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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. THIRD PAGE—Rev. Dr. Chapin's Sermon. FOURTH PAGE—Rev. H. W. Beecher's Sermon.

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 XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

I turned to Lillian, and whispered, "You have introduced me to your father, but you have not told me his name."

The merry laugh was contagious. "That is just like me; but then, there was no need of it. You certainly knew Charles's Uncle Peter—uncle Peter Gomez. He wasn't his real uncle, you know, but dearer than any uncle could be."

"Here was a little light. And so Charles's wife was Uncle Peter's daughter!"

After this call, there were few days that I did not see Lillian. If she saw me in the garden, she was sure to come; if she rode out, the carriage must stop for me, too; if they had fruit or flowers which were not in our garden, a share was always sent to us. But while Mr. Herbert remained, I never went to Elmwood without my husband. I noticed that Mr. Gray's eye was upon me whenever he spoke to me; and there was something in my husband's manner which my own heart interpreted into an introduction of intercourse between us. It was not necessary—I was only too willing not to see my old schoolmate again. I stirred up memories of the past which I wished to bury so deep that there could be no resurrection.

Mr. Herbert did not remain long in Vernon; his business called him away; and then Lillian turned to us for society. Between her and Helen a pleasant friendship sprang up. For myself, I left my garret corner and my journal, (I did not destroy it, as I at first intended, but hid it away in a crevice of the garret) and spent a great deal of my time in the library of Elmwood, and with Mr. Gomez and Lillian in the summer-house. I was busy with my needle, and always took my work with me. The warm months passed pleasantly in this way. I soon learned how Lillian came to be so wild and so petted. Her mother had died of consumption, and she inherited a tendency to the disease. She had been very ill at various times, and her father told me that he had twice despaired of her life. If she took the least cold, a cough followed. Excitement and contradiction increased it, and therefore she was allowed to have her own way in all things. She was a pretty little tyrant, and so lovable that few complained of her tyranny. It was her eagerness to see me that made her insist upon coming to Vernon so early in the season, and having been thwarted for some weeks, she made her entrance, as we have seen, when she knew she could accomplish her purpose.

One day Helen, Lillian, and myself were in the garden, sewing. I had brought my watch with me, that I might not overstay my time. As I have said, it was a pretty little repeater which Charles had given me at my marriage, and which he said had quite a history to it.

"You never have read the story of the watch, Bertha," said Helen; "suppose you amuse us with it this afternoon."

I therefore took the copy, which I had with me—for I had now none of Charles Herbert's writing—and read the following to Lillian—

"DEAR BERTHA—I purchased this watch of an old friend of your family, Colonel James. It is very ancient and pretty, and I thought would suit your delicate and rather fastidious taste. The history, as far as he can relate it, is as follows: The Colonel was traveling in the eastern part of England, and had a curiosity to visit the old town of Boston; the namesake of our New England capital. Here he met a mutual friend, and they passed some weeks in the region. At one time, as he was riding on horseback, toward the north, he crossed a road of moor, or flat, desolate country, beyond which was a small piece of dense woods. It was night, and he remembered then, for the first time, that he had been warned not to ride on that road late, as several robberies had been committed there within the year. But the Colonel had seen danger by land and sea, and carried a stout heart within him, and a trusty pistol in his pocket; so he rode on, though at a quickened pace. Suddenly, he thought he heard a faint sound within the woods; he stopped, and listened—he was not mistaken—it seemed like a suppressed groan. His first thought was of a decoy, and that his safest course was to put spurs to his horse and get out of the woods as soon as possible. But again his quick ear detected the sound, lower, but as of one in agony. He hesitated no longer, but, making his way into the woods in the direction of the sound, aided by the faint light of the moon in her first quarter. It became impossible to proceed with his horse, and fastening him securely, he made his way on foot, stopping now and then for a minute, as if to catch the sound which he did hear it became more distinct. After walking a rod or two, he came to a fallen tree, on which a woman sat, holding the head of a man who seemed to be suffering greatly; but, as the only light was that of the moon, as it came through the trees, it was difficult, at first, to see distinctly what it was. The Colonel came close to them, before they saw him, and he was only made aware of his presence by his asking if he could be of any service to them. The woman looked up eagerly—

"Yes, sir—yes, sir! Please help me to take him home—it is not far, only just in the edge of the wood!" The sick man could not speak, and it was soon ascertained that he had been wounded; the blood had run freely, and he was now faint from his loss. But that which gave him most pain was a small ball that had lodged in the heel. Now the Colonel was an old campaigner, and ready for any such emergency—he extracted the ball at once and skillfully; the sufferer appreciated it, and expressed his gratitude, though in a voice that indicated his extreme exhaustion. The Colonel could relieve him in this respect also, and a small flask of brandy was produced from his pocket. This had the desired effect.

"I wish, sir, he could be taken home. Do you think it possible?"

"Yes, madam, if he can sit on my horse, which is not far from here."

The offer was gladly accepted; and the Colonel led the horse a few rods, when they came to an isolated dwelling, surrounded by a small garden, with a high brick wall. The wounded man was able to walk into the house by leaning on the Colonel's shoulder. There were no lights, and no domestics to be seen, but after a few moments, there hobbled out from some subterranean apartment, an old woman with a lantern.

"Lead the way to my chamber, Elsie!" said the lady. And they went up stairs, with some difficulty, where, to the surprise of the Colonel, they found a large, handsome furnished apartment, with all the luxurious appointments which the most fastidious invalid could require. Now, for the first time, too, the Colonel perceived that the lady was young and beautiful, and that her manner indicated good birth and breeding. Her companion had handsome features, a large, athletic frame, but, as the Colonel expressed it, he had one of

those faces that you could no more read than you can read the riddle of the Sphinx. He might be a prince in disguise, or at least you might fancy him such, and with the next look at his face, you would think you were mistaken, and guess him to be a pirate, or highwayman.

The Colonel saw him safely in bed, and departed, not, however, until the man had expressed his thanks, in language that was no highwayman's slang, but pure as "Chatham's native tongue," though with a slight Scottish accent; and he offered more substantial thanks, too, in the shape of certain gold sovereigns, which, of course, the Colonel refused. He rode home hastily; but for some days the fair face of the lady, and the singular countenance of her husband, haunted him. That they were husband and wife, he knew by the frequent expression of the sufferer in his agony, "I cannot, will not die now, my precious wife."

On the third day after this incident, he determined to gratify his curiosity further by an interview. And, without relating the adventure, or the object of his journey, he started to find the wood and the house. They were easily found, but not the persons. The house was deserted, every shutter closed, and the sound of the huge, old-fashioned brass knocker re-echoed through the large, old halls, the sound reaching as if the ghosts mocked the man who would seek to enter.

The Colonel was disappointed, and lingered long around the premises, hoping to see the world old Elsie come up from some underground apartment. But no creature was to be seen, save a half-starved black cat, that ran across the garden; and my friend, thinking it must be the old hag herself that had taken that form, began to rub his eyes, and wonder if the whole thing wasn't a dream. He rode back more slowly, vexed with himself that he had not gone the next morning. It was too late now; but his curiosity was stronger than ever, simply, I suppose, because it had been baffled. But he tried to think no more of the affair, and it passed gradually from his mind. Some weeks afterward, just on the eve of his departure for home, he was sitting in the smoking room of his hotel, when one of the little boys who acted as waiters in the room, handed him a package. He opened it hastily, and found the little jewel-box, containing the watch. He immediately made inquiries as to who brought it there, but nothing could be ascertained, save that a boy left it. This little note accompanied it:

"Will Colonel James accept a small token of gratitude for his services in saving the life of a wounded man? The thanks of the wife can make no adequate return; but this little memento may serve to remind him that he performed a noble deed of charity; and she will ever remember the stranger in her prayers."

He could never learn anything more of them. One day, when we were at the Islands together, he brought the watch out for me to see. I found, under the watch-paper—what he had not before discovered, and which the lady herself had forgotten—a miniature likeness of a lady. The Colonel thinks it is of the giver, but he saw her only long enough to lead him to wish to see her again. I noticed the resemblance to my little Bertha, and taking a great fancy to the watch itself, I offered to give the Colonel a valuable gold repeater of my own force. The Colonel consented, on condition that I would ask you never to part with it. "For," said he, "I am a wanderer, with no home, and shall be glad to know that the beautiful little relic is in safe hands." I have taken the liberty, Bertha, to reserve the miniature for myself.

"And I know where it is!" said Lillian, springing up, "and I'll run and fetch it."

"She returned in a moment, with a little box, wherein was the miniature, now set in a gold locket, and beside it a broken ring, which I remembered as one which I had worn when a little girl, and broken in play one day at Mrs. Herbert's."

"And there is your little ring," said Lillian, laughing. "You know you were Charles's little sister, and he prizes these mementoes."

"Little sister!" my heart responded, with an emotion half sorrow, half anger. The miniature had a strangely familiar look; it seemed as if I had seen the face before. I made the remark, at which Lillian laughed.

"And have you seen your own face, darling?"

"I never was so beautiful as that, Lily."

"Still, it is like you—the dark-brown hair, and the soft, dreamy expression of the face."

CHAPTER XXIII.

BERTHA'S BABY.

"No, no, father, I can't go till I see Bertha's baby," said Lillian, one day in the latter part of September, to her father, as they sat in the deep, bay window of the drawing-room. I was in the library; the door was partly open, but they were not aware of it.

"But, my daughter, look! see the maples have put on their golden autumn robes; the woods are arrayed in purple and scarlet, and gold, too rich and rare to be worn long; the flowers in the garden are all withered by the frost;—our choice ones are removed to the conservatory; and my rarest, choicest flower of all, must not stay longer in this cold region, or she, too, will wither and fade!"

"No, father! I will be very careful, if you will let me stay only three weeks longer—just three little short weeks. I will wrap up in flannel and furs, and be as prudent as an old woman of eighty. Please, father, say yes!"

"I dare not!" said the old gentleman, kindly; "it is running too great a risk, Lillian; you have never remained in this climate during so cold a month. What will your husband say?"

"Oh, I suppose he will look terribly solemn, and talk to me upon my duty and the importance of preserving my life for the sake of my friends; but then I shall tell him why I wanted to stay, and I know he will excuse me!"

"But, Lillian, all my arrangements are made—our passage spoken—our vessel leaves Boston next week—how can I change?"

"I don't know anything about arrangements, father—I only know you can do as you wish always—you will not say No, will you?" and she threw her arms round his neck caressingly.

"But I must not, cannot say Yes, my child."

I thought it was time to unite my voice to that of the old gentleman in urging her not to remain. It was rashness—folly; already a cough had set in, and our cold October winds would be death to her.

"Lillian, dear," I said, "you must go; we love you too well to wish you to remain. Go now, and come to us next summer."

"You, too?" said she, reproachfully. "How can I leave you now? No, no! I can't—I shall be sick if I do go; I will be sick if they make me go!"

Her father looked distressed. He knew her too well to believe that persistence would do any good, and he was too indulgent to exercise his authority. (I wondered what her husband would have done if he had been present.)

"Lillian," said I, "you forget that for your father's and your husband's sake you should go; they will suffer constant anxiety on your account."

"Oh, Bertha! this is too cruel! Here I have no little baby of my own. I have been married a great deal longer than you; but God has given me no children. I should not be the frivolous, childish wife that I am, if I had a baby to love, and who would love me with all its little heart. And now you would send me away just as God in heaven is going to give you one. I want to see it in its first infancy—when its little spirit is right fresh from heaven—to have it learn to know me next its mother. Ah, now, Bertha! you are afraid it will love me too well, and you want to send me away!" and she sat down, and burst into tears, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Poor Mr. Gomez walked the room evidently much troubled. I knew not what to say. This young girl

with all a true woman's yearnings for children. It was a new phase in her character; she had never spoken thus before, and I could not but sympathize with her.

"Well, I suppose it must be so!" said her father, who evidently had some appreciation of her feelings; "but it is running a great risk—a terrible risk!" The inconvenience and expense were nothing to the indulgent father, nor even the risk of his own life; for he felt the chilly winds of autumn most keenly, and was obliged to confine himself to the house most of the time. Moreover, his business was suffering; for Mr. Herbert had been obliged to go to Liverpool, and would not be in Cuba till January.

"It's just as I told you!" said Mrs. Green, the housekeeper; "she seems like a vine that must lean upon somebody for protection; but, like a vine too, her will is tough and strong—it will be the death of her. I am afraid, but she must have her own way. Well, I'm glad there's one woman in the world that can; the rest of us are pretty well under subjection."

I have taken down the curtains that form my little garret retreat, shut the window blind, and replaced these as before—I shall sit there no more! Good-by, little corner; I have loved you well, but I hope now to have something to occupy my hands and heart, and shall not need to come here.

Our guest-chamber is put in order now for the little guest from heaven. How much Lillian has amused herself in arranging drawers and baskets, and easy-chairs. Her little fingers were never so busy before with embroidery and needlework. The infant's wardrobe, which would otherwise have been very plain, is now rich in foliage, vines, and buds, and tendrils; these rare little caps, and the softest of socks, and cashmere and linen, cambric and delicate ribbons, all the baskets. Lillian has made a little paradise for herself, working and talking, and letting her fancy flower and bud as her fairy fingers have wrought out her ideas on muslin and flannels. Dear child! what a comfort she is to me!

Helen is kind and gentle as ever, but I am troubled about her looks and her ill; something disturbs her mind which I cannot understand. I know Deacon Abram is here often, and he loves her with his whole heart—that is, next to orthodoxy and the church. Her brother wishes for the union, for the deacon is well to do in the world, has influence in the church and the village, and the alliance would strengthen the hands of the minister. I like him very well myself; he has a good, honest heart—rather one-sided, to be sure—and his whole character is far from having symmetry and proportion, because he has looked upon one side always—there is neither truth nor safety for him outside of his denomination. But then Helen loved him, and his refining, elevating influence upon him. He almost worships her, and his love is of that strong, sturdy, native growth, that he would rather cling to, cling to the soil, and grow firmer and stronger amid storm and sunshine. Helen gives him but little encouragement, though she evidently fears her brother too much to be very demonstrative. She has been the light of the household until lately, and now I see that for my sake she is cheerful, but I often find her looking very thoughtful and sad—I hope she has no heart-trouble.

It is a cold, blustering day; the sky is gray and cheerless; the sounding clouds above, and the whirling leaves in the garden, seem to be like perturbed spirits that can find no rest. I have been watching them and the trees that seem to shiver in their nakedness, and I have almost wished that the snow might come and cover the frozen ground, and hang its garlands on tree and shrub. I have seen very little of Mr. Gray lately—the anniversary, autumnal conventions, and minister's meetings, have occupied his time. My conscience troubles me some, lest I have not been as faithful, in heart and deed, as becomes a wife. I would fain die, if I die must, with softened feelings toward all the world. My heart beats witness to constant effort to do my duty; but between husband and wife there should be no necessity for effort—kind words and deeds should flow spontaneously from the heart. My heart revolts sometimes when Mr. Gray talks to me upon the duty of perfect submission. The husband, he says, should enforce obedience from the wife, if necessary; he is her rightful head, her lord, and has a right to expect reverence, and a constant acknowledgment of authority. I suppose he is right, though Auntie Paul looks very significant when he talks in that way, and generally leaves the room. I asked him the other day if he would buy a carpet for her chamber, and a small stove; she is getting old, and needs such comforts.

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"You can take some of the money which my father gave me; you recollect I handed it over to you. I would gladly spend it for that purpose."

"Well, really, Bertha, you have singular ideas of a wife's claims. Do you not know that a wife has no exclusive ownership of property? I have invested what your father gave me as I thought best!"

"But what will Auntie do this cold winter? She must be made comfortable."

"As she did last winter! We only render ourselves effeminate by these luxuries. If Mrs. Dennis requires them, we must find a young and hardy girl who does not!"

It was useless to argue the question; but I fear I was not submissive, for I kept continually revolving in my mind some expedient for accomplishing my purpose. How that blast swept round the north corner of the house! How dreary it is! The family are at church; it is preparatory lecture before the communion, and I would not let them remain with me. But I am getting lonely and weary—

"Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on!"

"Hark! that is the outer door! Who is coming? Ah, it is Helen's step; how lightly she trips up the stairs!"

"I came out before the meeting was done, Bertha, for I feared you would be lonely. See!" and she held up a letter—"It is from Virginia. Isn't that your friend Mary's writing?"

"How quickly I seized it! A good, long, precious letter. I forgot the blast—but alas! it brought no solution to the sad mystery of Mr. Harper's ruptured friendship. He was in Europe—Addie was studying with Mrs. Green's daughters, but was not so buoyant as usual. Ned Green was in disgrace in college. He had been suspected of some supposed complicity in mischief, and as he would neither acknowledge himself guilty, nor inform of his companions, he was suspended. This was a terrible blow to poor Addie, though she said he was not guilty, and she did not blame him—she was glad he would not tell, and she thought much for his friends. Mary said but little of herself; it was evident that she had suffered, but was learning the lesson which trials should always teach us—perfect faith that all things will work for good to those who trust in God. The letter cheered and comforted me, and I sat down by the window to think of old times in Stanley Hall, and wonder if Mamma June had any warnings or presentiments of the future."

I was in my guest-room, as I called it, (we slept there now) and could see Elmwood, and the "Pearly Room."

Lillian sat at her window, and I imagine, if there was a storm, and then we had telegraphic communications, that the young babe needed, for some weeks, the warmth which the mother would impart—nature taught us this with all young animals."

"Dr. Cameron!" said Mr. Gray, "have you been seeking advice from him?"

"He called here last evening."

As I spoke, I noticed Helen's face; she was very pale, and there was a troubled look in her eyes. "Well, now, I think that is right," said Deacon Abram; "the poor little lamb that the mother will not own, dies of cold!"

I was thankful, afterwards, that some good spirit had prompted her to come. That night was one of great suffering to me—for two nights and two days, I suffered as none but mothers can understand; and when hired friends grew weary and sick at heart, and even Auntie Paul, with all her masculine firmness, left me to gain a little courage, and hide her tears, Lillian, my dear, precious, little Lillian, hovered about me like a white dove, speaking words of encouragement and hope. She was tireless as a spirit, and almost as noiseless and gentle.

"Take courage, dear Bertha; joy is born of sorrow! There is no danger; you will ride out the storm, and then how precious the freight we will bear to harbor!" I believe despair would have seized me, had it not been for her. Once, I remember, in a moment of consciousness, that Helen came to the door and seemed pleading with her brother for something, which he did not seem inclined to grant; then Lillian went out, and I heard her say—

"Oh, do, Mr. Gray, please do; the doctor himself wishes; why should you refuse. You may regret it all the rest of your life."

I heard no more that was said; but I knew that Lillian never pleaded in vain. In a few hours from that I was freed from suffering, and lay like one who had been wrecked—worn, exhausted, helpless, on the beach—but saved—just saved. I opened my eyes, and they rested on a face, a strange one there, and yet that one glance brought old thoughts and fancies to my mind; my eyes closed quickly, and I became confused, dizzy, and asked them to help me out of the wood, it was gloomy and dark, and the old pine trees sighed in the storm. Then Lillian came to me, and I heard her say—

"How good you are, Auntie Paul, to let me do so!" and she brought my baby all dressed in its white robes, and laid it beside me, saying, "pure as a snowdrop, without spot or blemish!"

I could not raise my hand, I could not turn my head, but I was as one bathed in happiness; heaven can have nothing more unutterably ecstatic—for my whole heart was filled with love and gratitude to my Maker. For the first time since my marriage I said, "my husband" to Mr. Gray. He came to see the baby; and, as he bent his head, I whispered, "Let us thank God, my dear husband, for this blessing!"

"Yes, and for all his blessings, Bertha; but with this blessing comes a great responsibility."

I do not know how it was, I suppose I was very weak, but somehow this remark was not all that I wanted him to say, and I did not like to think of responsibility now. I only wanted to think of love and happiness. But it was explained to me afterwards; he was disappointed that my child was not a boy. The others were only too well pleased as it was. We called it "Lillian," which filled up the measure of my friend's happiness, and even her father said he was compensated for having my form for her, however, I noticed a little cough, slight, but constant, and I dreaded the journey which she must now take. She stayed long enough for the baby to know her touch, and to be quieted by it. It was hard for her to leave, and quite as hard for us to part with her.

"I shall be back in the Spring, as soon as the snow is gone," she said. "How shall I live without you, my pet, my darling?" she would say, as she folded her little namesake in her arms.

She was gone at last—our little tropical bird had flown, and left us "mid storm and cold." But a new life began, my heart, and I had never so full and happy a life before.

It was when the baby was about six weeks old, and Mr. Gray was absent on an exchange, that Helen came to my room, and said that Dr. Cameron was in the house, and would like to see me. I readily admitted him, and at once recognized the physician of my sick room. He was a noble-looking man, of fifty years, (as I judged), easy in his address, and polished in manner. There was something strangely familiar in his face, and I fancied that I had seen a picture resembling him in the Boston Athenaeum; and the more I thought of it the more I became convinced of this fact—only I could not remember the picture, and I wished. I had dreamy, indistinct ideas of gloomy wood, a Spanish bandit, and a group of frightened travelers.

The doctor entered at once into conversation. He was brilliant and witty; but whenever his countenance was in repose, it wore a serious, almost stern expression, relapsing, at moments, into positive gloom. The evening wore rapidly away; and when he rose to go, and I said, "Call and see us often, Dr. Cameron," he paused a moment, looked at me long, but with such an expression of sadness that I could not take offence, and said—

"Madame, this is the first call that I have made, other than a professional call, in Vernon. I am alone in the world. I am not a social man, at times even gloomy, and should not be often welcome among the happy!"

As he spoke, the baby woke in the cradle, and I turned toward it. In doing so, my glance fell on Helen, who had risen from her seat when the doctor rose to go. He had directed his attention wholly to me, and had not observed her; but that one glance of mine opened Helen's heart to me. She knew not that I saw her. Oh, Helen, Helen, beware! There is power, passion and pride in that face! Once love that man, and you will never love another! Let him win your heart, and he will be proud as a Roman Emperor, jealous as Blue Beard, exulting as the Pope! I see it now in his face. He is one of those men whom a woman loves even to idolatry, when he has once won her heart, but whose love is sometimes like the lightning—consuming the object of its embrace. Heaven help you if you have fixed your affections there!

The next day was Sunday, and Deacon Abram came, as usual. I resolved to keep my eyes open now; for I would gladly prevent the good, honest soul from walking right into the Slough of Despond. I was sure if he once got in, he was one of the sort that would stay there a long time. He was rather heavily built, in body and soul; and then he would keep his eyes so steadily fixed on the side from whence Helen had vanished, that he would not see the messenger with white robes, sent to aid him, on the further side of the slough. There is generally, in the country, a long intermission between the afternoon and evening services. This evening Helen was occupied in the kitchen, though I did not observe that the supper was more varied or more skillfully got up than usual. Early in the evening, just before the service, Mr. Gray came, bringing his mother with him. I have not mentioned her to the reader before, for the picture would not be particularly pleasing. She was a stern woman, whom trials had hardened, and who had never been refined or softened by intercourse with polished society. Her husband died when her children were young, and she had struggled with poverty, and had almost of necessity acquired parsimonious habits, and a hard, suspicious temper. Helen, I think, must have resembled her father, whose likeness expressed a mild, thoughtful temperament.

Mrs. Gray was introduced to "baby" at once, whom she pronounced a fine-looking child. "The picture of its father," and advised me not to be too tender and delicate with it. One of her first questions was, if I allowed it to sleep with me.

"Oh, yes! I cannot put it away from me yet, and during this cold weather. Besides, Dr. Cameron said that the young babe needed, for some weeks, the warmth which the mother would impart—nature taught us this with all young animals."

"Dr. Cameron!" said Mr. Gray, "have you been seeking advice from him?"

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As I spoke, I noticed Helen's face; she was very pale, and there was a troubled look in her eyes. "Well, now, I think that is right," said Deacon Abram; "the poor little lamb that the mother will not own, dies of cold!"

"You have a good argument," I said to myself; but not so thought Mrs. Gray.

"That may be the case with lambs," said she, "but not with babies, and I advise Calvin to have a crib bought at once, and place the child in it at night!"

"I think you're right, mother," said Mr. Gray, "and I am sure it will add to my comfort, for it is very annoying to me to sleep with a child!"

I said no more, but clasped Lily closer to my bosom. Auntie Paul came in just then, and we went to my room, where I was foolish enough to rest my head on her shoulder and weep a little.

"You are tired and nervous," she said; "lie down and I will undress the baby, and lay her by your side—nothing quieter a mother like that."

I heard the rest of the family when they came from evening service, and I was sure it was Deacon Abram's voice that I heard under my window, and his foot, "A trisyllable on the scarp!"

He never had come to us at that time before, and from certain soft glances toward Helen that day, and some mysterious hints that Mr. Gray had thrown out a few days previous, I suspected that he was resolved to settle his destiny at once. We were called to evening prayers, and I saw Helen was still pale, but her lips were compressed, and her eyes downcast. I guessed now why Mrs. Gray had come—mother and son were both anxious that this union should take place, and the will of the one was derived from the other; it was not easy to thwart them in their purposes. As soon as prayers were over, Helen asked for Lillian.

"She is with Aunt Paul in my chamber."

"I must bid her good night," and she went out of the room. My own duties called me away, and I could not return. I do not know how long Mr. Gray and his mother remained in the parlor with the deacon, but I was awakened out of my first sleep by Mr. Gray—

"Bertha, where is Helen?"

"I supposed she was in the parlor."

"She has not been there since prayers."

"Where has she gone?" I asked.

"In the parlor with mother. It seems to me Helen was rather rude to our guests."

I slipped on a loose wrapper, and went to Helen's room. There she was, in bed, and asleep, looking lovely and pure, almost as my own Lily. I kissed her cheek softly, and left her. Mr. Gray was angry.

"The girl is beside herself," said he. "She must know that the deacon is here to see her; and it is wrong to trifle with his feelings in this way."

"Perhaps it was from regard to his feelings, Mr. Gray, that she left the room."

"Yes, yes—no doubt you think so, Mrs. Gray. I have suspected all along that you were no aid to us in this matter. Your influence, had you chosen to exert it, might have turned the scale for the deacon."

"I am no matchmaker, Mr. Gray. If there is mutual love here, there will be no difficulty in the way."

"There is as much love as is necessary in this case, and one would suppose that you might have, by this time, discarded those foolish, school-girl notions, that ruin so many for life, where passion leads judgment captive."

"What will you have me do, Mr. Gray?"

"I looked at me sternly."

"It does seem, Bertha, sometimes, as if you were destitute of the tact and sense which most women possess. Here is an opportunity for you, by a little delicate management, to ensure Helen a home for life, and you do not seem to have any more notion how to act your part than that sleeping child!"

"I do not understand what you mean by 'delicate management,' Mr. Gray. Please define my duties in this matter more accurately."

A RECORD OF MODERN MIRACLES.

By H. M. HIGHTMAN.

"He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of mankind!"

CHAPTER IV.

Remarkable Clairvoyant Revelations.—Sitting in Hartford and Reading Epitaphs in Bermuda.—The Boreas discovers a Cure for Yellow Fever.—Testimony of Dr. T. Lea Smith.—Case of Mrs. Mary G. Arnold.—Mrs. Mettler cures a Clergyman who had been simultaneously attacked by numerous Diseases and an Army of Doctors.—How the post-mortem was prevented.—Case of Mrs. Smith.—The Doctor mistakes fluids for solids.—Seeing a fine cambric needle twenty-five miles off.—Transparency of Crinoline and the Outlets.—Corduroy no obstacle to the vision.—The Thorn that pricked the Patient and the Doctor.—Mistaking solids for fluids.—Discovering a penny at a distance of nearly 1000 miles.—Why Mrs. Boreas was not cured the first time.—Case of Mr. Potter.—Medical Science at fault.—Attempt to Cure by Carving.—The Blind treating the Blind.—The Doctors routed.—Opening the Blind Eyes.—Flight of the King's Evil.—Gratitude of the Sufferer.—Seeing the Invisible, Unknown and the Future.—A fair infidel exposed.—Reading a letter in her trunk at a distance.—Directions how to intercept the reply.—Meeting her Inamorato.—Divorce.—Conclusion.

It is proper to observe that much the larger portion of Mrs. Mettler's noble work has been accomplished through the exercise of her clairvoyant powers, in discovering the immediate and the remote causes of diseases, determining its seat, and marking its essential character as well as its phenomenal aspects, and in selecting—from the great pharmacopæia of Nature—the appropriate remedies for her patients. The remaining examples derived from Mrs. M.'s professional experience, and which I propose to record in this connection, are of this class. The facts in this department are very numerous; but a few strong cases—some of which are totally unexplainable on any other hypothesis—will suffice to establish a rational and abiding conviction in the mind of the reader. It is claimed for Mrs. Mettler, that, by an interior, Clairvoyant Vision, she is able to discover the organic and psychological conditions, as well as the mental states and moral qualities of her patients; and that the same inward sight enables her to discover suitable remedies. The following facts demonstrate the justice of these claims so fully as to leave no ground for rational controversy.

In the year 1853, Dr. T. Lea Smith, of Hamilton, Bermuda, was for two months at the residence of Dr. Mettler, in Hartford, and under the treatment of Mrs. M.—Dr. S. having suffered for a long time from a painful nervous disease. One evening the Doctor requested the Clairvoyant to examine his sister, who was sick at her Island home. After a general description of the Island—and specific descriptions of several objects, not one of which she had ever seen or heard of—she proceeded at once to find the residence of the unknown invalid. She observed, that in her way and near the place, were two cemeteries, one of which was devoted to the use of the white inhabitants, while the other was appropriated to the colored population. Mrs. Mettler—while in her clairvoyant trance—went into the latter and read an inscription on a tombstone, which Dr. Smith remembered to have seen. At another sitting, while the yellow fever was prevailing in Bermuda, Mrs. M. made a similar visit to the Island, and discovered and described a plant growing there (a plant not known to exist in any part of the country which Mrs. M. had ever visited,) which she affirmed—would cure the yellow fever. On his return to Bermuda, Dr. Smith found the plant—which he had regarded as a useless weed—and employed it, with what success the following brief extract from one of his letters will plainly show:

HAMILTON, BERMUDA, OCT. 29, 1856.

"You will recollect that we brought home Mrs. Mettler's prescription for the yellow fever, in 1853, and then used it successfully in a few cases. During the last three months that fever has again been making sad havoc in Bermuda, and we know not where it will stop, as it is getting to be very bad among the troops. But I am happy to say, that out of two hundred cases, treated by Mrs. Mettler's prescription, only four have died!"

Mrs. Mary G. Arnold, of Hartford, Conn., was on one occasion seized with a violent pain and extreme inflammation in her thumb, which extended rapidly over the hand, and soon affected the whole arm. A physician was called in, who said it was a felon—a painful swelling, beginning in the periosteum. The doctor treated it accordingly for one week, during which time the inflammation constantly increased, until the lady became delirious; and her son was sent to South Manchester, (where Mrs. Mettler was spending a few days,) with a lock of the patient's hair. As soon as the hair was placed in the hand of the seeress, she immediately perceived that Mrs. Arnold had, some days before, accidentally run either a small fish-bone or a needle into her thumb, (it appeared to her more like the latter.) And she also said, that when Mrs. A. recovered from her delirium she would be able to recall the circumstances. The remedies prescribed afforded immediate relief; and in the course of twenty-four hours the patient recovered her reason, and did recall the circumstance of her having pricked her thumb while smoothing out a table-cloth, on which the needle had been carelessly left by the seamstress. In the process of suppuration the needle came out.

Rev. Charles Hammond, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was prostrated by slow fever, bilious dysentery, dyspepsia, protracted disease of the liver, periodical spasms, and partial paralysis of the face, tongue, and (at times) all parts of the body. In the course of his long illness he was treated by Dr. Talbot, Dr. Randall, Dr. Deloher, Dr. Rogers, and Dr. Sargeant—all New England physicians. Mr. H. lived for months on bread and water, and says, "I suffered more than language can describe." Dr. Rogers, of Worcester, Mass.—who had just returned after spending sixteen months in the hospitals of Europe—frankly confessed that he did not understand the patient's case, and expressed a wish that he "should arrange with the physicians where he resided for a post-mortem examination." What happened to Mr. Hammond while under Mrs. Mettler's treatment, is made known by the Reverend gentleman in the concluding paragraph of a letter, written from Glensbury, Conn., in 1857:

"Having given my case in detail, and answered my questions, she proceeded to prescribe remedies. My skepticism as to her powers was forced to give way. I accepted her counsel implicitly, and followed her advice. In twenty-three days I called upon her again, greatly improved in health. I could partake of meat and vegetables, and my strength was increasing. In forty days from the first visit I called again, having in the meantime attended two camp-meetings, and gained thirty pounds of flesh. In three months from my first visit I made my last. She stated that the organs were still weak, and needed care, but that the gall-stones were dissolved, and that in every respect there was promise that I should become a well man. It is now the last of February. I continue able to eat what I choose, have gained fifty pounds of flesh since July, and find little inconvenience in preaching three times of a Sabbath, and attending to other duties of my profession. Of the philosophy of this case I 'wot not,' but of the facts I speak what I do know, and testify what I have felt and seen."

CHARLES HAMMOND.

Mrs. K. H. Smith, of Ravenswood, L. I., was treated by distinguished physicians for some time, who gave it as their opinion that her disease was *dropsy*, and that the case might be incurable. As the symptoms did not subside under scientific treatment (?) she was induced as a last resort to apply to Mrs. Mettler, who at once discovered that she was *enceinte*, and that the difficulty which her physicians had regarded as incurable, would—in the natural course of things—be entirely removed in about three months. Mrs. Smith's family physician treated the revelations of the Clairvoyant with unmeasured derision and contempt. As often as his professional highness came to the house, he made himself merry at the expense of Mrs. Mettler and her dupes. At the expiration of three months from the date of the clairvoyant prediction, the Doctor was one day startled and amazed at witnessing the unexpected recovery of his patient, whose sudden restoration did not in the least diminish—no; but it added another "little responsibility" to the Smith family!

Some time in the year 1853, Mr. William B. Hodget, of Springfield, Mass., came to Mrs. Mettler and desired her to make an examination of his wife, who was then at home, twenty-five miles from the clairvoyant, and suffering from severe pain in one lower limb. When the proper state had been induced, Mrs. M. [placing her hand on the corresponding part of her own person] said, in substance, Your wife has a fine cambric needle in her thigh, which, unconsciously to herself, has found its way from her clothes into her flesh. This statement rather staggered the faith of Mr. Hodget, notwithstanding Mrs. M. had previously shared his confidence in a degree that led him to accept whatever she might say, that had the merit of intrinsic probability. However, the Clairvoyant insisted that she could see the

needle; and observing that the part was much inflamed and extremely painful, she prescribed a poultice and said that in about three days the needle would be nearer the surface. Three days after, when the family physician called to see his patient, Mr. H.—without interrupting the grounds of his conjecture—informed the doctor that he thought Mrs. Hodget had a needle in her limb. The doctor was skeptical on the point of the needle, but to ascertain the fact he applied his lancet, when he immediately discovered and removed the needle. The fact is thus demonstrated, that Mrs. Mettler can see a fine cambric needle at a distance of twenty-five miles, when it is wholly concealed from mortal eyes, and no one else has any knowledge of its existence.

The following case came under the observation of the editor of the Hartford Times, whose statement is extracted from that journal:

"We witnessed one of Mrs. Mettler's examinations a few days since. A young man who appeared well to the ordinary observer, but who had a fever-sore on his leg, of several years' standing, was taken to her by an unbeliever in clairvoyance, rather as a test than otherwise. Mrs. M. had neither seen nor heard of this young man; nor had she ever seen the gentleman who accompanied him. She was not made acquainted in the least degree with the difficulty, but was merely requested to examine and ascertain whether he had any bodily disease. Mrs. M. being magnetized, examined the young man, telling him minutely of his sufferings, the cause of them, &c. Placing her hand directly over the fever-sore, she said, 'Here is a fever-sore, the outlet of the eruptive fever with which your blood is filled.' After the examination, the young man said she had told him some things that were known to no one except himself."

Mr. C. S. Mason, of Hartford, (who has a large nursery in which he is often employed,) some two years since, (1857) had a terrible swelling of one hand and arm. The physician decided that it proceeded from a felon on his thumb—at which point the inflammation commenced. Not feeling satisfied he called on Mrs. M., who said to him, substantially, "When you were trimming trees, some days since, you stuck a thorn in that thumb; a portion of it remains there yet, and that is the only cause of this inflammation." Under the treatment prescribed the thorn subsequently came out, and in a short time the hand was entirely cured.

I will cite another case, in which the Medical Faculty failed to discriminate between fluids and solids. Mrs. Pell, of Middletown, Conn., was under professional treatment by a resident physician, who insisted that she was *enceinte*. She continued to follow the advice of her doctor until eleven months had elapsed, without any verification of the accuracy of the scientific(?) observations! At length Mr. Pell, very naturally suspecting that the doctor might be fallible, took a look of his wife's hair to Mrs. Mettler, who—at the commencement of her examination—observed that the patient's physician had made a grave mistake in her case—that she was not in the condition indicated in his diagnosis—never had been, but that she had *dropsy* and an *enlargement of the liver*. All this was speedily confirmed; for, under Mrs. M.'s judicious treatment, the disease of the liver was overcome, the water was removed from the system, she was rapidly reduced to her normal size, and soon restored to sound health. From that time to the present—during a period of six years—Mrs. Pell has enjoyed excellent health, and been able to perform the heavy work of a farm-house.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

N. FRANK WHITE AT ORDWAY HALL,

Sunday, October 30th.

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

AFTERNOON.

N. Frank White spoke, under spirit influence, at Ordway Hall, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Oct. 30th. His subject on the afternoon was *Aspiration*.

This principle, the reaching out for something beyond self, he said, is visible even in the lowest forms of matter. The mineral seeks a higher form of existence in crystallization. The dull germ shoots upward and becomes the plant. The plant blossoms into flowers. The flower becomes the fruit. According to the animal creation, we still perceive the existence and influence of the principle of aspiration, though directed only to material results, and reaching out only to that which lies in most immediate proximity. It unfolds all the powers of nature. Finding it in all existences below man, we might by analogical reasoning infer its existence in him. And, in truth, it has been the foundation of every system of philosophy and morals since the world began. Science, art, the religions of the past, were the offspring of this great principle. At its command earth's mightiest nations sprang into existence. Before its restless breath the strongest battlements of error have fallen to the ground. To it is owing the progress of Europe; to this the discovery and civilization of America.

In every tradition is seen this reaching out for the beyond, this mysterious grasping after the invisible. In all the existences below man, it grasps but for the attainable. The human soul reaches onward, and gives proof positive, reasoning from analogy, that there is something attainable beyond this visible existence. Nor is it difficult to trace the reason of so many conflicting desires. Man cannot reach out after that which is beyond his comprehension. It has been quite common for theologians to attempt a sort of laws and minutes, and Heaven by feet and inches. The masses, following the teachings of their leaders, have also attempted to follow their measurements. But the individual measurement corresponding with the individual aspirations; agrees with the individual's comprehension. In the earlier time man, advanced but a step beyond the animal, could not, of course, reach the spiritual. The sun was thus enthroned a Deity. No wonder that the soul that watched the splendors of the sunset, and the sober tints of the twilight deepen into the star-studded dark, doffed those glittering points of light. But as man advanced, these crude notions of religion demanded a higher and more intelligent expression in creeds. These served their turn, and then they became useless, and worse than useless chains, whose clank checked the onward step of humanity, ice-mantles, that overspread the living waves of progress. Unable to conceive the idea of a truly spiritual God, Deity was personified. Each attribute of human nature worshipped at the shrine its hand had raised. That was no vain worship; it served its purpose well. Bowing before the altar dedicated to the great I AM of Moses, prostrate before the Deity of Zoroaster, worshipping the mysterious, incomprehensible Brahma, or adoring silently the oracles of Confucius, the true desires of the soul were all strengthened from the great beyond. From the soul of humanity went the cry for light, more light! Thus, step by step, was humanity elevated. Shadow after shadow did the night-tintings of the barbaric past fade away before the rays of the great sun of truth. Authorities have forbidden advance beyond their creeds. Tortures have been tried to check its progress. Wild tales of future torment have been invented, to frighten it. But, spite of all, aspiring minds have stepped boldly out, their songs of triumph rising clear and strong above the momentary groans of tortured weakness. Thus has it ever been in the past, thus will it ever be. This element, coming from the Infinite, can only to the Infinite return.

And where the weary heart weeps in silent agony above the grave of buried hopes, the heart feels, even in the darkest hours, the presence of that sacred elevator. The eyes, no longer dimmed with sorrow, pierce the dark clouds, and see the sunshine, and forget the burial of hopes, the leaden hand of grief, the treachery of false friendship. The soul may again return to care and sorrow; but yet again will that inherent aspiration lead it out, and throw the mantle of oblivion over the griefs of the past, and thus it will lift up the soul above the dark valley, and make it more and more receptive to the influences of the future, less and less dependent upon the useless past. To the mother gazing on her new-born child, aspirations for its future lift her soul, and, year by year, accompany her through her life-long watch over its destinies. Deep in the cellars of despair, to the wretch sunk in seemingly hopeless vice, a high and pure aspiration comes, and lifts her up again into the serene air of purity and peace. The scholar, over his books finds in that stimulating element a principle of vitality which supports him through all his labors. Its power guides the artist's hand. Commencing at the first dawn of childhood, it unfolds, one by one, each faculty of the soul, leading it closer to the verge of the invisible. Nor does it leave it there. When the chill waves of death creep slowly up toward the quivering heart,

what power can sustain it but this? Across the shadowy stream it points. It catches the angel chant of welcome, and loses in its glorious measures the low, wailing requiem for the dead.

Let us watch, then, its slightest word, and guard it with jealous care. Any attempt to crush it down by forms must be vain in the future, as it has been in the past. Without aspiration, eternally would be hopeless and despairing. Better the deepest pit that bigotry can paint for fabled devils, than the highest place of bliss fanaticism can invent, without a hope of something greater in the future. With such a lot, the soul would fain wrap itself again in the garb of mortality, and commence again on earth the path of progression, rather than rest in the stagnancy of the bliss of a finished perfection.

The discourse closed with a glowing exhortation to aspiration and prayer.

EVENING.

The exercises of the evening were opened with the reading of an original poem by Mr. White, followed by the singing of a hymn by the choir. Mr. White then, in the trance state, announced his subject as "*Humanity's Advancement—Struggle*."

The past gives hope for the future. The soul cannot reject the evidence of the advancement of man. Step by step has error struggled against it, but step by step has been obliged to yield. Less and less have been the shadows, as the sun of truth has crept up from the horizon of ignorance to the zenith of knowledge. Let us go back eighteen centuries. Back of that era we cannot go without necessitating a longer series of remark than the limits of a lecture would allow. Eighteen centuries since! All around are evidences of despotism grandeur and popular misery, of barbarism and tyranny. The black wings of error shadow the world in darkness deep and terrible. Worship by an avenging race, an avenging God kept down every better impulse of humanity, until the rippling spring of spiritual life was hushed beneath the icy crust of forms. There was no hand to break away that crust. Pride, hate, revenge, and jealousy, were blazoned forth as the attributes of the Omnipotent Jehovah. Curses against humanity were manufactured by the priesthood, and attributed to the Deity.

But Error at last overreached herself, as she always does. The smothered flame of Reason gave out a feeble light, and Truth began to shed the cankered fetters from her limbs. Not within the palace walls sprang up that feeble flame. Not behind the veil of the Holy Place did the first glimmerings appear. Within the humbler walks of life it had its birth, in the heart of the carpenter's son. Its flames burst, at last, upon the startled Pharisees, from the lips of the youth overflowing with the gifts of Divinity. Gray Rabbits were silenced by that striding. Thread by thread he tore away the mystery-woven fabrics of the past. Error roused herself to the contest. How unequal seemed the strife! But firmly he stood.

Love was his jealous deity, omnipotent Love.

No partial, jealous Deity he saw,
Dispensing curses with Almighty tongue,
No petty ruler of a petty tribe,
Changing his purpose for a petty bribe,
No shadow of an Epicurean ghost,
Delighting in the favor of a host,
No sunshine-basking God, with rosiest pleased,
His wrath with incense-floating clouds appeased,
No stern oppressor, gloating o'er the spoil
Wrung from the weary hands of sweating toil,
No tyrant, ever seeking how to bind
Scourged chains upon progressive mind,
No fend omnipotent, with blood-red hand,
Broadcasting desolations o'er the land—
Not such as these. Eternal Love he sung,
And boldly out the welcome measures flung.
Divinity on earth the hymn he sang:
Hope at the message loosed her fettered tongue,
Joy spread once more her rosy mantle round,
And reason smiled to hear the welcome sound.

The improvisatore then described the marshaling of the hosts of Error and Evil to combat the holy force of Love, and continued:

Discord awhile her frantic steeds unbound,
And wild confusion cumbered all the ground.
Backward, at last, those vanquished shadows fled,
And Love around her holy influence shed.
Hate's cruel nails had pierced the holy hands
That first had loosed those error-welded bands,
And forced a passage through the bleeding feet
That first had ventured on her cursed retreat.
Cold was the tongue Divinity inspired,
Painless the veins that heavenly Love had fired;
Out from his wounded side
Had gushed the purple tide,
And Death had claimed the mortal for his own.

Humanity was saved.

Since that time, the speaker said, it is only necessary to point to the pages of history, to prove the fact of progress. The well-known story of Galileo was cited as an illustration of the doctrine advanced. The human soul, it was said, groped blindly, through the Middle Ages, from the cradle to the grave, pinning its faith upon the sacred robes of its teachers. Centuries were passed in the useless effort to reconcile the mythologies of the past with the awakened teachings of reason. Conflicting sects sprang into existence, the stronger destroying the weaker, and destroyed in turn by a stronger. The almost forgotten and decaying idol-worship was revived. Indulgences for sin were sold by the Church. Individualized humanity seemed utterly prostrate beneath the iron hoof of religious despotism. But there existed a feeble flame, even in that dark hour. Luther arose. From his indignant soul burst forth the pent-up fires of years. He stood the champion of individuality against the prerogatives of religious despots. The dark fog-bank of religious error commenced the retreat that since has never ceased. As with scientific and religious, so with political errors. The human mind, expanding with years, began to look with less awe upon the robes of royalty. At last it dared to claim the right of choosing its own rulers. And so the fogs of political error vanished away. As now, as Europe looks upon her crumbling thrones, she reads decay written upon them.

Tyrants that rule in the place of might
Grow pale with fear as they turn from the light;
For the peoples will rise at the sound of its voice,
And the nations of earth at its future rejoice;
And the souls of the slain
From the war-buried plain
Shall join with the nations to welcome the hour
When might 'neath the sceptre of right shall cover.
No titled fools shall rule the land,
No nobles' sons the sea;
The soul's ability shall stand
Above ancestral throne,
And majesty ever be found in worth,
Though it dwell in the humblest son of earth.

This advance, seen in every department of human life, has, of course, been gradual, like the genial rays of the Spring-time, calling out the opening buds of thought, expanding, one by one, the flowers of wisdom, increasing in intensity as the fruit advances to its perfection. One by one have the shadows of ignorance departed, as new scientific truths have dawned upon the earth. Conservatism now occupies the ground against which she once protested. So with political and religious advancement. Its opposers occupy to-day the position of the innovators of the past. The history of the science of geology was instanced as an illustration of this fact. From the ætæ of old world arises the first cry against new truths. Having reached the mountain-top, whose dazzling brightness lured them from the vale below, they gaze upon its beauties, forgetting the heights still beyond. The invisible essences of the spirit-world, as yet imperfectly comprehended, must and will yet be so explained as to satisfy scientific men. If these men refuse to receive these new truths, they must prepare to see the multitude pressing on in advance of them. Allusion was made to the opposition to the modern movements to moral and physical reform, and to the increased freedom of religious thought in our own day. The sheep of the fold, the speaker said, no longer to be frightened by the story of the wolf in waiting, have leaped their barriers by millions, and are feeding on the green pastures upon the mountain of individual opinion, regardless of the dogs

sent out to bark at them. The universal extension and reign of political truth and liberty, and the fall of social error was warmly predicted, and the discourse finished by the improvisation of the following lines:—

Where the shadows of error lie dark on the earth,
And the soul of humanity pines in the death,
Where the fetters of ignorance rust in the brain,
And the heart-strings of innocence quiver with pain,
Where the soul-crushing sceptre of tyranny waves
In triumph above the dark valley of graves,
Where bigotry spreads for her children a path
Whose flowers are stained by the blood-hues of wrath,
Where gray superstition from black-crested walls
The heart, of the coward with terror appals,
Where mystery spreads her howling wail,
And laughs at bewildered humanity's wail,
Has the battle begun;
For the uprolling sun

Is chasing the errors over the plain
Whose surface they ne'er will o'ershadow again.
In the golden rays advancing,
See Truth's eager war-steeds prancing!
See the ancient temples crumbling
'Neath the crushing wheels of reason!
While theology is mummbling,
With her frightened lips, of treason.

The wheels of her triumph are leveled to earth
By the whirlwind of wrath that she brought into birth;
And the truth she would strangle is forcing its way
Where the mind-dwarfing fetters of ignorance lay.

To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight!
See! the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right!
Rear the ladders of truth 'gainst the tottering walls;
Delay not, the voice of Humanity calls!
Back, back, trembling cowards! creep ye back to the rear!
There's no room for the arm that is nerveless with fear;
Steel must be the sinews that struggle to-day,
Bold must be the heart that leaps into the fray.
Up, up, then, bold hearts! pour ye over the walls!
Strike, slays of steel, until Tyranny falls!
Heed not the fierce yells of the demons of wrath,
Though they cluster, like shadows of night, round your path.
Strike home! bear them back to the caves where they breed!
On the fancies and myths of the past let them feed,
On the hisses of malediction, and venom of scorn,
In the slaty heart-caverns of ignorance born;
Shrink ye not, but, for God and Humanity, on!
Till the stronghold of Error's dark empire is won.
To the breach! to the breach! shrink ye not from the fight!
See! the arm of Omnipotence strikes for the right!

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN AT ORDWAY HALL.

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 23, 1856.

COTTON MATTER ON WITCHCRAFT AND SPIRITUALISM.

Text—"Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"—ACTS xix, 16.

There can be no more interesting occasion in a man's eternal existence than that where he stops, as it were, midway, and looks forward to the future with all its glorious promises, and back to the past with all its lessons of wisdom. The spirit might be looked to for a confirmation of the thoughts of the past. But it must be recollected that he had passed on, that as, in former times, he sought to understand the spiritual nature of man, so in the years that have intervened since he passed from earth, has that study been maintained, with the deepest interest.

Many a year had the spirit spent, in his life on earth, over the works of men, so that his whole soul might be instructed for the work of saving men's souls, as he then believed. And therefore it was that he sought earnestly to know what man's soul was. All this was of no assistance to him, except as it served to discipline his mental powers. He did not then see that it was not so much in thinking and speaking, as in acting, that man becomes truly wise. His soul naturally took the bent of the times in which he lived. Therefore it was that he was grossly superstitious, and, to a great degree, credulous. But that he did not much lament. All wise men are, at first, of necessity, credulous. They must gather in all truths that come. However absurd or monstrous, in appearance, such truths must be accepted, and the door must be thoroughly purged, and the wheat gathered, and the chaff cast aside. The wheat the spirit gathered in his life, so far as the present subject was concerned, he gave to the audience.

With this preface, the speaker proceeded to say that when our fathers first landed on these shores, they were exiles, fleeing for the sake of religious freedom. Having built their church, as it were, on a rock, they determined that the gates of hell should not prevail against it. Here was a great error; for whenever we build a church, we should open the doors wide and let hell in, for that is all that a church is good for. But they were determined that no one should make the slightest encroachment upon their religious faith. Here was the second error. The truth is so great that it can never be fenced in. The truth, like an inland sea, has an outlet somewhere, though you do not know where. The outlet to this truth was made by the Baptists and the Quakers—a poor, miserable outlet, but by such channels doth truth ever flow out. But our fathers rebelled against this innovation. They were very much afraid of it. There was the third error. The truth is immortal, and cannot be destroyed. Let truth alone, and it will defend itself, and you too. Attempting this, our fathers did what they condemned in others. They raised the arm of persecution. Now, if we determine to be strictly good and pious, we set ourselves up as a mark for Satan to shoot at. It would almost seem as if there were a personal Devil, who took cognizance of all the inmost thoughts of a human being. Our fathers were determined to shut up the fold, and not let the wolf go in. But wolves must have their living as well as lambs. So the wolves made encroachment on the flock, and our fathers defended it, but with the red-hot branding-iron, with the stocks and the prison-house. They verily believed they were doing God service. But mark the reflex action on their own souls. It brought them into an unnatural state of being. Man was not made for confinement. No Blue Laws shall restrain him; no commandment, no doctrine, no creed can destroy his power of reasoning for himself. They were not free, in themselves, or in their associations with each other. All amusement was an evidence of human depravity. To walk up and down the crack of life with a face set toward the Heavenly Jerusalem, was the only true life. Now, bringing you in an unnatural condition places you in an unnatural relation to the spirit-world.

How was it with the visitation of witchcraft? It followed closely upon the advent of Quakerism—not the Quakerism of the present day, but that wild, unnatural outbursting of the soul that could no longer bear its bondage, and went to the opposite extreme. So, when Quakerism had run rampant for a time, and the Baptists had gone into all extremes of inconsistency, was it any wonder that there should be, then, this manifestation from the spirit-land? Our fathers, coming recently from England, were not yet acclimated, and their physical systems were not yet in a natural state. Thus, their bodies, as well as their spiritual natures, were in an abnormal state. Then came this manifestation of witchcraft. Think not, said the speaker, that I would condemn that manifestation as a delusion. I do not. It was a solemn reality, and tested, too, by a prudent judgment and witnesses of that day. The state of society invited it and brought it here. What the state of the spiritual society was then, different from now, the lecturer could not undertake to explain at present.

First, it came to the little children, who would first feel this unnatural condition. Now, had it come to some designing man or woman, who wished to make money from it, that would have been a somewhat suspicious circumstance. But in the children, it was unaccountable. And far more unaccountable that it should occur in the family of a Godly minister. Strange that Satan should come to such! But was it Satan? By no means. It was a spiritual manifestation, but, by the imperfection of the medium through which it was given, it was imperfect. Not that the manifestations emanated from spirits of the highest kind. They were of that character always hovering about the carcass where the eagles are gathered together, and always watching by the rattled wall for a chance to get in. Because they found the wall broken, they ventured in. When the

Banner of Light.

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NOTICE.

Our arrangements with the WORKING FARMER, whereby we sent that paper with the BANNER one year for Two Dollars, are closed. If any new arrangement is made, due notice will be given.

A SWEET FACE.

The ideal of poets ought, as a general thing, to be reducible to practice; for no pictures impress themselves on their brains, save those which are susceptible of existence, and actually do exist somewhere within the wide limits of creation. The faces they have limned, with touches lighter and more expressive than those of painters' facile hands, rise up to haunt the soul with their beauty, and set us all to wondering if we may ever find them out, with weary wanderings up and down the world.

There is everything in a face. Even those who would scorn the sentiment and the poetry conveyed by a beautiful face, and would be thought practical—as they call it—even to hardness or rudeness, are forced to yield to the superior power such a face gives forth, and either quail before its larger love and grace, or else are ready to fall down, like the fire-worshiper before the rising sun, and blindly adore. No man can say that he will resist the silent influence of beauty, when he comes into its presence; if he does, he thinks his will is above his nature, is greater, in fact, than himself; and that is an impossibility. An eye can command the wild beast of the jungles; and a look, indescribable and undefined, is able to tame the wildest rudeness to the tone of decency, at least, if not of respect and admiration. This face was never given man or woman but to express his or her true nature; it is not a mere convenience, furnishing us forth with facilities, closely compacted, for seeing, smelling, and eating; but the open page on which the soul imprints its own wonderful and deep experiences, that others may read, and be made glad with sympathy or take sudden warning. On this page is writ the genuine record. Hatred, that scars the soul, leaves its deep lines here also; the passions thatadden and destroy it, tell their true tales through their eyes and the lips; gluttony and intemperance, that plunge it in a mire from which time and long effort only can extricate it, give the beastly stamp to all the features, and set a mark upon them, whose character no man can misunderstand.

The face is more nearly related to the soul, therefore, than is generally thought. It is its own brother. Or, rather, it is its constant translator. Whatever thoughts lie at the bottom of that deep well, the face immediately perceives and reflects, on looking down. If a man lives purely—not in others' eyes, but, what is better, in his own, he shall so surely betray it, announce it, publish it, preach it, by his face, everywhere he goes, at all times and in all companies, sleeping or waking, that all who behold him shall declare with one mind that his countenance is the true index of his nature. As there is something as limpid as a pool, or as pure as a running brook, in the soul of an altogether innocent person, so the face will wear a corresponding placidity, a calmness in which resides more actual power than in all the spasms that the excited and combined passions could ever play upon the features.

You cannot belie your true nature. If you possess any individual power at all, it is only as you can make yourself understood—as you can project your true nature into the natures, temporarily passive and receptive, of others. Now if you are radically bad, vicious, corrupt, you cannot employ your power and still conceal that fact; for if you do, it is only at your vast expense in the present, and your sad disgrace in the future. Only in the degree that a man is truly himself, and gives forth himself—be it remembered—has he power; and a man, therefore, might as well pray to be removed out of the world, as to be in it without an influence which he feels to be his own. If it is a bad one, how much must he deplore it when he comes to be better acquainted with his own nature! But if good, his life may indeed be said to multiply itself at every hour.

A sweet face—not at all in the merely sentimental way—may as much belong to a man as to a woman. Why not? It fairly frightens us, as we walk obsequiously along our streets—not of Boston merely, but of our other cities likewise—to note the expression that, on each face, tells us the secret story of each possessor's character and experience. It forms a great fact, for men to ponder upon with all seriousness, and not merely to dilate upon with an air of dainty sentimentality. No one can look such a stern frown in the eyes, and not confess that a vast deal is yet to be done before the human race is indeed exalted. How much, alas, is due to inheritance—that fatal gift which nature insists on thrusting upon us—and how much to early and long-continued circumstances; and how much to education, or the total lack of it; and how much to temperament, itself an inheritance, and originally beyond our choice or our control! And in these faces are the real confessions of all these things made. Here the history of generations is legibly written. All the leaves of the vast volume are fluttering and flying, for each and every body to read. There is no concealment, and there can be none.

We all judge of the character of a person into whose presence we come for the first time, by the expression on his countenance. It takes few of us but a moment to feel the impression, which comes like electricity itself to the soul, whether he is noble or mean, a devotee of base passions, or his own pure lord and master; humane and widely sympathetic, or misanthropic and selfish. There is scarcely a child whose mind is not instantaneously made up on the character of a fresh arrival. A boy, all health and vigor, forms and expresses his opinion—that is, his impression—indpendently of every person and every circumstance; and if the most of us were, in this sense at least, a great deal more boyish than we are, there is little question that we should come much nearer the mark than we do.

Now if this be a fact worth any consideration at all, it certainly lets us into some very important secrets.

It does, beyond a reasonable doubt, practically demonstrate that upon the face is legibly written down the character; that disguise is impossible, for any length of time; and that if we would indeed wear sweet and pleasant faces for others, we must see to it that our souls are purified and exalted. It is there—the action lies in his true nature." From the soul alone proceeds all genuine and reliable expression; and you may pursue your mouth, or contract your brows, or blot your cheeks, or cant your head at whatever angle you choose, and still the soul only it is that speaks, and publishes itself with every glance and gesture. Nature cannot be concealed. It would be a direct contravention of her own laws. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, well asked again and again—"How is it possible for a man to conceal himself?" The being utters itself at every point, with every syllable and gesture, and, what is almost miraculous, chiefly by silence itself.

We hear of great men, sometimes, whose faces wear such harsh, rigid, and forbidding expressions—as if they thought that was the look Jupiter wore when he thundered an Olympus—that we come to consider that all men of giant powers of mind must needs look repulsive accordingly; and so we learn rather to tolerate greatness, with all its forbidding ruggedness of aspect, than to love it. But suddenly an exception to the hard rule comes along, with a countenance so compacted with all the heavenly glances that are suffered to descend into the nature of man, with an eye beaming so full with benevolence and patience and charity, with a mien so expressive of love and truth and everlasting faith, putting forth his vast powers with so little parade or pretension, and moving about among his fellow-men with an air, so entirely unassuming, though self-possessed, that at once we throw away all our old misconceptions of true greatness, and, in our hearts, fall down before the really superior spirit, shining out through the welcome face of the new comer.

A man may have as divine a countenance, for a man, as a woman has for a woman. We do not overmuch affect the style of expression on the faces of most of the Madonnas of the old painters, from the fact that it is not so truly spiritual as it is sensuous and fascinating. It appeals rather to the surface qualities of the soul than to its deep and far-sighted intuitions. It is not the fault of the Madonnas at all, but of the painters themselves. They simply gave expression to their own spiritual conceptions, so far as they had already become developed. The Grecians, in their sculpture, especially of gods—which was only their ideal of the inherent divinity of man, however ignorant their Philodias may have been of the fact at the time—did better, and rendered a more truly spiritual meaning for the nature of man. And on these marble faces are to be found some of the divinest traits, legibly and unalterably traced, that it is possible to inscribe with any effort upon the representation of humanity. There we may catch a hint, at least, of the perfection to which a manly countenance may arrive.

What a picture is not a charming face upon the street, among the thousands of faces that crowd upon our vision, as we thread our way along, without even the virtue of individuality. How we acknowledge that we feel refreshed, as the aroma of its pleasant melody rises and greets our finer spiritual sense. What a new experience it furnishes us, what novel ideas of the capacities of the race it presents, what newness it gives to every object, breaking up the very heavens and making them all over again. Because in that particular face we seem to have apprehended the possibility after which we evermore aspire. Because through the face speaks the soul, and speaks directly and honestly. Because our ideals are thus becoming realized at last, and courage is newly inspired within us, and our old hopes experience a revival. A glad face makes all things fresh and new again to the beholder. It thus becomes prophetic of some long-looked for future, when we expect to behold the realization of our highest ideals.

Beauty is contagious with us all. It is useless to deny a fact so plain. Whether we behold it in face or figure, in man or woman, it is the same. For by this sign we know that the soul is alive, speaking to us through eyes as well as tongue. It is not effeminate, either, to be beautiful; to be handsome may be quite another thing. But as genuine beauty of necessity implies genuine harmony throughout the being, it should be esteemed a passport to universal favor that a man's, or a woman's, face truly expresses it. The very fact that we all turn with a silent sort of adoration to a beautiful face, does but signify that such faces exist as pictures all over the walls of our heart—that there is a secret something about it of which we have long been in quest—and that beauty and harmony, of which such a face is the true expression, must in time become the rule, and in harmony and hatefulness everywhere the exception. We might all be poets, but we will not. Angels of light need not be as rare as they are, except that we drive them out of the world with thoughts and knotted scourges.

There are sweet faces—one face, certainly—that haunt every man. They ever rise up before the spirit's vision, and beckon us on to our ideal—which is indeed our real destiny. In every human heart, deep down it may be, as in the bottom of a well, they sleep peacefully, and are its tutelary divinity. Such faces we see in our uprisings and our downfallings, as we walk the crowded streets and sit, with ourselves alone. They guide us, counsel us, and inspire us. They dwell with us, they color our lives, they impart to us ever new thoughts, and they incorporate themselves with our being. The face—we all know it of a real truth—is one of the most eloquent of all speeches ever spoken. No tongue of silver harmony can ever proclaim the glowing truth that is shed with a silent influence, like the dews of Heaven, from every sweet face with which we come in contact.

The True Measure of Life.

If we measure Life by a succession of sensational and mental emotions, rather than by the sands in the hour-glass, it will be perceived that in this progressive age men live faster, and, therefore, longer than ever before. And is there not quite as much truth as poetry in the idea that we live

"—In thought, not breathe;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial?"

Thus, verily, shall we measure *all* life, in the life that is to come. If we can sufficiently spiritualize our thoughts, we shall perceive no impropriety in a rational application of this standard to the existence on earth. Surely, if one has only a single sensation before dinner, he lives but an instant in half a day, while the man who never has but one idea only begins to live when what the world calls life is over. The individual who never goes out of sight of the old homestead—who gazes at the same scenes, reads the same books, and associates with the same people, from day to day, so long as he remains on earth, lives but a little while at the longest, because his experience is small. All that he has gained by the aid of the senses of sight and hearing—and by his limited intercourse with men and things—should have been as perfectly acquired in a few years, so that the remainder of his time might have been wisely employed in adding to his experience those invaluable treasures which constitute the imperishable wealth of the soul.

Spiritualism in Vermont.

ANNE, MONTPELIER, VT., writes that Spiritualism is beginning to find its way, slowly but surely, into the hearts of the people in the capital of the Green Mountain State. Spiritual meetings are beginning to be held there, and a few warm hearts are now faithfully devoted to the subject.

Music Hall Lecture.

The discourse at the Music Hall, Boston, on the 27th ult., was by Dr. Adolph Douai, upon the subject of Education. Some of his views were of a novel character to an American audience, being in accordance with those of the most radical continental school of free-thinkers. We shall print an abstract of it next week.

Liberalizing Influence of Extensive Travels.

The senses are quickened by new objects which excite sensation; the mind is progressively developed, and acquires new strength by whatever promotes the normal exercise of its faculties; at the same time, immortal life and happiness are to be found in action, and the consequent uninterrupted succession of new experiences. Men of large experience are usually men of liberal views, while those whose observations of Art, Science, Religion, and Society have all been limited to a very narrow sphere, are liable to be correspondingly circumscribed in their ideas, and partial in the objects for which they live and labor. The man

"Whose travels ended at his country-seat,"

made, of course, a very limited survey of life, and his knowledge of the conditions and aspects of human nature and its relations must have been quite too limited for ordinary practical purposes.

Organizations.

The Spiritual Clarion has in its last number a very meaningful and sensible article on organizations. The writer says:

"I have read with pain a suggestion for the Association of Spiritualists, as presented by the committee on resolutions at the Plymouth Convention." "All formal association is essentially selfish. We should remain in spirit on the fraternal platform of universal humanity. This is the glory of the present position of the Spiritualist cause. Under the signs of this spirit, association and organization may well creep in. But we shall rue it in the end." "Friends of the cause, if you have had the first thought favorable to the suggestion in question, pause and reflect further. Resist till you have time for cool and mature reflection, the seductive influence. If any of our New England friends have a penchant for running reforms into partyism, we hope they will eventually become cured."

The editor adds:

"Our acquaintances with Spiritualists throughout the country enables us to say that there is no probable or hardly possible danger of running Spiritualism into sectarianism or partyism. Nine-nine out of a hundred believers have no thought or fear in that direction."

The Hollanders.

Mr. Hillard, who is travelling in Europe at the present time, is writing home to the *Courier* some very agreeable letters. He has recently been travelling through Holland; and he says of the country and the people, in and around Amsterdam—

"I have rarely seen a place in which I should less desire to live. I shouldn't like to have my land and water mixed in the proportions of the English Upple, called half-land-half. The land here is not really land, and the water is not water; it is hard to tell where dirt begins and water ends. I cannot but think that the microscope would reveal scales on the skins of the inhabitants, and rudimentary webs between their toes; and if there are no mormals swimming about the canals, it is certain there are none anywhere."

The Sand and the Rock.

There are seasons when the most stupendous enterprises are abruptly arrested; when Commerce, like a smitten giant, reels beneath the shock of a mortal paralysis; when confidence is lost, and panic, like a raging epidemic, seizes the nerves of trade, and runs like a spirit of madness along all the arteries of our financial system. At such times the soul requires something more substantial than those things which utterly perish in the use. Happy is the man who knows where to find what his soul requires.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AUTUMN.

Some voice we hear to mom's dear,
In idle stream and breeze;
In whispered moan o'er summer down,
Low breathing through the trees;
In leafless bowers and scentless flowers,
That pale and withered lie,
And each frail child of beauty wild,
That sighing, fades to die.

In the world haze of Autumn days,
Where mingled shadows meet,
And blind the soul in charmed control
Of musings sad and sweet,
There dimly tread the early fled
—This vale of tears below—
There's ripened age, the saint and sage,
With lingering childhood go.

I see their forms here bent by storms,
In spotless garments white,
And in each face of angel grace,
A pure, untroubled light;
They bear the palms of living psalms,
And pluck the fruitage rare,
From Life's glad tree, by Life's broad sea,
Whose healing leads the air.

Now heed them well, while yet the spell
Enchante the raptured sight—
Some signal blest to grief addressed,
Speeds from each pennon bright;
—And signs of Love, born above,
Greet every creature here,
And beckon on through victories won,
To crown that victors war.

How bright their smiles! the sight beguiles
The heart of anguish now;
Vibes sorrow's tear, and quells the fear
That clouds the aching brow;
Then swift speed Time's laggard steed,
Nor one fleet moment roam,
For I would greet those visions sweet,
In their eternal home.

New London, Ct., Oct. 20th, 1890.

P. B. Randolph in Boston.

This eccentric medium addressed a meeting of Spiritualists in the Hall No. 14 Bromfield street, on Friday evening of last week, at which time, although he was not in a favorable condition, owing to the peculiar circumstances which surrounded him, he spoke for an hour in a very acceptable manner, uttering many beautiful thoughts, clothed in felicitous language, upon the subject of the "Footprints of Time."

Mr. Randolph visits the East to take the lecture field as an advocate of pure and elevated Spiritualism. He has passed through much severe discipline within the past two years, and has come out from the fire purified from much of the dross of sensuous Spiritualism, (so-called,) and he is now better prepared than ever before to advocate all that is pure, true and elevating in our beautiful philosophy.

The friends in New England, whose meetings are held, will do well to give him a call. Yours, &c., H. F. GARDNER.

We hope the friends will conquer any prejudices they may entertain against Mr. Randolph, and give him a fair trial, and an opportunity to do good, and sustain himself and family. There is no question as to the excellence of his medium powers; and if he allows himself to be used by spirit intelligences, as he avers he is determined to do, he will succeed as a speaker, in pleasing Spiritualists. We have heard some of the very best lectures given by him when under spirit influence, that we have ever heard; and all who know Mr. R. will sustain us in speaking well of his powers as a medium. He has, it is hoped and believed, overcome the difficulties which made him somewhat unreliable. At present he is in need of the sympathy of the friends, and we trust that what may be accorded him will not be misplaced.

S. J. Finney.

During the present month the above-named gentleman will lecture at Ordway Hall, every Sabbath, at the usual hours, before the Spiritualists of Boston.

As a lecturer, he stands eminently high, differing in character from all other speakers in our ranks, and will, without doubt, prove highly acceptable to the audiences which meet at Ordway Hall.

Mr. F. desires us to state that he intends to spend the winter in New England, and will answer calls to lecture on themes connected with Spiritualism. Those who desire his services during the time mentioned, can address him, in care of Dr. H. F. Gardner, No. 40 Essex street, Boston, until the first of December.

Respectable Infidelity.

The men who practice the infidelity of writing for the secular press, whatever best agrees with popular ignorance and prejudice, and who are ever ready to "cry good Lord, or good Devil," just as long as their employers continue to pay, are almost excruciating in their windy morality and verbal godliness—all of which we are, of course, expected to accept as genuine, on the authority of Mr. Bowdard, whose word deserves strong confirmation from the following impressive testimony:

"It must be true, because it's in the papers!"

A Fanatical Hero.

Alexander Dumas tells a very romantic—if it is not too tragic to be romantic—story of the late Czar of Russia, to the effect that, after his reverses in the Crimea, he resolved to die. Should he persist in his then course, Russia would inevitably come to national ruin; he could not himself put the negative upon his own policy of thirty years' standing; and therefore he thought it easier to die and hand over the empire to his son and natural successor. Accordingly, he obtained from his physician, who had already for two months resisted his appeal, a dose of poison strong enough to kill him, yet weak enough to allow him to live a few hours after taking it. The physician left St. Petersburg on the 17th of February, with a perfect protection in writing from the Emperor. On the morning of the 18th the latter swallowed the poison, sent for his son, the Grand Duke Alexander, (now Emperor) and told him all. He commanded his son not to alarm any one, and kept him in his company till the poison had begun to do its fatal work, explaining to him the motives that led him to take this step. The young Prince, broken-hearted, the tears streaming from his eyes, his utterance choked by sobs, listened to the dreadful narrative on his knees, and clasped his hands, exclaiming, "My father, my father!" The Emperor would not allow him to quit his side until he had obtained from him a solemn promise to let death take its course without attempting to stop it. But the instant the young Prince was out of the room his filial love triumphed over his fidelity to his word, and he summoned the whole of the royal family, and also three physicians. The latter arrived too late. The Emperor, after a not very violent agony, expired at twenty minutes past twelve, at noon, on the 18th of February, 1885. At the same instant Russia changed not only her master but her policy.

Mass. State Liquor Agency.

The affairs of this office have been, from its establishment, the subject of much suspicion and investigation; the Agent, Mr. George P. Burnham, however, has hitherto passed the ordeal unscathed. A casual remark in a debate in the Legislature, a week or two since, led to the appointment of a Committee of the House of Representatives, to investigate the circumstances of a certain transaction between the Agency and Messrs. John Felton & Co., in which, as was afterward shown, a large quantity of high-grade brandy was "extended," as the clerk phrased it, by the gallon for gallon addition of pure spirits. Mr. Burnham resigned his office, but remained at the investigation to defend himself from the charges brought against him. The reduced brandy was shown to have been sold at but five per cent. above its actual cost, according to law. But this inquiry led to a further investigation before the Committee, at the outset of which Mr. Burnham refused to produce books and papers of the Agency, demanded by the Committee. For this he has been arrested for contempt, and at the time of our writing is in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. We shall notice the issue of the affair.

The Harper's Ferry Excitement.

Capt. John Brown, the leader of the insurrectionary movement at Harper's Ferry, has been found guilty on three charges—an attempt to incite insurrection among slaves, treason against the State of Virginia, and murder—and sentenced to be hung on the 2d day of December. The others have been tried with the same result, except Cook, who is about making a full disclosure of the entire plot. Should Gov. Wise persist in executing the statutes of the State, and decline to commute the sentence of any of the prisoners, especially of Brown, the leader, there is no doubt that the flame of sectional excitement will be greatly increased by the transaction. But it will not, either, do any good to speculate on consequences. When popular passions are inflamed, there is much less chance for reason to have away, and men do what they afterwards are very sorry for. It is only to be hoped that greater love and charity may be exercised on all sides, and that we may dwell together in a truer spirit of fraternity than ever before.

Miss Hoyt's Circles.

No doubt many of the readers of the BANNER will be pleased to learn that Miss Hoyt, (formerly Ada L. Coan), has consented to give a public circle every Tuesday evening, commencing at seven o'clock, at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, the first to be held on the 15th inst.

We think that this will afford many persons an opportunity to investigate Spiritualism and obtain communications, who have felt unable to pay one dollar an hour. The admission will be but ten cents for two hours, and each person present will stand an equal chance to hear from some spirit friend; and such as may not be so fortunate as to obtain a communication, will at least be privileged with hearing communications to others, and witnessing tests, which is oftentimes just as interesting.

As a public rapping, writing, test medium, we presume Miss Hoyt has few equals.

The Luxury of Steam.

To find out precisely what we would be talking about, the reader must go up to 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y., and get into one of Culbertson's Oriental Baths. Dear reader, when you feel the yielding vapors, issuing from invisible sources, and encircling your form in their warm embrace, (you shall be embalmed in sweet odors, if you like,) you may close your eyes and easily imagine yourself in the Paradise of the Turks—or any other comfortable place—and no great tax on the imagination, either. If your skin is feverish, your limbs in a rheumatic snarl, and the nerves out of tune and on a stampede, Culbertson will straighten you out, and leave the shadow of your material substance in the best possible shape. The steam he administers will never leave you with a headache. You will sleep well the next night, and awake on the following morning in a serene state of mind, as a Christian should do. We trust that no one will take our testimony with so much confidence as not to try the experiment.

The Right Spirit.

We extract the following liberal sentiment from a letter received a few days ago. Wherever this spirit is seen—whether in Methodist, Baptist, or Infidel—there dwells the spirit of God:

"I am a Methodist clergyman, and a subscriber to the BANNER or LIGHT. It would be singular if I, or if any person, should believe all that you print in its columns. It would be strange if you could furnish matter to please the minds of your one hundred thousand readers. I may not believe in spiritual manifestations as fully as some do; and they may be right and I wrong. They may have had more light and evidence than I have been favored with. But I believe that departed spirits have access to the minds of mortals in this sphere. I should be an infidel if I did not so believe."

J. V. Mansfield.

We extract the following paragraphs from a letter from Bro. Mansfield, dated Philadelphia, Oct. 27th:—

"I have been here nearly four weeks, having within that time given or written over six hundred communications—all with general satisfaction. I have not heard, thus far, any expression of the least dissatisfaction. Mr. G. A. Redman has just arrived in the city, and with the present excitement must do well. God speed him in his mission, and all other true mediums."

I leave for Baltimore on Monday next. From that point of my Southern tour you may hear from me. Daily I am in receipt of letters of invitation to hasten along."

"Revue De L'Ouest."

This paper, in speaking of Miss Emma Hardinge's lectures in St. Louis, says:—"We believe that few apostles have announced their faith to the world with so much eloquence, and a logic so powerful, as this remarkable woman. We sincerely entreat the defenders of ancient dogmas, with the same interest they manifest for their own theology, to hear Miss Hardinge. In her theology Unitarianism finds a more dangerous enemy than in Protestantism. The tables are turned against old theology."

Evil and Good.

We call the attention of our readers to the discussion on Evil and Good, on our seventh page. It is a mighty subject, and is now agitating thought, if not expression, more than any other topic before the religious world.

We give the views of Dr. Child, Mr. Newton, Miss Doten, and others, without comment, leaving our readers to judge for themselves for or against the positions taken.

Goblets and Noggins.

Those who unscrupulously flatter the world's vanity, and foster the great evils of their time, are admitted to princely banqueting halls, and their lips caress the golden goblets and silver goblets of the rich, while the true Reformer is far more likely to be supplied with wooden noggins or iron ladles, and left to sit alone and unnoticed by the dusty highways of life.

Literary Notices.

"SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC RELIGION," in two volumes. Volume I: A selection of Family Prayers, and other Devotional Exercises, adapted to various seasons, and to times of health and grief, sickness and death. New York: published for the Proprietor, and for sale by Munson.

The author's devotional feelings and ideas are here expressed with simplicity and sincerity, in a handsome 12mo volume of some 270 pages—printed on superior paper and bound in fine muslin. We are happy to say that the general contents indicate but very obscurely the writer's theological views. This should be regarded as one of the chief merits of the work. Prayers that resemble an attorney's plea, and are ostensibly designed to make out a case before the tribunal of Heaven—even by suppressing or warping testimony, if necessary—are stupid, "pious frauds," which find their only excuse or palliation in the ignorance of the professed worshiper. Enough prayers of this class have already been stereotyped to offend the enlightened common sense of the Christian world.

The work under review appears to be singularly free from the spirit of dogmatism, and at the same time it is really devotional. The argumentative and theological aspects which characterize so many professedly devotional books—and which are equally repulsive to good taste and the religious sensibilities of the unsectarian worshiper—do not appear to disfigure the pages of "Social and Domestic Religion." Those who are accustomed to employ such aids, in the daily exercise and culture of the religious sentiment, will scarcely be able to find a more suitable book.

"THE MOVEMENT OF FAITH WHICH FOLLOWS ITS SUSPENSE: A lecture delivered at Bowdoin Hall, reviewing Dr. Bellows' 'Suspense of Faith,' by Jason F. Walker, Sunday evening, October 10th, 1890." New York: S. T. Munson.

This is a brief statement and lucid exposition of Mr. Walker's idea of the origin and claims of the church and its present condition and future prospects. The author is widely and favorably known as an independent thinker, who is not accustomed to put on his principles loosely, nor with the peculiar economy which many men manifest in the unfrequent use of their Sunday garments. On the contrary, he wears his principles every day, never fearing their practical application along the line of his own moral and theological moridian.

The pamphlet before us is a sharp and able review, treating the subject in a fair and fearless manner. The style is equally free from superfluous ornament and the technical drapery of learning, by which so many men conceal their thoughts whilst they obscure the truth. These pages illustrate the Movement of Faith with remarkable directness, precision and cogency, while the author furnishes in himself a living illustration of the same movement. Portions of what he has written are, possibly, rather too brazen for the weak stomachs in the spiritual "household of faith;" and timid people may think that their domestic divinities are handled with too much freedom. But there are many healthy people who want something more substantial than the undefined shadows of ideas, and the more perfumery of speech, to whom the whole will be most welcome.

All orders should be addressed to S. T. Munson, at the New York office of this paper.

Be Humble and Grateful.

Reader, perchance thou art strong in the integrity of thy mind and heart. Let not that superior strength cause thee to despise thy brother of low degree. He may have some constitutional weakness—some unfortunate bias of mind—some obliquity of reason, or perversion of the affections, against which he is struggling, night and day;—struggling, perhaps, in vain, yet with the sincerity and heroism of a martyr. If he is no better man than St. Paul, there may be law in his members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing him into captivity! On the other hand, the constitution of thy nature may be more fortunate. Moral powers, and intellectual capacities, which have not fallen to his lot, may still be thine. But "who maketh thee to differ from another, and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" Be not high-minded. Let not the thought that thou art superior to another lead thee to disregard his interest and happiness. If thou art great and strong, it is well. True greatness will never minister to vain pride, nor serve to foster a selfish ambition; but it will cause thee to be humble and grateful.

Diversities among Men.

Men are not all constituted alike. Such are the natural differences among them that, in the whole circle of human society, it would be quite impossible to find two persons in all respects the same. This is equally true in its application to the physical, intellectual, and moral natures. One is strong and another weak; one has a healthy and vigorous constitution, while another is diseased and feeble from the dawn of his being. In intellectual energy and capacity, one man is but a single remove from the plane of brute existence, while another holds the keys to the infinitude of possibilities. In all these cases the intermediate, within the two extremes, is filled up with every possible intervening gradation, so that we find among men every conceivable degree of physical strength, intellectual development and moral excellence, from the lowest to the highest capacity of earth.

Civil and Ecclesiastical Justice.

The lash and the bastinado, the halter and the guillotine, have been conspicuous among the instruments and means employed in the administration of legal justice; but the old Church was not satisfied with the destruction of the body. It taxed the infinite mathematics to calculate or measure the period of its fearful tribulation. Its ideas of justice have been embodied in the bitter anathemas of graceless bigots, in its modes of restraint and torture, and in the gloomy caverns to which it consigned the millions forever. When the poor wretch went to the grave, as a last refuge from a life-long sorrow, it summoned his soul from *Zadai*, but for the beneficent object of its purification, but

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

PARAGRAPH CONTENTS.—First Page—"Dorothy Lee," "Second Page—"Modern Miracles," by S. B. Brittan; N. Frank White's and Elizabeth Duten's Lectures at Ordway Hall.

Third Page—Poetry—"John Chinaman"; Chaplin's Sermon.

Fourth Page—Two Columns of Messages; Poetry; by Our Squire; Cora Hatch's Lecture.

Fifth Page—Report of the Bromfield Street Conference; Poetry; Correspondence, etc.

Sixth Page—Rev. Mr. Beecher's morning sermon, delivered Oct. 30th.

We publish elsewhere the last of a series of four discourses recently delivered in Boston by Cora L. V. Hatch, upon the subject of "Religion, its Faults and Pancies," and the "Natural and Divine Economy of Creation." This lecture treats upon the Divine economy in religion, the blessing of the Natural with the Divine, the perfect in Man with the perfect in God. Carefully reported by J. M. Pomeroy, phonographer.

"PARSON PAPERS."—No. 2 of this series was promised this week; but a pressure of other matter has compelled us again to defer it.

Mr. D. Walker, writing to us from Wyandotte, Kansas, says that he recently delivered the communication from Dr. Samuel Thompson, which was published in No. 16, Vol. 5. He pronounces it a characteristic message.

The Dublin Medical Press asserts that the pupils of the polytechnic school in Paris have recently furnished some curious statistics bearing on tobacco. Dividing the young gentlemen of that College into two groups—the smokers and nonsmokers—it shows that the smokers have proved themselves, in the various competitive examinations, far inferior to the others. Not only in the examinations on entering the school are the smokers in a lower rank, but in the various ordeals that they have to pass through in a year, the average rank of the smokers has constantly fallen, and not inconsiderably, while the men who did not smoke were found to enjoy a cerebral atmosphere of the clearest kind.

A sneak thief is worse than a bold thief.

The man who stands behind the law and cheats his neighbor, is a meaner man than he who cheats his neighbor with the law against him.

Everything that tends to discompose the mind, whether it be sorrow, rage, fear, envy, revenge, or love—in short, whatever acts violently on our mental faculties, tends to injure health.

A large fire occurred in New Orleans on the 4th inst. Sixty dwellings were destroyed, involving a loss of \$250,000. Set. The Baltimore election riots are a disgrace to the whole Union.

Smash-ups on railroads, with loss of life, are altogether too frequent. Law ought to tighten the loose screws.

REMARKS: THIS LORD AND THE JUDGE.—I once heard Lord Broadlands, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice Mellow, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge?" It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of the old saws are. They are characteristic, at least, for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is of a nobleman. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.' Mellow was the readiest man I ever knew; he went on to say, 'I know there are men too fond of the bar to sit on the bench, and that there are peers who richly deserve a drop. The first are unworthy of elevation; the last seldom get what is their due.'"

"Your skull is thin upon the crown," said a phrenologist to "Professor R."

"Yes," replied the Professor, "I had it cracked when I was young."

Dr. G. being present, jocosely remarked—"I always thought you were a little cracked!"

"If so," retorted the Professor, "probably that is why I gravitate to present company."

The Plymouth Fishing fleet have now all returned. Most of them, says the Rock, have done well, and out of the 500 or 600 persons who sailed from port, but one man was lost.

Mrs. Harrison Gray Oddy, one of the Managers for the Mount Vernon Fund, begs Messrs. William Kingsbury, Philip Spier and S. Reinsteil, members of the Hebrew Congregation, Oshet Sholim, Warren street, to tender to that Society her grateful acknowledgments for the generous contribution of fifty dollars, to be appropriated to the purchase of the grave and home of Washington, and inform them that she will have much pleasure in forwarding this sum to its destination, given, as it is, by few in numbers, but with willing hearts.

The mind of a thinking man resembles the earth, beneath whose surface lie many precious seeds. Every rain calls forth buds, and every beam of the sun produces flowers.

HOW TO PRESERVE DRIED FRUIT.—It is said that dried fruit put away with a little saffron bark (say a large handful to the bushel) will be preserved for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects, which often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple.

Love is to the spirit what sunshine is to the budding flowers, luring the fragrance from its bosom, and bringing out all the energies of its nature; or the hand of beauty to the slumbering lily, passing over its silent chords till it doth discourse most eloquent music.

Sir Wm. Ouseley, it is said, has concluded a treaty with Costa Rica, and has prevailed upon President Martinez to approve the British Mosquito treaty, now pending before the Chamber of Deputies. A new contract for the construction of a Canal had been entered into with Runnels, under the free transit decree.

Dr. James Walker has resigned the Presidency of Harvard College, and his resignation has been officially laid before the Board of Overseers. Professor G. C. Felton is spoken of as his successor. We hope he will be chosen.

A large quantity of ammunition has been sent from Washington to Harper's Ferry to replace that recently distributed among the soldiery.

A SONA BEE.—The editors of the Boston Courier.

"Let the least be, dear woman," as the boarder said when his landlady was about to remove the plate.

ALL WRITING.—A good deacon, making an official visit to a dying neighbor, who was a very churlish and universally unpopular man, put the usual question, "Are you willing to go, my friend?" "Oh! yes," said the sick man, "I am."

"Well," said the simple-minded deacon, "I am glad you are, for the neighbors are all willing!"

Punch says that Bary, the horse-tamer, is "The Philosopher of the Stable mind."

The family is like a book—

The children are the leaves.

The parents are the cover, that Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book are blank and purely fair, But time soon writeth memories, And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp That binds up the trust; O break it not, lest all the leaves Shall scatter and be lost.

A REASON FOR CONTENTMENT.—Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly, for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not born to to-morrow.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Of all the earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven, is the beating of a loving heart.

HE WOULD RATHER GO.—Rev. Mr. —, an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out when the preacher said:—"Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go!" The sinner stopped and reflected a moment, and saying, respectfully, "Well, I believe I would!" went on.

Universalism is good in death, but Spiritualism is a great deal better.

HOMERULE.—The Governors of nearly all the States of the Union have issued their proclamations for a general assault on Turkey on the 24th inst. Every native caught is to be decapitated, and then roasted.

Mr. Horace Henry committed suicide, Thursday afternoon, by hanging himself in his room, at No. 1 Osmont place, Boston. Deceased was sixty years of age, and leaves a widow and five children. Why don't the metropolitan press say he was a Spiritualist? Have they become tired of humbugging people in this respect?

Be at home in the presence of strangers, and strangers will be at ease in your presence.

Spiritualism is the gospel of comfort in life and in death.

In the Superior Court for Essex County, Judge Brigham presiding, Mary E. Jones of Lawrence, a married woman

eighteen years of age, who, having been deserted by her husband, abandoned her infant child in the woods of Haverhill, where it starved to death, plead guilty to a charge of manslaughter, and was sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in the House of Correction.

We see, by the Eastern Argus, published in Portland, Me., that the notorious anti-Spiritualist lecturer, calls himself "Professor." Where is that "Kizron?" that the other "Prosewers" promised so long ago?

The Clarion has an article on the "Idolatry for Mediums," which is well worth reading.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

Above and around us the Spirit of Song
Greets the ears of the thoughtful and wise;
She sings in the winds as they rustle along,
And in notes of the birds as they rise.
There is not a leaf that depends from the tree,
Nor a grass-blade so humble and fair,
Not a flower that blooms to enrich and to please,
But the Spirit of Song will be there.

She is heard 'mid the tempest and quick-pelting rain,
In the loud, busy hours of the day;
She is heard in the nightingale's tender strain,
And the brook by the side of the way.
Where our friendship is truest she sings with delight,
Though the journey of life be not long;
For the heart that is lovingly strongest in right
Is the home of the Spirit of Song.—*Benj. Swallow.*

Henry Ward Beecher's sermon on the Harper's Ferry affair, published in the New York Sun, and extensively copied, is a production of great merit.

A man was arrested at Cranston, R. I., on Thursday, suspected of having murdered Burrill Arnold, who was shot in his store in that town by some unknown assassin.

THE AGITATOR comes to us this week laden with fresh thought. It lends a generous hand to the oppressed, but it raps the oppressor with an iron fist. Its whole heart goes for the reformation of mankind.

The Ashland Times editor says he would be happy to have his subscribers bring on their wood. Query—Does Ashland wood turn to ash-est? Hickory inquiries?

Gov. Banks has appointed Nov. 24th to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving in this Commonwealth.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her rosy little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Joneses have just bought?" "Hem—no, my love, but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

The London Illustrated Times, is a late budget of American news, says—

"The Presidential nominations form the chief topic of conversation in America. There are three candidates in the field—Wm. Douglas and Boile. At the last accounts Boile was a little ahead."

A STRANGER STORY, WITH A MORAL.—The Hon. Mr. N. Y. Republican tells a story about a rich old farmer in that town discovering in the young wife of a man whose illegitimate daughter by a chance love in Albany, years ago, his receding her and her husband into his own household, and his making them joint heirs to his property. The pretty Albany dress-maker, whose affections the old fellow (then young) had gained and trampled upon, afterwards married a mechanic in one of the river counties, and having died, her child was forced to flee from the harsh treatment of her stepfather, gaining a livelihood for a time as a servant, and finally marrying right into the neighborhood of her own father's large estate.

The Working-Man's Protest says, "The greatest product of one age is the mothers it gives to the next."

Tanny planted and allowed to grow under peach trees, will preserve them, healthy, to a great age.

THE DRYDEN WEEKLY NEWS.—This paper keeps pace with the progress of the times. It is independent, fearless, fresh, and ably conducted. It is published in Dryden, N. Y., at \$1.00 a year.

GO. HOLLISTER, Philadelphia, speaks of Mr. Mansfield's success in that city in the highest terms.

All matter is the product of spirit.

All are striving for happiness as the great end of human existence. The one aim of mortals is, to possess this blessed boon. Some labor to attain it, some seek for it as for hidden treasure, and others sit idly down, expecting it to come to them. Of the three classes the worker alone can be truly successful; and he will fail to realize his ideal, if he toll not in the right direction.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—The principal points of the treaty of peace between France and Austria have been signed by the plenipotentiaries, but have not yet been ratified by the two governments. The two contracting Powers will unite their efforts in order that reform in administration should be carried out by the Pope. The rights of the Dukes of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, are expressly reserved. The two Emperors will assist with all their powers for the formation of a confederation of all the States of Italy; Venice, under Austrian rule, to form a part of the confederation.

The London Times and Herald are both adverse to England joining any European Congress on Italian affairs. The Post regards the Italian complications as very serious, and the position of Napoleon as extremely embarrassing. He has undertaken the special protection of the Papal Government, and also of Italian Liberty, while the Papal Government and Italian Liberty are in open warfare. It is almost certain that the Romans will be attacked by the Papal troops; it is almost certain that at the first moment of armed intervention, in the Duchies, the troops of Garibaldi will sweep before them every vestige of Papal rule.

The Directors of the Great Eastern held a meeting on board, 10th ult., and it is authoritatively announced that the departure of the vessel for America has been postponed sine die, and orders given that all passengers money received be returned.

Marshal Vaillant is reported to have written to Napoleon suggesting the occupation of the Duchies by French troops, to prevent civil war from breaking out.

The Neapolitan army on the Roman frontier was increasing, and it is rumored that Neapolitan troops had landed at Ancona.

It was reported at Turin, that in consequence of the Neapolitan war-ships having been signaled in hostile attitude off the coast of Romagna, a Piedmontese squadron had been ordered round into the Adriatic.

The reply of Morocco to the guarantees demanded by Spain not being satisfactory, war seems imminent. The Council of Ministers, presided over by the Queen, had been invoked.

The Tralee Chronicle says that Messrs. Boardman and Robinson, electricians, visited Valentia recently, and set on foot a series of experiments on the Atlantic Cable. Encouragement as to the success of the undertaking, both as regards the resuscitation of the old and laying of the new cable, is in the ascendant. These gentlemen found, room in the state of the cable to disseminate now courage among its friends.

The Reason Why.

"RATHER SEVERE."—The Carolina Progressionist, states that the greater the number of churches, the greater the misery and starvation among the people; and the more numerous the priests, the more miserable are mankind."

SIN—This little paragraph, extracted from a late number of the BANNER, while it is true in every part, does not give to the world the much needed information, as to the "why and wherefore" of its truth, and necessarily fails to appear otherwise than an attack on an existing system.

With your permission, I would say a few words in addition. "The greater the number of churches, the greater the misery," &c., arises from the simple fact that money spent profitably, impoverishes a community. It is like the story of the one talent, the five and ten talents in the Bible; and demonstrates that we must multiply and augment the products of God's earth, and labor at all times with a view to the increase of the general wealth, otherwise we sin, and the wages of distress and misery follow us.

If the nation, like the ancients, spends \$1,000,000 on churches, there is no return for it. On the contrary, it requires still more money, century after century, to keep up this unprofitable waste of money and labor. But if we build houses for our fellow creatures to live in, or in any way lay out our money and labor so as to produce rent or increase, we have, at the end of centuries, millions of profits—every additional dollar of profit being laid out again in other profitable labor, branches out, as it were, into endless forms of created wealth. To this also, we have added, covering, shelter, clothing, and endless moral comforts.

To build a church, which produces nothing, we fall into the error which sucked the vitals of the old nations and ruined them. If we were to dig a hole and leave it, the advantage would be just as great. Indeed, greater, so long as we do not yearly subscribe of our wealth to keep the hole in splendid order, with idle men to jump in occasionally.

Christ gave no encouragement to "brick and mortar religion," far from it; he distinctly denounces long praying, and tells the selfish prayers for themselves to go into their closets, when they pray for pray.

"The more numerous the priests, the more miserable man-

kind," is proved not only by experience of all ages, but still more clearly by figures again. For the greater the number of idlers or consumers, the less the product of wealth, and the more is taken from the little of those who have obtained anything by their industry. Armies, thieves, gamblers, aristocracy of every profession, shade and shape—the lawyer, the doctor and the priest, are all consumers, eating up the vitals of a community; hastening on pauperism, ruin, revolution! Respectable as some of these occupations are, they are not yet on their true, useful basis. Therefore they are injurious. Any one can make the calculation for himself, and they will see at once the wonderful contrivance of Providence in enforcing productive industry on all as the great moral training and means by which to arrive at general ease and prosperity. The laborer is worthy of his hire—but it is a sin to direct his labors as to make himself a burden, an oppressor or aristocrat.

In our schools the foundation of religious thought should be laid by teaching more systematically the moral causes of material prosperity. A little more knowledge of the great laws which govern the moral and material world would prevent our people being deceived by the clap-net of time-honored errors. Our youth, even, would not so easily accept a perpetual violation of God's law; and a desecration of that brotherly love and charity which should bind us all together; and an engine of insane self-conceit. By teaching them to examine all things, they would be enabled to distinguish between the true and the false, and never yield a blind faith to the same fables which they deride in so-called Pagans, because they are coupled with foreign names. Let us not forget that mild yet severe remarks on our Bible—"Search the Scriptures."

JOHN WARD.

Washington City, Oct. 25, 1850.

More Diamonds.

A letter from Rio Janeiro to the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says that the diamond mines of that country continue to contribute largely to the mineral wealth of the world. Not long since the Royal mail steamer Tyne, left Rio for Southampton, having on board not less than \$750,000 worth of diamonds, collected within a very brief period from the exhaustless treasures of Brazil. The greater part of the shipment was from the celebrated mines of Serro-do-Frio—a rocky, barren locality, which is guarded with great vigilance.

OBITUARIES.

In Concord, N. H., Sept. 29, of consumption, Mary E. daughter of Joseph G. and Elizabeth C. Wynt.

There are times in the experience of all hearts when life seems to take on a new hue; when all of life seems to tend to one end—to culminate, as it were, in some great joy or sorrow for which we have been waiting. When this happens, and it accepts them rightly and truly, then it knows what the purpose and end of life is, namely, that we may gather from it its richest experiences. It is not always easy to turn from the experience itself, whether of joy or of sorrow, to the end for which we wait, but the moment we can do so, we learn what God longs for us, and we are enabled to realize the truth of the words, "The end of the matter is that we should love God, and love our neighbor as ourselves." When life glides smoothly on, and we rejoice in the strength of our earthly loves, then we are confident and trustful in life that God loves us; but when the joy of our affection is taken from us, and we know the loss of the loved one, then we would cry, "God, who orders the purpose of our lives as to require so great a sacrifice from us. But what life has given to us death can never take from us, for God is life, and keeps forever what is his own. Then we can never lose what has once been given to us."

We took up our pen to pay a tribute of affection to one of earth's purest spirits, who has recently passed on to become a dweller in some of the "many mansions" of love in the Father's house. Of her it may be truly said, "None knew her but God, and no one could enter her presence without recognizing the great and good spirit which she embodied, and looked forth so serenely from her blue eyes. Just in the bloom and beauty of her young womanhood she was stricken with consumption, and for more than a year she passed slowly away, fading like the autumn leaf, bearing a patience and sweetness that touched the hearts of all who beheld in her the weakness and exhaustion that consumption brings in its train.

Mary had faith in the ministrations of angels; it was to her a beautiful belief, full of vitality and power, and no doubt it helped to sustain her when the flesh failed her, and was the secret of the fortitude manifested in that trying hour when the hearts of all present were broken with her grief. "Be calm, mother," were the last words that fell from those lips that never breathed forth but gentle, loving words, that flowed from the abundance of love and purity that reigned within. She has passed on, but she has left a rich legacy behind her, a patience and sweetness that touched the hearts of all who beheld in her the weakness and exhaustion that consumption brings in its train.

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The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by a spirit who came to the BANNER, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, while in a state called the Trance State. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We have to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purely all shall flow from spirits to mortals. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 319 Brattle Street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

From No. 1715 to No. 1745.
Saturday, Oct. 22.—"The Uses of Disease." William Ford, Boston; Charlotte Frances Wise, New Orleans; John Atkinson; William Parker.
Tuesday, Oct. 23.—"By what authority do we come?" Robert O. Allen, New York; Edward Allen, Boston.
Wednesday, Oct. 24.—"Return of Spirits who are not content of a change in life." Catherine Gager, Charles Todd, Boston; Stephen Willey.
Thursday, Oct. 25.—"Who and what was Jesus?" Augustus F. Pope, Silas Dudley, Georgia; Henry Grayson.
Friday, Oct. 26.—"Daniel Blandell." New York; George Henry Grogan, Boston; William Laws, California; Dr. John Mason, Boston.
Saturday, Oct. 27.—"How is Man allied to God?" Charles C. Baker, Franklin, Maine.
Sunday, Nov. 1.—"How are God's elect known in Heaven?" David Hamilton, Belfast; Caroline, to Amelia L. Winters, New York; Joseph Ballou.
Wednesday, Nov. 2.—"What is Charity?" John Moore, London, Eng.; Philip Curry, Williamsburg; Rebecca Pratt, Boston; Samuel Willis, New Orleans.

Immortality?

From the earliest period in the natural history of the human race, there has ever been a degree of uncertainty in reference to a future life. The sombre pall of death has caused man to cling fast to the material, and gain no hold of the spiritual.

Man, in his material condition, needs material evidence that he has an existence beyond the present. He can find but little satisfaction in that which appeals only to his fancy, and that which cannot furnish undeniable evidence of the future condition of the spirit. It is necessary to bring material proof to bear upon spiritual thought, has not our kind Father displayed much wisdom in the light of modern Spiritualism? For modern Spiritualism will give to every honest seeker, not only a belief, but a knowledge, of the hereafter. It will furnish food not only for the spirit, but for the body. Knowledge, under all conditions, and at all times, giveth strength, both to form and spirit.

I have visited your circle this afternoon, in answer to a loud call. The friend who calls upon me, asks me this question:

"Have we not sufficient proof of the immortality of the soul, aside from modern Spiritualism? Has not our Bible given us all we need? Can we not find enough in those sacred pages to give us faith; to give us a knowledge of the hereafter?"

I answer, no. If I understand it, the record furnishes no positive proof that the spirit exists after it leaves the mortal form. No positive proof, I say. Firstly, you have no positive evidence that the Book is sacred—that it was written by Inspiration; that the thoughts were given by whom they purport to come from. I say you have no positive evidence of this. The popular religion of the past and present has so indelibly stamped upon almost every mind, at least a fore-shadowing of a belief in these things, that we find it very hard to eradicate all error and build a foundation whose name is Truth.

Popular theology has been placing a yoke of iron upon the necks of many thousands, and they believe this record, because they dare not do otherwise; because they have been taught of a God of vengeance, and they have been taught to fear rather than love him.

Again, popular theology teaches another error—of a Devil, who shall rule many thousand hearts from the true God, and shall laugh at their torments as he causes them to enter a lake of fire and brimstone. Popular theology teaches you of a Personal God and a Personal Devil.

The God popular religion has given you, is not the God of Nature. During all our journeyings in the land of spirits, we have never met with this personal God; we have never received an audience with this personal Devil. But as we look abroad upon the vast degrees of intelligence filling the vast universe of life, we find two Principles. One we shall call All Goodness, and the other Perverse Goodness. Behold, they are divided, and yet united; for as the principle of wisdom, of power, of eternal life, is the author of all life, of all principles, so then is he the author of this opposite principle, and if he is the author thereof, surely it is not all darkness. The exterior may be all midnight, while the interior may be glowing with the eternal fire of God's wisdom. Behold the man you call thoroughly evil. Yes, behold one who has never been known to do a good act—who is stamped upon his every feature—who gives you no evidence that he has a God within. All his external blemishes evil; his companions are like unto himself; he wanders from the society of the good and true; he shakes hands with all that is dark in your sphere; he revels in sin, and the beholder exclaims, "There is no good in such an one." The Christian exclaims, "He is a hardened sinner, a lost soul, a condemned rebel, there is no hope for him. He has rejected the many offers of salvation. Yes, he is an outcast from heaven, and can never become an inhabitant of a happy sphere."

Think you this shining soul will forever remain in this condition? No! The fact that he is a living soul gives evidence that he must, at some time, be regenerated, and become pure and Godlike, and thus become free to enjoy any amount of happiness. There is no soul in any sphere, but is destined to become thoroughly purified, thoroughly happy. Popular theology shuts many thousand souls out of heaven; it closes the gates of love, while the hand of Omnipotence has thrown them wide open; it closes from your spiritual sight the glory God has destined you to behold while here. It chains you to the past, and forbids your going forth seeking for light. It closes its door to every new star which comes into existence. It tells you that you have, in the records of the past, enough to make you happy here and hereafter. It tells you you must not take from the records or add thereto, and tells you that he who doeth this is in danger of misery hereafter. How untrue is this, if charged to our Divine Father. He hath prepared a wedding garment for every soul, and no soul shall live that shall not, in time, put on this wedding garment, and stand a welcome guest at the marriage supper.

Modern Spiritualism gives the human race a positive knowledge of themselves in spirit—a positive knowledge of their God, a positive knowledge of their condition hereafter. No earnest and honest seeker need go away wailing; but the soul which goes to the surface and falls to penetrate beneath it, can hardly be satisfied with its truth.

Modern Spiritualism is a star which invites all souls to become enlightened by its rays; it holds out no inducements it is not able to maintain. You may gain the knowledge it is capable of giving nowhere else. You may go to the vast realms of Nature, and you cannot furnish yourselves with that which is positive and true. This star will be sure to give you all you need, if you seek in honesty.

My friend asks, and we believe he asks in all honesty of spirit, if the past has not been enough; if the Holy Record is not sufficient? And, in like honesty of spirit we have answered.

Standing as we do apart from materialism, enjoying as we do those realities that belong to spirit-life, we deem ourselves in every way competent to answer, and truthfully answer, the question.

Oh, thou Principle of Divine and Natural Life, thou God of Nature and Individuals, we would offer praise unto thee for the many calls of wisdom we are receiving from our earthly brethren; and while they call and we answer, will thou endow our words with that power which will penetrate their spirits, and inspire them with that faith and that confidence which will lead them to call again?

Oh, thou Principle of Divinity and Humanity, give us the power to return to thy children, and give us instruments through whom we may return, that we may out of the head

of error, and place upon the body of humanity the beautiful and bright head of Truth.

Oh, Holy Intelligence, Spirit of Wisdom, thy power is everlasting, thy strength is ever-enduring, thy knowledge extendeth to the farthest limits of spiritual and natural life, and as thou hearest all calls, so wilt thou in timelier answer thereto, and bring all souls into the perfect life, where sorrow never comes.

Joe Jordan, a Slave.

Bress do Lor, Massa, I so free! Massa, I want to go to Alabama, Massa; to speak, Massa, to speak. I lived at Montgomery. I belonged to Missy Jordan. Spirits come to me, Massa, long time ago. Know all 'bout dom, Massa, 'fore I come.

Massa deal long time ago; Missy live. She know 'em, but no b'love 'em. I say I would come here, and Missy laugh—think be some nigger's nonsense. My name was Joe. I wait on Missy, sometime; too ole to do much, Massa. Missy good, kind Missy, and folks good, but no b'love spirits come.

Massa William help me now. Born down in Georgia, Massa. Bress do Lor, Massa, I likes to be free. Missy pretty good, Massa, but I likes to be free. Tell ole Missy Joe's free, and hope ole Missy be free when she come here; hope ole Missy be free as ole Joe be. 'Spect you'll have to help ole Joe to go, Massa; want to go to see ole Missy.

Josiah Peirce.

I am almost afraid to speak, for fear I shall say something I ought not to tell. I don't know as I do right in coming here. I'll tell you a little about myself, and then, perhaps, you'll advise me.

I was seventy-eight years of age when I left my body. I was born in Gardiner, in the State of Maine. I died in Concord, N. H. I was respectfully connected, belonged to one of the churches, and I don't know what they'll think to come back and preach up Spiritualism. I have children and a brother upon earth. My wife died most sixteen years ago. I was a shoemaker by trade; in the first place I was a tanner.

I don't want to do anything to disgrace the church; I don't want to do anything to disgrace my children, or anybody. I don't think the church knows what's right, if I know the truth; I don't think they do what's right—maybe they do, but I think I am correct. I was a Congregationalist. My name was Josiah Peirce.

Oh, I hope I am doing right. I think I am, I had such a strong desire to come; not particularly here, but at home, I died in 1831. I think I have seen enough here to make me a little skeptical as regards religion; it seems to me they are not on the right track, but I don't want to say too much. I should like to talk with my children. I've got a son Josiah, and a daughter Mary; my son William is dead. Oh, yes, I have seen him; no, he did not belong to the church; he was too young.

I don't know but I have said enough for one day. I don't know but I have thrown a firebrand among my people, and, if it's right, I am glad of it; but I hope I haven't done so wrong by coming; but I wanted to go bad, and they were so good to help me here, that I came. Good-by.

Michael Cumiskey.

Oh, confound your one-horse carriages! When you are going to give a fellow a ride over Jordan, why do you give him a double team to drive? I promised myself a good ride over Jordan, and here I find it hard work. See here, Ohub, my name is Michael Cumiskey. I belonged in New York. Is that your game, and is that what you want—my occupation? Well, sometimes I shake, and sometimes shudder. I died in Centre street, New York city, August last. First a shako, and then a fever. At last I took to vomiting, and then I stepped across. I promised to come back in a week, if spirits could come. I was one of those jolly good fellows called the Dead Rabbits. I promised the boys I'd come in a week, and they have given it up for a bad job now. But as the boys have gone to sleep, I'm here. I should have been twenty-two in a few months, if I had not been choked off as I was. When I found out I had got to get across, some of the boys wanted me to make a bargain to come back, if these raps were all true. I promised to come back in a week, and they give it up for humbug. Tell them I couldn't come in a week, for a very good reason—I couldn't get a team to drive.

I didn't know exactly whether I would get a chance here, or whether I was in the right place; but an old fellow here told me I had as good a right to come as the chap that prayed awhile ago, only I must be honest, and tell the truth.

I too all these things about the same as they were. I'm round with the boys when I can get a chance to see. See here, Ohub, say I ain't forgot the table turnings. The boys said they'd set, if I would come, and I have been there; but I can't handle the confounded thing exactly right.

Little Jim has got a mother here, and she wants me to put in a word for her. She'd like him to go to some place where she can speak with him. Tell him I think he had better give her a chance.

I think I'll drive off now—turn round and go the other way. That's all, is n't it? Then I'm off.

Anna Maria Brown.

You have such a crowd of spirits, I was most afraid to come; but the time was fixed for me, so I thought I must come.

My name was Anna Maria Brown; I was twelve years old, and I have been dead most two years. I died of scarlet fever. I was born in Boston, and I lived here when I died. My mother belongs in New York, and after I died my father went to California, and my mother is in New York.

Somebody my mother knew wanted me to come, and wanted me tell something my mother would know me by. I have n't forgotten anything.

I know what I'll tell. I'll ask mother if she remembers what she gave me for a present when I was sick, and what I did with it? I'll tell her, so she will know it's me. It was a gold chain and locket, and I put it under my pillow, because I could not wear it.

At first I was afraid when they told me I was dead; and when they took me back to look at my body, I was afraid. But when I saw everything beautiful, I did not see anything to be afraid of. They have birds, and music, and concerts, and preaching here, and schools; but we don't hear of any place where the wicked are punished. My mother will think I imagine all these things; but I should n't want to say here, if I didn't have these things. Why, you do n't miss your body when you are here awhile.

You do n't have to study what you do n't like here, and you do n't have to study out of books here. They take you to things, and they explain them. If they take you to see water, they tell you why, and explain it all to you. If they take you to see a beautiful flower, they explain it to you so that you can't forget. They do n't answer you short, as people do on earth, but explain everything you ask about. Oh, they do n't make a noise, as you do, when they speak. Why, if I wanted to know anything, somebody would know I wanted to know about it, and would answer it. Oh, no, sir, it is not all still here—we have music and all, but the spirit voice is not like yours.

I asked one time how far it was from earth, and they told me if I wanted to understand by earth measurement, I was about four thousand miles from earth. They told me, as I was so recently from earth, they must tell me in earth language.

If that man was here who spoke last, he would have red hair and whiskers; his face would be red, and he would be short, and thick, and rowdy-looking. He could n't live where I live. Well, sir, they tell me that every spirit lives in a sphere belonging to it. You could not live if you went up too high in a balloon, and so he could n't live where I live.

There's a good many teachers here. Everybody seems to teach here. I have plenty of friends here. We do n't love anybody here, unless they are like us.

I knew a little infant that died sometime before I died, and it's larger, and is as large as a child four years old would be. Its parents' names are Presby.

You ain't never afraid of getting cold, and you do n't never want for anything nice to wear and eat; and if you want to go anywhere, you go, and nobody has a right to hinder you. Oh, we do n't want to do anything wrong. Some do, I suppose, but they are more like people on earth.

Just as soon as spirits leave their mortal bodies, they all go to their several apartments in life. If you were not like your father and mother, you would not live with them, and they would not want to live with you. Here you are all mixed up; but when you leave your mortal body, each goes to his true condition.

My mother used to tell me I talked too fast, and too much for a little girl; but I like to tell what folks tell me, and I thought you would like to hear it. Do n't you like to? Well, I must go now. Do you want me to? Well, good-by.

Oct. 21.

COME BACK TO MY SIDE, LOULOU.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou,

The sun is sinking to rest,

Twilight is stealing over the glen,

And my heart with grief oppress

Is beating against its prison wall,

Unfettered to bear its sacrifice,

As a bird who hears its mate's low call,

Beats against its cage till it dies.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou,

Autumn is very solemn,

The lark is hidden and songless

In among the rustling corn;

My sorrow is thinking of what has been—

The glad things linked with thy name,

Through Memory alone the past is seen—

The real in an ideal frame.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou—

Cheer me again with a smile;

My heart is sick for thy presence—

Come back for a little while.

The swallows have wheeled their circling flight

To mellowed seas and a warmer zone,

And like the last star in heaven at night,

Alone, alone, I am left alone.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou—

A destiny dark is mine;

Heart after heart hath proved me cold—

My hope is centered in thine.

The flowers of Summer have died in decay,

The Autumn is cheerless and drear;

Oh, that the Memory which lightens our day

Should be tinged with hoping and fear.

Oh, come back to my side, Loulou,

The fire is bright on the hearth;

But thou art the light which is fled,

Leaving gloom over our mirth.

The Autumn is cheerless and dreary,

The wind, as an outcast, moans at the door,

Like doubt-driven love from the heart,

To be restored to its realm once more.

CORA L. V. HATCH

At the Music Hall, Boston, Sept. 18th, 1859.

[The last of a series of four discourses on "Religion, its Facts and Fancies."]

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

We have united on this occasion, the two several themes of the series of discourses we have had the pleasure of giving before you—the one on Religion, its Facts and Fancies, the other on the Natural and Divine Economy of Creation. We now bring these two themes, great in themselves, but more perfectly great when united, to one culminating point—that is, the relation between man and Deity. We have endeavored to illustrate in our morning discourses that the difference between true religion and the forms of worship is the difference between love and fear. We think we have established our theory, clearly, to the comprehension of those who listened. We have stated that worship, as a form, is the result of the passion of fear in the human mind. This we have illustrated by the proof of historical revolutions, the history of all nations, and the foundation of the forms of these nations. We have stated that true religion has its foundation in love; and this we have illustrated from the very nature of religion itself, and the attributes of the human mind. We have, in our afternoon discourses, spoken of Deity; not of what we know; but, reasoning from the known to the unknown, we have spoken of the Divine economy in government. This afternoon we shall speak of the Divine economy in religion, the blending of the Natural with the Divine, the perfect in man with the perfect in God.

Religion, then, is love. Let us see. Where do you find most of religion? Not in the mysterious forms and ceremonies of churches, not in all the mockery of the courts of ecclesiastical control and power, not in theological creeds and dogmas, not in the reign of Church and State, where forms of worship and forms of government are blended into one; but where? In the silent throbbings of the loving heart. Religion! It crowns with beauty the brow of the wife and mother. Everything which speaks of religion in her soul is filled with love. Does she praise God; it is for her home, her children, her friends. Does she worship God; it is through loving and caring for them. Does she see beauty in His creation; it is in those whom she loves and adores. Does the mother pray; it is for her erring child, whom she loves, that he may repent. Does the mother bless the Great Father, and bow in humble worship at the shrine of the meek and lowly Jesus; it is through the love of her great, self-sacrificing soul. We know of no love so akin to that of Jesus of Nazareth, as the love of a fond, devoted, self-sacrificing, earnest, pure mother. It seems that for those should be an atonement for the sins of earth for the sons of men, wicked men, the tears which every good mother sheds for her children will wash away all the sins that her offspring can commit. It does seem that if God, the Father, requires vicarious atonement, the self-sacrificing, long-suffering, the silent devotedness of the mother's love will be sufficient, in the great eternity, to save her sons. It does seem that if the Father requires prayers, and tears, and sacrifices, and offerings, that the prayers which the mother offers, and the tears of sorrowing love which she sheds, and the offerings of devotedness which she lays upon the shrine of her parental affection, will be all-sufficient. Like unto this was the love of Jesus of Nazareth. He did not give his life as an offering to the Father, he did not sacrifice himself to the good of man, he was not meek, and humble, and lowly, because he thought the Father would love him better, but because from the very nature of his life he loved to be and to do all this, because he loved the race of the down-trodden, because he loved those who were despised and sorrowful, because he loved goodness for goodness' own sake, and truth for truth's own sake, because he loved alike those who were in darkness and those who were in light. Remember this; religion is embodied in the mother's love.

Let us see another form of its manifestation. You have a sister, or have had one—a pure, simple-hearted creature, who devoted her life to make your home a place of sunshine. She believed in Jesus, believed in religion; she believed in God, through all that made her happy. The father was her embodiment of nobleness and goodness, the mother her source of inspiration and instruction, her brother the object of her constant attention and devotedness; and every deed and word of her love was made up of some offering of religion through love. If her prayers were offered up as night, it was that those whom she loved might be bound together with all the love of their hearts; it was for her pure heart there was ever a pang of sorrow, it was in her soul who had strayed, who had wandered away from the paths of right; it was there ever was anguish or remorse there, it was that she might have neglected some duty, some deed of kindness and devotedness. Religion was duty. Religion is even in the pure heart of the young and innocent child, who, all unconscious of creeds or doctrines of religions, sees in the beaming eyes of his mother, in the clear blue sky, in the starry firmament, in the glad earth, something that calls forth his love, and it thinks, and believes in the element of life, and worships it, not knowing why. That is religion, the spontaneous out-gushing of that child's soul.

Then there is another, and a higher, and a deeper love, which embraces all nations, and all classes of people,—which has no sect, no religion, no creed, no doctrine, no form, no ceremony,—but its religion is universal, philanthropic love. This is embodied in the love of Jesus; this is embodied in the love of martyrs and saints; this is embodied in the love of philanthropists, who, without any religious creed, without any fear of punishment, without any terror of an all-avenging Deity, do good for goodness' own sake, love, virtue for virtue's own sake, and truth for truth's own sake. The love philanthropists bear for all humanity is pervaded by no creed, and limited by no boundaries; it knows no time nor space; but, extending its broad, genial arms to all the world, holds the erring and the true, the sinful and the pure, in its embrace, and even gives a closer place in the heart to those who are wandering away from the path of rectitude.

In our conception, then, the bond of union which makes men divine, and unites Deity with man, is the element of mind. For though the Father cannot come down in His omnipotence to the sin and suffering of individual life, though, as an individual being, or a perfect Principle, there is no element of power, in His nature, of suffering, we still know that, through the intuitive, interior qualities of the soul, there is a union, there is a power, there is a potency in that religion of love, which makes all souls alike in the eye of Deity, in the eye of Divine humanity, in the eye of all who worship God truly.

Now, commence again with the Divine economy. We endeavored to illustrate, last Sabbath afternoon, that the Divine economy resembled in its forms, or in the principles which it embodies, the highest forms of government which men conceive. We spoke of it in a metaphysical sense. We shall now speak of it in a palpable sense. Notwithstanding the necessity of the forms of government of the state, notwithstanding the necessity of organizations of state, notwithstanding all the power which is palpable in a fixed and positive organization of perfect laws, every intelligent philanthropist, every philosopher, every true religionist, knows that if love, human love, which is divine, controlled and guided the great benefactors of mankind, laws nor their penalties, laws nor their consequences, would ever be required. Every philanthropist knows that the jail-house and the penitentiary are not so effectual in the reformation of criminals, as kind words and wholesome instruction. Every mental philosopher knows that binding men in chains and throwing them into the prison and dark dungeon cells, can never secure the elevation of the soul or mind. Every true religionist knows that society is not benefited, that the dignity of government is not maintained, that though it is a palpable sense. Notwithstanding the necessity of the forms of government of the state, notwithstanding all the power which is palpable in a fixed and positive organization of perfect laws, every intelligent philanthropist, every philosopher, every true religionist, knows that if love, human love, which is divine, controlled and guided the great benefactors of mankind, laws nor their penalties, laws nor their consequences, would ever be required. Every philanthropist knows that the jail-house and the penitentiary are not so effectual in the reformation of criminals, as kind words and wholesome instruction. 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