

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII.

{ BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, }
Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

{ TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR }

NO. 21.
Payable in Advance.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MORE WINE! MORE WINE!
BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

More wine! more wine! till break of day.
Beat up the thrilling drum,
And bid the thrilling music play,
And let the dancers come.
The wretched cheek, the vacant stare,
The pale and haggard brow
Are crimsoned by the ruddy glare
Which blazes on us now.
More wine! more wine! 't will stifle shame
And ease the aching breast;
'T will strip us of a woman's claim
To check the ribald jest.
With laughter loud the liquor drain
As fast as we can pour,
Until the drink-bemaddened brain
Shall think of home no more.
More wine! more wine! from us alone
All earthly hope is fled—
Young outcasts on a wide world thrown,
Which counts us as the dead!
For us no kind emotions sway,
But scorn and loathing bring;
'T is not for us the people pray,
Or joyous anthems sing.
More wine! more wine! the river flows
With stream both broad and fair;
Its wave can drown a thousand woes,
And wash away despair.
Though all shall shun the poor outcast,
Its arms are opened wide,
More wine! more wine! we'll find at last
A home beneath its tide!

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE KNIGHT OF THURNBERG.
A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

To the tourist in Germany there is perhaps no more enchanting spot than that particular district known as Oberwesel—a region abounding in romantic glens and steep hills, that form the grand and majestic embankments of the noble Rhine.

Arriving at the little inn of the village late in the afternoon of a sultry summer's day in the year 1848, after a tedious ride of six or seven hours under a cloudless sky and scorching July sun, I leaped from my horse—tired and jaded like his master—and, throwing the reins to the burly-looking hostler, who suddenly emerged from a low shed in the back of the tavern, at my approach, hurriedly shook the dust from off my travel-stained clothes, and entered the low-studded bar-room. Here I was promptly met by the proprietor of the establishment, a jolly-faced, portly-built Dutchman, who, with the blandest of smiles imaginable, welcomed me to Oberwesel. Upon low wooden benches scattered about the well-sanded floor of the apartment were seated some three or four lazy-looking Germans, contentedly reveling in an atmosphere of beer and smoke, altogether too strong for even an Englishman's olfactory.

Perceiving by my slightly upturned nose and repeated coughing that the air inhaled was by no means agreeable or beneficial to the respiratory organs of his guest, the landlord stepped forth from his customary abiding-place behind the bar, where he was busily engaged in preparing a glass of milk-punch, according to my direction, and hastily wiping his moist hands upon the folds of his snowy apron motioned me to follow him, in silence.

Glad of the chance of an escape from so unsavory a retreat, I kept close upon the footsteps of my corpulent companion, and soon found myself ushered into a somewhat spacious and clean-looking apartment, which to all appearances seemed to answer the double purpose of what New Englanders would call parlor and "spare room."

Speedily divesting myself of coat and boots, I drew forth from my closely-packed portmanteau my dressing gown, slippers and cigar-case, and was soon comfortably settled in a large, old-fashioned easy chair, which stood near an open window. After having first expressed to "mine host" my intention of spending the night at Oberwesel, and the desire that supper might be served in my own room within the short space of a half hour, I took up a volume of Schiller's poems, which lay upon a stand near by—a bard as dear to every German heart as are the memory and works of the immortal bard of Avon to the souls of "merrie England's" sons—and began to read with increasing interest the heaven-born thoughts of that mighty author, whose fiery ambition and Promethean spirit even in boyhood broke loose from the trammels of school restraint and monarchic authority, and soaring upward, even to the top of Mount Olympus, held converse in imagination with the Gods, until the controlling hand of man no longer sought to fetter the talons of that fierce eagle in its flight toward the distant eyrie of independence!

But while I had been reading and meditating upon the early proclivities of Schiller, mother Night had been gradually lowering her sable-hued and starry drop-scene upon the world, until nature's great and gorgeous pageant was no longer visible to human eyes.

The appearance of a rosy cheeked, buxom middle-aged woman with candle and tennay, suddenly lowered your humble servant from the realms of poetic fancy to the stern realities of everyday life. After a few commonplace remarks upon the sultriness of the weather, and the hope that "Herr Seymour" would find his supper agreeable, my little, merry-eyed, bustling companion, who had at the outset introduced herself to me as "mine host's" wife, after casting a hurried glance at the huge bedstead which stood in one corner of the apartment, with its plump, downy feather-bed rising to within a few feet of the ceiling, and which in all true Ger-

man habitations, answers the purpose of an American comforter, or counterpane, took her departure. After enjoying a highly relishable meal, I sauntered forth into the open air, tempted by the refreshing coolness of the evening hour, and the soft light of the newly-rising moon, to explore a portion of the surrounding country. Politely refusing the escort of "mine host," I wandered on alone for a considerable distance, until, lost in dreamy meditation, I found myself upon the brink of a high precipice, and beneath the very shadow of a time-worn edifice of grey stone, which, with its lofty turrets and spacious court-yard, presented the appearance of some old baronial castle of the feudal or middle age.

So gradual had been my ascent to this spot, and so utterly oblivious to surrounding objects had been my senses during my walk of a quarter of an hour, that I could scarcely bring my mind to the belief that it was a voluntary effort of my own will, instead of magical aid, that had perched one of the humblest of God's creatures upon so picturesque and lofty an elevation.

Awakening at last to a sense of the beauty which surrounded me upon all sides like a fairy dream, I advanced to the very edge of the precipice, which rose upward to the height of several feet a solid, perpendicular wall of rock. Beneath flowed calmly on the majestic Rhine, its blue waters glistening in the pale moonlight like a silvery sheen, or crystal mirror. On the opposite side rose to view a huge pile of white marble, which, with its steep battlements and massive draw-bridge, bespoke it to have been in former times the stronghold of some giant power, whose war-cries and clashing arms had long been silenced by the stern conqueror, death.

Across a portion of the river where the waters began to narrow had been built an artificial bridge of solid granite. Anxious to obtain a nearer view of the immense structure which seemed to preside like a monster ghost over the left bank of the river, I hurried over the bridge, and was soon lost in contemplation of the grandeur and beauty of an edifice which had so successfully resisted the touch of time.

The lateness of the hour at last aroused me from the deep study of architecture and nature combined, into which I had almost insensibly fallen; and, drawing the folds of my traveling-cloak more closely about me, to ward off the approach of that greatest enemy to health—night-dew—I rapidly retraced my steps toward the village inn, where I found "mine host" and his good-looking wife discussing with no little anxiety of manner the circumstance of my long delay. Before I retired that night, however, I begged the former to relate to me the story or legend connected with the two castles above mentioned, and which form the subject of my sketch. As the facts were communicated to me in German, of which language I had considerable knowledge, I will, in my translation into English of my companion's story, endeavor to preserve as nearly as possible the sum and substance of the affair, if not the exact words of the narrator. It ran thus:

"Full two hundred years ago, the castles which from their solemn grandeur and imposing situation, attracted your attention and curiosity, were occupied by two knights, whose love of war and military distinction, united to a certain fierceness and arrogance of disposition, made them the terror of the neighboring territory. Between these two feudal lords there existed a strong feeling of enmity—a feud as bitter and deadly in its nature, as ever convulsed the rival houses of Capulet and Montague."

A son of the house of Hohenberg had, long generations back, secretly assassinated one of the most promising heirs of the noble house of Thurnberg. This sudden affair at once transformed the devoted friendship which had previously existed between the two families, into the most intense hatred. After years of long waiting, a daring and blood-thirsty villain of the house of Thurnberg found means to avenge the wrongs of his deceased relative, by challenging to single combat, a young and fiery offspring of the house of Hohenberg, at a public tournament, given by the Emperor of Germany at Vienna.

The death of this scion of aristocracy—whose warlike spirit and deeds of bravery, added to a hasty and impetuous temper, had earned for him the sobriquet of 'Hotspur'—only served to strengthen the bond of hostility between the two families, whose motto was to be henceforth 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.'

Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein, the last of the 'House of Thurnberg,' was at the time of which I speak, a proud and haughty man, about thirty-five years of age, endowed by nature with a tall and powerfully developed form, with a tread like that of a conqueror, and a dark flashing eye, that indexed a nervous and restless spirit. The snowy castle of which he was the sole proprietor, was called by the inhabitants of Oberwesel, 'The Cat,'—a name not altogether unmeaning, when we consider the tiger-like propensities of the race, which, for several generations, had proudly ensconced themselves within its sheltering walls.

Why a man of Sir Kuno's valor and position had never married, was a source of great wonderment to the ladies at court, whenever that distinguished person made his annual winter visit to the Austrian capital. Proud dames, with fascinating daughters of marriageable age, looked with fond eyes upon the handsome knight, upon whom even royalty itself bestowed marks of more than ordinary favor and approbation. In vain bewitching young widows—just stepping out of the insignia of mourning—cast their brightest glances towards the box of Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein, at the theatre; in vain cherry-lipped maidens with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, paraded their varied charms and accomplishments before the indifferent gaze of the brave Knight of Thurnberg. The fire of those large black eyes was

still unquenched; the pale cheeks still retained their marble-whiteness, while the thin and sternly compressed lips were seldom parted with a smile. The habitual expression of that cold, yet handsome face, was of deep melancholy.

A story was current among the neighboring peasantry, that Sir Kuno had been early disappointed in love, while a mere boy, attending the University at Göttingen. The object of his youthful passion was said to have been a young and fair-haired daughter of one of the professors of the college, who had encouraged his suit only through a love of coquetry, and having succeeded at last in winning the impassioned boy completely to herself, had coldly turned from him with scorn, to accept the proffered hand of an old and gouty millionaire of Göttingen, whose attentions her father, in his ambition to see his only daughter handsomely established in life, had secretly favored.

A few years after, when Kuno Von Falkenstein, having graduated with the highest honors of the University, made his entrée into the fashionable world at Vienna, report said he confronted his former love—at that time a dashing young widow with a large fortune upon her hands—face to face, at a large party; and that the lady was so much impressed with his noble bearing and fine position, that she that night returned home and wrote a full declaration of her love for him, begging him to forget the past and accept the heart and hand that was now entirely at his disposal. But Kuno Von Falkenstein was not the man to be made the dupe of a foolish woman's insincerity and caprice a second time.

He scorned her proposal, sir," said mine host, bringing his hand flat heavily down upon the small table beside which we sat; "he noted as an injured and deeply offended man should have done, who had 'loved not wisely, but too well!'

From that time forth, Sir Kuno became an altered man. He returned home to the castle of 'The Cat,' and excommunicated himself almost entirely from society, bent all his energies upon study. His father, as aged and infirm man, who doted upon his only remaining child with all the wealth of a parent's love, saw with a feeling of sorrow, the change which two short years had effected in the person of his child. Resisting all the entreaties of his father to go abroad, or to join in the festivities prepared far him by 'scheming fathers' and 'managing mamma's,' who possessed attractive daughters and waxes, anxious to call the young heir of Thurnberg their son—our young hero declared himself no longer susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and set himself about the pleasing task of cheering and comforting the declining days of his devoted parent.

When, in due course of time, God saw fit to gather the old man to himself, the grief of Sir Kuno knew no bounds. He raved, tore his jetty hair, and actually cursed the hour that had given him birth. But as weeks rolled by, his sorrow took a less violent form, and gradually settled down into a kind of morose melancholy, that mingled with his native pride of spirit, made him an object of terror, not only to the surrounding tenants, but to his opposite neighbor and enemy, the Baron de Odenwald, who with his only daughter, a child of ten summers, inhabited the grey castle, called from its color, and in ferocious size, 'The Mouse.'

About this time, Clara Odenwald—a pale and sickly child, whose studies had hitherto, been confined to the solitude of her father's castle, under the direction of a tutor, was sent to complete her education at a celebrated female seminary at Vienna. Here, during the latter years of her sojourn at school in the Austrian capital, she often heard the elder pupils of the institution, extolling in highest terms, the great bravery and wondrous beauty of 'the Knight of Thurnberg,' whose appearance at Court some three winters before had been a matter of great importance in fashionable circles.

Clara, whose sweet disposition and frail health had won for her the love as well as the sympathy of both teachers and class-mates, often repeated in her letters to her father, the flattering eulogiums which she heard pronounced upon one Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein; and she really wished to know if this important personage, whose beauty and bravery were the theme of every tongue at Court, was indeed their bitter enemy, whom her old nurse had taught her from infancy to hate and despise, as one of the most loathsome of God's creatures?

To these inquiries the cunning old Baron seldom replied; or when actually driven to the necessity of answering such questions by the persistence of the curious girl, he always took good care to represent his illustrious neighbor as a villain of the deepest dye, upon whose brow rested the sin-stain of that ignoble ancestor who, in an evil hour, had slain their own beloved Hotspur.

Although Clara Odenwald could not quite reconcile her mind to the belief that any living being was in the slightest degree accountable for the crimes of some distant ancestor; yet, like Mary of old, she pondered this thing in her heart, reserving the expression of any feeling which she might have upon so important a subject, to some future occasion.

At the expiration of her sixth year at school, Clara Odenwald received the graduating diploma, having attained the highest honors of her class. Present at the exhibition of the pupils of Professor Schwarz's Seminary, was one Count Rodenstein, a man some fifty years of age, and an old class-mate of the Baron de Odenwald when at the University at Leipzig. Upon the close of the exercises of the day, the Count, who was quite as deeply enamored of the sweet, Madonna-like face of his old friend's daughter, as he was pleased with the exhibition of her rare talents, availing himself of the privileges which his rank and wealth allowed him, walked up to Clara, and introduced himself to her as the Count Rodenstein, a well-known friend and class-mate of her father's at Leipzig.

There was something in the expression of the small gray eyes of the Count, as they seemed to devour in a single glance the physical charms of her entire person, that made the beautiful girl shrink from contact with a person the mere touch of whose hand she felt to be pollution. But civility often requires us to veil from outward eyes the honest convictions of the inner sanctuary of the heart; and so Clara Odenwald, momentarily putting aside the deep feeling of disgust which the mere presence of her companion had inspired, wrenched her delicately cut lips into a faint smile, as she gracefully extended her hand to the Count in answer to his friendly salutation. But the high-toned compliments which the cunning and lascivious man of fashion poured into the ear of the innocent and unsophisticated child of the house of Hohenberg, made no lasting impression there; for, being totally unschooled in the art of flattery herself, she did not look for the paste-diamond of unmeaning praise in the mouths of others.

The Baron, in anticipation of his daughter's graduation, had thoughtfully dispatched the old nurse—who had constantly mourned her cruel separation from her young mistress during the past six years—to Vienna, that she might attend Clara in a journey to the springs of Baden Baden, then, as now, a popular place of resort for invalids.

But Clara, who wisely felt home to be the best medicine for the sick in body as well as the sick at heart, firmly expressed her determination to depart immediately for Oberwesel, where, in the course of a few days, she was tenderly received with open arms by her father, who beheld in his daughter a tall and sprightly creature of sixteen summers, with a complexion resembling the lily in its purity—pale, golden hair, and eyes that seemed to mirror the heaven's own azure, in place of the puny and sickly looking child that had once wandered like a shadow from room to room in the old gray castle.

Clara Odenwald had been installed in her own luxuriously furnished boudoir scarce three weeks, when the noise of horses' hoofs falling upon her ear one morning, she hurriedly threw aside the embroidery she had been engaged upon for an hour, and hastening to the window, beheld a party of horsemen just crossing the bridge in the direction of her father's castle.

"Nurse, nurse!" she exclaimed impatiently; "who is he that rides in the centre, with green hunting-dress and black-plumed hat?"

Just then the person designated glanced carelessly upward. Their eyes met for a moment, and Clara Odenwald, turning hastily away from the spot where she had been standing, sought to hide her blushing cheeks over her delicate embroidery. So absorbed was she in her own thoughts, that she scarce heeded the reply of dame Margery, who, having hobbled toward the window just after the group had passed out of sight, said deliberately:

"I see no one, my lady; but suppose the person you meant must have been the wicked proprietor of 'The Cat,' for that is his usual hunting-dress; and I heard old Wilhelm, the butcher, say yesterday, that he guessed Sir Kuno had a happy mood on of late, for lights had been seen gleaming from several windows of the castle until near day-break, for the past week or two, and parties of gay, dashing huntsmen had been seen galloping over the draw-bridge before Thurnberg House. It is certain that something has changed the knight, for the tenantry say that his manner toward them is kinder of late, and that when any faithful retainer tenderly inquires after the state of his master's health, he oftentimes turns away his face to hide the tear-drop which moistens his dark eyes."

And the old nurse, after first regaling herself with a pinch of snuff from her silver snuff-box—a gift of the Baron—began to hum with her cracked voice a few stanzas of an old German ditty, as she bent her aged form once more over her spinning-wheel.

After the lapse of several minutes, passed in silence by both parties—if we except the whirr of the wheel, which seemed as an accompaniment to the feeble tones of Dame Margery's voice—Clara looked up suddenly from her embroidery, on the surface of whose delicate net-work of lace fair roses and daintily-shaped leaves, had sprung up beneath the magical touch of her fairy fingers; and fixing her calm, blue eyes steadfastly upon her companion's face, asked quietly:

"Nurse, among all the guests which Sir Kuno receives of late, do you ever see any ladies?"

"Bless you, child; no, indeed! Why, the master of Thurnberg House is known for miles round the country, as a woman-hater of the fiercest kind. He entertain fair ladies! why, one glance of his evil eye, and a toss of his haughty head, would cause them to flee the castle in dismay!"

"But really, nurse, I see nothing so very formidable in the face of Sir Kuno that should prevent the myriads of fair ladies whom he annually meets at Court from falling in love with him. You remember the play I was reading you yesterday, where the gentle Desdemona—a child of Venice, the bride of the Adriatic—fell in love with Othello, the dark-visaged Moor, while listening together with her father to the relation of his adventures. Come, confess now, dear nurse, that your long residence at Hohenberg House has prejudiced you, and unjustly, too, against our neighbor?" and throwing herself down upon the floor beside her nurse, the playful girl gently placed one small, slender-shaped hand under the old lady's chin, until the face that had tried hard to maintain its stern gravity of expression, was forced to yield to a smile. "There, nurse, I thought you'd have to laugh," said Clara; "but you haven't acknowledged the truth of my last remark. Never mind; I'll take it for granted, remembering, as I do, the force of the old expression: 'Like master, like dog,' and the light-hearted girl indulged in a low, rippling laugh, that seemed

to vibrate like silvery bells throughout the spacious apartment.

Rising from her lowly position at the feet of her nurse, Clara quickly pushed the spinning-wheel aside with one of her daintily slipped feet, and leisurely seated herself upon her companion's lap. Throwing both arms about the latter's neck, she looked seriously into her kind-hearted attendant's face, and said, with great earnestness of tone:

"Dame Margery, I am going to turn over a new leaf, as they say. As I can really see no good reason why this hated family feud should longer hold its sway, I propose to constitute myself Magistrate of Peace between the two parties concerned, and thus enjoy the satisfaction of seeing the Baron de Odenwald and Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein reconciled at last."

"But your father, my lady, what will he say?"

A loud knock upon the door of the apartment startled the pair in their conversation, and a second later, the Baron de Odenwald stood before his daughter and her terrified nurse, with a heavy frown resting upon his lofty brow, that told of a mind not a little ruffled.

"What were you saying about our enemy, Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein?" asked the Baron almost harshly of his pet child, as she rose and threw herself affectionately upon his neck.

"Only that he was an ill-favored man," quickly replied the old nurse, inwardly trembling lest her master's wrath should fall upon the head of her beloved lady.

"Hold your tongue, babbling! Who asked thee to speak?" and the surly Baron bent a fierce glance of anger upon the old woman's withered face that caused her to turn quickly away toward her spinning-wheel.

"Do n't speak so harshly to Dame Margery; I'm sure she had no thoughts of offending you, father," said Clara, as she hastily crossed the room where the old nurse stood wiping her eyes with the corner of her white apron, and imprinted a warm kiss upon her wet cheek.

"Well, child," said the Baron, curtly, "people must learn to know their place, and keep it, too. But as I have such good news from Vienna this morning, I suppose I can afford to be forgiving; and tossing a silver coin toward the old lady who was now comfortably seated at her wheel, he added, "There, good Margery, you see your master knows how to make all contrary matters straight."

The old nurse picked up the money, and dropping a low courtesy and a "thank you, master," once more resumed her favorite seat.

Baron Odenwald drew his beautiful yet fragile daughter to a neighboring sofa, and taking a letter from his waistcoat pocket, said pleasantly:

"I have just received, Clara, a letter from an old friend and schoolmate of mine—the Count Rodenstein—who resides at Vienna, who informs me that he had the honor of making your acquaintance at Professor Schwarz's Seminary, upon the day of your graduation. You remember him, I suppose, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, I remember a most disagreeable looking individual, who kept his eyes constantly riveted upon my face during the entire exercises, and who finally copped the climax to his impudence by introducing himself to me as 'my father's friend, Count Rodenstein,'" and the young girl's face had written upon its surface at that moment all the inward contempt and repugnance she felt for a man whom instinct told her was at heart a rascal and a scoundrel, under the glittering garb of nobility.

"His letter expresses his intention of visiting us in a month or two," continued the Baron, eagerly scanning the hurriedly written epistle which he held in his hand.

"As your guest, father, I shall certainly receive him with courtesy—nothing more," remarked Clara, composedly.

"What, child! will you not look with delight upon him who has conferred a great honor upon the House of Hohenberg by making a formal offering of his heart and hand to the only daughter of his old friend the Baron de Odenwald?"

"He paused for a reply; but Clara, momentarily staggered by such a disclosure, could offer none, and he continued, sternly:

"Of course you will not hesitate in your acceptance of so honorable a proposal; and I, as your father, shall expect you to receive him as your betrothed husband," and the old man chuckled inwardly, as he thought of the triumph which he should soon achieve over his enemy, Sir Kuno, by publicly uniting his only child with one of the most distinguished families of Vienna.

From her stand at the window, whither the young girl had placed herself during the latter portion of their conversation, Clara Odenwald—her blue eyes flashing with an unnatural light, her thin lips trembling with ill-suppressed rage—advanced toward the spot where her father was still seated. The Baron glanced upward, and confronted the determined gaze of his child; but not wishing to manifest any unusual anxiety, said coolly:

"Well, my daughter, what is it you have to communicate? Speak out!"

"All that I have to say, I can say briefly—in a few words," said the excited girl, fixing her eyes steadfastly upon her parent's countenance. Know, then, that I shall never wed Count Rodenstein! Were all the wealth of India at this moment poured into his coffers, I would not marry him! Sooner than to unite my fate with a man whom my heart tells me is a base libertine and a villain, I would throw myself at the feet of our bitterest foe, Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein, and beseech him to wed one who has been taught from infancy, to curse him in her prayers."

"By heavens! this is too much for a father's ears to listen to in silence!" cried the Baron, starting to

his feet. "Remember, Clara Odenwald, your fate is in my hands; and hark, proud girl, you shall marry Count Rodenstein as I command you, or end your remaining days in a nunnery!" and the infuriated man rushed rapidly out of the apartment.

"Come death and welcome!" might with propriety have escaped the lips of the excited Clara at that moment; but yielding to the impulse of her woman's nature, she threw herself passionately into the arms of her faithful nurse, and together the two mingled their tears and sobs.

It was the morning of the day upon which occurred one of the most decisive and important battles that signalized the reign of Ferdinand III., and the finale of a war which had at different intervals convulsed the greater portion of Germany for upwards of thirty years. As this war had grown chiefly out of religious discussions, of course the most prominent members of the Catholic and Protestant parties were actively engaged in it.

When the cry, "To arms!" first reached Oberwesel, Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein, who belonged to the Protestant Confederacy, and Baron de Odenwald, who was devotedly attached to the Catholic League, left immediately for Vienna, there to join their respective forces.

Confined in her own apartment, for having persisted in her determination not to marry the Count Rodenstein, the gentle Clara lay with sorrow the tall and majestic form of Sir Kuno as, proudly seated upon an Arabian charger, he passed beyond the limits of the castle walls. Dejected even the society of her beloved nurse, whom the Baron had forbidden, upon the peril of her life, to enter her mistress's presence, Clara felt for the first time in her life how terrible a thing it was to have thus voluntarily incurred a parent's wrath. Nevertheless, her own conscience seemed to approve her in refusing the hand of a man whom she felt she could never respect, much less love, as a husband.

A day or two spent in tears and fasting, after her father's departure, and then Clara's pride gained the supremacy over the tender emotions of her heart. Feeling that should her father fortunately escape death upon the battle-field, he would not hesitate to immure her in a convent immediately upon his return, she resolved, if possible, to escape from Oberwesel. Several modes of egress were unsuccessfully attempted, until, as a last mode of resort, Clara Odenwald determined to enlist the confidence of a steward of the neighboring castle—a man whom Sir Kuno honored and revered as a father. This was done by means of lowering a note to him, (on a string, to one end of which was attached a weight,) as he passed by the castle one afternoon during his customary walk.

Men's sympathies are easily aroused when a fair woman sues for help and protection. One night, when all the inmates of "The Mouse" were soundly sleeping, a rope ladder was cautiously placed against Clara's window, and a few moments later, the heiress of Hohenberg House was not only safely lowered to the ground, together with a large casket of jewelry and a small sum of money, but, habited in a suitable traveling disguise, was soon upon her way to Vienna, attended by two of her enemy's followers.

Day was fast waning, and still the work of destruction and carnage went maddly on. "Blood! more blood!" was still the cry that seemed to rend the smoky air. Close by the side of Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein stood a slight and handsome boy, who during the last few days had forced himself into the Protestant camp, and begged leave to try his fortune with the brave Knight of Thurmberg. Without taking time to inquire his motive for taking such a step, the fierce warrior yielded a speedy consent to his request.

Night was fast setting in, when a loud shout of victory rose from the thin ranks of the Catholic side. Sir Kuno and the Baron de Odenwald were in close combat. By a sudden movement upon the part of the Baron, he wrested his enemy's sword from him, but ere he could plunge his own bloody weapon into the heart of his adversary, the young page who had closely watched the conflict in silence, sprang forward, and throwing himself before the disarmed soldier, received the thrust which the Baron had intended for his foe. But the triumphant shouts of the Catholics were ill timed; for amid the din of battle was heard a voice crying:

"Oh, my father, you have killed your child! But it was for his sake that I braved all danger—yes, even death itself!" and the apparently dying page turned his blue eyes lovingly toward the master whom he had so devotedly followed through seas of blood.

Sir Kuno lifted the groaning boy in his arms, and tore away the blood-stained vest. The crowd gathered around, and soon the words, "It is a woman!" passed from lip to lip. Pierced with a sudden thought, the Baron drew near, and gazing for a moment intently upon the delicate features of the sufferer, exclaimed, with a sharp cry of pain:

"Merciful God! I have indeed killed my poor, beloved Clara!"

But the wound which the brave girl had received was but a slight one; and in a few weeks after, upon the close of the war, which was finally terminated by the peace of Westphalia, granting equal rights and privileges to both Catholics and Protestants—there was a grand wedding at Vienna, performed under the auspices of the Emperor himself. The bride upon this occasion was Clara Odenwald, and the proud and happy bridegroom, Sir Kuno Von Falkenstein, the Knight of Thurmberg.

From that day forth, there was only joy and prosperity in the two houses, between whom the boy Cupid had effected a reconciliation. Past enmities and quarrels were forgotten, and Baron Odenwald, feeling at last how valuable is the society of a loving daughter, finally consented to take up his residence at the castle of his brave son-in-law, the Knight of Thurmberg. Dear, faithful Dame Margery lived to dance a young Sir Kuno upon her knee, and often laughed heartily to see the handsome boy's dark eyes sparkle and dilate with wonder, as she recounted to him the heroic bravery of his lady-mother.

"And now you perceive my long story is ended," said mine host, at the same raising a mug of beer to his lips.

"And without a ghost, too!" I added laughingly, remembering the hosts of German legends I had read when a boy, in which those shadowy gentlemen had played so active a part.

The next morning I left Oberwesel, with its castles, far behind, being fairly en route for Baden Baden, at which delightful watering-place the gentlemen and ladies comprising our party had agreed to wait for me.

A maxim of Ferdinand of Spain, the husband of Isabella, has recently been discovered among his papers. He addressed it to one of the English Henrys: "Always ruin your opponent in the opinion of the world before you go to war with him."

Written for the Banner of Light.
SAMSON AND DELILA.

The faith is given me, at last,
That Samson's raven locks surpassed,
In might, the Prince of Air—
And when that new jaw-bone he found;
And stretched a thousand on the ground,
The vim was in his hair!

Such gift of strength were rare, indeed;
More terrible in time of need,
Than legion swords and visors—
But yet, the Giver might have chose,
At least, a lodge for its repose,
Invincible to scissars!

And still, were every grace I own,
But vital in my hair alone,
And fate the cord would sever;
Let my Delila use her shears—
But pouring lava in my ears,
Tear out the tangles, never!

No lack of nerve the fact betrays,
To make a choice of thousand ways.
For winding up of life—
Nor when your conqueror assails,
To fall by shears instead of nails,
Even of a loving wife!

Once, woman might, within the fold,
Have held the right to shear when old,
Her lord, by marriage vow—
But losing much in time and fleece,
Like picking, when too late her geese,
She shears him younger, now!

Then, too, she on her victim crept,
And clipping gently while he slept,
Did not his slumbers break—
But slugs her rights were better known,
Unmoved alike by tears and moan,
She shears him wide awake!

The dreadful power of Samson's curls
Could scarce resist the Bloomer girls,
When shearing time has come—
And lords, than Solomon more wise,
Now quiet stand, and shut their eyes,
And take the slashing, dumb!

A few, attempting vain defence,
Will seek revengeful recompense
On ringlets feminine;
But such redress is dearly bought—
And by all tender husbands thought,
For men, too masculine!

Still, best of lords, unshed the curse,
And take, for better or for worse,
The Bloomers with their shears—
And what is more, they gaily laugh,
And name them right, their "better half,"
And call them "charming dears!"

Yea, worst of men, though often fleeced,
Would sooner hang than be released
From Hymen's tangled cleft—
For when their dames shear hair away,
Nor spare the skin—they boasting say—
"They shear its tentacles too!"

A chosen seed, perchance, is found,
Sent here to till a holy ground,
Or, make it holy, rather;
Whose dear Delilas softly creep,
And gently shave them fast asleep,
And even drag the latter!

Such are exceptions to the rule—
A sort of transcendental mule
Seems their bestitting name—
Though closely sheared, they always go;
They wait behave—because they know
All angels do the same!

But sheared asleep or wide awake,
Good husbands all the dose will take,
Nor ever name divorce—
And with their hair though strength departs,
"T will naught avail to break their hearts,
Or cry till blind and hoarse!"

Yet, Solomon, the wisest man,
And Samson, strongest of the clan,
Were slain by woman's charms—
Then we, more weak, and in her thrall,
May be excused, if, shears and all,
We take her to our arms!

New London, Ct.

CLOSE SHEARED.

Death by a Lion.

There are many ways of coming to one's end, but none strikes us with a profounder sense of terror than that which we recently read of a poor fellow connected with Astley's Circus, in London. The papers tell the story in the following way:—

The lions, three in number, are confined in a cage at the back of the stage. When the watchman left the theatre in the morning, a few minutes before seven, he reported "all right." Shortly afterwards, Smith, the deceased, entered the place and found the lions prowling about. They had torn off a heavy iron bar which crossed the front of their cage, and then burst open the door. Smith was alone, and not being familiar with the animals, he attempted to escape into an adjoining stable-yard. His situation was a frightful one, and most men would have acted precisely as he did under similar circumstances; but the probability is, that if he had stood his ground boldly, his life would have been saved. Unfortunately, one of the lions—known by the name of Havelock—caught sight of his retreating figure, and instantly sprang upon him. It seized him by the haunches, pulled him to the ground, and then fixed its teeth in his throat. Death must have been almost instantaneous, but as Smith was found a good deal out of place and bruised at the back of the head, it is supposed that the lion, after burying its fangs in his throat, dragged him about and dashed his head against the ground. There were no cries for help, but a sort of shuffling noise was heard by a man in the stable-yard. He suspected what had occurred, and did not venture to open the door through which Smith had endeavored to escape, but he gave the alarm, and in a few minutes was joined by several grooms and others connected with the theatre. They were all, however, too much afraid of the place, and nothing was done to ascertain the fate of Smith until the arrival of Crockett, the Lion Conqueror, to whom the animals belong. As soon as he reached the spot, he passed through the door alone, none of the others daring to follow. The body of Smith was lying face upward, a few feet from the door, and Havelock was crouching over it as a hungry dog crouches over a piece of meat. Crockett immediately threw the animal off and dragged the body into the yard. It was still warm, but life had been extinct for some time. A surgeon was sent for, but of course he could render no assistance. Crockett lost no time in securing the lions. They allowed him to capture them easily enough. Even Havelock did not offer any resistance, and the other two, which had taken no part in the terrible scene with Smith, seemed rather afraid than otherwise. In a few minutes all three were back in their cage again, and at night they went through their usual performances before a crowded audience.

By a transposition of two letters, Punch makes the United States the United States. We will add that it is a knotty question; to be, or not to be.

Original Essay.

FREE THOUGHTS.

NUMBER TWO.

The Catholic Church guarantees to its believers a Paradise, after the model of Dante—most of them, however, being required to pass as quick as they can, through a purgatory after the same model. The Protestant Church, (which, in everything except the Pope and his concerns, is the same as the Catholic, having continued all the medieval ideas,) treats its believers with a heaven and hell, after the model of Milton, without any purgatory between—which is much harder, for who among one's neighbors can pronounce who is fit for hell and who is fit for heaven? But Dante's hell is worse than Milton's, as Milton's heaven is inferior to Dante's, and but for the physical torture represented as continually going on, the bells of both would be if anything better than their heavens. As has been well expressed, the one would be too cold, the other too hot. Think of living forever on a comfortably warm and infinitely extended mill-pond, transparent as glass—and singing psalms forever! What a magnificent destiny for the immortal and ever restless soul of man!

This shows that the straightened costiveness of man's imagination, when urging itself to expatiate in scenes and upon subjects concerning which it believes only, and does not know. All these hells are nothing, and all these heavens are nothing, just as St. Paul said an idol is nothing. They are even worse than nothing, for the human fancy has clustered about the idea a something, about which there has been a theological quarrel for centuries, and is still not ended. Think of Daniel Webster in an orthodox heaven, singing the 119th Psalm—and this not for once, now and then, but, as the French say, *à tout jours*—forever! He was sometimes charged with long-windedness in his oratory, but this doubtless arose from the abundance of his ideas, and was only tiresome to the audience—quite another thing from getting hoarse and singing put of tune, by being compelled by a fatal decree to sing forever, whether in or out of tune—unless the great orator might be allowed to improvise his expressions for the occasion, and sing on his own account. In such case, Daniel might easily go on forever.

To return to our first suggestion, I would respectfully, and not skeptically, much less in any jeering manner, ask whether it is possible or not, to hold intercourse with any of the men of the Past, whose names have come down to us, not only in history, so called, but in the traditional inheritance of men? Unfortunately, it has been only with kings and heroes, and the greatest out-throats of the earth, that history has dealt in. Nobody wishes to hear from Nero or James II., or even Souleque, King of Hayti—but who would not take interest in the most meagre communication from

"The man of might and grand in soul"

of the distant past, at the very mention of whose names all our feelings? Where now, and doing what, are such as Sir Walter Scott, the lord of our imagination, and Byron, the expression of our intensest feelings kindle? My sheet would soon fail me if I should write half the other names that occur to memory.

Who would not like to question Archbishop Laud and talk with Miles Standish? Above all, to have an interview with Blackstone, the first settler of Boston, who lived in a cottage on the south slope of Beacon Hill? Then there is John Locke—who but must now confess that he has been even on earth far surpassed by Auguste Comte?—and Sir Thomas Brown, knight and physician, of Norfolk, with hosts of others—John Calvin, Abelard and Eloise, Cicero and Plato, Alcibiades—men; and Aspasia of Athens, and Hypatia of Alexandria—women.

From any of these, how interesting, and consolatory it would be to know, instead of merely believing, that they still live! And here a subject intrudes itself, of no less moment than the permanency of our being. The question is this: Do our spirit kind remain ever in contiguity with, or in the neighborhood of our earth, or advance beyond? It is saddening, when we lose an intimate friend, to think that he was shot off like a cannon ball, away beyond the fixed stars; yet still that was the old idea. How sad, though exquisite, is Byron's song—

"When coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Whither strays the immortal mind?"

He, in his ignorance of the real, let his exuberant fancy have free scope over the whole realm of the ideal.

"Before creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back,
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track."

Very important, if true, as the newspapers say; but it seems to be demonstrated, now-a-days, that the disembodied know but very little more than we do. Dr. Hare says in some respects they know less.

Our earth travels in its orbit at the rate of something like twenty thousand miles an hour, and we are carried by its diurnal rotation about fifty miles a minute; so that, to one fixed in station outside of the atmosphere and the earth's orbit, the phenomenon would be a huge globe rushing forward with the fastest speed, and all the time rolling over on itself. Where it was when the spectator began to observe it, it would not be when he had adjusted his spectacles, but some little matter of fifteen hundred or two thousand miles beyond. Now do our disembodied kindred keep up, continually and always, with this rapid locomotion? I am aware that space is no object with them; but, confessing to a certain inertia which my best friends often call laziness, I would like much to know if all this requires no effort on their part?

May it not be that we remain only for a time in the sublimary realm—being transferred—or proceeding always toward other, perhaps more permanent abodes?

The account of the children couple in Mr. Owen's pleasant book would seem to determine the question in the negative—for they were seen and spoken with in 1853, after having died in 1753, a century before. Yet they may be of those spoken of by St. Paul, as of the earth, and therefore earthly, and so, discontented with Paradise, agree to take wing for their old home at Ramshurst, in Kent, to which they had been so much attached it seems, carrying all their fine clothes with them—"after the fashion of George II.," the hooped petticoat being just now in fashion.

Now let us consider the myriads that have swarmed the earth since what the theologians denominate Adam's fall. It is far from impossible to reckon them up, and by the simplest calculus. Since the time of Matthus, who was the first to establish the laws and rate of population on the right basis, it is established that the population of the earth does not in a series of years materially increase or decrease, it being unable to put it always at somewhere about eight hundred millions; for the

census of savage and barbarous people must ever be exceedingly inexact. The Abbe Domenich estimates the old Indian population of North America at eighteen millions; now it is only two millions, but is supplanted by twenty five millions of Europeans—this difference being compensated, and more, by diminished populations in other parts of the earth—as Asia Minor, Northern Africa, etc.

A generation endures thirty years, making three generations of men each century; and, to go back no further than the Christian era—or, for the sake of round numbers, say two thousand years—we have in all this time twenty-four hundred millions every century, making forty-eight thousand millions who have been born, run with various accidents through this little life, and disappeared. As the Mosaic register is now deemed by the most scientific as good for nothing, and entirely unreliable, let us suppose this prolific globe has been going on so, say for ten thousand years.

All this vast number have died—all this vast number have been born—and where are they now? The late census of Mr. Buchanan somewhat dwindles in comparison, it must be confessed; and it is absurd to say that a disembodied man or woman occupies no space. Can new heat displace heat that now is, or light or electricity do the same? An imponderable must have the same impenetrability possessed by a ponderable body; and, accordingly, a spirit-body, however it may occupy and fill a material body, cannot be supposed to displace—which is not the word—but to be in the same identical spot at the same time occupied by another spirit. This cannot be, or the universe is a chaos, without rhyme or reason; for every identity, every thing, of which you can say, "there it is," must be in a particular spot of the universe. Each must have ample room and verge enough not to intrude on its fellows, or who or what can say, "here I am."

Things being so, cannot it be conceived that Matthus would be alarmed; for here neither his cheeks positive or his cheeks preventive will at all apply. And the solar system is not alone in the universe. And there are millions of other systems, all breeding spirits alike; and where the end will be, who can tell? May it not be remarked, if done with sufficient modesty, where all is so unpositive, that we have passed over much too lightly the old doctrine of Metempsychosis, adumbrated from the mythic East? In this instance we cannot of course gain much information from the disembodied without us and around us; for they are as much as we in the focus of its action. The analogical argument will alone apply to the case. We know, and the scientific are every day demonstrating that there is a constant transmigration of bodies—that all animals born add nothing to the matter of the globe, and all who die take nothing from it. May it not be so with the spirit essence in some mode that we cannot conceive of any more than we can have an adequate conception of the Infinite Being, through whose omnipresence and constant activity all is accomplished. The stupendous whole of which we all are the parts, may be conceived of as perfect and rounded off in such manner as never to need any repairs or addition.

If a new, original spirit is created at the birth of every child on earth, there must be then at the least twenty-four hundred millions entirely new creations in every century—their bodies, meantime, whether fat or lean, adding nothing, not the millionth part of a grain, to the material of the world. It is not more inconsistent with our highest conceptions of the All-Perfect and Omnipotent to conceive of the universe as a perfect and eternal whole—interchanging, indeed, and transforming continually its component elements, but yet ever remaining the same—than, as some of our German friends, in their philosophy, declare it to be, but an eternal becoming—always growing, and never adult; or, according to the common system, like an old building rotting at one end, and by new material being constantly repaired at the other end.

If we take the notion entertained by the early Christians—that the world was, even in their age, to be burnt up—a notion continued and improved upon in the subsequent time of the middle ages, of a day of judgment—when, in the midst of a horrid catastrophe, such as to freeze the blood, a trumpet would sound from the four quarters of the square world, according to the old geography; then, of course, there would be an end of the race—a positive check, with a vengeance, of which Matthus could not complain; for then the human race as human, and the animal race as animal must have ceased to be. A new heaven and a new earth implies, of course, a new creation—conceivable, indeed, but not in the course of ordinary adaptation, the growing out of one thing from another by gradual change, the course of ordinary providential working. The best geologists have long ago given up catastrophes as means of accounting for great secular changes, their course being demonstrated to be always gradual, and not by convulsive action.

If such is to be the future fate of our globe, trusting so firmly as I do in the paternal goodness of our God, I for one would patiently submit, with a desire only to inquire with much anxiety for knowledge what all this is for—as horticulturists seldom go to work in a sort of rage for destruction of all the fair beauty that for months and years they have with sedulous care and effort been striving to perfect.

Pythagoras held to a transmigration—it must be allowed, rather narrow—asserting that he had been Athletes, son of Hermes; then Euphorbus, killed at the siege of Troy; afterwards he was Hermotimus, a prophet; and by a descent he became Pyrrhus—not he of Epirus, who so gallantly defied the Romans, but merely a fisherman; next he became Pythagoras. In all this there may be truth of idea, though no truth in fact—just as the war of Troy never happened, as so particularly described by Homer—but is true, nevertheless, for the advance of Greek civilization into Western Asia.

The old philosopher should have looked further back in his case, since he must needs be so particular; to changes that occurred thousands if not millions of ages before he became Pythagoras. The march of the Eternal through eternity is not to be included within epochs. The soul that now is existent to us, or embodied for a time within us, as a component part of the universe, may have been, before creation, peopled space, or active in some point of the past eternity, which we have not compass of language to define, or perhaps idea to comprehend.

J. B.

All life is the offspring of unity in will; and the human soul is the embodiment of the life-principle transfused from out the corporate heart, and the corporate mind of man. It is consequently the offspring of the All-Will, formed to respond to its desires, and to work the good of being; therefore, when the Soul will is in harmony with the God-will, like responds to like, and the soul's likeness is renewed in Duty—that is, in unity, in harmony with the good of being.

MEDIUMSHIP.

A correspondent in the BANNER of Jan. 26, cites an interesting case of mediumship, to prove that the trances is not always produced through a magnified condition of the faculties. The case to which our correspondent referred, was one of conscious trances; and he concluded that the mind of the medium, being apparently normal, the spirits did not control the faculties of the subject, but simply used the external organs. He showed that this outward control did not affect the bodily senses of the medium, they being "perfectly alive to external things." Now, why should we not assume, that as the external control did not impair the normal action of the bodily senses, therefore there might have been a control of the faculties, although the medium thought herself, at the time, to be in a normal mental condition?

We think the following simple proposition is sufficiently self-evident to settle the point beyond dispute: The mind is the actuating life of the body, therefore no spirit can control the external organism without having a corresponding control of the mind inhabiting that organism.

F. T. LANE.

Lawrence, Mass., January, 1861.

INKBLINGS.

It is mysterious to see a poor caterpillar lay himself away in his hammock, and watching hour by hour, see him come forth to the world again a "winged warbler" of the flowers and dew-gemmed meads! Yet more mysterious, and wistful as true and full of meaning, to see a young form wrapped in the "winding sheet," who, ere the brow grows rigid, wings its way to the Eternal City.

The butterfly is a beautiful emblem of man's immortality; we behold its wings, and its buoyancy, as it mounts the swaying leaves, or wings its undaunted flight toward the stars, and wonder how the change was wrought. It was a process noiseless, constant, yet invisible; the only difference between that and the spirit of man is, that we see with mortal eyes the beautiful garbure of the crawling worm, while the wings that soar to the ethereal dome are invisible. How sublime, how real, how glorious!

INNIZ.

INJURY AND FORGIVENESS.

Every one has the power to injure himself, but not to injure another. If Bro. Child, in a passion, should knock me down, and stamp upon and maim me, he would not necessarily do me an injury; for by forgiving him, and bearing meekly and patiently the pain inflicted by the wound, I should become a better man. With me it would be "all right;" but not so with the Doctor. With him it would be all wrong; nor would it be right with him, till he by sorrow, obtained his own forgiveness. And so in all the relations of life each one is the former of his own character; and God has not given the power to another to retard him in his progress to a higher life.

PAUL PAX.

Meeting on Indian Affairs in Syracuse, N. Y.

Pursuant to a call, signed by several of the citizens, and published in the city papers, setting forth that flagrant wrongs had been committed against the aborigines by border settlers, a meeting was held at the City Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., on the evening of January 26th. The Hall was well filled, and quite a number of ladies were present. Capt. Samuel George and one of his "Onondaga braves" were also in the assembly.

On motion of Mr. Ira H. Cobb, Mayor Wescott was called to the Chair.

On motion of Rev. Samuel J. May, Ira H. Cobb was chosen Secretary.

Mr. May then stated the object of the meeting, and said it would be addressed by Mr. John Beeson, of Oregon; that Mr. Beeson was an Englishman by birth; came to the city of New York from England, in 1830; resided there awhile, and then removed to a farm, in Oregon, where he now resides; that the testimony of the gentleman was to be credited, as he knew him to be a reliable man, and that his heart was in the interest of the Indian.

Mr. Beeson being called for, came forward, and presented the following memorial, which was adopted, and the officers names appended thereto:

TO THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED: Your memorialists respectfully represent that, from credible testimony, there is reason to believe that the onslaughts of the Indians upon the emigrants and settlers of the west, are but the response of outrages committed upon them by lawless men; and that the enormous expenditures of the military department ostensibly for wars against the Indians, are in reality, the winds of fraud and speculation, purposely got up to enrich themselves from the public treasury. Therefore, your memorialists respectfully pray that hostilities against the aborigines be immediately suspended, and that instead thereof peace commissioners of well-selected persons may be appointed to visit every tribe, to ascertain the nature and extent of their grievances, and to be prepared for Congressional redress as far as practicable.

AMOS WESCOTT, CH.

IRA H. COBB, Sec'y.

Mr. May then read the following call for a National Convention:

CALL FOR A GENERAL CONVENTION IN BEHALF OF THE INDIANS.—The undersigned, having been a personal witness to the outrages which are of frequent occurrence upon our frontiers, and having addressed numerous public meetings on the subject, in the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, District of Columbia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island, at most of which resolutions were adopted in favor of a National Convention: Therefore, with the assurance that he is carrying out the desire of the best minds of all parties throughout the country, a General Convention is hereby invited to be held in the city of Boston, on the 20th and two following days of February, 1861. The object of the Convention will be to discuss a plan for Congressional action, by which existing difficulties with the Indians may be equitably adjusted, and peace maintained upon our borders. The present crisis in our national affairs is of itself a sufficient argument for this Convention; for in the clamor for Southern and Northern and Negro rights, the Indian's wrongs should not be overlooked. The Indians are yet a power in the country, and in case of civil war, they may become a terrible scourge to either party upon our sparsely populated territory. To prevent this, it is necessary that the friends of justice of all parties should convene and give the Indians a positive assurance that in the final adjustment of the present difficulties they shall have a domain, and protection in the enjoyment of their natural rights. It is desirable that this Convention should be spontaneous, and that it should consist of such as have a sympathetic interest in the well being of humanity at large, without exception to the down-trodden outcasts of the weaker races of mankind. Among the questions for discussion, the following are proposed:

1st. Is it true that the Indians, as a race, cannot be civilized?

2d. Is it true that a law of nature, or necessity decrees, that they should perish before the march of civilization?

3d. What arrangements are best for their elevation and perpetuity?

JOHN BEESON.

The following gentlemen were then named as delegates to the proposed National Convention: Revs. M. E. Striebe, J. S. Backus, and Samuel J. May.

Mr. May presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That now, when the attention of the public mind and throughout the country, is called anew to the great subject of human rights, it is particularly pertinent, as well as necessary, to take into our consideration the rights of Indian men, and do all we may to get them duly recognized and fully protected by our General Government; that these descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country may no longer be subjected to the outrages that have so long been perpetrated upon them, and that they may hereafter be left and assisted to become what the Father of all men intended them to be.

The meeting then adjourned.—Syracuse paper.

spiritual events. The exhibition described in the Minnesota journal, seems to have been a mixture of the Auroral Phenomena in a peculiar combination with a peculiar arrangement of the some-what frequent vapor and rainbow halo around the moon. It is not the first time the *cross* has appeared even in our western, as well as other heavens; and it has, in this last instance, a special significance, of which I shall take every favorable occasion to speak.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1861.

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
312 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year, - - - \$5 00
" " six months, - - - - - 3 00
" " three months, - - - - - 1 00

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for prepayment of American postage.

CLUB RATES.

Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:
One year, - - - - - \$1 50
Six months, - - - - - 0 75

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

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

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

Business Letters must be addressed,
"Banner of Light," Boston, Mass.
Berry, Colby & Co.

THE STATE OF THINGS.

As these are times when certain leading topics absorb popular attention almost to the exclusion of all ordinary ones, it is manifest that nothing is more imperative upon us than that we should discourse to our readers on the living questions of the day. The people of the country are, just at this moment, in a state of profound agitation. The integrity of the Union is threatened, even if it has not been already practically destroyed. One part of our population is gone mad, and the other part is depressed with anxiety. The men of the South are already in arms, and the men of the North are seriously proposing the same attitude, by way of offset and defence; and it is plain enough that the last war will have been indeed sounded, when the naturally slow and discreet temper of the latter shall be thoroughly aroused in opposition.

Revolving States stand off and demand of the general government, whose authority they but yesterday held in respect, that the forts and arsenals within their territorial limits, that were constructed but for the good and safety of the whole, and with the money of the whole, be given up to their own keeping forever. Interposing States offer their friendly services in aid of the settlement of the differences, and, in their turn, while protesting their love of the common Union, insist as a condition of remaining in the Union themselves, that no force shall ever be brought to bear by the central government against their rebellious sisters. And then, over against both of these, are ranged the nineteen Free States of the North, giants in strength, and still more giants in promise—every one of them loyal to the principles of the Union and the spirit of the Constitution—vastly more resolute in their purpose, because not yet made mad, waiting half in wonder and half in patience to see what is the real cause and motive of this new revolution, whither it tends, and how to meet it as it must and should be met; and, over all, determined to relinquish no point that civilization and liberalism have already gained, but ready to go down out of sight altogether rather than turn their backs on the living principles that have brought them so rapidly along to their present greatness.

As must be apparent to every one, these are no times for poor partisanship—all that is disappearing as fast as possible. This is the crisis when men are appealed to for their sincere and serious suffrages, whether they go for some great idea, or set of ideas, that are tangible, substantial and eternal, or are willing to throw them into the scales along with trade policies and hopes of further pecuniary gain. We who had, some of us, thought the times were gone by for bringing mainly courage, lofty aspirations, and consistent ideas to the test, can now be undecieved without further trouble. The day never yet has dawned in human history when it could be said that there was no further need of the trial of man's fortitude and faith, or when he could safely relax his care for what is noble and true and self-sacrificing. The plain difference between this time and those under which we have heretofore been living, lies in the fact that, now, men are likely to be summoned to external and even forcible demonstrations of their better qualities; while, hitherto, in the past peaceful state of things, they must needs conceal their inward struggles, and submit in silence. Of the two modes of evincing fortitude and faith, the former is comparatively the easier one.

But here we are, confronted by excited passions and by open danger. That need not tend to excite us, however, for thus we should be less qualified for duty than ever. It is hard enough, as human nature goes in consequence of its long training in that direction—hard enough to restrain one's passions, when nothing but the passions are all the while appealed to; and we fear, before our national difficulties are ended, that the common weakness of human nature may burst the bonds of prudent restraint, and make wild havoc, temporarily, with some of the dearest hopes that are cherished by the race. When it becomes at length a settled conviction that neither reason nor forbearance work to any effect, they who persist in setting them aside so summarily, must not wonder if they finally fall by the sword whose arbitrament they have called in.

It is very plain to all observant minds, by this time, that a powerful and compact organization has long been at work in the extreme Southern States, to separate those States from the Confederacy. We will not here say by what means, but by some means they have now managed to array the section they represent in open hostility to the government at Washington and to the entire body of Northern and Western States. They best know for themselves if their appeals to the people have always been founded in sober truth, and if their representations of political matters have not been colored and distorted for a personal and sectional effect. They must, either now or hereafter, answer it to their own consciences—we cannot undertake to do it for them. They can best say if they have, while sworn servants of the entire people, used their position to undermine and destroy rights which they were sacredly pledged only to protect and defend; or if they have been pre-determined to bring about a state of things which they would fain have the world believe perfectly natural and for cause. And, thus knowing, they must be able to see as clearly as any others, whether revolutions thus initiated, thus supported, thus carried forward, and thus persisted in, are likely to stand in the front, in the light of an era like the present—or are more likely to drag both their originators and adherents over the precipice of irredeemable ruin.

But if, from any cause whatever, whether well-

founded or purely imaginary, any considerable portion of the States of this Union seriously feel it impossible to live on terms of friendship with the other States whose relationship they have always enjoyed hitherto, it would be better, ten thousand times, that they be permitted to take their leave, than to attempt to keep them nominally in the Union by the bloody work of subjugation. The States that remain, and are still homogeneous in character and aims, will of course carry on their own government in their own way. And if it is true, as is said again and again, that there is a powerful voice yet to be heard from the heart of the seceding States, proceeding from the lips of tens of thousands of now mute conservative and reasonable men who have been awed into silence by the rush and furor and general mystery of this new revolutionary movement, it is clearly the best way, even if it is not the only way, to offer those men all the opportunities of regaining their speech that peace and forbearance are able to secure.

We know too well what are the entanglements, if not the still more serious difficulties, of making a satisfactory division of the public property and public liabilities; not the least of which meets us at the very beginning, in attempting to treat with a menacing party, and to treat, too, above the slightest warrant, or shadow of such a warrant, in the Constitution. But better any sacrifice of mere material good than open and deliberate war. Better submit to the imputation even of craven cowardice from those whom we have always called brethren, than to merely show that we are courageous by thrusting bayonets into their bosoms. If they wish to fight, then they must; but we are for Peace; and that peace we believe it possible to preserve now. Hotter heads will say No, but after fighting comes talking; why not as well before? Shall we deliberately consent to it, that the very dearest and longest cherished hopes of man everywhere shall be extinguished, for an age at least, in the rivers of fraternal blood on this continent, rather than make mere material and pecuniary sacrifices that would double the cape of the entire difficulty? Has not the day come at last, when Peace shall begin its long and happy reign? And is not this the time, this the crisis, in which so blessed an era shall be inaugurated for the permanent welfare of man? If constitutions go down, or are tortured out of their true significance for the sake of promoting so high and humane a policy, is not that much better and wiser than a mechanical adherence to a constitution, after its spirit has ceased to have any life in at least one portion of our Confederacy? Has the time gone by when no more constitutions can be made? Is virtue altogether dead? Is there no faith left in the hearts of the people? Do the rulers believe that if they chance to lose their own reckoning, all must be lost, and hope has dropped her emblematic anchor out of sight in the sea forever?

Matters Abroad.

The weeks continue to divulge, each one more than the last, the critical state of affairs in Europe. As if the complication in the south of Europe was not enough, trouble is beginning to show itself in the north. Denmark is arming against the German Powers, and Russia has expressed her thorough dissatisfaction with the course affairs are apparently taking. Then Garibaldi has but just written to a friend that it is his expectation ere long to go to Constantinople. The French Emperor has withdrawn his fleet from before Gaeta, at the date of the expiration of the armistice, leaving the Sardinian fleet to sail in and bombard the fortified town from both land and sea. This the French papers have explained after a very plausible, if not natural, manner. Napoleon is likewise proceeding, as if in almost precipitate haste, with the filling up of his army roll; although the leading French—that is, government—papers protest that it is solely for the purposes of peace, and not at all of war or invasion.

It is undeniable, too, that there is a more active movement going forward in Hungary. The long continued unrest there is beginning to find vent again. Concessions appear to have been made by Francis Joseph to his disaffected subjects there, but they have not amounted to enough as yet to quell the complaints that will somehow find expression. It is very probable, as matters stand at present on the board now, that when the Italians make their first move toward Venice, the Hungarians will assail Austria in the rear; so that, having two enemies to contend with, each in an opposite direction, and each inspired with a desire to achieve a complete national freedom, there is no doubt that the House of Hapsburg must come tumbling to the ground. But Prussia has been entering into secret treaties, of offence and defence—so it is said—with Austria; which will compel her to take part in the new disturbances that may arise. This step may call forth the protestations of France, whose policy is distinctly non-intervention; and England being much interested in the affairs of Prussia, by the marriage of her queen's eldest daughter into the reigning family, it would be almost unnatural, as well as impossible, for her to remain quiet in the general stir.

Thus it is that the whole European continent may suddenly be plunged into a bloody conflict. It is the more certain to occur, because no one can at present tell the exact cause that will precipitate the issue. It may be the condition of the Pope, or the movement of free Italy in the direction of Venice, or the present warlike mood of Denmark, or the bold act of Hungary, or occurrences in Turkey, or the sympathy of the German Confederacy with Austria. When storms are heard muttering so long in the distant sky, they are apt to break with vastly increased force and volume when at length they come upon us. Europe is certainly in a state of change. The Revolution of '89 is yet going forward. The people have had glimpses of liberty as a dream, and they are resolved, more and more every year, to secure it to themselves as a reality.

These Long Evenings.

Have the readers of the BANNER been careful of their long and precious evenings, this winter? There is hardly any estimating what may be accumulated by a proper improvement of the hours they furnish. Many a man has acquired for himself a truly liberal education, by making of them all that they offered him. It is now as it always has been, and as it always must be, that they only were labor for their position are entitled to it, and are able to maintain it. In the way of reading, pursued after a deliberate and well-considered system, quite a thorough course on some single branch may be gone through in one winter. Yet how thoughtlessly and unprofitably are not the most of these golden privileges regarded, and how one winter after another slips away almost unperceived with its blessings and gifts, till we find that life has already gone far into its wane, and little is there to show for it all but vanity.

TO OUR READERS.

We take great pleasure in making the following announcement, believing it will be acceptable to a great number of Spiritualists throughout the country and the world.

Mr. Newton is held in grateful remembrance by many who have studied his writings, and marked his fervent devotion to the truly Philosophical and Religious elements of Spiritualism. It has been a source of extreme regret, that, for a time, he has been silent; yet we trust that the rest from his labors he has enjoyed, has been productive of conditions which will cause whatever he may contribute to the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, to meet, in a higher sense if possible than heretofore, the demands of the men and women of this age for a true Philosophy and Religion.

We let Mr. Newton's announcement tell its own story to our readers and to his friends, hoping that the step we have taken will call to the Banner of Light the aid and influence of Spiritualists.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

The undersigned has the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and to his many personal friends throughout the country, that he has engaged to devote a portion of his time to writing for the columns of this paper.

His contributions may be expected to commence with the issue for March 2d, and to appear each week thereafter.

This arrangement is the result of circumstances and considerations as unexpected to himself as they can be to any of his friends. Suffice it to say that it is entered upon from a conviction of duty, and with the hope that it may prove a source of satisfaction and profit to all who are interested in the progress of Spiritual Truth.

I have been specially desired to continue the series of articles in elucidation of Spiritual Philosophy, begun sometime since in another publication, under the head of "Spiritualism in Religion." Having reason to believe that none of my public efforts have proved more widely acceptable than these, so far as they have been carried, a prominent share of attention will be given to the completion of that series.

At the same time, I enter upon my duties under no restrictions, but with full liberty to discuss, as occasion may require, any and all subjects connected with human weal and Spiritual progress.

It is hardly necessary, in conclusion, to express the hope that this arrangement, with such improvements in the general management of this journal as its proprietors propose to make, will render it acceptable to all the former patrons of the *New England Spiritualist* and the *Spiritual Age*. Towards these, the companions of years of earnest toil and struggle, my heart still goes out in affection and gratitude. Beneath the ample folds of the BANNER, all will find welcome.

A. E. NEWTON.

P. S.—Letters, and communications designed specially for me, should be addressed to box 3235, Boston.

A. E. N.

Haste not Speed.

What a marked difference is to be seen in human temperaments! One man will go about his plans with all the deliberateness conceivable, make every detail fall naturally and noiselessly into its proper place, advance his work as surely as the day goes forward, and accomplish all he has set before himself to do; while another, perhaps of much superior capacity, though of a markedly different temperament, will scarcely be able to get ahead at all. The trouble with the latter is, he does not go to work in the right way. He makes haste enough, but it does not advance him on the road. His energies are fairly fretted off his back before he can bring them to bear on the matter in hand. Were he to undertake to control his nervousness, and harness it in to work to some steady purpose, he would himself be astonished to find how far he surpassed the other man. A great deal of force is wasted ignorantly. We might all of us do a great deal less, and still accomplish a great deal more.

The Chinese Emperor's Palace.

This famous summer palace, which was sacked by the united English and French troops, is said to have been a perfect wonder, in the way of treasures. As a sample of the inventory made out to his Highness' credit, are mentioned a suit of magnificent armor, inlaid with gold, and the helmet surmounted with an enormous pearl; a saloon furnished in exact imitation of the style of Louis XIV., decorated with portraits of the ladies of the court of that sovereign, the name of each lady being inscribed at the bottom of the frame. The immense apartments contained numerous articles in gilt, bronze, porcelain, &c., all covered with a thick coating of dust. Among the porcelain were some immense vases which had passed more than a century at the bottom of the sea, and to which marine vegetation had clung in such a manner as to produce the most singular ornaments. Gold and silver statues, representing the fantastic incarnations of Buddha, were in great numbers. Of silks, velvets, linens, carpets and other tissues, for the most part spoiled through neglect, there were enough to cover the walls of a palace larger than the Louvre or Tuilleries. This favorite dwelling of the Tartar sovereign stood in the imperial domain of Yuen-ming-Yuen, which comprised an extent of nearly eight miles each way.

The Skaters.

The fun of skating has been not a little impeded this winter by the various falls of snow. The gathering of the ice crop has been retarded somewhat by the same cause. But still there is much sport. The New York ladies are all up in arms about skating, and they enjoy the nice arrangement of having policemen specially deputed to protect them from the gentlemen in the adjoining park! In Boston they are not so much afraid of the men. We often see the two sexes gliding along very freely, arm in arm, as if policemen were the last arrangement to be thought of. It is delightful to stand out in a cutting northwest wind, on these raw days, and feast one's eyes on the ruddy countenances of the fair ones that are in so fine a contrasting glow! But skating is skating! Astronomical observations are conducted under its aid with wonderful ease, if with not so much accuracy.

The Japanese.

These lively fellows, then, are at home at last. The steam frigate Niagara took them straight into their beloved harbor of Yeddo, and they went down the ship's side under the noise of a salute of cannon, the cheers of sailors, and the musical air of "Home, sweet Home," from the band. But they were sorry dogs, though, after all. They carried off all the spoons, forks, dishes, blankets, &c., with which they had any connection during the voyage, as if they were determined that nothing handy in the shape of a souvenir should escape their greedy grasp. They appear to be as great adepts in thieving as tame

crows, and we would trust them out of sight as far. What good their sight of our style of civilization may do them, time must be allowed to develop. Our merchants hope for large orders for cotton cloths and gimcracks, we believe, and perhaps they will soon arrive. We hope so, any how.

Our Eccentric Weather.

Last Thursday morning the weather was pleasant and balmy; our foreheads were coyly kissed by just the gentlest breezes, and the ice and snow in our streets were rapidly coalescing, and preparing to secede. At noon, a few rain-drops fell from the overburdened clouds. Then the weather began to "put on airs;" and during the night, and into the next day, old Boreas blew into our faces the most uncompromising hurricane we have experienced for several years. N. P. Willis, in his "Idlewild" papers, complains that Boston weather has been known to vary thirty degrees in a day; but here is an instance of a change from forty-five degrees above zero, to twenty-five below, in eight hours' time.

Literature.

COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD, given by Lorenzo Dow, and others. Through a lady. New York: A. J. Brady, 1861.

This is a neat pamphlet of about a hundred pages, comprising communications not only from Lorenzo Dow, but from Theodore Parker, Thomas Paine, Emanuel Swedenborg, John Wesley, Martin Luther, and others. It handles over a score of subjects in a pleasing and sometimes novel manner, to illustrate in the simplest form the practical teachings of Spiritualism.

AN ESSAY ON THE RIGHTS OF MAN. By George Fox. Given through a lady. New York: A. J. Brady, No. 5 Tryon Row.

This pamphlet is an essay showing the necessity there is for a more just and uniform distribution of the blessings God has so bountifully provided for the inhabitants of earth; and the injury men are doing their own souls by neglecting to act up to the requirements of the higher law implanted in them, but hidden and obscured by selfishness, custom and long continued injustice to their fellow-men.

Notice.

Our lowest terms for the BANNER OF LIGHT are fully expressed in the printed list at the head of the fourth page.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK AT ALLSTON HALL, Sunday, Feb. 3, 1861.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

After the lapse of two years, the Spiritualists of Boston were glad to welcome back to this city their old favorite.

She said: You are all aware that there is a phase in nature following close upon the footsteps of modern Spiritualism, that Spiritualism has never explained—a power that indirectly belongs to Spiritualism, but manifests itself through all the universe. We will consider, then, the subject of the mental laws of Spiritual manifestations, and mesmeric control. That is not Spiritualism alone that has been made manifest to you, for it has lived long, and has been preparing for this great work. Through its channels have been wrought problems that even the philosophers have never explained. No age has ever revealed so many wonders as the present—no age has ever brought forth so many self-made men; and the atmosphere that surrounds you is filled with myriads of untold thoughts, waiting to be uttered—to be embodied.

Man is but an instrument in the hands of a higher power. He vaunts loudly of his individuality, but his individuality is only like a single drop, to be absorbed in the great ocean. This is the individuality you find in nature—there is only one individuality; that is God—the whole. But as the ocean may be divided, and subdivided, so may be the faculties of the individual mind.

Man is the result of all life below him—not possessing all, but only the concentrated essence of all. Nature goes on producing the same as before, and man is far from being the ultimatum. He is as dependent on the conditions above him, as those below are on him. The spirit is the body of the soul. The spirit and the mind are not one, but the mind is the thinking part of the spirit. The mind is the engineer of the machine—the body. It is like a telegraphic battery, and depends upon receptive conditions for action. Inasmuch as the thoughts and souls of men live, and there is an intelligence in the universe, there must be a power to set in motion and keep in-repair. The mind does not create thoughts, more than the battery creates electricity. It is only a receptive instrumentality.

By means of these instrumentality spirits are enabled to finish that they left undone on earth. You find God just as much in the spirit as in the body, and in the tree and rock as much as in the body and soul. The tree grows by virtue of an innate power, and there is a comparative intelligence in the tree, the same as in the man; and God's care is over it in a corresponding degree. This life-principle, then, we term the soul. It is the God within man. This soul created him. It aggregates and segregates; and this aggregation and segregation make up its growth and decay. Life is simply motion; motion is made up of positive and negative forces. Where there is motion, there is life, and the term God only signifies these positive and negative forces. Life and death go together. Though in seeming conflict, they are harmonious and self-sustaining in their workings.

Circumstances are mighty laws, fixing your destinies, and, under the force of these circumstances, souls act in one way or another almost without regard to any law—so it would seem to you. Your bodies are only mediums, and your souls draw through them the elements required for their training.

You are growing mentally—out into nature, where you may converse face to face with God, and in a way past ages never knew of. Books are not the instruments of learning, half so much as kindred souls. Books are only weak mediums of thought half-expressed. Behold Italy—beautiful in its climate, and the paradise of the poets; yet burning volcanoes exist in her fair domains, to inundate with molten lava, and destroy life and property. Just so are human beings. We feel the convulsions of dark passions; but we know from their dark upheavings that it is best they should have vent, or the whole social structure would be tossed and agitated by the heated lava of discordant life.

You are led out into the mental world, to behold the difference between one mind and another mind. There is a difference in men, one from another—a difference not in the faculties, but in the classification and arrangement of them. Men are drawn in the way their magnetism leads them and compels them to go. Perhaps, if you are not criminals, you

have the elements of criminality within you, and waiting only for opportunities to call them out.

After you feel that you are growing out of the grosser elements, you are born into the world of thought, where all are reconciled to what comes, and the low and degraded are no less recognized than you are. God pity them, for man has but little pity. You may claim to be holier than they are, but God will not see it so, for you are all made of one body, and one member no better than the other, for each fills his place.

Sin is the shadow of your soul, behind the light of the eternal sun. It is like the mortal night—the darkness of ignorance, and of human passion. When spirits are walking hand in hand with mortals, you are taught to think great thoughts, and let your thoughts be felt; and to go on in the progressive path before you, till you are no longer men, but Gods. The truth you learn to-day is no newer than when you were a child. You only receive as God gives it to you. None are new, but Spiritualism makes the old better appreciated and understood. Receive the truths Spiritualism brings, then, as only entrusted to you to give to the world, and as you give it to all men, the more it is yours, and the more your hearts expand.

EVENING DISCOURSE.

The subject of the evening lecture was announced as "The relation existing between soul, spirit and body, during sleep."

The lecturer said: The manifestations of nature are ever given to man through the law of action and reaction. Thus you have the autumn of fruitfulness, and the winter of decay, and every storm is followed by a calm. Man is sometimes illuminated as from within, and again he is beclouded and shrouded in the dark garments of despair. Above him is a great spiritual light, calling his soul upward to a higher condition. He is wrapped up in selfishness for a time, and then he bursts from its chrysalis shell into true and humane manhood, or spirituality.

The sun is one force, and the magnetism of the earth another. They seem to be conflicting, yet both together, acting and reacting, preserve the status of the earth. There is but one force—attraction. Repulsion is only negative. The body is but a house in which the spirit lives, and the spirit lives after the body is thrown off. Who shall, then, that that body shall not decay, to be re-formed into other and nobler forms? Our observations force us to the conclusion that the human body is nobler than all else, being more than anything else composed of divinity. But it is also composed of elements which must yield to the law of gravitation. The tenant, spirit, may go to far-off realms, and is untouched by these laws of gross existence. It never slumbers—never is weary, according to the earthly significance; and while the body is in repose, the soul goes off, under the guardianship of kindred spirits, to learn wisdom, suspended, as it were, half way between a spiritual and earthly condition. The body is made up of outward senses, which are but mediums of approach. As life grows weary to man, the frame of the body grows old, and no longer submits to the government of the soul. So the spirit, growing more active and mature as old age creeps on, has accomplished more, and gone into the broadest fields of life. It goes onward and upward, and it is only ignorance of the life to come that makes men feel they are growing old.

The sun affects the physical body to decay, as it calls forth from the flowers its perfume, but to die; but yet it lives forever in eternal fragrance. In the mind there are qualities you find in the first crude, gross kingdom, and also the finer and rarified elements. There are faculties that must blend—must mingle together. There is constantly the blending of great powers. Some minds are receptive, and are capable of doing as much when asleep as when awake. We do not claim that man's spirit literally wanders away. The inventor and man of genius will dream out the solution days of labor will not eliminate. Man is an intuitive being, and through his intuition becomes better educated than study of books ever could make him.

An ignorant man may worship God earnestly, but it is only a superstitious devotion; but religion grows into a perfect thing, when man's reason and purity of soul blend in worship of the Deity. Men preach because they can't help it. It is working within them, and must find an exit. The human mind is not made so by a sudden plunge, or by accident, but because it was diseased at birth—because the circumstances of life were unhealthy. Who before us is not insane?—or, rather, how many possess an evenly-balanced mind? All are commissioned by God to be teachers to others. As you pass along in your journey through life, you cannot stand still; you cannot say to the Immortal Spirit, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further. We be unto him who dare not utter a thought when he feels it burning within him!

As man grows old, and his body decays, though ignorance makes death dreadful, Spiritualism makes it beautiful; and it becomes a messenger of immortality. The work of change never stops. Death is only a progressed step. The body rests longer upon the bosom of its mother, and the soul takes a longer journey, and goes forth to a new world; and the old man becomes young again, for he has bid farewell to what made him old, and in his soul he is as happy as the children around him. It is only by virtue of your immortality that you are men; that you possess the individualized character you do. There is no such thing as annihilation. Whenever man changes, it is from a lower to a higher and better condition. We are born from one condition to another. Sleep is an eternal awakening. The advancing spirit changes its form, and expands in comparison as the proud and stately oak grows from a tiny seed. The trees bend their heads together, and sing songs of praise to God, the same as you do, and mourn together over the loss of their neighbor, as you do when friends are taken from this broken life to another one, which has no end.

Our Father has made a great plan, a vast scheme; and while your object in life is happiness, and while you are prone to make that happiness a selfish one, God rules it good and eternal.

Would, then, we could shed over you the Divine knowledge! Would we could call from the fount of wisdom the knowledge of what you are! Would we could tell you of the great thoughts that stir the souls of humanity! Oh, there is a great and mighty life calling to you all, which you gain by passing through the clouds of darkness into the light of greater day.

We regret space forbids us giving more than a meagre sketch of Mrs. Middlebrook's remarks. She was listened to with attention by a large and appreciating audience.

Prentice does not admire raffles, but says you had better have one to your shirt than to your temper.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Ho! ye who in a noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk,
God's image bravely bear;
Though trouble-tried, and torture-torn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.
Life's glory, like the bow in Heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud;
And soul no fear'd the starry seven,
But Pain's fire-chariot rode.
They've battled best who've holdest borne,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.
The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn;
And tears that from Love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn.
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.
As beauty in Death's shroud shrouds,
And Stars bewitch the night,
God splendours live in dim heart-clouds,
And suffering worketh might.
The market hour is mother of Morn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 6, 1861.

QUESTION.—"To what extent is man responsible for the influence his actions exert upon the race?"

JACOB EDSON, Chairman.

Dr. GARDNER.—I was prompted to present this subject to the Conference, by an idea advanced by Miss Sprague, in one of her lectures while here, that man was not only responsible for the present, and to his surroundings, but to all future time. Some of our opponents have said that the tendency of Spiritualism was to immortality, and that all its doctrines tend to wickedness in the extreme; but there is no system, whose believers claim so much belief in the responsibility of man for his good or evil deeds. The orthodox teach that a man may live a lifetime of wickedness and degradation, but if he is converted, and has faith in the saving blood of Jesus, an hour before he dies, he enters immediately into the realms of bliss; but Spiritualism teaches that men can by no means avoid the consequences of their own actions, and no violation of law can take place without the penalty; and God himself has no power to change the nature of the penalty. This brings upon man a responsibility from which the bravest soul shrinks, when he realizes that thoughts are real things, and are creations which he produces for all eternity, to ever be held answerable for. Ignorance is no excuse; all are responsible for their influence over others. Thus Spiritualists hold to a weight of responsibility other sects never dreamed of. I do not claim that we create ideas—but we lay hold of them, and use them, as we find them floating in the universe; and we are responsible for the use we make of them. We have got to realize that we are not complete individuals, but are linked and bound together by a tie of sympathetic relations, and that

"All our best parts of our stupendous whole,
Whereby nature is, and God the soul."
Dr. CHURCH read a manuscript which we shall publish next week.

Mr. THAYER.—I have revolved the question in my mind, and with a great deal of interest. It is surely an important question. It implies that we are responsible, and so we are only to consider to what extent we are responsible. It is impossible to answer the question—to tell how far we are accountable. There are those here who are parents. Just think of the responsibility for their influence on their children. There are a great many growing up, having very little regard for the truth—and in more cases it is the fault of the parent than of the children, for they have set examples for the little ones to copy. We are responsible to a greater extent than we think we are.

Mrs. ATKINS.—I cordially endorse all my brother has said. I know we are responsible for all we do. I have taught my children to love God, and I have reaped the fruit of that teaching.

Miss BALL.—It is said "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." If this be true, will not its opposite be a sorrow forever? It is so in this life; may it not be true of the next? We turn away with a sigh of regret from the contemplation of hours and moments vainly spent, and dwell with happiest emotions upon those which have been productive of a real good. We live for ever throughout the past, but we live in its ultimates, and not in its hopes. No moment of time can ever be recalled. Its treasure is ours to possess but once. The present is our seed-time, and if we impress it with the spirit of a true beauty, powers of immortal verdure will spring up along our Roman territory on the 22d ult., dispersed the reactionary bands, and burnt the Convent of Carmalia. The bombardment of Gaeta was vigorously continued, and had caused much damage.

Senators Johnson of Tennessee, and Wigfall of Texas, are said to be arranging the preliminaries for a duel.

"There is a home for the poor on that beautiful shore
Where life and its sorrows are ended;
And sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest,
By the presence of angels attended."

STATISTICAL.—Some "figurative" genius in the Boston Transcript asserts that there have been more snow storms in January of this year than have occurred in the same month of any year since 1832.

The duck factory at Lawrence is kept running on extra time, and yet is unable to supply the orders received. California takes a large quantity of heavy duck cloths from this Company.

How truly a recent writer says: "Become rich, and your wit is clothed with rich purple, and sparkles like champagne; become poor, and the same qualities of wit will be libels and insults."

A GOOD JOKE.—The authorities of Maryville City, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the Council were in session, a few days after, the stairs leading to the Council Chamber were removed, and the members of that dignified body were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

The President ridicules the proposition that fortifications erected by the Federal Government are to be treated as property. He places them above so much real estate, and declares the command for their surrender to the enemies of the Union to be idle and hopeless.

Dr. B. C. PERRY.—The numerous friends and patients of this gentleman, in this city, will be glad to know that he has located himself in Boston, where they can communicate with him at any time. Many of our citizens who, previous to the Doctor's visit here last summer, were obliged to wear wigs or go with hairless craniums, now delight in a luxuriant growth of natural hair, brought out by his treatment. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen in Portland remember the Doctor with gratitude.—Evening Courier, Portland, Me.

See his notice in another column.

EVIL SPEAKING.—How true it is that we "more offend from want of thought than from want of feeling." Lady Blessington says: "Half the ill-natured things that are said in society are spoken, not so much from malice, as from a desire to display the quickness of our perception, the smartness of our wit, and the sharpness of our observation."

UNION.—To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is no account. That only holds men together which is living principles, as the hold of the limbs of the tree, or the fibres of the plant.—Walt Whitman.

The national debt of the United States amounts to about a dollar and a half for every inhabitant, while the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars each would be required from the British population, if they should pay theirs.

The New York State Inebriate Asylum will probably be completed during the present year. An efficient board of officers has been chosen, with Dr. John W.

unseen influence which put him forward, as it did Judas Iscariot. Fortunate is the man who possesses the power to make his name a white-letter in the calendar of the world, by his goodness; and though the world has been ever changing, it has never been without a saint.

Mrs. MIDDLEBROOK.—Man's instinctive nature prompts him to avoid pain, and seek pleasure. His moral nature bids him shun that below, and seek that above him. Thus it would seem responsibility rests entirely with his physical nature. You say God is not responsible for man's acts, for God is infinite, and man is finite. But we claim the human soul is to man what God is to nature. As you exonerate God, so we exonerate the soul principle from the results of this responsibility. Your soul will assimilate to itself new particles, just as your body does, and it will work out all scars of discord. Washington's character influenced the whole world. Every drop of water feels the influence of a pebble dropped in the middle of a lake. Responsibility is not in the future, but in the present. An act which affects man's growth here, he is responsible for, and will be when the future arrives at the present; the soul will put on atom after atom, the whole man seeking to rise higher and higher. Man will live till there is no such thing as time. Responsibility will rest with God, and not with man. The future will not be eternal, but the present will be, and man will live in the eternal present.

Mr. SCAVER.—It is an old expression, that in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom; but to-night I have no wisdom to offer. As to God, immortality and Spiritualism I know nothing of them. The subject seems to treat of life on this planet. One of the speakers has said, what I believe, that men are responsible only to the degree of their intelligence and culture. I believe what the Bible says, that from the man to whom much has been given much will be demanded. If we do as well as we can, we do all we can reasonably be expected to do; and some one has said angels can do no more.

Dr. GARDNER.—I believe a man may be brought under circumstances where he is wholly controlled by his passions, and thus be not responsible for his actions—that is, if he has not neglected to cultivate a harmonious development. Physical punishment over comes just in proportion to the offence; but when the body is put off, we cannot be affected by physical consequences. I believe the sin against the Holy Ghost is the wilful and blind violation of law, and can never be forgiven in this life or in the life to come. According to the Christian scheme, the act of Judas was as necessary for the salvation of the world as the death of Jesus; for if Judas had not betrayed him, Jesus would not have died; but that is no excuse for Judas's conduct. I cannot conceive of any dividing line between our responsibility and our free-agency.

Same subject to be continued.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"The second lecture by Edward Lawton, M. D., on 'Natural Philosophy,' occupies a large space in this issue. It is a powerfully written paper, and will command the attention of scientific minds. Other lectures from the same source will, from time to time, appear in the BANNER."

An article on "Organization among Spiritualists," from the pen of Emma Hardinge, has been received, and will appear in our forthcoming issue.

The third party of the course given by the Ladies Relief Society at Concert Hall, will come off next Tuesday evening, February 12th.

Every Spiritualist and reformatory family should possess a copy of "The Psalms of Life."

Spiritualists, read the beautiful lines by Alice Carey, on our seventh page. Verily, God does send his angels among us, and others than Spiritualists feel their presence.

We cannot control the tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise calumnies.

Jo Cose speaks of a young lady with sixteen years on her head.

"Forewell, but oh, that cruel word," is the title of a new and pretty song, written and set to music by Miss Amelia W. Snow, of East Boston, and published by Firth, Pond & Co., New York.

A MESSAGE VERIFIED.—Bro. M. B. Kenney writes us from Lawrence—"I saw in the last BANNER a communication purporting to be from one Patrick Riley, who was killed by the fall of the Pemberton Mills. I have taken pains to ascertain if the statements were true, and am happy to inform you that the communication is perfectly correct as given through Mrs. Conant."

Late English papers state that the Sardinians entered the Roman territory on the 22d ult., dispersed the reactionary bands, and burnt the Convent of Carmalia. The bombardment of Gaeta was vigorously continued, and had caused much damage.

Senators Johnson of Tennessee, and Wigfall of Texas, are said to be arranging the preliminaries for a duel.

"There is a home for the poor on that beautiful shore
Where life and its sorrows are ended;
And sweetly they'll rest in that home of the blest,
By the presence of angels attended."

STATISTICAL.—Some "figurative" genius in the Boston Transcript asserts that there have been more snow storms in January of this year than have occurred in the same month of any year since 1832.

The duck factory at Lawrence is kept running on extra time, and yet is unable to supply the orders received. California takes a large quantity of heavy duck cloths from this Company.

How truly a recent writer says: "Become rich, and your wit is clothed with rich purple, and sparkles like champagne; become poor, and the same qualities of wit will be libels and insults."

A GOOD JOKE.—The authorities of Maryville City, California, recently passed an ordinance for the removal of outside stairs in that city. While the Council were in session, a few days after, the stairs leading to the Council Chamber were removed, and the members of that dignified body were compelled to "shin" down the posts of the building.

The President ridicules the proposition that fortifications erected by the Federal Government are to be treated as property. He places them above so much real estate, and declares the command for their surrender to the enemies of the Union to be idle and hopeless.

Dr. B. C. PERRY.—The numerous friends and patients of this gentleman, in this city, will be glad to know that he has located himself in Boston, where they can communicate with him at any time. Many of our citizens who, previous to the Doctor's visit here last summer, were obliged to wear wigs or go with hairless craniums, now delight in a luxuriant growth of natural hair, brought out by his treatment. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen in Portland remember the Doctor with gratitude.—Evening Courier, Portland, Me.

See his notice in another column.

EVIL SPEAKING.—How true it is that we "more offend from want of thought than from want of feeling." Lady Blessington says: "Half the ill-natured things that are said in society are spoken, not so much from malice, as from a desire to display the quickness of our perception, the smartness of our wit, and the sharpness of our observation."

UNION.—To hold men together by paper and seal, or by compulsion, is no account. That only holds men together which is living principles, as the hold of the limbs of the tree, or the fibres of the plant.—Walt Whitman.

The national debt of the United States amounts to about a dollar and a half for every inhabitant, while the sum of one hundred and thirty-five dollars each would be required from the British population, if they should pay theirs.

The New York State Inebriate Asylum will probably be completed during the present year. An efficient board of officers has been chosen, with Dr. John W.

Francis as President; and Legislative aid will be urgently asked. Over forty-three hundred applications have already been received in behalf of inebriates to become patients in the asylum, and they are from every county in the State, and every State in the Union.

The distrustful man makes an enemy of himself; his conscience is ever betraying him. He does not like the moon for that has its eye upon him, disclosing his secrets; he abhors the sun, for by day he can conceal nothing; he loves darkness, for that is the time for evil deeds. He believes himself transparent, and that you can see every thought and action of his body.

Rev. H. W. Beecher says the prodigal son was a Scripture case of secession. He commenced with arrogance and ended in a pigpen!

Young Peepod fell in love the other day. He says he felt like a barrel and a half of new maple sugar sliding down a rainbow greased with butter at forty cents a pound.

Digby hopes that all the railing in the country at the present time, will not be sufficient to fence off Uncle Sam's dominions.

The Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher, under the head of "Religious Tolerance," says:—"That the world is every day growing more liberal and enlightened, is a self-evident and incontrovertible fact; one which no person, who for the last twenty or twenty-five years has observed the 'signs of the times,' would pretend to deny."

The silly idea, that mankind are totally depraved from their birth, incapable of thinking a good thought, is insulting to good sense, and debasing in its nature. What impety, too, to say that God has made us incapable of doing anything good, and yet calls upon us to do that which we are told we have no ability to do.—Universalist Herald.

Many observant men in Washington express the opinion, that there is but little prospect of the success of the Peace Congress in the settlement of the questions at issue between the Slave and the Free States.

When is a church not well organized? When it has no organ.

BABY LOVE.
There's a love which, born
In early days, lives on through silent years,
Nor ever shines but in the hour of sorrow,
When it shows brightest, like the trembling light
Of a pale sunbeam breaking o'er the sea
Of the wild waters in their hour of warfare.

NEW LIFE OF FRANKLIN.—Mr. Parton, the biographer of Burr and Jackson, is engaged upon the life of Dr. Franklin, and intends, we learn from the Historical Magazine, to devote considerable time to it. We shall look for an entertaining and valuable work.

The 124th anniversary of the birthday of the patriot Thomas Paine, was celebrated in Charlestown on Tuesday evening, Jan. 29th. The eighth regular toast was—

"Free Thought, Free Speech, and a Free Press.—The moral elements which constitute the very life-blood of Freedom; may they go on prosperously, like an army with banners, invading kingdoms and subduing nations, until the pure spirit of reason shall spread, like a sea of glory, over a reformed and emancipated world."

Acknowledgments.
EMMA HARDINGE begs to acknowledge with much gratitude the receipt of the following sums in aid of the Female Horticultural Institute for Homeless and Outcast Females:

Thomas Hazard, Newbury, R. I.	\$30
Seth Hinshaw, Greenboro, Ind.	20
Wm. Holmes, Indianapolis.	5
Jane Stokes, Richmond, Ind.	1
Cordelia Cooper, Bellefontaine, Ohio.	1
Emma Shufletton.	1
Wm. Savage, Columbus, Ohio.	1
Wm. Knight, Detroit, Mich.	1
George R. Rodfield, Adamsville, Ind.	10
Charles Moulton, Cincinnati, Ohio.	100

Emma Hardinge begs to add, that Societies have recently been formed in different cities of the West for the noble purpose of aiding her in collecting funds for the above Institute. For the convenience of those desiring to send Western bills, she begs to add, that in St. Louis contributions will be received by the President of the Society, Peter Bland, Esq., or James H. Blood, Esq., Treasurer, Post-office box 3301, St. Louis, Mo.

In Coldwater, Michigan, by F. L. Willis, Esq.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, by the Trustees, Charles Moulton, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. D. Cowdry, and C. Lovell, Sen'r.

Where no local Trustees are appointed, funds are kindly received by the Hon. John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State, Providence, R. I., or can be sent to Emma Hardinge, care of Bela Marsh, Publisher, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass.

To the Afflicted.
Dr. J. R. NEWTON, whose remarkable cures have astonished our citizens, will continue to heal the sick at his rooms, No. 40 Elinboro street, until further notice.

Bronchitis.—A Chronic Inflammation of the small Mucous Glands connected with the membranes which line the throat and windpipe; the approach of which is often so insidious as scarcely to attract notice—an increase of mucus, and a sense of weariness and loss of power in the throat, after public speaking or singing. It arises from cold or any unusual exertion of the voice. These insipient symptoms are allayed by using Brown's Bronchial Troches, which, if neglected, an entire loss of voice is often experienced."

SPECIAL NOTICE.
All persons having received Test Communications through the medium of Mr. J. V. MARSHFIELD, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mrs. J. V. Marshfield, 153 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. 6w Dec. 29.

MARRIED.
In Roxbury, February 1st, by Allen Putnam, Esq., at his residence, Mr. ARTHUR ABBOTT, of Barnstable, to Mrs. FRANCES T. YOUNG, of Cambridgeport.

Conference of Speakers—National Convention.
A fraternal Conference of Spiritualist Lecturers and Teachers will be held in the City of Worcester, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, the 10th day of April, 1861, and continuing four days.

Object of the Conference is, to further the good work so well begun at the late Quincy Convention—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform; the securing of greater unity and harmony in the ranks of the movement; and the forwarding of the work devolving on us.

The present disturbed and distracted state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious and theological ideas, marks a transitional period in the world's history, of no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be spiritual teachers, that they be qualified to lead the way to a New Age of Wisdom and Harmony—the inauguration of both a more vital and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization.

Anything less than this will fall to meet the demand of the times, and the promises of the opening Era.

All Lecturers and Teachers (including Mediums and Editors) identified with or interested in the Modern Spiritual Reformation, who recognize the desirableness of the object above named, and who may be at the time within convenient distance, are cordially invited to be present.

It is proposed that the first two days of this Conference be devoted exclusively to the benefit of Lecturers and Teachers—that the sessions be spent in free, conversational interchange of opinions and experiences, and such other methods of accomplishing the desired ends as may be deemed suitable. The remaining days (Thursday and Friday, April 18th and 19th) will be mainly appropriated to public meetings, for addressing and who may be at the time within convenient distance, are cordially invited to be present.

The Conference is designed as preliminary to a National Convention, which the Committee, in pursuance of the duty assigned them, intend to convene in the month of August, next, (18th to 25th) in the City of Oswego, N. Y.

The purpose of this National Meeting will be more definitely stated in a Call to be issued in due season.

In view of the profitable results which may be expected from such gatherings, the undersigned fraternally recommend to their co-workers in the Western States the holding of a similar Conference at some central point in that section, and at or about the same time, as preparatory to the General Convention in August. One of our number (F. L. Wadsworth) whose field labor is at present in the West, will gladly co-operate with them in carrying out this suggestion.

A. E. NEWTON, AMANDA M. SPENCE,
H. B. STORER, F. L. WADSWORTH,
LEO MILLER, M. B. TOWNSEND.

Members of Committee appointed at Quincy.
January 15, 1861.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALBANY HALL, DOWMAN PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2:30, and at 7:15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Miss Lizzie Doten the last two Sundays in Feb.; Miss Emma Hardinge, first four Sundays in March; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) Subject for discussion at the next meeting is: "The extent to which man is responsible for the influence his actions exert upon the race?"

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7:15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Clough speaks Feb. 17th.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M., in Williams Hall, Western Avenue, South Free to all. The following named speakers are engaged: Mr. Charles Hayden, Feb. 17th; Leo Miller, Esq., Feb. 24th and March 3d. L. WELLS.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in Wells's Hall. They have engaged the following named speakers: Leo Miller, third first and N. S. Greenleaf the last Sunday in February; Miss Emma Hardinge the third Sunday and Sunday in March; Mrs. P. O. Hizer, during May; Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. P. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

ROXBURY.—Meetings first and third Sundays in each month in the Town Hall, at 1:15 and 7 o'clock P. M. (The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. R. H. Duff, Feb. 17th; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, March 17th; H. P. Fairfield, May 6th.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular meetings in Webster Hall.

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

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. Clough, Feb. 24th and March 3d; J. H. Currier, March 10th and 17th.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: H. B. Storer, for March; Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E. A. DeForest, Aug.

FORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2:15 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, Feb. 24th; H. B. Storer, the first two, and G. B. Stebbins, last two Sundays in March; Mrs. Lizzie Doten, first two, and Miss Fannie Davis last two Sabbaths in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend the last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Mrs. Laura DeForest during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

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

COMMUNICATIONS
From the Spirit World.

GIVEN BY
LORENZO DOW AND OTHERS,
THROUGH A LADY.
Price 35 cents.

ALSO, THROUGH THE SAME MEDIUM:
THE RIGHTS OF MAN;
BY GEORGE FOX.
Price 5 cents.

In Press and will be issued February 14th:
FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS
From the World of Spirits,
On Subjects Highly Important for the Human Family;
BY JOSHUA, SOLOMON, AND OTHERS.
THROUGH A LADY.

Containing Essays on the following subjects, viz:—
The Value of Old Traditions, and the Progressed State of the Present Age.
The Use of a Marriage Ceremony, and the Necessity of Reform in the Social State.
God in His Works.
Tyrrany.

The Hierarchical Heavens; How, When and Where Did they Originate?
The Spirit World, and the Law which Governs There and Here.

The Second Coming of Christ.
All for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston, Feb. 16.

LIFE-LINE OF THE LONE ONE;
OR,
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE WORLD'S CHILD.

HAVING sold two editions of this work, fully rewarding the circulation it before the public, and desirous of extending its circulation, that more friends and foes may read the history and struggles of an ardent and ambitious soul, under the burdens and curses of accident, and the triumph of eternal over external circumstances—sold over body—spiritual over physical, and happiness over misery—and as a pilot to those who are struggling in the conflicts of poverty, or feeling on the doubts of immortality, I have ordered (which is now ready) a third edition, of the same quality as the others at the reduced price of 75 cents per copy, which will be furnished or sent by mail (postage paid) by me, or by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. For my address see "Movements of Lecturers" in Banner of Light, Feb. 16, 1861.

WARREN CHASE.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.
DR. PERRY,
THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of DISEASED SCALP, LOSS OF HAIR, and PREMATURE BLANCHING, a specialty, has established himself at 29 Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds), where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Blanching.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair: Debilitation of the External Skin, Suppressed Secretion, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Thickened Secretion, Inflammation of the Scalp, Matted Secretion, Eczema of the Scalp, Hair Eaters, Distended or Swollen Roots, and Premature Blanching.

This is the only method based upon Physiological principles which has ever been presented to the public for the restoration of the Hair.

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseases of the Scalp, and Restoring Hair. It is no doubt well known to every intelligent and reflecting mind, that there are eight diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature blanching, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of those diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to its normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every case difficult to open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

The philosophy of premature blanching is this: Iron and Oxygen are the principal constituents of dark hair; Lime and Magnesia of light hair. When the suppressed secretion between the skin contains an excess of Lime, it is taken up by the strands, causing the hair to turn white; by opening the pores the accumulation of Lime passes off with the secretions, the natural components of the hair, resume their normal condition, and the hair assumes its natural color.

Because persons have tried various preparations for their hair, and have been deceived by them, and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases it is useless, and in some positively injurious.

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains the difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of diseases, must necessarily prove a failure. No one compound can be available for a dozen or more diseases; it may remove some difficulties, in other cases it is useless, and in some positively injurious.

All inquiries or other communications should be addressed to DR. O. PERRY, box 2837, Boston, Mass. Feb. 16.

SIX LECTURES
DELIVERED AT KINGSBURY HALL, CHICAGO,
BY MISS EMMA HARDINGE,
ON THEOLOGY AND NATURE.
ALSO, AN AUTOGRAPH AND STEEL ENGRAVING OF MISS HARDINGE.

Published in Pamphlet form. Price, postage paid, 50 cts. For sale wholesale and retail by Mrs. H. H. WADSWORTH, 228 Superior St., Cleveland, O. Feb. 15.

M. MUN. DEAN,
LIFE, FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE AGENT,
BOSTON, Mass.
Office—Old State House, (basement) 1st Dec. 29.

NEW BOOK

BY
EMMA HARDINGE!

IN PRESS,

and will be published about the middle of February next:—

THE WILDFIRE CLUB.

BY
EMMA HARDINGE.

"That the dead are seen no more, I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent testimony of all ages, and all nations. There is no people rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion which prevails as far as human nature is diffused could become universal only by its truth." Vido "Erasclia."—Dr. Johnson.

Spirit is like the thread of a horizon are strong. The beam of a world of life. I may be here. It may be there that I shall live again.—P. 9. But live again I shall where'er I live.—P. 10.

BOSTON:

BERRY COLBY & COMPANY,
31-2 Brattle street.
1861.

Price \$1. Booksellers, and controllers of public meetings, are requested to send their orders early. Sent to any part of the United States (except California) postage free on receipt of \$1.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE
ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *simple beings*. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

VISITORS ADMITTED.—Our sittings are free to any one who may wish to attend. They are held at our office every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time there will be no admittance. They are closed at about four P. M., and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, Jan. 17.—Do not all souls differ one from another?—as for instance, does not the soul of a Webster differ from the soul of an idiot? (Nathaniel Hazleton, Boston; Dennis Clifton, Boston; Clara Theresa Stevens, Cincinnati.)

Friday, Jan. 18.—Are the qualities of the soul inherited? Charles L. Whiffles; Fable Chickering; Moses Peters; Invocation.

Saturday, Jan. 19.—Did not the human soul begin its existence in the human body? Charles Todd; Isaac Graves Darling; Abigail Hunt; Matthew Robinson.

Sunday, Jan. 20.—Are there not male and female souls?—and do not the soul in male and female differ? David Parker Hyde; Mary Ann Adams; Jeremiah Capen.

Wednesday, Jan. 23.—Is the soul ever tempted—and if so, does it ever yield to temptation? (The Dal. Boston; Water. New York; Mary Frances Moody, South Berwick.)

Thursday, Jan. 24.—Is there any difference between soul and spirit? and what is the difference? Daniel McCluskey, New York; Isabella Pease, Hartford; Margaret Melville, New Bedford.

Friday, Jan. 25.—What is the true philosophy of disease, and the best method of cure? Joseph Smith, Mormon Elder; George W. Graves, Methuen; James L. Draper, Chicago.

Saturday, Jan. 26.—What proof have we that the whole human family are destined to eternal happiness? Elijah White, New Haven; Jackson T. Eaton, Philadelphia; Samuel Adams, Boston; Aila Augusta Deane, New York.

Sunday, Jan. 27.—What is the highest manifestation of the soul? and is the soul of the Atchafalca immortal? Isiah S. Keith; Sarah Hanson; James Good; Susan Cassell, Boston.

Wednesday, Jan. 30.—How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel? Stephen Whipple, New Orleans; Thomas Emory Stone, Blue Hill, Me.; Ann Elizabeth Burgess, South Boston; Betsey Worthen, Hampton Falls, N. H.; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.

Are Animals Immortal?

"Is it not possible to educate certain classes of animals up to the standard of man, and are not all manifestations of life immortal?"

This question we have been desired to answer this afternoon.

No; it is not possible to educate any class of animals up to the standard of man, nor are all the manifestations of life immortal, nor are any manifestations of life immortal.

The brute has no inherent source of knowledge. It has no future from which you can draw. Its capacities are limited, while the capacities of man are unlimited, unbounded; they have a beginning from all time, and hence they are immortal. External education can bring forth from the hidden or sleeping recesses of man's nature all the endowments God hath given him. External education can call into life that which otherwise may have remained dormant for years, but external education can only call forth that which is now and ever shall be.

God hath stamped a distinct and positive identity upon all forms he hath created. He hath given these human forms through which the soul may grow, may stretch its pinions and fly to the uttermost point of glory—the human form—the man and woman type of Deity. But our questioner will ask if it is not possible to behold a certain degree of intelligence, as manifested through the lower order of animal life. Certainly it is. The animal manifests all it is capable of manifesting; and you can draw from its individualized life until you have exhausted the fountain—for it is exhaustible—and you can do no more. You cannot elevate it beyond its own condition or sphere of life.

All life is immortal; but all manifestations of life are mortal while in the mineral, animal, or spiritual kingdoms. Whatever conditions the manifestations are under, they are mortal. There is quite as much mortality with us, who have thrown off the external habiliments, as with you—only mortality is with us more fully developed. Immortality is only found in the internal of life; it does not dwell in the external of things.

Perhaps our questioner will ask us how it is that we are told there are animals in spirit-life? One says, if I want my horse, I have it; another, his dog; a third, his bird.

Very true; we have not told you that we have not passed beyond the boundaries of mortality? So long as we continue to progress—we throw off the old and put on the new, we are mortal. So long as we manifest mortality, so long we must bear the mark of mortality.

Men and women have some very strange conceptions of the spirit-world, and it is because they have confounded certain teachings. Instead of identifying and classifying all as they should be identified and classified, as individuals, they are striving to mingle them. As God hath kept distinct and positive all manifestations of life, you should do the same. Every class of thought, every thought as thrown out on your sense of reason, you should classify right. You should receive all according to their particular standard. This can be done only by man's having a complete and clear perception of himself as a mortal in the external, and an immortal in the internal or life-principle. Therefore, in seeking to raise up the lower or unintelligent forms of life, you work in vain; you are casting priceless pearls under your feet. Would it not be far better to try your skill, as an intelligent and immortal spirit, upon your own kindred, the class of being or individualized life to which you belong? We think it would. Instead of striving to reach that up to your standard that can never be brought up to your standard, seek to elevate yourself, and you raise all coming in contact with you. Strive to make yourself acquainted with all that pertains to you as mortals.

The question of non-immortality was born doubtless of these conflicting opinions and mistakes; by men not drawing a dividing line between these manifestations and the life-principle itself.

From the fact that the human form—the highest type of life—passes into decay, you should know that all other manifestations are taken back into the great laboratory of nature, to be reproduced in a higher life. Every atom in nature is continually being worked over; but the life-principle never passes into decay—never goes backward—and will, by virtue of its own inherent perfection, go onward forever, for "onward" is stamped upon it. Though the soul of man may remain in darkness for years, when you bring it into conditions, necessary to its unfoldment, it will unfold; but it could not do this if it did not possess the germ within. It could not go on forever and exist to its source, save there were a corresponding center and source in its own being. That peculiarity you can find nowhere else. God hath given man an inexhaustible fountain, and he hath given it to nothing else. So seek to educate the animal to your standard, and you will fail—wear out ten thousand lives like these, and it will do no good, save as it teaches you a lesson, to turn to the human race, there to end the rise, whose ten thousand times ten thousand petals are turning constantly to the Great Author of Being.

One again, we will remind our questioner that mortality exists with us. Though we have laid off the external or crude manifestation of the flesh, yet we are mortal; and again we affirm we shall be such as long as we continue to manifest by unfolding and casting off that which is necessary to our progress.

Then marvel not that one comes giving you a statement of one condition, and another a different one. They all bear to you their individual experience. If you have attained a standard above that given you, you can understand it; but if you are below it, you cannot understand that thought or manifestation of life belonging to another; yet all are natural, and all bear truth.

All life is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever the same; it contains the same properties, the same creative powers. It is just as much immortal in the grain of sand, as in the highest sphere of spiritual unfoldment—all life, we say, the internal, but not the external. The grain of sand is not immortal, but that principle creating it is immortal. So long as its life takes on forms, these forms are mortal.

Hear by the ears of the understanding, oh souls enshined in flesh. See by the eyes that are set in the holiest of holies, thy own spiritual temple. Listen, perceive, drink in, and unfold in accordance with the great law of this life, and thou shalt fulfill the demands of thy Great Master, God. Jan. 16.

John Derby.

I suppose it is much harder to talk through a body you are not accustomed to, than it is to talk through one you have had all your life.

My name was John Derby. I was born in Wicklow, North of Ireland. I came to this country when quite young.

I have come here to see if I can reach some of my folks. I've one brother settled in Liverpool. He has been there ever since I have been in this country. I have folks at home, who might like to hear from me. I have changed a good deal since I was young, but not so much as to forget my folks—all that I know.

Bishop Derby, in Dublin, is my first cousin. I suppose I'll have a hard time getting there; but I heard, some time ago, about some manifestations being given out home, and I think I may stand a chance to do something; but I suppose I'll have a hard time to get there myself.

I was in my fifteenth year when I came to this country, and I've lived here, in all thirty-seven years, taking the time of my being here, and all together. I first heard about getting back this way, in England, close by my brother—a place where the folks meet, and call for their friends. I never tried myself, but I heard of it. Then I was told about the place here, and I thought I'd try soon as I got a fair chance.

I first lived with an old man in Philadelphia. His name was De Witt. I went to live as boy, to do errands, and anything. There I stayed with him in all four years. Then I came further north, and was at one time in Massachusetts; but I died in New York State. I have some property and some friends in the country—I had, but what I have now I can't tell about. It is one thing to have a friend to-day, and another to have one the coming day.

I came to my death by something growing in my stomach—I can't tell what, but something that took away all my strength, and carried me into what was not known in Ireland where I came from—consumption.

What I want is, to get a chance to speak where I'll be known—that's what I'll be after. I only came here as a sort of advertising that I am to be talked with. Some little matters about money I had would be of advantage to my brother.

The gentleman was speaking about horses and dogs. If I hadn't seen horses and dogs since I came here, I never saw them at all. I could not be dreaming; and as I never drank here, I cannot be supposed to be drunk—and I can't get drunk here, but I know I have seen horses and animals here since I've been dead.

My brother's name is Daniel Derby. I used to write him at Liverpool, England. I'd like if you would send a paper to that address, for I like to get along as fast I can. Jan. 15.

Harriet Abby Phillips.

My name was Harriet Abby Phillips. I was twenty-eight years of age. I died of fever on the passage from Madras to New York, seven years ago, in the summer season.

I was wife of Capt. William H. Phillips, of the bark Elfin, owned in New York. I have one child. I come here because I wish to open correspondence with my folks. I have a mother, and I would lay aside all the joys of heaven for one hour's communication with her!

And my husband—a few moment's conversation with him would drive away all his skepticism, and I should be happier, and he would be better.

My child—a little boy—is very high ten years old.

Will you say that I am anxiously waiting to enjoy the blessed privilege of communion with my friends; and if they have any questions to ask me, I will wait and answer all I can. If they will only give me the hope that in time I shall be welcomed and invited home.

I will say I have met my sister Frances, my father, my husband's parents, and his three brothers, and they are all anxious to come in communion as I am, but none have as yet dared to take upon themselves what I have taken, and I would not have done it, had I not been waiting so long for some one to come forward. Jan. 16.

Edward Hooper.

So the world wags on just like the pendulum in my old grandfather's clock. Then years used to work wonders, but I don't seem to see any difference.

My name was Edward Hooper. I suppose I first looked upon the light of the sun in the old place you call Portland, State of Maine. I've got folks in that part of the country, who will not have any objection to hearing from me. I was a pretty good sort of a chap, in my way, but some how or other I could not see into some things as some of my folks could. I could never get their ideas of God to set on my stomach. So they called me a sinner, and given over to hardness of heart. They all agreed to disagree with me. I have not changed since I left, on the ground of infidelity—I stand on that now. But if they will come to me, just as I am, I shall be pleased to commune with them.

I didn't have been thirty-two years old when I set sail for these parts. I had one sister and three brothers. My sister died quite young, and one brother. I have two left. And, oh, I have quite a goodly number of relatives, acquaintances, friends, and many a smart of enemies, I suppose.

They say everybody has a work to do in coming back. I came to satisfy myself of two things. One is that I can come, as I hear others have come, and the next is to satisfy myself where my friends stand, spiritually. If they are coming anywhere near me, I want to get ready for them; if not, I'm not going to trouble myself about them. Some of them are coping to this state of life soon.

The brother who stands next in age to me, is where he ought not to stand, so far as his own good is concerned. He will get disappointed when he comes here. He will be like one of my friends who came here a while ago. He said: "Ned, I have nothing to stand upon, nor to hold on to." His name was Haskins—an acquaintance of my brother—a pretty good sort of a man in his way. He had some rigid ideas of God; and when he came here he was so terribly disappointed he is very unhappy, and I am afraid my friends will be in the same fix, if they don't let a little light into their souls before they come here. If they want, it is not my fault.

I made a remark that some one of my friends was coming to me. I do not know as it is right to say which; as they may draw their own supposition, I shall give no more. But I will say, it will be well for them to look into these things a little, for it will be an advantage to them. Perhaps I do this from selfish motives. Well, the power being in selfishness grows on, and on, till it perfects itself. If they see fit to give me a chance to speak to them, I will be well; if they do not, I will do all I can to show them round when they get here; but I can't take away that disappointment that will be sure to follow them if they come here in the same state, religiously, as they are now in. Jan. 15.

Resurrection.

"Is it possible for a dead body to be resuscitated or reanimated? and, if so, by what power?"

No, it is not possible; not for any spirit or any class of spirits; not for one dwelling in mortal, nor one who has passed beyond the boundary of the physical form. We have often told you that spirits, whether in or out of the body, are not capable of performing miracles. Whatever they do they must

do in harmony with nature's law; and they cannot at any time overstep this law.

Many suppose that Jesus was able to restore the dead; but this is a mistake—a gross error; and when once the mind will turn to itself, and argue from that, it will see that nature will not sanction such a movement. Not even that almighty intelligence, God, could do this. Law is law everywhere throughout the universe, and the Great Lawgiver never deviates from that he hath created.

The spirit may have ceased to not upon the physical form for the time being, or have suspended its functions, and thus the appearance of death may ensue; but if positive death, a sundering of the tie that binds the spiritual and physical together, should take place, there is no uniting it.

You may as well ask if the stars which have been thrown off from the sun, can again go to their primal source; you may as well ask the sun to lie at your feet; you may as well ask Jehovah to suspend his law and allow you to control all things, as to ask the great principle you call God, to let this be. Nature prohibits it—will not sanction it.

Death, as relates to the physical form, is a cessation of action. The motive power is merged into a higher law. As soon as the connection between the physical and spiritual is severed, each comes under a new law, and you cannot trespass upon either. The spirit hath been thrown off from your condition, and not even the power of a Jehovah can resolve it back to its old condition.

Perhaps your questioner will take us back to Lazarus and Jesus of Nazareth; perhaps he will ask us if the Record does not disprove our theory. We answer, No; Lazarus was not dead—he could not have been dead. If he had been, we again say, Jesus could not have bade him come forth. Jesus worked no miracles; he simply understood the law, and used it.

We have told you many times that all physical diseases come through the spirit. If this be true, the more direct course to establish harmony between the natural and spiritual, is to give the spirit strength. If you have power to give forth your spiritual forces, give them, and the spirit will receive them and act upon them in harmony with its own law, and the consequences will be a reinforcement between the physical and spiritual of man.

When once you perceive traces of decomposition upon the physical form, you may know to a positive certainty that the form has come under a new law, and it must of necessity obey that law. It is being resolved again into its primal condition—it is going again into nature, to be remodeled, worked over into some other form. When you see these unmistakable signs, you labor in vain when you seek to restore harmony between the spirit and body. It hath been sundered from the law that bound it to the spirit, and behold the two are now living under distinct and separate conditions of life or law.

The question is one that demands a vast amount of thought, and our questioner would do well to give it at least as much of thought as he finds within his own being. He would do well to look out into Nature, and ask her to give him an understanding of her law; ask her if she was ever known to step aside at the command of any intelligence; ask her if a Jehovah can command and gain obedience, except by virtue of her own law? She has in all variety of means of answering the question; in all her unfoldments she gives the answer—she tells you that Law is law with her—unchangeable.

Men and women are so prone to believe the marvelous, too prone to grasp at things all unreal and immaterial. We do not blame them for this; it is in part a result of false education, and as it hath been stamped, almost upon their very natures, we cannot cure them. But, in duty to ourselves and to them, we must give our views, unfettered by any dogmas, uncolored by any creed, and positive and real, as it is to us.

True, the records of medical science give you many instances whereon to suppose that the dead have been actually restored to life; that the spirit has actually left the form, and been called back again by virtue of wisdom allied with power. This is a mistake; and if man will only go back to the heart of all things, he will find out his error.

Many suppose that the spirits of our mediums are separated for the time being from their forms; that they go out from thence, and do distinctly separate from their mortal temples, while we occupy them. This is not so; their action is suspended for a time, and we hold control. If we separated the spirit from the form, we should commit a trespass we could not forgive; and if we could not, Jehovah could not.

All the externals of life, or its demonstrations and manifestations, belong to Nature—they are parts and portions of her body. She lends them in a variety of forms, but she calls them all home to herself again, that she may lend them again. These forms belong to the lower order of life; they are loaned for the time to the spirit, that it may unfold itself through an abler structure, and when the spirit hath no longer need of the machine, Nature claims it again, and that which bound it to the spirit is sundered, for that instant it hath gone back to Nature, and there is no power to reanimate the body that is literally and positively dead.

We care not what spirit or class of spirits have engrained their belief upon our questioner—he will do well to go out into Nature and seek there, and his soul shall return satisfied in consequence. Jan. 16.

Isaac Barrows.

I suppose you are the person I am to speak to.

My name was Isaac Barrows. I was born in the town of Milford, State of New Hampshire. I lived here on the earth thirty-two years, and died by paralysis of the nervous system. I cannot talk fast. I had a difficulty in speaking, always; I did not speak at all until I was three years old. This was caused—so I have been told—by a fright my mother took before I was born. I was a wire-worker by trade. I have got friends who would be glad to hear from me, I suppose, if they knew they could.

I left my native town when I was about fourteen years old, and came to Boston. I learned my trade with Mr. Roberts, in Boston. He made wire-screens, bird-cages, and rat-traps, and all things usually made of wire.

I don't think there can be reason to mistake me; I feel just as I used to feel; and I don't want my folks to think I've changed a great deal. I know it is a general supposition that dead folks change to saints at once; but it is not so.

I've been dead long enough to know a good many things false that are generally believed to be true. They thought for some time that my brain was injured—that I was foolish; but nature told them, after while, that it was not so.

The reason why I went to learn the wire-working trade was, because I seemed to have a natural inclination that way. I could make about as good a bird-cage before I learned as afterward.

I have got a sister who learned a tailoring business, and worked here in Boston. I should like to talk with her, if I could. I have an uncle who is in business in New York State, and I heard he believed something in these things. Perhaps he will help me. I know it must be pretty hard for you to write me, so I won't talk any longer. I have been dead about seven years. Jan. 16.

Thomas Spooner.

My experience as a spirit has taught me to wait with patience for God to do his work. When I first left the earth I was exceedingly unhappy. I soon learned that I was possessed of power to return and communicate with those I left. This knowledge made me miserable—and it always does when it first comes to one. I say it made me miserable, because I could see no way to bring the knowledge I had into practice. After striving to find a way, in vain, I began to be resigned to God's decree; and I said, if he desires me to speak to my friends, he will point out the way, and enable me to walk in it. It is now ten years since that time, and I thank God that I did wait, and never lost sight of the hope that I should commune with those friends. Three of those nearest and dearest to me have been transplanted to our home during the ten years. But there remain five others, nearer than all others to me. One is a son; and I thank God for the present hour, with the power it has brought me; for whom

else shall I thank?—I may come in vain; but I shall be none the less thankful. I may not be able to come again for years, perhaps never; but I shall be none the less thankful for the present opportunity.

I lived to be seventy years old—time enough to see something of man's existence; but I spent too much time on a few things, and left the most practical until I had thrown off the body.

My name was Thomas Spooner. I have a son in Boston. I propose to speak with him first, if I am so fortunate as to get a hearing by any of my friends. I do not wish to be lengthy here, for I have a dislike to communicating to friends I love in this way, and I think it will not be so acceptable to them, and I am sure it cannot be so satisfactory to them, for I must leave out many things I would give if I were speaking face to face. I hope to be able to speak in nearer communion; but if I am denied, I should be content, and none the less thankful for this hour.

My son will recollect that I blessed him as I was leaving the earth, and I said like this to him: "You must remember one thing, amid all the confusion of life—that God will never forget you, though friends leave you, and death walk continually in your midst. God never leaves or forsakes any of his children. Something tells me that I shall be permitted to watch over those I love, after I am separated from them by death. What that something is, I leave for the future to unfold."

So I did. My last words spoken through my own body may, and will, doubtless, prove the key by which I shall enter my home again, and rejoice with those I can but love.

I leave my words with God the Author, hoping, feeling assured, at the same time, that he will care for them, and return me the fruit in due season. Jan. 16.

Mary Driscoll—or Allen.

I want you to write a letter to my aunt, in Providence. I was eleven years old. I was born in Dighton, Mass. My father went away before I can remember him, and my mother died when I was small, and I went to live with my aunt. Her name was Mary Driscoll. When I went to live with my aunt, she called me Allen. I died of lung fever. I was sick three or four weeks.

My aunt don't believe folks can come back. I died in the winter of 1859. It seems as though I had just gone, and I was coming back to surprise her. She don't like folks that talk with spirits; she didn't want me having anything to say to anybody that talked with spirits. I said once, that I believed they could come, because somebody said my mother came and said something for me; and I asked them to find out my mother's name, and they did, and my aunt said it was nonsense, and that somebody knew my mother's name.

It was me and somebody else that made the noise, two or three nights after I died, in her chamber, that woke her up. I'll tell her something else: I can see when I go there sometimes, and sometimes I can't. She had all my clothes taken out of the closet where they used to hang and put up stairs, altogether. I was there when she did that, and when she gave my books away.

I can tell her something that nobody else can. Her brother Charley was n't poisoned. He poisoned himself—he told me so. She knows about it. I've heard her say he talked about it; but it was before I was born that he died.

And I'll tell her something else. Her own grandfather says that that watch that she's got, didn't belong to him. She thinks it was his, and was handed down. He tells it isn't his. My grandfather told me to tell her so. Don't you write and tell her it was his watch, because she thinks it was, for it would be a lie.

I know about my mother's dying, now. My aunt never told me much about it, for I was too little to remember about it. It was n't just as she told me. She let me think my mother was just as happy as anybody when she was sick, and she was n't. My aunt didn't speak to her for a good many years. She never told me of this, but I've found out all about it since I came here.

My father's father was a Frenchman, and my father went away when I was young, and left my mother. I don't remember him.

Do you think she'll get my letter? I guess so, too, for I ain't coming here for nothing.

Ann—Nobody punishes you when you don't want to learn, nor when you do bad. We always feel bad, and that is worse than to be punished here. We learn all we want to, and nothing we don't want to. Tell my aunt I never go to bed without my supper, now. She'll know what I mean.

My aunt is a good woman, but she'd be better if she would believe in spirits. She believes in warnings, and don't believe in spirits. I'll make her believe. Jan. 16.

Louie Bridgeman.

Mother dear, and father dear, I have learned to write, and I know you will be glad to have me come to you. I want to talk much. Perhaps you will let me, sometime.

I have seen my other father and mother, since I left you, but they are not with me.

Good-bye; I will come again. Jan. 16.

LOUIE BRIDGEMAN.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Perhaps our taste is not that of our readers, but we must say that there is a beauty of expression and depth of feeling in the following lines, such as one seldom meets with in poetry. It has been floating anonymously through the newspapers for several months, but a poem like it, being enough to establish the immortal reputation of any poet, should not go out into community unmarked by the name of its author. This, we are informed on good authority, was written by "Florence Percy"—Mrs. L. C. Taylor, of Portland, Me., who has in times past written for the Banner of Light.

Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in thy flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother! come back from the ethereal shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh stern tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain:
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have the sick soul and the world-weary brain:
Weary of flinging my soul weary away—
Weary of soiling for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever was thrown—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain:
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain:
Slumber's soft calm o'er my weary lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-gold shadows once more,
Happily will through the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song—
Since then, and unto my soul it shall seem—
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never to forget your voice or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Correspondence.

A Few Appropriate Suggestions.

Allow me to place before the readers of your valuable paper some of the impositions that are practiced upon most of our mediums who sit for the public, as well as those who are earnest seekers after the truth. Many are in the habit of keeping a medium, when under spirit control (unless the medium has some one in attendance,) twenty, thirty, and even forty minutes over the hour which they have engaged for, and which had been allotted to them, and simply paying the fee of one dollar, or whatever the fee may be for one hour, thus trespassing upon the time belonging to some one else, and robbing the medium of whatever might have been earned in the hour thus broken into. Those who have made an engagement, have often only an hour to spare from their business; they go to the medium's rooms at the hour appointed, and find their time monopolized by some other sitter who has overreached his allotted time. After waiting awhile, they are obliged to go away without seeing the medium. These two persons may be the only ones that would call through the day for a sitting; thus the medium loses one hour by the first sitter running over his time; or if the medium has other engagements, the overtime draws too much on the medium's vital and physical powers, and they are too much exhausted; whereas, if only fifty minutes or an hour were occupied in the communications, there would be a rest between sittings. I contend that the above time is as much as mediums can bear when they sit for the public.

Others are in the habit of spending much of their leisure time in mediums' rooms, without any intention of patronizing them, but discuss different subjects, until the room is monopolized by that class; and if the medium is in any way susceptible to spirit influences, will be partially controlled two or three hours, or until some one comes in who desires a sitting. The result is, there has been conflicting influences brought to bear upon the mediums, so that they are as much, or more exhausted, than if they had been sitting, and are unable to sit or to give satisfaction. Then, again, others will call and converse with a medium, who will often get some of the best communications in this way, but not offering any recompense, but spurning all they can, forgetting that the rent and expenses of the rooms are going on, and that the monopoly is often a great detriment and annoyance to the medium. I hope these few hints may be the means of a reform in this direction.

MATTERS IN NEW YORK.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
CORA L. V. HATCH AT DODWORTH'S HALL.

Sunday, February 3, 1861.

MORNING LECTURE.

Upon the mountains rest dark clouds of woe, and from the valleys and the plains there comes a voice of lamentation, as if despair had set her seal upon the earth, and all along the frightened air there comes a cry for mercy. It is wonderful to the philosopher, the historian and the metaphysician, what struggles and trials Truth is capable of undergoing, without losing either her splendor or her fruitfulness, without ceasing to be what she must always be, triumphant and glorious.

The speaker enlarged upon the indestructibility of absolute Truth, and the impossibility of thwarting its ultimate success in any direction. A vile spirit of blind conservatism may employ all its insidious arts in vain, for we have the testimony of the whole history of our race, that Truth is absolute, uncompromising, never yielding to any charm, however potent. The human mind is now contending between these two forces, right and wrong. Some are seeking to interpret the truth according to their preconceptions and prejudices; but right and wrong are just as clearly and as unmistakably distinct from each other as the calm glory of the morning sun from the darkness of midnight, or the fitful and transient glare of meteors. She requires no interpretation by human wisdom, and, however she may be encumbered or perverted by art and science, is still in unsophisticated beauty and purity, the highest and holiest offspring of Heaven. Yet it is wonderful how the world is pervaded with the conception that error may be allied to truth, and what treacherous subterfuges are employed to induce the human mind to surrender its innate desire and privilege to know the truth, and rest under the benumbing spell of falsehood and illusion!

And the human intellect, despite its potency and comprehensive grasp, is yet almost deceived. The evidence of our senses, even, is fallacious—and so feeble, in general, is our boasted intellect, that in all past ages it has been employed in arriving slowly and painfully at conclusions, only to reconsider and overthrow them. No one principle has ever been permanently established by this intellect without the aid of absolute power, to which its pride has been obliged to bow. This was not my theory—it is now my knowledge. Intellect is the most fallacious ruler which man can possess—leading him into all sorts of false applications of natural laws; into all sorts of speculations which have no foundation in truth.

The speaker cited, as an instance, the application of steam power to navigation as not having been the result of scientific research and the study of previously established facts and principles, but as having burst suddenly, like the dawning day, upon the mind of Fulton, after he had long stumbled and retrograded in a perplexed and painful search.

The establishment of the Copernican theory of astronomy overthrew at once all the results of Grecian and Roman wisdom in that science. The correctness of that theory remains today, not a fact, but a deduction of reason; and who knows if in some future time all these conceptions of geometrical ratio in the solar system, may not be deemed the mere visions of an overweening intellectual system. The true fundamental laws of things are in danger of being overlooked, from their very simplicity, while we are soaring aloft to find scope for the exercise of our speculative faculties.

And so with the application of practical truth. There is but one expression—but one test of simple truth, and that is found in the onward march of human progress and intelligence. Truth is the fire of ages, which consumes all that is dark, gross, and unrighteous. In all conditions of humanity, it is as simple as a drop of water; and it requires of men but the observance of one rule to carry them safely through all the difficulties of life; and that rule is, to adhere to all and any truth when once established, and to abandon error when known, at once and entirely. There are two classes of human minds who are unable to do this; those who dare not carry out their convictions under the pressure of outside influences, brought to bear against them by bad and designing men—or from the superficial requirements of life—and those who will not surrender their old time beliefs, though they know them to be errors, because they fear the overthrow of cherished institutions founded upon them. It is said that a good man will have no enemies; but show me a man who has no enemies, and I will show you either a fool or a coward. He who walked in the greatest humility, and whom Christendom deifies as the best of men, had most enemies, and perished at last their victim; and always it is so with him who knows the truth and dares proclaim it. I would rather, in bearing witness of the truth, that the scorn of the world were poured on my head, than that a monument lofter than the Pyramids were erected to my fame, with the inscription: "He had no enemies," for he who battles with wrong, hypocrisy and deceit, must find enemies among those who dare not express the truth they feel, or who stubbornly adhere to wrong beliefs.

And, as with individuals, so with nations. The greatest nations have been those who, having established true principles of government, were not afraid to abide by them; and who, having done wrong by departing from such principles, were not afraid to rectify their action; and this government, unless it can and will maintain the truth, which is the spirit of its Constitution, is not fit to stand; and if it is not willing to relinquish the error into which it has fallen, it will die of its own corruption—it will share the fate of the proud and ambitious empires of the ancient world. Those governments, to-day, are the most secure which are not afraid to remedy the evils in themselves—which will not dare to uphold a wrong, even though the world should condemn their impolitic precipitancy in removing it. Napoleon knows his true policy—he knows that when a principle is recognized and felt to be wrong, it is worse than madness and folly to adhere to it; and that such a course of blind obstinacy would end by overthrowing him, as it overthrew a greater than he, his worthy uncle. This Federal Government, which we have always blushed to own in connection with error, has only two chances of salvation, depending on the rules already laid down; either by acknowledging the true and right principles embodied in its Constitution, or expunging all that is erroneous in the carrying out of its provisions. If one of these two courses is not taken, I, for one, care not how soon it is demolished—for, if not done, greater interests than its own are in jeopardy—the interests of humanity. A nation, I grant, is something; and a national, patriotic fire is worthy of all praise; but the love of humanity is greater than the love of home. He who makes a single locality his home, is in danger of being selfish, avaricious and mean; but he who makes all the world his home, is like him who makes a loyal acquaintance that all mankind are his brethren; and remember, that while your heartbeats may be secure—while your land is filled with memories which arouse in American hearts all true and loyal emotions, and cause their blood to course proudly in their veins; remember that there is no pride, no sanctity in that which is predicated on wrong, encourages injustice, and sacrifices the principles of humanity for the sake of preserving fireside, home, or country. No! Dear to me as is my country, I would rather see the glorious Confederation stripped of all its proud emblems, of all its fame, than encourage either the spirit of cowardly hypocrisy, which dares not utter what it thinks is truth, or the spirit of stubborn wrong, which will not yield to the claim of reason. There are no two sides to the question; there is no half way between right and wrong; it is an idle fallacy to say that this or that may be right, in such and such a view of the case. That which is right is always right, in the midst of persecution and wrong; and that is wrong which fails to encourage the growth of all that is favorable to wisdom, knowledge, and intelligence; which fails to encourage the highest sentiments and faculties in all creatures which God has made—which, in short, obstructs the attainment of human happiness, by the only legitimate means—knowledge and goodness.

It is a false conception, that wrong may be modified and made to answer the purposes of right. Wrong and evil always bring their own punishment—right always brings cleanness, happiness, security and peace.

I have known of well intentioned, conscientious men, who had not the courage to act out the truth, because some one told them that a little wrong mixed up with it would be more judicious, and would better answer worldly purposes. But then this little wrong, thus begun, always increases the requirement for more, until the whole policy becomes predicated on this basis. That only will fulfill the destiny of humanity and answer the purposes of the Divine Mind, which persistently does right, regardless of consequences. Do what is right, and you have only to abide the consequences; do wrong, and you have to dodge hither and thither, until at last, alone work of your life, built up of deceit, hypocrisy and cowardice, totters to the ground a useless ruin. This government of ours has compromised and patched up, to sustain the loyalty of its supporters, just as if all these subterfuges, compromises and concessions to error would not finally rebound upon it and crush it to atoms, even though the evil day may yet be postponed indefinitely.

There is no such thing as finally succeeding in the attempt to do evil, that good may come. Never; and I thank heaven that it is so; and I would even make the path of the transgressor harder for him than it is. I am glad that policy never answers the purposes of truth; glad that bondage, ignorance and oppression never answer the purposes of light and knowledge. I rejoice in the punishment of the fool or the coward who will not or dare not say the truth he feels, more than when the gallows awaits the wretch whom his example, perhaps, has tempted into the path of crime. Have you not, as members of families, as citizens, as men, always found the most happiness, security and tranquility in an adherence to right and truthfulness, in spite of consequences? The worst that can happen to you is, that your character may be defamed, or life destroyed; but what is that life worth which can only be preserved by falsehood, perhaps to suffer more than the pains of death, and be plunged in the lowest degradation?

What I say may sound severe, radical, denunciatory. I am supported only by the evidence of all history, by all experience in government, by the united voice of humanity; and the unwritten records of the future will yet bear me out in my assertions. If these are not sufficient, I have the voice of God in your own souls, louder and more distinct than any other testimony; for the distinction between right and wrong is as clear in every human soul as are the separate orbits and offices of the sun and moon in the skies, which never confuse by blending rays, but answer each their purposes. So, necessarily, by its own intuition, does the human mind know the right from the wrong.

EVENING LECTURE.

I propose to address you, on this occasion, on the subject of Human Government. I am aware that, from the multitude of authors, statesmen, orators, diplomats and other powers which have thrown light on this subject, and laid the fruit of their studies before the world, whatever may be said now may be thought borrowed; but, as any idea, great or small, may have been thought before, it may not be possible on any point pertaining to this topic, to be quite original; and I propose, in a condensed manner, to give you the best results of human observation, experience and reasoning, on the subject.

Applied to humanity, government is that power, either in theory, person, or law, which represents the interests of the people governed, and the word can never be properly used in any other sense. Arbitrary law, authority, tyranny, may be applied to different forms of ruling forces, but government has relation to the interests of humanity in their broadest sense. Human government, it has been said, should take as its type that of the Divine, which is the most arbitrary conceivable; but this is not correct. It is evident that everything in the Divine government is distinctly and positively for the benefit of the governed; its laws are enforced from motives of pure love of the subject governed; it therefore cannot be said to be a type of despotism; it is the very contrary to it. The wisest monarchs have endeavored to frame their model of government after the Divine pattern, and they have not succeeded, because, through perversion, it degenerates into an arbitrary rule.

The speaker described the government of the ancient Egyptians, as, in its primitive and pure form, closely answering to this type.

Such government may be said to be the conceptions of a higher, holier, distinct and positive power to the requirements of lower and limited forms of being; this is the case through all ramifications of nature. True, throughout the kingdoms of nature, the law of force seems to prevail—the stronger always oppresses the weaker and preys on it for the means of life, growth and absolute dominion; but with what perfect harmony and adaptation does this system work!

Through all lower manifestations of creative energy, a great general scheme is to be traced—an epitome of the whole is to be attained—and that is accomplished in the creation and existence of man; who is made, so to speak, the best of prey upon all beneath him—nothing animate being removed from the power of his comparatively weak physical nature; or else from the almost unconquerable superiority of his mind, which places him, on this lower sphere, almost in the relation of Omnipotence. How beautiful, that the very fact of mutual destruction and oppression should proclaim at last the sovereignty and immortality of the human mind—that in a world where brute, physical strength in all the lower departments gains an unopposed supremacy, the human being, weaker than all others from birth, and with fewest natural means of defense, should yet triumph over all by virtue of his spiritual endowment.

In former ages it was thought sufficient, in governing, to copy after Nature; the greatest triumphs among men were obtained by material force; and the strongest governments had this foundation; as, for example, in Greece, Rome, and the principal countries of our time, where the stronger nation always preys on the weaker, and repression is exercised by the strong arm of military force, wielded by the will of one, or of a few. This cannot, however, always prevail, for in the human heart there is an element of resistance to arbitrary sway which cannot be utterly trodden out, and this element is played in revolution, which is an inherent result in all despotic governments. For government, in the natural form, is but the result of a free compact entered into for the sake of mutual protection, and no man will willingly submit to laws which he has not helped to make, nor to the oppressive and arbitrary enforcement of laws so made, and this because the human mind, by its constitution, is an absolute principle, and will subject itself only to laws imposed upon it from a source which it owns to be of higher nature than itself. Hence it is that only one element in arbitrary power has been found effective in restraining the tendency to reaction and revolution—the existence of this guaranty for your authority, and you may do anything with them. Without it, they will recognize no absolute power which is not created by their own choice and will. Monarchical governments have therefore proved failures, as having deviated and degenerated from the Divine and primitive type, and insufferably abused their powers, in behalf of selfish and ambitious individual aims.

The case of the Jewish monarchy was cited as an instance of a government which derived only just powers from the people who regarded it as a vicegerent and mouthpiece of the Divine.

The difficulty in monarchical government generally has arisen from the selfish ambition of some elected ruler having got the better of his good faith; and this has so far been the bane of Republics, also, aided by the intelligence of the people not being sufficient to carry out their scheme of rights—their minds being, in fact, already subjected to some despotic control, and finding their natural and necessary expression and condition in despotic governments. Where the human origin of power is acknowledged, it is all nonsense to talk of govern-

ment which does not represent the mutual concessions of the power which governs itself. The instance of France and Great Britain were adduced, as showing different forms of governing constitutions, depending for their stability on the which gave them being, and which they respectively represent and embody—the will of the people.

To pass on to our own system. We think the highest form of government, and the nearest to the divine, to be the republicanism. This position has been scoffed at, because, it is said, God's government represents monarchy; but this is not so. He asks nothing for himself—taxes no creature for the sake of his own splendor and aggrandizement; on the contrary, every law, every act of his government, is a concession to the requirements of the thing which is governed. Each flower, each tree, asks for and receives what it requires for its growth and utmost expansion, and all the laws which affect it seem dictated merely by its requirements. Unlike human rulers, God seeks no pastime, no gratification for vanity in the work of creation, but only regards the uses, multiplication and enjoyments of the things to be governed; and is not this the very principle of republicanism? A Republic is formed by the mutual concessions of all the people. Your Constitution is not embodied in a king, with crown and scepter; it is a mere statement of a theory accorded to by the people who submit to it, who consent to abide by these laws for the sake of protection against foreign hostilities, and for the preservation and perpetuation of their internal prosperity. Were it otherwise, one of the framers of that very Constitution might in its stead have assumed the reins of power; George Washington might have sat crowned and sceptered in your midst. But this God forbade, and may he ever forbid it! We have escaped from the evils of one monarch—let us have no other!

These views, together with all authorities on government, concur in showing that a government which fails to answer the ends of its institutions, by usurping the rights and interests of the governed, loses its authority, and, in fact, ceases to be a government at all. Let us now apply them to the present crisis of affairs in the United States. The Constitution was adopted by the people of the United States as individuals—not by the States in a separate, sovereign capacity—as being best adapted to secure their mutual advantage and common advancement. Loud and shallow orators—demagogues, not statesmen—are sometimes fond of insisting on the sovereign rights of States. No State individually enjoys a single right, save by concession, by permission, on the part of all the other States. How absurd, then, to talk of the inherent right of a State to take on this or that form of government for itself! There is no such thing; all its rights are derived from the compact and mutual concessions agreed to by all the States, according to which each State is regarded as sovereign only so far as it does not interfere with or seek to overthrow the institutions guaranteed by all the States together; and if it does, it is immediately at the mercy of the rest of the confederation, and takes no other position than that of a dependent, and, for the time being, absolutely worthless portion of it. This principle is capable of a wider application. We hear much, from professors and other authorities, of the inherent, unalienable rights belonging to humanity. With all due deference to the "glittering generalities" of our Declaration of Independence, we say that no individual can have any rights save those which are conceded him by all others in community.

In this connection, the speaker considered the so-called rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and maintained that, in the abstract, they are mere fallacies, and would lead, in practice, to unbridled and universal license and violence. The actual rights of man are threefold: the right to resist laws which he has had no voice in making; the right to resist the abuse of laws which may have been rightfully made; and to refuse obedience to authority which wears the form of tyranny.

The speaker proceeded to explain the real nature of the right to property conferred by laws, contending that it is in many cases merely conventional, and in conflict with abstract right; and applied this view to the rights of man under governments, which were merely created by compact and concession. It is claimed in some quarters that this government, if rebellious succeeds, will be a failure. No such thing. Whatever forms of misrepresentation cause the fall of its actual form, in its essence and principle it must still immortally survive, for each succeeding State will adopt the same institutions. A State has no more right than an individual to declare itself free from the obligation of a compact it has entered into, by which it has surrendered some of its so-called natural, sovereign rights for the sake of the social welfare. Her right to be an independent State, at all, depends upon her observance of the conditions reciprocally agreed to by all the States. What are Louisiana and Florida, except as they have been admitted by concession on the part of the general government? And when they overthrow the authority of that government, within their borders, they are themselves liable to be captured and made serviceable to those who have remained faithful. They must be considered and treated as an individual who should renounce his obligations to the laws, and proceed to interfere with the rights and happiness of his neighbors. All, whether individuals or principalities, who have not the sense and sobriety to abide by laws and governments which they themselves have made and sanctioned, should be considered as mad or intoxicated, and placed under proper discipline. No just cause of complaint has been given by any State in the Union, anything concerning slavery to the contrary notwithstanding. The voice of the people is unanimous in favor of our present government, and in crying out against those who seek to overthrow, from motives of whim, caprice or madness, what has flourished so gloriously and so long. No State was forced into the Union, and none can force itself out of it.

The speaker enlarged on the folly and fatality of the secession movement, characterizing it as the mere madness of intoxication. Whether our form of government prove, in practice, a failure or not, it is certain that no other approaches so near the type of the Divine; that no other possesses such inherent stability, or requires so little the force of arms for the protection of its administration, or answers so well the purposes of civilization. If the present divisions shall increase until they have accomplished their destructive tendencies, we are assured that upon the ashes and ruins of our fallen greatness there shall rise another empire, which shall stretch, not only from ocean to ocean, but from the Arctic Circle to the Southern Cape, and may perhaps even come to include the States of Europe. For the sake of such a consummation, we might almost be willing to witness the fall of the present Confederation, that there might rise, instead, a new one, which shall hold the world in its embrace.

We implore those interested in this Government to pause before they would employ, in its preservation, a brutal force which was not used in adopting it. Not by force of arms did you gain for it fealty and loyalty, and bloodshed can never gain its consummation in peace, amity and justice. Bloodshed, on the contrary, will forever prevent this Government from regaining its position, and will involve a traveling backwards to the sentiments of those ages when despotism and brutal force were considered to correspond with the highest types of manhood. The spirit of our age of civilization will do much to prevent this last and worst resort. We may safely say that there can be no fighting when there is nobody to fight. This Government will find its best security in inactivity and silence; and its now so much abused Executive is the truest and wisest, and the best representative of the people's voice that could be had; for the rebels will soon grow weary of beating the air of fighting shadows, and when the paroxysm of drunken folly is over, will lay down their arms and return quietly to their ordinary walks of life—soberer, if not wiser men.

Until the good sense of the people has had time to reassert itself, and to recover from the contagious example of folly and madness in its leaders, it is better to bear with insults and wrongs than to precipitate the nation into the escapeless vortex of revolution. For the Republican form of government is destined to no transitory existence. In another country, you will see more new Republics arising than have ever crumbled—yet you will see a more complete overthrow of tyrannies, a more perfect out-

growth of peace, love and harmony made by free and enlightened people constituting the voice of Government.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

At Clinton Hall, Tuesday Evening, Feb. 5, 1861.

QUESTION.—Is the testimony of the medium as to the source of his or her inspiration, evidence? and, if so, under what conditions is it to be regarded as such?

DR. YOUNG.—It seems to me, after carefully reading the Scriptures, that Moses at no time claimed to be under the influence of the Creator of the Universe—the Supreme Deity—except in the opening chapter of Genesis. He only speaks of the God of his fathers—the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—just as we might speak of the communications from our fathers in the spirit-world. This is in accordance with the general custom of the ancients, who after a partial observation of the phenomena of nature, were used to deify their great men, and attribute these appearances to them. It is therefore wrong to consider their case and that of our modern mediums as analogous. Mrs. Hatch, for instance, is under the influence of no particular spirit, and that, lady is plainly either a great deceiver, or is moved by genuine spiritual influence, greater than any which could arise from herself. This is almost demonstrated by the fact that she discourses on subjects which she certainly has never investigated herself. No statesman could exceed her in tracing the deep analogies of history. In short, we have every evidence that her controlling intelligences are the spirits of the dead, and that she cannot believe she has such sublime impudence as the opposite view would imply her to exhibit in a conscious imposture. I can fancy that such deceptions have been practiced, but I cannot attribute them, in one case among a thousand, to any one brought up in our age and country, under right religious and social influences.

MR. COLES.—I have never taken the thoughts of the medium as being evidence; that is, where they are uttered in the trance state. As a matter of course, the best trance-medium is that, one through whose mind the thoughts of others best pass, in order to find expression. As in mesmerism and psychological experiments, the idea, however erroneous, which is impressed upon the subject's mind, becomes his own for the time; and the better the subject, the more strongly this idea takes possession of him; so that the best subject is the one whose mind acts most promptly under the volition of another. The same is the case in mediumship, with the difference merely, that the controlling influence is in the form in one case, and out of it in the other. Trance mediums, then, who are really and entirely such, are but the passive subjects of other minds, and cannot be said to utter their own thoughts at all. If a medium says he is inspired by Andrew Jackson, we can only accept his own thought of the subject, and not his own mind; for I doubt if any earthly mind is capable of making so many good speeches on all sides of a question; politicians and statesmen have not such ability. I judge she is a good medium; and the better she is, the more abnormal her condition as such, and the less her testimony in that state to be relied on, for the reasons I have stated. The admissible testimony is found in the words which she utters, but in what they convey, confirmed by readings or other physical manifestations outside of their own condition. Thoughts, also, must be supposed to undergo some change or modification. In passing from one mind into another, owing to difference in organizations.

DR. GRAY commenced by reading extracts from the correspondence which suggested this question. I received, some three weeks ago, a letter from Mr. Hazard, of Peabody, N. H., giving the late Theodore Parker's own story of his mediumship. His condition, which, oddly enough, conflicted with the facts alleged respecting his present utterances through her. From this, it appears that in 1850, Mr. Parker was a believer in the genuineness of what Spiritualists believe as manifestations, but was not satisfied as to their origin. The writer had much intercourse with Mr. P. during the last residence of the latter at Rome, at which time he had been abandoned to that position. He considered that Mrs. Hatch possessed a remarkable power of holding an audience interested in discourses pronounced while she was in rapport with the spirits in attendance—not with spirits in another life. If this were so, there should be some means of protection for spirits against the liability to be misinterpreted, when they were no longer able to correct or amend their own utterances. However, that Mr. Parker, during life, held Mrs. Hatch in high and affectionate estimation, often saying of her, that she was a noble woman. I am sorry that mediums think proper to make use of great names. This practice can in no case be vindicated by absolute evidence, that they are warranted in taking this liberty; it can be affirmed on no surer ground than surmise and suspicion.

Mrs. Hatch has said no true ground for saying that John C. Calhoun and Theodore Parker talk politics through her; nor has any one else. The assumption is not only wholly unprovable in her case than in that of the ancient prophets, whether they claimed the inspiration of Apollo or Jehovah. The authorities—"This says Theodore Parker," and "thus saith the Lord," rest on the same basis; and the real nature of the phenomena, and the view of the claims advanced in both instances, will soon be understood by all the world. I am vexed more by these demands resting on bald authority than I like to express or feel. Spiritualists in this matter, as as gross in their stupidity as the Christian world, without having one tithe of its apology to plead; for Christians have no means of knowing that all classes of mediums are liable to suffer from the same kind of error, from earthly agencies, and that none are to be credited but those whose messages bring demonstration on their backs and in their bosoms. Assertion is cheap—demonstration is dear. Years ago, we had Lord Bacon and Swedenborg speaking through Judge Edmonds; and just before, Solomon, through A. J. Davis; Paul and John, also, through Harris and Scott, all of which have been given up by the very writers by themselves. In answer to a question, the speaker stated that Judge Edmonds now says he never did assert that it was Bacon who dictated his work alluded to. During all this period of delusion under the spell of authority, the New York Conference has been at work sifting these fallacies, and probing them to the core. Yet still, day after day, are we tormented with new troops of these Egyptian troops, not even put on the cast-off clothes of their detected predecessors, and strut their brief hour on the stage, even after the footlights are out and the scene dismantled of all its illusions. [The speaker next produced a letter received from a distinguished gentleman in Elmira. The writer had recently entertained as a guest the Rev. John Pierpont, and, having read and corrected by his description, the drawings executed by spirits through Mrs. French, had applied to the speaker for his opinion on the subject.] I shall answer this gentleman's questions, categorically, yes. I was present, and am satisfied there is no deception. Confining ourselves to the actual question before us, we must conclude that the guests of the medium, as to the source of the inspiration, is no evidence for any mind, not even the medium's own. Yet this implies no reproach against any medium, ancient or modern, for publishing their lists of the origin of their communications. We Spiritualists are here to cast the strongest possible light on this important question—important both in respect to the relations of spirits to mankind, and as looking to the emancipation of the latter from the thralldom of long established errors. [The speaker described a manifestation to which he had recently been a witness—the production of a spirit-hand through the mediumship of Miss Catherine Fox—her own hands being held in his; and her feet resting on his own during the time of the apparition, which took place in dim gas-light. The fingers made intelligent motions. Its first appearance was that of a luminous fog; then it looked like a ball of fire—the phosphorescence. Here was furnished the kind of testimony demanded by the London objectors, viz., that some credible witness should have seen or held the spirit-hand till it vanished. This manifestation was given in accordance with a request made for this kind of evidence, and by appointment of the spirit at the particular hour. The hand, in this instance, was not placed inside mine, but several feet above my head, and if I had here can furnish me with such, I shall be glad to forward it, together with my own, to London. I have repeatedly touched the spiritual hand, which was sometimes warm, and sometimes cold, like that of a corpse. I am not aware that I have ever been in what is called the psychological state; and I am not subject to hallucinations of the senses. [The speaker mentioned manifestations through Mr. Home, of naked hands which unlooked the brooch of a lady's collar in full sight.]

DR. YOUNG maintained, in opposition to the previous speaker, that the testimony of the medium as to the source of the inspiration, is as reliable as the testimony of our senses in support of any spiritual phenomena whatever. Are we to believe that spirits can execute elaborate and artistic drawings in a few seconds, and yet deny that they can influence a medium to give utterance to the sentiments? I have never read a discourse of Theodore Parker's equal, in certain respects, to that which he delivered through Mrs. Hatch. I do not admit the name as authority—it is

the phenomena of the case which call for my belief. The reporter of the discourse through Mrs. Hatch, who had often reported the living Parker, recognized the certainty, in that discourse the peculiar characteristics of the man. As you cannot prove that the thoughts of the audience influence my expressions, so you cannot prove it in the case of Cora Hatch. My opponents should analyze the subject fairly, and not set themselves up as absolute, incontrovertible authorities. What is true by analogy, is true always, or Nature would be false to herself.

Mrs. French spoke of the drawing manifestations given through her. They are to me conclusive evidence of spiritual manifestations, but are not necessarily such to your minds. If a sufficient number of facts concur in proof, you must infer a designer in the matter; and that designer must, at the lowest, be a human agent. As to the testimony of trance mediums, I have been one of them for more than seven years, and I do not think I can give any evidence as to their genuineness, except such as is furnished by manifestations and tests which have been convinced of. [The speaker described a case in which, very severe tests, as to the knowledge and identity of spirits manifested through her, had been applied, which had been so answered as to result in the conviction of several skeptics.] Here, I was not the competent witness as to who spoke through me, but the phenomena were the evidence to those who witnessed them. As to Theodore Parker and Mrs. Hatch, in my opinion no good evidence of identity has been given in this case. When I am deeply entranced, I do not regard my testimony on this point as good for anything. [The speaker did not think that, of her own volition, she could frame a consistent and coherent address, from the ideas of those about her, supposing she was in rapport with them, but she did not suppose she should be aware of the fact, if it were so.]

MR. ADAMS.—I do not know, if the interpretation which I have heard put upon certain phrases of Spiritualism be correct, that I can any longer account myself a Spiritualist. With most of what I have advanced on this question, I cannot agree. Some of my views, however, have been expressed by the last speaker. With all regard and esteem for Mrs. Spence, Dr. Gray, and Dr. Hallock, I find it impossible to agree with them, that it is impossible for the medium to identify the source of his inspiration. [Dr. Gray remarked that this was not his position. He merely held that the testimony of the medium in this matter was not evidence binding upon others.] Well, I take directly contrary grounds. My whole life having been devoted to the cultivation of science, I naturally call for as much proof as any one for Spiritual proposals. I should have liked Dr. Gray to go further, and say whether the entire testimony of an individual is evidence for others. If not, there is an end to all conviction for crime. Now I maintain that, if I am to be credited on oath as to what I have seen with my natural eyes, my testimony will equally establish the truth of what has passed before my spiritual sight. And do I not recognize my spirit mother, or father, when I see them truly, really, in my right mind and consciousness? Do I not know them as well as I know Dr. Gray? To me this is an end to the matter. I know Dr. Gray, as I am an honest witness, precisely as to what I see with my natural vision. If not, I am no Spiritualist. I feel we are going a little too far. While wishing all liberty of speech, I have often been deeply pained in listening to the doctrine that there is no spiritual Supreme Being. We have begun by blotting out the Great Spirit; we have driven Jehovah from the universe; next, we have blotted out God as the great medium of earth, and the inspiring angel in heaven; and now we are trying to get rid of the whole spirit-world. May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I join in this apostasy! To me, Spiritualism is a new and blessed gospel; it is the bread of life, and the water of salvation. [The speaker, in an enthusiastic and glowing address, then gave his views of the beauty and power of the Spiritual faith, especially as connected with the identification of our departed friends, and concluded with a rapturous burst of poetry.]

DR. GRAY.—Mr. Adams has not confined himself to the question. Mahomet asserted that the Angel Gabriel came from heaven to dictate the Koran to him; and at this day, a portion of mankind, greater in number than the Christians, believe the story. Do you doubt it? And if so, why do you doubt? I deny that the idea of Mahomet as to the source of his inspiration is evidence for me, however true it may be to the Muslims. We might as well apply this rule to ourselves and the subject of Spiritualism, as to these heresies and idolatries we are so unanimous in condemning; and we owe it to ourselves as honest and sincere inquirers, so to apply it. Three centuries ago, Ignatius Loyola saw the Virgin—the Mother of God—and she gave him the motive of the Society of Jesus; and from this vision arose an Order of monks, who are to the system of Mahomet—a I believe the testimony of both these men, that they had extraordinary experiences, and that they really thought them genuine; but is the hypothesis, for all that, evidence in either case to a sound mind? The point is not as to whether spirits are concerned in such instances. I believe that spirits exist; and this I believe, because I have seen them; and that their identity had been made out; but not on the testimony of mediums. If I am to believe Mr. Harris, I am to believe that God has sent him to institute a new Church of the new Jerusalem; and his testimony in the matter is just as good as Mahomet's in his. How are we to decide between the claims of mediums, if we accept the testimony of all? I have here simply said, as a test, ask for proof of these claims. I reserve the argument on my side for another occasion, when my points will be made more in extenso.

DR. HALLOCK.—The best way to ascertain where the truth lies in this question, is to suppose ourselves back where we were ten years ago; that is, suppose we had no evidence but the testimony, the assertions of mediums, in whatever state, normal or abnormal, should any of us be satisfied, lifted out of the mud of skepticism thereby? I know that every soul here is ready to answer, No. For, in those days, amid the phenomena of Spiritualism, there was a growing spirit of doubt as to the existence of another world. Now, we have changed; but is it by the repetition of this same testimony? Not at all; but by a force which is not testimony or authority. We are examples of the power of demonstration over testimony, in moving the world and human thought. Does Spiritualism ask us, in being faithful to it, to deny the evidence which has changed us? Are we to turn back to our old position, deny the possibility of identifying spirits? No man among us will admit such a blunder, or so outrage common logic. The belief is eminently practical, pertinent and useful. We should seek to establish a standard by which to estimate the absolute value of testimony. For there must be a degree of harmony between truth, as we have known, and the evidence which we must reject no one among us, nor offend a former generation, but must agree with all other truths everywhere. Now, to apply this principle, does the assumption that Theodore Parker utters Northern sentiments through Mrs. Hatch in the morning, and John C. Calhoun Southern sentiments in the evening, does this harmonize with the truths which, whatever their parents, have their birth in our own consciousness?

We are now in the midst of the most momentous issues with which a nation ever had to grapple, and does it comport, either with the magnitude of the crisis or the character of the great deceased, that they should make it a mere topic for the display of forensic eloquence—only to waste the time and disturb the thoughts of others? More than this: is it no offense to your conception of the laws of progress, to suppose that John C. Calhoun would come here, after his direct intromission into the world of causes, and utter the platitudes of ordinary earth-life? Does this idea sit easy on the stomach of our philosophy? I confess it turns my own. It seems contrary to our experience of contact with denizens of the other life. The men and women we have known, return to us with something of an added growth; the fact of death has given them power to enlighten us; and the child of yesterday seems to come back, clothed with the dignity of manhood or womanhood, to say blessed words of consolation. Truth must harmonize universally; it should brighten the links of brotherhood among the wise and good of all the world, and enable us to strike hands with Paul and Jesus across the gulf of ages.

LECTURERS.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Elkhart, Indiana, during February; St. Louis, Mo., during March; Cleveland, Ohio, four Sundays of April. She will speak in the Eastern States until late in the Fall, when she will again visit the West, lecturing through November in Oswego, N. Y. Address, J. W. Currier, Lowell, Mass., box 815, or as above.

Mrs. S. E. WARREN will lecture in Lyons, Mich., during February; at Grand Rapids in March; at Battle Creek, third and fourth Sundays in April. She has no engagements for May, June or July. Address as above.

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH will accept calls to speak during the next three months, in Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. He will also attend the sick wherever he may be. The friends should address him at once, at Boston.

Mrs. S. E. COLLINS, No. 33 North Sixteenth street, Philadelphia, will answer calls to lecture.

J. H. CHAMBERLAIN will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 24th; at Gloucester, Mass., March 10th and 11th.