

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY,} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR} NO. 14.  
Publishers. Payable in Advance.

Written for the Banner of Light.

EDGAR.

BY PHAENIX PIRANETTE.

In a dungeon, drear and dismal,  
Chained in misery abysmal,  
Crouched a post-soul whose fetters held him help-  
less to the earth.  
Every thought was sorrow freighted,  
For this sad soul only waited  
For the foot-sounds of the jailer who should bring im-  
mortal birth.  
O'er him crawled the slimy lizards—  
At him, jeering hags and wizards  
Pointed long and skinny fingers, through the cold and  
rusty grates;  
And around him flitted and dived  
Held their bout of reckless revels,  
Filling dank and dreary darkness with their symbol-  
words of hate.  
Venomed reptiles bit and stung him;  
Maddened by despair, he flung him  
On the cold, moldy bottom of the reeking prison cell.  
Once the brave and true regarded—  
Now by God and man discarded—  
Worse his sin-sick, sad condition than the hottest  
scorching hell!

Bright, bedimmed coruscations  
Shed their grandeur o'er creation's  
Gold and silver-angled cloudlets in the ether blue  
above,  
And the shimmering stars in gladness  
Nod to us that earthly sadness  
Has no name nor habitation in the courts of heavenly  
love.

Seraphs, clad in pearly brightness—  
Like their hearts their dazzling whiteness—  
Sing the songs of souls enfranchised from all earthly  
pangs and pains;  
And the weak one who had squandered  
All his earthly hopes, had wandered  
Hither, from his passion-prison, charmed and soothed  
by angel-strains.

—And the poet, gently shrouded  
On his bosom who has yielded  
Hope and sorrow to weak mortals lost and chilled in  
starless night.  
Quails the heartiest woe Eureka,  
From Eternity's brimning beaker,  
And, all longing lost in largesse, soothes his soul with  
calm requies.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

[CONTINUED.]

Soon after the Gipsy-train went out they fell in  
with some country women, who, at the ringing of  
the Ave Maria bell, had started for their different  
homes in the adjoining villages outside of Madrid.  
It was the custom of the Gipsies to join company  
with them in order to travel with greater safety, and  
again, the old Gipsy was always in continual dread  
of losing Preciosa.

Not long after this, as the Gipsy-train were  
making their way into Madrid again, in the morn-  
ing, they met a young gentleman in a valley about  
half a mile from the city. He was extremely good-  
looking, and richly dressed, the sword and dagger  
which he wore glittering like burnished gold; his  
hat had a jeweled band, and was tastefully adorned  
with a large, graceful plume of various colors. The  
Gipsies stopped at seeing him, and, standing at a  
little distance, set themselves to thinking, to arrive  
at some reasonable conclusion why a fine gentleman,  
such as he appeared, should be out in such a place so  
early, on foot, and alone. While they were thus cog-  
itating he came up to them, and addressing himself  
to the old Gipsy, said—

"Pray, be so kind as to favor me with an oppor-  
tunity of speaking with you and Preciosa alone—it  
will be for your good."

"With all my heart," said the old woman, "if you  
don't take us too far out of our road, or keep us too  
long."

And, calling Preciosa, they withdrew about twenty  
yards away from the rest, when they stopped, and  
the young gentleman began to speak.

"I come a captive to Preciosa's wit and beauty.  
I have endeavored by every possible means to over-  
come what I deemed at first nothing more than a  
mere admiration which she excited; but I have  
found every effort useless, and myself vanquished.  
I, senoras, (for if heaven favor my pretensions I  
shall always give you that name,) as you will readily  
see, am a Knight," he continued, throwing open his  
cloak, and exhibiting the insignia of one of the high-  
est orders in Spain. "I am the only son of a Knight,  
who is at present at the court in Madrid, soliciting a  
post which he is fully assured he will secure, and I  
expect a large inheritance. Having, then, the rank  
and position of which I have spoken—and you may  
implicitly rely upon the truth of it—I still can but  
wish that I was a ruler, for Preciosa's sake, that I  
might lift her to grandeur, and make her my equal  
by making her my wife. I do not trifle with you,  
for in the earnestness of the great love I bear Preci-  
osa there is left no room for deception. She shall  
choose for herself in what way I may serve her.  
Her will shall be mine; my heart for her is a wax  
which may mould, but the impression shall be as  
endurable as if from the marble. If you believe me,  
my hopes shall make me contented and happy; if not,  
I shall be miserable. My name is—; that of my father, who resides at No. —  
in the Calle de —; and you are at liberty to  
inquire of him and me of the neighbors, or even of  
strangers, for our name and station are not so ob-  
scure but that you may hear of us at court, and, in  
fact, everywhere in the capital. I have with me one  
hundred crowns in gold, which I purpose to give you

as earnest of my intentions and what I will bestow  
on you hereafter; for no man who can give up his  
soul can hesitate to part with his wealth."

While the young Knight was speaking, Preciosa  
watched him closely, and undoubtedly was not at all  
displeased either with his language or his manner.  
She turned to the old woman and said—

"Pray excuse me, grandmother, if I take it to  
myself to answer this enamored Knight."

"Answer as you please, nina—I leave it all to  
you," replied the old Gipsy, "well knowing you  
have sense enough for anything."

"Though I am poor," began Preciosa, "and humbly  
born, yet I cannot deny that I have quite a way-  
ward little soul in me, which is always filling my  
head with certain aspirations for greatness. But,  
believe me, I am not in the least tempted by prom-  
ises; my resolves are not to be overcome by presents;  
deference is no loadstone to me, and love has no  
device which can ensnare me; and although by my  
grandmother's reckoning I shall be only fifteen next  
Michaelmas, I am already old in intellect, and have  
much more penetration than my age would seem to  
warrant. This may be accounted for more as my life-  
thing bestowed by nature, rather than the result of  
experience, yet both have taught me how impetuous  
is love, and how by its influence the mind is thrown  
utterly out of its ordinary course, and wildly pur-  
suing its desired object, it surmounts all imaginable  
and possible inconveniences, until at last the lover,  
believing he is about to realize the heaven of his  
expectation, suddenly falls into a hell of disappoint-  
ments. Then, again, give him the heaven he seeks,  
he soon wears with the object which attracted him,  
and, reason having opened his eyes, it becomes a  
source of wonder to him that once he adored what  
he now regards with feelings of distaste. The fear  
of these things inspires me with more than ordinary  
distrust, and by it I am led to question words, and  
have become suspicious of actions. One jewel I have  
which I will guard with and prize more than my life—  
that is my purity—and neither gifts nor promises  
can make me part with it, which, thus said, and  
could it be bought, it were valueless indeed. Neither  
can it be won from me by wiles and artifices, for I  
shall bear it to my grave before I expose it to danger  
by listening to chimeras and specious tales. It is a  
flower which no breath shall sully; it has an exist-  
ence with which imagination even shall not be  
allowed to tamper. Pluck the rose from the bush,  
and how soon does it wither? One touches it,  
another inhales its fragrance, another pulls its  
leaves, and then it perishes at last in vulgar hands.  
If this, senor, be the cause of your coming, you have  
my answer; you can obtain no such booty from me  
save in the ties of wedlock. If you desire to become  
my husband, I will be your wife; but before this  
there are many conditions which I shall demand,  
and many trials for you to encounter. To begin  
with them, I must become satisfied that you are  
really the person you claim to be. In that case, you  
must quit your father's house, and join us in our  
tent, put on a Gipsy's garb, and remain in our  
school two years, which will be ample time for me  
to learn your disposition, and for you to become familiar  
with mine; and if at the end of that time we are  
mutually satisfied with each other, I will be yours.  
During this probation you must regard me as your  
sister, as your humble servant, and nothing more.  
Also remember, senor, that during this probation  
you may happen to recover your senses, which you  
see I reckon as lost, or at least scattered, and may  
be led to fly from the object you are now pursuing  
with so much fervor, and, having gained your liberty,  
seek pardon at the hands of your family for your  
errors. But such are the conditions which I impose  
on you. If on these terms you are willing to enter  
our ranks as one of our tribe, it is for you to choose  
for yourself; but should you fall in any one of them,  
you shall never touch my fingers."

The youth was much astonished at Preciosa's view  
of the matter, and stood for a time in silence, with  
his eyes fixed musingly on the ground, as if consid-  
ering what answer he should return. Observing  
this, Preciosa said—  
"This is not a matter of such little importance  
that you can or should come to a resolution at once  
on it in the few moments we have to spare. Return  
to your home, give it all the consideration it de-  
mands, and you may meet me again on this spot  
during the holidays, either going to or coming from  
Madrid."

"When it was so ordained that I should love you,  
my dear Preciosa," said the cavalier, "I resolved  
that I would refuse nothing which you might require  
of me, though, it is true, I did not imagine you  
would make the request of me which you have;  
nevertheless, as it is your will, and my delight to  
obey, count me from this a Gipsy, and whatever  
task falls to my lot, it shall be mine to prove that  
you will ever find my feelings as I now represent  
them to be. I am at your service whenever you  
name the time. I will leave my parents on the pre-  
text of going to Flanders, and provide myself with  
money. I shall want eight days to prepare myself  
for my journey. And for the servants who will be  
ordered to accompany me I will manage in some  
way to get rid of them, that they may not hinder my  
project. But one thing—if I may as yet request a  
favor—I would beg of you, and that is, save to-day,  
when you go to town to inquire of my rank and that  
of my family, you go to Madrid no more; for I would  
not for all the world that any of the constantly  
changing circumstances there should deprive me of  
the good fortune I so much value."

"No, senor," said Preciosa, "this cannot be; I  
cannot resign my liberty or my right to go where I  
please; but wherever I do go, I shall not use that  
liberty to such extremes but that any one may see  
with half an eye that I know how to take good care  
of self. The first thing, therefore, with which I  
charge you, is to give over your fears, and place

entire confidence in me; and remember that lovers  
who begin by getting jealous are either very silly or  
exceedingly lacking in confidence."

"Surely, Satan himself is in you?" interrupted  
the old Gipsy. "Why, you would out-talk a stu-  
dent of Salamanca. Here's love, jealousy and con-  
fidence, and you know all about them. How is it?  
It may be you are mad. You run on like a person  
possessed, who talks Latin without understanding  
it."

"Peace, grandmother, peace!" said Preciosa; "all  
which you have heard is nothing to the store re-  
maining in my head."

Everything that passed, all that Preciosa had said,  
and her evidence of genius, only served to add fuel  
to the fire which raged in the breast of the enamored  
cavalier; and it was settled at last that they should  
meet in the same place in eight days, during which  
time he could arrange matters as he desired, and  
they inform themselves as to the verity of his state-  
ments. The young gentleman then drew out a  
brocade purse, in which he said there were one  
hundred crowns of gold, and handed it to the old  
woman. Preciosa, however, was utterly against her  
accepting them.

"Hold your tongue, child!" said the grandmother.  
"The best proof the gentleman has given of his sub-  
jection is this delivery of his crowns in token of his  
surrender; besides, a gift, no matter under what  
circumstances it is given, always betokens a generous  
mind. Remember the proverb, 'Heaven by prayers,  
and a young woman by presents.' The Gipsies for  
many and many a year have enjoyed the reputation  
of being over-fond of money, and I care not to be  
outside the pale of the tribe, nor do I mean that on  
my account it may be said, that one of them ever  
lost this characteristic. What, Preciosa, would you  
have me turn back one hundred crowns, in hard  
gold, too, and all of which may be seen in the hem  
of an old petticoat not worth a real, and there  
remain as comfortable as the well-fed flocks that  
roam in the pastures of Estremadura? Look you,  
should any of our sons, daughters or relatives have  
the misfortune to fall into the hands of the law, is  
there any eloquence so pelting, so moving to a  
Judge, any music so sweet to his willing ear as these,  
as they think one by one into his purse? For three  
different exploits I myself have been three times on  
the point of mounting at sea to be whipped. The  
first time I got off by means of a silver mug, the  
second by a string of pearls, and lastly by a goodly  
number of reals. Then think of it, nina; ours is a  
very hazardous calling, full of accidents and mis-  
hapse; and in times of distress there is nothing  
which affords us surer protection than a piece of  
gold quartered with the invincible arms of Philip of  
Spain; there is nothing that can withstand them,  
nothing that daves attempt their impregnable bar-  
rier. The two faces of a doubloon will bring a smile  
to the face of the sternest procurator; and as for  
the other harpies of the Gipsy tribe, who have no  
more mercy for our poor hides than they have for  
highwaymen, it melts their hearts. It makes no  
difference how ragged and tattered our garments  
may be, they swear that we are like a Frenchman's  
jacket—ragged and greasy, but quilted with pisto-  
les."

"For the love of heaven, say no more, grand-  
mother!" said Preciosa; "you would never cease  
putting arguments together to show good cause why  
you should keep senor's money. Keep the crowns,  
then, as you have so much regard for them, and  
much good may they do you. Would you had some  
spot in which to bury them, that they might never  
see the light of day again. However, as our com-  
panions have waited for us so long, and will surely  
be uneasy, I suppose you will have to distribute  
some of it amongst them."

"They shall see these crowns," answered the old  
Gipsy, "just as soon as they see the Grand Turk in  
his scraggle. Perhaps our good senor has a few cop-  
pers or some small money; if he will divide it among  
them they will be satisfied with a very little."

"I have," said the youth, and he gave each of the  
three girls a real, with which they were more highly  
delighted than a poet when his poem has won the  
prize.

Finally it was agreed that the whole party should  
meet, as before mentioned, in eight days, and that  
the young man's Gipsy name should be Andrew, as  
it was a name common among the Gipsies, and that  
also, by way of distinction, he should be called An-  
drew Caballero. Andrew (as he will now be recog-  
nized), not daring to embrace Preciosa, looked at her  
with his soul in his eyes, and started for Madrid,  
where, shortly after, the Gipsies arrived, and in very  
high spirits.

Preciosa, who was not entirely indifferent to the  
handsome and engaging cavalier—perhaps more  
from her great good nature, and his apparent ear-  
nestness, than from any feeling of love—was very  
anxious to ascertain if he were really what he  
claimed to be.

After entering Madrid, they had passed through  
two or three streets only, when Preciosa came upon  
the page who had given her the verses and the  
crowns.

"Welcome to Madrid, Preciosa," said he, approach-  
ing her. "I have you read the verses I gave you the  
other day?"

"Before I answer you a single question," said  
she, "by the life of the girl you love best you must  
tell me the truth regarding one thing."

"Go on," he replied; "though to answer you, and  
truly, cost me my own life, I could not refuse you."

"Well, then, what I most desire to know is, whether  
or not you have the fortune to be a poet?"

"It would be a freak of fortune, indeed, if I were  
one," said the page; "but you know, Preciosa, very  
few deserve the name of poet. Therefore I can an-  
-

swer you—I am not a poet, but a lover of poetry;  
yet, if it chance that I require a few verses, I neither  
beg, borrow, nor steal them. Those lines which I  
gave you were mine, and so are these which I now  
present you. Yet I am not a poet—heaven forbid  
it."

"Is it, then, such an unfortunate thing to be a  
poet?"

"No, not that," he answered; "but to be a poet,  
and nothing else, I do not think a good thing. Poetry  
should be like a rich jewel, which is not worn  
on all occasions by its owner, or shown to all people,  
but displayed only at proper times. A beautiful  
maiden is Poetry—chaste, quiet, discreet, and re-  
served—never overstepping the limits of elegance  
and refinement. She delights in solitudes; finds  
enjoyment in the music of fountain; loves to roam  
the green and flowering meadows; she finds a voice  
in the rustling of a tree, and companionship in the  
flower, and all are entertained and instructed who  
seek her society."

"Notwithstanding which, it is said, her followers  
are universally poor, and sometimes beggars," ob-  
served Preciosa.

"It is rather the opposite," said the page; "it is  
very seldom you find a poet who is not rich, because  
all poets are contented with their condition, what-  
ever it may be—a piece of practical philosophy at  
which men arrive. But what has led you, Preciosa,  
to make this inquiry?"

"Because, as I believed all poets poor, or, at least,  
most of them," answered Preciosa, "I was greatly  
surprised at finding a gold crown wrapped up in the  
verses which you gave me; but since you are not a  
poet, but simply a lover of poetry, it may be possible  
that you will get through the world well enough,  
though I much doubt it; for if you are rich, your  
propensity for writing verses will soon make you a  
bad manager; for they say a poet without a fortune  
can never get one, and a poet with a fortune can  
never keep one."

"But I am not one of those," said the page; "I  
can write verses, and am neither rich nor poor; and  
without missing it, or talking over it like a Genoese  
over an invitation, I can give a crown or two to  
whom I please. Take this paper; it has a second  
crown enclosed in it, and do not be troubled as to the  
fact of my being a poet. I only pray that you will  
believe that he who gives you this, only regrets that  
he has not the riches of Midas to bestow them on  
you."

He handed a paper to Preciosa, who, taking it,  
felt the gold, and said, "Ah, this paper may antici-  
pate a good old age for it has two souls in it—  
one of the crown, and one of the verses. But  
look you, senor page, I do not want so many souls  
together; and unless you take one back, I cannot  
accept the other; I will regard you as a poet, but  
not as a giver of gifts, and if we settle things in  
this way, our friendship is likely to last much  
longer; for strong as friendship is, it may stand in  
need of a crown to sustain it, much sooner than a  
verse."

"Very well, since it must be so," said the page,  
"and you will have it that I am poor whether or no;  
you shall keep the soul I give you in the paper, and  
return me the crown, which, Preciosa, since it has  
been touched by your hand, I will preserve as a pre-  
cious relic to the end of my days."

Preciosa took the crown out of the paper, and  
gave it to him, keeping the verses, which, however,  
she would not read in the open street; and the page  
went away highly delighted, fully believing he had  
made a very favorable impression on Preciosa, be-  
cause she had talked with him in such a gracious  
manner.

As Preciosa's object was to find the house of An-  
drew's father, without stopping anywhere to dance,  
she made her way at once to the street with which  
she was familiar. Having walked about half through  
the street, she saw the gilded iron balcony by which  
Andrew had designated the house, and in it a caval-  
ier of about fifty years or more of age, of noble  
mien, with a red cross on his breast. As soon as he  
saw Preciosa he called to her—

"Come in, nina—come in; we have some money  
for you."

As he spoke, several other gentlemen stepped on  
to the balcony, among whom she saw Andrew, her  
lover, who, the moment he saw her, changed color,  
and very nearly fainted. All the Gipsies entered,  
and went up stairs, except the old woman, who re-  
mained below to find out what she could from the  
servants about what Andrew had said. As the Gipsi-  
es entered the room, the old gentleman said, "This  
must certainly be the handsome Gipsy girl who has  
created so much talk in Madrid."

"The very same," said Andrew; "and she is  
without question the loveliest creature ever seen."

"So people say," said Preciosa, who, as she en-  
tered, caught the import of their conversation—so  
people say; but I imagine they set me too high by  
half. I know I am not ill-looking, but not such a  
beauty as they make me out."

"By the life of my son Juanico," said the elder  
gentleman, "you are much handsomer than they  
report you."

"And which is Don Juanico?" said Preciosa.

"That gallant by your elbow."

"In truth I thought your worship had sworn by  
some pet child of two years old," said Preciosa.  
"And this is Don Juanico? why, he is quite old  
enough for matrimony, and by certain lines in his  
forehead, I am sure he will be married—and what is  
more, before three years, to the object of his choice,  
if in the meantime he loses not his mind."

"Well done," said one of the company. "The  
little Gipsy is an adept in physiognomy, and can  
trace a fortune in a wrinkle, whether on the hand  
or face."

During the conversation the other girls had with-

drawn a little one side, and, with their heads to-  
gether, were talking so as not to be overheard.

"To be sure, girls," said Christiana, "this is the  
same gentleman who gave us the three reals this  
morning."

"True, it is," said the others; "but don't let us  
say a word to him of it, unless he alludes to it first.  
Very likely he would not like it to be known."

While the Gipsy girls were holding their little  
chat, Preciosa replied to the last remark about phy-  
siognomy.

"What I see with my eyes I divine with my  
fingers. I know of Don Juanico, even without look-  
ing at lines, that he is somewhat in love, and is often  
given to jealousy, and is hasty—ready to promise  
things which seem impossible. Heaven grant that  
with all this he's not worse still—a deceiver. He  
is on the eve of a long journey; but the bay horse  
thinks one thing, and the man who saddles him  
another. Man proposes and God disposes. He may  
think himself bound to Oñez, and fall among the  
tribes of Gambia."

"I confess, nina," said Don Juan, "you have  
guessed several things concerning me. You are  
mistaken as regards my being a deceiver. I boast  
that I speak the truth under all circumstances. I  
do certainly, with the permission of heaven, in four  
or five days expect to set out for Flanders; and  
though you prophesy that I am to be turned aside  
from my road, I should be very sorry if anything  
occurred to disappoint me in my purpose."

"Never fear, senor," said Preciosa; "commend  
yourself to heaven, and all will go well. Don't take  
me for a prophet; but be assured I know nothing of  
all I have been saying. I talk so very much, and so  
at random, that it is no wonder I hit the mark some-  
times. I should be glad if I could speak so as to  
persuade you not to travel, but to overrule an idle  
fancy, and remain quietly at home with your par-  
ents, to comfort their old age, for I do not think  
much of these trips to Flanders for a youth of your  
tender years. Remain until you are grown a little  
more experienced, and better able to encounter the  
fatigues of war; besides, if I am not very wide of  
the mark, you need not go far for war, considering  
the conflicts of love which are raging in your bosom.  
You should learn to govern yourself; look before  
you leap; do not marry until you are quite sure you  
know what you are doing; and now, as I do believe  
you are well born, give us of your charity; and if,  
after this, you do turn out a man of truth and lay-  
alty, I for one shall be full of joy, at having been  
correct in everything I have said of you."

"As I told you before," said Don Juan, otherwise  
Andrew Caballero, "you are right in all you have  
said, except the suspicion which you entertain of my  
integrity, in which, believe me, you are entirely at  
fault. For that which I promise in the field, I am  
prepared, without being called on, to fulfill in the  
town, or wherever else I may chance to be; for the  
man who can break his word, forfeits his right and  
title to the name of gentleman. As to giving you,  
I shall have to ask my father, for heaven's sake and  
mine, to aid you, for, to tell the truth, I gave all I  
had this morning to some ladies, of whom I can  
hardly say they were as dashing as fair, one of  
them especially."

"May I be hanged," said Christiana to her com-  
panions, "if he does not speak of the reals he gave  
us this morning."

"Not at all," said one of the others; "he says he  
gave his money to some ladies—and we are not  
ladies; and since, as you hear he always speaks  
truly, he would not lie in this matter."

"As for that," said Christiana, "I do not see as a  
lie is such a momentous thing when it injures no  
one, and is told for the advantage and credit of him  
who tells it." However, be that as it may, I see it  
is not likely we shall get anything, as we are not  
asked to dance."

At this moment the old woman now entered the  
room.

"Come, come daughter," said she, "make haste—  
time is precious. We have much to do, and more to  
say."

"Well, grandmother, what may it be—a boy or a  
girl?" said Preciosa.

"A boy, and a fine one," she replied.

"God grant it may not die before it has seen many  
years," observed Preciosa.

"Never fear, nina—never fear; the child, is a  
beauty; and for the mother, she is doing well," said  
the grandmother.

"And has some lady been confined?" asked the  
old cavalier.

"Eren so, senor; but it is a great secret," replied  
the Gipsy; "and, save to myself, Preciosa, and one  
more person, it is unknown. And we cannot tell  
her name."

"We do not desire to know," said one of the gen-  
tlemen; "but heaven help the woman who puts her  
secrets into your hands, and her honor at the run-  
ning of your tongues."

"We are not all bad," said Preciosa. "May be  
there is one among us who prides herself on being  
as faithful and as true as the noblest man in this  
room. But since we are thought so lightly of, grand-  
mother, let us go; we are neither thieves nor beg-  
gars."

"Do not be angry," said the cavalier, whom we  
have designated as Andrew's father. "No one could  
imagine aught ill of you at least, for there is some-  
thing in your appearance that is a guarantee for  
your good conduct. Then dance for us with your  
companions. I have for you a double-waltz with two  
faces—not to be compared with your own, though  
they are the faces of their majesties."

When the old Gipsy heard this, it seemed to put  
new life into her, for she cried out, "Come, come,  
girls, tuck up your skirts and oblige the senora."

Preciosa took up a tambourine, and they all danced  
with such grace and lightness, that the eyes of the

It seems that even in the seventeenth century possession  
was not unknown, nor the gift of language.

• The disciples of Juan-Johnny.



spectators were riveted on their movements, especially those of Andrew, who looked upon Preciosa as if she were the center of all his joy; but an unlooked-for accident turned his delight into anguish. In the exertion of the dance Preciosa happened to drop the paper the Page had given her; and the cavalier who had opened so lightly of the Gipsies caught it up, and opening it, said:

"Ah, what have we here? A song? Come, give over the dance, and listen to it, for I may judge from the first line, it isn't bad."

Preciosa, who did not know what the contents of the paper might be, was not a little amazed at this, and begged the gentleman not to read it, but give it back to her. Her earnestness, however, made them the more anxious to hear it, and Andrew was even more eager than all, and the gentleman finally read the lines in a loud voice, as follows:

Not sweeter the lyre of Calliope's son.

Though struck with divine inspiration and art,

Than the lute over which thy fair fingers run.

Making music which wins and enraptures the heart.

Not sweeter the songs of sirens of old,

Whose harmony peopled their much-dreaded isle.

Not more fatal than each of thy ringlets of gold.

Or the soft witching power of this exquisite smile.

Even Cupid, who sports with our hearts for his prey,

And laughs when love's nursery seems fully complete,

Leaves Psyche deserted, and hastens to lay

In homage his quiver and bow at thy feet.

One glance at thine eyes which the day-dog outshines,

The beholder is lost in a realm of delight.

While Eros is charmed, though his arrows are thine,

And through these holdis his away with implacable might.

"By the mass," exclaimed he who read it, "he is no bad poet who wrote this."

"He is not a poet, senor," said Preciosa, "but a Page, and a very handsome young man with a fortune."

"What are you saying, nina?" said the old Gipsy, in an under tone, to Preciosa; "do you not see that the praise of the Page is a dagger thrust to Andrew's heart. See where he sits, sunk down in his chair, the perspiration breaking from every pore. Do not imagine that he loves you so lightly that he may not suffer by your slights. Speak to him, for Heaven's sake, and whisper something in his ear which may touch his heart. Go on, go on! get new songs like this each day and see how it will be."

Such was the case. Andrew on hearing the song, and the praise of the Page, was assailed by a thousand jealousies, and his emotions were such as to attract his father's attention.

"Why, Don Juan, what ails you?" said he, "you look ready to faint."

"One moment," said Preciosa; "let me speak a few words in his ear, and he will not faint, you will see."

Stepping close to him, she said almost without moving her lips—

"You have a stout heart, indeed, to make a Gipsy. How could you bear torture, if you are vanquished by a bit of paper?"

Then making a few crosses over his heart she left him, after which he seemed to recover, and assured the company that Preciosa's words had restored him.

Preciosa at last received the doublet with two faces, which she assured her companions should be changed and honestly divided between them.

Andrew's father was exceedingly anxious that she should leave in writing the words which had restored him, as he wished above all things to know them. She acknowledged her willingness to repeat them, adding, that although they might seem to be of no more value than children's nursery rhymes, she would assure them that they would prove a sovereign virtue to keep away the heart-ache, and giddiness of the head. She repeated them, and the words were these:—

Oh! vex not your head,

By wild vagaries fed,

For patience and doubt, you know, never unite;

But the heart-ache in pain,

Where true love would reign,

And reigning would peace and contentment invite.

For base is the fear

That the one you hold dear

Is wanting in that which first made you care for her—

If thus you proceed,

Then useless indeed

The actions by which you may hope to possess her.

Think you to beguile

Her heart with a smile,

When feelings like these shall your doubting discover?

For how can she tell

How fleeting the spell,

Which colors the fanciful dreams of her lover?

Let your love be as bright

As Phœbus' first light

On bill tops that last ere there's a mist over.

Be constant and true

In whatever you do,

And confide in the Lord, and St. Christopher.

"Merely these words," she continued, "said over a person, and six crosses in the region of the heart, and if they are troubled with swimming in the head, they will become as sound as an apple."

When the old Gipsy heard the charm and saw the trick her grand-daughter had played she was amazed, and Andrew was astonished when he saw it was the invention of her ready wit.

Preciosa did not ask for the lines of the Page, because she did not like to again wound Andrew's feelings, for although untaught, she was well aware what it was to make a man really in love to feel the pang of jealousy. As they were going out, Preciosa turned to Andrew and said:

"Remember, senor, every day in the week is propitious for beginning a journey—there is not a single unlucky one. Therefore hasten your departure as much as you can, for their lives before you a happy and pleasant life, if you like to embrace it."

"I hardly imagine that the life of a soldier is quite as pleasant as you would make me believe," replied Andrew. "It is not without its hardships, and its dangers; nevertheless, I will make the trial and test it for myself."

"You will see more than you anticipate," said Preciosa, "and may Heaven shield you, and grant you that success which your good intentions deserve."

Andrew was more than delighted at these parting words.

The Gipsies went away quite well contented, and divided their doublet equally; although it had been equal for the old Gipsy to take one half, owing to her seniority, and because she was the company by which they directed their course in the wide sea of their dances, their piousities, and their tricks.

The appointed day at last arrived, and an early hour in the morning found Andrew at the old trysting place, mounted on a hired mule, and without any attendant. He found Preciosa and her grand-mother both waiting there, who gave him a most cordial welcome. He begged them to take him at once to their camp, that he might avoid the possibility of being recognized in case of pursuit, or search for him. They immediately started off, and in a short

time arrived among the huts of the Gipsies. Andrew was shown into the largest hut of the camp, and was forthwith surrounded by ten or a dozen Gipsies, all well made, handsome young fellows, whom the old Gipsy had informed of their new acquisition, without fearing to trust them, because, as he had said, secrecy with them was a habitual and unexampled acquiescence, observed with unflinching, uninterrupted strictness. In an instant their eyes were on the mule.

"Next Thursday, boys, we can sell this beast in Toledo," said one of them.

"By no means," said Andrew, "for there is not a mule to be hired in Madrid, that is not known to every muleteer who tramps the roads of Spain."

"By my life, senor," cried another, "though she had as many marks on her as there are precepts in a confessor's list, we will transform her in such a manner that she would never be known either by the mother that bore her, or the master that owned her."

"For all that," said Andrew, "I beg you will do as I recommend. This mule must be killed and buried where not a bone may ever come to light."

"What a sin it would be," said another Gipsy; "what has the innocent creature done to lose her life? Do not say it, good Master Andrew, only do this, study every mark on the mule until you have them by heart, and then let me take her away for two hours, and if after that you recognize her again may I be basted like a runaway negro."

"I shall under no consideration, alter my decision," said Andrew, "though you could transform her even more than you say—I am afraid of discovery unless she is under the ground. As to the profit you may think to reap by selling her, I have not come so desultory into your society but what, if it be required, I can pay my footing to the price of many mules."

"Look ye, friends, since Senor Andrew will have it so," said the Gipsy who had first spoken, "let the sinless creature die, though it goes against me on account of her youth, and because she seems a willing creature, for there are no scars on her flank, and no spur marks on her side."

The killing of the mule was, however, put off until night, and the remainder of the day was occupied with the ceremonies of Andrew's initiation. They cleared one of the largest huts in the encampment, trimmed it with boughs and rushes, and seating Andrew on the stump of a cork tree, put a hammer and a pair of tongs into his hands, and made him out capers to the sound of two guitars, thrummed by two male Gipsies—then they stripped his arm, and tied round it a new silk ribbon, and began to tighten it gently, after the manner of the garrotte, giving it two turns.

Preciosa was present during the whole, as were many other Gipsy girls, old and young, some of whom viewed Andrew with admiration; others with affection, and so generally good humored was he that even the Gipsy men took most kindly to him.

These ceremonies being ended, an old Gipsy took Preciosa by the hand and stood before Andrew.

"This girl," he began, "who is the flower and the cream of all beauty among the Gipsies of Spain, we give you as a wife, or as a mistress, which you may deem best, since our free and careless life is not trammeled by the niceties and ceremonies of the world. If you see in her anything which you dislike, you are at liberty to make any choice you please among our maidens here present, and she will be yours. But remember, when you have once made your choice, you cannot leave her, and must not meddle either with the married women or maids. We are careful and strict observers of the law of friendship, and no man among us covets that which belongs to another. We are free and secure from the evils and plagues of jealousy, and though we are disolute, there is no adultery among us. If a wife or a mistress is not faithful, we do not depend on the courts of justice to punish; we are ourselves both judges and executioners, and as readily kill those who are criminal in this respect, and bury them among the mountains and in the desert places, as if they were vermin, or beasts of prey. And we are answerable to no parents for their death; there are no relations to avenge them. It is a dread of this that keeps our women chaste, and we live, as I have said, with no fear of their virtue. There are few things among us, except wife and mistress, which are not common to all, and these we require to be his alone to whose choice he may fall. Age, as well as death, is with us also a cause of divorce, and man may, if he like, leave a woman who is too old for him and make choice of another more suitable to his years. By means of these, with some other laws and statutes, we manage to live a happy and merry life. We are lords of the fields where the corn ripens, of the woods, mountains, springs and rivers. The mountains supply us with wood without price; the orchard with fruit, the vineyards with grapes; the gardens with vegetables; the springs with water; the rivers with fish, and the parks with game; the rocks afford us shade, the glens and valleys fresh air, and the caves shelter. The inclemencies of the weather are to us zephyrs, the snow refreshments, the rains baths, the thunder music, and the lightning torches. To us the hard ground is a downy bed, the well sunned skin of our bodies is an impenetrable armor of defence. Our little limbs are not fettered by chains, and to us iron bars are no obstacles, and we are not daunted by trenches or walls. Our courage is not to be twisted out of us by cords, nor choked by the gaze, or subdued by the rack. We defy all the means and contrivances of the law, and glory more in being martyrs than confessors. For us, bonds of burden are reared in the choice fields of the country, and purses are filled in the city. No eagle, or other bird of prey, sweeps down more swiftly from its revels in the blue ether, on its quarry, than we upon every opportunity which promises booty. Again, we have many qualifications which enable us to live happy: we sleep in prison, are silent on the rack, we toil by day, and steal by night, or more properly, we teach people the result of inattention to those things which possess any value. The fear of losing our honor never gives us trouble, nor does the ambition of increasing it ever keep us from sleep. We belong to no party, and we do not rise with the sun to attend levees or present memorials. We do not fawn to the noble, nor do we solicit favors. These huts are our palaces with golden roofs, our Flemish paintings of picture and landscape are seen at every turn among the lofty hills and snowy peaks, in the wide-spreading meadows, and leafy groves. We are rustic astronomers, for as we sleep generally under the open sky, we know every hour by day or night. We see how Aurora chases the stars from the skies, and comes forth with her companion the Dawn, refreshing the air, cooling the waters and moistening, and how after her the sun appears, and as the poet sings, touches with gold the lofty heights, until the mountains are common at this period in Spain to make the person tortured swallow pieces of gauze in water.

tains and the hills are beautified. We do not fear to let life chilly when he is absent and his rays fall radiant on us, or of being scorched when he looks down on us from the zenith. We turn the annual face to sun and frost, to death and plenty. In conclusion, we are a race who live by industry and our wit, and that, too, without the church, the sea, or the royal family, as the saying is. We have all we want, because we are content with what we have. I have said these things to you, noble youth, that you may fully comprehend the life you are to lead and to which you are come, and the customs you will have to profess. This is a slight sketch of it; but in this you will become familiar with many other particulars, no less worthy of your consideration."

With this the eloquent old Gipsy ended his discourse, and the novice replied that he was gratified to have been acquainted with such praiseworthy statutes, and felt highly pleased to become one of an order founded on such politic principles and such evident reason, that it was a source of regret to him that he had remained so long unacquainted with such a delightful life; that from that moment he renounced his knighthood and the empty glory of his illustrious descent, and submitted absolutely to the yoke, or more properly the laws under which they lived, inasmuch as they had more than magnificently recompensed the wish he had to serve them, by bestowing on him the beautiful Preciosa for whom he could abandon throne and empire, and could desire to possess them only that he might lay them at her feet.

Preciosa now spoke:

"Inasmuch as it has been determined by these our honorable lawgivers," she said, "in accordance with their laws that I should become yours, and under them have awarded me to you; I have, also, agreeably to my own will, the law of which is more powerful than all, decreed that I will not be yours, except upon the strict performance of those conditions which were, by us, mutually agreed to before you came hither. You must live two years in our company before I am yours, in order that you may not repent through fickleness, nor I find myself deceived through haste. Conditions are before laws; you already know what I have imposed on you; if you choose to observe them, I may be yours and you mine, but not otherwise. Your mule is not killed, your clothes are yet untouched, and not a piece of your money has been spent; you left your father's house this morning, and it is now left for you to make use of the remainder of the day in considering what is best for you to do. Our lawgivers may give you up my body, but not my soul, which is free, was born free, and shall continue free. If you remain with us, I shall esteem you highly, and no less so if you return; for I know that the impulse of love runs at lightning speed until checked by reason or experience, and I do not desire that you should prove to me as a huntsman who, having bagged a hare, forgets it in his run for another. The eye is easily deceived, so much so, that at the first glance things appear like gold, but very soon it recognizes the difference in the metals. So with this beauty of mine, which you say I have, which you declare above the sea and more precious than gold; you might find it in a closer inspection to be without lustre, and on testing, as valueless as base metal. Therefore I give you two years time to consider and weigh well what is best to choose, and what is proper to reject. It is well for a man about to make a purchase of that which death alone can take off his hands, to do nothing with closed eyes; consequently you should have, in such case, sufficient time to view and review your choice, and acquaint yourself with its faults as well as its merits. Again I do not agree with the barbarous license of my kinsmen, when they assume a right to leave their wives or chastity them at will; and as I do not intend ever to deserve correction, I will not accept as a mate one who will abandon me at his caprice."

"And you are entirely in the right, Preciosa," said Andrew, "and, to quiet your fears, and remove any doubt you may still entertain, I will swear by any form of oath you may prescribe, or any other assurance, never to depart from your conditions or disobey your commands."

"The oaths and promises of a captive to regain his liberty are rarely canceled when he is free," said Preciosa, "and it is, I fear, much the same with the lover who, to obtain his desire, would promise the wings of Mercury and the thunderbolts of Jove, as indeed a certain poet once promised me, and swore it solemnly by the Stygian lake. No, Senor Andrew, I will have no oaths, no promises, but desire to leave all to the result of this probation. And it shall be mine to take care of myself, if at any time you should think of displeasing me."

"Be it so," said Andrew; "I only beg one favor of my comrades, and that is that I may not be forced to steal anything for a month to come, for I am sure I shall require a good deal of tutoring to make me a thief."

"Never fear you that, my son," said an old Gipsy, "we will give you a few lessons in such a manner that you will turn out an eagle in our craft, and when you are once initiated, you will find so much to like in it, that you will be ready to eat your fingers they will itch so for practice. What is finer than to go out empty-handed in the morning, and return loaded at night to your tent?"

"And with a whipping," said Andrew, "as I have seen many of your *Jargers* return."

"Well," the old man replied, "there's no catching trout dry-shod. All things in life have their perils, and one who steals is liable to the galleys, the whipping post, or the gallows; but because one ship at sea encountered a gale and is lost, shall the commerce of the world flag for want of sailors? Though I agree it would be an excellent thing to have no soldiers, because war consumes men and horses. Beside, to be whipped by a magistrate, to us is a badge of honor, though true it is better worn on the shoulder than on the breast. The main point is not to run the risk of getting blame without the game, and not to be caught for our first adventure, beyond that we care no more for having our shoulders dusted, or for singeing to the heat of an ear in a galley, than we do for a rush. Therefore, for the present, my son, keep snug under our wings in your nest, and so well will we teach you how to fly, and that, too, where you shall not return without prey, that the end of it will be, that you will fairly feel your heart leap for joy at the idea of a theft."

"In the meanwhile," said Andrew, "here are two hundred gold crowns which I divide among the company as a sort of compensation for what I might bring in, during my vacation, by thieving."

The words were hardly out of his mouth ere he was caught up by several strong fellows, who hoisted him upon their shoulders, and carried him along, shouting, "Long live the great Andrew, and Preciosa, his beloved!" The women did the same with Preciosa, while Christiana and the other girls who were present looked on with feelings of envy; for

every dwells in the tents of barbarians, and in the huts of the shepherds, as well as in the palaces of kings; and when another thieve whom we seem to equal, the spirit is tried and weighed down with weariness."

After this expression and acclamation of joy, the money was equitably shared and a hearty dinner dispensed, during which the praises of Andrew were repeated, and the beauty of Preciosa extolled to the heavens. When night came on, the mule was killed and buried no deep as to leave Andrew without a fear of its lending to his discovery; and they buried with it saddle, bridle, girthing, and every article of trapping, after the custom of Indians, whose ornaments are held with them in the grave.

Andrew was surprised at all he had seen and heard, as at the great shrewdness of the Gipsies, and he resolved to continue with them, but not mix himself in the customs of the tribe any further than it might be necessary. He resolved to liberate himself by his purse as far as possible from joining them in any acts of injustice.

On the following day he requested them to break up the camp, in order to put a greater distance between himself and Madrid, fearing to be recognized if he continued any longer where he was. They told him they had already concluded to make their way to the mountains of Toledo, and from thence scour the surrounding country, and lay it under contribution. In due time they began their march, offering Andrew an ass to ride; but he refused it, and chose to travel on foot, and serve as an attendant to Preciosa, who rode triumphantly on another ass. She was highly pleased with her gallant and graceful acquire, while he was delighted to be so near to her whom he had chosen as the mistress of his freedom.

Oh, thou art powerful indeed whom men call the sweet god of bitterness—which title thou hastest from our idleness and weakness—how certainly dost thou enslave us! How dost thou use us without pity! How scornfully dost thou bind us! Here was Andrew, a knight, a youth of excellent parts, of good education, brought up almost all his days at court, maintained in affluence by his noble parents; yet since yesterday such a change has been wrought in him that he has deceived his friends and servants, disappointed the hopes of his parents, and abandoned the road to Flanders, where he was to have exercised his valor, and increase the honor of his line; he has prostrated himself like a lackey at the feet of a girl, who, though she is exquisitely beautiful, is but a Gipsy. Oh, but what wonderful is thy prerogative! No resistance dost thou fear, but smile to see the strongest will bowing at thy feet and submitting to thy yoke!

In four days' march the Gipsies arrived at a small, pleasant village, about two leagues from Toledo, where, after having left some articles of silver and other valuables with the Alcaldes of the district as a pledge that they would steal nothing in their territories, they pitched their tents. This done, all the old Gipsy women, some young ones, and the men spread themselves over the country to the distance of four or five leagues from their encampment.

Andrew went along with them to take his first lessons in thievery; but though they gave him many excellent examples in the expedition, he did not seem to profit by any of them. But on the contrary, being a high-born man, every theft committed by his masters wrung his very soul; and not unfrequently he paid for their depredations out of his own pocket, unable to withstand the tears of those poor people who had suffered. The Gipsies were in great trouble at this conduct, and plainly told him it was in direct opposition to their laws and statutes, which absolutely prohibited the admission of compassion into their hearts; for if they once allowed it to sway them, they must cease to be thieves, and that could not be entertained at any rate. Andrew, finding this state of things, begged the privilege of thieving by himself, assuring them he was nimble enough to run from danger, and did not fear to encounter it, and then the prize or the penalty would be exclusively his own. The Gipsies endeavored to dissuade him from this, telling him that occasions might occur when he might require the assistance of companions, as well to attack as to defend; and that one pair of hands could not secure much booty.

Andrew, however, persisted in his resolution to become a solitary robber, intending to separate from the gang and buy with his money what he could claim to be stolen, and thereby burden his conscience as little as possible.

In this way, in less than a month, he brought more profit to the gang than any four of the most expert fellows among them.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

#### Wearing Shawls.

A shawl is both graceful as a garment, and picturesque in its appearance. We regretted that the wearing of them was so soon given over, for it was evident that the fault lay with the lack of taste in the wearing. An observing writer in a New York paper sets out with a round and energetic defence of the shawl as an outer garment for men. He states that, "in the first place, the appearance of the human being, when wrapped up in it, is less rigid, the outline presenting a figure that is easy and graceful. If picturesque effect alone be considered, the shawl may be as adjusted as to more nearly resemble the dress worn by the ancients than any other article which has been introduced for years. This is at least a consideration in its favor. But the great point to be regarded is, that while easily carried and not liable to accident, the shawl may be better adapted to the weather than any other article of dress worn at this season. A little knowledge of the art of folding it will enable one to prepare himself against a cold blast, a rain storm proceeding from any particular direction, or snow, hail, etc. The overcoat is still the same, whether the day be moderately warm, keenly cold, or fiercely stormy. There is no improvement of which it is capable, nor, on the other hand, can its surplus benefits be decreased in the slightest. But the shawl may assume any conceivable shape or size, may be made to afford the greatest protection wherever this is most needed, and if none should be required, it may be thrown over the arm, slung down on the back of a railroad car seat, or otherwise disposed of without creating a disagreeable wrinkle in its vinge. It is as unassuming as it is really beautiful and serviceable. Another point in its favor is, that it can be put off and on with less damage to an undercoat than can the overcoat. Its relative cheapness is also a consideration with all except those who believe in the maxim, 'the more cost the more honor.'"

Life, we are told, is a journey; and to see the way in which some people eat, you would imagine they were taking in provisions to last them to their journey's end.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### THE SNOW.

BY FLORA.

Drop down, oh, voiceless snow!  
And thus, where'er you go,  
Hush! and brightness there;  
Weave the earth's mantle white,  
And lay it soft and light,  
With heavenly radiance bright,  
A garment fair.

We raise our searching eyes  
To dull and leaden skies—  
No beauty there;  
But lo! from Nature's frown  
There cometh slowly down  
Earth's fairest, purest crown,  
That she can wear.

And thus when clouds droop low  
Above our voiceless woe,  
We may behold  
The white wings of God's love  
Brightly the still air move,  
Till white-robed, we may rove  
In his blest fold.

East Medway, Mass., 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### A SPIRIT'S WANDERINGS.

LIFE-PICTURES.

BY CORA WILDBURY.

PART SECOND.

Close by the tempted heart of an unquiet sleeper, the watching Spirit stood, and showered peace and strength upon the stillness; brought to the maiden's dream-sight the angel face of the long-departed mother, shadowed by mild and sorrowing rebuke. The scenes of early childhood were before her; the very fragrance of the roses, gathered by her little hands, was wafted on the midnight air; again the golden skies of youth and promise encircled the familiar landscape; the vesper-song of birds drew tears of longing and regret from the sleeper's eyes; and, in her heart, long-tried and sorely-tempted, arose the strong and virtuous resolve; the angel conquered, and bade the false alluring voice be still. From her mother's eyes a ray of love and light celestial fell, piercing the darkness so long enshrouding the Spirit's clear and holy vision. From the watching Spirit's hand, a token flower of strength and fragrance, an evergreen of immortal bloom fell to her feet; and the faint, sweet, distant music of the unseen angel-choir promised the victory and the peace that was to be attained through conflict. Strengthened, beautified, exalted, the maiden awoke, unconscious of the angel visitant that had stood, a faithful ally beside her battling soul throughout the night.

The silence of midnight, deep, starless, gloomy, lay upon the city the rushing, moaning waters laving the deserted shores. The Spirit, heaven-commissioned to do good to all, perceived a human figure amid the darkness, creeping stealthily toward the flowing river, intent on finding oblivion for life's miseries within its dark and cooling flood. The unseen watcher approached, peered lovingly into the man's pale and agonized face; struck tenderly upon the living, quivering, and responsive chords of feeling humanity had not cared to touch so long, and spoke to him in soul-murmurs and heart-uprisings of God, the loving Father; of immortality, the blessed boon of life; of love to be restored, and happiness attainable by conflict with sorrow, and victory over trial; of the joy and glory of overcoming, until "I feel there is a God," fell reverently from the pale lips of the life-weary one.

"And he has given immortality to his children!" whispered the consoling voice.

"But I am tired of life, of struggling with adverse fate, of meeting with cold and stony hearts! I am so weary of life's contrasts; the marble palaces, the tottering hovels; the wide, beautiful, fertile valleys, and the thronging, surging cities where crime and misery resort to revel and to die! I am weary, heart-sick of the falsities of humanity; the artificial smiles, the looks of scorn, the mummon-worship, and the decoration of love's holy name! Oh, let me find peace within the flowing river, a better life beyond, if life indeed there be, the transit past!"

"No, no!" murmured musically the Spirit voice, that, penetrating to the depths within, aroused the slumbering sense of right; the dormant energies and frozen sympathies of that long-tried soul. "Go not rashly, heedlessly, into that realm thine intuitions tell thee of; in thy poetic fancy thou hast painted in magic coloring its heavenly delights; its music sounds have greeted thee; thou hast felt its paradisaic airs; inhaled its fragrant thought-comings. Oh, let not gross, material sorrow veil its splendors from thy sight! Have faith, have courage! I have hope, even in that humanity that has cast thee forth to die! Thy heart beats warm and glowing with its heavenward aspirations; other hearts as finely tempered, other souls as deeply chastened shall respond. In the illimitable universe of God lives all thy soul demands for happiness. Oh, wait a little while; suffer, be strong, be angel-like in endurance! I, the voice of God within, reveal to thee the coming morning, and bid thee wait; not enter unannounced the land of fruition, lest it change its aspect of welcoming beauty to thy changed soul; and a wide, arid waste, a gloomy, threatening sky, await thee, in place of the flower-land, the poetic realm of thy true dreams."

Thus spoke to his unfolding consciousness the voice within, urged to the timely utterance of the Spirit visitant that hovered near. A flood of saving tears gushed from the lone one's eyes; a weight of woe was lifted from his crushed heart. With an unspoken prayer of thankfulness he left the spot, and was the next day rescued from want and misery by the saving hand and sympathy of one of earth's true philanthropists.

To the assemblages of the gay and wealthy, where, long after midnight, the merry music sounded, and the dance went on, the Spirit sped; and in gay, frivolous, unthinking hearts, touched the first springs of thought, aroused the first throbs of awakening feeling and reflection. Even amid those barriers to aspiration, fashion, mirth and enjoyment, the spirits of the young and thoughtless felt the kindred chain of sympathy that bound them to the world without. Passing thoughts, perhaps soon discarded, yet pure and beautiful, and instructive in their angel-passing, amid the intoxicating whirl of fashion and worldliness.

Over the dreamer's soul the spirit shed the benign influences of the Spirit's home and joy; and from the deep, refreshing slumber, poet and painter awoke with renewed inspiration; richer glowed the pencil stains of fancy; soul-stirring, the voices of song rolled forth; the musician's strains borrowed the breathings of spirit life and melody.

The mourning mother beheld, close pillowed on



We are in the bondage of old superstition, and the worship of nine hundred and ninety-nine churches in a thousand is yet tinged with the sombre and illustrative of the heathen element of fear. The lightness, the gaiety, the cheer of true worship, is but little known among men. What the hilarity of children is, breaking away from masters and schools, and romping home to overpower the household with joy, such is to be the worship of God's children. The name of Father ought not to make any man tremble; that is a child.—*Becher.*



## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 20, 1860.

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
81-3 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year.	\$2.00
" " six months.	1.00
" " three months.	0.50

Mailed to Europe.

One year.	\$2.12 1/2
Six months.	1.06 1/4
Three months.	0.53 1/8

Payable in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

Copies of four or more papers will be taken at the following rates:

One year.	\$1.50
Six months.	0.75

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

Business Letters must be addressed,  
"BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass.  
Borrey, Colby & Co.

## THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Amid the discussions that are going on about the rights of this one and the wrongs of that, it is evident to even the most careless observer that little or nothing is said about that single principle, policy, duty, or what not, which is very compactly expressed in the phrase—"Mind your own business." We are aware how unwelcome a task it is for any man to exhort his neighbors and friends from such a text, because it is the chief of those *home sines* that few men like to hear talked about; while, on the other hand, he who does indeed pay the most attention to minding his own business, generally has least to say to other people about minding theirs.

But let us all sit down in a perfectly friendly temper, and agree that, if we all did practice a little more rigidly upon this wholesome precept, we should be the better off for it; how much better off, no man can presume to calculate until it has become the fashion for all to desist from meddling with others, and pay more attention to themselves.

But, shall we not interest ourselves in others, then?—ask somebody, who never before paused to think how frequently he invades his neighbor's domain. Certainly we may, good friend; and it is as certain, too, that we must, while men and women are made up of the stuff they now are; but it is wrong to call persistent meddlesomeness with another by the name of sympathy, for a genuine sympathy has just as much delicacy as it has strength, and feels convicted of having outraged itself when it has overstepped its own limitations; nothing is plainer than that it could never offend another, while on its errands of professed goodness. Sympathy is closely related to Love; how, then, could it ever think a mean thought, utter a mean word, or be guilty of a mean act? And yet we all know that, in its name, more of all these are perpetrated, and spoken, and conceived, than under almost any other name or pretence whatever.

If—to speak directly and plainly—men did not take such pains to force their goodness, they would be really better men. If they did not actually invade others' domains with their ideas of philanthropy, they would be many times more philanthropic. What if we can see without any mistake that we occupy a decided vantage ground, socially and in point of morals; in relation to our neighbor; does that furnish us—even the very best of us—any reason for assuming that we are therefore called upon, and the best persons, to go and tell that neighbor how he neglected his, what he loses by not being nearer what we are, and what he must do if he would entitle himself even to our consideration? Does not all nature openly preach against such self-righteousness and deluded views of duty? Do not our neighbor's commonest and lowest, instincts rise in rebellion against our assumption, and refuse to be taught by force or pressure of any sort?

When men know themselves better, they will be wiser; not much before. We are aware of the extent of morbid self-knowledge that is cried up for the genuine article; but what we refer to is, that healthy knowledge of one's self that tells a person at once what are his just relations to all other men, as well as what he really is in and of himself. This twofold kind of self-knowledge is rather scarce, too. Not all men, who are sincere philanthropists likewise, understand as yet that there is a hemisphere in their natures which they have never ventured to explore. We preach against intemperance and slavery; and we are intemperate in many ways ourselves, and confess it, too; we are slaves to our own passions yet, and we even enslave others around us to those passions, and they know and feel it every day. "Telegraphic philanthropy" is not the thing, however specious and flattering may be its results. It is not our business to reform others at all—we say it boldly and plainly—but to reform and regenerate ourselves; by that single process the society, the state, the nation, the whole world is reformed already. If men continue in vice and sin, are we responsible? We may, and we must, send a world of sympathy on them; but if that expenditure hinders our own growth, we defraud ourselves and them likewise; nature refuses to be cheated, in these matters; the perfect and harmonious life for us all to bring about is that to which we are ourselves called, and not that to which others are.

Educated as the world has been in the twilight shadows of the old superstitions, it is a hard matter to make men generally think that their true lives begin and end but with themselves. We have sorely got to Popular Sovereignty yet; it will take us a long while to reach Individual Sovereignty. The June rose is a perfect thing, and buds, blows and yields up the rich fragrance of its heart, simply because that is its happy mission and office; and in doing just that, and trying to do no more, it blesses and is blessed in the circle of its pure little life. If, now, it began to pout because it was not the lily—or if, on the other hand, it neglected its own growth to stop and talk to the morning-glory, and try to induce that dear window-climber to become like itself, it is plain that its whole life would be thrown away in trying to do what it never could do, and neglecting to do just what was intended for it.

So it is with men. No man is responsible for his neighbor; he is responsible, first and last, for himself; what may be the reflex influence proceeding from that responsibility is another matter, though it is apparent at a glance. Every person ought to resolve to stay at home with himself; what he has in surplus, he will give forth imperceptibly and naturally to those who happen to be in want; and he will impart it much more acceptably, and therefore effectively, by not interposing his own momentary

feeling of pride, or his always ambitious will. God has no man in the human heart that love conquers all other forces; and no one can indeed love another, if he persists in raising barriers in that other one's heart which are surely going to keep the profound influence of his love out altogether. It is a shallow sentimentality that all the time reaches out its open hands and prays for other people; the best prayers we can offer on their behalf are honest and sincere efforts on our own.

Somewhat, mankind cannot seem to get the old Jewish scape-goat idea out of its brains; when it has fairly recovered from the fright of the beguoo superstitions, perhaps the scape-goat will trot off, too. Thus, it is a very common thing—because so cheap and easy—for persons to fancy that the curse is removed from their own heads by their laying it on others; as, if they are guilty of dishonesty, they believe they do God service by charging others with intemperance, making others' sins the scape-goat for their own; or if they have crying social evils at their doors, they put in with all their zeal to remedy some great evil they have read of in stories about the jungles of India; or they easily get rid of the grinding servitude they impose on others near home, by crying out against the wickedness of slaveholders in Alabama. The disease is the same in all these cases, but it assumes different forms. In every instance it is a cowardly and dishonest dodging of responsibility, and seeking to fasten it altogether upon others. Not only is it calling out, as boys who quarrel and fall out are wont to call out—"You're another!"—but it is worse and meaner; it is the real old Phariseism come back again, body and soul; it is simply—"Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men, particularly?" &c. We need not be at the trouble to say that no individual was ever known to get on in his spiritual career by the riding of the scape-goat.

What a charming world is not this going to be, when everybody in it devotes his whole time simply to minding his own business! There is no computing the magnetic power of that one principle, after it begins to exert itself. Once let such a principle be only the fashion, and it will work wonders; but, beside that, let it be made a living rule of faith, and so of conduct, and the morning has indeed risen when all the wilderness will bud and blossom like the rose. Let us try such a rule, each one of us, for but a single day; the difficulty we shall find in his faithful observance is the very best proof to be had of its imperative need in our social arrangements.

## A Word on Spiritualists.

The long report which was given in last week's BANNER of the experiments in Hashish eating for the deliberate purpose of abnormally acquainting their author with the mysteries of his own being, was not given from any sympathy of ours with the motives that could lead to such experiments, but rather in the ordinary course of our transcripts of a regular weekly conference. The experiments were interesting to read about, though in all cases they are dangerous to try, and in many would be fatal either to physical or spiritual unfoldment, or to both. Many other matters are reported in our columns, which we by no means endorse, and which nobody would think of our endorsing.

As for this matter of calling in mechanical, or external, aid to enable us the better to look into the laws of our complex being, we cannot countenance its practice in any way. Such insight can be but illusory and uncertain, at best, and is gained at an extravagant cost. A speaker in the Conference expressed our general views exactly, in saying that the healthful progress and natural growth made by the spirit while in the form, must of necessity be made in the normal, or conscious condition. The problem is, not how to cheat the physical out of its fair and natural influences, but how it may be made harmoniously serviceable to the wants and aspirations of the spirit with which it is married. And all experience gained in an abnormal condition, or while spirit and body are virtually dissociated, is in no sense real experience, but something so shadowy, illusive, intangible, and unreal, that the experiment or must needs return to his unnatural and self-compelled condition again, in order even to reap its conscious advantages. We do not, therefore, believe that any of our readers will be tempted to tamper with their finely-poised nature, where so much is to be learned now, in order to try to sound abysses from which they may not be able to return altogether sound and whole again.

## Useful Inventions—Something New.

If there be any class of men in the community entitled to the name of public benefactors, it is the few who are constantly planning and outworking their thoughts into practical use. To such minds are we substantially indebted for many of the luxuries and refinements of civilized life, while every advance upon the old method of labor, either on the farm or the plantation, in the workshop, or in the factory, is the result of incessant brain labor, of this devoted and useful class known as inventors.

We feel it both a pleasure and a duty, as public journalists, when any new invention of a practical character meets our eyes, after having fully tested its merits, to present it to the attention of our readers. After numerous experiments extending through a series of years, Messrs. Warren & Ludden, Gold pen manufacturers, at 163 Broadway, New York, have succeeded in producing a metallic combination in the manufacture of the above named article, which for elasticity, durability, finish, and indeed all other requisites, is equal to the best quality of gold pen. In connection with this is a patent double spring slide, made to work upon an ordinary pencil as a holder. The advantage of this will be apparent to bookkeepers and counting house clerks—the pencil and pen being combined by this arrangement when not in use by drawing the slide to the center of the pencil the pen is perfectly protected, and may be thrown carelessly down without receiving injury. We can safely say that we know of no invention combining in itself so many desirable objects of use, while it is furnished at about one-third the price of the old pen.

## The London Spiritual Magazine.

This monthly periodical is edited with great ability. It should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in America. Contents of the December number: Gleanings in the Corn Fields of Spiritualism, by William Howitt; No. 2—The Possessions of Reichenbach; A Few Facts Regarding "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World; Spiritualism in Sweden in 1842; Singular Displacement of Coffins; The Captain Saves his Ship by a Dream, and the Comfortable old Ghost at the Ironing Table; The "Dispatch" and "Leader" on Spiritualism; Spiritualism in California; Correspondence—Ghosts in Costume, etc.; Notices of New Books—Spirit-Rapping and Spirit-Manifestations, by a Member of the Catholic Apostolic Church. Published by F. Pittman, 20 Paternoster Row, E. C., London, England.

## Letter from New Orleans.

Messrs. Burrows—Enclosed you will find an extract from the last columns of one of our dailies, in regard to some persons who have rendered themselves obnoxious by their interference with "Bible-orn institutions." You will observe that one of the persons is said to be a correspondent of an "eccentric sheet," mentioned as the "Banner of Light," and then as the "Banner of Light." The Spiritualists here all know that you have carefully excluded from your columns all articles directly attacking our institutions. Those opposing us (and here their name is legion) will seize upon any pretext to vent their spleen, and raise a storm around the ears of those who are known as Spiritualists; for though in the investigation of the parties accused, before the mayor, they have been cleared, and the facts so stated in the papers, yet none will correct the mistake about the "eccentric sheet." Therefore I think it due to the Spiritualists of the South that you say whether you are for us, or against us; if you are opposed to religious fanaticism; and if you intend still pursuing a strictly conservative course, for the "Union and peace," leaving us Southerners to manage our own affairs, especially in regard to our "peculiar institution?"

None deplore the present condition of the country more than the Spiritualists of the South; but if it should come to be settled by the bullet, with but few exceptions they will show themselves as true to their homes and families as any other creed or belief; and I fear that it may come to that, for religious fanaticism is hard to control, and the Southern States will secede; and it is not the will of the minority, but the majority. It is the people who speak, and not hot-headed politicians, whose bread comes of calumny. As we do, that Spiritualism has nothing to do with politics, speak it boldly and fearlessly, and you will lose nothing by it.

New Orleans, Dec. 4, 1860. CHELOTEUR.

It hardly seems necessary for us to add to the above any but the most plain and general remarks. The character of the BANNER OF LIGHT ought, by this time certainly, to be known everywhere by the broad principles it advocates, and its unmistakable manner of advocating them. The office of Spiritualism, we have all along held, has been to bring home to men's thoughts the recognition of certain great truths, and to work upon the human character for their surest assimilation. The principles are broad, and require no such advocacy as belongs to partisan heat or haste, nor will they be advanced by any such professed aid, either.

In obedience to this conception, the BANNER always addresses itself to the individual; never to parties, classes, States, or sections. It aims, by awakening the profound spiritual instinct in every human soul, to lead that soul to a higher and better condition; and, when that is on the way of accomplishment, all desirable changes—of surroundings, of influence, of circumstances, and the like—will be certain to follow. Yet as we are all in such a net and mesh of actualities, much must be allowed to time, and much must be handed over to patience and faith.

We hold, and always held, that in individual improvement and reform lies the germ of all social, ecclesiastical and political amelioration. We address the actual seat of judgment, the centre of all authority, resident solely in the individual. Only save Man, and he will save all that is worth saving. Only a awakened man to the necessity of a larger spiritual growth, and all other things, all his institutions gradually, but certainly, change along with him. To advocate or to oppose this or that party, therefore, would put it out of the power of Spiritualism and its organs to reach the individuals of any side; their prejudices, or their vanity might be moved, but themselves never. We have from the first taken this ground, in reference to the subject of organizing what might seem in any eight party, or a church, or any other structure, as yet, on the basis of Spiritualism.

We preach to Man everywhere, in all states and conditions. We denounce no parties, but seek rather to win the confidence and love of all alike who compose them; yet not on our own behalf at all, but that of the eternal principles that underlie all structures and arrangements. If, by opening the heart of individual man to the reception of these principles and truths, we succeed in our prayers and efforts to make him better, our proper work is done; but it will never draw to its completion, until not an individual is left on the earth whose heart is closed to the ingress of those potent and beautiful truths that teach him what he is, and what he is capable of becoming. Each must thus settle his own account with himself; we undertake nothing more than the task of getting him to do just that, and to do it in his own serious, searching, and thoroughly conscientious way.

## Literary Art.

It is too true that the majority of the modern tribe of authors and writers mistake literary art for literary artfulness; and hence the display of verbal pyrotechnics, gimcracks, sumptuousness, and dizzy circus-riding, which they look at as proof of high art indeed. They could not rest in greater error. Their fault is a radical one, in that they possess as yet no true ideal, or idealty. They work to produce an effect, and an immediate one at that. Hence they use only colors; they go in strong for pigments—for whatever will help them to an effect. Little enough think or care they for outline, for harmony, and for divine proportion, as did the older artists in the world of intellectual and spiritual culture. And such considerations have led a foreign critic to write of our modern literature at large, that "it is beginning to be discovered that it is not in a condition so satisfactory as it ought to be. We have many popular writers—indeed, far too many—but great writers, with the highest qualities of the literary artist, we have not perhaps even one. Bulwer, almost alone among our authors, has the instinct of literary art. To Bulwer, however, we cannot ascribe genius; and he is too fond of fine phrases to be capable of reaching a sublime simplicity. Yet let him have the merit, where the merit is so rare, of being a laborious, workman, to whom the perfection of form is really an aspiring, a daring, and a dream. In Carlyle there is the power of the artist, and there is also the instinct, but there is not the ideal; he accumulates his materials with marvelous energy, but he molds them exclusively with an eye to effect. No lover, perhaps, of a vulgar popularity, he is still chiefly inspired by the desire to dazzle and to strike; never, therefore, demand from him the calm creation of a divine whole. It may be questioned whether the gorgeous and the lavish pictorialism for which Carlyle is distinguished is compatible with literary art of the highest kind. None of the ancients, either in prose or in poetry, was pictorialist; where there was beauty it was of the statuesque order. Of our writers generally we may say that they give us pictures, good or bad, but that they are quite satisfied if the colors enchant, whether there be the completeness and harmony of a picture or not. Hence is lost one main element of the ideal in literary art, and indeed in all art—proportion. We cannot compare the various parts with each other; we cannot compare the parts altogether with anything else; we cannot apply any standard of taste or judgment."

## LITERATURE.

THE LUNA BOOK. By Anna Fraser Tytler. G. Vols. Beautifully Illustrated.

Luna at Home,  
Luna in England,  
Luna on the Island,  
Mary and Florence, and  
Mary and Florence at Sixteen.

Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

These beautiful volumes come all in a box, and are a captivating package for the young people. They have already acquired a wide reputation, and will last a long time to come. The actual information conveyed in them forms an excellent background for the imaginary scenes, thus combining instruction with pure pleasure in the happiest manner. They must be in extensive demand, during the holidays, for the children, who will not forget to be grateful to those thoughtful parents who have placed them in their hands.

THE LAND OF THE SUN; OR, WHAT KATE AND I SAW THERE. By Cornelia H. Jonks. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Another pretty juvenile from the same popular and enterprising house, in which are strikingly depicted the scenery, customs, manners, and life of the people, in Cuba. The minutest experiences of a voyage to Havana are likewise given, from which one can get a very good idea of the pleasure—or the contrary—of a trip by sea. The little volume is illustrated, and in mechanical particulars is exceedingly neat and pretty.

THE PRINTER BOY; OR, HOW BEN FRANKLIN MADE HIS MARK. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This elegant and rather stout little book is intended as a companion to the author's "Robin Boy,"—a volume that has already reached its thirteenth edition, and deserves to reach its hundredth. Mr. Thayer undertakes to serve up to the youthful reader no more than the *youthful life* of his hero, showing, in this way, what were the elements and incidents that combined to form the manly character. He treats his topic familiarly and quite thoroughly, and introduces enough of the real grit of real life to give the whole an air of truth and a value of permanency. We must declare our partiality for these little books, and express our hope that the author will go on with the design that already begins to take shape in his thoughts. The boys are all after such books, and they are just the nutriment that will be of lasting benefit to them.

GUIDE TO HART. By James Redpath. Boston: Tuxter and Eldridge.

This is a guide to the free black Republic which is already beginning to revive under the influence of new emigration. As there is such an awakening interest, at the present time, among the free blacks of the country relative to the one spot—near our shores, too—where they may find home and abundance for the more trouble of going for it, no publication could be of more service to them than one like this. It sets forth, very minutely and accurately, the character of the climate, soil, government, population, and general resources of the Republic of Hayti—information which emigrants are especially eager to avail themselves of. The author went out to Hayti expressly to procure the information this volume contains; and he appears to have furnished it in the most effective and reliable shape. There are thousands of our colored population that are really ambitious to go where they can begin life independently, and work out a destiny that shall be entirely worthy of their aspirations; and this volume comes to their aid in exactly the right time.

## Secession and the Union.

In the midst of general excitement, it is good to find, now and then, one man who keeps cool. On the topic that just now raises so great a breeze, and on which too many allow their passions chiefly to take the rein, we rejoice to find a public man like Robert Dale Owen speaking as he does in a recent letter, and quote from it because his calm words deserve to be read of all good citizens and rationally disposed men. He writes to the editor of the Indianapolis Journal that

"She (South Carolina) has long been meditating secession. And if she does take such measures, either we must suffer her to secede, or we must make up our minds to coercion. Here we reach the practical question, which I desire briefly to consider. In the contingency referred to, shall we resort to coercion? The Constitution has no provision for secession. Secession implies State control over the Tariff laws. A combination, by armed force, to overpower duly appointed United States revenue officers, and to nullify duly enacted United States laws, is treason. The bond is forfeit, and the forfeiture is death by hanging. We have the legal right, then, to coerce. But all things (we are told on the highest authority) which are lawful for us are not therefore expedient."

"By coercion what do we propose to ourselves? To convince? The sword never convinces; it subdues. Is it our purpose to subject, if we cannot convince, our fellow-citizens of South Carolina? But it is utterly at variance with the spirit of our Government to have, in our midst, subjects kept loyal by force. And if it were not, South Carolina, if she lack judgment, has spirit and courage; too much spirit and too much courage to submit to the degradation. A political creed cannot, any more than a religious one, be thrust upon brave men by force."

"This case, and that which occurred in President Jackson's time, are often cited as parallel. But there is little real similarity between them. Then it was a sudden rebellion, which a proclamation and a tariff revision sufficed to quell. Now, if South Carolina acts unitedly, and persists, it will be the result of deliberate and settled policy."

"The baptism of blood confers on national enemies a terrible perpetuity. Light quarrels, thus embittered, turn to conventional feuds, to descend, an inheritance of evil, from father to son, it may be for generations. The blood shed on the grass plot of Lexington yet cries from the ground. The heart-burnings created by the last war still nourish irritation against the mother country. The lapse of centuries often proves unavailing to erase the damning spot."

"What, then, is to be done? Shall we employ toward South Carolina urgency and entreaty? There is neither dignity nor use in entreaty beyond a certain point. What remains? Let us act toward her in that spirit which is gentle and easy to be entreated; but if we cannot convince her, let us bid her 'go in peace!'"

"Such a course will conciliate, while coercion would exasperate, other Southern States, now wavering in their allegiance. Kindness, the Christian principle, is stronger than severity, the Heathen one. The general sin induced the traveler to discard his protecting cloak, while the blustering wind but caused him to hug it more closely to his person. If it be said that this is virtually to sanction a dissolution of the Union, the reply is, that the Union is not dissolved, because it may have to exist without South Carolina; no, nor yet if two or three of her sisters should join her in secession. It is the same

day still, when three or four stars are added; why cut the name off by a telegraphic to be lamented, three or four should drop out?"

We shall preserve unimpaired our identity, our national existence, our rank and weight among the great powers of the earth. On the other hand, they who depart will learn by experience how little consideration in the councils of the world a petty State can command. Happy if, in their isolation, they retain influence sufficient, in foreign lands, to protect their own citizens from injury and wrong."

## Spiritualist Register for 1861.

Reports for the Fifth Annual Spiritualist Bazaar, for 1861, must be sent in before the 25th of December, as the work will go to press the 1st of January. This Register is the only work of the kind ever published, embracing complete statistics of Spiritualism in America, the names and addresses of all known public lecturers and mediums, the number of believers, list of books and papers, brief compends of facts, philosophy, reforms, etc., counting-house and speakers' almanac for 1861, and should be in the hands of every believer, and freely circulated among inquirers and skeptics. A neat pocket manual of thirty-six pages. As none are printed except to supply cash orders, those who need the Register must send their orders, with cash, in advance. Mailed free. One hundred for \$5; fifty for \$3; fourteen for \$1; ten cents single. Address, Uriah Clark, Auburn, New York.

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE MESSENGER DOVE.

BY JOANNA CHANT.

Over the still, perilous waste  
Of the wild, unstable sea,  
Whither, O beautiful Dove, dost thou haste  
With thy wing drooping wearily?  
Ruby droplets I see distilling,  
Thy bosom's peerless white,  
Yet thou utterest no note of plaining,  
And thy gentle eyes are bright  
With a tremulous, dewy light.  
Come, O come, and rest thee;  
Let thy wandering find succor.  
In the heart of Love thou shalt rest thee;  
And brood in the home of Peace.  
And when these eager plumes  
Are plumed with hope and power,  
Thou shalt bear from Love's dominions  
A precious token-dower.  
Dawned with the blush of the wished-for hour.  
To the soul that sent thee forth  
From a peril-haunted bark—  
If perchance a glimpse of the fair new earth  
Thy love-lit eye might mark—  
To the heart surcharged with yearning,  
Thy radiant look shall say,  
God's love the world is adorning—  
Night's shadows flee away  
And the Orient burns with day.  
Providence, R. I., 1860.

## Just Think of It!

The Evening Transcript, of Boston, has a word or two to utter on politics, now and then, and likewise a word or two on other matters; as, for example, see what it has to say on Spiritualism:

"A LAMENTABLE FACT.—The Brighton (England) Herald says that Spiritualism, instead of losing ground in England, 'is flourishing and vigorous, not only among the ignorant and insane, but among men of repute, who might fairly be looked on as superior to any system of trickery so barefaced and wicked. At this moment there are several literary circles in London who are lending their aid to the spread of the delusion, and we could name more than one eminent man who is a decided victim to it. Sittings are frequent in the best circles; mediums are tolerated in the highest quarters; and even the Church does not fail to add its quota to the herd of the misguided and the deluded.' Among the recent converts are Lord Lyndhurst, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Robert Chambers, Mrs. Browning, and many other literary and scientific celebrities."

Now what is going to be done about it?—that's the question. If the Brighton Herald sorrows over the victims that are falling before this "delusion" in the first ranks in England, and if the Boston Transcript records any faith on the part of Bulwer, Chambers, Mrs. Browning, William Howitt, and others, as "a lamentable fact," what ought the world and the rest of mankind to do under the sad circumstances? Not only these, but "the Church," too, is going that way. Pray, friends of the secular press, can't something be done to stop all this? Is it not possible for mankind to advance, and still allow others to perform for them their thinking? Say.

## To Subscribers.

We have sent notifications to those of our subscribers whose subscriptions have nearly expired. As the enterprise in which we are engaged requires much material aid, we trust they will continue to aid the good cause by making remittances without delay. We need the united efforts of all our Spiritualist friends in our behalf at this time more than at any previous period, to enable us to meet our current liabilities. Our friends in all quarters—East, West, North and South—are therefore solicited to form clubs in their respective localities. For terms, &c., see notice under editorial head.

## Mr. Pardee's Sermon.

We print on the third page a sermon by Mr. L. Judd Pardee, on the subject of "Man in General, and Man as he was, as he is, and as he will be." The discourse is replete with original and deep thoughts, and all our readers who will bestow upon it the attention it deserves, will agree with us that it is a masterly production.

## To Correspondents.

We have a vast amount of correspondence on hand, much of which it is impossible for us to put in print, however excellent it may be. Everything mundane has limits—which fact of course relates to the columns of a newspaper, consequently those of our correspondents who may think themselves slighted, must take the will for the deed.

J. E. P.—It is claimed there are three millions of Spiritualists in the States, but we have never seen any satisfactory proof of the statement. We see no indications at present of any successful attempt at organization.

Our friend at Waupun, Wis., is informed that those "Papers" have been mislaid. Should we find them, we will do as he requests.

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

How can a man keep his temper when he is quite out of it?



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Industry is the parent of morality. When one class of people shall cease intruding another class what they ought to do, instead of opening free avenues to all, male and female, to earn a competent livelihood, then, and not till then, will industry and virtue flourish, and contentment and virtue will then bear the fruit of peace and plenty.

The readers of the N. Y. Independent are furnished with four pages of interesting advertising matter each week, comprising one-half the entire contents of the paper—*Herald of Progress*.

Happiness consists in peace of mind. Days are universally happy, for they gather fun from trifles.

The saying "that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to kicks, medicine, and advice.

BROOKLYN.—South Carolina voted herself out of the United States on the 20th inst., and the telegraphic despatches say that the President has instructed the commanding officer to surrender the government forts in Carolina, if attacked.

DISCHARGES AT THE CHARLESTON NAVY YARD.—On Tuesday all the sail-makers and boat-builders employed in the Navy Yard were discharged. Over a month's wages are due the workmen, which they expect to get soon. There are about seven hundred men employed in the yard at the present time.

A simple girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments and a mawkish sentiment which is as shallow as her mind. A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

Why is a schoolmaster like the letter C? He forms lines into classes.

Don't rick a blacksmith's attention by ironically heaping his temper with the assertion that he will forge and steel, for fear you get hammered and rolled out.

In the window of Peckham's eating house, on Brattle street, is displayed a mammoth pumpkin, with a label attached, which says it was "raised" by Mr. So-and-so. Digby desires to know its exact dimensions before it was raised.

IN TYPE.—We have in type an interesting article from the pen of Dr. H. F. Gardner, in reference to the labors of Dr. J. R. Newton, and embracing the names of a score of people cured by the Doctor's instrumentality. It will appear next week.

MANUFACTURING IN MANCHESTER.—The Manchester American says that the cotton manufacturing interests in that city are now in unusual activity, some of the corporations doing considerable night work. A six months' supply of cotton is on hand, and the manufacturers sold nearly up to the present time. Although a rumor is current that the mills are soon to run on short time, it probably has no foundation except in the minds of alarmists. Cotton itself is rendered so cheap by the political crisis, that extensive manufacturers are purchasing heavily.

Praises are valuable only when they come from lips that have the courage to condemn.

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
Time you will find she loves to get,  
A little into your list put that in,  
Says I, weary say I to said:  
Says I, weary say I to said:  
Says I, weary say I to said:  
Says I, weary say I to said:

King Victor Emmanuel arrived at Palermo at half past nine on the morning of the 1st instant, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm. The people wished to detach the horses from his Majesty's carriage, and to draw it through the streets. The people assembled from all parts of Sicily, and the number present in the city were estimated at 400,000. His Majesty, before descending at the Palace, went to the Cathedral, and was solemnly received by the Archbishop of Palermo. The King afterwards received the constitutional bodies and deputations from the municipalities of Sicily.

The Philadelphia Weekly Union says:—"We publish a magnificent engraving of Christ and the Resurrection of Lazarus, containing over forty life-like figures, designed by Michael Angelo, the greatest artist that ever lived." We should like to see it, and then we could tell our readers whether it is worth buying or not.

It seems that the City Engineer has got himself into hot water by building the place intended for a pond in the Public Garden with cold water, and not consulting the Cockshute Water Board.

"Scatter the gems of the beautiful,"

By being over-dutiful.

We see, by the Foreign news, that the English and French have gone to China and taken a peek in. They had to "smash the crockery" generally, China included, before they succeeded. "Smash a peek in, however, was naturally to be looked for in the old-eyed (allied) powers. We rest here.

THE UNION INDICTED AS A NUISANCE.—The Grand Jury of the Federal Court at Montgomery, Alabama, before adjourning, presented the Union as a nuisance, which shows—thinks Digby—that all the fools are not dead yet.

What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the nature of the soul? It is quite immaterial.

Many Universalists are believers in Spiritualism. The freer the mind the quicker it grasps and holds onto the truth. Many individuals have become Spiritualists. Had Abner Kneeland lived to-day, he would have been a Spiritualist, and doubtless a believer in the immortality of the soul.

There is not a church bell in the city of Lawrence. [Exchange.]

Digby thinks this must be a mistake, for, says he, "The churches there are full of bells every Sunday." But Jo Coo managed to "ring in" his opinion that there were only factory bells.

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.—King Victor Emmanuel arrived at Naples, Dec. 8th, and was "remained" there a fortnight. A despatch received from the camp before Gaeta, dated evening of the 6th, states that a trial had been made of the Cavelli battery against the fortress of Gaeta, with terrible effect.

The marriage of the Princess Alice with the Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt is definitely settled, and will be solemnized during the coming season in London.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons has published a very sharp pastoral letter, in reply to the circular of M. Billault, on the subject of subscriptions to the Pope.

A St. Petersburg letter says the decree emanating from the Russian Czar has been signed by the Emperor Alexander, and that it is to be promulgated on the first of January.

The Vienna correspondent of the Times says that no real concessions are likely to be made to the Austro-German Province so long as Count Rechberg is at the head of affairs. The same writer asserts that the state of things in Hungary is, to all intents and purposes, revolutionary.

It is reported at Paris that the new Minister of the Interior is anxious for the repeal of the laws of general safety, passed after the attempt of Orsini, and for a more liberal mode of dealing with the press.

The Bishop of Versailles sought an interview with the Emperor to try and make him feel the woe of the church and control him of the end of his mind. The Emperor listened to him patiently with his cigar in his mouth, and at last said:—Monsieur, your distress does you credit, but the temporal power is no longer compatible with our civilization, and we must put an end to it, as I put out my cigar.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons has arrived at Lyons, and is expected to take place before his predecessor, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, who had been in Lyons for some time.

Some "howled," "The Pope forever!" others, "Garibaldi forever!" A riot then ensued; the mob beset the palace, and attempted to set it on fire. The disorder lasted eighteen hours, and only terminated when the Archbishop appeared on the balcony holding the Italian tri-colored flag.

## MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

Theodore Parker and Henry Clay on the Present Crisis.

Delivered at Dodsworth Hall on the Morning and Evening of December 10, 1860.

THROUGH MRS. CORA V. L. MATCH.

At the close of her lecture at the above place on Sunday evening the 9th instant, it was announced by the influence controlling Mrs. Hatch, that on the following Sabbath the exciting political question now agitating the country would be discussed in the morning, on the one side by the late Theodore Parker, and in opposition, in the evening, by a departed statesman, the name not given, but subsequently identified as the late Henry Clay.

The speeches were characteristic both in manner and matter, and it would have been difficult for the most skeptical who had been acquainted with the above named parties to point out any marked difference in the manner and bearing of these distinguished men while living, and their impersonation through the organism of the medium. It is a common remark, and often a true one, that if many of the claims of mediums are well founded, (whose very indifference, and of ten perceptive utterances are provocations of pity, to use no harsher term,) viz: that they are controlled by the spirit of a Franklin, a Jefferson, or a Webster, the human spirit becomes degenerate in the other state instead of progressing either in knowledge or understanding. But as it is not rational to believe that man as a spirit, degenerate, so a general skepticism has come to prevail prejudicial to the assumption of great names; while, as a general thing, we should be inclined to ignore names as of very little consequence, cases may arise where identification, in a public gathering, of those who have been prominently before the public in their earth-life, may be productive of great benefit. This I deem as of them.

The hall was crowded, both morning and evening, with highly intelligent audiences, and the lectures were listened to with the most profound attention and respect. In Theodore Parker was manifested all that dignified and uncompromising hostility to what he deemed to be wrong, which characterized him while in the earth-life. In Henry Clay was manifested that courteous and conciliatory spirit, which distinguished him while here.

As the lectures are to be published in pamphlet form, I can only give you a brief sketch. They will be published at the Banner of Light office, 143 Fulton street, New York, by S. T. Munson. For terms see advertisement.

Yours, Fraternally, S. M. H.

MORNING LECTURE—BY THEODORE PARKER.

I propose, upon this occasion, not to enter into a religious discussion of slavery; for we have no standard of what is religion and what is not religion, save that which is embodied in the truth. We do not propose therefore to appeal to your religious prejudices in behalf of any movement or of any principle connected with American slavery. But we propose to appeal to your reason, to your judgment, to your sympathy, to your humanity, and if there are not religion, where is the altar that is sanctified to worship? We do not ask you to recognize slavery or anti-slavery because it is revealed in this book, (the Bible,) greatly as we revere it, much as we approve of many of its doctrines, yet we know that God speaks of many to human souls through human affections, that through written laws. The mind is a great positive revelation, and human sympathy and human intelligence are the recorded evidences of his power and greatness. We shall appeal therefore to your high manhood, to your greatness of human justice, to your comprehension of the infinite, and ask you what means the struggle which is now pending.

History has rendered familiar to you, as to us, the notions which from various causes and policies, and under various circumstances, have regarded slavery as right, as a policy of national government. And we will remember in the history of every nation where slavery has existed, how rapidly it has been destroyed, with the increase of humanity, with the bursting forth of what is called Christian light and Christian love, slavery has gradually melted away like the hoary frosts of winter before the smiling sunshine. But now when we, in the nineteenth century, look over all the broad, civilized and enlightened countries of the world, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look to Austria, and behold in all her pride and regal pomp, and in all her assumed power, in all that belongs to her force of arms, and all that belongs to her ministration of strict and positive tyranny, nothing but the willing enslavement of mind and thought, and over pagan and heathen countries, we find that nowhere does slavery, save as a form and consequence of monarchical government exist; nowhere is it a national policy, and nowhere is it recognized other than as a wrong; nowhere is it upheld other than to support thrones and kingdoms.

I look to Russia; but in the northern of that theocratic government, I recognize the same title of the human slavery that exists in another government that I know, I look







the place of his last engagement, just in time to save the disintegration of a large number assembled. He was, as he expressed it, about famished, but was obliged to appear without refreshing himself. He did not expect to be able to speak; but in a few minutes he had recovered himself. Astonished at his own power of language, and before he knew it, he was speaking most fluently in blank verse—a style of writing or speaking wholly foreign to himself, and which he had attempted, but never before succeeded in. Spiritualists can fully understand the reason. This I had from the speaker himself.

Gen. Cushing, in his recent speech in this city, on "The State of the Union," took the occasion to give a slur at Spiritualism, unwarrantable as well as unreasonable. How much does he know about Spiritualism as it is? Did he ever attend a circle, a spiritual lecture, or investigate in any manner any one of the phenomena called spiritual? No—none at all; his only exploit was, while he was mayor of this city, causing a medium to be arrested for "exhibiting without a license," which, when it came to trial, was thrown out as untenable by the district attorney. Gen. Cushing styled Spiritualism one of the New England delusions. Does he pretend to be so ignorant as not to know that the great West is more enlightened on this subject than the East? That the South numbers believers by the tens of thousands? He will find he makes a mistake if he thinks to aid his political fortunes by speaking slightly of Spiritualism; it is too late a day for that.

Rev. Mr. Mussey, of the Unitarian Church, delivered a firm discourse on the signs of times, Thanksgiving Day, in which he spoke of Spiritualism as having done great good. He believed in progress; spoke of the leveling of the pulpit down to the people, as a hopeful sign—one he was very glad to see. He believed in the priest and people associating in all things—that the people should come up to the preacher, and the preacher go to the people. How different such sentiments from those of Rev. Dr. Dana, who died here a few months since, bemoaning to the last the decline of the power of the priesthood over the people? One a liberal Unitarian, the other a Presbyterian.

But there is a hopeful sign, even in the Presbyterian church. The Rev. Mr. Cruikshank, a successor of Dr. Dana, has for the two last Sundays preached practical lectures, or perhaps they must be called sermons. It is a novelty, for never before have they had aught but doctrinal and theological sermons, except, and that rarely, on Thanksgiving and Fast days.

Newburyport, Dec. 4, 1860.

## CONVENTION FOR THE INDIANS.

A meeting was held in Allston Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, Dec. 15th, to consult with reference to the condition and needs of our frontier Indians. The meeting was duly organized by the choice of Dr. H. P. Gardner as Chairman, and Dr. Huerly as Secretary.

Mr. Beeson, the earnest and philanthropic mover in this enterprise, was then called upon to state the object of the meeting, which he did, briefly setting forth the condition of the Indians, and appealing to the people for a redress of their wrongs. He then read the following resolution, and urged its adoption:

Resolved, That a Convention of the friends of the Indians, be convened in the City of Boston, on the 20th, 21st and 22d of February, 1861, to consider the following points:

I.—Why have the Indians not become Christianized?  
II.—Why have they faded from the land?  
III.—The proper plan for their government.  
IV.—The location and extent of a domain for their final and permanent settlement.

V.—The propriety of asking Congress for an appropriation to aid the principal tribes to meet in general Council, next summer, to decide on the foregoing, for themselves.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was then called to the stand. He said that he had been much moved, as he was sure any philanthropic and sensible mind must be, with the subject as set forth by Mr. Beeson; and he could not but think that it was worthy of an audience as large as ours. He had not thought this a favorable time for calling a meeting of this kind, while the attention of the people was so entirely absorbed by internal struggles; but as the laws of Kansas would be considered this winter, the propriety of removing the Kansas Indians from that territory would be discussed, and it seemed necessary to bring this subject to the attention of Congress this winter if possible, that the Indians might not suffer any further at our hands and perhaps now was the proper time to agitate this subject—for, in giving a new channel to our sympathies, we might allay the fever of internal dissensions. It was always time to do right. Justice is the principle of unity, justice is over the disintegrating element sowing the seeds of discord wherever it exists. Harmony can never be the product of principles based in selfishness; and though we are now reaping the fruits of such seed-sowing, yet it is never too late to do right. It is our safety in peace, and security in time of danger. All justice means union—all injustice means dissolution.

He spoke feelingly and eloquently of the peculiar genius of the Indians as a people, the purity and nobleness of their native character, of their unimpaired skill in their own arts, of their history dating far back into the forgotten ages, marking them as the primitive people of the earth, all of which commended them to our peculiar affection and watchcare.

He thought the spirit of the Southwestern civilization, which makes slavery the whole object in view, and regarded the Constitution only as an instrument to carry forward its designs, as having been peculiarly destructive to the Indian. There was hope that the present crisis would inaugurate a better civilization.

The audience were then entertained by an Indian song, illustrative of the religious character of the Indian, by Miss Ball and her sister. Miss Ball then spoke in deprecation of the idea that the Indians are destined to be exterminated. She looked favorably upon the present commotion in this country. It was destined to marshal in one the hosts of God, and victory would come to the right; and beneath its banner all would be folded in one organization, whose principle was harmony. This principle she said was being developed. People were beginning to perceive from their heads, as well as their hearts, that humanity was one. They were reading in the several types of mind discoverable in the races, manifestations of the Godhead, and were beginning to feel that their truest interest lay in their making the law of Christ their own—viz, to love humanity as one's self. She spoke of the distinctive character of the three great races—the negro, with his warm impulses, beating and bounding to the spirit of kindness, making him happy even in his bonds; the Indian, with his strong instinct, and pure, free soul, jealous and watchful of

its liberties even unto death; and the white man, with his cold intellect compressing soul and spirit into forms of wisdom, forms of beauty. "The true form would cramp no soul, it would fetter no spirit, but it would make for all a home, that home a harmony."

Mr. Beeson regretted that out of the twenty-four clergymen who had been talked to upon the subject, none were present. But he was in favor of the sheep going ahead without the shepherd. This called forth much discussion, pro and con.

Mrs. Ostrander asked if it was not the spirit of Justice that we were looking for aid in this movement? That spirit was found among all sects and parties, and to that we should address ourselves.

Dr. Moore moved that the subject be presented to the people on the ground of its own merits, and the meeting adjourn, outside of the churches. This threw the people's thoughts in the right direction, and a general murmur of satisfaction arose from the sympathizers with the Indian, of all parties.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned, with the adoption of the resolution which had been previously submitted, and the appointment of a committee to issue the call for a general Convention.

## MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Cambridgeport, 5 Sundays in Dec.;—Philmont, 4 do. in Jan. Providence, 4 Sundays in Dec.;—Philmont, 4 do. in May. Address, Dec. 24th and 25th.

Mrs. A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Providence, R. I., through Dec., lecturers care of Rev. Dr. J. C. Watson, through Jan. lecturers care of Dr. Gardner; at Cambridgeport, first Sunday in Feb.; at New Haven, first and second Sundays in April. She will travel in the West next season, commencing at Oswego, N. Y., in August, and will be working first engagements for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be included in the route will please write as soon as convenient.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in December in Cincinnati, (address care of G. Lovell, Senior, Esq.); in January in Detroit, Elkhart and Attica, Ind. (care of G. W. Watson, Esq.); in February in Chicago (care of G. W. Watson, Esq.); in March in Hartford, Conn.; the last Sunday in March and first Sunday in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

Mrs. ROSA T. ANDERSON having returned from New York where she has been lecturing for the last three months, will remain in Boston until the latter part of the winter, when she leaves for the South and West. During her stay in Boston will make engagements to lecture in Boston and vicinity, and also to attend funerals. Please address her at 33 Allen street, Boston.

Mrs. MARY M. MACOMBER will lecture the last Sunday in December and the two first in January, in Putnam, Conn.; the two last Sundays in Jan. in Cambridgeport, Mass.; the two first in Cambridgeport, Mass.; the two last in March in Hartford, Conn.; the last Sunday in March and first Sunday in April in Boston; the last two Sundays in April in Taunton; four Sundays in June at Portland, Me.

Mrs. D. STONER will lecture in December, the fourth and fifth Sundays in New Haven, Conn.; 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, Conn.; and the first two Sundays of April at Providence, R. I. Of the above lectures of each week, at various in the vicinity of the above places, or at the towns named above, or care of Ebenezer Warner, Norwalk, Ohio.

Mrs. LIZZIE DORR will speak through December in Philadelphia; the last two Sundays in Jan. in Portland, Me.; first Sunday in Feb. in Plymouth, Mass.; the second in Cambridgeport, and the two last in Boston; the five Sundays in March, in Providence, R. I.; the last Sunday in March and first Sunday in June, in Lowell, Mass. Address, Plymouth, Mass.

LEO MILLER will speak in Willimantic, Conn., December 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 1st; in Cambridgeport, Mass., January 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., January 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., January 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., January 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., January 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., January 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., January 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., February 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., February 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., February 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., February 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., February 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., February 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., February 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., February 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., March 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., March 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., March 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., March 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., March 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., March 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., March 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., April 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., April 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., April 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., April 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., April 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., April 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., April 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., April 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., May 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., May 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., May 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., May 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., May 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., May 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., May 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., June 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., June 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., June 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., June 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., June 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., June 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., June 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., June 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., July 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., July 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., July 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., July 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., July 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., July 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., July 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., August 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., August 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., August 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., August 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., August 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., August 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., August 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., August 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., September 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., September 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., September 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., September 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., September 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., September 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., September 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., September 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., October 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., October 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., October 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., October 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., October 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., October 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., October 31st; in New Bedford, Mass., November 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., November 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., November 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., November 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., November 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., November 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., November 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., November 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 1st; in New Bedford, Mass., December 2nd; in New Bedford, Mass., December 3rd; in New Bedford, Mass., December 4th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 5th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 6th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 7th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 8th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 9th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 10th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 11th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 12th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 13th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 14th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 15th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 16th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 17th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 18th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 19th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 20th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 21st; in New Bedford, Mass., December 22nd; in New Bedford, Mass., December 23rd; in New Bedford, Mass., December 24th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 25th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 26th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 27th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 28th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 29th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 30th; in New Bedford, Mass., December 31st.

Mrs. S. E. WALKER will lecture in December in Elkhart, Indiana; in January in Quincy, Illinois; and in February in Lyons, Michigan. Those who wish her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the towns named above, or care of Ebenezer Warner, Norwalk, Ohio.

WARREN CHASE lectures in Dayton, O., fourth Sunday of Dec. in Toledo, O., from Dec. 23rd to 31st; in Baltimore, Md., Jan. 1st; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 2nd; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 3rd; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 4th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 5th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 6th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 7th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 8th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 9th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 10th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 11th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 12th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 13th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 14th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 15th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 16th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 17th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 18th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 19th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 20th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 21st; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 22nd; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 23rd; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 24th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 25th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 26th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 27th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 28th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 29th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 30th; in New York, N. Y., Jan. 31st; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 1st; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 2nd; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 3rd; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 4th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 5th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 6th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 7th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 8th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 9th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 10th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 11th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 12th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 13th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 14th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 15th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 16th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 17th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 18th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 19th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 20th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 21st; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 22nd; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 23rd; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 24th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 25th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 26th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 27th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 28th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 29th; in New York, N. Y., Feb. 30th; in New York, N. Y., March 1st; in New York, N. Y., March 2nd; in New York, N. Y., March 3rd; in New York, N. Y., March 4th; in New York, N. Y., March 5th; in New York, N. Y., March 6th; in New York, N. Y., March 7th; in New York, N. Y., March 8th; in New York, N. Y., March 9th; in New York, N. Y., March 10th; in New York, N. Y., March 11th; in New York, N. Y., March 12th; in New York, N. Y., March 13th; in New York, N. Y., March 14th; in New York, N. Y., March 15th; in New York, N. Y., March 16th; in New York, N. Y., March 17th; in New York, N. Y., March 18th; in New York, N. Y., March 19th; in New York, N. Y., March 20th; in New York, N. Y., March 21st; in New York, N. Y., March 22nd; in New York, N. Y., March 23rd; in New York, N. Y., March 24th; in New York, N. Y., March 25th; in New York, N. Y., March 26th; in New York, N. Y., March 27th; in New York, N. Y., March 28th; in New York, N. Y., March 29th; in New York, N. Y., March 30th; in New York, N. Y., March 31st; in New York, N. Y., April 1st; in New York, N. Y., April 2nd; in New York, N. Y., April 3rd; in New York, N. Y., April 4th; in New York, N. Y., April 5th; in New York, N. Y., April 6th; in New York, N. Y., April 7th; in New York, N. Y., April 8th; in New York, N. Y., April 9th; in New York, N. Y., April 10th; in New York, N. Y., April 11th; in New York, N. Y., April 12th; in New York, N. Y., April 13th; in New York, N. Y., April 14th; in New York, N. Y., April 15th; in New York, N. Y., April 16th; in New York, N. Y., April 17th; in New York, N. Y., April 18th; in New York, N. Y., April 19th; in New York, N. Y., April 20th; in New York, N. Y., April 21st; in New York, N. Y., April 22nd; in New York, N. Y., April 23rd; in New York, N. Y., April 24th; in New York, N. Y., April 25th; in New York, N. Y., April 26th; in New York, N. Y., April 27th; in New York, N. Y., April 28th; in New York, N. Y., April 29th; in New York, N. Y., April 30th; in New York, N. Y., May 1st; in New York, N. Y., May 2nd; in New York, N. Y., May 3rd; in New York, N. Y., May 4th; in New York, N. Y., May 5th; in New York, N. Y., May 6th; in New York, N. Y., May 7th; in New York, N. Y., May 8th; in New York, N. Y., May 9th; in New York, N. Y., May 10th; in New York, N. Y., May 11th; in New York, N. Y., May 12th; in New York, N. Y., May 13th; in New York, N. Y., May 14th; in New York, N. Y., May 15th; in New York, N. Y., May 16th; in New York, N. Y., May 17th; in New York, N. Y., May 18th; in New York, N. Y., May 19th; in New York, N. Y., May 20th; in New York, N. Y., May 21st; in New York, N. Y., May 22nd; in New York, N. Y., May 23rd; in New York, N. Y., May 24th; in New York, N. Y., May 25th; in New York, N. Y., May 26th; in New York, N. Y., May 27th; in New York, N. Y., May 28th; in New York, N. Y., May 29th; in New York, N. Y., May 30th; in New York, N. Y., May 31st; in New York, N. Y., June 1st; in New York, N. Y., June 2nd; in New York, N. Y., June 3rd; in New York, N. Y., June 4th; in New York, N. Y., June 5th; in New York, N. Y., June 6th; in New York, N. Y., June 7th; in New York, N. Y., June 8th; in New York, N. Y., June 9th; in New York, N. Y., June 10th; in New York, N. Y., June 11th; in New York, N. Y., June 12th; in New York, N. Y., June 13th; in New York, N. Y., June 14th; in New York, N. Y., June 15th; in New York, N. Y., June 16th; in New York, N. Y., June 17th; in New York, N. Y., June 18th; in New York, N. Y., June 19th; in New York, N. Y., June 20th; in New York, N. Y., June 21st; in New York, N. Y., June 22nd; in New York, N. Y., June 23rd; in New York, N. Y., June 24th; in New York, N. Y., June 25th; in New York, N. Y., June 26th; in New York, N. Y., June 27th; in New York, N. Y., June 28th; in New York, N. Y., June 29th; in New York, N. Y., June 30th; in New York, N. Y., July 1st; in New York, N. Y., July 2nd; in New York, N. Y., July 3rd; in New York, N. Y., July 4th; in New York, N. Y., July 5th; in New York, N. Y., July 6th; in New York, N. Y., July 7th; in New York, N. Y., July 8th; in New York, N. Y., July 9th; in New York, N. Y., July 10th; in New York, N. Y., July 11th; in New York, N. Y., July 12th; in New York, N. Y., July 13th; in New York, N. Y., July 14th; in New York, N. Y., July 15th; in New York, N. Y., July 16th; in New York, N. Y., July 17th; in New York, N. Y., July 18th; in New York, N. Y., July 19th; in New York, N. Y., July 20th; in New York, N. Y., July 21st; in New York, N. Y., July 22nd; in New York, N. Y., July 23rd; in New York, N. Y., July 24th; in New York, N. Y., July 25th; in New York, N. Y., July 26th; in New York, N. Y., July 27th; in New York, N. Y., July 28th; in New York, N. Y., July 29th; in New York, N. Y., July 30th; in New York, N. Y., July 31st; in New York, N. Y., August 1st; in New York, N. Y., August 2nd; in New York, N. Y., August 3rd; in New York, N. Y., August 4th; in New York, N. Y., August 5th; in New York, N. Y., August 6th; in New York, N. Y., August 7th; in New York, N. Y., August 8th; in New York, N. Y., August 9th; in New York, N. Y., August 10th; in New York, N. Y., August 11th; in New York, N. Y., August 12th; in New York, N. Y., August 13th; in New York, N. Y., August 14th; in New York, N. Y., August 15th; in New York, N. Y., August 16th; in New York, N. Y., August 17th; in New York, N. Y., August 18th; in New York, N. Y., August 19th; in New York, N. Y., August 20th; in New York, N. Y., August 21st; in New York, N. Y., August 22nd; in New York, N. Y., August 23rd; in New York, N. Y., August 24th; in New York, N. Y., August 25th; in New York, N. Y., August 26th; in New York, N. Y., August 27th; in New York, N. Y., August 28th; in New York, N. Y., August 29th; in New York, N. Y., August 30th; in New York, N. Y., August 31st; in New York, N. Y., September 1st; in New York, N. Y., September 2nd; in New York, N. Y., September 3rd; in New York, N. Y., September 4th; in New York, N. Y., September 5th; in New York, N. Y., September 6th; in New York, N. Y., September 7th; in New York, N. Y., September 8th; in New York, N. Y., September 9th; in New York, N. Y., September 10th; in New York, N. Y., September 11th; in New York, N. Y., September 12th; in New York, N. Y., September 13th; in New York, N. Y., September 14th; in New York, N. Y., September 15th; in New York, N. Y., September 16th; in New York, N. Y., September 17th; in New York, N. Y., September 18th; in New York, N. Y., September 19th; in New York, N. Y., September 20th; in New York, N. Y., September 21st; in New York, N. Y., September 22nd; in New York, N. Y., September 23rd; in New York, N. Y., September 24th; in New York, N. Y., September 25th; in New York, N. Y., September 26th; in New York, N. Y., September 27th; in New York, N. Y., September 28th; in New York, N. Y., September 29th; in New York, N. Y., September 30th; in New York, N. Y., October 1st; in New York, N. Y., October 2nd; in New York, N. Y., October 3rd; in New York, N. Y., October 4th; in New York, N. Y., October 5th; in New York, N. Y., October 6th; in New York, N. Y., October 7th; in New York, N. Y., October 8th; in New York, N. Y., October 9th; in New York, N. Y., October 10th; in New York, N. Y., October 11th; in New York, N. Y., October 12th; in New York, N. Y., October 13th; in New York, N. Y., October 14th; in New York, N. Y., October 15th; in New York, N. Y., October 16th; in New York, N. Y., October 17th; in New York, N. Y., October 18th; in New York, N. Y., October 19th; in New York, N. Y., October 20th; in New York, N. Y., October 21st; in New York, N. Y., October 22nd; in New York, N. Y., October 23rd; in New York, N. Y., October 24th; in New York, N. Y., October 25th; in New York, N. Y., October 26th; in New York, N. Y., October 27th; in New York, N. Y., October 28th; in New York, N. Y., October 29th; in New York, N. Y., October 30th; in New York, N. Y., October 31st; in New York, N. Y., November 1st; in New York, N. Y., November 2nd; in New York, N. Y., November 3rd; in New York, N. Y., November 4th; in New York, N. Y., November 5th; in New



## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five worlds long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever!

## THE LONELY MOON IN DREAMING.

The lonely moon is dreaming,  
Dreaming on the tide;  
Silver waves are flying,  
Highly as they glide—  
Beneath the weather,  
Ether of perfume,  
Loosely covers weeding,  
Hedding o'er the thicket.

Bend above me, spirit,  
Hear it that I sigh!  
Shroud long since clouded,  
Shrouded to the sky;  
From thy home Elysian,  
Vision pure and blessed,  
Lean thy lips unto me,  
Two souls unto rest!

Murmur thy sweet presence,  
Essence of delight!  
All thy love and sorrow,  
Morrow of my night!  
Let thy cool pale finger  
Linger o'er my brow;  
Tell me you weary,  
Dearly for me now?

Whisper! In that Heaven  
Given to the blessed,  
Whisper! I shall weep  
Better in our rest?  
Like this river flying  
Shining to the sea,  
Whisper! I am going,  
Flowing fast to thee!—[N. O. Mirror.

Time is precious, life is short, and consequently not a single moment should be thrown away. A beautiful Oriental proverb runs thus: "With time and patience the mulberry leaf becomes silk."

## THE VOICE.

Somewhere, somewhere, but I know not where,  
A voice is calling me, faint and far;  
It seems to come from the floating cloud;  
It seems to sing from the smallest star!

I follow, and follow, and follow still—  
"It is a dream, or a voice in truth!"  
I sit me down by the way, and pluck  
Hesper's roses—"These for the crown of Youth!"

I weep, and weep; but they fade, and fade—  
"Is it a dream, or a voice indeed?"  
I drop the garland and hasten away—  
"I was weaving thorns—for my fingers bleed!"

I follow, and follow, and follow on;  
I wander up and I wander down;  
The Voice is a promise of deathless joys—  
Shall I remember a withered crown?

[Harriet McEwen Kimball.

The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness—the taste and stain from the love of the vast.

## —[Longfellow.

## A SUNSHINE AND A SHADOW.

I hear a shout of merriment,  
A laughing boy I see  
Two little feet the carpet press,  
And bring the child to me.

Two little arms are round my neck,  
Two feet upon my knee;  
How full the kisses on my cheek!  
How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear,  
No laughing child I see;  
No little arms are round my neck,  
Nor feet upon my knee!

No kisses drop upon my cheek—  
Those lips are sealed to me,  
Dear Lord, how could I give him up  
To any one but thee!

No mind is at all times overflowing; there is a tide in the sensations of the most gifted.

## —[Blanchard.

A whisper woke the air—  
A soft light rose and low,  
Yet bared with shame and woe;  
Now might it only perish there!

Now might it only perish there!  
Nay further go,  
Ah me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound!

Another voice has breathed its clear,  
And so it wandered round,  
From ear to lip—from lip to ear—  
Until it reached a gentle heart,  
And that—it broke.

It was the only heart it found,  
The only heart that was meant to find,  
When first it accepts woe—  
It reached that tender heart at last,  
And that—it broke. [Frances S. Osgood.

Complaisance renders a superior available, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

## THE FUNNY TYPES.

Little Susie D., poring over a book in which angels were represented as winged beings, suddenly remarked with much vehemence:

"Mamma, I don't want to be an angel—and I need n't, need I?"

"Why, Susie?" questioned her mother.

"Humph! leave off all my pretty clothes and wear feeders like a hen!"

Dean Swift's barber one day told him that he had taken a public house.

"And what is your sign?" said the dean.

"Oh, the pole and basin; and, if your worship would just write me a few lines to put upon it, by way of motto, I have no doubt but it would draw me plenty of customers."

The dean took out his pen and wrote the following couplet, which long graced the barber's sign:

"Have not from pole to pole, but step in here,  
Where nought excels the shaving, but the beer."

It is said that a girl in England was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

Seeing an allegorical picture of a poet on an eagle's back, Prentice remarked, that he did not believe it was a custom of poets to ride on eagles—although he had met many a one "on a hawk."

Hood, on being shown a portrait of himself very unlike the original, said that the artist had perpetrated a false Hood.

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an exquisite in Col. man's hearing.

"I believe it," said George, "for she had a eye in them when I saw her last."

Success with the ladies is like violin-playing—a great deal depends on the hearing.

If you doubt whether to kiss a pretty girl, give her the benefit of the doubt, and go in.

A romantic individual was asked the other day why he showed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout.

"It is," said he, "because I am nearer her heart."

Two countrymen—"Ah!" said an Englishman, the other day, "I belong to a country upon which the sun never sets."

"And I," said a Yankee, "belong to a country of which there can be no correct map—it grows so fast that surveyors can't keep up with it."

A bachelor, discovering his clothes full of holes, exclaimed:—"Mend I can't!"

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 17.

## QUESTION.—What is Life? What is Animal Life?

Dr. P. B. RANDELL was called to the Chair.

JACOB EDESON.—Human life is an embodied thought of God. Man is an unfolding expression of the indwelling regent who abstracts from the concrete whole his individual qualities, and embodies their virtue in man, the child or son of God, in such a manner as ultimately to reveal light and darkness, good and evil, cause and effect, in an eternal arrangement with the divine Source of Life. The Divine Father endows all his offspring with individual founts of love and affection that distinguish each from the other, and capacitates all to work out their own salvation, while he, as the indwelling regent, works in each and all, both to will and to do, of his own good pleasure, without increasing or diminishing his infinite attributes. The ungodly soul, though at an eternal distance of undeveloped capacity from the absolute cause of causation is necessarily an individual part of the great First Cause. In proportion as we approach him we go interiorly to the fountain of life, commune with God, and transmit to the more external souls his love, light and life. When we contemplate the more external conditions of being, we perceive that God, though omnipresent, is not in all men the same pure and holy being, because all have not the same capacity to feel, to perceive and to reflect his love, justice and truth. But the divine mind may be unfolded in its finite effects so as to perceive and reflect, in its true being, the personal God. If we are in harmony with the inner love, we can in some sense perceive the bond of brotherhood which connects each to all, and all to God; our dependence upon each other, and upon the animal, the vegetable and the mineral that preceded us, and sustains our physical existence. Prayer, work and worship, faith, hope and charity are the access to the spiritual realm. The child is in harmony with the Father in proportion as he drinks from the fountain of life. The indwelling regent speaks through him to others in proportion as he is able to transmit and to receive the message. The inner or spiritual body is dependent in earth-life upon the external or animal body, its mentality or capacity, for spiritual enlightenment. The mental conditions of the infant, the idiot and the insane may be such that they cannot receive the experience or virtue of earth-life necessary for soul-growth without coming in rapport with mortals here. No virtuous soul would refuse aid to the weak and erring, however depraved they might be. God speaks to us through echoing instrumentalities, the purest love, the strictest justice and the dearest truth are capable of perceiving, feeling and embodying. The Almighty God, with whom everything is possible in eternity, is limited in time and space by matter and mind—being reflected in each entity only in proportion to its spiritual refinement and culture. All have unfolded the same degree of faith, hope and charity, consequently cannot make the same aspirational demands upon the fountain of life. No one soul can come into the perfect inheritance of all that is God-like, until all have received of the Infinite Giver all that can be bestowed. It is God's prerogative to give; it is ours to receive and reflect.

MELINDA A. BALL.—There is a corporate mind and a corporate heart, and individual life is but a reservoir for the great flood of thought, feeling and desire as it is impelled from out the beating, bounding heart. The individual soul-being is but a revelation of God's will to man; and to find the point where desire and the God-will harmonizes, is to find God. In that point our wills and the will of the Infinite are in equipoise. Upon that point our souls are balanced; there they live in the kingdom of heaven—there they rest in the embrace of God. Hence I derive another thought: God, as a governing power, is the magnet whereby the universe is balanced. This is the principle that esotericists being. The tendency of all mind and matter is toward an equipoise of forces; the law of equipoise is eternal in the principles of being. This is its formula as written by science; action and reaction are equal. Watts embodied this idea of God in that moment of deepest inspiration when he said—

"There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
The nature leans and feels her prop.  
But her own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up."

As all justice means union, so all truth means affinity, and all affinity means charity, and all charity means devotion to the principle of universal good. Whoever sacrifices themselves to this principle, utterly regardless of the pain or pleasure it may bring to them in this life, will have a pill, more potent than that of hashish, to explore the mysteries of being, rolled up for them by God—every night. For through this principle of Divine love there is a perpetual inbirth of the spirit into the form of the Godhood, and every nerve becomes an eye to penetrate through all the realm of spirit, and touch every cause and every soul in being. This I know is the natural unfolding of the soul out of its rudimentary state into the Christ-form, as Mr. Edson terms it, or the form of Perfect Man; and although I have no objection as a principle to the use of hashish, yet I know it can never give the one thing needed—the true soul growth—though it may lend to the knowledge by which that is attained.

Dr. CUSHMAN.—This is a question of vast importance, and I have labored hard to arrive at some satisfactory conclusion concerning the question of "What is Life? and what is Animal Life?" I have endeavored to avail myself of the experience of medical men and men of science concerning it. But after spending several evenings in the contemplation of philosophers and savants, I am still somewhat in doubt. The question is not the relationship of the soul to others, or the development of the soul; but a clearer and more tangible one—"What is life?"

In my vocation as a physician, I was once called to see a man who was paralyzed on one side, and could not move a muscle or ligament; yet he was bright in thought, and life moved regularly, and digestion was good. Finally his disease extended over both sides of his head, and he could neither see, hear, taste, feel, nor move a nerve. Yet he lived, and lived for days. Then what is life? When we talk of the machinery of the system, we are talking only of the mere curtain of life; and however that curtain is paralyzed, life may exist. I have never seen the man who possessed any mathematical knowledge of it. All we know of it has come to us through revelation.

JOHN EDESON.—We can know of life only by its manifestations. We can no more tell what it is, than we can analyze God, light or darkness. There are different degrees of life—life of animal—body life, soul life, physical life, moral life, intellectual life and spiritual life; and I do not know as we can get any nearer a definition of it than that it is the breath of God—the pulsation of his heart in nature.

Dr. CROWELL.—I don't know as I can say anything on this question, except that I am sure I live, and move through all things. I am sure in some what similar to her definition. Mr. Cushman treats of physiological life, and concludes there is no knowledge of what life is. Though I do not pretend to understand it, yet I believe life can be understood by mortal, finite man. I believe it to be nothing more nor less than a compounding of elements in a refined condition. To understand and answer the question, we must become acquainted with this system of compounding. I don't believe physical existence is life; it is rather death than life; but beyond it is a real, vital, tangible life; and individuals will yet be able to understand what it is that makes life, and renders us living, moving, intelligent, tangible beings. Every individual here has said that nothing more can be known of life than man has manifested; nearly all have claimed that it could not be understood. Now there have been philosophers who doubted mortal existence, and believed they were only living in one grand and mighty dream, from which they should awake some day and find it but a dream. No declare that life cannot be understood, is more than I care to do. Some have said life can be no better nor easier comprehended than God; but I believe God will yet be

understood, and that perfectly. No thought, desire or aspiration has an end; and from what the mind has achieved and is achieving, may we not predicate greater things? Millions in spirit life will tell you life has been a dream, and they have just awakened into tangible existence; and what to them was once vague and dim, now stands out in left relief. Once this knowledge of the hidden mysteries of life is not the possession of all; but that there are those in spirit life who understand how we live and why, I cannot help believing. You are continually progressing; and though some may say you are retreating, I believe there can be no moving backward, but onward forever; and God himself cannot make man retrograde, more than time can turn backward. This is but the infancy of man. He is but creeping on his knees; but he will yet be brought up to the condition where he will understand the hidden things of life and God.

Mr. EDESON.—An important idea has been suggested; and I take the liberty to hope that something further will be said on the point advanced, that the soul is a part of God. I should like to have this touched upon further.

Mr. PENNY.—Life, of itself, if I understand the question, I behold with my external senses. Man is composed of three properties: matter, life, intelligence. Life is not intelligence. It is motion. Where there is motion, there is life. I behold God filling all space. He is all life, matter and intelligence. I can only define life as motion.

Mr. DUNN.—I thought I would erect a little platform, but all my successors, as well as myself, might stand on comfortably. We are all agreed on one point. Those who admit that there is a God, also admit that he is impartial in his works. All our friends will agree with this idea. Then, if that is so, let us deduce a principle from it. Has he bestowed on any of his children the power of getting behind him, and knowing what his secrets are? He is impartial, and we are told he makes his sun to shine on the just and the unjust. Then does it not follow that from this impartiality he would bestow on all minds equal faculties and capacity? Then what are we capable of knowing of our own life? If we know nothing, then it is utterly preposterous to talk of the lives of others. But does the man live who knows any essence of his own life? We can discover something; but what is it? The mere manifestation, and that only. Then where are the manifestations we are capable of appreciating? We are capable of understanding fear, hate, kindness, joy, etc., because we feel them; we are conscious of them, but not conscious of any power which originates them. With all due deference to my friends, I declare the question one of no importance at all, for it is utterly beyond our scope of thought. Our friend Edson told us of the antecedent cause of life; but what does he mean by that? God only knows what he means, I don't. But if that cause is God, he does not know what God is, and so the matter is still in mystery as much as ever.

Mr. WETHERS.—One of the arguments of our very learned friend was, that if we could find out what life was, we should have had the faculty of understanding it now. If he carries his mind back to the past, he will find a time when the world was thought to be flat; and nobody could prove it was otherwise. But the mind has considerably expanded since then, and we understand the subtle laws which control many things which have been shrouded in mystery to our fathers. Now it is said if a man has the faculty of asking a question, he will sometimes have the power to answer it. I like this question, as I love Dickens's novels—not for itself, but for the suggestive ideas it incidentally brings out. The question is as old as the book of Job, and older, for I ought to know. The patient Job says: "Our life is of few days, and full of trouble." I don't know but some of my friends would find that a good answer to this question. Emerson, in his new book, says, "Life is that which holds atoms together." If any one can give a better answer than that, I should like to hear it. That is about as near as we can get to it. It is astonishing to me that so many take pains to amass wealth, which all the pulpit preaches is of little moment to us in our eternal march. If this discussion brings us down to the facts of life, then it is useful for us to talk about it. It was said by Shakespeare, or some other minister, that our life is not sufficient for us. We are not sufficient for ourselves. A few years ago we were not; a few years to come we shall not be. Our life seems a dream. I am glad we dwell so long upon this question.

Dr. GARDNER.—I fully believe in the remarks of Mr. Wethers, that in the words of Andrew Jackson Davis, the power to ask a question presupposes the power to answer it—not the immediate power, perhaps, but the furnishing of the material by which it can be answered. Mind is dependent upon the forms of its organization for its manifestation.

Mr. Southworth in her "Deserted Wife," puts into the mouth of one of her characters—Hagar, a Moorish girl—a beautiful idea of the growth of soul. She says: "I think that life continually ascends, never descends. It looks to me very stupid to suppose that a soul can relapse into the form of a beast. No life is never lost, but it continually changes its locality, always ascending; the various forms of life being the steps by which it reaches humanity—then heaven. I have lived so much in the wildest solitudes of nature; I have seen so much more, so much stronger life-spirit below, than on a level with humanity; I have felt struggling up, through water, stones, and clay, through lichen, herb, and tree; through insects, birds, and beasts; up to its highest visible form, humanity; and I have grown to dream that life-spirit is elaborated from matter; or if not so, that in the union of spirit with matter, spirit may be first incarnated in the lowest form of matter, and passing through its various stages, rise to human, and angelic nature. I believe there is one life-God, and many lives; the souls created in his image—that these souls might not each have been created at a word, in a moment—but created, or elaborated through long ages. I believe that each soul retains its separate existence, its separate features, its individual self, unimpaired and undivided through all its incarnations; for instance, the spirit of a rose in ascending the scale of being, will never enter the form of an eagle, or a lion. To illustrate never home—here is my gentle Rosalia, whose pure spirit, ages ago, might have slept in the pale light of a seed pearl; then, in the lap of centuries, lived in the fragrance of the wood violet; then, through many transmigrations, reached the form of the dove, then a lamb, and lastly, is incarnated in the beautiful child before us."

"Then, if that were so, why can I not remember when I was a violet, and when I was a dove?" pertinently inquired Rosalia.

You cannot even recollect when you were an infant, little one—you cannot recollect all that happened last year, or last month; how should you be able to look back through a vista of past lives, that the doors of many deaths have closed behind you? Perhaps, at the close of your present life, the whole vista may be thrown open, and you may be able to look back to the beginning. Oh, Rosalia! I remember that, in the earliest years of conscious human existence, in infancy, my mind struggled as much backward for recollection, as forward for new knowledge. She was silent awhile, and then pursuing the train of thought, she said—"The analogy between material and spiritual nature seems to me to be perfect in all its particulars. I never saw a human being who had not his type in the minerals, in the vegetables, in the insects, in the birds and in the beasts."

There is truth in that idea, as in all others. Everything is born from a lower to a higher form. Mr. Crowell says life is the combination of elements. It seems to me life is the power which enables them to come together. I do not claim to be able to demonstrate what I say; but I assert "Life is God," and until all the primates of the universe are taken into account, and all the atoms of life are taken into power of spirit, and all the natural functions are taken place while the spirit is sometimes absent from the body. It is a question hard to be understood.

Mr. BRANHAM.—A spirit once showed me that every inch of air contained millions of conscious beings. We breathe them in. They are so small

that they are ten thousand times too minute to be seen by the natural eye, yet they are material, nevertheless. Life is taken in through them, as they are breathed in, and life is the effect of their impregnating power. When this power is cut off, decay ensues, and the body becomes annihilated. For these little conscious beings war with one another, and discord results in material death. But all material is eternal. There cannot be one particle outside of eternity.

Mr. TAYLOR.—The consideration of this important subject has unfolded thought for the consideration of one hundred thousand minds throughout the United States—thoughts they will carry through their earth-life to the life to come. I am deeply interested in the subject. It is all in all; and whatever of light is reflected on it ought to be regarded with favor. Thanks be to God, "Know Thyself"—which was considered so important that it was inscribed in Greek characters upon the Temple of Delphos. So I seem to see on the brow of every human being here, in burning letters, "Know thyself." To know God might be to know most of life, and to know that, was to know the most of one's self. Thought, speech and act, are the threefold elements of life, and embrace all its causes and effects. Take these away, and oblivion, inevitably ensues. In the cerebrum of his eternity God said, "Let there be light!" Light came with thought, speech, and act—thought demonstrating the reason, speech the power, and act the glory. Job asks the important question: "If a man die shall he live again?" and he asks the question with a faith which led him to believe he should not only live again, but be possessed of greater power than this earth allowed him, in the change and unfolding of man throughout eternity. It seems to me Jesus possessed this threefold power better than any other man. He seems to have shown it when he smote the dry rock of ossuaries, and forth sprang pure gushing water. The faded birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove, was scarcely more glorious or interesting, than the faculties manifested through the life of Jesus.

In viewing this subject, I regard the universal race of man to be one of the most beautiful definitions of what is life—not in one condition, but in all. I realize life to be the power that thinks, speaks, and acts. God is so manifest in the flesh. For as a man, God is so. The man gifted with beauty and truth of thought and expression lives the most of life; but it is true that all things are life, and life is in all things. We can comprehend God just in extent as we can comprehend ourselves. He has no secrets from man man cannot know, when he unfolds the faculty of diving into the very depths of being to bring up the pure and good.

Next week the Conference will discuss the following subject: "Is there any immutable moral law for the government of all human actions?"

## Written for the Banner of Light.

## SONG OF THE GOLD GOD.

Oh, my kingdom is wide, and my throne secure,  
And loyal my vassals, my sceptre is sure;  
And bid is the heart dare my power deride,  
And cope with my millions of pomp and pride.

My ministers true, 'round my chair of state,  
Are Crime and Oppression, Dispair and Hate;  
And my subjects are those whom the noble despise,  
Having bowed to my sceptre, they cease to be wise.

Oh! I firmly sit in my halls of Pride,  
And issue my mandates far and wide;  
And my slaves bend low, and grovel in dust,  
And abjectly sue for positions of trust;

And the heart is seared and the conscience sold  
To secure the smiles of the God of Gold;  
But a cold and unbending brow I bear,  
Nor shed o'er their ruin a single tear.

I whisper to policy's recent heart,  
Of the wealth he may gain by a traitor's part;  
And he fashions his soul in deception's mould,  
And barbers his country for love of gold.

And I dazzle the eyes of the fair young bride,  
As she blindly stands by the profligate's side,  
And promises honor, and love and truth—  
But a curse falls deep on her blighted youth.

Oh, my reign is dark, and the fetters strong  
That I forge 'round the hearts of my worshiping throng;  
And I crush out all soul from the lover of self,  
And deaden all loves but the love of self.

I tempt the murderer's darkened soul,  
And the forger I bend to my blind control;  
And honor, and home, and country demand—  
And he dies of disgrace in a foreign land.

Oh, my reign is dark, my demands severe—  
And I torture my subjects with crime and fear;  
And I pierce them with arrows of envy and strife,  
And embitter the fountains of social life;

And I strangle the son from the home of his youth,  
And I tempt the daughter to harbor her truth,  
And stealing the parent's heart the while  
'Gainst the prayers of his erring, repentant child.

And I fether the tongue of the priest—to his shame;  
And he utters smooth things—in his Master's name;  
Assured that the truth independently told  
Would scatter my people from out his fold.

Ah! I hold is the heart dare my power deride,  
And cope with my millions of pomp and pride,  
For my power is great, and the chains are strong  
That I coil 'round the hearts of my worshiping throng.

M. E. D.  
New York, Dec. 4, 1860.

## Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. E. A. OSTRANDER AT ALLSTON HALL  
Sunday, Dec. 10, 1860.

## AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

As usual, the question was chosen by the controlling intelligences from a number submitted by the audience. In this case she was called upon to explain this text: "The sin against the son of man shall be forgiven you, but the sin against the Holy Ghost shall never be forgiven you."

We are somewhat at a loss, she said, to know how to introduce the Holy Ghost to an audience like this. The teachers of the past made it one of the pater nity of the Godhead. But we know nothing of the Holy Ghost of the Bible. We know of a God of perfection, absolute goodness and wisdom, and one no being in existence can move from his purpose or break his law. We take for our present standpoint of thought and remarks a different view from that in the Bible. The Bible declares you must accept this truth, because it is written in the Bible, and, because one of the holy mysteries, is beyond our power of understanding or right of inquiry. Such a Bible is of no use to those people to day who find their God everywhere, though there are those who have need of and should have it. Allow us, however, to declare that we have no faith in the infallibility of the Bible, or anything save God. Therefore we take your text only to meet your thought, and not to advocate its correctness. The text was in the words of Luke, and even in this he differed from the other Apostles. He seems to believe that Christ was no more than a man, when he says, "Whoever sins against the son of man shall be forgiven." We know it is impossible for any one to sin against the Holy Ghost and be forgiven.

You will agree with me that the Apostles were spiritual mediums of their day, and each saw things corresponding to his own faculties and capacities. Luke said the sin against the Holy Ghost could not be forgiven. Understanding the Holy Ghost in our own way, we repeat the truth, that whatever wars against the laws of human nature can never be for-

given. Many errors are committed in ignorance, but the penalty is the same. Prayer nor effort can change the results of any violated law. Every law is accompanied by its penalty, which follows its violation. Ignorance is the source of all misfortune, and is constantly involving humanity in discord and inharmonious.

It has been taught that repentance brings with it forgiveness. But if you have sinned against the Holy Ghost of your nature, and repent, your future life is changed, but your past cannot be changed. Thus traces of physical and intellectual characteristics have been changed, but the scars of old wounds ever remain.

We always leave our mark on those who follow us. The defects of the mold are stamped on the image. This is a lesson bidding us to be true to the laws of nature. We blame theology more than any other instrument for this perversion of the knowledge of God's laws.

It has been taught that everything of mankind was of itself untidy. This idea has degraded mankind in the past, and we cannot bear to dwell upon its moral deformity. Man has groped through his shadow like children in the dark; but, thank God and good angels, he need do no more.

The physiology of man is full of lessons concerning sins against the Holy Ghost. In your religious, moral, social, conjugal and political relations you feel the lack of true harmonious understanding and use. Here, then, is the violation of the laws of the Holy Ghost. You feel the need of forgiveness, but hardly know how to obtain it.

Yet the ages to follow you will unfold these mysteries, and proclaim that the sin against the Holy Ghost cannot be forgiven. Be, then, full and strong to exist, living up to the highest light the age has given you. The spirit-life is made up of just such men and women as you are, carrying there with them the ideas and impressions of this life. Some believe all of evil is thrown off at death; but not so. The law requires that progression alone can be achieved by returning to earth to seek elevation. Does this not teach you that you should be true in your life to the laws of nature, and strive to unfold in all goodness and purity? What matters it if you are free as a spirit? You can escape no phase of physical and spiritual unfolding. Man in spirit-life is like a child in school—he must study well the lesson of his class; if he learns not his task, he must go back and do his labor over again. So spirits must return to earth to perfect the development they did not achieve here. Much of your nature seems Godlike, and much is far from your ideal of the Godlike. Do you think to be able to escape the result of your faculties, whatever they are? Man's spirit progression is in accordance with his needs. Spirituality must be the teacher, to warn you against the breach of these moral and physical natural laws of nature. The heart often wanders without wisdom. The impulses of the heart are so erratic that they often lead man wrong.

Wisdom must come as a mighty saviour to every soul who thinks to throw off the shackles of discord, and bid it live in accordance with the laws of the higher nature of God. I know there are those who are living against the laws of the Holy Ghost. Go to work to understand the laws of your being, and you will see how far God's forgiveness is brought to man. Forgiveness comes from a change to the better; but in truth there can be no forgiveness.

Proud iconoclast, while breaking the idols of the past, be sure your efforts supply better things than you destroy, or cease your work of demolition. Respect the work of the past, for it has been a noble help to many a child of earth. Both the Son of Man and the Holy Ghost are myths of the past, and both will pass away. But they embodied great principles, which can never die. The story of the trinity we cannot accept, and when the world is prepared to part with it, it will be allowed to return where it belongs.

## EVENING DISCOURSE.

The evening lecture was on the Revelation of the Bible. It was dictated by what claimed to be the spirit of Thomas Paine, assisted by others. The lecture was strong in its denunciation of the popular credulity which clung to the Bible as the infallible and only word of God. It referred pungently to the discrepancies between the gospels of the different apostles, and the vain pretensions set up for them by their followers, which they never claimed nor thought of receiving in their day. The spirit declared the apostles to be spiritual mediums of their day, and proclaimed the gospels of no more binding importance than familiar letters from traveling mediums to their friends, now-a-days. The apostles themselves made mistakes, which imperfect translators and type-setters have increased, rather than diminished. It was an inspired volume, but all thoughts are none the less so.

At the close of this discourse, "Fair-bell," an Indian girl, entranced the medium, and expressed herself willing to talk with all who were ready to converse with her. She answered several questions, to the edification of the audience. Her language was amusing and pretty, and her illustrations and figures of speech put all in the audience in a happy humor.

Miss Murdoch then sang a song entitled the "Messenger Bird," with good effect.

## SIX LECTURES

DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO,  
BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE,  
ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.

I.—Astronomical Religion; II.—Religion of Nature; III.—The Creator and His Attributes; IV.—Spirit—Its Origin and Destiny; V.—Sin and Death; VI.—Heaven, the Land of the Dead—Together with the outlines of a plan for a Human Enterprise. Also, an Autograph and Steel Engraving of Miss Hardinge, and a brief history of her life.

Published in Pamphlet and in Book form.  
The above will be ready on and after December 1st, 1860. Retail price, 50 cents. A liberal discount made to the trade. Friends of Progress, North, South, East and West, will please send their orders immediately.

For sale wholesale and retail, at H. M. HIGGINS'S Music Store, 117 Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. "Dec. 13.

## TO THE AFFLICTED!

CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
Medical Medium