most sectarian in their feelings and quite exclusive; but, after all, we are content that many of their people will favor us with their presence and their hospitality. Mediumship is situated in McHenry County, Illinois, fifty miles north of Chicago, on the Fox River Valley Railroad, twenty-five miles west of Wauegan; from there is a stage route to this place.

Come one—come all! We will do the best we can for you. As for money we have none, but what we have we freely give. We do anticipate a most glorious time, confident that holy angels will come with you.

McHenry, Ill., Sept. 5, 1859.

LECTURERS.

Faithful notice under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in St. Louis and vicinity during October; address for that month, care of A. Miltenberger, Esq., St. Louis, Mo. In November and December, Miss Harding will speak in Evansville, Memphis, New Orleans and the South. Apply during these months at the office of the Editor, or by letter to 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Miss Harding will receive invitations to lecture south up to February, and requests all such applications to be sent in as early as possible, as she returns to Philadelphia, in March, 1860.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Lebanon, N. H., October 10th; Bethel, Vt., from Oct. 11th to 15th; Montpelier, Vt., from Oct. 16th to 23d; South Hardwick, Vt., Oct. 23d, 24th, and 25th; Marlboro', Mass., Oct. 30th; Natick, Nov. 6th; Newburyport, Nov. 13th; Marblehead, Nov. 20th; Plymouth, Nov. 27th. He may be addressed as above.

JOHN H. RANDALL will answer calls to lecture in the Western part of New York State, on subjects connected with the Harmonical Philosophy, during the month of October. His address will be J. H. RANDALL, Broomfield Co., N. Y., till Oct. 12th, and after that date, till further notice, in the care of Dr. H. M. Dunbar, Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y.

Rev. JOHN PIERCE, West Medford, Mass.
Miss SARAH A. MAGOUN, No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Dr. Z. R. MACOMBER, Carpenter street, Grant Mill, carpenter, Mass.
Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, Plymouth, Mass.
H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., or 7 Davis street, Boston.
BENJ. DANFORTH, Boston, Mass.
ELIAS H. JEWELL, Leaside, Mich.
C. P. INGH, Taunton, Mass., care of John Eddy, Esq.
A. B. WHITTING, Brooklyn, Mich.
CHARLES W. BURGESS, West Killingly, Conn.
Mrs. BERTHA B. CHASE, West Hartford, Mass.
E. R. UNGER, Box 85, Quincy, Mass.
GEORGE M. JACKSON, Freetown, Mass.
L. K. COONLEY, La Platte Centre, Ill.
LOVELL BEEBE, North Ridgewood, Ohio.
Mrs. S. MARIA BLISS, Springfield, Mass.
E. V. WILSON, Bridgewater, Mass.
Miss E. O. CHURCHILL, No. 292 Franklin street, near Race, Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. B. SMITH, Concord, N. H.
Dr. C. C. YORK, Boston, Mass.
Dr. C. O. HYZEN, care of J. H. Blood, Box 340 P. O., St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. J. H. CURTIS, Hartford, Ct.
J. C. HALL, Buffalo, N. Y.
WILLIAM E. RICE, 7 Davis street, Boston.
Miss E. E.

Sept 10. 8m

