

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 10.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HALLY.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

With the engine I am flying
Through the quiet Mohawk valley,
O'er the ground, and through the sunshine
Where in youth I used to dally.
With gay time, and blooming maidens;
And a thought comes up of Hally.

Hally, tall and very graceful—
Hally, with her bright black eyes—
Hally, with her voice of music,
Thrilling whispers, murmurous sighs;
Oh, her lips of sun-dyed coral
Yielded many sweet replies.

I was then a lad of twenty.
Hally was but seventeen.
I was dashing, gay and handsome.
Hally wore a lowly mien.
If conceit were good at wooing,
I'd enough to woo a queen.

There, I see the group of willows—
An old trysting-place of ours—
Where one moonlit hour I told her
She had best go gathering flowers
Through the boundless realm of beaux hearts,
And forget the passing hours.

That sad eve we walked together
For an hour the same dear track.
When we reached her father's cottage
She went in, and I turned back.
Since that night we both have traveled
Life's stony road on diverse track.

Should I murmur? I ordained it;
But my heart would know less pain,
Could I hope that in some coming
Time, we e'er should walk again
Onward in the same, same pathway—
But I know the wish is vain!

Finding no true heart to love me,
I have given heed to my vow.
Thoughtful Hally stands above me,
Wisdom's baptism on her brow.
We must walk apart forever;
Hally could not love me now!

WALTON GROSS FARM.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LORENZINO DE MEDICI.

BY J. DOLAN M. SQUIRE.

It was evening, one of those calm, clear, delightful evenings belonging only to the sunny lands of the South. Beautiful as an occasional time like this may be in our own climate, it can only afford us a slight idea of the charm of an Italian night. The last expiring rays of a most brilliant sunset had long ceased to illuminate the towers and domes of Florence with their splendid shades of purple and gold. The wild festivity of the Carnival had almost given way to silence, and the gay crowds of masks were hastening to their respective habitations, leaving the terrace of the Lung' Arno, which but a little while ago was teeming with life, quite deserted.

As the evening advanced, a young man might have been seen to issue from the garden gate of the Soderini Palace, by which, after carefully fastening it, he lingered for a few moments, looking attentively up and down the left bank of the Arno, to which the gate opened, and then hastily made his way across the river, and mingled with the crowd of masks, who were returning in search of new pleasures, as if to escape observation. There was a strange contrast between his agitated and anxious mien and the gaiety of the scene in which he had mixed, but was evidently unable to enjoy; and he inwardly smiled at the childishness of his fellow citizens in being amused with such riotous pursuits. Well aware that it would only subject him to danger to venture an expression of such opinions, he forced himself to manifest an apparent interest in the various scenes, until, at length, having gradually withdrawn himself from the moving tide, he found himself alone on the Lung' Arno. He shortly crowded with the fair and the gay. He enveloped himself more closely in his mantle, and leaned over the parapet of the river, as if in expectation of some one whom he was to meet on that spot. With his eyes fixed on the water, he listened to the almost endless ripple of the waves, and, lost in a deep reverie, seemed utterly unconscious of where he was, or of what he was waiting for, until he was suddenly startled by the approach of a man in a black domino, who, having at a glance swept the entire terrace, and satisfied himself that no one was in sight, whispered in his ear, "Lorenzino!" The young man started at the sound of the stranger's voice, and exclaimed, in an undertone—

"He is far distant, in honorable banishment, to whom those accounts should belong, else I should hail thee by the name of my first and most valued friend. Say, then, as thou hast insisted on meeting one who has little to hope for in the future world, and little to detain him in this, who art thou?"

"To thee, then, Lorenzino, does distance appear so insurmountable a barrier," said the stranger, "that oppression and insult should fail to bring those noble feelings and resolves into action, that bid us revenge the evils it is not in our power to avert?"

"Thou art indeed the person for whom I took thee!" interrupted the young man, warmly grasping the hand of his friend, "for never did idea of danger or self-interest keep Filippo Strozzi from the post of honor!"

"Rightly said, my friend!" replied the mask, embracing him. "Need I say how I rejoice to find thee unaltered? But hear me, Lorenzino; I have ever spoken to thee of my hopes, and ever unbosomed to thee my plans, and shall I not, then, as well make thee a confidant of my fears, even though they concern myself? I have heard of the encroachments made on the liberty of Florence; but, in addition to

this, it has been reported to me that thou wert the principal friend and confidant of the tyrant—the sharer of his licentious pleasures, the encourager of his vices, and the director of his councils. Lorenzino, I have loved thee as my child. Educated in the most liberal principles by thy mother, and confided in earliest youth to my care—tell me, did our instructions instill into thy mind one thought unworthy of thy name and reputation? Speak, Lorenzino—say thou art not what thou seemest, and I will believe thee!"

In the greatest agitation the youth was framing a reply, when several masks appeared on the Ponte Trinita, carrying a number of lighted torches, which cast a ruddy glow over the whole bridge, and threw a faint light on the two friends, which became stronger as they advanced.

"Save thyself, Strozzi," he hastily exclaimed, "and put not too much faith in outward appearances; but for heaven's sake, take care of thyself, and let me know where to find thee!"

"Thou wilt see me when I am least expected!" returned Filippo, and suddenly vanished round the corner of the Piazza Trinita, which so startled him that he was soon out of sight.

The splendid cavalcade now rapidly approached, and the young man stepped forward, and with an air of gaiety, exclaimed—

"Where now, Salviati, with this festive scene and gay attire? It does seem to me thou art sufficiently dangerous to the fair women of Florence in thine own person, without the aid of chivalry and romance!"

The person whom he thus addressed was Victor Salviati, one of the Duke Alessandro's most favorite favorites. Himself and his companions were magnificently attired in different costumes, representing the principal characters in Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, which, from its recent publication, was the favorite theme of the day. Flattered by the compliment, Salviati replied in the same tone:

"Myself and the gallant Knights, my companions, are proceeding to thy kinsman's palace, the magnificence of whose halls far surpasses aught that the Court of Charlemagne could offer to our imaginations; and nothing to our happiness can be added, unless the noble Lorenzino de' Medici will honor us with his company."

Lorenzino, calling to mind the secret manner in which he had left the palace, was delighted at this opportunity of returning without the probability of being questioned as to his absence, in case it had been remarked. He therefore gladly accepted the invitation, and readily entered into the character of his new companions. He rallied them by turns on their intrigues, amours and different amusements, and adroitly mingled remarks personally pleasing to each individual he addressed. Lorenzino possessed the art of pleasing to the greatest degree, when he chose to exasperate it, and his gay companions were enchanted with him, and listened with delight as they advanced to the palace of his kinsman, the Duke Alessandro, who was to give a splendid entertainment that evening to the nobility of Florence, in honor of his young bride, Margaret of Austria, who had just arrived from Naples.

Never did the Palace of the Medici look more magnificent. Illuminated in lines of light, according to the custom of the times, they were so disposed as to display the beautiful architectural outlines of the facade of the palace, and the glorious cornice; the work of Michael Angelo Buonarroti. Between each of the two windows torques were placed in iron sockets, which, with the blaze of lights within, admirably showed the peculiar designs of the windows, built in an oblong, and divided in the centre by small columns of the composite order; while the standards of the Medici and their allies, placed in iron rings along the front of the palace, proudly waved over the heads of the surrounding populace.

Passing through the magnificent court of this princely residence, thronged with guards and attendants, they made their way to the upper apartments, where they were received by pages and chamberlains most splendidly attired, and in greater numbers than the occasion seemed to require. But the Duke Alessandro knew too well the tenure by which he held the government of Florence to neglect any precaution in providing for his personal safety. In the midst of pleasure, surrounded by friends and luxury, he was in continual dread of poison or assassination. His gorgeous robe, like the smile he wore upon his countenance to hide the depravity of his heart, covered a coat of armor, which he never laid aside. As they advanced through the splendid apartments, the guests had ample reason to be convinced that the Medici had lost little of their wealth and power during exile, however much they might have lost in the estimation of their citizens. Each room was a museum, containing curiosities and rarities from every part of the world; while the Florentine looms had produced the richest and costliest hangings of silk and gold which decorated the walls. At the upper end of the ground saloon, under a splendid canopy of crimson-velvet, fringed and embroidered with gold, two chairs of state were placed, on a platform raised one step above the floor of the apartment, covered with the finest carpets of the East.

The company were already assembled, either habited in masks or in costume, magnificently dressed in honor of the young bride. They were dispersed about the different saloons in groups, listening to music, or joining in the dance, except those in immediate attendance on the young princess, who, seated on one of the chairs of state, received the homage of different parties as they arrived. She was very beautiful, and well she adorned this temple erected to taste and luxury. The exquisite beauty of her arms and shoulders, slightly veiled by a profusion of dark hair, owing to its style of arrangement—whose darkness seemed to heighten while it partially hid their surpassing whiteness. But she,

too, was of the Austrian line, whose selfishness and pride made them detested as tyrants. Every feature of her face seemed full of abstraction. Except when speaking, she seemed absorbed by deep inward feeling, and, being rather pale, had more the appearance of a matchless form which owed its creation to the magic of the sculptor's touch, than a child of earth.

The Duke appeared to be in high spirits, and was freely conversing with some of his favorites when Salviati's party advanced to pay their respects to the Duchess. Touching Lorenzino familiarly on the shoulder, he exclaimed, in a tone of pleasantry—

"How now, Lorenzino? Art thou become one of us? Does our philosopher condescend to doff his usual simplicity of attire, or hast thou in reality turned courtier?"

"I would turn anything to serve your Excellency, or even to give you pleasure," returned Lorenzino, "but I feared a kinsman's congratulations would not be acceptable to a young princess, if proffered with aught of address, either in dress or manner."

"Thou hast no reason to be sad, Lorenzino. Dost thou not enjoy the favor of thy prince beyond all others? Art thou not a Medici?"

"I am!" sternly replied Lorenzino, "and"—but, hastily correcting himself, he added, "your excellency knows my moody spirit, and my wayward disposition. If I do not flatter thee with the servility of a courtier, it is because I love thee with the sincerity of a kinsman."

"We are well-persuaded of thy love, perhaps the more so because thou sayest the least about it," returned the Duke, taking his kinsman by the arm and leading him to a remote part of the room, where they might converse without interruption.

As they stood apart from the rest of the company, the contrast between them was exceedingly striking. The Duke was a tall, robust, powerful man, rather inclined to corpulence; his countenance was stern and unpleasant, his complexion dark, with thick lips and curly hair, which almost gave him the appearance of an African. Lorenzino, though well made, was of delicate form and small stature, with a most intelligent cast of countenance, expressive of the energy of his disposition, which gave him a superior mental advantage over the Duke as he was superior to him in size and strength.

After some little conversation, during which he dwelt with evident pleasure on the prosperity of his political situation, to which his auditor listened with the appearance of deep interest, Alessandro advanced toward the Duchess, leaning on his kinsman's arm. The crowd made way as they approached, while, with his most gracious manner, he introduced his cousin to his beautiful wife, who received him with the affectionate confidence due to so near a relative.

The Duke mingled with the gay assembly, and with a playful smile on his countenance, passed from one to another, with the evident intention of creating the friendliest feeling possible amongst those who were present; and it was equally evident that he was to a degree successful, by the smiles of satisfaction that lit up the faces of the fawning favorites as he passed a friendly word of recognition.

Lorenzino still leaned on the Duchess' chair, but with an expression of melancholy that ill-accorded with the scene before him. Proud and high-spirited, he felt the humiliation of his assumed character, and not all his philosophy could silence the voice of conscience, or reconcile him to the treacheries he was practising. He was therefore greatly relieved when the Duchess' departure permitted him to leave the palace, and bury the bitterness of his reflections in the solitude of his own home. Released from the degrading necessity of supporting a feigned character, Lorenzino hastened to secure himself from all interruption, that he might have leisure to reflect on his situation, and form some resolution as to his future conduct.

The scene he had just witnessed had unusually softened his heart, and more than ever he detested what he chose to denounce the glaring treachery of his conduct. Nevertheless, although the Duke's confiding friendship had awakened remorse, he could not but consider him as a tyrant of his country, as his own political enemy, and the usurper of his rights. He stifled all the feelings of relationship for his cousin, and persuaded himself that he believed the report of his being the child of Pope Clement VII. by an African slave, because he wished it to be true, and felt that his conduct needed some such sovereign excuse. He was also deeply pledged to the "fursuscoli," at the head of which party was his old friend Filippo Strozzi, whom he revered as his early instructor, and had still more powerful motives for retaining his friendship.

However dark the shadow may be upon a man's character, and however replete may be the evils which surround and influence him, there are few—not one, as far as our philosophy takes us—who have not some redeeming quality; and Lorenzino de' Medici was by no means so depraved as one of those. Education and circumstances had made him what he was; Republicanism was almost hereditary in his family; his hatred of the elder branch of the Medici had descended to him from his father and grandfather; and as the only representatives of that line were natural children, he considered himself as lawful successor to the Government of Florence, in a direct line from their great and common ancestor, Giovanni de' Duchi.

Deprived of his father in his youth, his education devoted on his mother, lady of the Soderini family, who inculcated the strongest Republican principles into his mind; and, with the assistance of Filippo Strozzi, taught him to despise all modern institutions. His opinions consequently were formed on the model of the ancients; he entertained strong ideas of predestination, therefore thought everything justifiable which expediency required—and believed suicide was no crime. He was a devoted

admirer of literature and the fine arts, and had resided for some time at the Court of Clement VII., where doubtless he would have continued, contented admiring the beauties of antiquity, without a wish to find a parallel in his own times; but the Pope, to satisfy some inconsiderate resentment, had expelled him from Rome on a charge of having mutilated the statues in the Arch of Constantine, and his dormant ambition was painfully aroused. He returned to Florence, vowing nothing but vengeance and revenge for his disgrace. Ideas of becoming the liberator of his country soon occupied his mind, and at last he thought no means too vile that would ensure his success in so glorious an undertaking.

A very Proteus in deception, he could assume whatever character he pleased; and he was now the intimate friend, confidential minister, and profligate associate of the man whose destruction he most desired and coolly meditated. The great similarity in feelings and situation of the Strozzi and Soderini families drew them closer together; and Lorenzino having no brothers nor sisters of his own to love, regarded them with fraternal tenderness. Constantly in their society, Filippo Strozzi treated him as his own son, and it is not to be wondered at that his early dreams of happiness were, to a very great degree, centered amongst them. Again these ties were very greatly increased by the affection he bore Strozzi's daughter Luisa. They had been playmates as children, inseparable companions in youth, until their growing attachment increasing with their years, ripened into love. His passion for her was the only tie that bound him to the world; it was the tenure by which he held life; the spark of his existence, which, once extinguished, would have left him nothing but night and misery. He hated mankind, but he loved Luisa; and his hatred to them found its balance in a greater increase of that love. It was the only remaining feeling that linked him to his fellow creatures; and was the cause of his anguish and remorse; for he could not bear that the beautiful Luisa Strozzi should for a moment suppose him the associate of the Duke's profligate intrigues and libertine amusements; and yet it was necessary to the success of his enterprise that he should appear as such. He was not at liberty to make her his confidant, because his political secrets did not belong to himself alone; too many were involved in the transaction to expose their safety to the slightest possibility of accident. Again, he was well aware that Luisa, much as she participated in her father's abhorrence of the tyrant, would never approve of the dissimulation of his conduct. He mediated the crime he was anxious to see consummated without any individual feeling of restraint, beyond that of the great love he bore her. He pictured the end of his scheme—could he then offer the hand of a murderer, yet reeking with the blood of a relative, to one so pure, so lovely, and so valued? Luisa valued him for the great virtue she believed governed all his actions; would then the highest situation in the Republic, would all that gratified ambition could bestow, console her when she mourned the loss of everything noble in him? Could he expect her to trust her happiness to one who had proved himself a traitor? Could she find repose in the embrace of a murderer, however much that murderer might cherish her? If so, could he view her in the same exalted light that now made her so supreme in his eyes? If not, how could he pursue that the result of which would rob him of all that made life bearable? These ideas weighed down his spirit, and like the last suggestions which the good angel makes, had almost annihilated his purposes. Lost in a reverie in which these insupportable reflections were working steadily for the best results, he was roused by the sudden entrance of his late companion of the Lung' Arno, cautiously enveloped in his black domino.

"I told thee, did I not, Lorenzino," exclaimed he, "that when thou art not thyself, my friend; why is thy noble spirit so cast down?"

"Ah, Filippo," replied Lorenzino, "the approach to crime, when lured on by hatred or ambition, is as easy as the flower-child wayside; and with such motives to incite it, is passed over with an enthusiasm which hardly admits of thought; still," continued he, "there are moments when one regrets the paths of virtue are not his."

"Lorenzino, hast thou grown cold already in the cause of liberty? Will thou desert thy friends? What has changed thee thus?" hastily queried Filippo.

"I was thinking," replied Lorenzino, "how one could carry the reputation of a murderer. Think thee, should our object fail—should our fellow citizens, too deep in pleasure, be deaf to the call of Liberty, nothing remains to us but to be driven from the haunts of men, and to become outcasts on the face of earth."

"Does thy heart fail thee, then, Lorenzino?"

"No, Filippo; my purpose is too sternly fixed to admit of any change," returned Lorenzino. "I made my resolves under full conviction of the justice of my motives. I am willing to lay down my life to procure my country's freedom; but, Strozzi, my honor is dear to me; and if future ages, even should do justice to my reputation, there is another consideration still more weighty that stays my hand, and almost causes me to waver in my determination."

Here Lorenzino's agitation became so great, that he was obliged to pause for a few moments, while Filippo stood in silence looking at him, as if he would penetrate to the bottom of his heart.

"Do me no injustice, Filippo," proceeded Lorenzino, "even in thought," replying, as it were, to his friend's looks; "I am innocent of anything like treachery to thee or thine; and I will now tell thee what oppresses my spirits and weighs down my heart. Thou hast been the guide of my inexperience

and youth, and thou knowest every feeling which animates my soul. My love for thy fair daughter Luisa has long received thy sanction, and she is dearer to me than life, than honor, ay, dearer than liberty itself. Tell me, then, Filippo," he exclaimed with vehemence, "tell me truly, will thy daughter wed a murderer?"

"Say rather, can the daughter of Filippo Strozzi hesitate for one moment to wed the liberator of her country! Thou knowest, Lorenzino," calmly continued Strozzi, "that in happier times I approved thy early love; judge, then, with how much more joy I could press to my heart the son of my choice, as the hero who had given freedom to Florence."

Filippo Strozzi was relieved of a great burden of anxiety in finding love to be the only cause of Lorenzino's dejection; and he used every effort to calm and restore him to his wonted placidity. By degrees he brought him round to his purpose, and Lorenzino listened attentively while he detailed the situation of the "fursuscoli," and explained their different suggestions about bringing about a revolution in Florence.

Strozzi, as will have been supposed, was not an exile in the full sense of the word, but he had long been an object of the Duke's suspicions, who, afraid to attack him openly on account of his great wealth and influence, detained him at the Court of France as ambassador; and he was now secretly in Florence to ascertain the exact situation of the Republican party. While Filippo minutely entered into all these details, he had the satisfaction of seeing his young auditor reacquire by degrees his wonted self-possession. His ambition began to revive; and Filippo artfully insinuated his hopes of seeing him at the head of the Florentine Republic, when public prosperity, restored by his means, should have entitled him to think of private enjoyment.

"Then, Lorenzino," he continued, "thou shalt reap the reward of thy patriotism. Grant this weakness, which is unworthy thee. Thou art the true descendant of Cosimo Padre della Patria, and nothing stands in thy way but the usurper—one blow, and everything is clear for thy exaltation. Thou knowest Brutus was the friend of Caesar, and did he not slay him?"

"It is true, and it shall be mine to imitate his great example, in which the ties of friendship are second to the freedom of a kindred people," said Lorenzino with increasing animation. "Filippo, thou hast roused me; behold the tyrant's life hangs by a single thread—that will I sever, and then—"

"Liberty is ours," interrupted Filippo, "and Florence would welcome thee as her deliverer. But I must away; thy mother alone knows of my presence here. I have stifled the feelings of a parent, and have not dared as yet to enter my palace to embrace my children, who little think their father is so near them; but Luisa shall know thou art still the son of her father's choice."

The thoughts of his children, and the remembrance of his family, for a moment unmanned Strozzi; and the feelings of the lofty patriot, the stern philosopher, and the ambitious politician were for a time lost in those of the father and the man. He paused for a moment, and then added:

"Thou seest, Lorenzino, I too have feelings of regret which I cannot always suppress. But this is no time for such musings; I must be at the Mugello by dawn, where I will provide for thy safety if escape should be necessary. Fare thee well, my son; be firm and fear not!"

Lorenzino returned his friend's embrace with great warmth, and conducted him to the door of his apartment, where he stood listening to his retreating footsteps, until he felt he must have reached the outer gate in safety. Greatly relieved by the conversation with his intended father-in-law, he retired to his couch more composed in his mind than he had been for a long time. He felt himself pledged beyond retreat to Strozzi and his party, and he could not question but that Luisa's love was still sanctioned by her father's approbation. He drew pictures of years to come crowned with happiness in her society; and notwithstanding his ideas of liberty, he felt his heart thrill as he indulged a hope of being Lord of Florence; yet he would not allow, even to himself, that any private interest could interfere with his plans, based, as he reasoned to himself, only on the public weal. He endeavored to quiet the reproaches of conscience for the means he was to employ to bring about the happy results he anticipated to all his projects, which he continued to persuade himself were founded on the purest patriotism.

How easy it is for the mind to become familiar with its own glaring imperfections, or totally unmindful of its defects, when we seek excuse for doing that which we ourselves desire.

Gaily went on the dance and the festivities in the palace of the Medici, where were congregated the fair women and brave men of Florence.

The Duchess had quitted the gay scene, and the Duke now took up his position at the end of the saloon to welcome any new arrivals. Amongst a few of those who had delayed their appearance at the fete, was the fair Luisa, the beautiful daughter of the proud Strozzi, who, after having paid her homage to Alessandro, retired amidst suppressed murmurs of admiration, to mingle with the assembly. A little taller than the middle size of women, perfectly formed, with a clear complexion, dark hair, and black eyes beaming with intelligence, she was extremely beautiful, and her natural charms were greatly set off by the rich but chaste elegance of the dress she had chosen for the evening. The expression of her countenance was naturally gay, but there was about her an air of uneasiness and deep thought, which added to the natural arch of her eyebrows, and the perfect outline of her features, gave her a

seriousness, not unlike the appearance of a Madonna. She made her way rapidly through the throng, anxiously and apparently closely scrutinizing every mask in the different apartments, until at last evidently disappointed with the result of her search, she was returning to the main saloon when she was accosted by the Duke, who immediately on her quitting the platform had hastened after her.

"Let me welcome the fair daughter of Strozzi—nothing could further adorn our fête to-night, since the fairest of the daughters of Florence has seen fit to grace it with her presence," said Alessandro.

"It is true, my Lord," returned Luisa, "that in the Palace of the Medici the fairest are."

"Ah! true indeed to-night!" replied the Duke, "but it was not true till now, and," continued he, "if every heart that beats in this presence be not far less dull than is my own, thou indeed art Queen of many."

"None are so desolate, but that they live at least in one heart," said Luisa.

"Their fate has not been all unkind to thee, for one heart I know who owes its slavery to the brightness of thine eye," said the Duke, who now offered his arm to Luisa, and as he led her through the crowd, continued—"Tell me, fair Luisa, if fortune should be so favorable to thee that I might be the person who bore thee that great good will, would this not give thee joy?"

"So long," replied Luisa, "as it pleases God that I receive the favor of my Prince and Princess I cannot be ungrateful."

Arm in arm they passed through the now densely crowded room, the guests making way for them as they approached. The Duke led her to a balcony which overlooked the magnificent grounds of the palace in which many of the company were either strolling, or scattered about in small groups. The rich light from the scented torches fixed to every window of the palace, shed over them a peculiar illumination, and while without everything was made visible by its brightness, so immediately under it and near to the dark background of the building itself were they, that they were left in a singularly blunt contrast of mingled light and shade. The wind which at intervals stirred gently the folds of the silken draperies of the window, stole by them into the perfumed apartments and retreated laden with odor. The scene was one of serene loveliness—the low murmur of the lute swept through the gardens like a living melody—the stars seemed never so bright, and the fresh incense of the fragrant blossoms with which the balcony was crowded seemed almost to intoxicate the senses into forgetfulness. There was a strange contrast in the occupants of the balcony: the one a gentle and trustful being, whose character had been formed in that careful school where self was merged in the growth of nobleness and generosity, and who accordingly had early formed a love for virtue in all things which almost amounted to worship; the other, the Duke, as has been already seen, was an ill-favored, repulsive man; brought up in the midst of that luxury which serves only to debase, he soon began to feel that all who surrounded him were dedicated in some way or other, either to promote his pleasures or gratify his desires. The charm of the hour was such as to vivify all emotions of love, and to bring into activity all the passions of the soul. His were debased passions. He saw before him, one who had who had been unfortunate enough to attract his admiration, and as he gazed on her beautiful face, which acquired a new beauty in its serious repose, he resolved to possess her.

Luisa felt an influence about her painful and oppressive; she would have quitted the balcony, but having been in the palace but a few moments, she hesitated to offer as an excuse her wish to return, and, beyond her own distaste to the presence of the Duke, as yet she saw no opportunity of quitting him without a breach of that etiquette which she felt was due him; and only ventured, as the silence began to be embarrassing, to suggest their return to the saloon.

"Nay, Luisa," said the Duke, "hear me. Will thou believe that the happiness of thy Prince rests with thee? Speak! I will then be held the first in Florence; adorn the Palace of the Medici, and be courted as the favorite of Alessandro?"

"My Lord!" hastily spoke Luisa, "thou playest with the feelings of a woman, or else thou bearst little regard for the daughter of Filippo Strozzi. I beg thee let us join the company," she continued, stepping to the window.

"Hear me, fair Luisa," said the Duke, now utterly unmindful of everything but the unrestrained passion which raged in his bosom; "hear me," continued he grasping the wrist of Luisa, and throwing his arm about her waist, "do not scorn the love of Alessandro! It shall be thine to boast of thy devotion to thee! and nothing that power can yield but what shall be thine if thou wilt but listen to his suit!" and he sought to press his lips to her cheek, but she struggled with him, inspired with the disgust she bore him, and the sense of the wrong she was experiencing at his hands.

"My Lord Duke!" exclaimed she, "wilt thou detain a woman against her will?"

At this moment, Salvati, who had been in search of the Duke, fortunately noticed, when Alessandro released Luisa, who rapidly swept by him and passing into the saloon, without delay, left the palace, bearing with indignation at the insult to which she had been subjected.

Oh, ho, my Prince!" said Salvati, who, although he had not witnessed the scene, naturally suspected from the hasty manner in which Luisa had left the balcony, that she was only too anxious to be freed from the Duke's presence, "and thou hast been wasting eloquence on Strozzi's fair daughter? Why, she's the most virtuous woman in all Florence."

"There are more ways than one to win a woman," replied the Duke.

We left Lorenzo enjoying the most delightful visions of spousal love and gratified ambition, during which the innocent object of his affections was undergoing the greater anxiety of mind, and he was to a great degree the cause of her sufferings.

Luisa Strozzi had observed for a long time, with great sorrow, the increasing friendship between Lorenzo and the Duke; she had always been to a degree aware of the great liberality of the latter, and it was with feelings of the severest anguish that she beheld the person, whom above all others, she loved, degrading himself, by descending to aid the Duke in his intrigues. It grieved her to see him, on his return from Rome, plunge so deeply into politics, as she would have preferred his adopting the quiet enjoyments of private life.

In her love for him, she could calmly contemplate any sacrifice however great for him, and it was a source of pain to her that his affection was not powerful enough to destroy his ambition; yet it was not her province to oppose him, and she never had done so; too contented with the assurance of his affections, she never even chided him or alluded to his

changes of conduct. Others said he was becoming more with all the world; but to her, she found him still the same. He did not come so often to her father's palace, as had been his wont, and when he did come, she could not but observe that there was a weight on his spirits, but he was still affectionately kind to her and sought every means to tranquillize her mind, and she was content.

Sometimes he said but little, and occasionally, when she looked at him, she would encounter his gaze fixed so sadly upon her that it drew tears from both, and then she felt an indescribable sensation of anxiety, a foreboding of something dreadful to come, a feeling for which she could not account, and to which she had been hitherto a stranger. But at last she had resolved to come to some explanation with Lorenzo, and for this purpose had attended the fête of the preceding evening, where we have seen she was so unfortunate as to have missed him, and obliged at last to quit the palace in order to avoid the gross conversation and the attempted familiarities of the Duke.

She passed an unhappy, and almost sleepless night, a bad just arisen from her bed a melancholy contrast to the usual hilarity of her spirits. She had resolved to make no comment to any one on the occurrences of the fête, as, well knowing the hatred of her family to Alessandro, she rightly judged it would create animosity which might result in very great inconvenience, if not danger to them.

If it were so ordered that outward circumstances could at all compensate for internal disquietude, Luisa would have been most amply indemnified. She had hardly a thought or a wish ungratified—adored as she was by her father and brothers, who could not manifest too much love for her. Nature, as has already been shown, was all bountiful to her. From early childhood she possessed an elasticity of spirits which only purity and innocence can give; a buoyancy of happiness which ignorance of the world and its troubling cares alone permits us mortals to enjoy, and which the dull realities of life nip in the bud as surely as the biting frost destroys the untimely flower.

Luisa was listlessly reclining on a pile of soft cushions—the adornment of her person was attired in unadorned, and in vain her favorite greyhound sought to attract the attention of its mistress—when after a light knocking at her door, the object of her thoughts stood before her. Although somewhat surprised at this early visit, she could ill conceal the pleasure she felt.

Her lover, seating himself beside her, was beginning to explain that he could now claim her as his bride, with her father's entire sanction, when her brother suddenly burst into the room, apparently under the influence of the most ungovernable rage. Without giving Lorenzo or his sister time to make the least observation, Pietro Strozzi cried in a voice almost choked with passion:

"Lorenzo, what thinkest thou of this? On my way from San Miniato, where the Fair is held, I was accosted by that detestable Salvati, and—pausing a moment for breath, he wildly continued—he dared to tell me that my dear sister here had superseded his royal and imperial bride in the Duke's heart—and that the Duke had said to him that he should never know happiness until possessed of her affections! Think of this, Lorenzo! I will be revenged on him, at least, who dared put such congratulations to me!"

Luisa trembled at this information, and Lorenzo turned deadly pale, but only for a moment, and although he said everything to calm Luisa, and made light of Salvati's intelligence, it was evident that he felt none of that tranquillity he sought to impart. Lorenzo soon took leave of Luisa, with very different sensations to those with which he had entered. He took Pietro into another room, and there related all to him that had passed the evening previous between his father and himself, and his resolve to run the risk of hastening matters, rather than that Luisa's honor should be endangered—and signified his resolution to proceed at once to the palace in order to devise some means for the immediate execution of their plans.

The two friends parted, Lorenzo having cautioned his companion not to divulge their conversation to Luisa. Pietro returned to console his sister, and Lorenzo made his way home, where he found a private summons to attend the Duke in his secret cabinet.

When Lorenzo had formed his determination of gaining Alessandro's confidence, he found the readiest way to his friendship was to pander to his sensual gratifications—so in addition to assuming a manner foreign to his native nobleness of disposition, he did not hesitate to proffer his aid and assistance in all the Duke's low intrigues, and illicit amours, as he readily saw that by this means he was more certain to lull his suspicions and obtain greater facilities of bringing about the crime he had so long meditated.

The Duke was impatiently awaiting the arrival of Lorenzo, and after good humoredly upbraiding him for having deserted him so early in the preceding evening, began to expatiate on the beauties of Luisa Strozzi in the warmest terms, and related to him the scene at the fête, every sentence of which was like a dagger in Lorenzo's heart. Totally unmindful of the duty he owed to his young bride, he declared that he should not be happy until he had secured Luisa's affections; and concluded by entreating his cousin to assist him in procuring a private interview with her.

In vain did Lorenzo endeavor to convince him that after her violent displeasure at the fête, it would be next to an impossibility to bring it about. Again he pointed out the danger of his encouraging his now passion; he tried to awaken fears by representing the power of the Strozzi family; he spoke of the lady's near relationship to himself, her mother being the celebrated Madonna Clavio de Medici, daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent. But all was of no avail; the more he perceived Lorenzo's reluctance to assist him, the more he persisted in urging his compliance.

Little did the base Prince imagine that he was signing his own death warrant by his persistent obstinacy. Lorenzo at length fearing he might go too far in his refusals, pretended to be overcome by the Duke's commands, and promised that, ere night, he should hear from him in a manner which he hoped would be favorable to his wishes; and then he hastened to retire, aware that his emotions were rapidly getting such command over him as to certainly betray him, either to the keen observation of the Duke, or some of his satellites.

Lorenzo before returning to his own palace, sought the dwelling of a man who lived near him, and who had long been secretly in his service. On his walk thither he could not but reflect on the singular destiny that appeared to have yielded up his victim to his fate. He felt the moment was now indeed arrived, and he thanked that change of circumstances which, while it had so generously removed

the only restraint he felt, had greatly added to the motives which kept alive his resolution to sacrifice the life of his hated kinsman. Love, ambition, revenge, all the strong passions of his nature were aroused, urging him on to the commission of the crime he meditated—and he resolved that not another day should see the Duke alive.

Aware of the superior strength of the Duke, and yet afraid to trust his secret to numbers, he had provided an assistant on whom he could rely; this person's name was Scoronconcolo, a man of fearless habits and almost gigantic stature. He had been condemned to death for his numerous crimes, but was pardoned by the intercessions of Lorenzo, who not only saved his life, but had supported him ever since. Lorenzo found Scoronconcolo as blindly devoted to his service as he could possibly desire, and ready to perform any crime that his master's interests required. Long aware of the purpose for which he was retained, he seemed, when his patron informed him that the moment was now arrived which would deliver his enemy into his power, and that he should require his assistance that night in fulfilling the oath by which he had so frequently bound himself. Scoronconcolo reiterated his promises of fidelity, and assured him that nothing should prevent the gratification of his revenge. Encouraged by finding him so recklessly determined, Lorenzo appointed him to be at his palace before midnight, well armed; recommending the utmost secrecy and caution, with increased promises of riches and protection, he returned home to complete his preparations for the murder of his kinsman.

The house of Lorenzo de Medici was only separated from the Duke's palace by a narrow lane, and over this space an arch had been thrown to connect both houses, so that any person could pass from one to the other without fear of observation. This private communication had been constructed by the Duke's command to facilitate his intrigues, and give admittance to those victims of his libertinism he dared not openly receive at his palace. Of this passage Lorenzo determined to avail himself on the present occasion, as he did not for a moment question that he could succeed in enticing Alessandro alone into his power, under the pretence of meeting their fair kinswoman.

It was the Eve of Epiphany, and the Duke had just returned from witnessing the procession of Befana. He was at supper in his private apartments with several of his favorites, and had indulged rather more freely than usual in the pleasures of the table, when a note from Lorenzo was delivered into his hands. It informed him that with the greatest difficulty he had succeeded in making an assignment for him at midnight; but that no persuasion would induce the lady to come to the palace for fear of discovery, but that she evinced her willingness to await him at his house. This did not excite the Duke's suspicions, as he had frequently made use of his cousin's apartments in former intrigues; and as it then wanted only a few moments of the hour, he excused himself to his friends, and hastened to the appointed place by means of the private passage. He found Lorenzo awaiting his arrival in a large, gloomy apartment, which served as his bed-room, and was lighted by a solitary lamp, and a large wood fire which burned dimly on the hearth. Wearied with the pleasures of the day, the Duke laid aside his secret armor, and his usual dress, and was attired in a loose dressing-gown of rich silk, lined with ermine, with no other weapon than his sword, which he carried under his arm. He approached Lorenzo, and gaily inquired where he should find the lady; to which he replied, that as in this case the lady was of high rank, he felt the very greatest caution was necessary, and that he himself would go and bring her from a house where she was concealed, and conduct her cautiously and unobserved into the palace. The Duke, still unsuspecting of treachery, chiding him for his extreme caution, said he would throw himself on the bed and rest until his return, as he felt unusually tired. Lorenzo assisted him to the couch and placed his sword officiously beside him, taking good care to entangle the hilt in the sheets in such a manner, by the aid of the belt, as to render it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to draw, and then left him to repose on the very brink of a precipice to which, at last, with months and months of care, he had enticed him.

Lorenzo found his confederate well prepared to second him; but fearing that Scoronconcolo might hesitate when he saw who he was brought to assassinate, he thought it advisable to sound him on the subject. He began by assuring him that their victim could not escape, but warned him that the person they were to attack was a very prominent man, and of great consequence in the State, and that he must not hesitate at that account.

"Fear not, master," said Scoronconcolo. "Were it the Duke himself I would not fail thee."

"By heaven thou hast rightly guessed," said Lorenzo in a low voice; "it is the Duke himself."

"Duke or devil," replied the ruffian, "let us come on; it is but a man, I suppose?"

This dialogue took place in a low tone, almost at the very door of the bed-room, which they now entered with noiseless steps, having judged by the hard, deep breathing of their victim that he slept soundly. They concealed their faces in black masks, and advancing noiselessly to the bed-side, they both assailed him at once; and strange to say, when a little judgment had made one blow suffice, wounded him in several places without effect. The unfortunate Prince made a desperate resistance; and having vainly endeavored to draw his entangled sword, struggled hard with his murderers. Lorenzo fearing he might yet shake them off and give the alarm, dropped the sword which he held in his grasp, and throwing himself bodily on the Duke, pinned him to the bed. In the struggle which now ensued, the Duke got Lorenzo's thumb between his teeth, and so forcibly did he bite it, that he fairly roared with pain, and called to Scoronconcolo to dispatch him, which he in vain tried to do, as Lorenzo so covered the body of the Duke, which, added to the struggling, rendered it impossible to strike a mortal blow without wounding his master. Perceiving their situation, Lorenzo drew out a case-knife with his left hand, which was the only weapon he ever wore, and had been frequently the object of the Duke's ridicule, and plunged it into the back of Alessandro's neck, near the spine. In giving this fatal blow his mask fell off; and the dying prince, recognizing his treacherous cousin, exclaimed, "Et tu, Lorenzo!" and expired without a groan.

History surmises, and we are disposed to think quite correctly, that, from the popular feeling which existed against Alessandro, had Lorenzo remained quietly in Florence, and immediately announced the death of the Duke, he would have probably found himself chosen in his place, notwithstanding his participation in his death. But Providence seldom allows crime to prosper, even for a time; and the very measure by which the republican party hoped

to secure their triumph, produced an opposite result. Horror-struck at their daring achievement, the confederates stood looking at each other in silence, and finally, without adopting any of the measures which presented themselves for hiding their participation in the murder, which could easily have been done, fear took such a hold on them that they began to prepare for immediate escape. Mounting two of Lorenzo's steadiest horses, by means of the Duke's signal they passed the gates, and reached the Mugello long before dawn, where they were received with the greatest acclamations, and Lorenzo was hailed as the Brutus of his age, and the deliverer of his country.

The body of the Duke was found, and on it the note of Lorenzo, leaving no doubt of his treachery in the murder. The citizens of Florence, immediately on the interment of Alessandro, proceeded to elect a Prince in his place, and much earlier than was anticipated by the absent leaders of the republican party. Tired of continual wars and unavailing contests, they determined to select a prince who should unite in his own person the advantage of being the people's choice, and the nearest legitimate descendant of the old house of Medici. They selected Cosimo, the only son of Giovanni de Medici, better known as the chief of the "banda nera," who was cousin to the two princes, both the murdered and the murderer, and immediately proclaimed him Duke of Florence. This was the ruin of Strozzi's party; and Filippo, on his return to the city, in hopes of getting Lorenzo proclaimed Duke, was thrown into prison in a fortress which he had built at his own expense, where, shortly afterwards, unable to survive the total destruction of his party, he put an end to his own existence. Lorenzo was publicly branded with the name of "il Traditore;" and shunning his fellow men, he fled to Venice, and not thinking himself safe there, he made his way to Constantinople, where he remained for many years. At last he ventured again to Italy, where justice, though long delayed, overtook him at last, and he was assassinated in the streets of Venice by an old follower of Alessandro, who doubtless thought he was doing an act of gratitude to the memory of his former master.

The Strozzi and Sorderiali families, after the election of Cosimo, were exiled from Florence, to prevent the possibility of their exciting fresh disturbances in the State. The gentle Luisa, unable to survive her lover's infamy and her father's suicide, gradually sunk under the pressure of such irreparable calamities. She had, indeed, become familiar with the stern realities of life in a way and under circumstances more terrible than fall to the ordinary run of humanity. She had loved Lorenzo with more than an ordinary affection; yet it was second to her sovereign regard of virtue and honor, and it was this condition of character that made her resist all the importunities of her family in favor of Lorenzo. Her exalted sense of religion left her no possibility of accepting the hand of a murderer, and she did not hesitate to make known her sentiments to him, although the resolve, which shed a more glorious light over that lofty spirit which revered good in spite of self-gratification—a spirit which glorified through the agony of life—planted in her heart a pain to which the sting of death would have been ecstasy. The politics of her family could not palliate in her mind the enormity of his sin; a love itself could not conquer her just abhorrence of treachery and crime; and soon after Lorenzo's departure for the Levant, her too gentle spirit found rest at last—eternal peace in a land where dukes and rulers are not, but One.

The reader who is familiar with the history of Italy, during the sixteenth century—the period from which the incidents of our sketch have been faithfully drawn—may perhaps censure us for having painted the character of Lorenzo de Medici in too glowing colors, and made him the possessor of greater virtues than would seem he really had; but the peculiarities of the age must be considered, and especially the influences which were early brought to bear on Lorenzo, at an age when he was not accountable for the impressions which, with the greatest care, were left upon his mind. His ideas of predestination stand prominently forth through all his life; and this belief alone, if sincere—and we are not in a position to successfully question it—is to a great degree an excuse for his crime. He believed it expedient, and again viewed it as a circumstance which must result in benefit to a people enslaved by the tyrant; and it is nowhere insinuated that he acted solely from ambitious, selfish motives.

It is to be regretted that so many of our latter day romances, which deal so largely in crime and murder, interwoven with all that imagination can create of inhuman plot and successful result, should lay their scenes in Italy. Italians are made to appear in them with a dose of poison in one hand and a dagger in another—not with the somewhat laudable design of the liberator, but connected with the ill-founded and absurd representations of love. By this means public opinion has been fearfully biased; and it is not much to say that the great distrust and antipathy felt toward the Italians, to a very great degree, is referable to this class of literature. If a "tale of terror" is to be written, not only Italian history, but the history of any nation, will afford the writer ample incidents; but while we are painting an individual, we are guilty if we slander a nation.

There is no history in the world which affords us more instances of valor, bravery, wisdom and virtue, than does the Italian. And though it is true, since the time when the Great Republic spread over the whole Peninsula, dreadful revolutions have swept away the inhabitants; though the constant struggles of war may affect the manners of a nation, "give pride to the port, defiance to the eye," we know of no cause so destructive as to have totally debased the unhappy Italians, and bereft them of all virtues. Whatever may have been, or may be, their true state, nature still smiles upon her beloved Italy; and there is a fertile soil, serene skies and a beautiful country; and there has been no period when they did not aspire to liberty; liberty was the end and object of all; and though it sometimes rose to anarchy, and as often subsided in tyranny, yet it always has revived, and ever remained the inspiring spirit of council and enterprise.

We have gone far back for the incidents of our story. Might we not have wandered to the luxuriant shores of Calabria, or lingered amid the orange groves of beautiful Sicily, and from the scenes of actual life drawn a picture which would reflect a loftier glory on the love of Italy for right and freedom?

The history of Thebes is short; its sun rose and set with its hero, Epaminondas. All the glories, all the achievements of Greece, are comprised in the records of Athens and of Lacedæmon. Yet we cannot turn to the annals of these times, rife as they are with feats of arms, with any of that sentiment with which we watch the exploits of the modern

liberator—the Washington of Italy—who, with a handful of men willing to bear privation for freedom's sake, is boldly advancing to the destruction of a system and a society of tyrants under which Italy was rapidly falling to deplorable degradation.

May the soldiers of Garibaldi, weary with successful war, sleep under the vines of Italy; and may the ships of his fleet, though shattered in the well-fought fight, ride gently in the beautiful bay of Naples, or glide majestically along the coast, the undisturbed guardians of a country it has been theirs to lift from abject slavery to never-ending liberty.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BARFIELD.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
We'll drink to the name
Of Erin's great soldier,
The foremost in fame!

Barfield! gallant Barfield! whose arm was the guide
To a death-bed of glory—the Irishman's pride!

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
The red blood is dry
Which crimsoned the Shannon
In ages gone by;

Yet we fondly dream of him who, standing alone,
His plume waved so well on the bridge of Athlone.

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
The cannon no more
On the banks of blue Boyne
The death summons roars;

Yet we all love to read the brave story to-day,
How he blushed when the recreant James fled away.

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
The spirits are fled
Who for Limerick's old walls
So bravely bled;

Yet we still hear the rescued in gratitude raise
For bold King William their anthems of praise.

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
Stretched low on his bed
The hero is lying,
The end o'er his head;

Yet we treasure his words, as in anguish he cried:
"Would to God for the land of my birth I had died!"

Quaff your glasses! quaff your glasses!
Though years have rolled by,
His memory never
Shall wither or die.

But we'll raise up a statue, and thankfully prove
That we know how to honor the man whom we love!

"We are exceedingly glad to hear that the merits of the greatest of Irish soldiers, Patrick Barfield, are about to be recognized in a becoming manner. The people of Limerick are contributing largely for the purpose of raising a statue to his memory, feeling, as they do, that no place is so fitting for a memorial of the kind as their own native city, which was the scene of his most brilliant exploits. Most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with the history of this hero. Those who are not so we refer to the history of Lord Macaulay, for a most interesting account of his singular and valorous career."

Down on Mere Names.

We are glad to see the Boston Transcript taking the same ground in relation to matters of art that we do ourselves in relation to matters ecclesiastical—viz., that of hostility to humbug and pretension. Speaking of a recent sale of pictures in Boston, that paper says:

"Let a wealthy gentleman return from Europe with a collection of paintings, good, bad or indifferent, which he, being wealthy, is supposed to know all about, and to have purchased at enormous prices; let the names of some of the distinguished painters of olden time be, deservedly or not, attached to them, and our halls are filled with other wealthy gentlemen desirous of purchasing the treasures of their traveled brother. It matters little that they be musty, rusty and utterly unworthy, as mere paintings, to be compared with the creations of our commonest painters of to-day. They may be almost obliterated by time, they may be wretchedly composed and sketchily executed. This is of no consequence. A skillful picture-seller will draw up a broad marginal catalogue with descriptions which would honor the pen of Robinson; the priceless worth of a Rubens or a Ruyssdael, a Tintoret or an Ostade will be rehearsed in glowing terms; the prettiest hall in Boston will be secured for the sale; and pictures, which gaged by their true merits or beauty would not bring the price of their frames, are knocked down for hundreds of dollars to eager bidders."

An Idea of London.

Many expedients are resorted to by writers to make the human mind comprehend the idea of vast spaces and distances, and likewise of numbers. Great cities are made to parade their population before the mind's eye by the help of some ingenious illustration, and thus we seem to comprehend the extent of the globe and the immensity of its population more easily. A writer says of the inhabitants of London as follows: "If London were surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates were of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate vacation of the city, it could not be accomplished under twenty-four hours; by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced no less a distance than seventy-five miles from the respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep."

Eloquence and a Cause.

The foreign papers tell us that, a little time since, Father Gavazzi preached in the square of San Francesco di Paolo, Naples, to an immense concourse of people, and renewed his exhortations to liberality on behalf of the wounded. The earnestness of the orator communicated itself as if by magic to his audience, and contributions of every sort poured in from all quarters—money in great quantities, sheets, shirts, sugar, lemons, oranges, were brought in. At last one person threw down his own handkerchief; his example was followed by all present, and in a few minutes a mountain of handkerchiefs was formed in the square.

Honorable, indeed, is that man whose four score years have been filled with notions conspicuously benevolent, and whose departure from the earth does not interrupt his career, but only changes the scene of it. The life of such a man has been well compared to the course of the sun, whose rising gladdens on awakening world; whose mid-day strength draws from its bosom its fertilizing power; whose setting, tranquil and majestic, leaves one-half of the earth in darkness, only that it may flood the other half with light.

Many a man thinks that it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a full stomach. One should be careful and not mistake potatoes for principles.

Ladies who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should recollect that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much sooner than a regular north-easter.

Gentlemen who smoke, allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

Written for the Banner of Light,
NOVEMBER.

BY A. F. HUNTER.

November's whining winds are here,
Sighing through the rustling corn;
The emerald leaves of May are here,
And pale the check of Spring's first-born.

The woods their Autumn coats have shed,
Of crimsoned orange-tinted hues;
The fragrant Summer flowers are dead,
Scared by the blighting toy dew.

In solemn silence stand the groves,
Mourning the feathered warblers gone,
Who in their shades had met their loves,
And on their branches made their home.

The purple plum and luscious peach,
The clustering grape and yellow pear,
The stores of tree and field have each
Been gathered in, and housed with care.

The cattle leave the short-cropped field,
Where late the rich green herbage grew,
And look to man for food and shield,
As they low round the well-stored mow.

O'er hill and plain and darker dell
Comes the swarming wind with sullen roar,
Sounding the popples' funeral knell,
And Winter's knocking at the door.

Then hie to the woods and fell the oaks,
And build the blazing, cheerful fires
To warm our social loves and hopes,
As we tell of buried days and woes.

And as we circle round the hearth,
And take, in warmth our rich repasts,
Think of the struggling child of earth,
Without, amid the wintry blasts.

Correspondence.

A HUMANITARIAN INSTITUTION.—ITS FOUNDER AND ITS PROGRESS.

Messrs. Editors.—With your kind permission I will endeavor to give your readers—whose names are legion—a small idea of the workings of an institution which we have in our midst, and the benefits of which—as well as the noble deeds of its founder and proprietor—should be further known. It is not often a more pleasant or less irksome task falls to my lot than this one, for, when the heart's warmest feelings are enlisted and a man feels himself in earnest, the pen glides smoothly over the paper, and ideas pour into his imagination, and leak out profusely from the ink-blacked point he uses.

It is with me in this case. I feel that I am expounding and helping forward a good cause; that I am working for the benefit of down-trodden humanity; that all who receive the benefits of the institution referred to will thank me—in their hearts, if they do not with their lips—and that is all the pay I seek.

DR. CHARLES MAIN—of whom I speak—is a Scotchman by birth; but is also in this country, his parents still residing in the "bonnie land" of his childhood. I have heard him spoken of several times by persons who had read the accounts in the BANNER of his wonderful cures, and they seemed to entertain the idea that the Doctor was a prodigious man—in size I mean—but nothing could be further out of the way! He is small in stature, only about "five feet, eight," but he is stout and strong; is an unassuming man in every respect; he never puts himself forward in any way, but is ever ready to do when the opportunity offers. (I have given this little description of him only to correct the ideas that had gained prevalence concerning him.) When but a boy his desire to enhance the pleasure of those around him showed itself, and when he was but about seventeen or eighteen he projected and founded (with the aid of one or two others whom he finally convinced of the good of the movement) the *Swamen's Bethel* in Philadelphia. An old store-room was found, small to be sure, but large enough to start upon; it was renovated and put in as good order as the means of those engaged would allow. It was hard work at first, but it finally began to prosper, and now, some twenty years after its foundation, it is one of the most prosperous institutions of the kind in the country. Every one who visits the "Quaker City" cannot fail to have noticed it, but very few know or dream who its founder was. After getting that in a proper way, the boy philanthropist turned his attentions to the completion of some of the other benevolent schemes with which his brain was teeming. All the good he did, and in the manifold ways he did it, it would take me too long to relate, and would also occupy too much of your room. Suffice it to say, that about fifteen years ago, some mysterious power led him to undertake the arduous duties of a physician. This same power has guided him in all his movements since. What it is every sensible man will at once see and be candid enough to admit. The Doctor is a descendant of the Scotch, and it is a well known fact that certain clans of Scotland possess a power of prophecy which is astonishing, and has been called by them "Scotch second sight-seeing." This name was evidently given to it before the real cause was known; but now, since the investigations of scientific men and the numerous manifestations we have had have proved to us the truth of spirit communication, no one can doubt but that the Doctor is continually under the influence of departed human beings, now in spirit form.

But pardon my digression. We were speaking of his being led to undertake the duties of a physician. He seemed to think that his desire to benefit his fellow sufferers in life could be no better gratified than by placing himself in this position. He did so. He made no pretensions to any great stock of erudition; he had never had the advantages of a collegiate education, medical or otherwise; nor did he wish them. He looked upon them then and does now as disadvantages. He knew a knowledge of Latin, or rather an ability to mix in a few Latin terms when talking with a patient, would not cure the malady under which he was suffering, and he looked upon the subject rightly. He therefore did not try for, and did not get, nor has now, any "sheep skin" with cartwheel seals to adorn the walls of his "office."

But to resume. At the time this mysterious power urged him to the course he pursued, he took a house in Haverd Place, where he remained for about a year, when he removed to Pleasant street, as his then present accommodation was not commodious enough. His new quarters he furnished with an especial eye to the comfort of his visitors, and had things so arranged that patients could board with him, and be under his direct supervision. As soon as all his plans were completed, he threw open the doors of his "Asylum for the afflicted," and bade rich and poor, white or black, any one, as long as they suffered, to come in and welcome. Here, again, he had hard work. The regular practice—what an abuse of words?—hunted him, declared him

an impostor, a quack, an empiric, everything but the right thing. And why? Because he did not belong to their "school"—as they graciously term it. Because he had not a diploma because he had not "graduated." All this time Dr. Main went on doing all the good he could, not minding the taunts and jeers of these poor medical howlers. His institution slowly increased in public favor. His patients were not how it was conducted; but once they ascertained from actual observation the manner in which it was carried on, no amount of persuasion from the Doctor's enemies could convince them that he was anything else but a warm friend to mankind, and his institution a God-send to humanity. The cures he accomplished were indeed wonderful. No one could tell how he did as much as he did. The pill-administering quacks outside opened their eyes in utter astonishment, and lifted up their hands with surprise, as he, day after day, cured the maim, gave sight to the blind, and relieved all classes of sufferers—many of them cases "given up" by the regular practice!

Gradually, as he and his deeds became known, his business increased, so that he was compelled to seek larger quarters for the accommodation of the numbers who were daily flocking in to see him. He succeeded at last in locating himself at No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where his institution is now in prosperous operation. Of that I would now speak more particularly, and endeavor to give your readers a definite idea of its workings.

First of all, it is in a pleasant locality. No healthier portion of Boston exists. Next, it is a pleasant home. Third, it is the only institution of the kind that has thrived. Other places have been started in imitation of this, but all have collapsed. This place is bought and paid for; everything within its walls is paid for; and the Doctor goes on with his good work, with the calm assurance that he owes mankind nothing more than to do them all the good he can. The moment a patient enters the portals of the Doctor's house he feels at home. The good Doctor himself meets him at the door, cordially shakes his hand, and greets him with a smile that instantly inspires the poor fellow with the utmost confidence. No stiff and pompous ceremony takes place, no rude and harsh language falls from the Doctor's lips, but all seems congenial. This is the first prescription the Doctor always gives to his patients—a smile and a cordial welcome—and they work wonderful cures sometimes. If the patient is able to sit up, he is immediately conveyed into the parlor, where books, papers and music are at hand, and some one always around to place them before him. Here, too, he feels at home. No splendid, magnificent or over-costly furniture meets his eye, but "everything is so comfortable," as I heard a poor consumptive fellow exclaim when first ushered in there. If he is not able to sit up, he is immediately conveyed to his room—the Doctor taking him up in his own arms, if not able to walk. There, too, he finds all is pleasant. He is not clamored down on the bed, and told to lay there until "the Doctor can get a chance to attend to him"; the door is not rudely banged, and he left alone to think and wish himself "home again." No. Gently, softly does the Doctor dispose of his charge, and the first question he asks him is, what he wants to make him comfortable. He does not say, "I'll do so and so," but, "what will you have me do?" If the request is any way reasonable, it is granted. All requests are not complied with. If a dyspeptic patient wishes the Doctor to supply him with half a dozen ears of corn, a few pickled cucumbers, and some heavy cake, the Doctor objects—he says no, and he does so rightly. He studies the interest of the patient before him. Is not that the only thing for him to do? Good nurses are always hovering around like angels, soothing, calming and quieting the poor and weary ones. They are not allowed to treat any one harshly; if they do, it is as good as a discharge. The Doctor pays hourly visits to the rooms occupied by the sick. If a man has a taste for reading, and it will not be injurious to him, the *Journal* some how finds its way to his bedside every morning, and the BANNER pays a weekly visit to him, cheering and consoling him, no matter whether he be a Spiritualist or not. Does he love flowers? Dripping with the dew of morning, fragrant and beautiful, there they stand beside him.

Such treatment as this, Messrs. Editors, is the secret of the Doctor's success. Out of the five or six thousand patients he has yearly, at the least calculation, ten out of every twelve are cured! And why? He believes humane and Christian treatment of more efficacy than pills and powders—although the latter are well enough in their place. He believes that the most suffering human being wants sympathy—and he administers it in large doses without any regard to stated hours for the medicine to be taken. He believes more of the cure lays in the manner of the attending physician than there does in his medicine case.

He is right. There is no getting out of it. His philosophy is sound and he lives up to it. He loves his patients. Rich and poor receive the same favors at his hands—money cannot buy him. The "filthy lucre" has no attractions for him other than the means by which to help the poor and suffering. No one knows how much good he does.

Now, in conclusion, allow me to ask your readers what they think of Dr. Charles Main? Is he an impostor, or is he a philanthropist? Is he a quack, or does he understand his business? Should he be sought for or neglected? The statements I have made can be relied on. I have experienced all the benefits I have spoken of, and no one thinks more of or esteems Dr. Main higher than

Yours, truly,
E. F. ACKERMAN.

The Settlement at Hammoncton, N. J.

I have lately visited Hammoncton, N. J. It is situated on a tract of land that came into market only three years ago, and now I should estimate its inhabitants to number at least fifteen hundred souls, and there is a continual increase made by the new settlers that are constantly pouring into the settlement; in fact, there appears to be an irresistible attraction for men of intellectual energy and enterprise. I know of no community where there appears to be more industry and intellectual progress than I found in Hammoncton.

The advertisement of Landis & Byrnes is not, as many have supposed, one of those humbugging land speculations: it is a reality, as the land there will show for itself. I was informed by Dr. Siles that he had his third crop for this year on the same spot of ground—the first being beaus, the second peas, and the last turnips; and they are now in as thriving a condition as you could wish them to be. This, I will vouch, is more than the New England soil will do in one season. The soil is particularly adapted to the fine fruits, such as the cranberry, grape, peach and apricot. They have not got to producing much fruit in the settlement, as yet; but the vines and trees of the above mentioned qualities are in as thriving a state as culture can put them with only

two years' growth. In my opinion—that is, judging from present appearances—Hammoncton will, in the course of five years, be the flower, fruit and vegetable garden of New Jersey.

I found the majority of the people to be believers in spirit-intercourse. They have established a Sabbath School, and meet every Sunday. Sometimes they have lectures from Mrs. Robbins, and occasionally from the well known clairvoyant physician, A. C. Miles, formerly of Bridgeport, Ct. Your humble correspondent lectured twice to the very attentive audience which Hammoncton and its precincts afforded.

Those friends in the New England States who are unsettled, and design going West to locate, if they wish to settle in a healthy climate, and on productive soil, where they can also have the society of intellectual minds, I should advise them to go and take a look at Hammoncton. It is all laid out in beautiful avenues and streets, and the country for miles has just an easy roll; indeed, it is a very desirable place to locate.

Yours for truth,
J. H. RANDALL,
Hammoncton, Penn., Oct. 30.

Lecturers Wanted.

Feeling a deep interest in the subject of Spiritualism, and living in the midst of unbelievers, I receive but little sympathy whenever I inquire as to the experiences of my acquaintances, who, with scarcely an exception, disclaim all knowledge and all belief in the new light. There are two or three Spiritualists here; with one I am acquainted, Mr. Wingard, who takes the BANNER OF LIGHT newspaper. I hold frequent conversations with him—peruse his newspapers, which I sometimes borrow—yet all this is unsatisfactory. I possess a volume (1) of Edmonds's and Dr. Dexter's work on Spiritualism. This has been read and re-read by me. The people who assume all the respectability, religion, etc.—I mean members and ministers of the Baptists, Congregationalists and other Orthodox churches—frown with inconceivable darkness upon the occasional opinions expressed by those who, if not converts, are ready to believe their own senses, just as soon as that book, written in the darker ages, called the Bible. I mean no disrespect, no irreverence for the holy Scriptures, but I do not discard any new lights which God, in his tender mercies, may see fit to send us through ministering angels, spirits, etc. Is it possible that God has changed? I have all ways been taught that he is an unchangeable Being. But religionists tell us that the time for miracles, and the time for spiritual communications have gone by. He no more works by these means; they are the occurrences of another, a distant age—when Christ walked the earth. I am almost constrained to pitch the whole concern into the fire. I mean the fools who will not investigate, and the Bible that tells them so, while they pretend that all subsequent prophets are false.

If anything is calculated to make men disbelieving in the Christian religion, it is the one-sided, prejudiced notion which seems to govern these selfish Christians, if I do not degrade the name of Christian in acknowledging that they have a particle of claim to the appellation.

But what do you want? I think I hear you ask. My reply is, more light. We (that is) the few believers and some believers want instruction from some lecturer, who is able to stir up the people.

I am now living here, but it is probable I may move a few miles out into the suburbs. But my friend, Mr. Wingard, (who is a watchmaker now in business here,) would be happy to give any lecturer his board, and we think a room could be got without cost to lecture in. I have never known a lecture to be delivered on the subject either in this place or Urbana, about one mile and a half east of this. The estimated number of inhabitants here is set down as 1700, and in the other town, Urbana, 2300, making 4000 souls in all. Tolono is a flourishing village eight miles below, not to mention others in the vicinity of the Great Western Railroad, which crosses are Tolono, Homer, Ladorus, etc.

Should any very good lecturers want to know where in the West the people have never heard the truth, tell them it is in Champaign, Urbana. We hope that with all the heathen notions of this people, we shall have more regard for the lives of our modern reformers that may tread the streets in our midst, than the Jews had for Stephen. We shall not stone them, and I will guarantee they will not want meat or drink. We are poor, but honest; and now, my friends, in all true play, I pray you do whatever you may see fit for the thirty souls, who are denied the waters of truth through the combinations of bigotry and intolerance.

Very truly and sincerely,
JAMES M. STONY.
Champaign, Champaign Co., Ill.

An Asylum for Inebriates.

It must be apparent to all observers that the great evil of intemperance is evidently spreading in our midst, and also how little has been effected in the way of practical remedies for the arresting of this great social evil. It is needless here to dwell on the demoralizing influences arising from even the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants, much less the more glaring misery following the excessive indulgence in intoxicating liquors.

It seems to me that an institution is much needed in this city where the drunkard may be cared for and reclaimed. Let the State grant a sufficient sum of money to build a suitable establishment for the reception of inebriates, of all degrees and classes, where they may have proper medical treatment, Christian teaching and sympathy, and be returned to society living witnesses of the power of love and mercy to save the most fallen and degraded. I am far from wishing to underrate what has been already accomplished, or to speak in any way disparagingly of existing institutions.

The Washington Home, which is partly supported by the State, is very limited in its accommodations, and somewhat cramped in its power of doing good, as all such places must be which are so very limited in their resources. The Samaritan Home, on Morrison street, which is doing much to help and restore the fallen, is barely supported by the strenuous efforts of a few earnest Christians.

This only more plainly indicates the great need of an asylum established on a sure basis, conducted on broad humanitarian principles, and which shall be accessible to all, however debased or lowly. Such an institution will do much to lessen the numbers that at the present time crowd the jails, poor-houses and lunatic asylums.

Having suffered from the effects of intemperance, and knowing the difficulties of recovering and restoring the inebriate to health of mind and body, I offer these remarks, sincerely hoping that they will be the means of inviting the attention of those who may be both able and willing to carry out some practical movement in behalf of the inebriate.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 29.

Whatever Is, Is Right.

Some weeks ago I received a copy of Dr. Child's book, "Whatever Is, Is Right," with a request to say what I thought of it. As soon as I saw the title I said this cannot contain anything worth reading, nor if I should read a hundred books written by the most profound thinkers would I believe it. But with a careful perusal of the book, conviction of the truth of the doctrine came, and I confess myself a convert to the new faith. The natural objection that is first presented to the doctrine, is the following: Can murder, drunkenness, lying, cursing and other vices be right? Impossible!

Whatever is harmonious to us, is like us, we call good; and what is repugnant to our feelings and thoughts we call bad. For instance, if I am extravagant, I like to see a man spend freely, and call one bad who does not thus spend; while another, who is parsimonious, calls the extravagant man a bad fellow and a pest to society, but admires the one whom I condemn as a miser. So right and wrong, in this case, seem but relative terms to us. But it is easy to conceive of a being to whom both of these persons, to whom I have alluded, should seem right. We see evil in the world because we take limited views of mankind; we can see but a little at a time, and therefore we find much which is repugnant and which we call evil. But could we take a broader view, this would disappear, and we should find harmony pervading all things.

Many perumes by themselves are very disagreeable; and when combined together are very agreeable. May it not, is it not so with the phases of life which we call good and evil? Indeed I think it cannot be otherwise; for unless you suppose God to have a twofold nature, where is evil to come from? At the foundation of all religion is the aphorism, "God is good, or right," and logically following, "Whatever God does is good or right." Now those who believe that all is not right, are forced either to say that God is not only good, but is also bad; or to say that there is a Devil, from whom all evil comes. But those who made the latter statement, must either suppose that God created the Devil, or that that Devil created himself. If God created him, God must have the principle of evil in his nature. If the Devil created himself, God is not omnipotent and infinite, for the Devil is his equal. The idea that God has in his nature both good and evil, or that he has a double nature, has been shown to be false by the greatest philosophers. Therefore there seems to be no resource except in the doctrine, "Whatever is, is right."

And it is a comforting doctrine. It gives us more charity; we are more willing to excuse mistakes in others when we think, that to the eye of the All Father, their course is as good as ours. Of course this doctrine destroys the idea that we are Free Agents. It is fatalism in another form, but fatalism is the only logical doctrine; and the more that one thinks of it, the more real does it seem, and the more willing we are to accept it.

My dear friend, Dr. C., I thank the Good Father that he has made you utter the thoughts contained in this book. I believe it is calculated to work a great reform; it is a death blow to sectarianism; no man can say any longer this is the only way to be saved. This book, I think, is a stepping-stone to the Church Universal, where there is no creed, no sect, no high, no low, no good, no bad; where all are equal, all are the followers and disciples of Christ, who saw no difference, but considered all men equally good.

Stargis, Michigan.

Once more, after several years of absence, I am in the banner-town of the nation, for enterprise in the cause of Spiritualism. Here stands a fine, capacious and well-finished brick building, erected by the Spiritualists for their meetings—owned and used by them exclusively, except as they let others use it who cannot get a church to preach in. This is, up to the present time, the best meeting-house we have had built by subscription; and thus this little village planted and has maintained its standard in advance of all others. No place of its size that I have visited can collect better audiences regularly on Sundays. The town has long had the reputation of containing a population in advance of most towns of its size in temperance, politics, enterprise, intelligence and liberality of sentiment; and this is the reason Spiritualism flourishes here, as it does in every such place. It is sufficient to know this is the character of the people in any place, to insure the success of our cause; and sufficient to know that the people of any place are behind the age, to assure us that Spiritualism can be kept out, and old foggy religion and sectarian revivals have a good hold and a work to do. Let them convert the drunkards and the very wicked, by fear of hell or otherwise—squelch and reform them—and then our philosophy will call them up higher. When they have used grace, we will use reason; when they have saved by faith, we will save by nature and progress.

But to stop the progress of Spiritualism the churches will have to combine, and put a stop to temperance, to thought, to liberal sentiment, and finally to education; shut up the school-houses, and drive people to the churches for instruction; increase the Sunday schools, and stop the weekday schools; for ignorance is the mother of our sectarian devotion and popular creeds. Light, only light, is necessary to dissipate and dissolve them, and place natural religion, which is our Spiritual philosophy, in their stead.

Any person who will travel over the country as I have, and make observations, cannot fail to find the evidence of this statement in the fact that in every advanced community, and in proportion to other reforms, is the spread of Spiritualism.

Last week I visited the town of Middlebury, Elkhart county, Indiana, and gave three lectures. It is a small village, several miles from the railroad, but has had many lectures and sustained them well. Some person at Elkhart asked me why we visited that small town, and left larger ones without a call, and why Spiritualism had such a hold of that place. Candor and enterprise were the answer. Find the necessary condition, and the cause flourishes.

October 23, 1860.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

As I must write to you to renew my subscription, it may not be amiss to say a word in relation to the cause of Spiritualism in this place. I read with pleasure the many glowing accounts of other correspondents, of the increase and prosperity of liberal and spiritual sentiments in other places; and would gladly add another account of a community's throwing off the shackles of custom, and waking up to a sense of the needs of humanity. I am the more convinced, however, in the divine and holy origin of Spiritualism—that it is so thoroughly ignored in a place where the pride, vanity and wealth of the nation congregates; and cannot but contrast its popularity in this place with that of the churches. We

cannot maintain public meetings, or encourage public lecturers to come this way in consequence of the decidedly worldly and money-making spirit of the people; and the influence of the pleasure-seekers who through our village during three months of the year. I can say, however, that there are many here who have studied the principles of Spiritualism, and are giving evidence by a well ordered life that the heaven is working within them. There is less effort, I think, on the part of those who are true Spiritualists to bring the evidence to others by the manifestations, circles, etc., as by their own individual conduct in purity of life, and useful and humanitarian effort. They act from a higher motive than fear of hell or reward of heaven, and understand that theological opinions are not what constitutes "pure and undefiled religion." Spiritualism even here is being felt, for I am aware that where there is but one true man who lives out its principles, it cannot die.

Yours truly, &c.,
P. THOMPSON,
October 17, 1860.

Illness of Bro. Jackson.

Messrs. Editors.—Allow me, through the medium of your widely circulated paper, to communicate to the numerous acquaintance and friends of Bro. George M. Jackson, the painful intelligence of his extreme illness. He was attacked last evening, while making one of his most pathetic appeals in support of our divine philosophy, with a slight hemorrhage of the lungs, attended with an almost entire prostration. He is now at my house in a very feeble and critical condition. He arrived here on Friday evening, in company with A. G. Donnelly, for the purpose of holding a two days' meeting. He was suffering from the effects of a severe cold when he arrived, and unfortunately the weather was very unfavorable. It rained continuously through the entire day and night of Saturday and Sunday. He, however, spoke Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning, and had occupied the stand a full hour when stricken down Sunday evening. All of his lectures were replete with beauty, interest, and sound logic, and delivered in his usual eloquent and masterly style. Most sincerely do I pray for his restoration to health and usefulness; and in this prayer I know I shall be joined by his noble and numerous acquaintances. Should he be called hence, we lose an able, true and devoted laborer from the spiritual field—one that is excelled by none of his age, if by any. The balance of the time, during the meeting, was occupied by our young friend Donnelly, of Danversburg, Schuyler Co., who bids fair to rank among our very best inspirational speakers. He is a young gentleman of fine address and talents, and a medium of much promise. Owing to the unusually inclement state of the weather our audiences were not large; although on Sunday and Sunday evening the attendance exceeded the expectations of our friends, and embodied many of the best minds in the place.

Bro. Jackson, if he recovers, will remain with me some weeks, and he requests that all communications designed for him should be sent to Wolcott, Wayne Co., N. Y., until otherwise ordered.

Cordially and fraternally thine
N. W. THOMPSON.

Wolcott, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1860.

From an old friend in California.

I have been silent for a long time, for I have not been quite well, therefore have been quiet among the mountains through these warm, dusty summer days. Oh, these huge old mountains grow old so soon! The bloom they wore was only a mantle with which they covered themselves while they did homage to those high dames that dwell in the court of sky—Madam Rain-cloud and her charming protégée, Mademoiselle Mist. They have gone now, and the mountains have let their mantle slip from their broad shoulders, and left all their wrinkles staring. Silly old things; why could they not play young, at all events? They are grand, though, still, stern and dignified, and I love them for that. There is no want of appreciation in me; in whatever dress they may appear, I love them still. But these courtly dames will come again soon, and the mantle will be resumed; they will grow green and courteous again.

I have visited a large portion of California, and some of its towns full of vigorous life; among them is Downsville, Forrest City, San Juan, and many others; while others seem sleeping—and not the fresh, childlike slumber, but the heavy, disturbed lethargy which comes to the old, worn-out man, who never reached full strength because of his excesses in youth; and such an atmosphere as his breathings make, wearies and extinguishes at last the possibility of freshness in all else. I have scattered the seed by the roadside, in kind thoughts and words, and they will live again in the kind thoughts and deeds of others who have heard them. In most of the places where I have lectured, circles have been formed, and more or less mediums are being developed; but as yet the people will much sooner pay for fun than knowledge.

I will not, as I at first proposed, return this fall, but spend the winter here, and do all I can for the furtherance of the glorious truths that spirits bring. Will not some good medium for physical manifestations come out this fall?

Yours for truth,
M. MONROE.
San Juan, North, Oct. 7, 1860.

Mrs. M. J. Kates.

I sit down to say a few words about our much esteemed and highly gifted friend, Mrs. M. J. Kates, of the town of Cannon, Kent Co., Mich. As we have not seen her name in print in any of the spiritual papers, I wish to say a word as to her talents as a speaker. We have had the privilege of hearing a number of our best speakers, and would say she is not second to any we have had the privilege of hearing.

She is undoubtedly controlled by a high order of spirits. She chooses to have her audience select her subjects for her, and she handles them as though she had spent a lifetime in studying them. She is known only locally, and is truly loved by all who know her. She has done much in these parts toward disseminating the harmonious doctrine. She has not sought notoriety; but feeling it wrong to hold so much light "under a bushel," I give this to the public, though without consulting her on the subject. I am warranted in saying that she would answer calls to lecture at a distance for a fair remuneration; and that is what all should have who spend their time in the lecture field, either at home or abroad. Though this thing is not thought as much of among Spiritualists as it should be, I hope there will be a reformation on this point immediately, for the cause of "hard times" will not serve any longer.

It is estimated that there are about one thousand and five hundred Spiritualists in this County.

Yours for glorious old truth,
W. HINES.
Laphamville, Mich., Sept. 13, 1860.

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WHAT IS COMING.

A little volume of Essays by clergymen and members of the Established Church of England has been republished in this country, under the editorial, or introductory, auspices of Dr. Hedge. These Essays form no more than serious inquiries into the faith of the Fathers of the Church, whether the Scriptures can rationally claim the reception of a literal belief, whether reason and science ought to fall down before authority, customs however sacred, and superstition, or these latter shall give way to the former, and, in fine, if old ecclesiasticalism—estimating its value from the position in which it is entrenched and the power it manages to hold, and the favors it is skilled in dispensing—can, in reason and sound sense, any longer keep the hard bit of authority in the mouth of science and knowledge, casting out thereby a faith that, by its side, is capable of working even miracles.

We have read a fair and quite able article in relation to these significant Essays and their bearing on the fortunes of the Church of England, in the columns of the *Christian Register*; in the course of which the writer says, with evident truth, that the very existence and expression of such doubts of bare authority as are therein betrayed is certain to shake that same old Church establishment to its centre; the light having fairly come up over the hills, there is no valley, however low and in the shadows, but must sooner or later feel the silent approach of its blessing; that this most respectable and serious movement in the English Church is but the natural reaction, and so of course healthy, of the hard and narrow dogmas of Puseyism, and was as much to be looked for as, in the natural world, we were to expect that day would follow night; and that the heaven of inquiry is beginning to work quite actively in the bosom of the Episcopal Church of America, as Bishop McVicar and others openly testify, and will positively go on until even the indolent and good-natured conservatism of that liberally inclined Church is displaced by an active and living faith, that will either give meaning to gowas and rubrics or else do away with them altogether. All this, too, not from any outside pressure, but entirely from an inward necessity. For where thought is once awakened, it will cry aloud to be taken out of its cradle and its swaddling-clothes. Once let men see for themselves the actual necessity that exists within themselves for growth and expansion, and they will grow and expand though all the churches and synods in Christendom were set up against them. Here is the great triumph, at last. It is not in what we do for others, but in what others do for themselves.

If the Church of England moves, be sure that old Harry the Eighth and his Cardinal have had their day. The Church is in motion because the State, her close companion, compels her to keep up. This is a busy age, and a thinking one; and for that very reason, too, it is open to the imputation of undue haste and superficiality. There is, in fact, no assumption of any ecclesiastical institution, whether of authority or faith—there is no dogma, however hard and smooth it may have been worn by repetition from pious lips—there is no literalness of interpretation, whether of the Scriptures or of any other volume written, that can always keep out the steady light of inquiry and rationalism. Authority, superstition, custom, and dogma, all vanish like ghosts at cock-crow, when they are confronted by intelligent and open-eyed reason. Science puts all their legions to final rout. They are at length doctored with all the more haste and willingness, because it is found that their supports rest not in reason and the eternal nature of things, but only in changing circumstance and superficial show.

It would truly gladden our hearts to witness, in this country, an awakening, a real life and activity among our comfortable friends of the Episcopal subscription. A right smart book would be good for them. They have good-naturedly eschewed all connection with the leading movements of the time, crowding back in their easy-chairs, and sleepily quoting their excellent divines—some of them classic—or counting up the names and several renowns of the earlier Fathers, till they seem almost to have overlooked the fact that they were living as well as the rest of us—that they, too, had active demands to meet and urgent duties to perform, and that they could not keep out the bright light that now shines for all, even if they closed their eyes to everything around them.

Good and great men have subscribed and do still subscribe to the forms of Episcopal faith, to be duly discovered in the Thirty-nine Articles; and we question not that they would subscribe still, though the number of the Articles rose to three hundred and thirty-nine. But so much more is the pity. They have fallen asleep. They have been quietly taking everything for granted, until even their capacity for bare reception is gone, and the item of individual development actually makes no show at all. From this sad condition it is well that they should be stirred—and they will; already the still, small voice has got a hearing, and through that hearing it must necessarily work an impression, and one that will abide. The Articles are to be looked over again, and set up on a firmer basis. The cords are to be lengthened, and the stakes to be strengthened. Discussion will begin it, and discussion will carry it through. Our good friends are yet to make discoveries of spiritual truth of whose existence they never dreamed, and whose very announcement they have flouted as the old church did the doctrine of Galileo. Oxford has succumbed to the spirit of free inquiry, and all the other securities against its innovations are gone. We speak of it not in a spirit

of triumph, but rather of joy and thanksgiving. For we came out of the church of Bishops, Priests and Deacons ourselves, and rejoice to know that those who have always loved will soon reject us. It stirs our heart to its depths to feel even the first throbs of assurance that the impressively beautiful Litany, and forms of solemnizing the great eras in the life of the individual, are to be now infused with energy, and that all souls within the fold are to bear and know of a living God.

A GOOD INSTITUTION.

More than a year ago, we took advantage of a suggestion made us, by a thoroughly humane and philanthropic lawyer of this city, to lay before the public attention the outline of a plan for the establishment of some safe and sound institution, through whose aid needy persons might realize on articles of personal property sufficient ready money to relieve their more urgent wants, and on terms to which people of narrow means might safely consent. It was not long before our suggested plan was erected into a real institution, with working power and beneficent vitality. The right sort of men took hold of it, and made it at once a success. The "Pawners' Bank," of Boston, is the only thing of the kind in the country, and the leading minds of our large cities have interested themselves in its character and operations to such a degree that we look to see similar designs for the accommodation of all, and especially the poorer classes, carried forward without much longer delay.

A little more than a week ago, the first annual meeting of the stockholders of the Pawners' Bank was held in this city; and, after electing a board of directors for the coming year, resolved to publish the records of their transactions for the past year, for the enlightenment of the public on a matter that has so much to do with their daily interests. It is reported that this exhibit will show that the Bank has made advances on some twenty-two hundred watches—silver and gold—and on five hundred coats of diverse cuts and colors. The articles of silver ware and jewelry held in pawn are numerous and of various character; the large vault contains boxes of silver from the houses of those who appear to be rich, and small mementos of better days from the bosom of the poor. Even piles of copper coin are pawned for the sake of paying a pressing note, with convenience to the pawnbroker and fair and sure profit to the bank. The lots where the bulky articles are stored are curious to visit; here are pianos, pictures, guitars, and vast piles of furniture from private houses, cords of leather, hardware, boots and shoes, china and dry goods, from manufacturers and traders. Three large lofts are getting full. Some of the goods will undoubtedly be forfeited, but the easy terms allowed give the pawners a fair chance to save anything dear to them.

The account in one of the daily papers states that an examination of the Bank's ledger reveals incidents and facts both curious and profoundly interesting. The amounts of interest received show how cheaply the poor are accommodated. It is not strange to see items as small as two cents, of interest received. Pawnbrokers need not come into the Bank with downcast eyes, as they would walk under the three balls, which have meant time out of mind "two to one you won't get your money back." A man comes here to do as legitimate a business as the merchant who realizes on his gilt edged paper. He gets a loan, and advances collateral; and pays a moderate and reasonable interest. This is not all that can be done for the needy. Capitalists who have taken shares here to make money, and they will probably make money, should not content themselves with the good they are doing, giving out that the poor are much better off than they would be without this institution, and straightway gathering up their silken skirts from the touch of poverty. This is a good thing; let other measures for the relief of suffering humanity follow.

In Humor.

Because a man is in a bad humor, he is not of course a humorist, any more than because he reluctantly owns up to the sorolous. Most people suppose a man of humor, or drollery, rather, needs to be an inexhaustible laughter. Farthest from it possible. Hood, Liston, Lamb, Burton, and a score of others we might reckon up, were all living denials of so superficial a conclusion. The faculty of making others laugh is not, by any means, the faculty of making one's self laugh all the time. Henry Giles, in a late article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, very thoughtfully observes of this class of men—"great humorists have generally been earnest men, very grave at heart, and much that they have written has been tragedy in the guise of irony. All readers cannot find this out. They cannot see the grief of life beneath its grin; they cannot detect the scorn or the pity that is hidden in joke or banter; neither can they always find out the joke or banter that is covered by a solemn face; and many a sincere believer has been deemed an atheist because he burlesqued hypocrites with their own gravity. Numbers judge only by the outside, and never reach the spirit of writing or of man. They laugh at the contortions of grimace, but of the mysteries of mind or the pains of heart which underlie the countenances they know nothing. They snatch their rapid pleasures, and leave unvalued the worth of him who gives it; and when they have had their transient indulgence, they have had all they sought and all that they could enjoy."

The Interior of Africa.

A new book on the Lakes of Central Africa asserts that the Geographical Society of England have long turned their attention to explorations in the interior of Africa, and many volumes have been taken up with the recitals of the adventures and hairbreadth escapes of the brave men who have entered on this dangerous undertaking. Dr. Krapf, a missionary in connection with the Baptist church, was a resident of the interior of Africa for some eighteen years, and wrote a work of considerable interest on the manners and customs of the strange tribes who dwell among the lake regions of that part of Africa. Notwithstanding the stranger has been in their midst, the natives yet entertain, contrary to all experience, a most lively dread of them, inasmuch as they believe that the stranger comes to rob them of their gains and their commerce—of their lands and liberties.

Overland.

Senator Latham is journeying overland, with his wife and family, from California to the Mississippi. He proceeds in his own wagon, of approved Concord manufacture, and finds it vastly more safe and comfortable than the wickedly reckless route by the isthmus.

Mrs. Ostrander.

This lady will make her first appearance before a Boston audience next Sunday, at Alston Hall. She brings a good reputation as a trance speaker.

THE INDIANS.

On Monday evening, Nov. 10th, in pursuance of a call advertised in some of the public papers, an appreciative audience assembled at the Lecture-room of the Universalists Church in School street, Boston, to consider the propriety of calling general Convention, and such other matters concerning the Indian tribes, as might be laid before them.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. John Beeson, the outgoing and faithful advocate of the Red Man, who nominated for chairman Rev. A. A. Miner. Dr. H. F. Gardner was elected Vice President, and Dr. R. Walter Hartley, Secretary.

The Chairman opened the proceedings by prayer, in which he feelingly alluded to the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians by their civilized brethren; and besought the Divine influence to dispose the minds of the authorities of the nation and of the inhabitants of the territories to be more just in their future dealings—concluding by invoking a blessing on the labors of the Indians' devoted friend, John Beeson.

The Chairman said that while he regretted that so few were present, he had expected for several reasons that the meeting would not be a full one. The summons had been somewhat hastily issued. Then, although it was admitted generally that great wrong had originally been done to the Indians, yet the retaliations which these wrongs had provoked, followed by a long series of mutual aggressions and reprisals, had so complicated the question that most people despaired of any solution to it, and turned from it as impracticable. But the friends present would no doubt concur with him in giving welcome to any counsel which might guide to a true issue of this painful problem. This counsel he trusted Mr. Beeson would be able to give.

Mr. Beeson, on rising, alluded to the coming day of thanksgiving, and to some of the reasons assigned as grounds for special thankfulness, in the proclamation appointing it—to wit: That we have the power to correct errors in our own government, and the power to relieve the oppressed. This meeting has been called, he said, for the last purpose. The power to do good, involves the responsibility to do it. The oppression of the poor Indian calls loudly for redress. Where is the Christian feeling that can rejoice in the possession of power to do good, and yet neglect the Indian in our own land? Praises on thanksgiving day will be a solemn mockery if this great duty be neglected. It will yield no fruit of blessing, but will prove weaker than the broken reed or smoking flax. Has any present, doubts of the suffering of the Indians? The Indians have no imaginary fears. Men go from all quarters with rifles and revolvers and bowie knives, to violate Indian rights, and to take Indian lives. Emigrants across the plains will shoot Indians for sport, and destroy the buffalo, which is their food, in the merest wantonness. The white man goes forth and seizes on every fertile valley, on every green spot, wherever he finds it convenient, and the owner of the lands must go or die—he is only a red man! Roger Williams, William Penn, Washington, advocated the just purchase of Indian lands—advocated treaties to bind white and red men alike. Now we have no treaties—the law is the law of the bowie knife and the rifle—the law of the tyrant and the oppressor. Far amongst the bleak mountains of Oregon and California, roam poor Indian women with their babes, homeless and friendless. They look on the valleys, where the ruthless destroyer has murdered fathers, husbands and brothers, and given their wigwams to the flames, measuring the brief space of time before they and their little ones shall die of cold and hunger. How can these things be suffered? The public apathy is due to the disparaging views generally entertained of the "savages."

Said a Senator of the United States, recently, in his (the speaker's) presence, "The Indians, in their normal condition, are thieves; and the only way to deal with them is to mark a boundary line of exclusion, and shoot all who cross it!" A correspondent of one of our newspapers recently writes: "The only baptism fit for the Indians, is the baptism of the sword!" "Indians," says another, "are no better than wolves." A clergyman in Brooklyn observed, not long ago: "They have had the Gospel preached to them—have refused it—their blood be on their own head!" These sayings express the substance of the popular belief. But granting the low estate of the Indian, for argument's sake, is he therefore beyond charity? Are not the most fallen, those who most need and have most rightful claim to Christian sympathy?

Exceptions had been taken to some remarks he had felt it his duty to make on the influence upon the Indians of orthodox church missionaries. He does not wish to reflect hardly or unkindly on them. They have done the best they could, and now a better way is seen. They have not notoriously failed in their efforts; why, then, should they be hurt if the causes of such failure be pointed out, with a view to wiser action. The early Methodist missionaries only failed for want of practical knowledge. They got lands, selected places with water-power, got the Indians to make improvements, and then the latter found their lands had become the property of the missionaries. Land speculation followed, and became so rife amongst the missionaries that the general government disbanded them. These facts were contradicted lately by the Methodist Bishop in Concord, who no doubt spoke according to his sincere belief; but they were confirmed but yesterday by one who had been one of the missionaries in question, but not a partaker of their acts.

Referring to the reception he had met with in Rhode Island, where, at the conclusion of one of his earnest appeals, he had been asked, "What church do you belong to?" and "Are you an agent of a religious society?" as a test of his claims, Mr. Beeson declared his wish to labor with all true humanitarians, of whatever sect, in a work above all distinctions of party or creed. To show the possession by Indians of finer feelings—denied to them by many—he related a touching anecdote of an old Indian in Providence, whom he had met, who had with him a deaf and dumb boy, his son—how, when the two outcasts had slept in the streets all night, the father had stripped the coat from his own back to shelter his boy from the piercing cold. He also narrated the experience of a young white girl, who had been protected with fatherly care during a long and perilous journey through uninhabited tracts, by a single Indian, with every respect to her sex and condition.

Mr. Beeson concluded by an earnest appeal to his hearers in favor of commencing this new movement in Boston, and then submitted the following Resolutions:

Whereas, The design of all just governments and of all true religion is to promote the best interests of all mankind; and for this purpose organizations are instituted for the benefit of every class of men, with the exception of our frontier Indians, who are literally left to perish for the want of adequate care; therefore,

Resolved, That a General Convention of the friends

of the Indian is hereby invited to convene in the city of Boston on the 9th day of January, 1861, and to continue three days, during which the following subjects shall be considered:

- 1st. The reason why the Indians have not become civilized.
- 2nd. The cause of their fading away.
- 3d. A plan for their future government.
- 4th. The location and extent of the domain or domains which should be appropriated for their final settlement.
- 5th. The propriety of adding all the principle tribes of Indians to send delegates of their own people to a general convention of their race at some appropriate place during the coming summer, to determine for themselves relative to the foregoing points.
- 6th. The propriety of asking Congress for an appropriation sufficient to carry the foregoing into effect.

Resolved, That a Committee of Arrangements for the proposed Convention be appointed.

Resolved, That the entire press of the country be respectfully invited to give these resolutions a place in their respective papers.

The Chairman doubted the prudence of inviting the present meeting to call a Convention, and would prefer a call signed by a number of influential men, personally appealed to, as more likely to effect the purpose. He must, however, leave it for the better consideration of the meeting, being obliged to vacate the chair in consequence of a prior engagement.

Dr. Gardner, the Vice President, on assuming the chair, expressed himself favorable to an adjourned meeting, and spoke briefly but eloquently on the subject of Indian wrongs, and the "damnable heresy" of the belief in the necessary destruction of races.

Mr. Pillow said that if adjourning the meeting would lead to a more numerous attendance, he should concur in that step; but he was ready to act at once.

Mr. Capen advised the appointment of a Committee to collate facts, and frame an appeal to the people on them.

Mr. Edison advocated immediate action.

Mr. McLeallen, speaking from an extensive and intimate personal knowledge of the Indians in British and American territory, denounced the prevalent errors of opinion about them. In British Columbia, the wife of Governor Douglas is a squaw, and Indian women are married to many of the white government employees there.

On motion a Committee of five—afterwards increased to seven—was appointed to consider, and report at a future meeting, the subjects before the present assembly—said Committee to consist of John Beeson, Chairman, Rev. A. A. Miner, Dr. H. F. Gardner, and Messrs. F. L. Capen, W. H. Pillow, T. B. Hall, and R. Grey McLeallen.

AUTUMN GLOOM AND DEOXY.

BY THIRANQUE THIRANQUE.

In the season when the peaches
Hang the ripest on the trees,
And the grapes are turning purple in the sun—
When the lessons nature teaches
Are of idleness and ease,
As we taste of her sweet bounties one by one—
It is then I love to wander
From the city's din and dust,
To an old brown cottage hidden 'tween the hills;
For kind hearts are nowhere fonder—
Nowhere freer from the rust
Which beclouds the natives' ground in custom's mills.
On a knoll of fragrant clover,
With the sky-dome overhead,
I have thrown myself, and pondered hour by hour,
Conning scenes of childhood over—
Calling back to life the dead
Whose freed spirits taste the sweets of heaven's dower.
Ah! the gentle, blue-eyed Ada,
Whom I played with when a child,
In the arms of those who loved her sank to rest,
And beneath the turf they laid her.
Torn with grief and anguish wild,
And now the flowers are growing o'er her breast.
As in keeping with my musings,
Nodding tree-boughs chant a dirge,
To remind me Nature takes, as well as gives;
And in vain are the accusations
Which we sometimes wildly urge,
For each thing is only dying while it lives!

Ripeness for Death.

Our venerable College Professor—a man himself likely to stand for a long while as a good illustration of his theory—used to tell us in his lectures that there was no need of a man's giving out before he had reached the limit of human life so beautifully spoken of by the Platonists; but that, if he took proper care of himself, and was conscientious in his modes of labor and living, he would slowly and almost imperceptibly wear out, like an old clock with wooden wheels, and, at last, stop without any shock or suddenness whatever. We always liked the theory; it has stuck fast in our memory; and the old man lives in a hale and green old age to impress it upon other youthful listeners every year.

The correspondence that was continued between Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, after both had done with the toils and aspirations of official life, and were at home preparing for the change they knew to be not very far off, is full of most interesting speculations and confessions, both to this point and to others. In the course of one of his letters, Jefferson observes, with his usual seriousness—"There is a ripeness of time for death, regarding others as well as ourselves, when it is reasonable we should drop off, and make room for another growth. When we have lived our generation out, we should not wish to encroach on another. I enjoy good health; I am happy in what is around me; yet I assure you I am ripe for leaving all, this year—this day—this hour." Verily, Jefferson discovered himself to be the practical philosopher he was sometimes sneeringly charged with being. These cheerful and rational sentiments, so charged with resignation, yet so destitute of a passive inanity, are to be read and commended of all. Here are most weighty reasons, because most natural ones, for bringing the mind into a frame of peace and tranquility, in view of leaving the scenes of earth for broader fields of exertion and growth elsewhere.

Has the discontented heart ever taken thought, too, that while it grows old its generation is growing old, too? and that if it lagged behind the general movement, generation crowding generation as it does, it must be left alone among strangers? What actual and thorough interest can a man take in persons and events with which he has no connection? None. Then it is plain that he has no such personal sympathy to lose as he imagines; if he could understand it as it is, he would see that nature has arranged it all in the kindest manner, and that we should no more repine the coming of the change, if we are indeed ripe for it, than the June rose should lament the scattering of its scented leaves after it has rioted in the glory of a life it had, at best, no right to ask for.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—We shall commence in our next number, a story by "An Old Contributor," entitled "GEORGE LESTER'S DIVORCE, AND SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT." Also, a record of some important messages through Mr. Mansfield, to Francis H. Smith, of Baltimore; Proceedings of a Spiritual Convention at St. Charles, Ill.; and Ancient Olympics of the Spirit-Land, No. 20.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—George S. Pike, of Boston, will deliver a public lecture on Modern Spiritualism, at the request of the Pitts Street Chapel Associates, at their Chapel in Pitts street, on Monday evening, November 23.

CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—See the advertisement of the New England Carpet Company in to-day's paper.

—We are pleased to see in a recent number of the *Boston Post* a paragraph stirring us and our religion. Several of the patrons of the journal in question have spoken to us upon the subject, and expressed the opinion that Col. Greene was above such billingsgate, and that it must have been printed without his knowledge. It was quite out of taste to allude to the "predecessors" of Edgar A. Poe, at this time. He has gone to the better Land, and is as sensitive now as he was while living on earth. There are two classes of people morally incapacitated from rendering a harsh judgment upon him—those who, like him, have been wild, reckless and profligate, and those who have always basked in the sunshine of affection and friendship, and never had the inducements Edgar Poe had to become dissolute, nor the inherent faculties which lead the sensitive soul to stand on the breakers of dissipation. Let all such hold their peace, and this will be a happier world, and brotherhood and human kindness will be more than a name.

DEATH, yesterday, while in an harmonious mood, said he should think the prisoners at Sing Sing would be a musical set of fellows.

"Why?" asked Jo Coss.

"Because most of them are early and in on long time," replied Digby.

"It's so," said Jo; and off he went, talking about sharp, rats, turn-keys, bars, staves, etc., at libitum.

NEW MUSIC.—"I Hear the Angels Calling," words by John S. Adams; music by L. O. Emerson. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street. This piece of music is destined to become very popular among Spiritualists. It is written either for the voice or piano forte, or both, and is very appropriate for Spiritualist choirs.

DIVORCE.—The popular and learned Judge Thomas Russell, of the Superior Court, tells a good story of an affair coming beneath his judicial eye. A lady called on him a short time since, stating that she desired a divorce from her husband. The gallant judge blandly asked her what good reason she could give for such a wish. The lady stated that she did not like to live with her husband, because he was an "infidel." The judge informed her that a difference of religious opinions, or a lack of them altogether, was no ground for a divorce; and unless the lady should give a reason more in accordance with the law by the Massachusetts Legislature made and provided, she could not have her wishes gratified. The lady seemed perplexed, but rejoined: "Why, I have read in the papers of wives being divorced from their husbands on account of infidelity."

President Buchanan has been importuned by gentlemen of high standing, to issue a proclamation immediately, forebidding the views of his message, on the ground that by the time the message is promulgated, other States will have taken accession steps. There will be no proclamation, however. The message will be presented to Congress on the second day of its session. Advance copies will be sent North as far as Boston, and South as far as Richmond. It is believed that the President takes strong Union views, and will oppose secession to the bitter end.

Worldly happiness—a glittering, false diamond, placed on the top of a smooth, greased pole, which all try to climb and secure.

Civil war is again ripe in Kansas.

Envy is like a sore eye—offended by whatever is bright.

One of the elephants connected with a menagerie, now wintering at Norwalk, Conn., got out of the barn the other night; by breaking down the doors, passed across a field, walked off with a gate, went to a house and rapped on the window, sending the family flying out of the door through fright, and then helped himself to a heap of apples in the yard. Her keeper appeared and the huge animal quietly followed him to her quarters, with her trunk full of pippins.

A PARALLEL.—SLIGHTLY COLORED.—If China suffers under its Taelings, England has almost as great a nuisance in its Red Taelings.—*Punch*.

The King of Sardinia accepts the sovereignty of Naples, and the brave and loved Garibaldi goes back, a private citizen, to his island home.

"Ben," thinks Moses, the Hebrew Lawgiver, must have been a subject of the Czar, as the place where he was found by Pharaoh's daughter, was *rusky*.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—The Spiritualists in Sturgis, Mich., say the *Clairion*, are in an unusually prosperous condition. About two years ago they were doled what they regarded legitimate rights in one of the meeting houses, and nearly a hundred teams were immediately volunteered to draw materials for the building of a free brick chapel. The edifice was nearly completed in a few weeks, and dedicated about fifteen months ago, since which time regular meetings have been held nearly every Sunday, and the house has been filled with ardent inquirers and believers. The few noble pioneer souls who have stood out alone for years, now rejoice in the light dawning on multitudes once sitting in the night of material bondage.

"Jemmy, ven he he sailor like he sheil-fish?"
"Yell, he gives lit lup."
"Ven 'e he han hoister."

THAT STRAY GOOSE.—Seeing a recent notice of a wild goose, reminds us of an incident in the life of Rev. Jesse Lee, which we read many years ago. Mr. Lee was a Methodist traveling preacher, and often in his journeys called at a house where the man was pious, but his wife was not. Mr. Lee and other ministers often conversed with her on the subject of religion, but without any apparent effect. This family had a single goose, for which they were desirous of obtaining a mate. The old lady said considerable on the subject; but her husband replied:
"Never mind, wife; God will send us a gander."

When Mr. Lee called there again, he found that while a flock of wild geese was flying over, a noble gander had separated itself and had remained with the single goose that needed a mate. The fact had made such an impression on the mind of the lady who owned it, that she became serious and hopefully pious. Mr. Lee, on hearing this, exclaimed:
"That's a good one; here is a woman who resisted all the learned preachers, now converted by a stray goose."—*Portland Picaresque-Boat*.

There needs but one bad inclination to make a man vicious; but many good ones are necessary to make him virtuous.

One hour lost in the morning by lying in bed, will put back all the business of the day.—*Exchange*.

Digby's poses that's the reason merchants fail so often.

The friends are reminded that Bro. Clark's "Spiritual Register for 1861" will soon be ready to issue. In his notice he says: "Those who wish to be sure of obtaining the Register, must send their cash orders in advance, as we can afford to print only enough to supply orders." Address U. Clark & Co., Auburn, N. Y.

If disappointed Southern office-holders would go to work tilling the soil, instead of talking so much, Digby thinks they would see need to some purpose.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Nov. 11, 1890.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The subject of Miss Doten's remarks Sunday afternoon was "Perseverance of the Saints." It was dictated by a spirit claiming to be ISAIAH THOMAS, one of the pioneer preachers of America, and who lived contemporaneous with the patriots of the American Revolution. The text was: "If any man hath an ear, let him hear. He that leadeth into captivity shall go into captivity; he that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword. Here is the patience and faith of the saints."

She said: It is sometimes difficult for one to understand by the technicality the meaning of the words of the Bible, and so our subject may mislead, if we do not explain. It has reference to the Christian Church, from which men derive their hopes of salvation. In the first place, the Christian Church claims that man is by nature totally corrupt, and so it is necessary that some plan of salvation should be framed to save him from eternal destruction. And man, feeling himself fully established in the creeds of his fathers, has perfect confidence in the strength of the church, and declares that it matters not if temptations assail him, and he is overpowered and engulfed by them, and falls in the middle of the battle, he is safe, through the perseverance of the saints.

We are to follow this subject closely, and see what it is worth, and eliminate every particle of truth it contains; for it is true that there is no earthly creed—not even the Athanasian—but contains some kernel of truth. The human mind has ever been busy forming creeds, whenever an old one is done away with; and each new creed is almost always an improvement on the old.

Who are the saints—those who can say that they were elected of God before the foundations of the world were built upon? Is the Calvinistic doctrine true that we can leave the natural man behind, and stand forth, untainted by all the weaknesses of the flesh, and all the tendencies in human nature to sin? Is it true that others shall sink deeper and deeper into the bottomless hell, because they are fore-elected to damnation? This theological monstrosity existed only in speculative creeds, and the world sees it, now. Men never gain anything by turning around and abusing themselves. You are, so far as you can, to live in harmony with yourselves, and never give up in despair when temptations beset you. You are to say to yourselves, "I am as good as I can be under present circumstances; but because I have a higher consciousness, I will approach to that—be up and doing in the world."

When you have become reconciled to yourselves, you have taken the first great step toward the better life. Never hope for salvation when you shrink from self and turn to an external church or creed. You will outwork salvation from your own souls, and in no other way.

The popular saints are found in places of promotion; but where are the saints of the true church of God? Go out into your streets—into the byways and hedges, to find them; not where popular religion makes its voice heard, for the men who wore long faces in the gilded sanctuary, in the week days look down on God's poor saints. The true saint bears meekly on his shoulders the cross of the weak, and only seeks to minister to the good of others. These saints of the world, God's humblest and kindest children, are the saviors of the earth, and kings might well bow before them in adoration. And the time is coming when your salvation will be tested. The signs of the times indicate greater financial, religious and social revolutions than your country has ever witnessed before.

Oh, could we pass among this audience and call out the saints by name! There are many here—men and women with high and noble purposes in their hearts. Circumstances do not make men and women, but they call out the slumbering faculties within them. See if you are free men—sufficiently free to stand up for the right under all circumstances. See if you are sufficiently free to stand firm in your own view of the truth, and persevere as the true saints of God.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

The subject announced for the evening lecture, and Miss Doten's last in Boston for the present, was "Christ and Christianity." Her text was: "Think not to say within yourselves, we have Christ for our leader; for I say unto you that God is able of these stony hearts to raise up followers unto Christ."

She said: We propose to draw a parallel between the Christianity of Christ and the Christianity of this day; and as we claim to be disembodied spirits who have passed beyond the bonds of time—who have dismissed all dissensions and laid off all party differences, we hope to do the work impartially, with justice to man, and in the fear of God. It is as necessary to stir up the cesspool to-day, as in the days of Luther; but whoever attempts it gets little thanks for it, but gets almost suffocated in the vile emanations.

We are to refer, first, to the Christianity of Christ. Where was the church he founded, and what are the attributes of his faith? The only faith he taught was so simple that the wayfarer man, though a fool, need not err therein. He taught love to God and love to man; the forgiveness of enemies, and the repaying of evil with good; the following out of the royal rule of doing to others as you would have them do to you in like circumstances. This was a simple theology, and you need go to no school to learn it. No commentator can make it simpler. All man must do is to allow his inspiration to gush out as free as the springs from Mother Earth; to love not in word or protestation, but in deed; to feel and realize that you are bound with those who are bound, and are the Lord's, whether you live or die.

Jesus taught that all might be equally the sons of God with himself. If man would always be true to the attributes of his being, he might be equal with him. It matters not where his dwelling place might be, or what his position and circumstances in life, if he had the truth in his heart. Are not these doctrines plain? Do they need the thousands of volumes of theological writings to explain them? Are they so complex that it takes three or four years of a man's life passed in a divinity school, to qualify him to teach their truth? If it is so, God has made a mistake somewhere, and you might as well lay down all hope of future satisfaction. Your religion is too complicated and mighty for your comprehension; but the religion Jesus of Nazareth taught was exceedingly simple, and applicable to the wants of all. His doctrines did not begin with him, but existed long before the child was laid in the manger. They are seen in the inspiration of David and Isaiah, in the wisdom of Solomon, in the patience of Job, and in the souls of all the good, pure

and holy. Oh, how earnestly does the Mussulman stand for his faith in Allah, and in Mahomet his prophet, and in the Koran. And here we find the same doctrines promulgated. Socrates, Plato, Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Confucius, and a host of others spoke these great truths as God gave them utterance. We give this to show that religion is not confined to one prophet or band of believers, but is all comprehensive, and leads the very humblest up to God. Jesus of Nazareth referred to the religion of the past, as it came down through the Hebrew holy writ. He presented his peculiar ideas when he took the Scriptures of the past and read to the people in the synagogue, and said: "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears." They knew the poor had the gospel preached to them, the lame were healed, the captives had deliverance preached to them, the blind had their sight restored, and he gave them evidence of his power.

With him, as with all now teachers, his labors of love brought upon him persecution and obloquy. The Scribes and Pharisees—those who made broad their phylacteries, stood in the market place and made long prayers, and distributed alms to be seen of men—who paid tithes of mint and anise and cummin, when now doctrines were given to the people, said, as they say to-day, "I thank God I am not as this man is. Do thy way, I will not condescend to listen to these things."

Jesus of Nazareth never founded a Church. No passage of Scripture says truly that he ever did. Some passages, perhaps, seem to indicate it; but go to the lore of the past—to your commentators and translators, and they will tell you that the testimony is so vague as to be unworthy of confidence. He spoke the truth, just as God gave it to him; and because of his truth and justice, he met the death of the cross.

With his followers, the old Hebrew Scriptures lost their force and power, and they felt they could be Christians without the Old Testament. Trial and affliction met them; they were driven out of the midst of men, sawn open, cut limb from limb, cast into the den of lions, and all manner of persecution was done to them. The world was indeed not worthy of them.

We see how the barbarism of the past stepped in when, ages after, Christ was deified. The Greeks always canonized their heroes. No matter what a man's qualifications were, if he had done something outside of the ordinary course, he was deified. This habit crept in among the followers of Jesus, and they said, Why should not he be deified, as well as Jupiter, and Mars? And they made up all they lacked of their belief in true Christianity by worshipping Christ as an idol. Can you discern anything of this spirit in the present day?

As time passed on, they began to feel that it was not best to have things in common. They declared that Christian charity and religion should begin at home, and if you have wrought out your salvation, they said, you have the right to enjoy it. Then commenced an aristocracy of religion. The well-dressed man was put in the best seat in the Churches, and the poor man at his feet. Then came those times of lofty edifices and beautiful cathedrals, where the sun shone through stained glass windows upon gilded trappings, and salaried choirs chanted the worship of Jesus; and Christianity became an external show, and pomp and pagentry misplaced truth and piety. But the fire was yet burning in some souls in its immortal and sublime purity. There were those who felt that the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth yet found a home in human hearts, and were to be manifested not in times of anis and cummin, but in deeds of love and sympathy. Of such were Augustine and Chrysostom, and others who stood up in the love and light of God's inspiration to speak the truth as it came to them. Before the voice of Jesus had scarce died away by the sea of Galilee, Paul said of the Christian churches under his care, that there were crimes practiced among them which even the heathen would not be guilty of; and Chrysostom, the good Bishop of Constantinople, was obliged to reprimand his followers for frequenting races and low sports on the Sabbath. It was easy to claim the Christian belief, but hard to outwork it in their lives.

Then came organization; and priests and popes and prelates were appointed. Ambition rose, and the church seemed to struggle to get the whole world into its grasp. This was when the church was in its greatest power. It flowered in its iniquity, and, like the popes tree, shed its poison all around.

As Christianity existed before Christ, so Lutheranism existed before Luther. The true one felt the degradation of the church, but dared not move to stem its muddy, wasting torrents. At length Luther came, and thundered forth his anathemas against the Pope. The Pope declared him heretic, and cast him forth from the folds of the elect. Nothing daunted, Luther continued to hurl back anathemas after anathemas upon the Pope. He was not alarmed. He combined the integrity and bravery of Paul. He feared no man, nor God—except theologically—but looked up to him and said, "You are on my side, and we will stand together to pull down the bulwarks of Satan." As we have said, he stirred up the cesspool of iniquity, but got little else than stagnation and mosquitoes. Melancthon, Zuingli, Latimer and Cranmer, had spoken, and were only waiting for an opportunity to speak again.

Somewhat or other, God has always preserved his truth among men through every struggle, as a Colonial Charter was once hidden in the heart of a rotten oak. So was it through the Reformation. Then there were two churches—Catholic and Protestant. But there were others than Christian teachers doing the work of God. When Faust and Schaefer, by the power of the printing press, were enabled to put the Bible into the hands of the masses of the people, the Christian spirit worked in them, and showed itself in all that was great and good in mankind.

But there were two wings of the church—the Latin and the Greek. In the former were men like Basil, Jerome and Athanasius, and in the latter, Origen, Chrysostom and others. The Greek church had one Bible, and the Latin church another. The books one faction accepted, the other rejected; and it is exceedingly difficult to find out at this day which the true Bible is. But after the Reformation, the Christians made a Bible, and claimed it as the infallible word of God. They then had two idols—Jesus of Nazareth, and the Bible. No man could be received into the grasp of God unless he bowed down and said, "Great are these idols of God, and I'll worship them now and evermore!"

Then came schisms in the church. Calvinism arose, teaching a cold, stern, unyielding, hopeless creed. Then came others, who said, "We cannot receive God while he is presented to us as a God of wrath and vengeance;" and hence came the Universalists and Unitarians.

Then we come down to the Christianity of the present day. The churches are mere gospel shops

where the wares are sold to the highest bidder. Christianity is taught by full-fledged gossips, who are educated at Andover, Cambridge, Princeton, or Newton theological schools, to take the place of him who went about doing good to all, healing their wounds and lifting their faltering hearts, without regard to sect or color—who raised the dead, and lived true to the God within him. Is there any man or woman here who feels that justice is done to the Christianity of Christ? It is external, and external only. We know we talk sweepingly; but we mean to say that instead of living and holding true to the great but simple principles Christ taught, they are split and weakened by controversy on minor and worthless points, and make the Scriptures mean anything they wish to have them. They cherish only the empty shell of sectarianism, from which the pure dove has flown long ago. They have built costly palaces, made beautiful with frescoes, and with spires pointing far up to Heaven, as though it were only necessary to point the way, to have men go.

Religion costs too much for poor people in the present day. If you go to a church, you are to pay for a place to sit—for the followers of Christ have high salaries, and need sometimes to be sent to Europe to be cured of the bronchitis. If you are too poor to pay, you are hustled into comfortable seats by the door, and proud ladies sweep by in silks and satins, looking with disdain on you, as if to say, "I belong to the church, and I thank God I am not as others are." The rich millionaire goes blustering by, and looks down on you as he would upon a worm, and never speaks to you, except it be about election time.

These churches send missionaries to the Hindoos and the Japanese, and they bring back tales of the ignorance and immoralities of those people. They don't say that they find them more given to theft, lying, slandering and licentiousness than many of the people in the Christian church. They go to Booraboolga to carry the redemption of the Lord, and right after them goes the slave-ship to bring away heathen wives and children, and doom them to servitude in this Christian land; and leave in payment fire-water, to make them wilder than the beasts of the forest, and gunpowder to kill each other with. Ah, would it not be better for the missionaries to stay at home and Christianize themselves by the truths of Christ, than to go to foreign lands to degrade and debauch the ignorant heathen?

All great reforms begin outside of the church; and if a noble servant of the truth dare stand up for his master, he must be reviled and traduced. If the noble-minded Pierpont, in the prime of his manhood, dare stand up in the pulpit of Hollis street Church and condemn the sale and use of the liquid poisons which burn up men's souls, the pulpit becomes like an orthodox hell, too hot to hold him.

For all the good in the Christian church of the past and present we would give the credit due; and if we do not stand up and speak the truth, we do not our duty to mankind. But when you find her untrue to the sacred trust reposed in her, we ask you to come out and join the universal church, and breathe the free air of heaven. Truth will come to you as it came to Jesus of Nazareth. God has sent out a legion of ministering angels, and they are using all human instruments—the poor factory girl, like the one who is to speak to you next Sabbath; the lonely mother and the deserted wife. God who sent Jesus forth, is calling up a class of natural preachers. Weak women need not go to the Divinity Schools, for God gives truth to them first-handed. They come out of all church organizations, and say, "God helping me, I cannot do different. I must take my stand here!"

Let us caution you. He who would be greatest among you is your servant. Exalt not your mediums. Heap no praises upon them. Receive them to your sympathy, to your hearts and homes, but do not bow down and worship them. Do not let the barbaric idols of the past be upheld in this age. Deify no weak human beings. Daify principles alone. Take the words of mediums for just what they are worth, and no more.

When you go from this place, think of these things. God's truth is ever working and widening. No circle can ever be complete. Follow your aspirations, and your hands clasped in God's, you will pass onward and upward forever. Amen!

The exercises concluded by the singing of a Duett, entitled, "Three Angel Visitants," by Miss Murdoch and Dr. Gardner.

• Mrs. Mary M. Macomber.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. M. M. MACOMBER AT ALLSTON HALL,
Sunday, Nov. 28, 1890.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

After the choir had sung, Mrs. Macomber read to the audience an appropriate selection from the first chapter of James, and when the choir had sung another hymn, she offered up a fervent and impressive prayer.

She said: It was said by one who lived many years ago, "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." That the external show of meats and drinks shall constitute the whole of a man's worship, we do not claim. We shall confine our remarks to the terms infidel and infidelity. Perhaps there never was an age when there was so much use made of these words as the present, or so much occasion for their use. No age has been characterized by so much discussion concerning the true and false—the devilish and the Godlike. There is a use for the term infidelity, and there is a true infidelity and a false infidelity.

Every nation has its preconceived ideas of religion, obtained either through education or tradition; and to be outside of that faith, is to be infidel to the nation holding it. If we were to be questioned as to what infidelity was in the Scripture time, we should say, a dissection from the teachings of Moses; to doubt the plenary inspiration of the Old Testament was infidelity. In other nations, to doubt the infallibility of the Koran, renders you infidel to them. So far as nations or people differed one from another, they were infidel; and thus the word simply means, "he does not believe as I do." This is the false infidelity.

But there is, nevertheless, a true infidelity. False infidelity is applied to a man's belief—to his thoughts and words, but not to his character. If a man attacks his name to a certain code of rules, which he believes, he is a Christian. Although he may be thoroughly infidel in character, he is not in name, because he has subscribed to a code of belief. A corporation of religionists compose the external church; and dissent from the points upon which they agree, is infidelity. In a court of justice, there is never any difficulty in swearing a man who says he believes in God, though his life may be a continual lie; while the truthful atheist, because he is honest, is invalidated in his testimony.

They say "Honesty is the best policy." This is not true. Honesty and policy have nothing to do with each other. Honesty is fidelity. Jesus was honest when he preached to the multitude—and told them that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." And it was policy that crucified him. He was infidel to the institutions of his day because of his integrity of heart and honesty of purpose. Thus you may draw the parallel between honesty and policy. This maxim is intended to mean that if you pursue an honest course, it will result better in the end. Some men are infidel to every principle of honesty during the week, and pray on bended knees on the Sabbath. Policy is their best honesty.

What we wish to convey to your minds is, that they who have true beauty of soul, and strict integrity of purpose, may sometimes carry the reproach of infidelity. The name may be given to those who are intrinsically the best men, and true to God's own voice within them. Under the Christian dispensation, the Romish church has given birth to many children; but she calls them infidels and heretics, and they throw the epithets back upon her.

In the Church there is a real infidelity—an infidelity of character—whenever there is a conscious action of the spirit, and it is disregarded. So long as any man disparages one part of his nature he is infidel to himself. So long as he gives his faith up to the keeping of others, he is infidel to his reason. The man who preaches doctrines he has no faith in, is infidel to his conscience. When he exhorts you to "do unto others as you would have them do unto you," to "lay not up for yourself treasures on earth," etc., just look at that man's life and see whether he is an infidel or not. See if, while he hoards his thousands, the poor go away from his door unprovided for. See yourselves whether he is an infidel to charity or not—that greatest of Christian virtues. It is not the despot always who sits on a cruel and mercenary throne.

Names should not have so much bearing upon things as they have. In some nations liberty of the press is called license; in others, honesty of opinion is treason. Are these their right names? Roger Williams was one of the greatest infidels in the land two hundred years ago. Now his followers join in the ecclesiastical din against men like Parker and Emerson, and brand them infidels. Jefferson, Rush and Marshall were called infidels once; but where will you find truer men? Infidelity is a name used to frighten children with, even now; but as they grow up, and their intellects expand, they soon see that the man who lives truest to himself and to his highest light, is the modern pagan.

Spiritualists: be true to yourselves! Some of you are becoming as bigoted as those in Christian sects. You condemn the church-worshippers for clinging to their creeds. "As for us," you say, "we have no creed!" The dogmatism with which you defend your no-creed is just as intense and bitter as that of the veriest sectarian. There is something still higher for you to attain to. Recognize and allow the truths in all creeds—if not for yourselves, for those who can draw satisfaction and spiritual food from them. Be infidel to every selfish and mean act—to everything unjust—to policy, when made the rule of life. But do not be infidel to your character. Do justice to all the qualities of your being. There must be a broader sweep of humanitarianism. No place must feel its broad, healthful influence. Then the cry of infidelity will not be so universal. You are to become wise to your own salvation. Stand out from the jostling masses at least far enough to allow intellect to fly her kites of thought over the heads of the people.

In the past, men prayed a sensual, slavish prayer, because they feared the Lord. "Save us from the Turk, the Comet and the Devil!" they said; and when plague and panic came and overtook thousands in their tormented sleep, the people did not fight the disease with medical skill, but panted up paper prayers in the churches to avert and turn away the calamity! But you are not to pray cowardly to God, nor offer up the infidel prayer of words. Pray with deeds. All God ever does for us is to give us strength to will and to do. Be true to yourselves and to each other, and you will easily work out your own salvation.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

In the evening, the medium commenced in the same fiery strain of thrilling eloquence, substantial fact and logical analysis that characterized her afternoon discourse. Her subject was "Evil in the World." She talked with great power for about twenty minutes, when her voice broke down, and she was unable to proceed. This result was greatly regretted by the audience, for the lecture gave indication of being one of the most masterly productions ever delivered before a Spiritual audience in Boston. We forbear making any further report of it, as we are informed it will be finished by the medium at her next appearance in Boston—in the Spring of 1891.

The beautiful ballad, "Over the River," was sung by Miss Murdoch, with touching effect, at this stage of the meeting; and then, although in feeble health, at urgent request, Miss Lizzie Doten came upon the platform and spoke to the audience a few moments.

Miss Doten said: I want to speak to you as far as I can for myself, and to a Boston audience. Mediums are all afraid of you. They are told this is the Athens of America, and come here with misgivings, fearing that you will pass severe judgment upon them. The only way we can come into total disregard of an audience, is to throw ourselves into the great arms of the Father, feeling perfect reliance and dependence upon him. I say now, though I felt timid when I first came among you, that I do not care for any one of you. I say this not defiantly, for I have stood often before you, and have felt your invigorating sympathy. At first there was a spirit of defiance, and then a giving up of myself unreservedly to you. I would, oh how gladly, let all the high spirits go—Michael and Gabriel—if I could always have the inspiration of human hearts!

I was drawn back from the world when a child. I took lonesome walks by myself, pondering on the tasks that God might have in reserve for me to do. I early felt the need of sympathy and friendship; and when I became a medium, I found it in humanity. The only way to speak the "open sesame" to human hearts is sympathy. It has taught me to go down into the lower places of human life, and give of that sympathy to the lowly outcast and suffering ones. My spirit-guides bade me go to the meek and lowly and read my texts in human hearts. You may say it is dangerous to look into them and read what is written there. No, it is not. It is safe for me to go deep into human hearts. I dare call a prostitute and a libertine just what they are, to their faces. I tell them, "I know just what you are, and I would have been just the same under like circumstances, and now let me look into your hearts and love you, since God has given me the power. I will plant

beautiful flowers in the loam soil that covers your bleeding human hearts." You who are waiting for the angels departed, it is as immutable as the laws of Nature that you must pass through many trials which will test your souls, before you reach the high sphere you feel yourselves so well fitted to occupy.

God know what was best for me when I was sitting by myself, a little child, trying to fathom the aim and purpose of my being. I feel that the trials we undergo here, will be our polished jewels in the hereafter.

The first time I ever spoke consciously, was before a Boston audience. And now our dear sister meets with a change of mediumship to-night, and I knew it would be so. I felt that I could hold her up with my own life's magnetism, if possible. The time will come when she will do herself justice before a Boston audience, and though she has labored under so many disadvantages to day, I know she has touched a chord in many a heart which will rebound to meet her when she returns to you. The time will come when she will send an electric thrill through your souls like nothing you have ever felt before.

MARRIED.

In this city, November 21, 1890, by Rev. D. V. Goddard, Hon. WARRIAM FREESTON to Miss SARAH E. eldest daughter of Wm. CULLEY, Esq., late of Prospect, Me.

[A bounteous slice of wedding cake accompanied the above. We tender our congratulations to the happy couple. It will, we trust, be not inappropriate here to state that the Judge was among the first and foremost believers of the new Philosophy of Spiritualism, and an ardent and fearless advocate of all the Reforms of the day, both of Church and State.]

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANFIELD, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Manfield, 123 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. 6c Nov. 17.

EXQUISITE CARPETS AT LOW PRICES.—The following invoices have just been received from the recent trade sales of English Carpets in New York:
50 pieces Royal Velvet, for 115 cents per yard; 100 pieces Tapestry Brussels, 85c. to \$1 per yard; 75 pieces Real Brussels, \$1 to \$1.35 per yard.

These goods are warranted English, and are believed to be the cheapest fine carpets in the market.
Also—100 cases Floor Oil Cloths, of the celebrated sail and enamel finish.

Also—the new Electrotype Carpets, for 62-70c. per yard. Also, Kidderminster, superfine and three-ply, of the most approved productions, are retailed at manufacturer's prices, by the New England Carpet Company, 75 Hanover street, opposite the American House. 31 Dec. 1.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M.D., Professor of Physiology, author of the "Nutr. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle," may be consulted for the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most protracted cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

THE TRANCE,

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THIS interesting Work contains reliable instructions for inducing the Trance in yourself, or in others, together with all the kindred phenomena, connected directly or indirectly with this mysterious state, under whatever theory these strange results have been known, whether it be Mesmerism, Mesmerism, Psychology, "Neurology," "Spiritism," "Electric Biology," or Patheticism, Amulets, Charms, Enchantments, Spells, Fascination, Incantation, Magic, Philers, Talismans, Hobbies, Witchcraft, Seances, Hallucinations, Spectres, Illusions, Apparitions, Clairvoyance, Somnambulism, Miracles, Visions, &c., &c.
12 pp. pp. Price \$1. Sent by mail, prepaying. Address "Banner of Light," Boston, Mass. Dec. 1.

FOR SALE cheap, a Gas Engine, nearly new, with gas fixtures complete. Apply at this office. If Nov. 17.

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SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Oct. 20.

D. O. C. YORK, CLAIRVOYANT AND ECTOPHIC PHYSICIAN, has taken rooms at No. 14 Rivington street, Boston, Office hours, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 8 P. M. to 10 P. M., on Tuesday and Friday till 9 P. M.

N. B. The Doctor has performed many wonderful cures by the laying on of hands. He will visit patients at their residences if required. 17 Nov. 24.

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IMPERIAL WINE BITTERS,

ARE universally acknowledged superior to all others now before the public; being composed of Dandelion, Spikeweed, Wild Cherry Tree Bark, Chamomile Flowers, Gentian, Solomon's Seal and Comfrey. They are the best remedy known for Indigestion, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Dyspepsia, Induration, Debility, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Piles, and all cases requiring a Tonic.

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Sept. 15. 1890

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to be one.

DITED by JOHN W. HUTCHINSON, one of the well-known
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 June 15. 11

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 W. 629 Sept. 22.

Pearls.

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

THE SHOWN OF BELIEF IN A SPIRITUAL WORLD.

The astronomer with patient, searching gaze
Doth with his tube the depths of space explore;
Shows Neptune's orb, 'neath the solar blaze,
Reveals a world by man unseen before.
Justly the world towards his arduous toil,
And claims to share the glory of his fame;
Beyond the boundaries of his native soil
From land to land the breezes bear his name.
But he who doth a Spirit-world reveal,
Not far in space, but near to every soul;
Which naught but mist of sense and sin conceal,
(Would from men's sight those mists at length might roll!)
He is with incredulity received,
Or with a slow, reluctant faith believed.—[Religious Mag.]

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency: it does
a man to good to carry around a lightning rod to attract
trouble.

Love me, love me while you may,
Take the love I bring to-day,
Plead not for to-morrow;
So warm, so bright, so near, so high,
It is the sun that glides the sky;
Clouds it not with sorrow.
Shall my lips refuse thy kiss
Though its deep, exquisite bliss,
Fades the moment after?
Storms arise, and clouds may lower,
Shall the earth refuse its dower—
Joy and light and laughter?
Then take the love that's mine to give—
I know not if it may outlive
The rainbow's fleeting splendor.
But well I know this heart is warm
As any, quick to meet the storm,
And full as soft and tender:
But if our love should fade away,
We'll hold it like an April day,
Its glory will remember;
And never be weak enough to sigh,
As we pass each other by,
For roses in December.

Nothing so closes the mind to progress as the pride and presumption
that no world of knowledge exists beyond our short-sighted horizon.

Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
While therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crisped, sandy golden locks,
Which some such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness often know
To be the dowry of a second head;
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
This ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; to a world,
The seeming truth which cunning time puts on.
To entrap the wisest.—[Shakespeare.]

A man in earnest finds means; or, if he cannot find them,
creates them.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 21.

Question.—"What is Virtue? What are its demands upon humanity?"

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH.—"Elo, elo, lama Sabaoth-thani?" groaned the dying Christ, when the terrible death-agony swept in relentless pain-billows over his quivering form, and along his rack-tortured nerves. And "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" comes up from many a poor girl's heart, and through many a pallid lip, as she feels that she stands upon the brink of some unknown danger, as her lover pleads with her and racks the legions of heaven, earth and hell, for arguments to carry his point. "My God, my God!" she cries, and thus, unable longer to withstand the triple storms of passion, love and impurity, she yields, and the world says she "falls"—but by the eternal God, the world lies! Not one whit of God has she lost; not one fleck of dust hath fallen on her soul to mar its beauty, as hereafter she roams amid the glades of Jehovah's starry isles. Virtue doth not consist in a membrane. Some people say it does, but some people are fools! Our bodies are like houses—liable to leaks. But, sir, the soul is water-proof, nor can all the vice showers of earth or hell once soak it through. It forever remains pure. Last night I saw a woman, whose my soul-glimpse was as pure as spotless snow; ah, would that I were half as good as that poor, tender, suffering soul—so true, so sensitive, so aspiring; and yet did the world hear the tale she poured into my ear, while the hot tears of her telling fell thick and fast upon the floor, and there mingled with the tears of my hearing—that would call her impure, not virtuous, because she had loved both wisely and well! If she was deceived, that's the deceiver's fault, not hers. I listened to the tale, and I cursed the hypocrisy of a world which, with a deal of preach, has a very little practice; and when that world says that such a woman is not virtuous, again I tell the world it lies; for if Virtue be anything, it is the intent to be and do good. Poverty compels a woman to exchange herself for the current coin of the land. Purchasers imagine they have bought her, but they mistake; she keeps herself, but sells her clock; and I apprehend that there's no more virtue in a clock than there is in a membrane! And I wept with her; and finally went home, and soon lay me down with my baby in my arms, and I slept, and lo, a vision. I was free. The soul had divorced its bridegroom, the body, for awhile; and up, up, up, through God's star-decked azure, will borne in a thought-shallop it sailed, until it reached the plains of Verdun, in the rosy morning land, and took its stand hard by a shining gate, near which stood the veiled throne of the Infinite over soul. And now a voice said, "Sound the trumpet!" and forthwith a mighty seraph blew a blast, and ten million echoes awake the stillness of the vast infinitudes with the startling cry, "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!" And then I trembled, for I knew that many a secret sin had left its mark upon my garments; but I prayed, ah, God, how earnestly I prayed; and as every prayer went up, one spot, and then another, disappeared; and my soul became pregnant, grew big, and presently a child was born, and its name was Hope; and it grew apace, and soon changed its name to Faith, and again to Charity, and once more, to Certainty; and I was happy for the first time since time began. Soon I saw a vast spectral army—all the dead nations marching up toward the gate whereat sat the recording angel with the book. And as the troops of priests and philosophers came up to pass through the silver portal, the veiled voice said, "Stand back! The weakest first!" And so they stood back, and made way for the harlots, and slaves, and beggars, and many a poor thief; and as they came up, the angel selected the feeblest, called them by name, ran his eye over the book, and with a "weak in execution, strong in intent," or "weak in flesh, strong in spirit," or "foul without, but pure within," bade

them pass into heaven. At last came the woman whom I had conversed with in the afternoon. She passed the sentry, was told to enter the starry land; but she could not; a cord was around her, and around me also; seeing which, the angel said to me, "Pass in with her; for it is written against your name in this Book of Life, 'Even as ye did it to the least of these my servants, ye did it unto me.'" And so I entered the golden country. Presently I returned to earth, firmly convinced that good deeds are the coin of heaven—the silver; but that sympathetic tears are the gold, one of which outweighs a score of others. If such is virtue, then its effect on humanity must be for the healing of the people, the nations and the age.

Dr. CHILDS.—Vicious deeds are always done in darkness. The man who does naughty actions is as blind as a bat to the consequences that must inevitably follow. The devil is always served with leathery goggles on. Men are moved to wicked actions by an unseen power that makes their destiny, never by choice. Every step taken in the opposite direction of virtue is hidden from view by a certain that wisdom holds. The ditches of immorality are never seen by men and women before they fall therein. The fires of hell are never seen beforehand, but are felt when in them. Virtuous deeds have no merit, for they're given when needed, not worked for. Virtue is for weak ones that cannot yet stand the ordeals of hell-suffering, which suffering is a gate that opens on the other side, to a garden where richer flowers than the flower of Virtue grows; where flowers, more fragrant and enduring than the flowers of time, blossom in perennial loveliness.

Virtue nourishes and makes our material love strong and vigorous, for it adorns, beautifies, and makes the material world attractive and lovely. It makes material life more desirable; it elongates our earthly journey. Vice has the opposite effect; it weakens, debilitates and destroys earthly love, for it defaces, deforms, injures and makes the material world unattractive and unlovely. It makes material life burdensome, less desirable, and consequently makes the journey of earth shorter. Virtue is a good thing, but there is to be that which is better.

Honor, integrity, justice, self-elevation, self respect, a generous giving of money, an unconquainted character; a spotless earthly life; good repute and a name for posterity, these are the attributes of Virtue. They will all pass away and perish. What are the attributes that Vice develops? They are attributes of a longer existence, an existence that the finger of time cannot deface. Consequent upon Vice we find the development of self-humiliation, lowliness, meekness, passiveness, earthly love broken, riches and reputation gone, self-respect with the respect of others gone, nothing on earth to cling to, and the avenue of faith in God opened. Individual and universal forgiveness comes; charity that beloveth and accepted all things is developed, and from the long routine of unthought, undesired sufferings, that Vice brings, comes forth the soul in the stature of spirit-manhood, triumphant over earth and time, a follower of Christ.

Can we be virtuous by the effort of our will? Never. Are we virtuous by the effort of our will? Never. There would be no vice did human will control humanity? Common sense is at war with Vice; and our will always goes for common sense. But our will and our common sense, did they control, might break a link in the chain of God and spoil the harmony of creation. Wisdom rules, and well it is that things are as they are. We may be thankful.

Is there a man or woman that has not felt regret and sorrow for naughty thoughts and deeds? And yet they will do and think the same again that they have sorrowed for. What makes us do again what we are sorry for? The devil, we have been told. Who is he? An agent of wisdom; only our Father, kept from our view by the darkness of our own vision. It is our Father's love and wisdom that makes us sorry and makes us glad; that makes us good and makes us bad. In the ordinance of creation, Virtue and Vice are lawful; both of which are for time, not eternity.

Rev. S. L. TRENKLE.—There always has been, is now, and probably always will be, a variety of opinions as to what Virtue is. Thus far, it has been defined differently by almost every speaker who has spoken on the subject. And yet they all agree that whatever is just and right, pure and holy, beautiful and lovely, is the result of Virtue.

Virtue and Vice are terms generally used by human beings to express their views and feelings with regard to the thoughts and actions of their fellow creatures. Hence, whenever any man or woman performs an act in perfect keeping with his or her sense of right, it is pronounced a virtuous act; but if in opposition to their preconceived notions of right, they egotistically pronounce it vicious.

But the definition which I shall give of Virtue is, Goodness. Hence, you perceive that I include everything that ever was, is now, or ever will be, in my idea of Virtue. Dr. Child uttered an eternal truth when he declared that "Vice was the subsoil and top soil that nourished and fed the production of Virtue." Why? Because Virtue and Vice sustain the same relation to each other that spirit does to matter. Spirit and matter, Virtue and Vice are co-eternal and co-eternal with God. Hence, I take it that Virtue and Vice both exist in obedience to the will of the Eternal God. I believe it is admitted by every one who has spoken on this subject that the law of progression is a fixed and eternal fact. Then why deny that Vice is absolutely necessary to the existence of Virtue? Where would be the law of progression if Vice did not exist? There would be no good, better, or best, but an eternal sameness. If there was nothing in existence that is called low, then manifestly could be nothing that is called high; unfolded and disordered from it.

The different individualities that go to make up the great human family may be said to sustain the same relation to one another that the different notes on the musical staff do in producing melody and harmony. Some notes are placed on the upper ledger line, some on the regular lines, some in the intermediate spaces, and some way down on the lower ledger line. And yet one note is just as necessary, in order to form a perfect tune, as another.

So it is with the great human family. Some individuals occupy the highest positions in society; some a middling position, and so on down through every grade and description until you descend to what is called the very lowest position in human society. And yet you can presume to say that each individual does not hold his or her proper place—yes, the very place which Infinite Wisdom designed he or she should hold in the human family? What kind of a tune would you have, if every note was placed on the same line? Where would be the melody? And what kind of a society would it be if all human beings looked, thought, felt and acted just alike? It is evident to me that God never designed any such state of things.

Everything in the mineral, vegetable and animal

kingdoms bear their united testimony to the fact that God loves variety. You can find no two things of the same kind in the material world that are alike. No two leaves from the same tree are precisely alike; and no two flowers of the same kind are alike. And if we look into the animal kingdom we find that there are no two animals of the same species that are precisely alike, either in form or disposition.

And what reason have we to look for and expect a sameness in humanity, more than in the other works of God? I tell you, sir, that if God be God—if he be infinite in wisdom, love and power, that all human kind, be they virtuous or vicious, are at this moment just what infinite love and wisdom designed them to be, and what almighty power has compelled them to be. There is no escape from this conclusion. No man or woman is virtuous or vicious except by comparison. To say that they are, is to destroy the law of progression, and out them off from all hope of ever rising to a higher condition, except they fall back upon the old orthodox idea of the vicarious atonement. All men and all women are virtuous—that is, they are all positively good. True, they are not all alike. Some are rich, and some are poor; some are illiterate, and some are learned; some seek for happiness in intellectual pursuits, some in worldly honors, some in sensual pleasures, and some in spiritual joy and blessedness. But every man and every woman is true to the law by which all are held and governed. Would it be wisdom in me to condemn the tree that had fruit on it that was green, bitter, sour, and disagreeable to the taste, simply because there were other trees that were filled with good, ripe fruit? And yet if I did, I would manifest as much wisdom as those individuals do who condemn their unfortunate brothers and sisters for not thinking and acting just as they think and act. It is only the relation which we sustain to those around us that makes us virtuous or vicious in the estimation of our judges, and we shall be acquitted or condemned according to the spirit of charity which they possess. Jesus of Nazareth admitted this fact when he declared that his mission on earth was to seek and to save them that were lost; to cast upon them the pure and holy influence which he received from the spirit-world, that he might open the eyes of their souls, and cause them to see the new beauties and bright glories that were in advance of them; and cause them to put forth an effort to rise from their earthly loves and pleasures, to higher, fresher, purer joys, and a sweeter and more enduring happiness. The heart of the great teacher was filled with love for every human being. He possessed a spirit of condemnation for no one, but the milk of human kindness flowed freely and spontaneously to every suffering son and daughter of humanity. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," said Jesus, when his disciples stood ready to stone the woman who was taken in adultery; and immediately he opened their interior visions, that they might behold their own true state and condition. As they looked within, they beheld nothing but darkness and their own misdeeds; and a spirit of charity took possession of their souls that covered a multitude of sins. They marched out with bowed heads and contrite hearts, and left the woman alone with the Saviour. "Neither do I condemn thee," said Jesus; "go thy way and sin no more." Let us all imitate our beautiful exemplar—our elder brother—and soon the moral world shall bud and blossom as the rose.

Mr. WYCKOFF.—Virtue has had a good many definitions, and I suppose every speaker will have a different definition for it. Some place Virtue in the soul, and others locate it so far off that it is beyond the bounds of time; and we can hardly discern it. Some make do difference between Virtue and Morality. But to my mind they are as wide apart as they can be. We can only judge of Virtue by ourselves, and we cannot be types of society. I will only speak of the claims Virtue has upon humanity. It seems to me the Golden Rule is instinctively inscribed here, and it seems to me that is so perfect nothing can be added to or taken from it, and the great heart of humanity has ever responded "Amen" to it. It ever finds a hearty response in the human heart, and it condemns all things counter to this. When Jesus told them who were without sin to cast the first stone at the harlot, he did right, though it is not generally done, in our time more than in his. The sentence of Sphylock, in the theatre, meets with the approval of the people, both borrowers and lenders, because it is a literal carrying out of the law. Not only is it taught that the human heart is deceitfully wicked, but the heart has a germ of purity, that will sometime or other outwork itself. There is a beautiful Mahometan story some poet has preserved in verse:

"About Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold,
Exceeding peace made from Ben-Adhem's bold;
And to the vision in the room he said—
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Adam. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. 'About some more lo!
But cheerily still, and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men.'
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names which love of God had blessed;
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest."

Man shall wax old, but virtue shall exist—its days shall have no end.

H. H. TATON.—It seems to me Virtue is the best sublimated condition of all the highest powers and attributes of man's being—as fragrance is the spiritualization of the root, stem and leaf of the flower—as life is the spiritualization of the substance of the earth, water and air. There are three great maxims which have come to us from the past, which seem to be corner-stones in the great diamond temple of the universe, of which Virtue is the crowning one. The Messianic one rose no higher than the fraternal feeling in the human soul; and Moses proclaimed the maxim of "Love those that love you." Fifteen hundred years elapsed, and the gentle Nazarene unfolded from the mount of his high intellectual and spiritual individuality a blessed scroll, emblazoned with "Love thy neighbor as thyself." There was another step up the fraternal plane toward universal justice. But have we none who shall represent Virtue from a higher plane? It seems to me there is another scroll hanging before this audience to-night, bearing the words: "Love thy neighbor better than thyself." This is easily done, when you go down deeper in the great Artesian well of God. Jonathan loved David better than himself. Damon loved Pythias better than himself. Scipio loved Delander better than himself. So every patriot, in all ages, in action and thought, realizes the blessed maxim. In the hour of calamity, would you not rush to the relief of the one you loved better than yourself, thus polishing your soul bright as the morning beam? You would not judge Moses when he slew the Egyptian, and

buried him in the sand, but when he stood on Sinai. You do not judge of Bacon when you see him taking bribes on the bench, but when you see him inditing his great works which overturned the false philosophies of the world. You would not judge of Franklin, when you see him in France denouncing mesmerism, but when he signs his name to the Declaration of Independence, or lying a kilo in the suburbs of Philadelphia. You would judge all men by their virtue rather than their vice. He lives longest who thinks deepest and acts the best.

Mr. FISKE.—

In the All-wise Creator's plan,
Virtue's the crowning good of man;
And yet how little do we know
From whence the springs of virtue flow.
A virtuous man who can tell
Save him who knoweth all things well?
For mortals may judge but in part
The hidden workings of the heart.
Man's daily actions often speak,
If virtue be strong or weak—
Strong to resist temptation's voice,
And make virtue's paths his choice.
Virtue is strength of mind or will.
To accept the good, reject the ill.
Though it comes arrayed in burnished gold,
Virtue cannot be bought or sold.
The virtuous man is filled with love—
For other's woes is deeply moved;
Is not puffed up with righteous pride,
From erring ones turns not aside;
He guides his life by words sublime
That fall from lips almost divine—
"See that ye unto others do
As ye would have them do to you."
And he beholds in Nature's laws
The workings of the Great First Cause.
That out of Vice's darkest power
Springs Virtue's fairest, purest flower.

Virtue is not always found
Where we think it is most abundant.
A jereed robe and alien vest
O'er cover hearts with vice oppress;
Vice often rides in silk array,
Whilst Virtue, bare-foot, goes her way.
Vice lives on fruits of every clime,
Whilst Virtue climes but a clime.
The road may lie on softest down—
'T would rest as well on cruel thorn;
If guilty conscience racks the breast,
Upraise it lo! there is no rest.
Virtue is the soul's desire
For something better, nobler, higher
Than the transient joys of vice,
That vanish from us in a trice.
Whilst we the fleeting baubles clasp,
They turn to ashes in our grasp.
Virtue gives a noble joy—
A blissful peace, without alloy.

It bears the stamp of the Divine;
A seal from heaven to seal us of time;
A preface sweet of the golden days
Of which poets sing in rapturous lays;
'T is a crown of bliss to the aged brow,
Which a jewel is like December's snow;
'T is a hour bright in manhood's prime
That no joy is equal to it in time;
'T is a box of promises—hasten of rest—
When it fills the loving mother's breast,
Like perfume sweet of fragrant flowers.
Freshly culled in Eden's bowers.
It gives charms to the maiden's face
As she walks in modest grace.
We almost see the shining band
That guide her feet to the better land.
It is in boyhood's shout of glee,
As he goes bounding, happy, free.
With a loving heart and high soul broad,
That he thinks the world is almost God.
It lights the laborer's daily toil,
Wielding the hammer or tilling soil;
Whilst his heart throbs with vigorous might
To help the weak and speed the right.
In all creation's wondrous plan,
God's best work is in a virtuous man.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—I think after what the gentleman and lady who preceded me have said, we can best spend our time in meditation on what we have heard. It is actually a lesson of important instruction; and if we can draw an impulse from them so as to govern our action in reference to ourselves and others, we shall soon see a great change in all grades of society; and participation in that progression shall elevate soul and body. I shall be very happy if I find nothing pass for a truth which is of less importance than the truths just announced. Most of you know the value I attach to the Bible, as a guide, which will lead us up from one point of goodness to another; and think the instructions given to-night by the last speakers are in strict accordance with the ideas of that book; and if they were more fully lived up to, we should see a greater revival in religion than we have seen before for many a year. I hope this feeling of virtue will rest on this whole assembly, till we can feel in all our hearts the working of the principle enunciated by the gentleman and the lady; and I shall have no apprehension of the safety of any, here or hereafter.

MISS BELL.—
I'm a virtuous child, and I'll tell you why—
There's a pure, clear light in his glad, free eye;
And it says that truth is the lens of sight,
And the law of life is the law of right;
And I know that my child will obey this power,
And call this obedience Virtue's dower.

JOHN BEZON.—Virtue is not an electric power or a religious sensation merely, but is a part of all the qualities of manhood. We can all be virtuous as we live according to our highest light. It is only the normal condition of every well-developed human being—to be obtained not by scientific attainment or the exercise of power, but the harmonious combination of all our knowledge and goodness. According to our capacity we may be as virtuous as Jesus. Love and wisdom combined are Virtue. One without the other cannot be Virtue. All man's highest powers are included in the exercise of Virtue.

Dr. M. G. SMITH.—

"Know then, this truth—enough for man to know—
Virtue alone is happiness below."
So says Pope. Paley says, "It is prudence, fortitude, temperance, justice." Bacon says, "Virtue is best discerned in adversity—vice, in prosperity." Addison—"In the struggle between reason and passion, right and wrong." If virtue implies a struggle, it cannot be predicated of God, for he has no desire for wrong, no struggle for right. Says Fleming: "Ireland thinks virtue is the courage to call in one's debt of honor." Junius, to the Duke of Grafton: "Injury, my Lord, may be atoned for and forgiven, but insult admits of no compensation; it debases the mind in its own esteem, and can be removed only by revenge." This was his idea of virtue. Thus men of the world, high in intellect, join the aboriginal idea, that revenge is virtue—"An eye for an eye," &c.; but not so thought Jesus when he taught blessings for revilers, good for evil; not so thought the dying Stephen. Women, until perverted, are better than men; but when perverted, often worse. A captain of Police in New York says many girls have slept at the station at night, and lived on bread and water by day, rather than sell themselves to evil. Would you be virtuous, subjugate everything to your highest, holiest aspiration; and when reason and passion, truth and falsehood, grapple, look to God and go in for the right, loving God more than ourselves, fearing evil more than man. If parents want healthful children, they must themselves obey the laws of health. Do you want others to be truthful, be so yourselves. Do you want your children virtuous, be so. Children are punished for their parents' fault. "What are you so you shall also reap."
The Roman Brutus condemned his own son to death for voting for the restoration of the thirty tyrants, for this he was deemed the most virtuous of

men. Zelauchas, King of Greece, ordered, for adultery, the eyes of the criminal to be removed. His own son was convicted; and the king, after one of his eyes had been abstracted, sat down and ordered the executioner to tear out one of his own eyes—which was done. Who knows the thoughts passing through the heart of the king, man, and father! Oh, if parents had thus to suffer for the sins of their sons, how careful would they be in their lives and loves! The same David who killed the messenger that bore and tidings of his son, cried out in the agony of his heart, "Oh, Absalom, Absalom, my son! would to God I had died for thee!" Under fear, some have gone into the churches, and, ascertaining from returning spirits that hell is not much of a place, like pent-up school boys, throw up their caps, and with a "hurrah, boys, there's no hell!" mean to have a good time. Such Spiritualists, of all others, should believe in a hell, for fear is the only thing to save them, or, at least, their neighbors. Christ companioned with sinners; he ate with them; and, to the astonishment of all men, after death, first appeared to Mary Magdalen, rather than his mother or disciples. Let us mingle with "sinners" to do them good; and, as he condemned only the self-righteous, let our virtue be rather like the "more justified" publican than the self-righteous Pharisee; and remember, while we should get good and do good, and keep good, that to "err is human, to forgive divine."

Mr. BRADLEY.—I must say that, in allowing my mind to scan this subject, I am compelled to think there are four classes of Virtue in this world, and each relatively worth just so much as the other. These are barbarous, semi-barbarous, Christian, and Free-thinkers' Virtue. In this discussion only the Virtue of the Christian has been noticed. I think those who lived before Moses had Virtue, just as much, in degree, as those of to-day. I think God will not require the same amount of Virtue in the downtrodden and uneducated as in the gifted and developed.

Dr. O. H. WELLINGTON.—I am always glad to speak, if I am sure I have ought to say, provided those who are by are willing to hear me. I cannot well speak on your question, because I cannot well define your idea of Virtue. I speak of the relation we hold to the Father. You may call it Virtue, or not, as you please. It is, in my mind, comprehended in the word duty—a product of the love of God—an outbirth from the Father. To me all are brothers, all temples of the living God; and as I owe my first duty to the Lord God, I cannot to my own idea do right unless I prefer my brother's happiness to my own. The true heart desires the uprising of all nature. Who will not improve his capacities and cultivate his soul, does not his duty to God. We must see that, in our relation to each other, each can be a helper to all, and all to each. Each by himself alone will rust and decay; but we are strong in each other's sympathy, hope and love. Then death will not touch us, but we can go through seas of fire, and stem all difficulties, so that the God of heaven speaks cheerfully to me through the love and sympathy of my brother man.

JACOB EDSON.—Untried innocents are not Virtue. Many of us may feel all ready to go into the heaven, but the fact is, we have never been tempted. Virtue has its price, though silver and gold may not buy it. The greatest Virtue is charity, which will lead one into the atmosphere of the virtuous, and not contaminate him by it. The one who has the most love is most virtuous: "God is Love." No man can serve both God and Mammon. Choose your master, and serve him faithfully—even if it be the Devil—and you will get your reward. Virtue or Vice we owe outwork according to the capacity of our friends to feel, know and appreciate us.

The same subject will be continued at 7 o'clock next Wednesday night.

Lecturers.

H. B. STORAN will lecture in December, first Sunday in Hartford; second Sunday in New Haven; third, fourth and fifth, in that vicinity; January, first and second Sundays in Portland, Me.; third and fourth, and the four Sundays in Feb. at Bangor, Me.; and vicinity; through March, at Putnam, Ct., and the first two Sundays of April at Providence, R. I. On three evenings of each week, at towns in the vicinity of the above places.

Miss L. E. A. DUNFORD will lecture at St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 24, 25, 26, 27, 28 and 29; at Terre Haute, Ind., two weeks in Jan. Address, through Dec. at St. Louis, Mo., care James Blood, box 3391; through Jan., at Terre Haute, Ind., care of James Blood.

Miss R. M. MILLER will lecture at Erie City, Pa., Dec. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th; Mill Creek, Dec. 4th and 5th; Harbor Creek, 6th, and 7th. Permanent address, Ashland, Ohio. H. M. Miller will accompany Mrs. M. and lecture when required.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BURLINGTON PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. E. A. Underwood, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Fanny Davis, last two in Dec.; Miss A. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1861; Mrs. A. M. Hilditch, first two in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONGRESS HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Banner. Subject for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are its demands upon humanity?" A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, and the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

CHANNING HALL.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Lecturers: Mrs. M. M. Kenney, of Lawrence, speaks the first two Sundays in Dec. GARDEN CITY.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 o'clock, in Williams Hall, Western Avenue. Seats free to all. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. A. M. Sprague, during Dec.; Mrs. Fanny B. Kelton, Jan. 6th and 13th; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Feb. 20th and 27th; Miss A. W. Sprague, Feb. 24th and 25th; Mrs. L. E. A. Dunford, Feb. 26th and 27th; Mrs. L. E. A. Dunford, Feb. 28th and 29th; Mrs. F. G. Hyslop, during May.

LEAFHURST, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leafhurst hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m.

PLYMOUTH.—J. B. Loveland, will speak two first Sundays in December.

ROXBURY.—Meetings at 1 1/2 and 7 o'clock p. m. Speakers engaged: Lewis F. Moore, Dec. 21; Henry C. Wright, Dec. 16th; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 30th.

WORCSTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

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

NEWBURGH.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 p. m. at Essex Hall.

PURDUE, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: Mrs. Fanny B. Kelton, Dec. 24, 25, 26 and 27; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Dec. 28 and 29th. PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lecturers: Mrs. M. M. Kenney, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged: H. P. Fairfield, first three, Mrs. B. Kenney, last two Sundays in Dec.; H. B. Stor, first two, Lizzie Doten, last two Sundays in Jan.; Miss Fanny Davis, two last Sabbaths in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June.

PROVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers in this city:—Miss A. W. Sprague in December; Loo Miller in January; Mrs. A. M. Sprague, in February; Mrs. L. E. A. Dunford in March; H. B. Stor, four first, and Warren Chase, two last Sundays in April; Miss Emma Harding in May; Mrs. F. G. Hyslop in June; Mrs. L. E. A. Dunford in July.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Philadelphia Spiritualists," No. 1231 Chestnut street, between 13th and 14th