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NO. 1.

## Written for the Banner of Light. IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOSEPH GRANT.

He was God's gift to the people,  
And he saved the Thought and the Time,  
With the majesty and power of a king  
Endowed with the Right Divine.  
Not his are the fleeting honors  
Which vain-glorious aims induce;  
For the golden cup of his generous life  
Was brimmed with the wine of Use.  
With innate royalties of soul  
His words and deeds were free,  
And he won the fealty of noble hearts  
By his burning thoughts inspired.  
A Prince amid his peers,  
In the realms of Mind he stood,  
Yet clasped the hand of the lowliest slave  
In loving brotherhood.  
Bravest was he where all were brave,  
To oppose the invading Ill;  
And the wounds of Wrong who hunted the weak  
He baffled with Wisdom's skill.  
Fidelity's friend, unshrinkingly  
By camp, or citadel, or city,  
He was God's propitious Minister,  
To succor in time of need.  
Rich heart with the throbbing Christ-life warm,  
And free as an infant from guile,  
Both dark and fair in his soulful eyes,  
Not the same beaming smile.  
Varied and vast was his wondrous love,  
Yet consecrated all;  
Faithful and just as a sword was he,  
Nor dreaded the Master's call.  
He has gone from the light of our longing eyes,  
And emerged from earth's eclipse;  
Still he lives in the core of a thousand hearts,  
And speaks from a thousand lips.  
Our fervent wishes followed him far  
Beyond the trackless main,  
And we prayed the merciful Father to spare  
And restore him to us again.  
But the house of clay could no longer hold  
The Angel of Love and Might;  
And he passed to a home not made with hands,  
In the Upper Kingdoms of Light.  
Dear God! I thank thee that for a time  
His presence to me was given  
To teach of the Absolute Goodness and Truth,  
And the beautiful Life of Heaven.  
BOSTON, R. I., August, 1860.

## THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES. A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRAKER.

### CHAPTER I.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

On a sunny spot near one of those numerous  
castles by the Rhine that attract the attention of all  
travelers, and invest the river itself with untold  
charm of mystery and romance, sat a maiden,  
attentively listening to what a devoted companion  
was so ardently pouring into her ear. That com-  
panion was a young man of not many more years  
than herself, handsome in his countenance, and  
graceful and well formed in respect of his person.  
He sat on the green grass at her feet, gazing with  
an expression of full rapture up into her face, now  
uttering the passionate syllables that thronged to  
his lips, and now watching, apparently, for some  
reply from her.  
It was a delightful afternoon in the early autumn.  
Only a short distance from them stood the castle of  
Rosenheim—a strong and imposing structure, whose  
beefing front was reflected in the dark and eullen  
waters of the Rhine, and whose heavy walls seemed,  
on the side from which the young man and maiden  
viewed it, like some fortress that defied assault  
from all the country round. The sun had just begun  
to slant from the west, throwing his beams through  
the forest and orchard trees like golden arrows, that  
lodged harmless in the turf grass. The air was  
still beyond description. The usually serene life of  
the castle was all that attracted the attention of the  
observer, and that consisted now merely of the  
coming and going of peasants in the distance, the  
quiet browsing of the cattle on the cleared pastures  
close at hand, and the play of the lights and shades  
about the stony towers and battlements of the  
castle. Nowhere even on the beautiful Rhine could  
there be found another picture to match this one, for  
few castles in all the land would venture to set up  
their claims, whether peaceful or warlike, by the  
side of the well-known castle of Rosenheim.  
Gertrude, spoke the young man, in a rich and  
low voice that at once betokened the lover, "you  
know that these meetings of ours are few and difficult  
to be compassed. My castle is not a great way  
off, to be sure, but you know with what an unfeeling  
spite your father regards me."  
Gertrude involuntarily shuddered, for she under-  
stood the nature of this obstacle very well.  
"I do not know," continued the young man,  
"exactly by what good fortune I was allowed to  
meet you to-day; but happening to see your father  
go off into the forest, on a hunt, as I supposed, I  
resolved to improve my opportunity; and with much  
difficulty, because of the prudence I chose to exercise,  
I found myself safely here within your grounds.  
You were strolling about by yourself in this orchard,  
and here I overtook you. It is an event in my life,  
Gertrude, so long does it seem since I have rested  
my eyes on your beautiful face. That face feeds my  
soul, Gertrude! I feel as if life had begun all over  
again with me, when I look upon that speaking  
countenance! And to think, too, that even a slight  
of it is denied me for so long a time! I sometimes  
quite despair. I think that I cannot any longer  
bear up, but that I must give way before the strifes  
that tear my heart so cruelly."  
"Oh, speak not thus, Wilhelm!" now feelingly  
protested the maiden, whose lips for the first time

appeared to have been opened. "It is not for me to  
opine to you the cruel, the more than cruel tortures  
with which even at my age I am visited. I some-  
times feel even as you do, that life has little or  
nothing in it worth waiting for; for if disappoint-  
ment, bitter and sore, is to come so early to us, what  
may we not expect with the passage of time? Yet,  
Wilhelm, I would not have you feel thus. The soul  
of the despondent man only needs a new infusion of  
courage, and to give it courage, nothing is so good  
as noble exertion."  
The young man studied her countenance with  
much care, and thought that he had fairly appro-  
priated her meaning.  
"What field is there for exertion open to me?"  
he anxiously inquired. "If you would see me the  
color of heroic deeds, rather than the owner and  
master of a neighboring castle that descended to me  
from my father, you have but to say the word and I  
obey your slightest thought. What would you,  
Gertrude?"  
"I would not commission you to any bold enter-  
prise or new endeavor," half-laughingly responded  
the girl; "that is, not for such as I think of; but  
I would fain see this dark cloud removed. I know  
nothing why it is there—that it has so long rested  
between us. What is it, Wilhelm? Does it come in  
thus to overshadow our destiny? Is it significant  
in any way that there is a something in our path  
which neither of us may hope to remove? I do not  
know, Wilhelm, I cannot tell; it puzzles and con-  
founds me; I would weep with you over it, but that  
would only give the cloud a still darker shadow."  
"Your father, Gertrude," interposed the youth,  
speaking in a still lower voice, as if he did not wish  
to be overheard, "he is the shadow."  
She only nodded assent, and sighed.  
"And I cannot remove that shadow," he added.  
"It passes my comprehension why he harbors such  
deep malice against me. I would it were otherwise;  
Gertrude, but I can of myself do nothing; I have  
long since given up the least thought of it; matters  
must take their own course, and he must appear  
himself as best he may."  
These observations respecting her father, set Ger-  
trude into a thoughtful mood, and rather heightened  
the luster of her beautiful cheek. She cast her eyes  
wonderingly on the ground, and for several minutes  
nothing more was said. The young man, too, kept  
his own silence. He only gazed into the face of the  
fair maiden he loved, half the time engaged in ad-  
miring the speaking beauty of her features, and the  
other half wondering within himself what could be  
the character and coloring of her thoughts.  
Presently she spoke once more:  
"Wilhelm," said she, "is it not possible—can you  
think of no way in which my father's inexplicable  
hatred of you may be appeased?"  
"Indeed," answered he, starting as from a reverie,  
"I know of none. He entertains this prejudice  
in the face of all reason whatever. Were I to ap-  
proach him on this, or any other subject, you know,  
Gertrude, as well as I do, that he never would listen  
to me in the world. And it is not possible for me  
who hold in my hands as great a power as himself,  
to lay all at his feet, even if I knew that he would  
receive my suit with favor. I have a castle, with  
dominions, to sustain, and sustain with energy; and  
on no account can I confess to him that he is, as a  
lord of his own castle, my superior. You can see,  
Gertrude, my position, without my telling you of it.  
There are certain points where I cannot with safety  
yield to him; if I did, my power in my own castle  
would be weakened at once; no, I cannot, even to  
win you from him, dearest Gertrude! Because, if  
by so yielding I succeeded, what would be the hap-  
piness left for us? Nothing; and that I can see  
now, as well as at any other time."  
"But do you think of no other way of winning  
my proud father's friendship?" asked the girl, pull-  
ing up a handful of grass in her excitement. "Is  
there no mode of achieving glory, by which his eyes  
would be dazzled and his prejudices at length over-  
come?"  
"Yes, I can think of one field of action, and only  
one."  
"Is it—?"  
"Palestine!"  
Their eyes met as he answered her unasked ques-  
tion, and the glance they exchanged showed that  
both had been thinking of the same thing at the  
same time.  
He threw his eyes now with thoughtful earnestness  
upon the ground.  
"Palestine!" murmured he, more to himself than  
that she should overhear him, "can it be that same  
sacred land in that far off land by me would cause  
the hate of this man to relax, and become less im-  
placable? The invader is to be driven forth from his  
possession of the Holy Sepulchre; courageous sol-  
diers of the cross are mustering in force upon him,  
and taking their way to the scene of contest. I may  
go with them, and distinguish myself, too; it is a  
glorious name to die for—that of defender of the  
Holy Sepulchre." And then he seemed to start very  
suddenly out of his musing. "Gertrude," said he,  
"do you suppose that if I were to take such a step,  
I might conquer him?"  
"I should not like to say, Wilhelm," answered  
she, "I would not be the cause of your exiling  
yourself from your native land. I cannot advise; I  
ought not to speak as I have; it was all wrong of  
me, Wilhelm—oh, all wrong!"  
She pressed her hands upon her eyes, and the  
crystal tears gushed down between her delicate cheeks.  
"Ah, my child!" pleaded he, moving up to her  
side and running his arm tenderly about her waist,  
"my child, do not weep for me. I am not worthy to  
have such tears shed for me. Let me go forward,  
dearest Gertrude, and do whatever I think best. I  
am undecided myself. If I should go at last, Ger-  
trude, it will not be you who have sent me, for I  
had already suggested itself to my mind. I should  
go at my own invitation, and because I determined  
to signalize the name of Grossenberg even more than

it ever had been before. Do not worry your heart  
for that, dearest Gertrude!"  
In order to enforce his request with all the affec-  
tionate emphasis proper, he drew the maiden closer  
still to his side, as he uttered the last words, and  
laid her head soothingly upon his shoulder. And  
thus the setting sun looked through the trees at  
them—the one almost disconsolate because of her  
perplexity, and the other scarcely knowing why  
he was to turn in order to secure the maid on  
whom all the faculties of his soul were centered.  
There they sat for the space of many minutes.  
The time flew more rapidly than they were aware  
of. For even while they were thus lapped in the el-  
lence of their peculiar situation, the thundering of  
horses' feet was to be heard upon the road that  
wound about the other side of the slope, and before  
they were fairly aware of it, a cavalcade came  
sweeping up abreast of them. Both looked up at  
the same moment.  
The color came and went with great rapidity upon  
the cheek of Gertrude, and her heart beat very vi-  
olently. An expression of scornful defiance instan-  
taneously stole to the lip of Wilhelm, which seemed to grow  
still more intense as the eyes of one of the party of  
horsemen met his own.  
That single one of the little cavalcade rode up to  
where the lovers sat on the turf, and, with every vi-  
olent demonstration of anger, thus addressed them:  
"Are you here?" said he to Wilhelm. "Do you  
dare to trespass on the lands of the Lord of Rosen-  
heim, sir? Who gave you the license thus to do? Away  
from here with you! Never dare to pollute  
these lands with your presence again! Away!"  
And he gestured most menacingly, as if he could  
scarcely keep his hands from the young man's per-  
son.  
"And as for you," he addressed to Gertrude, "in  
with you into the castle-gate! This is no place for  
such as you! And such company as this you can  
never keep, while you are child of mine! Alas, why  
did I, I regret you, thus to dishonor and disgrace me  
in with you, young man, in at once! No more lib-  
erty like this for you! We will crush out disobe-  
dience of this sort!"  
And he sat on his horse and pointed her the way  
back to the castle.  
Wilhelm rose proudly to his feet. He was well  
aware that, in a strict sense, he was a trespasser on  
the lands of his enemy; yet as the enmity was har-  
bored but on one side, and that side not his own, he  
did not suppose it an act that looked in true man-  
liness and honor for him to be found there. He had,  
to be sure, much rather that Gertrude's father had  
not seen him; but still he felt no guilt or shame,  
now that he had been discovered.  
"I confess," said he, drawing himself up proudly,  
"that I am on premises that belong to one who, for  
some unaccountable reason—I care not what it is—  
is determined to remain hostile to me and my do-  
main; but I came not hither as a sneak or a spy,  
and I shall not depart with any undue haste. I  
shall certainly obey the wish of the Lord of Rosen-  
heim in this respect, for that much I should perform  
of the courtesy of a man. But understand,—" and  
here he seemed to add more to his height, as he  
certainly did to the dignity of his expression—"I  
obey you from no feeling of fear. I care nothing  
for your threats, and defy your power! My life is  
as true to their chosen lord as yours are to theirs;  
and they would venture as much as any other body  
of men in the defence of him whom they recognize  
as their head!"  
"I have ordered you to depart," threateningly re-  
peated the other, and the elder, "and now I wait  
only to see you obey me. Never set your feet upon  
my domain again! Keep entirely clear of me and  
mine! Were you not alone and defenseless, you  
would not fare so well even as this; for I should  
hold you to the strictest account for having thrust  
your offensive person upon my premises!"  
"And were it not that you are so much older than  
myself," rejoined Wilhelm, "I should not hesitate to  
take the odds of an encounter with you just as I am  
now!"  
"Oh, never pry any regard to the difference in  
years! Come at me as I am! I love—let me dis-  
mount, to give you even a fairer chance!"  
Wilhelm could, for a moment, scarce repress the  
burst of contemptuous rage that was all ready to be-  
tray itself; but instantly thinking of the sweet and  
gentle Gertrude, and, above all, remembering that  
she was the daughter of this bold and bad man, he  
curbed his anger with a violent effort, and made no  
reply.  
The instant he began to move off, however, the old  
man again commenced hurling at him the torrent of  
his epithets and blasphemy.  
No such language had ever been applied to him  
before, by any living person. And, at length, when  
he could in silence endure it no longer, he threw a  
few parting words to his challenger, and left him  
with his own tumultuous passions.  
"You are secure, in the regard I have in my heart  
for your daughter," said he, "and that is all that  
protects you from my vengeance. I can respect you  
for her sake, even if I cannot for your own. Not a  
hair of your head shall be harmed by my hand."  
The old man nearly boiled over with rage, at hear-  
ing these cool and calm words from the lips of the  
younger one. It seemed all he could do to keep from  
dashing off after him as he was in the act of re-  
treating, and fairly riding him down. His horse  
plunged this way and that, as if he partook of the  
revengeful temper of his master.  
When, at length, the haughty Lord of Rosenheim  
saw his youthful enemy pass out of his sight over  
the hill, he suddenly wheeled on his horse, and plun-  
ging the spurs into the animal's side, dashed on after  
the party from which he had temporarily separated  
himself. In the direction of the castle. He shut his  
teeth tightly together as he rushed along, and now  
and then could be heard the mutterings of the storm  
of his madness, as he hastily glanced about him to  
see if the youthful object of his undying hatred was  
anywhere near.  
His horse's hoofs rattled over the drawbridge long

after all the others of the party had passed through  
within the enclosure of the castle walls, and the  
sound of their struck fiercely upon the palpitating  
heart of the child, Gertrude, who, from a window  
in one of the towers, was watching with the deepest  
solicitude for his dreaded approach. Too well, she  
knew, from the way her father rode, that he was in  
a delirium of passion, which time alone, and not  
herself, would be able to soothe.  
CHAPTER II.  
TYRANT AND SUBJECT.  
As soon as the Lord of Rosenheim had withdrawn  
within the walls of his castle, he called for wine and  
refreshments for the entire company that had re-  
turned with him, and after partaking himself, left  
the hall in which they were all assembled and sought  
the presence of Gertrude. Meeting a servant by the  
way, he bade him summon the maiden before him.  
The poor innocent's heart fluttered, as she received  
the summons, but she made no reply. Dismissing  
the messenger, she began pacing the floor of her  
apartment. Her thoughts came like lightning  
flashes across her soul. She clasped her temples with  
her hands, and gave utterance to exclamations of  
the most woeful nature.  
"Oh, that I had never been born! Alas, alas!  
what is my life? I am already undone! My father  
has seen all—he knows all. I can do  
nothing. He will question me. And  
what shall I be able to say to him? He has  
long ago forbidden my acquaintance with Wilhelm.  
He threatened me with the most cruel punishment, if  
I should persist in knowing or seeing him; and now  
he has caught me himself in Wilhelm's company!  
What am I to do? What am I to say to him? How  
can I appease his anger? With what syllables can  
I hope to soothe him? He will certainly subject me  
to some sort of punishment, and he will as surely  
find my seeing him ever again. And between  
these two courses, what am I to do? Oh, Heaven!  
prince an innocent maiden like myself, who knows  
not which way to turn! It would have been far  
better for me if I had never been born! My life will  
hardly be worth throwing away, after this, so per-  
fectly blank will it all become! Oh, if I had a  
counselor by my side in this hour of trial—some  
one on whose heart I could lay all my troubles, and  
obtain sympathy!"  
She paused in the middle of her apartment, and  
sitting her gaze fixately on the carpet, seemed al-  
most lost. Some new thought must have suddenly  
arrested her. Like a statue she held her place, nor  
changed the direction of her gaze from beginning to  
end.  
After a few minutes had elapsed, her door opened,  
and a heavy footfall broke her reverie. She started  
and turned about.  
"Gertrude," spoke a deep, gruff voice, "I have  
sent for you. Why did you not obey me?"  
The first hasty glance revealed to her the fact that  
it was her father who stood before her. Had he not  
so recently returned from the chase, one would have  
thought he had been passing the hours over the  
bowl with his boon companions, so flushed with ex-  
citement did he appear.  
For some time the girl could not master the cour-  
age to make him any answer.  
"Gertrude!" he said, "I called once more  
stamping his foot violently as he did so.  
She lifted up her face sweetly and imploringly to  
his, but still said nothing.  
"I will know whether I am to receive obedience in  
my own castle, or not!" said he. "Now tell me  
what you mean by this affair which I witnessed to-  
day! Do not think to conceal it from me—do not  
attempt to deceive me about it—because I was pre-  
sent and saw the whole for myself! I was on the  
ground! I saw that villain's arm about my daughter's  
waist! I marked the pleasure with which she re-  
ceived his addresses! I beheld the treacherous  
smiles that played over her face, as his words found  
their way into her ears, and my only daughter confess-  
ed within herself that she was perfectly ready to forget  
and disobey her own father! Ah, Gertrude! I have  
no need to see such sights the second time; they in-  
delibly impress themselves on me; they leave a  
rankling—a sting—a poison here"—and he laid  
his hand over his heart, "that I do not know how to  
get rid of, if I would!"  
"Father," began to plead the young maiden, tears  
streaming down her cheeks, "I am unfortunate, and  
I am unhappy. If I only knew what to do that  
would please you! If I could but follow what is  
right, and still not be disobedient!"  
"You must obey first, and then you are sure to do  
what is right. Why were you found in the position  
you were in, this afternoon? With that fellow's  
arm about you? With his foul breath poisoning  
your cheek? With his fatal words, alluring you to  
destruction, in your ears? Tell me of that, Gertrude;  
and remember that now you stand a culprit before  
your father, and in no sense whatever in the attitude  
of his daughter! You understand the character of  
my pride; you know somewhat of my temper; and  
how is it possible for you to suppose that I am  
capable of forgiving an insult and a wrong like that  
which I received at your hands this very afternoon,  
without resorting to it to the utmost of my ability?  
Here is my castle; here are my large domains;  
here are my vassals, faithful and true to the banner  
on which are inscribed my fortunes; but all and  
every one of them shall be sacrificed, and that will-  
ingly, too, before the fame of the name of Rosenheim  
shall ever succumb to the pretensions of such a  
name as Grossenberg! These are my feelings; this  
is my fixed resolution, as stern as adamant itself;  
now tell me, if you can, why you have sought, this  
day, to strike the colors of this castle to the haughty  
pretensions of its rival? Tell me, Gertrude, what  
means this persistent disobedience of my most  
urgent commands. Have you seen this young man  
of late very often?"  
"No," she answered, very meekly; "not for a  
long time."  
"Who appointed this meeting of to-day?"

"It was accidental. I knew not that Wilhelm was  
near."  
Now her heart beat at pronouncing that name  
aloud in the presence of her father!  
"Then he must have known in some way that you  
would be all ready to receive him there?"  
"Father, I sent no word of the kind to him.  
How could I? I had no possible means of doing  
so."  
"Is it all the more of a villain, then, if he came  
not by appointment. He—the son of the hated one  
of my soul—he to find his way within the lights of  
the estate of Rosenheim! It makes my blood seethe  
my veins! And the assurance of the fellow—think  
of that!"  
"He did not mean to trespass, I think," she gently  
attempted to protest.  
"How do you know? Did he, then, acquaint you  
with all his plans and purposes beforehand? Are  
you in his secrets? What does this mean? By the  
holy rood! If I am not able very soon to see my  
daughter clearly through this plot, I will of a surety  
summon my forces together and declare open hos-  
tilities against him and his whole household! This  
I cannot any longer endure. I will exterminate the  
very signs of his foul race from the face of the  
earth!"  
"Oh, do not indulge in such fierce threats!" pleaded  
the maiden, advancing a pace or two toward him  
and throwing herself at his feet.  
"Rise!" he rudely commanded her. "I will have  
no child of mine suing for the safety of any creature  
that wears the living of that odious name! Now tell  
me all that he said to you, during his stolen inter-  
view in the orchard, this afternoon. Tell me every  
syllable, without any reservation, or as surely as I  
am a living man and your own father, this shall be  
the last day whose sunlight shall make you happy!  
Speak freely, now, or do not dare to speak at all!"  
"Oh, my father!" she began, trembling visibly in  
every limb, "your terms are too hard for me. I am  
innocent of any wrong. I have not disobeyed you  
at all. He came upon me when I was not expecting  
a visit from him. He came unbidden—entirely of  
his own accord."  
"But what was the object of his visit? Tell me  
that!"  
"Why—why—I suppose he came to see me, father.  
He—he—he has confessed that—that—that he loves  
me!"  
It would be next to impossible to convey a proper  
idea of the fury into which this intelligence threw  
the Lord of Rosenheim. He went striding up and  
down the floor, thrashing his hands wildly about in  
the air, uttering maledictions without name or num-  
ber, and stamping his feet and tearing his hair.  
Finally, as if by a blind instinct, he paused exactly  
before his daughter, who was still standing, but had  
retreated a step or two from her maddened father.  
"He makes love to you! The villain! I would as lief  
one of my base-born churls should dare to do such a  
thing!"  
"Never—never, father!" ejaculated the maiden,  
surrounding some measure of her prudences.  
"He is below any and all of us! His name would  
disgrace the name of Rosenheim! He offers pro-  
fessions of love to you! God forbid! Where are my  
heavy awards? I will hew his skull in twain! I  
will hack him in pieces! He—the villain—the base-  
born—the knave—the churl!"  
"But, father," still patiently plead the girl, even  
in the teeth of that tempest of passion which would  
have struck mortal terror into the heart of almost  
any other person living—"why will you not tell me  
the cause of your hatred of Wilhelm? Even if you  
cherished an spite against his dead father, would that  
be any reason why you should visit him with your  
enmity? Surely, father, he is noble!"  
"Noble—noble! I have just called him villain!  
and now do you dare to call him noble? Got me  
my sword! My horse—here let me ride straight to  
his castle, and take the life that I cannot endure so  
near me! Hire me assassins to destroy him while  
he sleeps, lest he treacherously undermine my own  
power, here in my own castle, before I may know  
what has been done!"  
"Father! Oh, father!" burst forth the maiden,  
unable longer to restrain her feelings.  
"Nay, come not near me with your supplications!  
I will have none of them! Out from my sight!  
Let me not see your face! Tempt me not to spurn  
you, even with my feet! Away—away—away!  
Who is it that dares now to come in between me and  
my own life? I will thrust him through and  
through! Here; lift me to my horse again! Come,  
dust all come under my banner once more, and  
help me to extirpate the whole race that bears that  
most odious name!"  
In his ravings, he saw not that his child had left  
the apartment, as she had been bidden; and when,  
at length, on looking about, he found that he was  
standing there alone, his eyes rolled about wildly in  
their sockets, he clutched his hands together with a  
sort of convulsive shudder, and began to mutter out  
his tumultuous thoughts audibly, as he paced vi-  
olently across the floor.  
"Oh, what is there in fate—in fate?" exclaimed  
he, when he fully felt his loneliness. "Surely, there  
is an unseen hand in all this. I cannot hate the  
boy, though I must seem to do so. There come back  
again the olden memories—oh, how powerfully they  
come back upon my brain! There is that face of  
his, too—how it calls it all up again! And his very  
eyes pierce my soul. He goes on my tongue by the  
name of villain, and yet in my heart I can find no  
such name for him. But then, he must not come in  
contact with Gertrude! No—no—no; that can  
never, never be! She must not know him; he must  
be nothing to her; I told her, rather than this, that  
I would bestow him in his own castle, and perchance  
root out his very name from remembrance. And yet,  
I could not harm the lad; no—no, I never could  
bring a hair of his head to danger!"  
Here he seemed to break down, and his headlong  
passion dissolved of a sudden in a flood of tears.  
Evidently there was some mystery about his oppo-  
sition to Wilhelm, and neither the youth himself nor

Gertrude was able to unravel its secret threads.  
Something lay concealed in the folds of the past;  
but what it was he had never told, and it was hardly  
to be expected that he ever would tell any one.  
Alas, poor man! he must have gone through some  
severe experience, the more grinding that it was  
thus embalm in his own memory alone, and thus  
served to embitter his whole existence. In time, per-  
haps, he might make the disclosure that would bring  
him relief. But, until then, his lot could be nothing  
but misery.  
"No—no—no; I could not harm the boy," said he  
again and over again. "Those features are sacred—  
they bear a fatal spell about them—I could hardly  
look him in the face! Ah—what wretchedness is  
it, to be obliged to suffer when there is no visible  
cause of suffering! But this is my punishment. I  
must bear it alone, I suppose. There is no help  
for me. I have tried every sort of excitement, but  
I cannot—cannot keep these memories down. God  
above knows where they will lead me, or into what a  
lamentable depth of woe they will finally plunge  
me!"  
And by himself he wore away those weary hours,  
which, to a heart less disciplined in suffering, could  
hardly have failed to prove speedily fatal.  
CHAPTER III.  
A NEW RESOLUTION.  
As soon as the astonished Wilhelm had gone out  
of sight of the angry Lord of Rosenheim, he could  
not avoid pausing in his walk and turning around  
to view the castle and give way to his reflections.  
The setting sun shone with its full glory on the  
towers and battlements that erected their fronts to  
the open west, investing the pile with almost super-  
natural splendor. His eye ran rapidly along from tur-  
ret to turret, now endeavoring, like the swift arrow  
of an archer, to pierce the windowed loopholes that  
let in the light to the inhabitants, now climbing  
almost wearily from embrasure to embrasure, and  
from door to window, and window to tower, till  
he had, in fact, taken in the whole picture, and pro-  
duced so vivid and real an impression with it upon  
his mind, that he was sure he could carry it away  
with him to the ends of the earth.  
There was Gertrude, and there, too, was her  
tyrant and tormentor, although he called himself her  
father. No mother's hand soothed her burning  
temples, when they throbbed from her internal  
griefs and sufferings; but alone, and almost without  
sympathy, she pursued her sad lot in life, bedged  
about by the cruel restrictions of her haughty and  
unreasonable father, scarcely beholding a creature  
through which the light of hope might send in a  
bright ray to her, and it must necessarily be,  
wrenched to the last degree. Indeed, had not the  
very expression of her countenance on that afternoon  
confessed as much to him? There were certainly  
traces of the deepest sorrow visible in her face. She  
heaved long and frequent sighs. Her words had  
been but few—much fewer than ever before in his  
presence—and especially meagre, considering the long  
interval of their separation.  
Such was the drift of his reflections, as he stood in  
the setting sun and regarded the castle within  
whose walls was the form of her whom he loved  
above all others he had ever seen.  
Another thought darted into his mind with such  
lightning-like swiftness that it quite startled him in  
his position. It was this: perhaps he could prevail  
on the unhappy maiden, whose heart had been  
bestowed on him already, to desert her father's  
protection altogether, and fly to his own walls. He  
hardly dared entertain such a thought seriously, yet  
it would not be kept down. And then, thought he,  
if the proud Lord of Rosenheim chose to call together  
his best and bravest followers, and come out to sit  
down and besiege him in his impregnable fortress,  
he felt an assurance that no circumstance could  
make stronger, that he could readily laugh their  
sneers to scorn.  
The very idea gave him a new impulse. Daring  
forward with all haste, he plunged into the thicket  
where he had secured his steel before going to meet  
with Gertrude in the orchard, and mounted and rode  
instantly away.  
By the time he had reached the limits of his own  
domain, however, his animal's gait had subsided  
from a gallop into a walk; and when he crossed the  
bridge that spanned the deep moat, both steed and  
rider seemed to have been overtaken with a reverie.  
It was dusky when he reached his own castle.  
The shades of evening had started out, like skulking  
ghosts, from every niche and cranny about the mas-  
sive structure whose head seemed to nod in recogni-  
tion to him. He was met by the faithful warder at  
the heavy gate, who saluted his youthful lord with  
profound obeisance, which, it was easy to see, was  
colored with a feeling of affection and personal pride.  
Unquestionably the warder was one who would  
have followed his master through ten thousand  
dangers, when they were thickest, and stand by him  
till not another friend, or ally, was left to be counted.  
As he dismounted within the court, an attendant  
came up to take the horse, leaving him to pursue his  
thoughts and his way on foot. He did not seem in-  
clined to prolong his walk, but found his way at  
once within the heavy castle walls. He entered the  
hall, and called for some refreshments, as he seated  
himself at the long and smoothly worn oaken table.  
The servant was not long in waiting upon him; but  
all the while he was engaged in eating and drinking,  
he scarcely knew where he was or what he was en-  
gaged about. Never had the time been when he was  
thus absorbed.  
And while he is thus lost within himself, weighed  
down, as it were, with the plans and purposes,  
mortifications and perplexities that fill up his mind  
to the full, we will take the occasion to descend to  
the reader in brief terms upon the castle and its oc-  
cupants.  
It was situated less than a mile from the castle of  
his elder enemy, the Lord of Rosenheim, on a high and  
precipitous cliff that beelied out over the Rhine, with  
all the wild accessories of situation and scenery that  
are calculated to make such a place either strong or



mysterious. Both of the rival castles, therefore, looked down into the bed of the swift flowing Rhine, and the course from one to the other might be traced along the precipitous shores. The approach to the castle of Grossenberg was extremely difficult, and guarded with great care. Nature had done much—she could have been asked to do, in fact—to furnish such defenses as the builder of secure castles in feudal times would have been likely to look for. There was but a limited slope southward from the base of the jolly, and that was dotted, in the form of terraces, to the steeply garden-grounds and orchard which helped ornament the whole. Except this little reach of broken surface, it might be said that the castle rose almost plumb and erect, as stately and straight as a warrior with halberd in his hand, from the sharp cliff of rock that had been selected on which to plant it; and there it defied the elements and man alike.

The battlements on the outer walls were of solid and heavy masonry, with a frowning look that would have cowed away the boldest robber that infested the Rhine Valley. The curtains erected on the towers were looped with regularity, affording opportunity for the besieged to hurl missiles from within with a deadly precision upon the foe without. There were long and deep windows set into the walls of the castle, some of them barely admitting the light, and never the sun itself, on account of the extreme thickness of the walls. The several apartments were lined with the heaviest oak, and oak panelings gave variety and solid beauty to the walls and doors alike. The hall overhead was covered with the same solid material, which, with its groined work, bore the marks of years indelibly. This castle had become the inheritance of Wilhelm by the premature death of his father, who was said to have been slain in an encounter with a robber, while beyond his castle walls unguardedly alone, just at evening. His dead body was found in a wood hard by, and all possible efforts had been made to ferret out the perpetrator of the bloody deed. That it was no less than a deliberate murder, seemed out of the reach of doubt; but by whom the act was committed, or what could have been the motive, passed comprehension. Yet such an occurrence was not such a novelty in those days along the Rhine, whether in the forests or in the vicinity of the castles that bristled in the valley, that it excited more than a nine day's wonder; as soon as the thing was done, everybody seemed to fall to and embark in the same deeds of blood and cruelty that had given zest to their lives before.

Thus Wilhelm became the Lord of Grossenberg; and, being that, and learning to look upon Gertrude with the eye of favor and of love, it is not strange at all that he should have determined, with her consent, of course, to make her his bride and the lady of his castle. There was a melancholy mystery about the master's death, but no one was able to fathom it; and Wilhelm rarely suffered it to pass out of his mind that the domain had descended to him by so bloody and repulsive a tragedy.

Besides himself, none but the necessary attendants held possession of the halls of Grossenberg. In truth, it was a lonely place for a youth like Wilhelm, and not many of his years would have consented, even by the application of force, to occupy the situation under such uninviting circumstances. He had a female tenant to take care of his table and his sleeping apartment—the same who had served in the family of his father before him; and attendant vassals of one kind and another swarmed within his walls, all of them as obedient to his wishes as they had ever been to those of his father.

There was this in common between Wilhelm and Gertrude; they neither of them had learned to know the face or language of a mother. Wilhelm, however, was an orphan.

After completing mechanically the process of refreshing his inner man, Wilhelm rose quite abruptly from his seat, and went straightway up into an upper apartment, whose single window faced the west and overlooked the vast realm of unbroken forest that stretched out beyond his vision. It had now become nearly dark, and all the strainings of the beholder's eye would only have evoked goblin forms and ghastly phantoms from the depths of its dim and distant heart.

Straight up to this window went the young Lord of Grossenberg, and, resting his arm carelessly, but firmly, on the embrasure, he gazed out through the narrow aperture over the forest beyond, and dreamed strange and wild dreams.

How might he secure the hand of Gertrude?—that was the question. Not a single problem remained to be solved in his life, and this was the one. He could, with her consent—and that he had not dared propose to her as yet—abduct her from the castle of her father, and house her securely within his own strong walls, his bride beyond the interference of her father any more. Or he could invent and employ some stratagem, by which that proud and implacable parent might be made to relent without knowing the secret and mysterious process by which he had been brought over.

When he seriously thought of the possibility like this latter design, his face almost assumed a smiling expression—so ludicrous was the idea of hoodwinking this monster's heart into anything like passive submission. But immediately his nature rejected such a suggestion, with an impulsive emphasis. He could never tamper with an open enemy in that way. His patience would never hold out long enough to play any games upon one whom he would only treat with undignified scorn.

There he stood at the window, leaning his head on his hand still, and losing himself in his wandering speculations.

It did not appear to be long, however, in taking his resolution.

"Life is sought to me here, though Gertrude is so near me," he mused. "She had better be farther away, for this is but a cruel aggravation. I cannot endure thus to be shut up, like a prisoner, in my own castle—kept from the only object to which my heart clings so fondly. Better for me a life of action, where I may win distinction—a thousand times better than this—a thousand times!"

Here he gazed again, and appeared to be straining his eyes to detect some object in the far off gloom.

"Possibly there is one way yet open," he at length continued, now murmuring his thoughts aloud, "by which I might fairly conquer this unaccountable aversion of her father to me, and so conquer him. Let me think. Yes, yes, I can do it—I will do it—the venture shall be made—no time so propitious as this very time. She shall know nothing of it till I have fully embarked upon it, although she did suggest the same thing to me herself only this afternoon. It is *Pasqueto*!"

The very word struck a new chord that vibrated to the centre of his being. What glorious achievement might not yet be associated with his name, if he were to put on the armor of the crusader, and go forth to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the hand of the infidel! His blood leaped the quicker along his veins while he thought of these things. His mind was even then made up. The tumult of the moment helped drift him rapidly on to his plan. He would go without further delay. He would enlist under

the Emperor Conrad, and prove himself as gallant and true a knight, and as worthy to ride by his commander's side, as any whose helmet shone afar off in the van of the army of crusaders.

#### CHAPTER IV. AT ROSENHEIM.

The Lord of Rosenheim sought his daughter once more, after she had withdrawn from his presence. She was discovered sitting alone by a window that looked down into the Rhine, and in the upper room of one of the towers.

"Gertrude," said he, in a deeply solemn tone, as he suddenly broke into her presence, "you must give up to me the whole. You have not told me all yet. There is something still kept back, which must be given up to me. It may be a key that will unlock a great many mysteries."

"Father," she patiently replied, though in a firm voice, as she turned herself about and frankly met his stern look, "I have no secrets to keep from you."

"Tell me this, then," said he. "Have you ever plighted yourself to this Wilhelm of Grossenberg?"

"Yes, I have."

She answered him with such perfect fearlessness, that, instead of getting any direct advantage of her by her open speech, he seemed rather to quail and stand abashed for a moment before her.

When he recovered himself, he could do nothing but dash up angrily toward her, as if he would annihilate her, and mutter mad and incoherent words, that even she was not able to understand.

"You! You pledge yourself to him! The heavens open and swallow you up! Lightning come down and swiftly consume you! To that villain!"

"Father, he is not what you call him! Wilhelm is no villain, and I will stand before you and assert it!"

"That was bold and brave to the last degree. He rushed up in front of her, and brandished his clenched fist above her head, his face growing purple with the rage he could not control.

"It is the cruelest of all crimes that could be visited on my head!" shouted he, so that the echoes of his words reverberated up and down the walls. "The heavens must, therefore, be angry with me when they send me a torture like this! Oh, mercy! Oh, mercy! What a retribution is this!"

He clasped his hands upon his burning and throbbing temples, and raved up and down the floor as if continuance was out of the question.

"Why do you feel thus, my father?" sympathizingly asked his daughter, advancing a step or two toward him.

"Talk not to me any further! Away! away! You are hateful to me! I will shut you up out of my sight! What, plighted to him!—the son of my enemy! It does not seem as if it were possible! It cannot be so! It must not be so! Why, if this plot goes on, I am ruined—my hopes are all wrecked; there is nothing I can truly call my own. I must die—I must leave all—I must go from this wretched hateful scene, even if I go by my own hand!"

"Oh, my father!" protested Gertrude, seeking to implore him to be calm under the intelligence she had so frankly conveyed to him. "If I had known, father—if you would only have told me what was the reason of your enmity to Wilhelm—"

"Stop—stop—stop right where you are!" he interrupted, with one of the fiercest expressions on his countenance it is possible to describe. "His father—the father of all from him—he is just as bad as the other. Oh, heavens! heavens! that it should ever come to this!"

"Why, what does this all mean?" she asked, unable to solve or sound the mystery. "If you would but unburden your heart to me, perhaps, father, I might help you!"

"You help me! My heart? It is a strange—very strange thing! I doubt if I have one! It must be all carried up, by this time. Nay, I believe it is already gashed with stabs—and I am left only a wretched, wretched wreck!"

Relieved by this impetuous discharge of his feelings in language, he instantly turned back upon himself, and put all his doubts and fears to open rout.

"Gertrude," he began again with great abruptness, "hear me once for all. I intend that you shall never marry a son of the late Gottfried Grossenberg! Never! Do you understand me?"

"I think I should," was her gentle and maidenly reply.

"Well; and what do you mean to say in answer to me?"

"Only this: If I am not permitted to marry Wilhelm—"

"You never will! Never—no, never!" he broke in.

"Then I shall never marry any man that lives." The eye-balls of the Lord of Rosenheim fairly shot sparks of fire, as much like an uncontrollable torrent as his rage. He felt as if he could have torn his own offspring in pieces on the spot. With uplifted hand he walked up to her, intent upon some demonstration of a violent nature; and then his purpose appeared to shrink within him, either from terror at the contemplation of its results, or else because a sudden palsy seemed to have seized his hand.

"You are a—a fiend!" exclaimed he in his passion.

"Oh!" she shrieked, putting up her hands over her ears.

"I cast you off! I disown you! No child of mine shall go to any longer, though sprung from my loins! Here, remain where you are till you are called for to come down! Stay up here in this lonely tower—not one half so lonely as my heart is now—in the company of the bats and owls, and night winds, till I order you to come down at my beck and bidding! I will teach you how to thwart the dearest wishes of your father! I will show you what truth, and duty, and obedience are, and how a child may acquire skill in these homely virtues! You marry the son of my enemy! You drag down my name and sullies it forever by an union with the hated name of my old rival!"

The girl's heart could withstand no more, and she had broken down with the most pitiful sobs and cries. But these demonstrations produced no effect upon him.

"Now hear me, once for all," said he, as he retreated from the apartment that was to be her prison. "You are to remain here, right here in this place, even if you die here, till you are ready to tell me that you have given up this resolution of yours, to marry none but Wilhelm. Do you hear?"

He strode out of the room with a heavy tread, and the onken door clanged with a most formidable sound behind him. Gertrude, alas, was a close prisoner!

#### [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

While Jefferson was ambassador to France, he traveled in Italy for the sake of ascertaining the cause of the superiority of the Bardian over the American rice, which he found consisted in the quality of the seed. As the government prohibited the exportation of the seed, he filled all his pockets with the precious grain, which he brought home for the benefit of the South Carolina planters, whose rice is now the best in the world.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### "TO THOUGHTFUL."

Over the Future gazing defiant,

The one who knows the paths he tread,

My lands tend not, cowardlike, pillant,

But onward walks over the dead,

Orin skeletons that all ghastly grining,

By the pathways of to-day do bend,

Glim'ring and lit'ning at all who wincing

Truth, heed not the way they wend.

Careless of all the pulling fools that prate

Of the "good old days" that are gone,

Stick of the weakling eyes that nothing great

Can see but in the Times they mourn;

I gird up my loins! Of my soul take heed!

Counsel of the Divine within!

Gather strength therefrom for uttermost need,

March on! Unbending their din.

God renews over the Earth now as of yore,

When Hebrew prophets story wrote!

When living Inspirations they did pour—

When Moses forth the waters smote,

His Glory rides upon the hurrying sky,

And in the softest shadow'd eve—

Much as when from cloud cyp'ed Sinai high,

He to His people laws did leave.

Ah! then why should I stand doubting aside,

Afraid of the shadow that fall?

Yet only draping fumigals that ride—

In the azure above them all?

Not I! While the rhythmic spheres do swim,

Through all the wide embracing space;

Not I! While Humanity chumeth its hymn,

And Love her sweet harmonies trace.

II.

#### Original Essays.

##### DESIGN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Anglo-Saxon, the dominant race of this age, is the incarnation of utilitarianism. He can understand nor appreciate anything unless he can see its adaptation, its application to some want, some use or end. This race, fostering this idea as the cardinal virtue, has given rise to a school of philosophy, which no other race, no other age could have ever even dreamed of.

Paley, supported by the Bridgewater treatise, gave form to the Saxon method of thinking, and his doctrines have extended wherever a true blooded Saxon dwells. His first gave a scientific cast to the doctrine of final causes, the ignoble theory of design in nature, which I propose to examine by the light of pure reason, freed from the trammels of educational prejudices as near as may be.

The doctrine of special design leads necessarily to the individualization, the personality of a Deity, superior and outside of nature; existing prior to and creating the external world. For if there is design, there must be a designer, and that designer must have power to put his designs in execution. If so, then he is but an extension of a reasoning being; an enlargement of man. He is man with unlimited power.

There are two arguments, each conclusive, against the existence of such a Being.

First: An individuality is necessarily circumscribed, for its limitation makes it such. If circumscribed, it is not infinite, but finite; and finite being cannot control infinite power, or possess infinite intelligence.

Second: Something cannot originate from nothing. If such a Being exists, he must be an entity, which presupposes the incarnation of matter, however refined, and his creation and existence become a far more perplexing problem than the creation of the universe itself. For it is an axiom that it is easier to create the lesser than the greater, and how much more rational to suppose the self-existence of matter, than of a being capable of evoking matter from nonentity by a thought!

Such are the arguments against the existence of a personal God. They are not applicable, however, to the supposition of an all pervading Essence, in which some philosophers believe, not outside of matter, but rather its spirit, its life and vital force. I shall reach this position after following out another course of thought.

According to the doctrine of final causes, we are to stop our investigations when we reach the use of a thing, and thence refer it to the Divine Artificer. The eye is made to see, the ear to hear, the tongue to speak, the limbs to walk, and so on through the endless catalogue.

This gross philosophy can see nothing higher than mechanical use, and a machine, as a watch, is its constant illustration.

The nautilus, with its nicely divided and adjusted air-chambered cell, its oars, its sails, its rudder, very beautiful, and nicely adapted to the conditions in which it is placed, are conclusive proof, it is affirmed, of design in structure. The carapace are especially designed to keep the herbivora within bounds. They were created for that object, and no other. Volumes might be filled with such instances which are trumpeted forth as conclusive evidence of design.

If superficial would express the character of such trash, I would call it superficial; but that word goes wide of the mark. It is nonsense dressed in the deceptive garb of philosophy. It looks at the shimmest surface of things, and never trusts itself in the unfathomed beyond.

It is an easy philosophy. It makes great pretensions to wisdom and learning, but requires little thought on the part of its votaries; it burdens them not with reflection, never leaves them on their own responsibility, but permits them, slipshod, to reason as far as they can, and leave the rest to God. It is an easy philosophy, bestowing quiet and the comfort of indifference. On the other hand, that system which ignores final cause and design, throws the student on his own resources, and bids him sink or swim. If he dives a thousand fathoms into the sea of Truth, the light of the pearls he finds there always reveals another thousand to be explored, with a deep sea-floor strewn with gems of greater luster. Even a great truth beyond underlies and absorbs all present knowledge; and so far from being able to fall back into the lap of a final cause he becomes more and more assured, every step he advances, that, although he live a million ages, ever will unknown causes arise in the dim beyond, embracing all his previous knowledge.

One doctrine is the fostering mother of egotism and self-sufficiency; the other, of humility and a sense of the feebleness of human efforts to fathom the unknown. If we cast aside the doctrine of finality and design, how can we account rationally for the phenomena of nature which so admirably counteract these? It is true that when we superficially view the external world, we are strongly impressed with this adaptation; means are employed for certain ends; causes run given courses to their effects; and there is an order which seems to presuppose an Omnipotent Being behind the curtain of the external world, who, like an all-seeing monarch, sends out mandates from the fountain of an omnipotent will. Such, I say, is the appearance. We see that which, in a remarkable manner, counterfeits the intelli-

gence of man. To our finite comprehension it takes the form of an infinitely extended intellect supported by infinite power. We look out into nature as into a mirror, and we see ourselves reflected there. The intelligence we see is our own intelligence, slightly magnified, and the will power our own, enlarged. It is a personality—we cannot dodge that. Say what we will, talk of an impersonal essence, an omnipotent principle, as we will, yet the laid fact stares us in the face. We cannot conceive of an existence without personality, or an essence without being. Still worse is the dilemma when the supposed faculty of the human mind, venerated for Deity, is brought forward as proving the existence of such an essence. For, say these theorists, man is a reverent (al) being. He has veneration for a Superior Being, which desire presupposes its answer—the existence of a Being to worship. But how worship a principle? How reverence an impersonal essence? How feel grateful or loving toward an attribute? It is impossible. So soon as these feelings arise, the attribute becomes incarnated—we are worshipping a personality. What is this Being? Our own ideas incarnated. In proof, is Jehovah more than an unlimited Jew, the most cruel, bloodthirsty and original race the sun ever shone upon? Is Brahma more than the cringing, servile Hindoo would suppose, constituting an ideal master? Is Ormuzd more than the reflection of the highly imaginary and heated fancy of the Persian? Is Christ more than the enlargement of refined morality as exhibited in developed man? Is any man's God much greater than himself? Does He possess power or faculties which He cannot suppose himself capable of possessing? These are pertinent questions which never have been, never can be met, and their answers unravel all the mysteries of the theologies of the world. While man has worshipped God, he has worshipped, instead, the reflected image of himself.

Jehovah is a tyrannical Jew; Jove a brave and amorous Greek; Ormuzd a Persian; Brahma a cruel, domineering Hindoo, in power; Christ the highest idea of any race to which he is introduced? As each individual who sees the rainbow sees a different bow, because his standpoint is different, so no two individuals believe in the same God, because each sees his own image.

Back of all mechanical theories of creation, back of the gross theories of use, of contrivance, which smell strongly of burnt oil, the smoke of the shop and the foundry, are principles which overflow and obliterate all other conceptions. To these let us turn, not with bare head and unswayed feet, but clad with the mantle of a reasoning philosophy, which teaches that no domain is sacred; that a man's yard, and the courts of heaven are equally holy.

Matter is eternal. I need not pause to prove this axiom on which all strictly scientific reasoning rests. As a self-evident truth it stands forth, challenging refutation. We are, at least, as well justified in asserting this, as are those who suppose its creation, in asserting the self-existence of a being capable of creating it. Call this doctrine a wild, unsupported assertion—it is a justifiable one. It is not an assertion however. We have axioms on experience. All reasoning rests there, all science, all philosophy. Experience shows that matter cannot either be created or destroyed by any agent now existing, and the constitution of matter shows that it is impossible for any such agency to exist.

Now arises the pertinent question, What is Matter? Can the ultimate molecule of which matter, by some philosophers is supposed to be composed, be disburdened of its properties, and stand out alone? We cannot conceive of such an existence. Without gravity it could have no weight, no attractions or repulsions; could not enter any organization, whatever, either in mineral, vegetable, or animal. Without extension and impenetrability, the world might be crowded into a nutshell, and thus have no consistency. Heated, indeed, must be the imagination which can fancy the existence of a world formed of such materials. Rob matter of these attributes and nothing is left.

Still worse, if the German theory be received, that what we call an atom is a pulsating centre, or mathematical point, from which attributes are emanated; for then, if we rob the centre of its pulsations, nothing remains.

These attributes are co-eternal and co-existent with matter. What are these attributes? I cannot answer, more than I can tell what matter is. In all investigations, we must start somewhere. There must be a definite beginning, and without questioning the origin of matter, what it is, and the birth of its attributes, thus involving ourselves in an unlimited maze of conjecture, for which there can be not a shadow of positive proof, we start from premises that we can prove, and when others come after and extend the horizon of thought, perhaps beyond these attributes may lie others, and others beyond them, and a God beyond all; but, until then, we must wait.

Perhaps, as has been suggested, they are the will of Deity; granted. They may be, but in the absence of all proof, of all knowledge whatever, it is better to let the matter rest, until the conjecture, at least, has a shade of evidence in its support.

I am now rapidly approaching the unfolding of the principles which underlie the design and adaptation observed in nature. I have begun far down, and came upward, carefully grounding my argument on the firm basis of the eternity of matter and the co-eternity of its attributes, by which term I mean its properties.

Matter, when first brought to view by the far-seeing inverted telescope, which retrospects the million years of past duration, was a gaseous chaos. It may have been heated—it may not have been—a question which cannot be determined. This much we know; there was a time when we call the beginning, when the universe existed as a gaseous chaos. From such a vast object of contemplation let us turn to the consideration of our solar system, which is quite sufficient to satisfy the grasp of human thought. It is a chaotic ocean of vapor floating in space. It has not yet been acted on by any external force. It is so far removed that no external body can act on it. Watch what occurs. Left alone to obey the dictation of its attributes, gravity rounds the mass; for there being more matter toward the centre than in the opposite direction, each particle is drawn inward, and, as an equilibrium must be established, the ocean is rounded. Each particle takes a straight line for the centre, but it is infinitely improbable that a perfect equilibrium should be at once established. If there are more particles on one side than the other, instead of going directly to the centre, the particles will take a spiral line to that point, the whole mass will rotate on its axis, which rotation will increase until the attraction of the external particles will be overcome, and a succession of rings be thrown off. These rings will consolidate into worlds, having relatively the density, size and distance of the planets from our sun. A similar process will illuminate the moons by the rotation of the nascent planets.

Is there design here? Is it matter obeying the dictates of its attributes, driven onward by the stern necessity of their decrees, and these are issued

with all the regularity and certainty of mathematics; in fact, mathematics is based on them, and its most sublime feat is, the exposition of their laws and method of action.

If the solar system was created by design, and with special reference to the sentient and intellectual beings which inhabit it, a few queries arise, each one of which must be answered straightforwardly, without reference to mystery, to marked ignorance on this subject. Why were not the large planets placed near the sun instead of so far off that their rays can be of little service to them? If the moons are to give light to their planets, why were they not created larger? and why, as in case of Saturn and Jupiter, the smaller next to the planets, and the largest so far removed as to be of little or no service as luminaries? So of the stars, if to give light is their object. Would it not have been better to have given Saturn one sun to revolve around him, than six moons, the combined rays of which give not much more light than the earth's satellite? It is supposed to be so hot on Mercury, that living beings cannot exist there, and hence its creation is a failure; it subserves no possible use. Comets, too, are out of place in a system made by an all-wise design; they are egregious blunders, every one of them, reflecting on the character of the being who made them, if made by design.

How stale and unprofitable the doctrine which provokes such questions. With a loathing sickness I turn from it to the beautiful domain of Nature, whose worlds and systems are illuminated by the mandates of inherent attributes, with all the precision and certainty of mathematics. Each world exists, has its size, form, position, fixed by inexorable decrees. Nothing is fortuitous. There is no chance. Like a great self-adjusting wheel, creation moves on ward without a discord. The equilibrium is disturbed. Planets, like vast pendulums, swing to and fro as the grand chronometer beats the march of ages, but the regulating forces ever bring them, after centuries, perhaps, to their true place. The star continents of space roll out and in their orbits. The force which rounds the dew drop rolls out the great world, and cannot be galvanized.

For a moment, suppose an Omnipotent Being outside of nature should will the earth to become square, it would roll onward, as the spheroid gravity has shaped it. Such a Being would be useless in the structure of nature, which desires no power at the stroke to turn her ponderous machinery, for hers is a perpetual motion, with power within itself adequate for all ends.

If special design fails to answer why six moons and three rings were given Saturn, while only four were given Uranus, twice as far removed from the sun; why one was given the Earth, and none to Mars, twice as far from the moon; or what freak of fancy gave Saturn his rings, and refused rings to all the other planets, the theory of creation by law, backed by power flowing from attributes, does account for this phenomena and all others.

Equally faulty is it when it attempts to account for the origin and development of life. Let us present the facts as they are revealed in the rocky tablets of earth. The huge volume of geological and paleontological history, once ten miles in thickness, can be condensed into a few pages.

From the vapor ocean of the beginning, the earth was born. It was an intensely heated globe of gas. Bones of ages swept by. It emanated its heat; became liquid lava. A solid crust once formed the moss. Water condensed. Life came. What form of life peopled the black thermal seas which swept past the rugged peaks that frowned through the sooty atmosphere of those primordial ages? Was it fish, reptilian or mammalian? Nay, the lowest of all, lower than mammal, lower than reptile, lower than fish, lower than mollusk, than the vegetating sponge—a line of jelly floating in the waves.

From that simple beginning life arose, higher and higher beings peopled the globe. Fishes came, reptiles came, mammals came, and, last and highest, man stepped forth on this planet, claiming it as his. A rude thing was he then, in his natal days, clothed in the garments nature gives the beasts of the wood and field. Such, oh Theologian, are the facts; how meet them with your argument of special design? If God is an Infinite, all wise, good, and benevolent being—if he had, as you assert, perfect control over matter, why did he not at once evoke a perfect world into existence, instead of the rude model of the design, and why permit it to toil for a millennium of ages through pain and misery to its present attainments? This is not a cavil; it is logical; a perfect being with omnipotence, cannot create otherwise than a perfect world. The question is a lame thrust at your cherished dogmas. Again, why permit it to remain as imperfect as it is when one mandate would give us paradise?

Has man fallen? Are we depraved? Were things once perfect? You will soon find that these mythological fables and Indian legends cannot save you.

It must be admitted that creation by law, and the existence of a personal God, are at open war; and if one be received, the other must be denied; for if God cannot work except through prescribed channels, marked out by the laws of matter, of what use is he in the economy of the universe? And equally, of what use, if the other side be adopted? I have other questions to ask, and volumes might be filled with them. Why is it, although many Creations have been swept from the earth, and over a million species now exist, one plan runs through them all? Why do all pattern after a given archetype? The theory of creation by law makes the answers plain and clear—that of design the reverse.

Man sets out for an aquatic animal. He has the gill apparatus and circulating system of fishes, yet he is born fitted for terrestrial life. What is the object of metamorphosis through the countless ranks of living beings? Is it not because they have a common origin, and that the realm of life is a unit?

I have asked my last question. I leave the special pleaders the field, and turn to the consideration of the origin of what has been mistaken for intelligence and design. What is the intelligence seen in nature? Is it of the same kind as that manifested by an intelligent being? An intelligent being is one capable of employing means, adapting cause to effect—of willing, manufacturing, creating. Can and does the intelligence seen in nature thus act? If so, we must of necessity presuppose an intelligent being residing in or above matter—a conclusion which has already been disproved. How then shall this intelligence be defined? It is the harmony produced by the equilibrium of all the causes and effects in the universe. Worlds are round because originally fluid, and a fluid mass suspended in space can assume no other form. Hence poles and equator were established by the sphericity, given by the rotation of a fluid mass—not because an intelligence acted, but because by no other means could harmony result; and until harmony reigned, action and reaction must go on.

If there were but one road from one city to another, and that narrowly hedged on either side by impassable barriers, it would argue no great degree of intelligence even in an idiot to go from one city to the other. Such is the road matter travels, pro-

peled by causes to given effects. It is not intelligence—it is necessity of organization.

The rain falls. It is refreshing to plant and animal. The world rejoices in the refreshing shower. Is intelligence concerned in the taking up the waters of the sea and lake, and drenching the thirsty continents? Let us see. The air, by its constitution, becomes gaseous—is capable of absorbing moisture. The warmer it is, the more moisture it is capable of containing. Whenever its temperature is lowered, it gives out the moisture absorbed at a higher temperature. Consequently, whenever a cold and warm current of air meet, rain



## BY A. N. CHURCH, JR.

CO A LITTLE NIBB.

ALBERT BRISBANE AT DODWORTH HALL.

for himself a body or a physical organism. In doing this work, the human race goes through the three







New York Department.

B. H. Williams, Resident Editor.

OFFICE, NO. 143 FULTON STREET.

POSTING THE LEDGER.

A late number of the New York Ledger has an editorial article on "Popular Superstitions," from which we extract the following paragraph:

"Some of the common superstitions of the day are, in their origin, as old as history itself, and most of the modern 'spiritual phenomena,' by which the credulous are deceived and bewildered, are really only revivals of the fables of antiquity. A year or more ago we took occasion to go somewhat elaborately into this branch of the subject, and cited authorities from the Past to show the correctness of our views. Since then 'spiritual philosophy' appears to have been on the decline. Superstition is, however, as we have hinted, a hard-lived monster. A tendency to believe in what is physically impossible seems to pervade most of the human species, and can education exterminate, though it may modify and control, this tendency. The simplest and most logical explanation of our propensity to credulity is this: there are so many things physically impossible which must be true—so much in the origin of man, his fall, his preservation on the earth, his redemption, his eternal destiny, which he knows and feels to be independent of all the principles of cause and effect, of which we receive no adequate cognizance, that he is apt to forget his duties before him, his course laid down, his life less a written law than a mere suggestion, and all the consequences of his duty true from the 'straight path' to happiness here and hereafter, so clearly expressed and defined, as to render the interpretation of signs and omens in his behalf or for his guidance unnecessary. Let him rest assured that the Master of the universe would never employ his mighty powers for unnecessary or useless purposes."

The Editor's first proposition is, that *Modern Spiritual Phenomena are ancient fables revived*. To prove this a year ago he cited authorities from the Past to show the correctness of his views, respecting the events of the Present. The *Ledger's* logic is certainly very lame and impotent. Does he not know that the sayings of all the ancients prove literally nothing respecting modern occurrences? A single fact—properly authenticated—is sufficient to explode all the theories to the contrary that may have been promulgated through all the past ages. It will do to appeal to history for evidence concerning preceding and contemporaneous events; but when a public teacher—with an audience of half a million—gravely undertakes to prove either what did or did not transpire but yesterday, by the testimony of men who lived and died thousands of years ago, we are at liberty to conclude that he has suddenly lost his senses or wickedly crucified his reason. Had the authorities of the past been pleased to affirm—respecting steam and electricity—that human ingenuity would neither be able to apply the one to the purposes of navigation nor the other to the transmission of intelligence, we apprehend that no sane man would now rest his conclusions on such ancient authorities, rather than on the results of modern science and art. Yet such is the *Ledger's* method in the treatment of another subject. Agreeably to its own peculiar logic, the *type* *dicta* of the Editor may suffice to determine precisely what will occur in the year of our Lord 4000! ("Is Saul also among the prophets?") We will, however, respectfully suggest that, the post-mortem generations may with great propriety use their own eyes and ears to ascertain what may be going on in their own time, rather than by delving among doubtful authorities of the past to find a copy of the New York Ledger, which no embalming process may be able to preserve so long. Moreover, while the Editor of this journal may very properly quote ancient authorities to prove the occurrences of ancient circumstances and events, he had better open his own eyes and his understanding if he has the least disposition to know what is actually passing just now.

The next position assumed by the *Ledger* may be comprehensively stated thus: *Our credulity results from the fact that there are "so many things physically impossible which must be true."* In this way the Editor indirectly but not inappropriately rebukes his own unreasonable skepticism and practical unbelief. This is the most sensible and important point of what he has to say. But if so many physical impossibilities are, nevertheless, known to be comprehended in the category of the most important facts and vital realities, why should this leader of a great multitude, like Pharaoh, harden his heart and scoff at the wonders of modern fact? If there is any truth in what he affirms, the fact that Spiritual Phenomena are physically impossible, does not involve the conclusion that they are absolutely so, since alleged facts that may be impossibilities under the operation of merely physical agents and forces, may be strictly compatible with the principles of mind and the superior powers of the Spiritual World.

The Editor of the *Ledger* is pleased to assume, in the next place, that the grand truths respecting Man—his origin, his preservation, redemption and eternal destiny—are "independent of all the principles of cause and effect," and that such truths are not cognizable by the Reason. This stupid assumption, that Reason is not to be employed in the investigation of the most important subjects that have ever engaged the attention of mankind, and that the reception of the highest religious truths is incompatible with the exercise of this God-like faculty, has filled the church with fanaticism and the world with violence. In all ages the foulest superstitions have thus been propagated and cherished; and yet the *Ledger* appears to be fostering this false and pernicious idea in the middle of the Nineteenth Century. It is precisely on this ground that we resist its unworthy efforts, and insist that a rational Religion belongs to a perfected manhood, and that a scientific philosophy of the deepest mysteries in our earthly experience, is not to be regarded as an impossible achievement. We can readily believe that the *Ledger's* theology is very unreasonable, and that its vague notions respecting human nature and human destiny may be totally independent of the relations of cause and effect. After witnessing its attempt to prove by the ancients what happened to the moderns, instead of even expecting to find it rational on any similar subject, we are quite prepared for any absurd aberration of mind that may possibly originate in an unreasoning devotion to popular dogmas and the intoxication of worldly success.

Here is the *Ledger's* last proposition, briefly expressed: Our whole cause of life in this world is so clearly defined, that signs and wonders, as means of instruction and direction, are no longer necessary. It is here only necessary to admonish the Editor that, on this particular point, the Divine Providence does not appear to coincide with him in opinion; hence the signs continue, and it is probable that wonders will never cease. If the intelligent powers that rule the world ever read the New York Ledger, we must presume that they do not regard that journal as an infallible authority.

Mr. Grove, the table doctor at St. James', used, as long as he was able, to walk around the park every day. Dr. Barnard, then a chaplain, met him accidentally in the mall. "So, master Grove," said he, "why, you look vastly well; do you continue to take your usual walk?" "No, sir," replied the old man; "I cannot do so much now. I cannot get round the park; but I will tell you what I do instead—I go half round and back."

THE FINE CONQUESTORS.

The normal temperature of the body, among the human species, varies in different races and individuals, from 95 to 100 deg. Fahr., and is but slightly modified by the circumstances of geographical position and the vicissitudes of the seasons. In Summer and Winter, in the frigid and torrid zones, it remains the same. From this fact we may infer that the vital power to resist the variations of temperature is almost unlimited; and this is one of the most essential laws in the economy of all Animated Nature. This inherent capacity to endure sudden changes and the greatest extremes of heat and cold, is often essential to the preservation of health and life. In certain persons this power has been exercised and developed in a surprising degree. Blagden was able to endure the atmosphere of an oven, to which water boiled while the surface was covered with oil, and the mercury stood at 257 deg. Fahr. We have also an account of two girls in France whose experiments demonstrated their capacity to resist a still higher temperature. Francisco Martinez, a Spaniard, who made an exhibition of his powers at Paris—some thirty years ago—did not hesitate to go into a large stove heated to 275 degrees Fahr. Moreover, it appears from the testimony of a number of reliable witnesses, that the *Conquistadores* at the grave of St. Medardus, in France, were not less distinguished for their ability to resist extreme heat. La Sout, who made an exhibition of his powers at Paris—some thirty years ago—did not hesitate to go into a large stove heated to 275 degrees Fahr.

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In the year 1833 the writer witnessed some masterly illustrations of this power by a Frenchman, who was known as the "Frix King." *Monsieur* could enter a heated oven and remain long enough to boil eggs or cook a steak, without any apparent inconvenience to himself. In his public exhibitions he was accustomed to take his place on an elevated platform, over which an iron frame was erected, and where he was surrounded on all sides with light combustible materials, including several hundred blank cartridges. When his arrangements were completed he applied a lighted match to a fuse, and in a moment he would be so completely enveloped in flames as to be almost or altogether concealed from the spectators. His outside garments were always consumed, but the devouring element left no sign of its power on the person of the Frix King. It would be difficult to find more extraordinary illustrations of this amazing power of resistance, if we except the alleged miraculous experience of the three Hebrews, who were unharmed by the fiery ordeal of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace.

End of Religion.

A Hartford paper referring to the demolition of the little Gothic structure which formerly graced the corner of Asylum and Trumbull streets in that city, and was occupied by the Unitarians, speaks of that circumstance, and of the fact that the Society has employed no preacher of late, as the "end of Unitarianism" in that place. We presume that the believers in the Divine Unity were never more numerous in Hartford than they are at the present time. It is well known that the Unitarians, who have flourished in that city, are almost without an exception Unitarians in their views of the Divine nature, and the same is doubtless true of seven tenths of the Spiritualists. But the Editor of the Hartford paper is quite sure that Unitarianism has come to an untimely end in that region. He is not alone in supposing that the essentials of all religion consist in the external, corruptible things of this world, and that religion must die when from any cause the minister leaves town, or the church edifice is demolished.

Important Discoveries.

The Hartford Courant gives an account of the proceedings of "an impostor," by the name of Chapman, who professed to be a Spiritualist. He is represented as having disregarded the Christian injunction in respect to taking "two coats," inasmuch as he procured a second one "under false pretences." The inability of the civil authorities in searching the wardrobe of this peripatetic defender of "the cause" resulted in remarkable discoveries. The principal things disclosed by the search were a post, one cent, a brass medal, and love letters from two young ladies, residing respectively at Providence and Farmington. Mr. Chapman's fair correspondents both appeared to be ready to be offered up on the altar of Hymen without any unnecessary delay.

Mrs. W. J. Hayden.

There was an error in Dr. W. J. Hayden's advertisement, in our last issue—in the number of his present residence—though the notice that appeared in the editorial columns gave the correct number—44 East 22d street. The Doctor and Mrs. Hayden are now established for the winter, and at all suitable hours will give their individual attention to those who may require their professional services. Mrs. Hayden has been before the public in her present capacity for a number of years, and is not only widely known as an excellent medium, but also as an intelligent lady, who always treats her guests with consideration and politeness, and the great subject—so well illustrated by her mediumship—by becoming properly and dignified.

A Devout Thief.

The following is extracted from one of Dr. James W. Alexander's letters, recently published: "Among my pastoral trials, is the conviction (as a thief of the worst and most inveterate stamp) of a man who had been twenty years an apparently devout member of my church (in Trenton, N. J.) I never missed him from his pew, nor ever observed him last-leave."

It would be quite impossible for an honest and truly religious man, with heretical opinions, to remain in the church so long without being detected. Heresy is more readily detected than immorality, and far more likely to be visited, excoriated, with denunciation and expulsion. No people are so cordially given over to Satan as heretics.

Supremacy of the Mind.

The history of the Church presents many examples of the supremacy of intense emotion, unyielding resolution, or pious passion, over all the powers and susceptibilities of the human mind and body. The lives of the Apostles and early Christian martyrs terminated with scenes of holy triumph. There were also illustrious examples of patient endurance among the followers of Peter the Hermit, and before the bloody tribunals of the *auto de fe*. The historian informs us that as Latimer approached the stake, he said to his companion, "If of good cheer, brother, we shall this day kindle such a torch in England as I trust shall never be extinguished." Archbishop Cranmer—prompted and sustained by intense feelings of mingled penitence and devotion—held forth

the hand he had employed in the enforcement of papal doctrines and unrighteous authorities, and exclaiming, repeatedly, with a firm voice, "This hand has offended!" he deliberately held it where the flames were most intense until it was literally consumed. Neither royal authority, nor the martyr's fiery ordeal could extort from Lambert a renunciation of the faith which lifted him above the reach of his mortal persecutors. It is also recorded of James Bainbrun that he appeared to be exalted in spirit above the possibility of suffering. When his limbs were partially consumed, he called to the spectators to witness the miracle of his death; and then, while the forked flames coiled around his whole body, he said in a voice that indicated at once the firmness of his purpose and the serenity of his spirit—"This fire is a bed of roses to me!" Others clapped their hands and shouted aloud for joy, until the devouring element stifled their utterance, and their enraptured spirits ascended in fiery chariots to heaven.

The Forcing Process.

Making Christians by the Methodist quick process of protracted meetings, is not regarded with as much favor now as formerly, if we may judge from an article in a late number of the Western Christian Advocate. After a long argument against protracted meetings, the Editor comes to the following conclusion:

"We conclude, first, that a condition of the Church which requires a protracted meeting, in order to awaken the members, and make sinners believe there is a reality in religion, is a sore evil, and one that will ultimately ruin the Church unless it is removed."

It is found that such barbarous plants are quite too frail to endure exposure to the common atmosphere of the world. They speedily wither, and in a few days not even the perfume of their pious remains. As the people become more enlightened they begin to perceive that religion and a high fever are not precisely the same thing; and that a periodical spasmodic of the emotional nature is not a sure passport to the kingdom of Heaven.

Hannibal, Missouri.

This is one of the most thriving cities on the Mississippi River; is located between St. Louis and Keokuk, and about twenty miles below Quincy, Ill. It has about eight thousand inhabitants, and is easily accessible by Boat and Railroad. There are quite a number of liberal minds in the city, and many trances mediums have made visits to the place, with much satisfaction to themselves, as well as to awaken inquiry on the subject of Spiritualism. A friend from that city informs us that there is a great demand there for a good physical and test medium, and such an one would have business enough to attend to through the winter. Favorable arrangements have been made for the travelling and hotel accommodations of speakers and mediums, and those advocates of Spiritualism who contemplate traveling West would do well to put this city down in their memorandum books. Letters of inquiry should be addressed to J. S. Mallen, Corresponding Secretary of the Spiritual Committee.

Literature.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW has, at a single bound, attained a leading and permanent position. Its style of treating current topics and questions makes it a living rather than a dead review, and readers of all classes are interested in its discussions. The table of contents for September comprises the following articles: James Fenimore Cooper; Hungary, Past and Present; Social Life in America; Torquato Tasso; The English Language; Seward as an Orator and Statesman; The Works of Miss Evans; Availability, or Politicians vs. Statesmen; Notices and Criticisms.

Published by Putney & Russell, New York. For sale by A. Williams & Co., Boston.

THE MOTHER IN LAW; OR, THE LIFE OF RAY. By Mrs. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. For sale in Boston by Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

This is a very handsome reprint of a novel that had a great run in its day, and is likely to secure a steady continuance in its sales in consequence of its republication in its present elegant form. It is one of the series of Mrs. Southworth's works at present in course of publication by the Petersons, and the enterprise deserves general patronage. Mrs. Southworth's peculiarities as a writer of fiction are too well and widely known to require any notice at our hands.

The highest charity is to pay liberally for all things had or done for you; because to underpay workmen, and then to be bountiful, is not charity. On the other hand, if you, when by so doing you support idleness, are most parsimonious. You cannot refuse to give a street alms. If your charity has no other channel; you would feel that refusal in such a case was a mere pretext to save your money. But if your wealth is wisely and systematically given, then the refusal of idle appeals does no harm to the heart.

Lecturers.

Miss Rosa T. Amey will lecture in Bloomsbury, N. Y., during the month of October; Troy, N. Y., during the month of November, after which she will return to Massachusetts. Could arrangements be made, Miss A. would prefer passing most of the Winter south. All letters addressed her will receive due attention.

Dr. L. K. Cochrane, and wife, will soon return West and South, and desire to go by way of New York city, Philadelphia, and then to St. Louis, and thence down the Ohio River. Friends on the route wishing their services as clairvoyants and healers, as a trial, upon a single plane, may be secured at the rate of \$1000, or as much as possible. Dr. C. gives lectures, and readings, as well as clairvoyance, and is a medium for the spirit world.

WARRICK GRACE lectures the first and second Sundays of October, in Sturges, Michigan. Third and fourth Sundays of October, in Elkhart, Indiana. From Nov. 13th to 18th, in Delphi, Ind. From Nov. 20th to 25th, in Indiana. From Nov. 27th to Dec. 4th, in Tennessee, Ind. Second, third and fourth Sundays of Dec. in Dayton, Ohio. Address as above. Will receive subscriptions for the Bazaar at Club prices.

DIED.

In Franklin, Mass., September 10th, Betsey Barnes, aged 4 months and 27 days, only child of A. F. and Maria DeWitt. These bereaved parents have yielded up their little bud to the keeping of the angels, with the full assurance of a happy reunion with the more beautiful blossom, when it is unfolded in the world of thought and reality.

In Chelsea, 13th Sept., of inflammation on the brain, Mr. George Farnes, aged 50 years and 6 months.

Was pure as thought and angelic will have passed, And sweetest state of childhood was. He faded slowly, softly from the earth, And died as some sweet blossom dies, Shedding a heavenly incense to the last.

Transcript of Clara Anderson left in this form to Bristol, Conn., August 23rd, aged 12 months and 15 days. She was the youngest daughter of Henry D. and Elizabeth R. Corlies. The funeral was attended by Brothers J. S. Loveland and H. F. Fairfield.

Passed to the higher life, Sept. 6th, of cancer, an infant daughter of Eliza and Clara Fairbanks, of Randolph, Mass. Both parents are firm believers in the spiritual philosophy, and often receive teachings from the loved one gone before, through the organization of the mother. Dear parents, your little child has been taken to the higher world, and will be with you in spirit, can be comforted by home, and bless the life with its intelligence. Transmitted to an angel's care, it will reap the crown of glory, and will be with you in spirit, can be comforted by home, and bless the life with its intelligence. Transmitted to an angel's care, it will reap the crown of glory, and will be with you in spirit, can be comforted by home, and bless the life with its intelligence.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CHAMBERLAIN—Meetings in Chamberlains are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock, at 140 West 14th St., at City Hall, Main street, entrance on 6th, to do day exercises. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 10th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 11th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 12th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 13th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 14th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 15th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 16th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 17th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 18th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 19th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 20th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 21st; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 22nd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 23rd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 24th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 25th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 26th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 27th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 28th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 29th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 30th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 31st.

CHAMBERLAIN—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Felt will speak the first Sunday in October, at 7 o'clock, at 140 West 14th St., at City Hall, Main street, entrance on 6th, to do day exercises. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 10th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 11th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 12th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 13th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 14th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 15th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 16th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 17th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 18th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 19th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 20th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 21st; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 22nd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 23rd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 24th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 25th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 26th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 27th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 28th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 29th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 30th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 31st.

CHAMBERLAIN—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall, 100 West 14th St., at City Hall, Main street, entrance on 6th, to do day exercises. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 10th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 11th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 12th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 13th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 14th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 15th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 16th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 17th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 18th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 19th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 20th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 21st; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 22nd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 23rd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 24th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 25th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 26th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 27th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 28th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 29th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 30th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 31st.

CHAMBERLAIN—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washington Hall. Mrs. Felt will speak November 4th and 11th, at 7 o'clock, at 140 West 14th St., at City Hall, Main street, entrance on 6th, to do day exercises. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 10th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 11th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 12th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 13th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 14th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 15th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 16th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 17th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 18th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 19th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 20th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 21st; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 22nd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 23rd; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 24th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 25th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 26th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 27th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 28th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 29th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 30th; Mrs. J. H. Felt, Sept. 31st.

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Correspondence.

The Lyons Convention.

While waiting for the reporter to transcribe his minutes, in order to furnish your readers with a full report of the proceedings, speeches, etc., had at the Lyons Convention, I beg leave to advise you in general terms of the character, success and influence of the same.

On Friday evening, previous to the Convention, many strangers had arrived at Lyons, and a preliminary meeting was held, which was addressed by Mr. John Hobart, of Indianapolis, Ind., Miss Ella E. Gibson, of Massachusetts, Mrs. C. M. Stone, of Vandalia, Mich., and Mr. H. M. Fay, of Akron, Ohio.

On Saturday morning, Sept. 1st, a large concourse of people, citizens and strangers, convened in a beautiful grove adjacent to that charming village and the Convention was formally organized by unanimously electing Dorus M. Fox, Esq., of Lyons, President; Hon. Ira Porter of Waukegan, Ill., Mr. B. Briggs of Rome, Clement Pearson of Troy, Mrs. L. B. Brown of Iowa, and Mrs. C. B. G. of Waterford, Mich., as Vice Presidents; and appointing Mr. L. B. Brown and Mrs. L. I. T. Duxter, of Iowa, Mich., Secretaries.

A business committee of seven, consisting of Hon. Ira Porter of Illinois, Mrs. E. M. McFarland, Mrs. C. M. Stone of Michigan, Mr. Warner of Ohio, H. I. Ives of Grand Rapids, Mrs. McAlpin of Port Huron, and Thomas Freeman of Milwaukee, Wis., was appointed, which, in due time, reported an order of business, which was adopted, and the Convention was fairly opened.

The President opened the Convention with a few appropriate remarks, thanking the audience for the honor thus conferred upon him, and welcoming in behalf of the citizens of Lyons and the Spiritualists of the Grand River Valley, all strangers from near and from afar, to their hospitalities. Then followed addresses and speeches throughout the day, interspersed with excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, by the Lyons and Iowa Spiritualists' Choirs, aided by that charming quartette of singers, the "Ballet Family."

On the Sunday following, the order of proceedings was similar to that of Saturday, varied only by the introduction and discussion to some extent of volunteer Resolutions, which will be forwarded to you, with a succinct report of the remarks made thereon, together with other speeches and addresses, in a few days.

The Convention closed on the following Monday at 1 o'clock after reading a vote of thanks to the officers of the Convention for the faithful, impartial and courteous manner in which they had discharged the duties imposed upon them; and also a vote of thanks to the citizens of Lyons for their kind hospitalities.

The speakers who graced the occasion were John Hobart of Indianapolis, Ind., H. M. Fay of Akron, Ohio, Mrs. Warner of Norwalk, Ohio, Mrs. C. M. Stone of Vandalia, Mich., Mrs. Laura McAlpin of Port Huron, Mich., Miss Ella E. Gibson of Massachusetts, and Mrs. A. J. Kutz of Canton, Mich. Many others participated in the discussions, and offered sentiments for the consideration of the Convention.

One of the gratifying results of the Convention was the adoption of a plan introduced by the secretary for the promulgation of the "Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, and kindred subjects," in Northern Michigan, by the appointment of a Primary Corresponding Committee to reside in different parts of the district, whose duty shall be to correspond with and provide lecturers, mediums, etc., for and distribute them over the district; and the appointment of a Secondary Corresponding Committee in each locality where such lectures, etc., may be desired to cooperate with the Primary Committee in providing for the support and compensation of these lecturers, mediums, etc., who may be employed. The Primary Committee consists of Hqn. M. Fox, Esq., of Jackson, Oakland Co., Dorus M. Fox, Esq., of Lyons, Iowa Co., H. I. Ives, Esq., of Grand Rapids, East Co., Mich., to all or each whom may be addressed letters and communications upon the subjects above referred to.

The Convention was an entire success, and its influence in this section of country can but be salutary. The intelligence, sobriety and propriety of deportment of all in attendance will go very far towards doing away with the prejudice that exists in the popular mind, against Spiritualists as a set of ignorant, fanatical, immoral and licentious people. It is allowed by the Press, which was well represented there, that for intellectual ability, sound reason, exalted thought and soul stirring eloquence, the addresses and speeches made on this occasion are rarely surpassed among the learned and gifted of the land.

The interest of the season was heightened by the presence of the Davenport Brothers with their Father; and H. M. Fay, who gave each evening public manifestations of spirit presence and power in the peculiar manner for which they are so celebrated. For this they were arrested on Monday under a statute of our State against "Exhibitions or Shows" without license; and for which they are now under bonds of \$200 each for their appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court for this County. The preliminary examination before a young Methodist clergyman whom the people of Lyons had the misfortune to elect as a Justice of the Peace, lasted five days, and was ably conducted on both sides—many witnesses were sworn and their testimony taken down, together with the arguments of counsel pro and con, by a reporter employed for that purpose, and the whole proceedings will be revised by Ira Porter, Esq., of Waukegan, Illinois, and published in pamphlet form—as will also their subsequent trial in the Circuit Court, in October next. The Davenport were readily hailed by responsible citizens of Lyons, and are remaining in this vicinity, awaiting their trial, awakening, instructing and delighting scores of truth drinking minds, by their nightly circles; to the great annoyance and chagrin of old orthodox, who thought by one firm stamp of the iron heel of law to crush them forever.

Very truly yours,  
L. B. Shown,  
Secretary of the Lyons Convention.  
Ionia, Sept. 10.

A Visit from the old Granite State.  
I have been in Warren one week. By the efforts of Dr. A. G. French, I gave two lectures in the old Methodist church, on Sunday, 26th of August, to very good audiences. Dr. F. does not claim to be a Spiritualist, but is an investigator of Spiritualism, and although he meets with much opposition, he is of that class of minds who cannot be in the least intimidated, or charged with cowardice. His residence is situated in an admirable spot. His lady is a sister, indeed, and spirit-mediums find in these friends peculiarities which combine to make a lovely home for their weary souls. Dr. French is emphatically the pillar in the cause of progression in the town of Warren. Under his auspices the truth will make onward strides.

By request of friends in Wentworth, I delivered a lecture, on Thursday evening, in the Union church to act.

In this town. Our cause here does not seem to have made much advance; but quite a respectable number of ladies and gentlemen convened to hear the doctrines of spirit communion explained; and the undiluting efforts of our worthy Dr. Walter Stevens, no doubt, the cause will progress. Thanks to him for his kindness!

I lectured last Sabbath at Campton Village. There the truth is also being introduced, and I am informed many are inquiring the way to spiritual happiness. Many thanks are due Dr. T. W. Mitchell, who gave me the use of his hall on this occasion. I have been gratified much by meeting our sister, A. P. Thompson, by whose instrumentality the "ground has been broken" in several localities in this vicinity.

I am making my home with Bro. C. W. Cook.

Yours for the truth, Mrs. J. B. Shurr.

Campton, N. H., Sept. 6, 1860.

Spiritualism in Dixon, Illinois.

Thinking you are always glad to hear of the progress of truth and liberal principles in all parts of the world, I thought I would give you a short statement of the condition of Spiritualism in this place. We have, in this town, two excellent mediums, a Mrs. Vesper, and a Mrs. Briggs, both of whom are mediums for the practice of medicine. Mrs. Vesper has quite an extensive practice. She is controlled by the spirit of an English physician, who through her organism examines and prescribes for diseases. The doctor tells me he sells more medicine to her than all the doctors beside, and there are more than six or six M. D.'s in town. Mrs. Briggs possesses more varied medium powers than any medium I know of. In the first place she is one of the best clairvoyants I have ever seen. She sees things more clearly, and describes them more accurately, than any clairvoyant I ever was acquainted with. When magnetized she is entirely independent of her magnetizer; he cannot, by his will power, make her see or describe things any different than they really exist. When examining a sick person clairvoyantly, she describes the diseased organs minutely as they would appear if exposed to view. After going through with a pathological examination, there is presented to her a card with the appropriate medicines and directions printed on it, which she reads, and has taken down for her attendant. In the second place, she is perfectly entranced and controlled by the spirit of Dr. Gregory, and also by a Dr. Simons, both of whom were physicians of science, skill, and experience when in the form, as we know from personal acquaintance. When controlled by either of them to examine and prescribe for the patient, they have perfect control and speak with ease and freedom.

In the third place she is a good test medium. I have had some of the best tests through her I ever had, and so have many others. I will give you one at this time, and others at some future time if you desire. That the test may be understood, I will state that I am now living with my second wife, whose given name is Hannah, and I am her second husband. My present wife is sister to my first wife. Mrs. Briggs never saw my first wife, and knew nothing of the former history of my present wife. Dixon is some forty miles from my residence. I was in Dixon, none of my family being with me. I was alone with the medium when my first wife came, and we had a long talk about olden times. All at once she stopped speaking, and seemed to be in a study. After waiting some time I said, "Well, Mary, (for that was her name) are you done talking?" She immediately replied, "No; I am trying to think of something for a test to send to Hannah, that she may know I have spoken to you. When you go home you ask Hannah whose dress she had on when she was married to her first husband?" I then replied, "Why, she had on her own dress, of course; she would not be married in a borrowed dress!" She then said, "Hannah was married in a borrowed dress notwithstanding; she wore a dress of sister Elizabeth's, and when you get home you will find I am right." When I got home I found she was right, sure enough.

There was a fact given of which I knew nothing, and contrary to my belief, and which it was impossible the medium should know anything about. Tell me some one who is too wise to be a Spiritualist, tell me whose intelligence told that fact?

Yours, for Truth and Progression.

A. W. Dawson.

Dixon, La Co., Illinois, Sept. 1, 1860.

The Day Dawneth.

The day dawneth—and lo! the heavy mists of ignorance and error that overpread our steps in time gone by, are disappearing before its bright and blessed beams. Their cold and gloomy influence, that caused us to shrink, trembling, in the doubtful path before us, and only pray for annihilation in view of the terrible future, has been superseded by one of a genial, salutary, delightful character.

Now, as if by magic, has everything been transformed since the days of our childhood! Witches and wizards, weird and wild, riding on broomsticks, flying through keyholes, sticking pins in their wretched victims, bridling them for a nocturnal visit to the realms of perdition, and enacting all manner of diabolisms, have been changed to wise and beautiful mediums, healing the many ills of the flesh, and communicating to us precepts of purity and love. Ghosts and hobgoblins with rattling chains, sulphurous breath, and unearthly groans, have "vanished in the thin air," giving place to the spirits of our loved ones, who are conferring upon us innumerable blessings. The question Mrs. Hemans so sweetly and plaintively urged, "Do they love thee still?" never arises in our minds today. We might, with as much propriety, ask if the sun shines. That hideous monster, death, rattling his dice bones with diabolical glee, and "grinning horribly with ghastly smile," as he stopped to feed for our heartstrings with his icy fingers, and consign us to the winding sheet, the dark cold grave, and crawling worms, is now metamorphosed into an angel of celestial radiance, bringing low-flowers from that brighter land, and opening for us the portals to light, life, and happiness eternal.

And what is the cause of this great and marvellous change in our views of life?

Has there been a change in the Divine administration? Has God, repenting of his former vindictive course, decided upon a more pacific policy? No. The Great Governing Power is immutable, as well as infinite and doeth all things well, "yesterday, to-day, and forever." It is only because the day dawneth for us, and the fog being dispersed by its light, man is enabled to see a little further, and more clearly than he did thirty years ago. As he takes a higher stand upon the mount of Progress, and the scope of his vision enlarges, more and yet more of the true meaning of life will appear beautiful and good. He will perceive still further exemplifications of the truth that "Discord is Harmony not understood," and will exult in the knowledge that "What ever is, is Right," will be chanted in a grand and joyous anthem, forever and forever.

Philadelphia, 1860.

E. A. Kingsworth.

Mon often blush to hear what they are not ashamed to act.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Lectures notified 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 Banner may be correct as possible.

Mrs. A. W. WILCOX, at present in lecture at Quincy, 4 Sundays in Oct.—Cambridgeport, 5 Sundays in Dec. Philadelphia, 4 Sundays Jan.—Providence, 4 Sundays in Feb. Tinton Falls, 4 Sundays in May.

Mrs. M. J. WILCOX, of Stratford, Conn., will spend the Fall lecturing in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio, returning the second and third Sundays in Oct.; at Walling, the fourth Sunday in Oct.; at Worcester, the three first Sundays in Nov.; at Quincy, fourth Sunday in Nov.; at Providence, through Dec. at Boston, Mass., through January.

Mrs. A. W. BRANSON will speak at Lowell, Mass., two first Sundays in Sept., and first Sunday in Oct. at Plymouth; the second and third Sundays in Oct.; at Walling, the fourth Sunday in Oct.; at Worcester, the three first Sundays in Nov.; at Quincy, fourth Sunday in Nov.; at Providence, through Dec. at Boston, Mass., through January.

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From the LaCrosse (Wis.) Democrat.

FIED.

Out in the daily and solitary street,  
With unobtrusive and unobtrusive feet—  
Suddenly appearing the width of a hand,  
Is the first thing that leaves in the sand—  
Deep, flashing eyes and a forehead bold,  
Telling of genius richer than gold;  
A jacket hanging in rent and shreds—  
Is this my hero's little Fred.

His mother is but a vulgar cook—  
His home is a filthy, cluttered nook—  
His heaven, the noisy and jostling street  
Wherever he falls his little feet  
Here and there, and there they may be  
Yet often he bleeds to joyously—  
Unobtrusive yet feeling the curve and the blow,  
That greets him in his lonely way or he may go.

Oh! that thy soul so shyly white—  
So fair and pure in its glowing light—  
So soon should be darkened by pain and sin  
That the light of love may not enter in  
Oh! that thy infancy—free and glad—  
Should be stained by a life so stern and sad.  
That thy heart with its wealth of rock bound pearls  
Should be lost in the depths of life's lowest whirls.

The years will pass on and thy soul, so white,  
Will be a shade in life's darkest night;  
And these little feet will lead to go  
Through the blackest deeds the heart may know.  
Unobtrusive yet feeling the curve and the blow,  
That greets him in his lonely way or he may go.  
Who through all their dark and dreary youth  
Know all of Life but God and Truth!

THESE poems will pass on and thy soul, so white,  
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## Pearls.

And quietude, and jewels are made long,  
Just on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkling forever.

## THOUGHT

O, to be there,  
Where no tears of sorrow  
Shall dim the eye, nor aching pain nor care  
Shall overcome our merriment  
O, to be there!

O, lovely home!  
Thy fragrant, thurman's flowers  
Deep not nor die, but everlasting bloom  
Crown all thy golden hours  
O, lovely home!

O, let me go!  
Death shall shut thee from disaster  
O'erlooking heaven's bliss of pleasure flow  
At God's right hand forever!  
O, let me go!

For thou art there,  
Who unto me hast given  
Eternal life, making me pure and fair;  
And able, to me, to Heaven,  
For thou art there!

—[From the German.]

## OLD'S TRUE WORSHIPERS.

These called infidels entertain stranger and nobler ideas of the Divinity than most other men; for they do not suit him with the soul ingredients of all the wickedness and passions entailed on humanity. —Volney.

## SOMETHING GOOD IN EVERY ONE.

In every breast there is a well of feeling,  
Whose depths are moved at an appealing time,  
Disclosing precious jewels, and revealing  
Love, Hope and Faith, or Energy sublime.

The heart of every child man contains  
A hallowed spot, as pure as childhood's dream,  
Which, mid the passions round it, still retains  
Some crystal drop from Truth's eternal stream.

The tear of penitence, the sigh of sorrow,  
The agony of soul for life mis-spent,  
The promise of improvement for the morrow,  
Are all to Heaven on Mercy's plumed sent.

The heart beneath a smiling mask may smother  
In anguish, though by decorous trials torn;  
Then judge not harshly of thy erring brother,  
God only knows the sorrows he has borne! —[P. Clark.]

## HUMAN THOUGHT.

It is curious to notice the old sea-margins of human thought! Each succeeding century reveals some new mystery; we build where monsters used to hide themselves. —Longfellow.

## TO ONE DESERVED.

All hearts are not dishonest; let thy trust  
Be deep, and clear, and all-conquering still,  
For though Love's fruit turn on the life to dust,  
He never betrays her child to lasting ill.  
Through leagues of desert must the pilgrim go,  
Ere on his gaze the holy turrets rise;  
Through the long sultry day the stream must flow,  
Ere in an mirror to his purple skies.  
Fall back unshaken from contact with the vain,  
Keep thy robes white, thy spirit bold and true,  
And calmly launch affection's banner again,  
Trophies of golden spots reserved for thee;  
Though lone the way, as that already trod,  
Cling to thine own integrity, and God! —[Tuckerman.]

## FORGIVENESS.

The man who throws away his life in avenge an insult, has only courage; to forgive, with nobleness, requires a higher virtue—abnegation. —[George Sand.]

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

## BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 18.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening.

## QUESTION—Future Life.

JOHN WEINER, Jr., was called upon to preside. JACOB EDELL.—It is not expected that we are to know much of a future life. We have nothing but belief to base our ideas upon. When I first began to believe in immortality, it was far from being a pleasant belief; I imagined it an eternal gridiron, on which many should suffer forever. So long as future existence is a thing to be dreaded, it is easy enough to be believed; but when it assumes a pleasant shape, we require evidence for our opinions. Many Spiritualists have obtained sufficient evidence of a future existence. I am one of that class. If we believe in a future life, it gives us a rock—a basis on which to stand, in our inquiries into the laws of nature. I believe there is a natural body and a spiritual body. I believe the particles which form our natural body are held together by the spiritual body. We are unfolded from the mineral, up through the vegetable and animal to the spiritual sphere. Our present errors and failings shall give way to the brightest stars in our spiritual firmament. I am satisfied of the truth of these ideas, and have no need of argument to sustain them. I had rather hear those speak who oppose them. Many have professed a belief in the immortality of all creatures—but it seems to me the animals below us are only stock got out from which we are to be unfolded; we are all eggs waiting to be hatched into eternity.

LYNDEN BROWN.—I last week offered some remarks to show that we should have a material existence in the world to come. This is what analogy teaches us. It teaches us, also, that the lower animals will have an existence with us. I think analogy teaches us that our future existence will be an imperfect one—little, if any, in advance of the present. We are apt to look backward and forward for happiness, but think our present existence miserable. I think our suffering is incident to our progression. We outgrow our errors as we outgrow our ignorance. In the future life we shall improve morally according to our increased knowledge.

REV. EDELL.—I think the difficulty is not so much that the evidence of a future life does not exist, but the difficulty is in our not being able to conceive the fact. We don't know our own selves, or each other. God cannot reveal himself to us; he can only manifest himself to one of equal power with him. If we know anything of the soul here, it must be because of our own faculties. Some have the intuition without effort. Others can come, by analogy, or argumentative power, to a realization of the fact. Others, again, can believe only what they can see, hear and feel. It takes a soul—a resurrected soul—to know that souls exist, either in this world or the other; therefore, some persons can be no more convinced than a block can; others may understand it, but cannot tell why. It takes an artist to understand a good painting, or a piece of sculpture. There would be no difficulty in revealing ourselves, if we could find those we could reveal ourselves to. The grand difficulty in presenting or conceiving the fact of a future life grows out of this thing: the outer cannot comprehend the interior; the lower cannot reach the higher.

MR. ARWON.—This is but the babyhood of our spiritual existence. We talk and act in the external, but we have a dual nature, and everything we do has its reference to our future existence. As we look over the past from the future, we shall recognize that whatever is, is right, whatever the past may have been. Everything we do here, will tend to our future unfoldment.

## A GHOST STORY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HOMER HAYES.—I don't know as such terrible opinions as I hold will be in order here; but I have a few ideas I would like to advance. My brother seems to recognize a future life, as something of which there is no doubt whatever. I have not the slightest perception of a future life. Whether it be because I have no soul or spirit, or otherwise, I cannot say. When I hear my friends discoursing of angels, I look around to see if I am still on the lower sphere. Shakespeare says of the future life, that it is an "undiscovered country from whose bowels no traveler returns;" and, so far as I can compare small things with great, I agree with Shakespeare. It seems to me that, if the future life is a reality, it does not depend upon Spiritualists and mediums—although they are a very respectable class of people. It should be free to everybody's consciousness, just as we have a consciousness of our present existence. I am not a solitary doubter. I am one of hundreds of thousands. We get none too much happiness here, and if there is any hope in store for us in immortality, I wish we knew it for a certainty. But if the next world is only a continuance of this, I should say that it must be an unprofitable one, and I don't care to go there. I have care and trouble enough in this world, without going into the future after more. As Samuel Weller said, when studying the alphabet, "It was going through too much, to get at so little." I should rather feel that this was our only heaven; I have had no returns to assure me of the fact that there is any other; and not finding any of the analogies in nature our friend has spoken of, I don't see but I must remain just as I am.

EDWARD THAYER, (erroneously printed ROBERT, heretofore).—There is perhaps difficulty in getting a proper conception of a future life. My Brother Elmer says, God cannot reveal himself, except to a God. At first, this sounded strange; but, as I understand Brother Elmer, it is true—that God cannot reveal himself wholly, except to one equally comprehensive. But cannot God reveal himself to man according to man's capacity? It seems we shall in the future life have a more perfect perception of God, man, and our relations to them. We shall get rid of the selfishness that is so prominent in this world. We shall stand on a round, and we shall struggle to lift our brothers up to where we are.

MR. CLAPP.—If any one will use his reason on this question, he will come to the conclusion that future life is merely a phantom of the brain. Men of strong intelligence have disbelieved it. We live, eat, drink, mature, and die, precisely the same as other animals. Our bones decay like theirs, and there is nothing stranger in our existence than in that of other animals; and our intuitive perceptions should convince us that death is the end of us. By analogy, if one has a future existence, all things should have. It appears to me if there was a future state we should have some knowledge of it, and it should be demonstrated clearly to us before we reach it.

DR. H. F. GANNON.—I always profess to be ready to give a reason for the hope within me. I know I have a future life. It is to me as evident and clear as my own present existence. The time was when I was exceedingly skeptical concerning our immortality. This feeling was produced, however, by the theological dogmas of the day. I could not conceive how this body could rise, as the church taught, and the particles return and harmonize into their proper places, when they had been scattered and drawn into thousands of other forms and organisms. I could not then understand how the soul should rise independently of the body. The laws of and experiments in psychology brought this to my comprehension. Later, the heavens are opened, and spirit forms make tangible demonstrations. Physical power and intelligence are manifested; and, as I can find nothing on this earth to explain this, I must find the solution on the "other side of Jordan." The knowledge of a future life beyond the change termed death, is as clear as the fact of my own existence. Some cannot find analogies to argue immortality. Is not the worm an analogy—unfolding from lower to higher life? It seems to me, if God is infinite in all his faculties, creation is a failure, if it ends with this life. If there is nothing higher than man, we are surely created in vain.

MR. BURMAN.—I have never discovered anything in man to lead me to believe he lived after death. I had thought death killed the whole man. While I believe death kills the whole man, I see a future life revealed in the Bible—a resurrection, not of those that do not die, but those that do. Christ died, and rose again—not in the spirit, but in the body. I hinge my hopes on the fact that as Jesus died and rose again, so may we.

DR. CHARLES LEWIS told the Conference of instances where he had been controlled by spirits to perform certain duties, and go on missions the results of which were of vital moment to him. He was then influenced by an Indian spirit, who gave a post-mortem view of the question, in the red man's peculiar logic and dialect.

LA ROY BUNDENLAND.—I have no desire to occupy your time to night. I am approaching an age where I am taking less and less for granted. I hope for more, but I believe less. I find I cannot take things for granted. You have heard stated here to night that the fact of another life is to be taken for granted. I do not and cannot admit it. I have been amused by the words of those who have taken things for granted. The idea of God Almighty raising a nasty, dead carcass to life, is taken for granted by one gentleman here to night. I do not take it for granted that there is a God—other than I can see. I was told many absurd things by my friends when I was young, that I took for granted. I do not take them for granted now; but if you want to do it. If you want to believe in dead carcasses being raised, you may feel your mind on them. I have been born again, redeemed, and have converted more than any other priest. There are those now preaching hell fire and brimstone so strong you could almost smell it, who were converted under my efforts. I believe in the control of thought. I have given to others, at a distance, my thought. By my thought I have made a blind play four times at once—one line at a time. This is done by clairvoyance. The clairvoyant person could read my thoughts, whether I willed it or not; but when she would not, I could not make her. But, concerning a future life, I don't know how as much as I want to. I hope for a future life—so I hope for happiness, wealth and honors, but can only hope. Spiritual manifestations are not an evidence of immortality. They prove existence, but not how long that exists once last. I have heard beautiful music, and my own children are mediums; and if you think I have been humbugged by my own children, you are very much mistaken. I am too old to be deceived. But if you want to believe I have been, I am just as willing you should, as that your old rotten, dead carcasses shall be raised up. After all, I am so skeptical that Spiritualists won't owe me; but if there is a heaven—a future life—I would like to go there.

The same subject will be discussed next week.

people were far from being superstitious; nor had they ever heard of anything having been heard or seen in that room—hereafter to be shut up and avoided as the haunted room.

And the scenes, she had never heard of the old lady—hence it could not have been a recollection of memory or the work of imagination. Besides, she had no suspicion of the character of the visitor. Hence her description must have been drawn from what she saw. That she herself was not alarmed, it is hardly necessary to say. The visit which was intended for weeks, was reduced to hours; and, notwithstanding the many attractions of such as well as daughters of the house, she turned her unwilling feet towards her cheerful home.

We can account for this apparition only by supposing that the old lady, like most old people, had formed a strong attachment to the place in which she spent her earthly life and experienced all the joys of joy and sorrow; and that now she lingered near it and sought to revive the memory of the past by these needless returns. She may have been attracted by the present occupant of her bed, and who alone, of all those who had slept in it, had the native faculty of ghost-sealing. It does not imply, therefore, that the old lady was unhappy, or that any sin burdened her spirit. These departed, as we call them, are often present; and could we see them as they see us, solitude would be a thing unknown.

I would add, in conclusion, and in justification of the remarks with which I began this communication, that should any future historian be collecting materials for a book in that old neighborhood, he would, most likely, compress the whole matter into this short paragraph:—"A young lady is reported to have seen a ghost in this room. Probably she was dreaming."

## Correspondence.

Warren Chase in Chicago.

Second Sunday, Sept. 18th. Kingsbury Hall (one of the best in the city) was well filled with attentive and intelligent listeners, both morning and evening. The morning discourse was upon spirit influences. The lecturer attempted to establish the fact that we are all as distinctly individualized in mind as in body, that the marks and peculiarities of each spirit and mind distinguish it from every other, as much as those of the body do the physical personality. That these peculiarities distinguish and maintain their individuality after the spirit leaves the body as much as before. That intelligence, magnetic action, and emotional feeling, belong to the mind and spirit, and not to the body, and as these appertain after the separation, the spirit can identify itself by them after, as well as before if it can get them to us. That certain persons, (sensitives), are extremely susceptible to the mental condition of others, and partake of the joy or grief of the company they are in at the time. That these sensitives are sometimes surrounded by Indians whose bodies have long since returned to dust, and partaking of their feeling, not talk like them. That the presence and influence of particular persons who are free from the earthly bodies, is in this way made known to us both by actions and intelligence which does not, and cannot, originate in these sensitives. That this class of susceptible, or inspirational mediums, is increasing, and by cultivation of these powers, becoming more and more perfect, and that in time they may be sufficient to bear to us all the feelings and sentiments which our spirit friends wish to have us receive, but which they may not be able to impress upon us directly. That instrumental mediumship, by and through which we have most of our tests, and make our complete demonstrations of spirit presence and individuality, is that condition in which the spirit has complete control of a part or the whole of a medium, and by writing or speaking gives us intelligence in which the medium has no part, and of which he or she has no knowledge, and over which no control, and consequently for which is not responsible. That when this control extends only to the magnetic currents, rapping, or tipping is the result; and these motions or sounds must be converted into language as they are in the telegraph office, by which we can then carry on our intercourse if we dare to do it, and know how, in which the medium has as much part as the jar or apparatus in the telegraph office. That where this control extends to the nerves themselves instead of the currents that run through them, words can be written sometimes by both hands at the same time by different spirits, and these we can converse with our friends, if some believe in devils does not frighten us from this beautiful action of natural law. That where this power extends to and controls the brain and organs of speech, words can be spoken to us, of which, sometimes, the medium is not at all aware, and over which he or she has not the slightest control, even if conscious of what is passing. That in such cases if we can keep the Devil and Devilish Theology out, we can soon demonstrate the existence, individuality, and presence of our friends, or such of them as have this magnetic power to control such sensitives and desire to do it. That as not all persons have magnetic power to act on others, therefore, all cannot control susceptible persons neither before nor after the transition, and that all are not sensitives, or mediums, but only those whose organizations are such that effects can be produced upon the spirit or body by other persons.

The thread of the discourse was too long for me to follow to its end, but the argument was mainly to prove the continued existence and influence of persons after death, and made a fine impression on the audience.

The evening discourse was upon the condition and locality of spirit-life, continuing the subject of the morning. He said the continued individuality, with all its peculiarities would of course continue; the attractions and attachments that belong to the mind and spirit, which if sufficient to bind before death would as effectually do it after, unless a theological God should exercise his power and vengeance, and tear them away from homes and friends, or an orthodox Devil should get the control and fold them in the smoke and flames of hell. That God through nature had ordered all things well, and beautifully, and a false system of theology had labored for centuries to subvert nature and make it totally depraved, and set up in its stead a wicked and distracting theory of God and Devil-power and influence, by which the beautiful truths of nature are kept from the people by a guard of over thirty thousand clergymen, and all the men and women they can control. Spirits were persons, material persons, with all the attachments to homes and friends of those in bodies—live about us in the vast region of ether, which seems to our limited senses to be void, or empty space, our senses being too short to reach the persons or things of their sphere.

He made a lengthy and touching allusion to the terrible catastrophe of the steamboat Lady Elgin, which had the day before gone to pieces on the Lake, near the city, and scattered the beach with dead and living bodies—hundreds of the dead and less

than one hundred of living. He did not know which were the least off, but he was sure, from the teachings of reason, of nature, and of spirit, that no angry God or terrible Devil stood ready to catch the souls of the dead, dragging them from the scene and from their friends, to shut them up in a cold heaven or a hot hell. But instead of these terrible beings, loving friends near and dear, stood ready with open arms to catch and embrace each freed spirit and lead it to its home and relatives on earth, and on to the spirit home; when each was ready to go. That scores of little children were gathered around the scene of suffering, London with flowers to crown the welcomed soul, as it received the caresses of the guardians and loved ones of the upper world. No kindnesses of earth to the suffering soul, could equal the kindnesses of spirits to the freed souls—of the lost—no recollections of infants in this world can equal in kindness and attention the reception of the spirits in the next, on such terrible occasions. Charity and goodness shine brightly here on such occasions, but brighter than folded in loving arms many of the freed spirits were borne to their homes before the waves had washed their bodies to the shore, "happy souls just gone from earth to heaven."

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 10, 1860.

## Questions and Answers.

Miss M. M. Gilman, of Canton Mills, asks the following questions:

What does Dr. Child understand the soul to be? What are the soul's attributes? What is the spirit, and what portion of man belongs to the soul? What is the mind? What does Dr. Child mean by animal life? Where does consciousness reside? Many of Dr. Child's ideas are to me very beautiful, and I would gladly understand them more fully. Will he take the trouble to answer the above questions?

## DR. CHILD'S REPLY TO THE ABOVE QUESTIONS.

The soul of man is the basis of all human existence. It is indestructible life. It is a germ of undefinable beauty that holds within itself the power to rise above all the accidents, incidents and influences of time and matter. The soul is a living, eternal existence, with undefined power, wisdom and beauty to be yet developed from out its inherent nature. The soul is the only thing of human existence that is of enduring value. It is that part of us that does not die, that lives after death, and then has barely begun to live.

The attributes of the soul are its inherent properties, that with it are co-existent and co-eternal. The products of the soul which give evidence of its existence we will not call its attributes. Life and progression are attributes of the soul—so is love and its fruition, which is desire. Sensation, susceptibility and perception; knowledge, intuition and spontaneous development; non-susceptibility to the influence of matter, and positive indestructibility; absolute goodness and unalloyed, immaculate purity, forever, both in the past and future—such as these are attributes of the soul's eternal existence.

The spirit of man is, to me, the same as his soul. So far as I have been able to discern, the distinctions made by some between the soul and the spirit are hypothetical, are fanciful and indefinite. Throw fancy and speculation away, and common sense says that the soul and the spirit of man are the same. The soul lives after death, and the spirit lives after death, we say, for "spirits do communicate;" and who has the power to go beyond the portals of the grave with human philosophy, with material compass and dividers, to separate soul and spirit? The distinction made between soul and spirit is to me a vague speculation. All that part of man is spirit that never dies, and the soul, for aught I know, is the same thing.

The mind is the product of the soul; it is the manifestation of intelligence that the soul throws off. In a deeper sense the mind may be said to be the soul itself, or that attribute of the soul that makes intelligence visible. Animal life is an emanation of the soul's life thrown into matter and reflected from it, like the rays of the sun reflected from the moon. Put out the sun and the moon stops shining; let the soul go out and animal life becomes extinct. Animal life cannot die in our material bodies while the soul holds its connections there. Consciousness resides in every part of the soul, as does every other attribute of the soul, and the soul resides in every fibre of the material body till death comes.

## Physical Demonstrations.

We have in this city, a dark room circle, and manifestations of a kind which have not been known elsewhere in New England, such as speaking and singing through a trumpet, beating on a drum—keeping the beat of time—rapping those in the circle with the trumpet, with such force as to make them feel that it is no fanciful illusion.

The medium is a Miss Champlin, fifteen years of age. Her father and a number of the family are also mediums, in different stages of development. The spirit through whose influence these manifestations are performed, gives his name as King, the same who influenced the Koon family, a few years past, in Ohio. These manifestations have not been as public as they might, and ought to be, for they would be a test of immortality to many who would be convinced by no other means; and I think, if reasonable inducements were offered, they may be persuaded to respond to invitations, the coming winter, to travel in different parts of New England.

Further information may be had by addressing—  
DR. L. HART SHURN.  
Hartford, Conn. Sept. 18, 1860.

## To Miss Emma Hardinge.

There appeared in the Banner of July 28th, an able article from your pen, upon "Living Spirits and Dying Spiritualism." The facts and phenomena which you have so forcibly and so clearly described in that article, are deeply interesting to myself, not only on account of their bearing on the question of the immortality of "infants," "embryoes," and the "soul germs" of all human beings, but also because they will, when properly analyzed, throw much light upon the true philosophy and methods of spirit-intercourse.

You moreover kindly promised, at some future time, to record in the Banner some of those curious phenomena which you term the manifestations of "living spirits." If by this you mean the manifestation of the spirits of persons yet in the body to other persons yet in the body, it seems to me that a narration of facts of that character would be most acceptable to the public in general, and in an eminent degree important on account of their bearing upon the science of spirit-intercourse. Last year many noble and arduous labors in the field of reform—especially in behalf of those whom the world generally passes by with scorn and neglect—should divert your mind from your intention of publishing the facts which you have collected in reference to "living spirits." I have taken the liberty to remind you of your promise, and of assuring you that a record of facts of that character will be read with deep interest by all awakened minds, and especially by all who are engaged in searching out the methods by which the interior operators affect the external or mundane sphere.

Yours truly,  
R. S.

New York, Sept. 18, 1860.

It may occur to many, that this hobby has been nearly ridden to death; nevertheless it may be possible that it has sufficient vitality remaining to be mounted several times yet.

Apparently this ray of Divine sunlight dawned upon the eastern hills yet it has not failed to warm upon the western valleys or prairies, and keep the minds of those, who were not sleeping when it came, to fresh investigations. The discovery of new truths does not usually have a theological origin, viz., from one pair, or source, but different minds from opposite localities, seem to perceive them at about the same time. Still one mind is frequently best adapted to proclaim them and awaken an investigating spirit in others. Our good Brother, Dr. Child, seems to be the spiritual centre in the constellation of minds, latent upon examining this subject, and I know of no one more perfectly fitted for this position, or so capable of receiving the facts generally buried at the advocates of new ideas. Some complain that the Doctor is so extremely vague in expressing his views, that they cannot understand him, yet doubtless their teeth will appear much sooner in his attempts to masticate this strong food, which the Doctor has given out to them from his intuition, than as if he had diluted it by logical deductions to suit the feeble condition of their digestive powers.

In regard to the resistance of evil, it is very natural, (and therefore right), when man in his ascent up the great progressive ladder of existence, is just emerging from the physical into the intellectual conditions of unfoldment, standing, perhaps, on the fifth round of the ladder, to say to those below him, "You are doing very wrong! You deeds are evil. I have a glimpse, of higher conditions, and know that you are wrong; and I insist upon your seeing them also." And not yet having the lever of reason developed, he applies the one already in his possession—the lever of physical force—and with all his power strives to elevate them to his own standpoint; but he never has the mortification of seeing them relapse into their former condition the moment the lever is removed, when they will remain until the principle of growth unfolds within them strength to take a step in advance, as well as a capacity to drink in fresh draughts of "living water."

Many appear not to recognize that the age of physical developments, and its consequent imperfect mental manifestations, has been the foundation of, or stepping-stone to higher intellectual and spiritual unfoldments, and that the lowest step in the great spiral stairway, is just as perfect and necessary to its own peculiar condition, as the highest step visible to human discernment. A question suggests itself here, "Whether or not the position occupied by an angel of celestial growth, can be attained, without directly or indirectly, spiritually or externally, passing through all the lower grades of development? That is, whether the twentieth round of the spiritual ladder can be reached, without walking up the first, second, or third steps? Therefore, can an archangel look down upon the murderer and say, "I am holier than thou?" for every man that has hated his brother has murdered him spiritually, if not externally. This may be very difficult for us to accept, while we cling to the mantle of self-righteousness, but may it not nevertheless be true?

The resistance of evil or infantile manifestations (of growth) by physical force, is legitimate, and consistent with that plane where materiality is positive; while on the intellectual plane reasoning or logical argument is the focus used to vanish this phantom. Both are right—true to their own conditions of growth. But on the mountain top of life, in the spiritual realm, the dust and rubbish has been brushed from the spirit eye, and it looks down clearly through all the apparent barbarisms of time, and sees a divine principle beneath the surface, that is working truly and wisely, causing all these effects which eyes looking through the dust of matter call devilish, and a confidence is felt that this principle will ultimately be known to produce "the highest good to the greatest number," and that "peace on earth and good will to man" will come in its own good time.

This eye also sees that the highest mission of man to man does not consist in proselyting, in forcing the truths he has discovered upon the one whose eyes are not yet opened to their light, neither does he feel called upon to transplant the flowers of beauty that have blossomed into his own soul, into the less fertile bosom of his brother, only to see them wither and die; but his duty consists in preparing the soil of his brother's nature, by administering the gentle dews of love and good will, by pouring oil on the troubled waters of his soul, and by removing the clouds of materialism, that the spiritual sunlight may warm and vivify those germinal truths that lie embedded deep within his spiritual being, and expand them into flowers of unfolding loveliness; and, to crown all, be ever conscious that he is in possession of a divine guest, whose admonitions will never lead him astray, but whose presence ever proves to him the near relationship which he sustains to the Heavenly Father and a Universal Brotherhood.

God bless the BANNER, for its standard is placed upon the brow of a spiritual mountain, and the reflected light, upon its folds serves as a beacon to many weary travelers, who are eagerly striving to attain its summit.

NARRIA C. TAYLOR.

Sheboygan Falls, August 12, 1860.

## A Speakers' Convention.

Messrs. Editors.—A few weeks since a plan for a "Speakers' Convention" was proposed; at first it was barely hoped that it would be practicable. On inquiry, it seemed clear that a general demand existed for it; and a continued and increasing support of the proposition has fully confirmed the few interested in the matter, in their opinion. In keeping with this, steps necessary to support the object have been taken, and herewith I transmit to you and your many readers a call for said Convention, and a faint outline of its objects. All whose names appear express their unreserved interest, and heartily co-operate in the work. The many who will first be apprised of the plan by reading the call, we trust will as readily and heartily give their support. There is nothing sectional—there are no personal preferences in any way attached to the motive or spirit of the proposed Convention. We hope to meet on common ground, as advocates of a genuine truth, each in his or her own way, and each to meet as men and women inspired by a motive, by which all things that exist as barriers to our greatest good shall be overcome.

Thus convened, we can more justly consider each other's wants, rights and welfare as individuals. The nature of the relation which we sustain one to another, to the cause of Spiritualism and reform, as lecturers, trances and normal, as men and women, we hope to fairly and impartially consider, with such other questions as may be proposed, bearing upon our interests, and consequently the interests of all. With this in view, we hope to have a large delegation of liberal and reform lecturers, surrounded by many friends interested in the general welfare of Spiritualism as defined in its broadest sense—a support to all mankind.

With this in explanation of our intentions, I leave the affair before the public, and, waiting, await the time and events that shall tell to what extent we are moving for the highest good.

Most truly I am for the right,  
R. L. WADSWORTH.