

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.  
IS IT EASY TO FORGET?

BY ENOLA REVEN.

The gentle Spring-time comes again,  
With tardy feet and slow,  
And Winter from each hill and plain  
Takes up his robe of snow;  
The columbines are shaking out  
Their tangled yellow locks—  
It seems they have not quite forgot  
Their home among the rocks.

The hemlocks green are tipped with gold,  
The maples blushing red,  
While every oak tree, gnarled and old,  
Be-crowns its hoary head.  
The violets and arbutus flowers  
Reach up their modest leaves;  
There are pigeons in the green-house tower,  
And swallows at the eaves.

The changing seasons, trees and flowers,  
The wild bird and the dove,  
Remember each their chosen sphere,  
All but my last year's love;  
And he, they tell me, threads to-night  
The city's crowded ways,  
While other idols claim a right  
To the weak heart he gave.

But though he chums the forest ledge,  
The wild home where we met,  
Where later yet our vows were pledged,  
Can he so soon forget?  
Ah! outraged friendships, murdered loves,  
Are dreadful trophies yet;  
I fancy that he finds it not  
So easy to forget.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE CONVENT BELLE; OR, Life Unmasked, AND HEARTS UNVEILED!

BY THEO. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER I.

In the town of — stands an ancient house, to which one feels sure some history belongs. It is built of stone, and massive in construction, bearing on the front door lintel the date of 1690, and reminding one of the old English manor houses. When first erected, this mansion stood at some distance from the road, the approach consisting of a winding avenue cut through a grove of oaks. Later, an arcade of elms had been planted, and garden walks made, leading into leafy depths that opened at intervals down some lovely vista, set like a picture in the framework of embowering trees.

But within the last thirty years a new road had been formed, which, diverging from the old winding one at the distance of nearly half a mile above the house, made a straight cut; and united again at a quarter of a mile below. The building, therefore, was situated on a strip of land enclosed between the two roads, which formed an irregular half-moon. The ancient thoroughfare was seldom if ever used, on account of its ruggedness and greater length, and at the time our story commences, was all grass grown. At a little distance from the house, at the lower or village end of this tongue of land was a small disused graveyard, containing three tombs, formerly the burial place of the Ruthvens, the family which had inhabited this mansion. In consequence of the new road, another entrance and avenue had been made to the house. Within, all was stately, yet comfortable; there were long winding passages, and mammoth staircases, large square rooms, a wealth of huge closets, and deep window seats.

One part of the house was unoccupied for two causes—the inmates consisted of but two persons beside the servants, an elderly lady, the last of her family, and her grand-niece, Minnie Lovering, a young girl of sixteen. One half of the enormous mansion was sufficient to accommodate this small number, but the second and probably true reason why the inhabited part had been chosen in preference to the other, was owing to a tradition which will presently be given.

At evening, in one of the large, dark square rooms, in an arm-chamber beside the great fire-place, from whence proceeded a red illumination, sat a little aristocratic old lady, slender and straight, gazing into the flames with a pair of brilliant black eyes, undimmed by age. Her dress, perfectly appropriate, yet dainty and tasteful, was always the same. A rich black satin, a lace cap with lappets, antique yellow laces shading the trim bust, and falling gracefully over the still unshriveled hands, on one of which glittered a plain gold ring and a large lustrous diamond. Altogether she reminded one of the weird little fairy god-mothers in fables.

At her feet sat her niece, whose soft dark eyes indicated a gentle, affectionate nature; her rich curls nestled on the round white shoulders beneath, as with her hands clasped on her companion's lap, she also gazed thoughtfully into the fire. Presently she sighed slightly, and looking up, said:

"Aunt, you have never told me that promised history of the south rooms."

"I know, child, if you would like, you shall hear it now. But first get me my mantle, and then stir the fire."

These orders obeyed, and both seated as before, the old lady commenced:

"In 1685 there came to this country from England, Richard Ruthven, the younger son of a noble family. His age at this time was about thirty, and but a little while elapsed before he acquired the character of a wild, dissolute, handsome, but dangerous, fascinating man. Although the second son, a large property had been left him by an uncle, which it was said was not always put to the best of uses. But report soon became confirmed. In the course of three years this house was built and magnificently

furnished by his orders. A young man seldom does such a thing unless his bride is chosen, and no one knew of any maiden who stood in that light, for Richard Ruthven was so universally considered to be a gay, delectable man, and one not given to marrying, that young girls held themselves aloof through fear, however much, with that strange contradiction in human nature, they might secretly admire him.

The house being furnished, servants arrived from beyond seas, and among them were a middle-aged Englishman, who filled the office of porter, a grim, reserved person, and a dark, brown complexioned woman of nearly the same age, seemingly above the other servants. She was stern and hard featured, with as evil an eye as the unprepossessing porter, whose name was discovered to be Hugh Hutton. The woman's was not known for years afterwards.

Much of the furniture was imported from distant countries, and the honest, sober townspeople were dazzled and scandalized at the enormous mirrors, rich heavy damask draperies, and the almost unknown luxuries of thick eastern carpets. Among the other articles was an exquisite time-piece, in a small ebony casing, with a peculiarly sweet chime, and so delicate of construction, that when it became deranged, no workman in this country was sufficiently skillful to repair it. This curiosity, as you know, stands on the shelf in the drawing-room closet.

The house was complete in its arrangements, and still its future mistress was not provided; this want did not long remain unsupplied. One morning, Madeline Verney, the pride of the village, was missing. Only the evening previous she had been present at a church meeting, and now she was nowhere to be found. The greatest terror and anxiety was felt, until a note which had been overlooked, was discovered, stating that she had of her own accord left her home for a stranger's love. It contained no clue to her destination, or the name of her companion in flight, but a village boy, returning from a neighboring town in the grey of the morning, had seen two persons enter the avenue leading from the road to the Ruthven house, and recognized in their figures, Richard Ruthven and Madeline Verney.

Doubt was now at an end concerning her fate, but a more harrowing certainty succeeded. Her father lived but a short time afterward; she had no other relatives, for Ralph Verney was alone; so after his death, she ceased to be spoken of, but the following circumstances were told by the foreign woman, on her death bed, who had been waiting maid to the unhappy girl.

When Madeline first came to this house, which had been fitted up expressly for her, wild roving Richard Ruthven hardly left her side. But before many months he began to spend part of the time away. Madeline was very lonely during these absences, and at last reproached him gently with diminished affection; at first he soothed her with fair words and caresses, but at length a shade of discontent and anger was visible in his manner; then remorse began its work in her heart.

At this period, by the death of his brother, Ruthven became possessor of a large fortune, and not choosing to return to England, converted the estate into money, and sent for several pieces of furniture, which had been heir-looms in the family. Among these was a large clock of singular appearance, and connected by tradition with the Ruthvens. It had been made for their founder, and, so the legend ran, when it ceased to strike the hours, the name would die out. The clock case was black, and covered with grotesque gilded Chinese figures; it was high and wide, with a deep sullen tone, which had been fancifully thought to resemble the word, 'Doomed!'

In the dead stillness of the night, when it told the long hours, slowly and heavily, the vibration of one stroke was nearly lost before the next trembled on the air. This old clock was placed in the deep niche on the landing at the head of the front staircase, near Madeline's chamber; yet when that dull clang, fraught with a dark foreboding, fell upon her ear in the night, she could not repress a shudder.

Madeline had now been secluded for nearly a year, and, although conscious that she must ever remain so, still she would not have given the matter a moment's thought, had Ruthven's manner been unaltered. But now a new hope cheered her—she fancied his heart would soften toward her, and at all events she should be lonely no more, for she would be a mother.

To her surprise, her timid announcement was met with a silent frown, followed by an unpleasant smile, with which she forced herself to be content, exclaiming Ruthven, with true womanly affection, on the ground that she had, perhaps, chosen an inauspicious moment for her communication. Poor Madeline! That belief saved her hours of suffering.

The time so long expected drew near, and Ruthven certainly seemed more like the lover who had won her heart; but, to her bitter disappointment, the babe lived but a few hours. Some days after, as leaning on Ruthven's arm, she gazed from the window for the first time since her illness, on suddenly raising her eyes to his face, she met a glance that thrilled her with pain—like a serpent's gaze, it fascinated her with terror. Before she could fix it in her mind, it had vanished; in vain she tried to think it fancy; she had received too deep a shock for that, and complaining of exhaustion, she again laid her weary head on her pillow.

Still that look haunted her. She closed her eyes—a myriad repetitions of the heart-freezing smile rose up and pressed under her eyelids. Whenever way she turned, a pale dark face, the black eyes gleaming in their depths with smouldering fire, ready to burst forth at the appointed time, regarded her threateningly till her blood chilled. Slowly passed the hours of sunlight, twilight came, the gloom of evening succeeded, and, despite herself,

Madeline had fallen into a slight and disturbed slumber.

When she awoke it was late, and by the fire-side sat Hugh Hutton and the woman Teresa, talking in a low tone, which had probably aroused her. Supposing she still slept, they continued their conversation, and soon the invalid was listening with fearful interest.

"And so you really believe, Hugh, that your master will carry out his plan?" Teresa inquired.

"Of course."

"Then why has he waited so long?"

"Oh, from a mawkish tenderness," exclaimed Hugh scornfully.

"Then how did he take heart to put the child out of the way?"

"Well, that's different. He could not be said to have ever been in love with that."

"—sh! you'll wake her," continued Teresa, as Hutton burst into a brutal laugh at his own words.

"Small fear of that," he replied, "though, unless I lose my guess, if she knew all, she'd keep awake while she can, as I've an idea she'll get enough sleep before long."

A chill crept into Madeline's heart, but she fixed her eyes on the speaker. At this instant, the door opened, admitting Ruthven. With a frown he ordered Hutton from the room, and seated himself by the fire. A gloomy silence succeeded, broken by his inquiry, if it were not time for the patient to take her draught. With vague terror she watched the reflection in a mirror opposite.

Ruthven poured the medicine into a small glass, then taking a phial from his bosom, with untrembling hand wet the rim, and dropped a part of the contents.

The unhappy girl needed no more—a dim mist overspread her gaze. With a shriek she sprang up, pale and wan, and laying her hand on Ruthven's arm, exclaimed:

"Richard, would you murder me?"

With a cry of rage and a fearful oath, he hurled her slight hand away with such force that she reeled; but, recovering herself, she crept humbly to his side, and, looking up in his flushed and furious face, feebly said:

"Richard, you cannot, you will not, take my life, the life of her whose only fault was loving you. Richard, do not look at me so sternly—speak to me! Oh, heavens!"

For at this moment, Ruthven, passing, his arm around her waist, placed the vial to her lips with determined strength; she closed her eyes and struggled faintly.

"Curses on your whining! Take it, I say!"

Madeline felt his hot breath on her cheek, the fierce grasp tightened, and she looked in vain for help. Teresa had left the room. Then despair rendered her desperate. With a wonderful strength she flung off his arm and confronted him. As she stood, indignant, horror-stricken, mighty in her scorn, Ruthven met her gaze, wavered uneasily, and dropping his glance, covered before her. Then Madeline spoke, and her words rang out in clarion tones:

"Richard Ruthven, you dare not touch me! Ay! tremble like a coward, as you are. I scorn you, and your threats. Nay, I will brave you still further. I know that a darker, deeper crime lies hidden in your breast—the innocent babe—your own child—answer for its murder!"

With a cry of fury at this declaration of his villainy, Ruthven sprang forward, but checking himself, exultingly cried:

"Yes, I will answer for its murder! I—I with my own hands strangled it. And now your hour has come. Prepare yourself for time hastens."

And, advancing, he seized a heavy garment which lay on her couch.

Madeline then knew that the most horrible of deaths awaited her. She uttered a succession of piercing shrieks, but no one answered the distracted cry for help, and seizing her hand, Ruthven drew her down to the rose pillows. By a desperate effort, Madeline rose once more, her pale, wild-eyed face in ghastly contrast to her streaming hair, and in piercing tones, exclaimed:

"Richard Ruthven! May God in heaven deal with your soul as you have dealt with mine!"

At this instant the great clock on the stairs pealed out its long vibrating strokes. Never had it seemed to say the word 'doomed,' so distinctly.

"Hark!" she said, solemnly. "Doomed, doomed, indeed! From this hour the Ruthvens shall decline. You shall never know peace again. You shall never sleep calmly, for my death shall ring in your ears. You shall never feel safe alone, for my shade shall rise up to threaten you. Richard Ruthven, you shall not find repose in death, for your very bones shall not rest in the grave!"

She sank down exhausted. Ruthven fiercely buried her face in the pillow—one smothered shriek, and Madeline's spirit was in eternity.

In the course of time, Ruthven died, in this very house, the scene of his crimes, and which people said was haunted. He was buried in the family tomb. Nearly a century afterward, some medical students broke into the tomb, and mistaking the murderer's coffin for one recently placed there, burst it open. Horror-stricken, they fled, but the scattered bones told the tale.

After the lapse of a hundred years, Madeline's course was fulfilled. Richard Ruthven's bones were not permitted to rest, even in the grave."

### CHAPTER II.

In a Convent in one of our Southern cities sat the Lady Superior. It would not seem that the mortifications of a religious are so startling as people generally imagine, that is, if they consist in the luxury of an easy arm-chair, a thick soft footstool, and a wadded silk mantle.

The Abbess was stout in figure, her face broad,

coarse, but full of shrewd determination, and as she sat wholly at her ease, listening to her companion's remark, one must have been ingenious to discover that she was connected in the remotest degree with a Convent.

The person who sat opposite, dressed in priest's robes, possessed an exterior that challenged attention. Tall, slight, but dignified, his whole bearing was singularly impressive; his age might have been between fifty and sixty; his complexion was originally dark, but in addition evidently bronzed by foreign travel. His keen black eyes formed a striking contrast to the few snowy locks on his temples, which were not hidden by the black skull-cap. This person was Father Jerome, the confessor and ghostly comforter of the Abbess, who listened with interest, as he concluded a sentence with the following words:

"Then no time should be lost. You had best speak to her as soon as I leave, and give her instructions to be there within a week, if possible."

"What if she should refuse?"

"Refuse!" echoed Father Jerome, with a tone and flash of the eyes that made his hearer hesitate.

"Well, not exactly refuse—demur, object, in short, make it troublesome. What is to be done in that case?"

"Your fears are groundless. Sister Agnes has more judgment."

There was a significant menace in his voice, and it was understood by his companion, who made no further remark, as Father Jerome left the room. When his footsteps died away, the Abbess rang a hand-bell, which was answered by a lay sister.

"Send Sister Agnes to me," commanded the Superior, and the pale, wan creature departed. Meanwhile the Abbess leaned back in her chair, and closing her eyes, seemed to revolve some plan in her mind.

After the lapse of a few minutes, the door opened noiselessly, and a young woman of three or four and twenty remained motionless on the threshold, until her presence should be acknowledged. She was quite tall, and her nun's dress could not hide her swan-like elegance and grace, or her full yet delicate proportions of rounded waist, finely moulded arms, and slender hands, while the sloping shoulders gave a look of proud self-possession and yielding pliancy to her form. The sunny hue of her olive skin was like a parian transparency.

As she stood gazing upon the unconscious object of her scrutiny, in all her regal stateliness, the light playing over the masses of purplish hair, simply banded about her statue-like head, a strange expression crossed her face, and her red lips curled in bitterness, as she muttered:

"Yes, yes, of course I'm wanted. I always come in requisition when delicate work is to be done. But the day may come when the vile, despised tool shall turn in the hand that wields it. But what do their sorceries avail? My fate is sealed—I am wretched, degraded, reckless—I defy fate to do her worst!"

At this instant, as a fierce expression settled upon her features, the Abbess looking up, surprised by the noiseless entrance, and half startled by the smothered desperation so plainly visible, hurriedly exclaimed:

"Agnes! what do you want?"

"You sent for me."

"Ah, yes, true. Well, come nearer and sit down, for I have something to tell you."

The girl advanced and seated herself upon a footstool which the Abbess resigned. The latter had seen the expression of Agnes' face, and said in a tone of interest:

"You seem ill to-day—what is the cause? Can nothing relieve you?"

"When you can relieve a diseased mind, you can help me," Agnes abruptly replied.

"I am afraid your penances are too severe. You should be careful, for when the mind is harassed the body fails, and our holy church does not wish the blood of her children—only their energies."

A hard, scornful laugh was Agnes' sole comment.

"Only their energies," significantly repeated the Abbess. "Perhaps, therefore, your penances had better be performed in your cell than in the chapel. You understand—it only requires a little stretch of conscience; when one scourges himself in sackcloth for the gratification of others, it is well to wear secretly a coat of mail for the gratification of himself," said the Abbess, with a chuckle at the hypocritical suggestion.

"Unfortunately my conscience is not so accommodating—it was made before the advent of the India-rubber patent," Agnes dryly replied. "Come, a truce to this. You sent for me—you are not apt to do so without a purpose."

The Abbess was a shrewd woman, who understood that rare accomplishment of saying just enough; accordingly she adjusted herself comfortably for a long conversation, anticipating troublesome resistance on the part of Agnes.

"Father Jerome has but just left the Convent," she announced, watching the effect of her words, "and it was his desire that I should explain to you a plan in which your assistance is necessary." Here she paused.

"I am all attention."

"In order to carry it out you will be obliged to leave immediately for Boston, where you will reside for several months, being furnished with a liberal supply of money, and accounted the guest and cousin of Mrs. Emery, a Catholic lady of high standing in that city. You are an heiress, and somewhat peculiar—reserved and very independent, though of course you will not forget yourself, or your position."

"No fear of that!" ejaculated Agnes.

"You will arrive at Mrs. Emery's in the course of a fortnight. By the first of January, a young lady, Miss Lovering, will visit the city for the winter, mak-

ing her home with Mrs. Densmore, to whom you will obtain an introduction. She is co-heiress to a large property, and you must induce her to enter a Convent secretly—which, as she is young, and not remarkably strong-minded, will be no hard task. But the main part is to come. Her cousin, Belle Collamore, is the one for whom you will have to play your deepest game. She is a penetrating, quick-witted person, and in her I fear you will find your match."

The wily Abbess had touched the right chord; Agnes' dark cheeks flushed, and her eyes shot rays of golden light, as she replied, firm and clear:

"She shall be conquered."

"You will have to use great skill and caution. Never mind; time will show which wins. Here is a package from Father Jerome, containing further instructions. You will be ready to depart for Boston in a week's time."

Agnes took the package and withdrew, leaving the Abbess delighted at her easy success. But no sooner was the girl within her cell, safe from intrusion, than with unrestrained despair she flung herself upon her knees before a crucifix.

"Why do I indulge in this weakness?" she at length angrily exclaimed. "If I lose command over my own feelings, how can I sway others? But it is folly, more than folly, to affect belief in these idle ceremonies—in the power of a poor miserable fellow being to absolve a brother's sins! Did not the Abbess sneer and deride the fools who, though misguided, conscientiously perform penance; and yet I do find a strange satisfaction in these self-imposed tortures—there must be something in it," and the wretched girl wearily toiled through a labyrinth of conjecture, until her brain became confused.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, wildly throwing her arms around the crucifix and hiding her face upon them, "alas, I am too deeply entangled for hope of rescue—my only chance and aim must be to excel in the path I have chosen; to excel, and glory in my perdition! The die is cast, I must abide by it."

With burning cheeks she arose to commence the necessary preparations for her departure.

Originally in humble life, she had been selected by the Jesuits as a decoy—her aristocratic beauty and bearing fitting her with but little cultivation, to effect an entrance into the best society. She had been tempted by vanity and luxurious tastes to adopt her present service; but in order to secure her beyond hope of escape, she had been compelled to take the veil, though her life was seldom bounded by Convent walls. She was reserved for particular purposes, such as the foregoing, where an agent above suspicion was needed, and though at times she hated and despised herself, she could not resolve to abandon her present course, even had it been possible.

Knowing the strength of her chains and the impossibility of breaking them, a reckless desperation had benumbed her finer feelings, which were only dormant; yet they seldom broke forth, save when as in the present instance a new part of revolting villainy was required.

### CHAPTER III.

In a parlor of the old country mansion, and opening into the conservatory, sat Madam Richmond, with a book in her lap. Minnie Lovering, her companion, as on a former occasion, sat at an embroidery frame at the window, while the direct rays of the noon-day winter's sun poured down upon her from a cloudless sky. Presently, looking up with an affectionate smile from her work, she regarded her aunt for a moment, and said,

"I doubt I shall enjoy myself as much this winter with Mrs. Densmore, as I do at home."

"Yet it is best for you to see more of the world, and you could not desire a better chaperon than my old friend; beside, I wish you to become better acquainted with your cousin Isabella before she makes her home with us. Mrs. Densmore speaks so highly of her, that I am confident she is a girl of refinement and principle. Should she prove such, being your senior by several years, her advice may be of great assistance, and your relationship would naturally prompt affection for her—but it is useless to say this to you, far more need of caution against that affectionate nature of yours."

It was indeed unnecessary to urge the claims of relationship upon Minnie. So gentle and childlike as to appear even younger than she really was, she had lived with her aunt from infancy, and had seen but little of society. This, Madam Richmond resolved to remedy, by placing her for the winter with a friend who stood at the head of a most desirable set in Boston, feeling sure that her niece, though received with attention for her aunt's sake, would soon be loved for her own. Belle Collamore, co-heiress with Minnie to her grand-aunt's large property, was about to make Madam Richmond's residence her future home, in consequence of her guardian's intended absence abroad for several years, and their aunt wished the young girls to become firm friends, which they would the more readily, if Minnie were away from home, and dependent upon strangers for happiness.

"I wonder, aunt," said Minnie, breaking the silence, "I wonder what sort of a looking person my cousin Belle is—do you know?"

"I have not seen her for some years, but I believe she was a decided blonde."

After another pause, Minnie spoke again, rather sadly:

"I fear I shall be very homesick away from you, aunt."

"I hope not—there will be little danger, however, in such society as you will be introduced to by Mrs. Densmore. Yet, if you should find yourself unable to remain, you know I am ever ready to receive you, my child."

From the quiet manner in which Minnie resumed her embroidery without any reply, many might have thought her a gentle, but apathetic recipient of af-



fection. Perhaps if they had looked in her soft, downcast eyes, the unshed tears would have altered their belief. Madame Richmond understood her perfectly, and after a short silence, said:

"Ring the bell, and if you like, get yourself ready for a walk."

The summons was answered by a graceful and neatly dressed quadroon about twenty years of age. She was so very light and refined in expression, that but for the peculiar waves still lingering in her silky hair, and the dusky languor of the eyes, her African descent was scarcely noticeable. On entering the room she courtesied, and waited in respectful silence.

"Milly," said Madame Richmond, "I wish you to go to the post office; Miss Minnie will go with you; and do not linger, for it is too cold to be out long."

"Yes, madame," she replied in the softest of musical voices, and left the apartment.

The snowy air was so exhilarating, that Minnie enjoyed her walk extremely, only wishing her companion not so taciturn of disposition—more like an animated person and less like a statue. But the quadroon never varied from her dignity of respectful reserve. When they entered the office, without heeding the admiring glances cast upon her by the numerous loungers, Milly went directly to the clerk to inquire for Madame Richmond, and as she waited, unseen by Minnie, dropped a note into the box. Receiving several letters, and paying the postage, they left the store.

"Is there one for me?" asked Minnie, attempting to take a package from Milly; but she quickly replied:

"Madame Richmond never likes the letters to pass through any one's hands before she has seen them."

Remembering this peculiarity of her aunt's, and overpowered by the quadroon's firmness, she contented herself with urging Milly to hasten homeward. But, notwithstanding the respectful "yes, miss," Minnie could not perceive that her pace was quickened in the slightest degree. But when Miss Lovering ran on before, through the garden gate, the young woman slipped two notes from the package into her pocket. On entering the house, Milly deliberately laid aside her outside garments, passed her hand over her shining ringlets, and entering the sitting room, gave the remaining letters to Madame Richmond, who, reading the superscriptions, handed one back, saying:

"This is for Miss Minnie; you can give it to her in her room."

Calculating just how long Minnie would stay in her chamber, Milly retreated to a side room, hastily separated the seal with an extremely thin bladed pen-knife and looked at the contents, but apparently with much repugnance at such a course. Finishing with a sigh of relief, she re-sealed it, and ascending the staircase, gave it to her young mistress, who was just about joining Madame Richmond in the sitting room. With delight she opened it, and glancing at the signature, ran to her aunt, saying:

"A letter from Cousin Belle. What could have induced her to write to me? A perfect stranger, too."

"Probably Mrs. Densmoor's request, as the letter I have received from her seems to indicate a hint to that effect. But sit down, my dear, and read it to me."

It was short. Miss Collamore expressed a hope that the invitation from Mrs. Densmoor would be speedily acted upon, as she was anxious to see her little cousin.

Meanwhile the Quadroon was busied in her own room with the contents of her letters.

The first was dated from Boston, and ran as follows, in a peculiar cypher:

"On receipt of this note, you will immediately answer the following questions:

What is the day appointed for Miss Lovering's visit to the city?

Has she received any letter of importance since you last communicated with me?

Have you followed the direction in regard to Francis Richmond?

You will receive at the same time with this note, another from the Holy Superior of our Order, both of which you will not fail to answer."

Opening the other, the Quadroon muttered, and she glanced it through:

"Short and comprehensive; 'brevity is the soul of wit.' Well, I'll remember that in my answer, Father Jerome."

The Francis Richmond referred to was a grand nephew of Madame Richmond, and although but twenty-six or twenty-seven, was already *blase*; extremely fascinating, however, gay, witty, and not in the least a sufferer from bashfulness. He owned a large plantation at the South, and on a visit to his aunt, the summer before, had seen and admired the Quadroon; but her reserve, amounting even to haughty dignity, had kept the young man at bay, repelling the slightest familiarity.

All this, revealed under the seal of confession, Father Jerome had perceived could be turned to advantage. Milly was but one of the many tools of the Jesuits, and the priest designed that she should completely infatuate Richmond, trusting that under her influence the treasury of the church might in some way be benefited. A visit from this young man was shortly expected, and Milly was ordered to change her manner sufficiently to encourage him, the whole affair being left to her judgment. But this command was a very bitter one, and the Quadroon rebelled at the degrading ideas connected with it; she had been respected all her life, she was the confidential servant of Madame Richmond, whose treatment of her was such as domestics, especially those in whom the darker shade is perceptible, rarely receive.

And must she throw away position, advantages, and self-respect in obedience to those whom she distrusted, and for one who would admire her for awhile, but as soon as caprice should actuate him, toss her aside as a worthless toy?

No! she would not immolate herself upon any shrine, though purgatory and something even worse yawned at her feet; yet she would play a double part, and save herself, while she deceived her tyrants. Rising, she destroyed the letter, and went about her duties with the same outward composure, but with a deeper resolve than before.

And Minnie made preparations to visit Mrs. Densmoor immediately, and Mr. Richmond postponed his visit till summer, which intelligence was faithfully forwarded to the priest by the Quadroon.

Mr. Sparrowgrass recently joined the "Home Guard" at Yonkers, New York, and said in a speech that "it is understood that the Home Guard is not to go to the wars, and not to leave Yonkers except in case of invasion."

This is as good as the old story of the "Bangtown Riflemen," an Ohio military company, whose by-laws consisted of two sections, namely:

"Article First.—This company shall be known as the Bangtown Riflemen.

"Article Second.—In case of war this company shall immediately disband!"

#### Written for the Banner of Light. SPELL-BOUND.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

She is a King's affianced bride!  
Regality is her unchallenged right;  
Though now a hapless mourner sorely tried,  
She wanders through the night.

Her queenly robes with costly brocaderies wrought,  
On rocks and thorns are rent;  
And who to misery's extreme is brought,  
With grief and toil o'er-spent.

Her silver-sandaled feet that erst refused  
Almost to touch the flower-enamelled sod,  
To weary travel and rough ways unused,  
Bleeding and bare, o'er sharded flints have trod.

Rest of her jewels, save one fairy charm,  
A ruby fire in golden circlet set;  
With clasps inviolate it holds her beauteous arm,  
And tells of rescue yet.

'Tis by a wizard's wildering arts,  
That she a princess born,  
Is rapt away from loyal hearts,  
To hostile lands forlorn.

Her lover to the wars has gone,  
His borders from marauding bands to free;  
The enchanter's spells yield but to him alone,  
And his the only arm can win glad victory.

O, kingly conqueror, speed thee fast,  
Give thy good steed the rein;  
Then onward, like the sweeping blast,  
Whom none may quell or chain.

With golden bugle touch thy lips,  
Send clarion notes afar;  
Be swift to wrest from dire captivity,  
Thy kingdom's crowning star.

And ere pale Dian's silver bow  
Bends o'er the crested wave,  
Thou from the false, usurping foe,  
Thy Beautiful shalt save.

#### Original Essays.

##### BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF GOD AND HUMANITY.

BY DR. A. JOHNSON.

To the mere material mind, to him who has no higher development than the animal senses, to one who has no purer motives than the acquisition of material wealth, and with atheistic views of life, to such an one this article will appear like the wildest hallucination.

But it is not the attention of such a mind I court. I would rather invite one who has become somewhat acquainted with the laws of life—one who has learned that he has a two-fold nature—animal and spiritual. The former is subject to time and external manifestations, and eventually is resolved into its original elements, to perform other missions, while the latter, the spirit, is a spark from Deity, and subject to a never-ending progression. Such a mind I wish to go with me through the track of time, and examine the birth, boyhood and manhood of the human race.

As childhood commences without experience, so did the race commence in ignorance, without the aid of experience or science to assist it—and thus was it subject to all manner of mistakes. Having this two-fold nature, there were those who early sought for something more than themselves to lean upon for protection. As a confiding child, no did Humanity feel its needs. Consequently, the minds of men were continually discovering new gods—some worshipping the sun, some the moon, and some the elements; while others bowed to innumerable other objects too low for the immortal mind to be engaged in. The universal desire for a great First Cause, and for ultimate and endless happiness, I take to be good evidence of immortality. But there are those who do not believe in the immortality of the soul. They allege that physical nature is sufficient to produce all we behold.

Let us give this theory but a passing glance. By the light of science we are taught that all physical nature is but a crude, out-birth of interior causes, governed at all times by undeviating laws. The existence in man of the immortal spirit, (of which I have abundant evidence) with its wonderful capacities, which far transcends all other creations, is sufficient evidence to me, that the materialistic theory is inadequate to produce all we behold. Because the immortal spirit cannot be detected in the cradle, the materialist concludes that it is no part of man. Against such conclusion, I do not propose to combat, and shall, therefore, pass it by, as unworthy of further notice.

I cannot find reason, love, wisdom, or the intelligence which man possesses, in the rock, the tree, or the earth, and ten thousand other things which we behold; but I do perceive an infinite design and intelligence in them all. If material nature, in her orderly, silent and progressive laws, was sufficient to produce man, independent of the laws of procreation and Deity, why does she not still continue to create human beings? What nature accomplishes once, she establishes as a necessity, and as eternal laws, for nature never contradicts herself; and if her progression be continual, then Deity would, according to the material theory, be a result, and not a cause, and the highest existence the consequence of a nothing.

Now we will return to view the labors of humanity. To do this intelligently, we must not lose sight of inspiration, which is a universal law, although imperfectly understood, even at this day. This, when properly understood, will account for all the so-called enormities humanity has been guilty of in the past and present. As we find man a religious being, he is operated upon by interior causes. These causes are no less than this universal law of influx, which inspires him, and the inspiration is always saturated, more or less, with the preconceived opinions and angularities of the individuals through whom the revelations come. Hence the difference which is found in the Heathen and Christian Bibles. If the individual is selfish, the communications would favor more or less of vindictiveness; then the law of force would predominate, such as an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. If the religious element prevailed, the revelations would partake of a religious fervor. If the love element predominated, then we would find them more in accordance with universal principles; but through every phase of humanity, and of course through selfishness and ignorance, men have always found a religious pretext for slaughtering millions of their fellow-men, in the name of religion. Thus it has ever been, through all time, and even in this nineteenth century, the world is still divided, and the number of creeds in existence is beyond credibility, to those who are unacquainted with the true history of the church.

Nominal Christians hold out an unwarrantable assumption, by declaring that God has spoken his first words in Genesis, and ended in Revelations, and

all other nations claim as much for their Bibles. It would be ten thousand times easier to pass all the water which flows over the falls of Niagara, through a goose quill, than to put between the lids of a single book all the knowledge of an inexhaustible fountain. I see no difficulty in allowing the skeptic all his objections to the Bible, and still find enough in it to sustain its Christian religion. It is high time for Christians to come to the conclusion, that they need a progressive religion. The history of the past, as well as our latter day developments, are sufficient to convince outside skeptics that Creeds must die. A true religion will never be established until there shall be recognized one God, one Humanity, and one Christianity. The world can never be Christianized while hundreds of sects are endeavoring, each in its own way, to reform, as far as their influence goes, and while each insists that its own creed is the right one.

There is no difficulty to any discerning mind, to discover amid all these pretensions, that which savors of men, and that which is of God. God is no speculator, no formalist. Men are so constituted, that everything which is handed down from antiquity, seems, to them, to be clothed with a sacred charm; and to that degree, that they do not allow themselves to reason upon religious matters; and if they do make the attempt, each will approve, or crucify, everything according to his creed.

They reason according to their own reason. I would advise such persons to become more familiar with the history of the church, which would liberalize them considerably. Christ, whom Christians pretend to follow, was no advocate for forms and ceremonies, but everywhere condemned them. And if the great body of religionists would concentrate their forces, and carry out the true spirit of Jesus, they would do more to elevate and Christianize men within fifty years, than they will under existing methods for thousands of years to come.

With this hasty glance at the religious sentiments of mankind, let us turn to Deity. What can we say upon this subject, more than has been said, by one who truly remarked, that more was known of what God was not, than of what he was. This seems to be the expression of one who had thought much on this subject; and when we examine the experience of the past, we find that men have at all times worshipped a God according to the intelligence of their own ages; and not a few have found a God much worse than themselves—a God who was so imperfect and revengeful, that he would create without consulting his children—force them into existence, and for brief, finite sins, consign them to an eternal torture; when at the same time he knew their end before they were created; and thousands of other absurdities too numerous to mention.

Men never can have a religion worthy of the true God, until they find a God worthy of Humanity.

I find the God of the universe a very different being from the Gods which are found among religionists. It is therefore best to draw no comparison that will be insulting to Jehovah. So ignorant were the ancients of God, that we find it no uncommon thing for them to bow down to worship spirits, mistaking them for Jehovah.

We are informed in the Bible, that "no man has seen God at any time," and "that no man can see God and live." "God out of Christ is a consuming fire." All progressive minds who dare allow themselves to think, those who soar beyond institutions, (the fixtures of faction) believe the above quotations.

I am not unmindful of the good these institutions have done, but their instructions do not go far enough. They do not teach the intuitional nature of man, and its relations and laws to the present and future existence. Intuition is higher than intellect, and the millennium which is predicted, in the primitive history, will never be experienced until mankind shall have sufficiently progressed, so as to be developed beyond the animal senses, and to understand the true relationship existing between the spirit and their physical nature.

The millennium can only exist where harmony reigns, and harmony cannot exist while ignorance and selfishness predominate. True wisdom and intelligence are the only means of establishing true relations between God and humanity. It is a well known fact, that all that is known of God is known only through His works. He has created millions of mirrors, wherein He reflects Himself, in order that we may more fully comprehend His divine nature.

Now, my brother, you have already tasted the sweets of immortality, while yet a prisoner of time, I desire to take you by the hand, and take you with me from physical creation. Let us reflect for a moment upon the nature and capacities of the spirit of man. In order to get but a feeble conception, we must follow it, when freed from the material form. Did you ever reflect upon its subtle and ethereal nature, subject to neither lock, bar, bolt, nor any dense material structure? How wonderfully refined must such an organization be, to take its flight through all obstacles, and yet, not appreciable to our senses. Do you object to this state of being? Is it not a perfect human organization? If so, then all the knowledge we have of futurity is in vain. All accounts we have of those who have returned from the invisible world, and who have once been of this earth, are of persons who were seen through spiritual vision, perfect men; for it is an admitted point, that what we behold of the external, is but the crude covering of the spirit. As to its capacities, none but an angel can have anything like an adequate conception of them. As to its condition, we can have a just conception, because, by a never failing law of affinities, like gravitates to like, and its identity is not destroyed when it leaves its material garment. It then commences a new phase of its eternal and never ending progression in knowledge, wisdom, happiness and harmony.

Come, brother, we will have to proceed one step further. As we can reason only from nature to nature's God, let us follow the chain of analogy, and pass through the elements of air, and of light, and through the crude forms of electricity, and even spiritual being. God is more pure than all these. Then let us, finite as we are, contemplate for a few moments, the nature of our Father in Heaven—the incomprehensible. Let us, finite worms of the dust, then, see what we can discover of the Infinite; for the Father loves those most who seek to know most of him. Here we make an attempt, of the very highest order, to gain wisdom. Men have differed vastly upon the character of God. Some have supposed Him to be a localized being in human shape; while others have supposed Him to be a universal principle, without form.

So far as regards the attributes of God, my views are very simple. I believe God to be Infinite Love, Wisdom and Harmony. In Love, he conceived all things; in Wisdom, he projected all things; and in Harmony, he sustains all things.

I have told you what I believe the conceivable attributes of God were. If you ask me what his form is, I must frankly confess that I do not know.

But, I do believe him to be more than a controller of his works; and if he is a sustainer of all his innumerable creations, then, he is the indwelling principle in everything. If he is the indwelling principle and sustainer, we can have no conception of his form; and yet, I cannot have a reasonable conception of an intelligent being without organization. If he created and sustains all things, of which I have no doubt, it seems but reasonable to suppose that as the brain is the source of mental activity in the creature man, so, in the whole creation, there must be some source and centre of Divine energy, whence go out the spiritual influences that quicken into life the remotest borders of the universe.

My limbs are a part of me, but they are the furthest from the seat of life; so, also, God the Infinite must have central localities, where his great Heart, Love and Wisdom principle are most manifest. If you raise an objection, and call this an infinite monster, how, I ask, can you conceive the idea of an intelligent God, without manifestation in form comprehensible to you? I am aware that some believe Jehovah to be a circle, or principle, without beginning or end, but that is merely a conception involved in inexplicable mystery, which cannot satisfy the highest reasonings of man, and in absolute antagonism to the idea of the great "I Am." To believe God to be merely a controller, or engineer of his works, places him outside of creation, destroys his Omnipotence, localizes him, and robs him of Omnipresence and Omnipotence.

I have thus given an outline of my views of God. If any one else has a higher conception of Jehovah, I will thank him for a statement of it.

New York, Feb., 1861.

#### Refinement.

Writers and speakers are constantly advocating and referring to refinement, as if it were some great chemical process in the laboratory of nature, or some necessary work of every human soul to commence with its totally depraved birth, and go on far beyond this life.

If we analyze the word and its meaning, we may gain some new idea of the subject. The word implies that something once fine has become coarse, and needs to be refined; and we often convey the idea that this is a very desirable work of nature, which would be simply dissolving the combinations, and resolving each organic body to its simple elements, all of which are, fine and pure, indestructible and indissoluble, the nature and character of which are never changed by combination.

With this philosophical view of combination, what is the process of refinement but a dissolution and return to elements. I do not understand how the combination of ten simple and pure elements into one body can make an impure body. If all its parts are pure and fine, the whole thing must be pure and fine also; true the whole may weigh and measure more than any part, and if we apply fineness to diameter, we may refine by reducing the diameter, but we do not use it in that sense. If we apply it to arrangement of particles in construction of bodies, it may be appropriate as a re-arrangement of place and proportion, may make an object more or less agreeable to us.

The natural arrangement of particles in an alligator is not as pleasant to us as that in a horse; yet the simple elements are nearly the same; but could we refine an alligator till he became a horse? or what could we do to refine an alligator? Should we dissolve his body—reduce it to simples, and of them form a human body? Would that be refining the alligator? Is not an alligator as fine as a man in that universal sense in which impurity dwells in infinite variety of forms, every particle of which is pure and simple and perfect? If each particle is perfect and pure, can the whole be imperfect and impure?

I cannot find an appropriate use for the term refinement, unless we put up some form as a standard, and attempt to refine all others to it, so as to destroy the variety in nature. But suppose we attempt to bring it out in a moral sense and apply it to conduct and action—is not every motion, as a simple motion, fine or refined? Is not every simple thought pure and fine? What actions would be refined in a hog or horse? What in a boy or man? Whose standard shall we adopt for refinement? The young, middle-aged, or aged? Can any person tell what a refined action is, except in the reduction to simples in particles, or motions, or thoughts?

We also often talk of bad motives and good motives; but I have been unable to find a bad motive, as I am unable to find a bad element, or motion, or thought. I believe the simple motive, standing back of every action, is good and pure—that one desire actuates every human soul—happiness—and that desire is simple, pure and good, is over the motive to every voluntary act of human life, however often we may mistake our way, get tangled in the briars or bruised on the rocks—burned in the flames, or drowned in the waters—lodged in the prisons, or hanged on the gallows. I cannot believe there is a bad element, or simple particle of matter in the universe, that should be excluded, for whether God made all things good or not, to me they seem to be good, however obnoxious some forms, or uncongenial some things or persons.

I would not like a jackass for a traveling companion, or an alligator for a bedfellow, but I suppose one is useful to carry corn to mill in the mountains of Tennessee, and the other to wallow in the swamps of Florida, and I am about as well fitted for their places as they are for mine, and each would require refining, or reconstructing, to do the work of the other. We hear much about refining matter for spiritual bodies, and refining persons for spiritual life, but to me there is little philosophical sense in either.

Providence, May 22, 1861.

#### On Punishment.

If a man is to be judged by the good or evil influence of his writings, I think that Solomon was most lacking in wisdom.

"Spare the rod and spoil the child," and the dogma of an "Orthodox Hell," I believe, have been the great sources of crime.

This is no new opinion of mine. More than forty years ago, when a friend strived to convert me from my "infidelity," I expressed a belief that God never punished hereafter, and that I would no sooner punish a man for crime here, than I would the one with a fever, or with an unsound mind; that punishment never reclaimed from wrong doing, and that all punishments by parents, whatever might be the opinion at the time, were never inflicted for the child's good, but to relieve the inharmonious of their own feelings. And after forty years reflection, I am confirmed in these opinions.

Let me not be misunderstood. All violations of God's laws, both physical and moral, are attended by suffering. The sufferings from the violations of the moral law are self-inflicted, both here and hereafter from the consciousness of crime, or a misapprehension, withholding, where it was our duty to give, or retaining dislikes and hatred where it was our duty to forgive.

PAUL PAT.

#### Written for the Banner of Light. GLIMPSES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

There, apple-bloss and quilting routs  
The harvest nights improve;  
And songs, and games, and reels, and shouts,  
The beams and rafters move;  
The moon-lit husking rears its stack  
Of corn, and mirth beside;  
And cobs and jokes in concert crack,  
Till laughter holds its sides.

There, Hymen spins from Love's cocoon  
His life-long silken bands;  
And crowning nature's sweetest boon  
Joins hearts in joining hands;  
The sad and cheerful crowd to pay  
Respect to grief and death;  
And as the grave engulfs its prey,  
Each listener holds his breath.

There, the dear school-house near the wood,  
Pours out its happy tides,  
And future husbands, leal and good,  
Romp with their future brides;  
The training bands, on training days,  
Parade where patriots bleed;  
And gleesome neighbors flock to raise  
The farm-house, barn, or shed.

There, couchant 'neath the sheltering hill,  
As Autumn sighs of wane;  
Incessant shrieks the cider mill—  
But more with joy than pain;  
Near by, the wizard grist mill wakes  
With groans of grinding joys,  
And does the future sump and oakes  
For corn-fed girls and boys.

There, Winter heaps his fleecy store  
Above the window's light,  
And barricades with drifts the door,  
Against assaults by night;  
The farmer shells the golden ear,  
The wheels and distaffs play—  
Apples and nuts the children cheer,  
And puss lies warm with Tray.

There, Reynard, on his midnight search,  
Steals o'er the crusted snow,  
And takes his pick from off the porch,  
Nor stops the price to know;  
At dawn the nimble-footed bound  
Out on the track makes way,  
His honest bark: "stop thief!" resound,  
Till night shuts off the day.

The quaker wren, in spring-time there,  
Love beating in her breast,  
Calls at the door to ask you where  
Her mate may build her nest;  
While redbreast, perched at queenly ease,  
From off the well-sweep cries,  
"I build just where and when I please;  
My right no one denies!"

There, sportive lambs play tag and leap  
With lambs of human strife;  
And calf and colt join hands to keep  
The morning hours of life;  
O'er beetling crag and sunny glade  
Out leaps the living mirth,  
And million songsters serenade  
The nuptial day of earth.

MARCO MILTON.

New London, Ct.

#### Spiritual Phenomena.

Tests by Mr. J. V. Mansfield.

The following letter from a gentleman well known among the literati of Boston, in confirmation of a test received through Mr. Mansfield, will be read with interest. It is one of the many tests collected by the perseverance of Mrs. Mansfield, for publication in a forthcoming volume containing a history and record of Mr. M.'s mediumship:

DEAR SIR:—On the evening of the 20th of April, I wrote a letter addressed to "Jane Rosie, in the world of spirits," which contained eleven questions. Without showing what I had written to any one, I folded it carefully, sealed it, marked the seal with several arbitrary stenographic characters, and then gave it to Dr. Mayo G. Smith, to carry to you and obtain an answer. On the evening of the 27th, the doctor brought me my own letter in the same condition it was when I gave it to him. It had not been opened. He brought me an answer also, which had been written to you; and I have no hesitation in stating that it was as correct in all its parts as if it had been written by Jane Rosie, when she was in the body. As most of the questions I asked were of a personal character, in which the public can feel little interest, I shall confine myself to giving only the principal tests, which are as follows:

"Well, Duncan, you would have me tell you that by which you could recognize me as your dear mother, Jane Rosie M'Lean; let me then revert to my life in Kirkwall. O, that dear, dear island home! Yes, I wander there in spirit often. Yes, those stone edifices, antique as they are, seem to me as dear as when I was in the form. Not long since I visited old St. Magnus Cathedral, and though it bears the marks of dilapidation in some parts, yet the same tower points heavenward to-day, that was reared eight centuries ago! Recently I was also at Cromarty, and saw people loading stones on board of vessels bound to England."

The letter which I sent was addressed to my mother by her maiden name. In it I made no allusion to St. Magnus, nor did I know how old it was, neither did I mention anything about Cromarty, nor did I know that vessels took stones from there to England. Although I had frequently heard my mother speak of Cromarty when I was a boy, I had never been there.

A niece who left the Orkney's about six years since, to whom I showed the answer received through you, informed me that a trade in freestone had been organized since I left, and that Cromarty was noted for the good quality of its stone. As I had never seen you before I sent the letter to you, nor until nearly a fortnight after I received your answer; and as Dr. Smith knew nothing of my family history, or the localities of the Orkney Islands, and consequently could not have communicated any hints to you, I unhesitatingly believe that the answer received through you must have been from my mother, who has been dead four years.

Another test of its truth was the direction with my name. "Duncan M'Lean, No. 47 Meridian street, East Boston," though you did not know either, because they were not mentioned in my letter; nor did Dr. Smith communicate them to you. They clearly show that the spirit of my mother knows where I live, as well as I do myself.

It may be proper to state that I was born in Kirkwall, the principal town in the Orkneys, and that I left it about thirty years ago, and have not been there since. Yours truly, DUNCAN M'LEAN, No. 47 Meridian street, East Boston, 1861.

Relative to myself the foregoing is correct. One or two points furnish additional interest. Mr. Mansfield never possessed the letter. He touched it; said he felt its magnetism, and was thus placed in communication with the writer. He told me I could take it again. Subsequently returning to his office, he said he had just answered, he supposed, the letter



I brought, of which he knew nothing. Neither could I have told the number of the street, although cognizant of his residence. When answered, the letter was in my pocket, and I was a mile distant, at the Massachusetts Medical College, where I was attending lectures.

M. G. SURRIS.

#### Mrs. L. F. Hyde, Test-Medium.

Having recently observed the communication in the BANNER OF LIGHT from a "Massachusetts Senator," attesting to several tests he had obtained through Mrs. L. F. Hyde, on business subjects, I was thereby induced to call at her rooms, in LaGrange Place, for a similar object. Mrs. Hyde was personally unknown to me, and I suppose I was equally unknown to her; and yet as soon as she was introduced, she called me by name, and said, "Here is a man who says he was your horseman in 1857, in San Jose, California." He says he got the bag of gold dust you lost, and had it concealed on the rancho. He says he lost it all in one night, playing monte, so it did him no good; his name was B. P."

The circumstance of my losing a bag of gold dust, and of having a man, by name of B. P., engaged as horseman in the year 1857, as well as having a rancho in San Jose, California, is all substantially correct; and unless some motive stronger than is commonly ascribed to men, be given, I cannot see why it may not all be true, or he bears false witness against himself. The fact, however, of allusion being made to this affair, without any thought on my part, or desire to revert to the past, is conclusive proof of spirit control over the medium.

I intimated to the medium that I had come to consult the spirits about another matter, and something more interesting, because it was a present issue. The medium was now entranced by another spirit, and commenced smiling. I asked what it was that gave so much pleasure? She instantly replied, "H. is a bad egg! Your cake is all dough! That chicken won't hatch! You are expecting a remittance from H. to-morrow evening; it will do you good, if it ever comes, but it won't come! H. has vacated the rancho, and joined the rebels. He is now in Georgia, and will pay you like a traitor, in Georgia faith!" This information is what I wished to obtain, and it came from an old business friend now in the spirit world, no doubt, for it is a perfect reproduction of his sententious lingo, over which I have laughed a thousand times, when he was wont to "put us in a roar." The medium gave a description of his person, but could not get his name; no room for doubting, however, was left when he was described as having a wooden leg.

My experience, Messrs. Editors, with test-mediums, or mediums of any kind, has been very limited, but I cannot help believing Mrs. Hyde to be one of the very best for giving business communications. In this particular case, I am sorry to say, it was too true, and that is the more complimentary to the medium. Several business men known to me, have consulted Mrs. Hyde, and I am informed always obtain satisfactory results.

A MERCHANT ON PEARL STREET.

Boston, Mass.

#### Spirit Experiences.

I am making a home with Brother Davis, and wife in this town, two warm-hearted Spiritualists. The latter is a medium by nature, and truly wonderful. The two have been believers for about ten years. Their father and mother (Davis) are also believers, (living) but a few rods from us. They come in evenings and we talk about Spiritualism, and I am entertained with many interesting tests, that are a feast to me, and help to strengthen my mind in the glorious truths for my benefit, at least; for I like to hear tests related, no matter how strongly convinced I may have been.

Mrs. Davis's mother left her earthly form six years ago, and was also a firm believer and a medium. She was a bitter opposer previous to becoming one, but got converted when the "particular spring was touched," by witnessing in her own experiences, medium powers with herself, and although she could not write a word normally, yet she was developed to write many communications, giving unmistakable evidence to herself and friends of the identity and spiritual source.

Previous to her leaving the form, being taken sick, she declined all medical aid from the mundane sphere, and left particular instructions to have no minister called to officiate at her funeral; but a young medium, Kneeland, whose father lived in the neighborhood, and who was a son of Abner Kneeland, was invited to come in, and he came, and was entranced, giving a discourse.

Mrs. H. T. Davis had obtained a promise from her mother, while in the form, to meet her face to face, if possible, after leaving, and the promise was redeemed at two different times, by her actual, real, objective and tangible presence, immediately after, besides many times at later periods.

Mrs. Davis's mediumship seems mysterious to herself. Her spirit is sometimes taken out of her body, and she thinks she is as really in spirit-life as she will be, when the cord is finally severed. She sees incidents and accidents that occur many miles away from her, at the time they take place, as has been proved, and previously sees accidents taking place as they afterwards happen, describing every particular, in many instances known to happen by verification afterwards established, and hears voices and words spoken by mortals that are a long distance from her at the time of utterance.

The above facts being deemed wonderful, and something different in part from other phases of mediumship, being given to me by a truthful mind, should you consider them of any value to our common humanity, you are at option to make use of them in the BANNER.

Atleast, May 15, 1861.

R. M. ADAMS.

#### Old-Time Spiritualism.

The following account of Spiritual manifestations, which took place two hundred and eighty years ago, is copied from the Biographical Dictionary, published at Hartford, in 1816. If you think it would interest the readers of the BANNER, you can transfer it to your columns. Perhaps they might not think the "great mathematician" was so "extremely credulous and superstitious," or that he was lacking in "solid judgment."

Yours, truly,

Belcherdown, Mass., 1861. GEORGE FILER.

John Dee, a great mathematician, and a very extraordinary person in the republic of letters, was born in London, 1577. He was a man of uncommon parts, learning and application; and might have performed great things, if he had been possessed of a solid judgment; but he was extremely credulous and superstitious. He suffered himself to be deluded into an opinion, that by certain invocations, an intercourse or communication with spirits might be obtained; from whence he promised himself an insight into the occult sciences. He found a young man, one Edward Kelly, a native of Worcestershire,

who had already dipped into these matters, and who readily undertook to be his instrument in them, for which he was to pay him £20 per annum.

December 2, 1591, they began their incantations; in consequence of which, Kelly was, by the inspection of a certain table, consecrated for that purpose, with many superstitious ceremonies, enabled to acquaint Dee with what the spirits thought fit to show and discover. These conferences were continued about two years, and the subjects of them committed to writing, but never published, though still preserved in Ashmole's Museum. He traveled much abroad in company with Kelly, who had in his possession, as was reported, a philosophical powder of projection, by which they were furnished with money very profusely.

In the latter end of his life, however, he became miserably poor, and it is highly probable that he remained under the delusion to his death; for he was actually providing for a new journey into Germany, when, worn out by age and distempers, he died in 1608, aged eighty, and was buried at Mortlake. His mathematical works are numerous and valuable.

#### LOVE NOT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay!  
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—  
Things that are made to fade and fall away.  
When they have blossomed but a few short hours.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may die—  
May perish from the gay and gladsome earth:  
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,  
Beam on its grave as once upon its birth.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not! The thing you love may change;  
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you;  
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange;  
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not, love not!

Love not, love not!—Oh, warning vainly said  
In present years, as in the years gone by:  
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,  
Faithless, immortal—till they change or die.

Love not, love not!

#### SELF LOVE.

Sketch of a Sermon delivered in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Washington Square, N. Y., Sunday Evening, May 26, 1861, by the pastor, Rev. Thomas L. Harris.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

"Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"—1 Cor. xv. 12.

It is perfectly impossible to prove the doctrine of immortality from the standpoint of Nature. That reasoning is greatly in error, that logic is most faulty by which it is attempted to be shown that communications from spirits who have departed this body prove they are immortal. We see the germ of a plant fling aside its first rude covering, and spring from the soil that is soon to be its grave. Leaf, blade, blossom, ear, follow one another in graceful and beautiful succession. One might imagine the plant had an individuality, might, passing from one stage of grace and maturity to another, was destined at last to attain an eternal permanence; but not so—it lives out its term of being, and then ceases to exist.

Again, we watch the unsightly summer insect, feeding upon the orchard-leaves, and see it folded into a cocoon, hidden within which is the dull brown chrysalis. It sleeps till the trumpet of the flowing season calls forth all natural germs to their resurrection; and now it emerges, and its wings, brilliant as morning, are starred with a resemblance of the heavens above it. That which crept, now moves rapidly, gracefully, from flower to flower, and seems a sacred expression of the influences which gave it birth. But the summer dies, and with it dies the butterfly. These are often made use of as natural analogies to prove the immortality of the human spirit; and so far as they picture in nature the possibility of the existence of man beyond the natural form, they may serve as illustrations.

Man, doubtless, good or bad, exists beyond the hour and the process of his physical dissolution. The word of God and the voice of Nature alike attest the truth. But the fact that a man communicates after death, does not prove his immortality, but simply his continued existence. Whatever is born in nature, whatever is dependent for life on nature, whatever is not in its essence supernatural, is mortal. The immortality of man is, therefore, dependent on the will of God. He did not strike off intelligences into time and space, and give them a power of existence parallel with his own, and yet independent of Him. The Divine Word is a battle-axe which smites such a doctrine. The apostle declares, "God only hath immortality," and the purest logic, the highest intuition, and the tenderest love, all unite to establish this statement. The Scriptures teach that the good man lives beyond the dissolution of his physical form; but they teach something higher than this. They do not teach the eternity of mere natural effects.

The Spiritualist, as a rule, supposes eternity to be a continuation of the natural consciousness that begins in time and space. That most kind-hearted and honest inquirer, Judge Edmonds, for instance, thinks he has discovered that the next life is just a change from one natural condition to another. This view I hold to be entirely unscriptural. The Divine Spirit, as it begins to work in us, begins (through our co-operation with its influence) to bring us into a condition above nature—a supernatural condition. For, it is not natural for man to love the Lord God with all his heart and soul and mind, and his brethren, collectively and individually, as himself. Such affection is the gift of God; and no man, unless converted, in the most evangelical sense of the term—converted from his nature, which is self-love—can love God supremely, and his neighbor ineffably and disinterestedly.

You are all familiar with the doctrine of the natural progressionist, according to which the soul begins with self-love, and from that, as the centre of its being unfolds by degrees, a succession of co-ordinate and subordinate affections. In this view, the Universe pivots on self-love. Look at the spirit, regards as most advanced in the spiritual world, and regards as most advanced in rising and ripening; take the crown of glory from its head, and the orb and scepter from its hands; strip it of all its surroundings until you reach its mighty heart, the inmost doors of its soul fly open, and you read self-love written there. In its inmost personality, you find that spirit to be a Devil.

The great cardinal heresy of modern times is the worship of self. The spirit of self-love seduces men into the belief that they are immortal, and that life can unfold the highest capacities of their natures; but the Devil was a liar from the beginning! There is no absolute immortality in the sense of an unceasing continuance of our present being out of Jesus Christ. Sin, death, and hell, are neither of them immortal. Sin, it is true, exists beyond this world. Hideous creatures that were once men and women, exist in the other life, as monsters, whose self-love constitutes their whole being. They lived and expatiated into the spiritual universe; but they never lived in the natural universe. And sin in this world works out through bad passions, and through diseases in the human system; through vicious laws, bad morality, false philosophy, base and perverted religions.

We see sin standing behind counters, and peddling ruin; selling and writing corrupt books; building and sailing ships for the slave-trade; and, in the horrors of the middle passage, bearing parents and children from the black cannibalism of savage Africa to the white cannibalism of the modern slave-code. Sin preaches sermons and delivers lectures, to prove that "Whatever is, is right." It takes possession of human bodies, uses them for its own purposes, and then leaves them hopelessly and

horribly ruined. It works in the natural world, but it never lived there. Matter is incapable of sin. The rope with which an innocent man is hung, is not responsible for his murder. Nerves and sinews, bones and muscles, can no more be accused for crimes of violence, than any other telegraphic instruments.

Where, then, is sin? It is in the spiritual part of man; in that portion of his nature which always lives in the spiritual world, and which always will live there, while it exists at all. Thus sin is a fact out of Nature, though it works into it. The same thing is true of bodily disease. A man dies, as to his natural body, of consumption, but the spiritual cause of his malady is beyond nature; for it lies in the power of the abominations of the moral will, which he killed the man, through the depraved and rotten tissue of his spiritual frame within. Sometimes, this same fatal power of disease springs at us like a rattlesnake from its lair, from the polluted souls and spirits of others.

Neither is Hell embodied in Nature, though her fairest flowers and fruits are blackened and blasted by the blight it casts, and though it leaves her bosom in Titanic throes of agony. Summon up from his dark den some wicked man, who, perhaps, laid down to his last sleep, in luxury, soothed by delicious opiates into a rosy dream of future bliss. Long ages have passed since he waked up in the invisible world, during which his personality has become more and more conspicuous, and his latent quality of being has been fully evolved. Ask him what Hell is, and the reluctant testimony from the seared and burning bosom of the lost, will be, that the gigantic forms of the universe around him, with its scenes of murder and blasphemy, are not Hell, but merely the pictures of its realities, thrown out into spiritual space, according to the various conditions in the great and unfathomable abyss in which they have their origin. Force him to testify still further, and his bosom will fall open, and gigantic self-love will be seen enthroned in the centre of his personality. Hell lights up his eyes, and speaks from his lips. Hell flames as one great furnace in that deep heart. He is himself a death and a lake of fire. The bad man, as he passes into the invisible world, sinks below Nature, just as the good man rises above it.

There is nothing in nature which corresponds at all to the state and condition, as to affections, intelligence and powers of the human being lost, for there is nothing in our natural world that is unaimed impurity. Take even the lowest and most corrupt forms of animal existence, and you will find something good about them—something that will, at least, serve some useful purpose after death. Even the serpent fulfills a beneficent object in riding the earth of creatures misplaced and superfluous, and in providing an antidote to many a foul disease. He is in nature, not below it. The human form (sometimes said to be eternal; but we have no reason to think that wicked men retain this form for ever. As their inner selves, in the spiritual world, more and more come out, their very external appearance undergoes a terrific and horrible change; and at length they assume, outwardly, the full likeness of those moral abominations which they cherish, and which they are. Thus, they sink below the human expression—the human reality. God manifests himself in the human form, because that form was made to be the expression of the thoughts and loves of Duty, which are all good; and of his actions, which are all righteous, and kind, and holy; but the Devil did not inherit an eternity of such form. The good man alone retains it always—and not merely retains it, but, as some persons here, in the beginning of life, seem, at first, forbidding, because deformed in shape, homely in features, and harsh in voice, and yet on a close acquaintance, the holiness of their natures shines through and transforms the repulsive external into transcendent lustre and beauty; so, by the same law do all changes, as to the outward form, proceed, in heaven, from below, upward. A man begins to be immortal, in the image and likeness of Jesus Christ, from the moment he determines to be the servant of the Lord, and that his self-love shall be trodden under foot, and the evils within him, at whatever cost of anguish, be coerced. The strength of God within him begins, as he carries out this endeavor; and he can gain immortality through Christ on no other terms.

I find no warrant in the Scripture for the idea of the endless perpetuity of evil, or for the endless existence of wicked men, devils, or Satan. Nor yet does the Bible teach me that a man, fixed in self-love, in this life, ever becomes an angel in the next. The error of the Universalists is that, assuming the natural and necessary immortality of every human being, and seeing the Bible declares that Sin and Death shall be finally conquered and put away, they conclude that evil must be exterminated from all men—and that, however bad they may be in this life, they must become angels of God at the glorious consummation of all things. They forget that God only has inherent immortality; and that he will confer it on none but the good. Again, those who hold the doctrine of Universal Restoration identify the inmost germ of the human being, that which comes from God, and is the centre of the spiritual structure, with the spiritual organization which enfolds it. This divine soul-form, around which the human personality is built up, may be, in itself, both immortal and impeccable; but, from this, it by no means follows that the personality is immortal, also. The Divine Idea of Man may exist where Sin never enters. Fixedness may be its eternal law; but in the surrounding personality, sin does exist; and by our free, conscious appropriation of it, may become at last ingrained, inwrought with our very substance. Sin cannot be annihilated from a Devil's heart, without crushing in his very consciousness—because that heart is a living sin. Such annihilation is not impossible with God. If, as Scripture, reason and seership unite to affirm, obedience to the Divine law causes a reception of the Divine Spirit, and this causes a man to live and breathe in God, and be perfected and perpetuated in Him, and His service, forever and ever—like causes operating in an opposite human disposition must tend to a directly reverse effect; that is, to make it reveal the opposite to the Godlike, and not to perpetuate it in actions of growth and power, but, through all its dark and dangerous stages of being, gradually to obstruct its perverted functions, until they can work no more—closed up by the effects of love in others. The consequences of evil, in the other world, are sentience and the second death; by the same law which declares that good shall be perpetuated into an eternal and ever widening usefulness; but that second death does not involve the annihilation of the vital germ from God.

The angel sees himself to be, not a unit, but a microcosm, made up of all forms, in their divinely ordered combination, and maintained in continuity and fixedness, through the operation of the divine influx; but that influx must work directly the opposite effect on the evil man, so as to lead, at last, to his dissolution, and the vital germ is withdrawn from the spiritual organism, which is resolved into its original elements. Then death ceases to be sin—the bad man ceases to exist—for the Lord says he will destroy, not death alone, but him that hath the power of death. This system endangers no spiritual grace or virtue; for the doctrine of the strict eternity of evil, in the universe of a good God, is so terrible and unnatural, that in their hearts, good people, even now, do not believe it. Men like Henry Ward Beecher, who feel its enormous pressure on their reason and conscience, relieve themselves by representing the number of the lost as no more in comparison with the hosts of the elect, than are the chance leaves of the forest which the wind sweeps into the current of the river, compared with those which expand into the summer's verdure, and clap their hands on all the mountain sides. But, in this seeking to ease off the future consequences of evil, they preach a most lax doctrine. My view holds very different language to the slacker, when it warns him that, unless he keeps God's commandments, he will not pass in his career of willful self-destruction, until, in the terrible war of his passions, consciousness dies out forever, and the divine spark departs to serve the purposes of some new and purer organism.

We have here a truth around which the Annihilationist, the Universalist, and the Orthodox believer, can meet, and unite in a full and adequate expression of God's terrible inflexibility in the punishment of sin, and the demonstration of that infinite purity which permits no eternal existence to its opposite. In this view of the Divine purposes, Love and Conscience sweetly blend; Peace and Lightness most truly kiss each other; Philanthropy and Equity are reconciled. For the innocent or regenerated soul there is an existence beyond this world—not in the realm of Nature—a real resurrection from the dead—a rising out from all states which are homed in, or gathered up, by evil; and this is the faith and hope for which we give our God praise, and for which we receive from Christ the lasting victory. We need only be willing instruments in His hands, and we shall be saved among those few whom God thinks worthy of salvation; who have not rotted in self-love, but have been preserved through its annihilation—who have given up their beings to be possessed and renovated by the Master, Christ—and who are members with that great company, of all kindred and tribes and nations, which followed the Lamb through combats and struggles, and storm protests against wickedness, until they began to ascend that Jacob's ladder let down from heaven, whose foot touches on earth, the cross of self-sacrifice.

The attainment of this state involves the extirpation of no good affections, but on the contrary, their supernatural development; when husband and wife, parent and child, shall entwined in tendrils of spiritual love, whose blossoms shall ripen into fruit gathered for the lips of Jesus in immortal life. Then human love becomes but an expression of Almighty goodness; earthly friendship is that which moves, and acts, and bears burdens in God, who does not seek to save you from any needful suffering here, but breaks your heart, to re-unite it and baptize it with his spirit of infinite disinterestedness; who has revealed himself in Christ, the one purely disinterested being, that he might lift us up to realize immortality, not in nature, but in Him.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, May 21, 1861.

Dr. GRAY reported from the Committee appointed last week, that they had unanimously agreed upon a Constitution for the "New York Psychological Society," which he read.

Dr. YOUNG, in reference to the physical manifestations through H. M. Fay, which had been lately brought under the notice of the Conference, said that before they took place, at a recent setting, it had been suggested that the mouthpiece of the trumpet used by the "spirit," should be rubbed with charcoal; which was done, and the result, when the room was re-lighted, after the first communication, was plainly visible on the medium's face; thus strengthening suspicions which had begun to be entertained concerning the genuineness of the phenomena. The speaker had noticed, moreover, that these vocal performances never took place after the medium had been tied by other hands than his own.

Mr. COLES remarked that a thorough investigation into the matter just referred to had been made on the part of those who had signed the article in the Banner, describing and endorsing Mr. Fay's manifestations; and that the new statement would also be signed by them; and thus would counteract any evil influence which they might have undesignedly aided to produce.

Up to last Thursday night, he himself had been persuaded that such double flat knots as he saw confined the medium's limbs, could not possibly be untied by that gentleman's natural and unaided fingers; but on that night, the lady at whose house the sitting was held, having intimated her opinion that the performance was an unmitigated humbug, and that the "medium" disengaged himself without any difficulty, the speaker tested the matter in his own person, and found that, after a little practice, he could tie and untie his own hands and feet in a precisely similar manner with perfect facility. He described and illustrated the process; and showed how the "medium" was able to rise and move about the room, carrying with him the chair to which he was fastened, and which he had previously selected, by a "best adapted to the magnetic forces" of a, least liable to creak, when thus used. To Dr. Spence, who had followed up the "manifestations," by his own experiments, and had advised us, from time to time, of his success, was due the discovery of the mode of tying the knots.

At the last exhibition, a vessel of water had been duly provided for the performance of the feat of "evaporating," or changing its contents; but the medium had evaded this "manifestation," probably from an apprehension that he might be again subjected to a test from which he had once before suffered much inconvenience, the water having been surreptitiously drugged. The speaker did not think that Mr. Fay (who, he understood, had once been an actor on the theatrical stage) would again perform as a medium, in New York.

Dr. BENTHOFFER expressed his surprise that earnest students and investigators of Spiritualism should ever consent to countenance such manifestations as those just spoken of. Whether genuine or not, he asked, what good do they do?

Mr. COLES thought it very essential for well-informed Spiritualists to examine into such alleged phenomena, in order to save from mischievous imposture those who were yet weak in the faith and especially likely to be injured by it. For his own part, he considered that he had been well repaid for his attendance on the exhibitions in question.

Dr. BENTHOFFER still thought it unwise to busy ourselves about such unworthy trickery as being tied up, and so on. There are many good and reliable physical mediums; but they would despise such manifestations, and would aim to do only what was in some way useful.

Dr. GRAY—When we can form a rationale of any process, the credit we give to that process becomes easier. For this reason, I desire to mention a hypothesis which has for some time been fixed in my mind, as to the power of a spirit to move physical substances. We are all of us usually satisfied that this power exists. We know that we all exercise it while in this form; and our spirits are here organically connected with bones, muscles, &c. The elements of voluntary motion in our own case, are, First, the will controlling. Second, the galvanic apparatus in the limbs. Third, the muscles and bones upon which that apparatus directly acts. So far as I am aware, the spirit out of the body must have a muscular apparatus in its neighborhood of which to avail itself, in its physical operations. Now, according to my theory, muscular power is all the while going off from us and forming an insensible atmosphere around our bodies. In other words, the sphere of the body is replete with animal life, proceeding from it—as is shown in the facts that blood drawn from the veins of a living person, will not lose its vitality for several hours; and that the application of galvanism will bring on strong muscular contractions in the corpse of any one killed by strangulation.

Thus we see that there is power and life inherent and resident in the bodily parts and organs, and as the disembodied spirit has not these united with it, it has to make use of them when belonging to ourselves, by the application to them of its will-power. I think it as necessary for a spirit to make use of the bodily forces of a circle, or single human being, if it wishes to affect material substances, as it is for us with the same object to set in action the circle of elementary principles by which we control our own movements. It is as competent for a spirit to apply my muscular forces to its own purposes, as it is for me to make use of them at my volition. There is no fact going to show that a spirit can act on material substances entirely independent of bodily organization. True, we have heard of the mysterious transportations of bones from Hartford to New York, &c.; but these stories, I think, lack confirmation. I have seen, in my own house, Henry Gordon lifted and held suspended in the air, two feet above the floor, during a length of time sufficient to put the fact beyond question, in the minds of a dozen witnesses present. I have no doubt he was lifted by the muscular forces resident in our bodies and in his own; and this explanation of the phenomenon has been repeatedly dictated to us by spirits. On

the other hand, also in my house, we made repeated and persevering attempts, extending over a period of two months, and in which we were aided by the strongest electrical apparatus, to cause a movement of material objects, such as tables and chandeliers, by the mere exercise of our will, without the slightest success. As soon, however, as we ceased these independent efforts, and requested a spirit to do the same things, through a medium present, the answer yes, was given, and they were done at once, and as often as we wished. Nor was it want of faith which caused our failure, for we were encouraged by the spirits themselves to continue these efforts, until we were entirely satisfied. Then, after we had spent two months in this way, they said to us, "Your labors have not been useless; your negative results are an important fact." In the course of these experiments, we tried, by the concentration of our will-power to get a rap on a pane of glass, suspended by a silk cord, (silk being a conductor of electric force, though a non-conductor of electricity,) but the glass would not stir, nor give forth a sound. Leah Brown, the medium, was present, and had been insulated by glass bottles; and the moment we asked the spirit to rap on the glass pane, bang it went! All this took place in full light.

The medium, Gordon, also, was raised in full light, while his feet were plainly visible; he embraced a three-legged easel, which happened to be standing in my parlor, and it ascended with him. Three orthodox clergymen were among the witnesses on this occasion, but they never published their testimony. In applying the muscular force of those in the form, the spirits avail themselves of the same law by which that force is rendered obedient to our own wills, while in this life. This does not serve to explain all phenomena of this class, but it is at least safe to say, that the dynamic elements known to affect our own cases, ought to be taken into account in construing the spiritual phenomena.

I do not consider it such a very foolish thing to examine phenomena which are lacking in apparent truth and dignity; and I would remind our friends who believe as I do, in the facts of the New Testament, that the men of the island of Melita revered Paul, because a viper came out of the fire as he was putting wood on it, and did not bite him; so if a medium in my day should drink a large quantity of poison with impunity, I should attribute the fact to some divine restraining power; though I should not be impelled to fall down and worship it.

Dr. BENTHOFFER had as much faith as any one in the moving of bodies by spirits, of which he related some striking instances which had come within his own knowledge.

Mr. COLES had been inclined to the opinion that all the mental manifestations through mediums might be referred to Memorism or Psychology; and therefore he could not have full faith in Spiritualism, unless supported by physical phenomena.

Dr. BENTHOFFER held, that as corn springs up, without painful labor in a good soil, so there will be an abundance of satisfactory manifestations, if we are honest, and live up to the light we have, and do not skip over first lessons, and great solid principles. These truths come to us, as it were, spontaneously and unexpectedly; we cannot dig them up by our own efforts, regardless of proper conditions in ourselves.

Dr. HALLGREN—If we cast a glance back to our own experience, and reflect that the popular religious dogmas had not one solitary fact to support them in the consciousness of their professors; that they were coupled with repugnant notions and ideas; if we revert to that heaven and that hell which we thought to look for, and to the intervening gulf of scepticism, we cannot but feel that the minutest fact calculated to throw clear light on the hereafter, is beyond all price.

It is only the man who never felt the horrible oppression of doubt, that cannot understand why those who have been subject to it should estimate certain kinds of testimony as we do, and should regard them as, in part, the basis of their philosophy and the materials of their happiness. The "world's dread laugh" should be no bar to our investigations; for while not insensible to the pangs of morbid vanity, we should consider that in order to discover truth, it is necessary to look everywhere. When a young man professes the results of his experience, we are bound to give him the benefit of a presumption of his honesty, until it is disproved by facts. I think this course is safe for us all. I am of the opinion that some of the facts done through the person spoken of were not wholly the effects of his own ingenuity. For it looks to me like a monstrous improbability, that such a youth should come to this city, seek interviews with business men like ourselves, who have made the subject of Spiritualism their special study, and cheat them with nothing but tricks of legerdemain. But, however this may be, the value of authenticated facts is not impaired by it, nor will our researches be hindered in establishing a faith which shall honor our philosophy. Such phenomena as we have lately been investigating are trifles only to trifling minds. All the inventions and discoveries, on which our civilization prides itself were trifles in their inception; but, as it issued through the spout of a tea-kettle, was no trifle to the mind of the philosopher destined to make application of its latent powers.

One of the first merchants of Chicopee, Mass., related to me a convincing instance of physical manifestation, of which he was a witness. At a circle in a neighbor's house, his (the merchant's) deceased brother purported to be present, and in order to convince him, offered to bring something to him from his house; and, presently, they saw, coming in at the open window, a daguerretype portrait of the deceased, which his brother knew had been left in the room occupied by him in life. It was unmistakably the identical portrait. The ground all around was covered with freshly fallen snow, on which not a track was visible, on careful examination; and, from the manner in which that daguerretype entered the room, it could not possibly have been thrown in, by an impostor, unless he had done so from above the house; and this occurred when there was light enough to see by. I cannot conceive of muscular force acting, as such, independently of physical organization. Such force being given off like gas from a burner, I do not think it possible for any will, other than that which properly controls it, to make use of it as a medium. A physical organization might, however, be formed for the special use of the spirits. All the theories propounded as to the *modus operandi* in these manifestations are, to me, unsatisfactory. I only know that they are produced.

Dr. YOUNG did not think it possible to tell how departed spirits move earthly bodies, any more than to discover how we move our own muscles, in doing which, we are negative to the Great Positive Mind. It is no more difficult for spirits to influence bodies when out of the physical plane, than when in it. We should study so to improve the moral and intellectual man, as to make him worthy to enjoy this life and that which is to come. (Applause.)

Dr. GRAY—I know nothing about the mode of communication between our wills and our muscles; but I know that the spirit of man, his galvanic forces, and his muscular contractility, are the elements in the circle of his bodily actions. This is a scientific question, and it is our duty to look at it fairly and carefully, instead of falling on our faces, and blindly worshipping the unknown power concerned. I agree with friend Pink, that as is the moral purpose of a man, as to use and good, so will be the strength of his conviction of immortality. On the other hand, the science of angels is degraded, in a fool's conception, to his own level, when his life, which should be angelic, has been brought to that level. As is the life and purpose of a man—his power of self-crystallization; so is his faith, which is to carry him through death and eternity. Our science can only keep pace with our affections.

Dr. BENTHOFFER related a case in which he had afforded complete and permanent relief to a child, whose hand had been crushed by a falling window-sash—merely by cold-water applications and prayer. He asked the spirits as to the cause of this restoration, and the answer was, "Spirits restored him."

EPITAPH ON A TALLOW CHANDLER, REMARKABLE FOR HIS OBESITY.  
Here lies in earth an honest fellow,  
Who died by fat and lived by tallow.



## Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

2. The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications designed especially for him should be directed to care of Box 2335, Boston.

## IMMORTALITY.

Mr. A. E. Newton—Sir: Something like one year ago, when you were writing for the "Eclectic," you commenced a series of articles on the immortality of the soul; or, rather, perhaps intending to argue what man was immortal. By the sudden demise of the paper, the articles, so far as I ever knew, never appeared. Of course, it is not necessary for me to say that I felt some little interest in what was to come, as well as what had already made its appearance. And now, unless the Non-Immortality of the Soul is a "taboo" theme, I would be glad to read more from your pen on the subject.

If you recollect, you took the ground that it was not the mind of man that was immortal, because mind was subject to change. And your argument, if I recollect right, was to the effect that what was susceptible to change, could not be immortal. As you now are writing for the BANNER, I shall expect the subject continued? For, as I said then, if the mind of man is not worthy of immortality, I fail to see and have not yet been able to find anything about man which is worthy of such a condition. The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom. If you have thought enough on the subject to become wise in the matter, let us have the result of your cogitations, that we may become wise also, or see where we are in error now.

In regard to Prof. Spencer's theory of the non-immortality of children, I have a case in mind here that either knocks his theory over, or else I have not sense enough to comprehend him or to explain this.

A friend of mine in this city has a little girl three or four years of age, who, often in her play has other little girls, immortals, round her, as she says. She talks to them, and evidently tries to her; and after playing with her some time, they evidently go away, when she calls on her mother to beg of them to stay. When asked where they are, she points to different parts of the room, and says they are in such a place; but the mother cannot see them, and when the little immortals leave, she will cry after them as heartily as one might suppose a little child would do for her playmates around her here.

Now the old adage seems to hold good here, that children tell truths. Does this little girl see and play with realities, or is it all humbug? Who is right, the little girl with her childish assertion of what she sees, or Prof. Spencer, with his cold denial of something which he never saw?

Yours, R. L. DAY.

Milwaukee, April 18th, 1861.

## REPLY.

It gives me pleasure to gratify this friend and others, by laying before the readers of the BANNER an article written for the "Eclectic," but never published. A year's thought and inquiry on the subject has tended only to confirm the probable truth of the suggestions therein made.

It should be premised, that in a previous article the effort had been made to show a distinction between a future life and immortality—a distinction generally overlooked by those who discuss the subject. It does not follow, because a person has a conscious existence in another life, that that existence will continue always; nor does it follow, if all men are not inherently immortal, that all may not live for a period, longer or shorter, after physical death.

If, then, we are compelled to question the doctrine of the "natural immortality of all men," we are not required to deny the future life of children dying young, as some have done. They may still live, and live for ages, in the natural degree of spirit-life; and, for aught that appears, may be born from the natural into the spiritual or immortal life, as well after as before their physical death. That children do live on, has been proved to me in modern spirit-manifestations, as clearly as that adults do. And it is one of the most precious truths of modern revelation. The effort to account for child manifestations on any other ground, would be equally successful against all adult manifestations; and the only explanation I have heard attempted of them, implies the practice of tantalizing deceptions on the part of spirit-guardians utterly revolting to the moral sense.

As to the mind being the only part of man which is worthy of immortality, I think my correspondent mistakes the sense in which term mind was used by me. I meant by it simply the intelligent or knowing and thinking faculties in man—which are not by any means the whole nor the best part of him. The mind is, in man's constitution, exterior to the seat of feeling, of loving, and of worship, in which are experienced his most exquisite enjoyments and sufferings. Not that man will not have a mind so long as he exists; but, being an exterior part of his constitution, and not the vital essence thereof, the mind is continually subject to change. That is, the very substance of its structure is constantly undergoing the process of disintegration or death, and reformation; so that a man's mind may be very different ten or fifty years hence from what it is now, though he has an interior consciousness of being the same identical person. The mind, therefore, strictly speaking, is no more immortal than the body. Its existence and manifestations depend on what lies behind it—that is, the soul and the spirit.

The following is the article referred to:

## IMMORTALITY—HOW ATTAINED?

Let it be noted at the outset, that the words soul and spirit are differently used by different writers. Some employ them as entirely synonymous terms, meaning a disembodied being, or the invisible man as distinguished from his physical body. Others employ them to designate two distinct parts of the disembodied man. In the latter sense, they will be employed here.

It has been the favorite theory of some Spiritualists, if I do not misapprehend them, that all spirit is an ultimate or product of matter; hence, that man's spirit (if he has one) must be developed in and from his material body. If this be so, then it would seem to follow that in case the physical body is destroyed before reaching a certain stage of maturity, no spirit is ultimately—no fruit is produced, as in the case of a bud blasted in the blossoming. Hence no immortality and no future life can be anticipated for children who die young, nor for certain infantile races of men.

These conclusions seem unavoidable, provided the premise be correct, namely, that all spirit is the product of matter. This materialistic axiom is attributed (with what truth I know not) to Mr. A. J. Davis, or rather the "Harmonical Philosophy," of which he is the exponent, and of which it is supposed to be a cardinal principle. It is, moreover, a very common conception of minds struggling up from mere naturalism to rational ideas of spiritual things. They find it difficult to conceive of spirit as undivided and self-existent essence, the possible source of matter; and hence endeavor to deduce it from that which they can see and handle.

But whatever may have been Mr. Davis's earlier teachings on this subject, I find set forth in his latest volume, "The Thinker," a very different view

from that above stated. It is in brief this—that though the human soul is developed in and from the material body, yet the soul is not the highest spiritual or immortal part of man. It is only the spirit—the outer covering and external instrument of the immortal spirit. He furthermore affirms that the soul must be first formed, as a receptacle for the immortal germ, before the latter can become individualized in it; but he holds that this is accomplished prior to birth. The "immortal germ" of the spirit, he describes as coming "from the deific Ocean of Spirit," which is the same thing as saying it is of "divine" origin, or "from God," the Father-Spirit. This is the very opposite of the doctrine that all spirit is the product of matter.

Nevertheless, Mr. Davis affirms that some beings in the human form fail, in consequence of undeveloped conditions, to receive any such immortal germ, and consequently have no future life whatever; while in many who do receive the germ, it remains utterly dormant, unawakened, through their earthly lives; but will be quickened hereafter. (See "The Thinker," pages 380—383.)

Here, it seems to me, is at least an approximation to the truth. Whether or not there are beings in human form who are born incapable of becoming immortal, I have no present means of determining, and therefore shall not venture an opinion. But it seems clear that immortal life can be realized only by the quickening and development of the immortal germ—that all life of a lower degree is but temporary and perishable. In other words, that immortality does not inhere in the external or "natural" selfhood of men (that which is derived from external nature), but only in the innermost or divine selfhood (that which is derived from Deity)—that is, in what the Bible-writers call the "new man," the "spiritual-man," the "Christ-in-you," which may be born and matured within the natural, in the process termed regeneration.

If this be so, it follows that all the common talk about "the immortality of the soul," "man's natural immortality," etc., is a delusion, or at best a misuse of terms. The soul, which, properly speaking, is but the human life-principle, derived from the essences of the natural world, becomes but the outer covering or body of the immortal spirit, and will be forever subject to changes corresponding to decay and renewal.

It also follows that unless the "golden germ" of Divine Life is quickened in each individual—unless each experiences a real NEW BIRTH from the natural into the spiritual consciousness—there can be no realization of immortal existence. The quickening and expansion of this divine germ manifests itself in quenchless aspirations and struggles after the right, the pure, the good—in humility, teachableness, charity, and universal love, with ceaseless efforts to overcome all that is selfish and base in the outer nature. They, therefore, who are living in pride, self-conceit, or selfish and sensual pleasure of any kind, and looking forward to an immortality of such life intensified, will be woefully disappointed. These attributes or loves belong to the soul, not to the immortal spirit; they are in their nature mortal, self-destructive, and must sooner or later exhaust themselves and come to an end. Though subserving a useful and necessary purpose for a time, yet, like the outer bark of a growing tree, they should give way and peel off as our advancement proceeds.

It does not follow, however, that there may not be a future life, of greater or less length, for all souls—a life in the world of souls, though not properly speaking a spiritual life. The soul (or natural life-principle, often mis-called spirit) may continue to have a conscious individualized existence for ages, and yet not have immortal or spiritual life. All the selfish passions and affections inhering in the soul, unless subordinated and purified by the overmastering presence of a higher principle in this life, must continue to exist and to rule in the next, in all their vigor and virulence—constituting a "hell" whose fires must burn unquenchably until all the fuel is consumed. For, let it be remembered as a self-evident truth of Spiritualism, that all beings, whether in this world or any other, who are actuated by selfish loves or lusts in any form, are in "hell," though often they do not suspect such a thing themselves. Unselfish or divine love alone is "heaven."

A question yet remains. Supposing all human beings to be endowed with a "golden germ" capable of being quickened into conscious immortal life, will this quickening actually take place in all, so that every human being shall eventually unfold in immortal beauty and joy? It is easy to dogmatize on this subject—to affirm that it will or will not be so—according to our prejudices or wishes. Bible-believers strenuously maintain both sides of the question, and quote "conclusive" passages, both for and against. Spirits disembodied are as much addicted to dogmatism, and hold as contrary opinions on this point, as spirits in the body. But who knows? Who among them has yet lived forever, or seen the final consummation of all things? What better can they do, then, than speculate about it, reasoning from the known to the unknown? We can do the same, and it is our duty to do it, rather than yield blind credence to the dicta of any.

According to the analogies of nature, no germ unfolds unless it is quickened or impregnated; and no germ is quickened unless it is placed in favorable conditions. A seed shut away from warmth and moisture, or deeply buried in the earth, or surrounded by too thick and tough a coating, will never germinate. Grains of wheat have lain dormant for thousands of years in the catacombs of Egypt, and yet have preserved their vitality. And even if the visible seed decays, the invisible life-principle no doubt still remains somewhere—perhaps to be re-absorbed and re-embodied in a new seed.

There are persons bearing the human form, who pass through the earth-life so deeply buried in earthly and sensual things, as to make no manifestation of the waking up of an inner consciousness—exhibit no yearnings or aspirations for purity or immortality, and, seemingly, have no conception of a higher or spiritual life. Some say that the process of physical death breaks the crust of earthliness, and lets in the quickening power. This is doubtless the case with some, but is far from being proved in all cases. On the contrary, there are evidences of the existence of both individuals and societies of spirits, or rather souls, who have grown more intensely selfish, lustful, groveling, revengeful and cruel, than when on earth, gratifying their insatiable desires through intimate sympathy with victims in the earth-life. If this be so, then, by the laws of spiritual affinity, others in whom such qualities predominate must gravitate, on entering the soul-world, to such societies. Here their condition must be, not more, but less favorable than in earth-life, to the quickening and development of the immortal selfhood.

What then? Why, it would seem that the germ of an immortal nature in them must lie dormant, like any other germ when shut away from the softening showers and the impregnating rays of the Sun. Such

beings are living only in the external and conscious planes of existence, and accumulating the rubbish and filth which shut out the divine rays. And who can say but the external selfhood or soul, having no immortal life in itself, will not eventually exhaust its powers and shiver into extinction, or consume utterly in the fires of its own lusts—leaving, perhaps, the indestructible but as yet dormant germ of an immortal being free to be re-incarnated for a new opportunity to develop?

Precisely this is affirmed to be the fact, by some spiritual teachers; and it seems quite as likely to be true as many other speculations on the subject. These suggestions are put forth, not as settled opinions on the part of the writer, but rather as provocatives to deeper inquiry in this direction. The question cannot be settled by positive affirmations or denials on either side, by clamor nor by ridicule.

The claim often made that "Spiritualism demonstrates the natural immortality of man" is a great mistake. It demonstrates only the continued existence of some human beings. The new theory of "Non-Immortality," as thus far expounded by its advocates, may be equally wide of the truth. The hints here thrown out, it will be seen, point to a middle ground.

If it shall appear, on a more full scrutiny of the nature of the human constitution, that as persistent violation of physical laws results in death to the body, so persistent wrong doing inevitably results in destruction of the soul's organism—in other words, that "the wages of sin is death," and that immortality, instead of being inherent, is to be attained only through a voluntary yielding up of the selfish life, and a conscious and progressive unfolding of the divine life within us—then the importance of this inquiry cannot be overestimated.

## Banner of Light.

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## THE ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

There seems to be a general mixing up of our affairs, not only at home, but abroad, which augurs stirring times, and a general breaking up of the old state of things throughout the world. That there is need of this, and of the advent of a new heaven and earth, or of a new state of spirituality and materiality, wherein each shall receive its proper degree of attention, no one at all posted in the affairs of the times will deny.

At home the evil of Slavery, which has distracted the nation, and divided this great family, is apparently on the eve of dissolution. Its back must be broken in this contest between North and South, in our opinion, by the very forces of nature now at work among us. We have no need to lift a finger in this direction—in fact, any move made in advance of the grand forces now at work to purify our nation, would but check the march of nature in the development of the race. By moving on in the chain of events just as fast, but no faster than they, we think we can clearly see in the not far distant future, an arrangement between North and South, and between master and slave, which will be acceptable to the North, highly beneficial to the South and the development of her resources, which of course will add to the wealth and power of the nation, and be of immense advantage to the black race, whose march to complete freedom should be hand in hand with education and the capacity to enjoy liberty.

And if the tide of events is allowed to flow on in Nature's own way, we shall arrive at the amelioration of the condition of both master and slave, without a taste of those bloody insurrections which have been feared.

As our armies meet and become better acquainted with each other, it will be seen that even the horrors of war have their use and their good results, for it cannot be denied that a better understanding of the North, and of her power, is the one thing needed to put us right with a majority of the people of the South. The ignorance of our aims and of our condition and character, manifested by Southern presses and by the people, is truly astonishing, and it is no wonder that such ignorance should cause them to war against us, when incited to it by ambitious men, who have been plotting secession.

Our relations with England at this time savor of war, too. While the armies of Nature are working mightily for the purification of this Continent, will she suffer it to stop here? Has she no efforts to put forth for the tolling, starving slaves of Britannia, not one white better off in many respects than her sable sons of America? Must they groan under the mental lash of her aristocracy, or will the sun of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity shed her beams upon that land?

We think we may expect a general upheaving of Nature in behalf of her sons everywhere, in this inauguration of a new age for the world.

Italy and France are ready to move in behalf of the oppressed sons of Europe; but they cannot move in the face of Austria, Prussia and England combined. The great captain of Nature's forces, at the head of the French Nation—who never moves too soon, and is never too late to take advantage of the new conditions she places before him—seems to be quietly biding his time; waiting for such conditions as shall bid him move in her grand schemes. So far, what sympathy he has shown has been on the side of our government. Indeed, he has spoken more outwardly than is usual for crowned heads to speak, under like circumstances.

On the contrary, England fearful of discontent among her poor, oppressed slaves in the manufacturing districts, caused by the non-shipment of cotton from the States, has thus far placed the weight of her power in the scale of the South. Herein she has made a mistake; for, had she sided with our own Government, our civil war would have been more easily settled than it can be under her movement.

But to fret and deplore this, is a selfish view, for while Nature is working out for us, through her mighty agent, War, greater blessings, we should not seek to circumscribe her labors to our own land.

The firm stand taken by Mr. Seward, in regard to the attitude of Foreign States, should England attempt to carry out her policy, can but bring about a collision with her. Then Louis of France, and the Italian patriot King, will be free to move in their mighty schemes for the advancement of the people of the Continent, while the tolling millions of England and Ireland will be enabled to demand a better state of things from their aristocracy at home.

Has not the time for compensation for the sorrows and death struggles of the English and the Irish poor, fully come? Does it not seem as though the aristocracy of England had feasted upon the fat of the land, fished from these sorrowing and tolling millions long enough to bring to bear in this day those laws of compensation by which Nature regulates her forces? After the calm, does not the storm come to clear the air of pestilence brought about by inertia? Does not Nature hear the prayers, and cries of her children—and, when sufficient of them have gone to her great laboratories, shall she not gather their power and answer their petitions? Though they grow weary by waiting, will she not send relief in proper time? Who will doubt it?

While, then, we all pray for peace, knowing that the same Nature which has sent us the war, will answer our call in due time, let us accept the existing war, with others in prospect, as a glorious means to a glorious end, which Nature, who never makes a mistake in any of her moves, has ordered for the best good of the whole human race.

This view will not hinder us from deprecating war, and using all reasonable efforts to keep at peace, not only with one another, but the world. It only asks us, when our efforts in favor of peace have failed, to trust in Nature, who sent us her opposite, doubtless because it was better for us. All of us cannot bring ourselves to this position, we know, especially those of us who have been receiving our education from the church and the Bible. And so many cry out against war because Jesus preached peace, forgetting that even he told his disciples that there was a time coming when he counseled those who had no sword to sell their garments and buy one.

## Death of Senator Douglas.

The decease of this prominent public man imparted a shock to the general heart of the country. His sickness was brief, and his real condition was hardly known until the hour had arrived for his departure. Few of our public men, whether of this time or the older one, were so continually in the public eye as he. His frankness, his boldness, his courage, his born aptitude for discussion, and his magnetic qualities as a powerful party leader, all conspired to keep him actively employed in political affairs, so that very few public measures were discussed or inaugurated upon whose fate or character he did not make his mark. The generous popular vote he received for the Presidency last autumn, amounting to quite a million and a half of votes, attested the strong hold he had upon the hearts as well as the convictions of his followers, and stands on record as a worthy testimonial to a man whose ability and genuine patriotism were never called in question.

It can hardly admit of question that his fearfully energetic labors in the campaign of last year, hastened the end which has already arrived. In fact, in his famous Illinois controversy with President Lincoln, in 1858, he laid the seeds of that fatal ill-health tendency that has now brought him down. It was a terrible trial for any man's constitution, how over-rugged it might be at the outset; and it could not be expected long to withstand it. "Stumping" is by no means the easiest work that is followed, though by the haste with which neophytes rush into it, it might be thought to be. The illustrious Illinois Senator, however, has accomplished his work, and done it well; and he passes to the other side of the veil now, to work with a vastly increased power from his new standpoint, where he will probably be far more influential than in the bodily form. He died in the prime of his intellectual power, and at a critical period in his country's history, when all her sons' best labors would seem to be most urgently in demand.

## A Slave Insurrection.

A Southern man writes an interesting disquisition on this topic to the New York Tribune, in which he sets forth his belief that the slave population at the South is bound to rise and assert its liberty at a not very distant day, even if it does not before the present war is over; and he quotes in conclusion the assertion of Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, made some little time since, that in less than fifteen years, in case more slave territory was not added, either the slaves must be permitted to flee from the whites, or the whites must flee from the slaves. In the course of his communication occurs the following quotation:—"The strength of the negro is his duplicity. Any one who has lived in the South long enough to see his wardrobe gradually disappearing under the open larcenies of these fellows, knows the ineffable look of innocence and stupidity with which they repeat a charge substantiated by evidence which a suborned juror could not resist. Their whole life is a training in deception. Always under suspicion, they are constantly punished for crimes which they did not commit, and soon learn that the worst crime is, to commit a fault in such a way that it can be found out. The consequence of this training is, that no one can tell anything of the secret plans of the slave."

I have frequently heard planters confess that the only way in which they could discover that their negroes were spending their nights abroad, was as they fell asleep at their work on the following day. They even admit that half the negroes of a large settlement could hold nightly meetings in the swamps, and no white man would know anything of the matter. The only remedy against this, in sections where the plantations are small, is to keep the negroes so hard at work—to get them up in the morning so early, and work them so late at night—that they will have no disposition to leave their cabins during the night. In the crop season this can easily be done; and the man who then "works the most acres to a hand" has the additional satisfaction of feeling that he has least to fear from the treachery of his slaves."

In an article on the war, headed "High Old Times" the Investigator holds this language: "We are yearly sending hundreds of missionaries to foreign countries to instruct the poor heathen—that it is sinful to fight among themselves, &c., while at home we are behaving worse than the man-eaters of the Fijees! A Beecher takes up a collection in his church for the purchase of Sharp's rifles, and a clergyman in the South declares himself ready to go north to battle with a Bible in one hand and a Bowie-knife in the other! We reiterate—these are 'high old times.'"

## THE "HERALD OF PROGRESS" AND "BANNER OF LIGHT" ON THE CIVIL WAR.

Spiritualists have naturally looked to this luminous BANNER to shed a purer light upon the darkened pathways of the earth; have eagerly listened, with open ear, to this glad "Herald" of progressive thought and life, to catch sweet tones of melody from the spheres of truth and love. But, alas! the light seems, now, to grow lurid to our eyes; the harmony which once we heard, falls in harsh discord on our ears.

These favored messengers of spiritual light, and harmonious love and truth, seem to have become enveloped in the dark atmosphere of hate which now enshrouds our land, and all the pure and holy teachings of the higher life appear to have been forgotten in the mad excitement of the hour.

Have the angels—our brethren and our guides—descended from their bright homes in the celestial world to lead us in a wild career of unholiness and fraternal bloodshed? Have angelic messengers come to our hearth-stones and our communion-tables to fill us with pharisaical notions of selfish superiority? Have spirits, basking in the eternal sunlight of the Father's love and wisdom, come to anoint any of us as the chosen instruments of the Lord to go forth with fire and sword, and lay waste and destroy the lands and heritage of those who seem not holy to our sanctified vision?

If this be so, will the BANNER OF LIGHT and the "Herald of Progress" tell us in what we have advanced beyond the Ancient Hebrew?

In its editorial column of April 27th, the BANNER thus advises its readers:

"We have been doing nothing but reflect upon it for months; now let us act, and, in acting, obey the voices of the highest justice and wisdom, and none other. But let that action be swift, strong, and even terrible; for thus shall we secure for ourselves and for our uncounted posterity all the blessings of the certain peace for which we continually labor and pray."

I ask again, can this be? Have the angels, laboring with zeal untiring, established their telegraphic lines between the shores of eternity and the beacon hills of time only to send us such counsel as this? Let your action against your erring brother be "swift, strong and even terrible." Not so! Heaven never opened its bright portals to pour thought like this upon the earth. Is it not rather the instinct of the animal rising in supremacy over the reason of the man; brute force asserting its dominion over the divine attribute—love.

From the editorial column of the "Herald" for May 11th I make the following extract:

"Just as truly as spring follows winter, and summer succeeds spring, just as surely as the opening flower comes after the bud, so shall the reign of Reason and Love end the long, weary ages of brutality and barbarism. To help forward, sooner or later, this great consummation is the object of our journal."

How noble, how glorious a mission! To aid in closing the long and weary ages of brutality and barbarism, which have deluged the earth with human gore, and taught man to look upon his fellow man with malignant hate.

But in what manner, let us see, does the progressive "Herald" propose to aid in closing this sad record of the past? By looking, with expanded vision, upon the whole family of man, and there perceiving one common brotherhood—all children of the same great parent—all possessing, in the germ, the same divine faculties, which, when unfolded, make man, indeed, like unto his great prototype? Does the "Herald" propose to develop these dormant powers of the soul by the gentle influence of the sunshine of celestial wisdom and the dews of angelic love? Oh no! It says in this same editorial column:

"The supreme law of the moral reason is inflexibly just; the love that beams from it upon all who are loyal to it, becomes burning indignation toward all who malice trifle with its behests."

Not thus have I been taught by the "invisible ones" who daily shed their gentle influence around my home and heart. Never have these angelic visitants intimated to me that I should sit in judgment on my brother, and if his life did not accord with my conception of "the supreme law of moral reason," that I should then visit him with "burning indignation." Nor have they ever counseled me to correct political or social errors by inciting others, with fire and sword, to slay and destroy those who had not yet reached my particular standard of right and truth.

Carnage, rapine and slaughter never excite the kinder emotions of the human heart—never quicken into action the nobler faculties of the human mind. They are, indeed, the instrumentalities which have been used in all the past to degrade and imbrute the family of man, and bring into subjection the purer aspirations of the soul, while all the grosser appetites were given loose rein to wander amid the horrors of the scene.

Spiritualists, in this hour of trial, will, I trust, exhibit a truer perception of their relations to the great Father, and the common brother, than to engage in or encourage others to enter upon this scene of fratricidal strife. Let the Hebrew, whose ignorance of the sublime attributes of Deity led him to look upon his people as the especial favorites of God, entertain such ideas. Let the sectarian Christian, whose God is a terrific monster breathing vengeance upon all who fail to obey his imperative command, give such counsel to others; but let the man who has been blessed with the companionship of angels, diffuse a purer light, a gentler influence abroad upon the world.

Yours fraternally, WASH. A. DANKIN.

Baltimore, May 14, 1861.

## REMARKS.

Our good friend—and indeed all of our friends who may be included in the same category with himself—ought to believe that the course of the BANNER never has been "warlike," in the sense in which he chooses to regard it. We are open to no accusations, such as that we favor "unholy strife and fraternal bloodshed." In season and out of season, through evil report and through good report, we have steadily published the rule and the sense of the higher reason, and the inestimable advantage to the human soul of listening to the voices of the higher intelligences.

The stand we were led to take, in the article above referred to by our Baltimore correspondent, was in consequence of the sudden development of a gigantic conspiracy to seize the machinery of the government under which we ourselves live, as well as the conspirators, and to use it for themselves and against us. Nothing could be made more plain than the existence of such a combination of ambitious men—Catalines in design—for the express purpose of working a sudden revolution in public affairs, by which the whole of us, if we chose to resist their further demands, were to be overwhelmed with political and social ruin. Our correspondent, if a man much given to reflection, must see that this was one of the most gigantic dangers that could threaten our existence. Even admitting that our fears were allowed a wider play in the matter than was proper, it is then an indisputable fact that the case imperatively demanded emphatic action, and that, too, of so sudden a nature as to place all danger out of halting distance forever.

Divine Power has given to each of its creatures, high and low, the instinct of self-preservation. It is to that primal instinct alone to which we have ourselves appealed. As lovers of Peace, above all other things, we sought only to strike a quick and effective blow against those who were conspiring to destroy it. We were never for War, but for Peace alone; and by this means alone we have sincerely believed we could secure and establish it. Had the leading political conspirators of the South been of



the same equable temper and frank and Christian disposition with our correspondent, such an appeal as this to war would never have been thought of, but as their plot was so long hatching, was kept always concealed, and was finally sprung upon a whole people with a suddenness and violence calculated to start them to the profoundest depths of their souls, it would be like a sparrow trying to pip to down a northwest gale, for any one man, or press, to attempt to stem a storm that must needs blow till it had expended itself. And why? Because this great uprising of the North was in strict obedience to the alarm-call of the highest human instincts; because men would be less than men, and hardly worthy of being addressed by the good and pure who have crossed to the other side, if they refused to be stirred by the sudden approach of such a danger to the very citadel of their hopes.

We stand entirely on the defensive; and we desire to do no more than to defend those institutions which make for peace and man's highest welfare. If others are willing to court violence in their mad attempts to overthrow such institutions, then we cannot see that we are in opposition to the highest wisdom in merely presenting the sharp points of the spears on which they must destroy themselves. And this view is strictly in harmony with the idea previously thrown out, that nothing in nature has an existence without the accompanying instinct of self-preservation. To make a defense for life itself, is in no wise to seek to inaugurate the reign of violence; on the contrary, it is the surest way to put violence down. That has been the rule from the beginning. Nature suffers nothing to live, either, that cannot sustain itself; if it has no merit, no strength, then it goes to the wall. If any of us can improve on nature, it certainly cannot be claimed that secessionism and conspiracy is the road to such a discovery. Nature hopes for peace, and works to that end; but it is an end never to be gained by the surrender, rather than by the defense, of the highest and dearest instincts of the human heart.

As an illustration of a different style of regarding our present crisis from that indulged in by our correspondent above, we append an extract from a letter that reaches us from a valued subscriber and attentive reader in North Carolina. It is as follows:

"DEAR BANNER.—Many of us foreseeing that the terrible agitation which now convulses our country, must necessarily grow out of the South's withdrawing from the Federal Union, and in view of that and the deep feelings of regret at dissolving our relationship to the Flag of our Country, and the glory of its past history and present greatness, caused me and hundreds and thousands of others to cling to the Union. Till President Lincoln's proclamation, or rather declaration of war, for it amounts to that; when we all of one accord, felt that the tie which bound us to the Union was forever broken, and that there was naught left us but to arm, and, like men, defend our soil or die upon it. It is impossible for those who never felt it to imagine the feeling of utter desolation and sadness which we Unionists and even secessionists felt, on realizing for the first time, that we were no longer citizens of the United States. I have seen but few, indeed, who did not acknowledge they were moved to tears, when they first saw the beloved Flag of our Country go down to make way for another. I am satisfied that love of our country is sufficient to keep all in the Union, who feel that they can safely and honorably remain so, and if love will not, armies cannot keep them there.

But out of the dark and portentous cloud which overhangs our land, I begin to see a good result for both South and North, and am more than ever convinced, that in the main, "whatever is, is right," or at least all things tend to contribute to a good result. The South has been too thoughtless and extravagant, wholly regardless of money, spending its income before obtained, and whose follies it was vain to try to correct by admonition; but the present state of things is surely and effectually reforming our habits of carelessness and extravagance. Our young men, many of them accustomed to idleness and luxuries, are now, as volunteers, living in camp and faring as common soldiers; and in the trenches and on the embankments, are cheerfully working as common laborers.

Old and gray-headed men are patiently drilling by the hour, and graying the use of arms under, often, beardless cadets from some of the military schools of this or other States. And ladies, who hitherto seemed to have no higher object in life than wasting their time and fortunes in frivolity and dress, are now seen in calico dresses, eagerly asking to be employed in any way, that they may serve the public good.

As an illustration of the spirit that actuates them, in an interior town the young men formed a company of volunteers, and the ladies cut up their ball-dresses, and of them made a banner for the company; and on presenting it, said, we shall have no more use for such dresses as we made this flag of, till you return in peace. So it will be seen when the dress of frivolity, which has hitherto obscured their better qualities is removed by this rude shock, that the genuine spirit of our ancestry still exists in our people; and all, in my judgment, that is wanting to bring out the true metal of the South, and make them self-reliant and self-sufficient, is that this conflict, however otherwise deplorable, shall continue long enough to effectually cure them of their extravagant follies and unmanly dependence upon the North for almost everything which a people to be independent and respected, should produce for themselves.

In this opinion, I am fully sustained by the closest observers and profoundest thinkers at the South, who now are eagerly directing their energies to the manufacture and production of at least the necessities of life and means of self-defense; which, in the end, must result in our manufacturing more extensively, in a greater independence of the South, and in bringing out from their hitherto hidden resources, the better qualities of their heads and hearts. But while the present state of things is surely tending to that result, we are not yet sufficiently weaned from our slavish dependence on the North, which degrades us in our own estimation, and renders us contemptible in theirs.

There is a power beyond and above man, which moves both North and South to this conflict, that will produce results contrary to our designs, yet for our ultimate good. The North, by its enterprises and industry, has grown rich and powerful, and as a consequence, naturally become, like most rich men, worshippers of wealth, which to many, constitutes their chief, if not sole claim to importance, till they know no God but gold. This war, if continued long enough, will divert to other channels the Southern stream of their prosperity, and dissipate their present overgrown wealth. They will then see of how little real worth or power is the Dainty they worshiped, and higher, better, and purer feelings and motives will actuate both North and South, and in the end they may both learn to pay homage to a higher and better sovereign than either King Cotton or King Capital. Very truly, JOHN McKAY.

Wilmington, N. C., May 13, 1861.

**The Good Work Postponed.**

We were much gratified at the success in Boston of Mrs. Harding's plan to reclaim outcast females. But we now regret to learn that all further action in this philanthropic enterprise has been suspended for a time. We sincerely hope that at no distant day Miss H.'s efforts will be seconded by renewed zeal on the part of our community, and that the Home for Outcast Females may prove—as we have no doubt it will—a perfect success. Her statement in another column of this paper, which we copy from the Journal, will be read with deep interest by all those who have the good of humanity at heart.

#### THE NEW TIME.

The changes so long foretold by spirits and so manifestly felt and acknowledged by men, are now upon us. Hitherto it has been chiefly with the Church that the discussion has been going on; now it is with the State. The time of trial has indeed come. Results are not going to be what hasty and selfish lookers-on would like to have them, nor what they expect them; but out of this necessary chaos is to be born a new order of things, not as speedily, perhaps, as might be thought for, yet none the less certainly. We all flatter ourselves that our way is sure to be God's way, and plume ourselves accordingly, putting on all the airs of bigots and conceited men with the assumption; it is well indeed that this vaporous conceit is at length dissipated, even though it be at the expense of life and treasure uncounted. For the divine laws will operate, whether population increases or survives it, and they who think to guide them, with a view to personal or partisan or sectional aggrandizement, are pretty certain to become the first examples of their own presumptuous folly.

Judge Edmonds embodied some very excellent observations in the article he sent the Spiritual Magazine of London, which was re-published in the BANNER of two or three weeks ago; the burden of which is, that it is not to be argued, because of the lack of organization in the ranks of liberalists, that there is no forward movement; on the contrary, it is the more palpable that, for this very reason, the progress is more sure. Where all minds are awake, it may confidently be asserted that action is not far off; like the spark that is needed for exploding the magazine, the only want is, in this instance, of the occasion to ignite the train and cause a general conflagration. Hence liberal thinkers and spiritual men are not to be disheartened, but encouraged rather; for it must needs be that the old be entirely overthrown, and that dire confusion for a time grow out of it, before order shall be born and established again. It is needless, because men's minds require to be disabused of the prejudices of the old, and entirely freed from the tyranny of conformity; and how is this to be accomplished, with their naturally timid and conforming tendencies, save by the aid of some gigantic and sudden catastrophe that shall snap the bonds of all their old calculations in sunder?

If the men of the North could to-day see what vast changes, not less for themselves than for others, they are setting on foot by lending themselves with such an active energy to this war, they would even now retreat from it as from some yawning disaster already visible at their feet. Could they generally be made to comprehend the great consequences that are sure to flow, and flow rapidly, too, out of their present enthusiastic endeavor, most of them would doubtless drop their arms at their sides and say aloud: "Let us return to the old order of things again. We have not faith enough yet to go forward into the unknown and untrodden!"

Do we believe there is any danger that we shall relapse into social conditions more corrupt than we have yet known? No. Yet there was great danger of it, as the government was going on. There had arisen an army of men who persistently took and maintained their stand between the people and their simple demands from the government; these men were styled Politicians; they manoeuvred and manipulated with their conventions and their party machinery, alternately flattering and bullying, and all the time corrupting and demoralizing the people, till it was in truth a doubtful matter if the people had any power at all, or were so much as consulted about their wishes relative to affairs that concerned themselves alone. It was time that this should be changed. Under such practices, we might as well call our system a tyranny as anything else. And this is one of the first improvements begotten of the present hour. Politicians are totally confounded, not knowing which way to turn or what to do. They who followed party cries and watchwords—and were they not the larger part of us all?—are now compelled to fall back on themselves, and take timely counsel of their own reflection. And thus they are taught self-reliance at once; it may be through confusion and with painful experiences, yet still the important lesson is taught.

Many people think that this revolutionary movement is to lead straight to the emancipation of the slaves. It may be so, and it may come to pass too, in a very different way from that imagined. Heaven and the angels work with their own forces, and after their own methods; and we aid them, little as we think of it, even when we set out to offer them the most decided opposition. It will be well, while we think we work along with Heaven and its hosts, to stop now and then and question our own motives; it will do no harm to pause and regard the character of our philanthropy; and we may as well be willing to let benevolence work out its own ends in silence, and after nature, as by meddling and supererogable interference to attempt to impose even a good thing on an unwilling, or an unready people, merely because we fancy they are sufferers for the want of it. Even if we can see that we are to become instruments—direct or indirect—in the emancipation of the African population on this continent, and even if we are sure that entire freedom is at present the best condition for them as a body, we have no right to assume airs of self-righteousness about it, nor, in particular, toward those who are more immediately responsible for the welfare and happiness of that population than we. Modesty and charity will stand out the primal proofs of our own superior civilization, if it be so that we are indeed superior.

We cannot for a moment entertain a fear that this nation, whether continuing as one or two people, is to be allowed to go backward in the march of progress. For if the one half recedes, the other must needs suffer correspondingly. We are wedded together by the bonds of thought and of nature. Complete severance and separation is impossible, though alienation certainly is. Through much trial and danger is each section to reach its higher place; but we must all dismiss from our minds the assumption or presumption, that it is of the North who are to be the teachers only, while our former brethren of the South are to be the only ones taught.

#### The Revivalists Amazed.

Bro. C. Whitford writes us from Fayetteville, Onondago Co., N. Y., that at a revival meeting in that place recently, a lady was entranced and made by the controlling intelligences to offer an invocation surpassing anything the audience had ever heard. So said it was the Devil's work; others, that the lady had committed it to memory; a few could trace in it the softening breath of the angels. It was, however, town talk for a long time; and though the church-people tried to keep it quiet, the fact could not help working its way out.

Engines of War.—The N. Y. Fire Squares.

#### A Killing Criticism.

The New Englander—a religious and miscellaneous magazine—has fallen to work butlering Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in a manner calculated to excite the sympathies of general humanity. From the article—quite at length—which we find in that publication on Mr. Emerson's last book, "The Conduct of Life," we make bold to offer our readers a very sly quotation, as follows:—

"We must confess, however, to a sense of humiliation for the reputation of our country's literature, that it should be so largely and conspicuously represented by a writer who deals so superciliously with the profoundest problems of philosophy, and so dogmatically with the most stubborn facts of history—who, through strength or weakness, from knowledge or conceit—assumes that he is emancipated from the obligations ordinarily recognized by the profoundest thinkers to cite facts and adduce arguments, and by virtue of a special license is allowed to dogmatize concerning the gravest matters, or flippantly dismiss them with an Orphic saying. That such a writer should mold the opinions and form the creed of so many scores of thoughtful spirits, and be accepted as one of the profoundest philosophers of America, excites both grief and shame for our generation and our country. It argues either lack of knowledge, or lack of individual independence, deficiency in moral earnestness, or an excess of literary tony, which is anything but honorable to our countrymen. We confess, also, a sort of shame for Mr. Emerson himself, that he should seem to be so insensible to the poverty and flimsiness of the principles which he so gravely propounds and studiously puts forth as profound utterances, but which are nothing better than the *cavilla* of the thinking of darker ages and earlier generations. But it is stranger of all that he should bestow on a creed so poor, so starveling, and so comfortless, the wealth of genius with which he has been so richly endowed by nature, and which he has wrought into such forms of beauty by a generous culture. We entreat him to take a few lessons, both in good sense and ethics, from the true-hearted Socrates, if he will not condescend to learn something from Christ."

#### Ignorance.

A recent writer, who seems to understand his subject thoroughly, remarks of the prevalence and causes of brain disorders that "incident to our high, unregulated intellectual tension, and the straining of the nervous fabric in the fierce competition of business, there is a deplorable amount of latent mental exhaustion and cerebral disorder—probably much more with us than with any other people. And with the accelerated excitement of commercial, public, and professional life, brain derangements are considered by high authority to be on the increase. In thousands of cases, the cerebral structure gives way, and the mind crumbles into delirium or sinks into imbecility; other thousands fly to narcotism in its multifarious phases, to escape from the pressure of sanity; while multitudes, half-distracted and half-distracted, lead lives of exquisite suffering from ignorance of the teachings of science upon the subject. Mental maladies are insidious in their approach, but they rarely if ever come unheralded. If the premonitions are understood and heeded, and professional aid sought in time, eighty per cent, we are assured, of those now assigned to hopeless insanity might be cured; whereas, not more than twenty per cent, of those sent to the asylums are actually restored. There is much popular ignorance and prejudice upon the subject—just where knowledge is most needed. Friends neglect, conceal, and misrepresent, until the patient passes beyond the stage of curable disease to the incurable state of diseased organization." There is little question about the truth of all this. As a people, we are unquestionably sufferers in this particular beyond all others; owing to the mad haste with which we pursue pleasure and business. How much have we not to learn upon these matters, before we pass out of the gristle of our natural youth!

#### A New National Hymn.

A committee of literary gentlemen of New York city advertise for a "National Hymn," for which they offer two hundred and fifty dollars, and the same amount for music adapted to it. Now our view of the matter is, that such an article cannot be manufactured to order like a pair of boots. Pegasus cannot be driven over a race course for a prize. A National Hymn is spontaneous. It can never be coaxed out of the brain by any offer of gold or silver. "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," "The Marseilles" were not written subject to the decision of a committee of literary gentlemen, but came as free as the air, without any thought of the popularity and immortality that awaited them. And in such manner will appear the New National Hymn. The hundreds of competitors for the two hundred and fifty dollars may try their pens if they want the money; one of them is sure of winning it. But if any true, sterling poet, imbued with the true spirit of patriotism, wishes to produce the "Hymn" that will arouse the souls of his fellow-men to deeds of greatness and to thoughts sublime—wishes to win, not perishable gold, but immortal renown, let him wait. If he is to be the author of it, God will let him know his task in due time. The decision of a committee will not make a hymn popular, much less national. It must touch the national heart, the heart of a committee. It must be written spontaneously. It must be called forth by the spirit of the times, and not by a purse of gold. Wait—the National Hymn will come.

#### To Think About.

Many people needlessly afflict themselves because others are pleased, whether with or without pretence, to find fault with them. Now it is the easiest matter in the world to find fault, and, as human nature goes, it is rather the rule than the exception. So that it would be sheer weakness to be cowed by fault-finders indifferently; for it would certainly lead to that, and finally to self-depreciation and to actual worthlessness. A writer of sense has thrown out some very good hints and maxims on the subject, in the following style:—"Do not delude yourself with the idea that you can please everybody. Who ever knew anybody that was worth anything that had nobody to find fault with him? You would have to do evil in many cases to please the evil; flatter some to gratify their pride; indulge the selfish, submit to the tyrannical, be a tool for the ambitious, and be careful not to have anything as good as those who desire to have everything superior to their neighbors. If you are a public man, should you be diligent, you must expect to have many secretly dislike you and talk against you, for your success; and if you accomplish little, though many show themselves friendly, it often leaks out that some who appear pleasant to you can do thus because they do not fear your rivalry—they may smile on you outwardly, and yet entertain contempt for your inefficiency. Always do that which is right, be diligent, do the most you can, pay no regard to fault-finders, and you will find as many friends as any sensible man need desire."

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." If we desire peace, we must fight for it, says Digby. The bigger the fight, the sooner the peace.

#### Fort and Fortresses.

Several correspondents having solicited us to define the difference between the two, we cannot do so better than by giving the following, from the Savannah Republican:—

"There is but one fortress in the United States—Fortress Monroe; all the other fortified places, defending our harbors, are called forts. The distinction between these two terms is very wide. All fortresses are forts, or fortified places; but all forts are not fortresses. All colleges are schools; but all schools are not colleges. The relation of forts to fortresses is that of minor to major. A fort may be simply an advanced work to protect the extended lines or walls of a fortress. Generally fortresses are extensive enclosures for the reception of garrisons, and built for the protection of cities. In the United States, no extensive fortified places with large garrisons have been constructed for the defence of cities. Fortifications in this country have not reference principally to harbor defence. Fortress Monroe, with its capacity for a garrison, was constructed for the defence of the important navy-yard of Gosport and Norfolk, now in possession of Virginia, or the Confederate States."

The construction of the extensive walls of a fortress involves the highest science of engineering. Not so with forts. The former implies polygons, bastions, curtains, glacis, covered ways, planks, scarps and counterscarps, ravelines, redoubts, and the whole vocabulary of engineering science. Add to this idea of a vast encirclement, or circumvallation, to contain a large garrison of troops, and a fortress rises to its proportionate majesty."

#### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We this week commence the publication of an entertaining story, entitled "THE CONVENT BELLS; or, Life Unmasked and Hearts Unveiled," by Theo. Austin. It will run through several issues of the BANNER.

The present number of the BANNER is filled with a great variety of choice original matter, such as will, we trust, instruct and amuse every reader.

SOUTHERN HARDENHOOD.—It is said that Col. W. J. Hardee, now of the Southern army, has gone to Europe, disguised in female apparel, to purchase arms for the rebels.

Presenting flags to regiments is all very well, but the money they cost, if invested in shoes and stockings, would make the volunteers feel more like fight.

A booby fellow was observed the other day driving a porker, holding onto his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying geohgraphy.

Bro. Bowker is rather sharp on parsimonious Spiritualists. See his letter under head of "correspondence." Be charitable, Brother B. "To err is human, to forgive divine," you know.

"Begin to grow, nor end till evil sink  
In the own grave, and if at once we may not  
Attain the greatness of the work we plan,  
Be sure at least that ever in our mind  
It stand complete before us, as a dome  
Of light beyond this gloom, a house of stars  
Embracing these dusky tentacles a thing  
Absolute, close to all, though seldom seen.  
Near as our hearts, and perfect as the heavens.  
Be this our aim and model, and our hands  
Shall not wax faint until the work is done."

It is not a conflict with the actual evils of life that exhausts us, but our conflict with imaginary evils.

Bro. Daniel's Rising Tide, Independence, Iowa, still maintains a vigorous existence. The Sunbeam, Cleveland, O., shines on. Davis's Herald of Progress, New York, makes progress. The Boston Banner waves; and the new Spiritual Clarion sends out fresh fraternal greetings to the "craft," the pioneer workers, and the thousands of seeking souls among the people. Let love and harmony reign, and heaven will bow with blessings—*Clarin.*

True friendship increases as life's end approaches; just as the shadow lengthens every degree the sun declines toward setting.

IMMORTALITY.—At the age of seventy-five, one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness—I am so fully convinced that the soul is indestructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems, to our eyes, to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. Even while sinking, it remains the same sun.—*Geist.*

Though men boast of holding the reins, the women generally tell them which way they must drive.

"If the rebels attempt to make the war a cruel and practical one," says a letter-writer, "our government will not sheathe the sword till slavery is extinguished. Everything depends on the conduct of the rebels. If they carry on the war like decent men, very good; if like beasts, their slaves will be let loose upon them."

How an old maid always eyes a single gentleman! She looks at him as she does a dog in dog-days, wondering whether he intends to bite!

FAITH.—The soldiers that, like Cromwell's, march with Bibles in their boots, load the cannon by the grace of God, and fire it with a psalm, cannot easily be beaten. Give us plenty of the substance of things hoped for, and an evidence of things not seen. Let one feel that he stands on truth, that the laws of the universe and the attributes of the Almighty are pledged to his support, and you might as well try to chase a rook as him. Faith justified Abel and translated Enoch, floated the ark and founded the church; crossed the Red Sea, and shook down the walls of Jericho. In all ages it has out of weakness become strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens, and led out willing martyrs for the mountains or the flames.

Right is not placed in might, but might in right.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.  
Here crumpling lies beneath this mould  
A man whose sole delight was gold;  
Content was never once his guest;  
Though twice ten thousand filled his chest;  
For he, poor man, with all his store,  
Died in great want—the want of more.

Peace is an attribute of the highest power. Silence reigns throughout those enormous spaces where worlds travel on their way. Silence wraps that electric life which animates nature, and which is thus more powerful than when it is disclosed in thunder.

What is commonly called *absence* of mind has never been considered incompatible with the presence of a vigorous intellect. The late distinguished mathematician, Professor H—n, of Aberdeen, was notorious for his absence of mind. Emerging hastily one day from the arched gateway at King's College, he stumbled against a cow, which chanced to be passing. In the confusion of the moment, the Professor raised his hat, exclaiming, "I beg your pardon, madam!" Walking in Union street, a few days afterwards, he did accidentally stumble against a lady, who was walking in an opposite direction. In sudden reflection of his former adventure, he called out, "Is that you again, ye brute?"

The Bangor Times says: "Our worthy superintendent of schools has laid upon our desk a brace of eggs!" They must have queer schools, if the superintendent has taken to laying eggs!

In peace, justice is of some effect; but in war, the innocent and the guilty suffer alike.

How to Do Ur Sinner Bosoms.—Take two ounces of white gum arabic powder, put it in a plover, and pour on a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire; let it stand all night, and in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, and cork it for use. A table spoonful of this gum water, stirred into a pint of starch, will give lawns, either white or colored, a look of newness, to which nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

BATTLES.  
Then all bad passions mingled in the strife:  
Hate, with closed lips and cold, unaltered eye,  
Defied his enemy; black Revenge rushed forth;  
And Envy with his hidden knife came on.  
Stealing behind his prey. This way and that,  
Scarce by the trumpet or the drum, drum,  
Pled Beauty, mocked by Vice; and helpless Age;  
And timorous Youth; whilst Murder, with hot eyes,  
Spent breath, and staggering through the slippery streets,  
Paused for a while, and with red dripping fingers  
Wiped from his sweating brow his cloud of hair,  
And reckoned his harvest round.—[Barry Cornwall.]

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust.

It is a most fearful fact to think of, that in every heart there is some secret spring that would be weak at the touch of temptation, and that is liable to be assailed. Fearful and yet salutary to think of; for the thought may serve to keep our moral nature braced. It warns us that we can never stand at ease, or lie down in this field of life, without sentinels of watchfulness and campfires of prayer.

"Charley," said a father to his son, while they were working at a saw-mill, "what possesses you to associate with such girls as you do? When I was of your age I could go with girls of the first cut." "The first cut is always a slab," said the son, as he assisted the old man in rolling over a log.

A western paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are very rare.

The Montreal, (Can.) Gazette says the Citadel of Quebec is being rapidly placed in an efficient condition of defence. During last week seven thousand barrels of gunpowder were landed at the ordnance wharf, a number of furnaces for heating shot, and furnaces for supplying shell with molten iron. New works are also in process of construction. The British lion is not asleep, it seems.

The United States Senate, during the extra session of Congress in July will consist of 22 Republicans and 16 Opposition members, leaving 22 vacancies. The eleven seceded States will be entirely unrepresented, excepting, perhaps, Tennessee, which will be represented by Hon. Andrew Johnson, who remains true to the Union.

The Boston Aldermen have no idea of "letting up" on their customary Fourth of July dinner.

The Massachusetts volunteers are bitter against Col. Jones. We have just read a private letter from a member of the Flying Artillery, at the Relay House, Baltimore, full of venom against the Colonel.

If a man at the South breathes one word in favor of the Union, he is immediately seized and imprisoned. Digby is of the opinion that these modern *Cæsars* will get their deserts in due season from the very men they seize.

Why are young ladies at the breaking up of a party like *arrows*? Because they can't go off without a *dear*, and are in a *quiver* till they get one.

The "Southern steel" which Jeff. Davis said the nation should feel, is felt in the nation's pockets, through the stealing of Jeff's constituents.

Raw hides can now be purchased at three cents per pound. They have never been so low for thirty years.

Harpers' Weekly has at last thrown off Southern allegiance. The following confession is certainly frank: "They have led us by the nose, and kicked us, and laughed at us, and scorned us in their very souls as cravens and tuppenny tinkers."

#### Notices to Correspondents.

C. WHITFORD, FAYETTEVILLE, N. Y.—We have not the back numbers; the papers have been sent regularly the last three weeks.

J. C. W., NEW LONDON, CT.—We like your style, brother. It suits us exactly.

GEORGE STREANS, WEST ACTON.—"The Age of Virtue," eleventh paper, is on file for publication, and will shortly appear.

J. B. C., NEW YORK.—Your article is too long for the commencement of a subject.

M. REED, KOKOMO, IND.—We are unable to supply the back numbers of this volume.

#### NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, NO. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. and at 8 and 7 1-2 P. M. P. Clark, Chairman. The Boston Spiritualist Conference meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the BANNER.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"The facts of Modern Spiritualism are in perfect harmony with the facts of the Bible, and furnish the strongest and most positive evidence extant of the spiritual origin of that book." A meeting is held every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edison, Chairman.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. Speakers engaged:—Miss L. E. DeForce, June 10th, 23d and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hylzer during August; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, during Oct.; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Doten in June; R. F. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Meals Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by medium, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Dr. H. F. Gardner, June 10th; Dr. A. B. Chantre, June 23d; Rev. S. Fellows, June 28th; F. B. Felton, July 8 and 14; Chas. A. Hayden, July 21 and 28; J. S. Loveland, Aug. 4 and 11; Miss DeForce, Aug. 18; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 25 and Sept. 1; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 15th; Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d; Warren Chase, Dec. 29.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 11 1-2 and 5 1-2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fannie Davis, June 10th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, June 30th.

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November; Dr. B. Robbins, during January.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hylzer in June; Laura E. DeForce in July; Mattie F. Hulet in Aug.; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macomber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Miss Scougal in Nov.; Leo, Miller in Dec.

CONCORD, N. H.—The Spiritualists of this place hold meetings the first Sunday in each month in their church.



## 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. CORWIN, 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 earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than vivified beings. We have 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.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, May 23.—God; John, a slave; Sextus Sawtelle. Friday, May 24.—Destiny; Sarah Jane Burrows; William Fletcher; John Price. Saturday, May 25.—War; John Elkins; Ellen Murphy; Michael Flinders. Sunday, May 26.—Invocation; Sylvanus Thompson, St. Louis; Catherine Elgar; E. K. Avery; John Sullivan. Monday, May 27.—Lewis K. Potter; Deborah S. Buckingham; Wm. E. Cutler; Anna Bowen. Tuesday, May 28.—Invocation; Total Depravity; Ellen Riley; David T. Osgood; Mary Frances Moore. Wednesday, May 29.—Washington Hedge; Evil; James Maloney; Henrietta S. Sprague. Thursday, May 30.—The Use of the Body; Martha Yates; Albert Hammond. Friday, June 1.—Invocation; Nature; Stephen S. Dike; Laura Ringo.

## Our Circles.

We commenced regular sittings on Wednesday, May 8th. Admittance ten cents. Free tickets for those who are unable to pay will be given.

## "The Wages of Sin is Death."

The Bible says, "The wages of sin is death." And old theology has been reiterating these words all along the ages. But the time is now, when the people begin to inquire, "what dies?" Does sin bring the death of the physical body? No, not always. Is it the death of the spiritual? No, it cannot be that. What is it, then, that dies? Now the priests of all the ages have never found out what it is which dies. I propose to tell what I suppose it to be—yes, what I know it to be, for if that passage, as it has been explained by old theology, was true, I should have been annihilated, in every sense of the word, long ago. Surely I sinned enough, and if the wages of sin is to bring the death of the soul, I should not be here to-day. What is it that dies, then. Why, the sin, of course. The wages of sin is the death of that sin. Sin can no more live eternally than these bodies can, for it is not perfect. It is not the law, but the manifestation. The law is immortal, but the manifestation is mortal, and will surely die.

One man may pass through the world without committing any sin, apparently. You may look upon that man as a holy man. If he is not entirely without sin, he is almost without it. If he is, why does he not remain in the physical forever? When the spirit has completed its circuit through the body, dissolution takes place. In one sense sin causes that you call death. If sin or evil must die, what is the use of your making so much fuss about it?—what the use of killing it before its time? The law will exterminate it; you cannot force it. You are each and all subjects of that law. How, then, can you be higher than it?

Old orthodox holds up before us a terrible bugbear. She tells us of one death and another—the first and second—and terrible indeed is the punishment inflicted at the second death. If man will stop to consult his reason, he will see old orthodox to be wrong; it is one of the manifestations of the law, and must die; you may say sin for a time, but she is imperfect and must die. All perfect things are immortal, and are immortal; all that is imperfect must die. All evil must in time blow away, and the real germ, the immortal part, will remain, not at all contaminated with its contact with the evil or imperfect part.

The wages of sin is death, thunders the preacher. Now if he would only look into the composition of his own spiritual and physical being, he would see at once that the thing that must die is the sin—not the man or woman. There is no such thing as coupling the mortal or imperfect to the immortal for any length of time; but sin must work itself out of the immortal.

You sow the grain in the earth, and it rots; after a while the grain comes forth. Had it not been for the rotting of the seed, would the grain have sprung up? You will see that all good comes from evil in this way. So your criminals are but necessities. What if you did not have the imperfection, would the good come forth? No, the criminal is as necessary for society, as the earth is for the seed, that the grain may come forth. You must have the seagoat. Many of you wish to avoid it, but it is only because there is something wanting in your physical organism. This doctrine will almost rob you of your free agency. You who are mediums between the higher and lower, are subject to all the conditions of life, the high and the low; and you may as well try to sever the connection between life and you, as to sever the connection between you and all portions of life. If nature finds elements in your nature by which she may blow out the flow of crime, she will do it. There must be murderers, there must be thieves and liars, just as long as life with you in the external is what it is to-day.

In view of all this, what should you do with your criminals? Hang them up between the heavens and the earth to rid yourselves of their influence? No; if you understand them and yourselves you should not. You should rather pity them, and let your judgments be in mercy, and then you will judge as you would be judged, provided you stood where they stand.

The philosopher of long ago well understood himself when he gave forth the beautiful law, or part of law—"Do unto others as you would they should do to you." He well understood himself and the world at large. By simply carrying out this law, and the law of your own nature, you shall be able to deal justly, shall be able to assist nature in her mighty workshop. But while you are continually visiting such judgments as you do upon the criminal, you are hindering her perfect work; she should be permitted to go forward without being infringed upon. Now it is not natural for a man to be hung up between heaven and earth because he has committed a great crime. It is perfectly natural that he committed the crime, because in his organism was the seed for the manifestation.

Now as all sin must die, you had better let it take its course, never for a moment forgetting that if the thing you dislike is really evil, nature will kill it, for it must surely die. "Vengeance is mine," says the God, Nature; "and if it is, it does not belong to you."

There has been a great deal said about the evil of slavery. We should rise up and crush it, says the fanatic. It is a great evil, says the abolitionist. If it is an evil, it must die; and you may try to hasten its death as much as you will, but God and nature will not hasten its time to please any one of humanity.

If each individual who goes to make up the human race, would only do as well as he or she knows how to do, all would live in perfect harmony with the law. If the murderer feels it is right for him to commit murder, let him do it; for the sin will die so much the sooner for the act. God has a great many means for ridding earth of the evils among you. You need not strive to fashion any means, for God will, in his own time and way, take care that they pass from among you.

## Polly Spinney.

I lived eighty odd years on earth, and for more than fifty years I lived as near according to the dictates of the Bible as I could. I was of the Presbyterian faith, and I fully expected my faith would be realized when I should lay off my body; but alas, when I came to a conscious life in the spirit, I learned that all I had gathered upon earth, and held so sacred, was worth nothing here. I learned that of all the creeds of earth, not one was sound, not one

good for anything. Every one was discarded—no body seemed to realize what they had hoped for—no, not one.

"I was now almost seven years since I laid by my body, and I cannot believe that there is any good in the Universe anywhere. I cannot. My faith was so strong, and took such hold of my being on earth, that I find no room for any faith here, and I am sure the old one is good for nothing. So I may be called without God or hope in the world. But yet I feel there is a time when I shall know all I desire to; then I shall know enough to make me supremely happy, for I believe by wisdom we are to be made happy. I say I do not believe there is any God anywhere. I believe we are all outgrowths of nature—that we have come up from the very lowest, and stand now the highest in Nature; and if there be any God, we must be that God. But, oh, I expected to hear and see and worship a Being so far beyond my feeble comprehension, that when I entered the spirit-world, and saw there was no such thing, I began to feel how insufficient were all the religions of earth. I have dear children on earth, who are holding fast to the same belief I was, and they will be disappointed as I was, and if I mistake not, they will not only lose their faith in this religion, but on this God also. I am not alone, for there are thousands in spirit-life who have been so disappointed here that they have no room for any faith.

Everything is so terribly different from what I expected! Why, there's no such thing as a throne of God in Heaven—no eternal palace to him—no such things as are pictured in the Bible. I cannot help thinking it is a fable. I based my hope upon it, and my hope has fallen with it.

I do not want my folks to believe I am unhappy, for I believe if I had realized my faith on earth in spirit-life, I should have been very unhappy. Man would not be satisfied with one condition of life. Praising God continually in such a way as I believed, who could be satisfied with?

I supposed I should realize these things, but God did not, if there is a God—a principle of goodness which keeps us all where we should be; he did not turn aside to suit me.

You better have no faith at all in regard to the spirit-world.

Live right; but it is one thing to live according to the dictates of your conscience, which is right, and another to live according to the dictates of the Bible and the church.

Poor old Polly Spinney has changed wonderfully, I know; but the change of death brings many a change in religious faith. There are many who stick to their faith, but it is because they have no power to cast aside the old plank, for they fear to be at sea without a something to rest upon. But mine fell away from me.

My children, and I have got three, are all strongly wedded to the old faith; I want to do what I can to break that union, to cut them aloof from it before they die. I am happy, but I wish them to be happier than I am.

I used to live in Barnstable. I suppose I died of old age. It brought on a fit of palsy, and of that I died. I want to have an opportunity of talking to my children. I want to root up the seeds I sowed in my children's minds. I know where I planted them, and I want to root them up. I have no thought of their earthly welfare. They have got but a little while to stay in mortal, and if they have to suffer for the necessities of life, I cannot help it. I want to tell them how to be happy in this life. They have but a little while at best to live here, and it is but a moment, when compared to the eternity they will spend in this condition.

## Daniel Cooper.

Before I left my body, I had some little knowledge of Spiritualism, so called. I gained that knowledge by reading, and occasionally visiting mediums. I lived on Thirty-second street, New York. My name was Daniel Cooper. I was a mason by trade. I was fifty-four years of age. I have a wife and two children. They are violently opposed to Spiritualism, but it matters not. I desire to commune with them. I'll never make the attempt, I shall never succeed.

I have only been here a little short of five months. I died rather suddenly, and they supposed the cause of my death was heart disease. I have manifested twice before, privately, without success, in New York.

## James Quinn.

I want to send a letter to my wife. She was in Cross street last winter, and I don't think she has moved at all. I died there last winter.

My name was James Quinn. My cousin keeps a store on Cross street. My wife's name is Mary. She is as good a woman as anybody. Faith, I died of delirium tremens. I suppose I got pruned out; but I don't care, so long as I got out.

I carried the load many a time. I worked for a drop of whiskey the last—that was what I worked for hardest. The boss mason's name was Tiletson. I have not done a job of work since warm weather.

I want to tell Mary how I am, and I want to talk to her a bit. Faith, I think I might be here, if I had been dealt right with. Dr. Welch took care of me—a fine looking fellow. He gave me something to keep me aisy. Just before I died, I came to my sense, bright, and if he had given me something to keep my strength up, I'd been here now.

The prairie believes more than he will let us believe. I was told if I came here, I could have my letter sent as well as if I were a Yankee. I want Mary to go to a medium. I think Mary is there in Cross street, now, and it's right for me to say what I think true.

I have my likes and my dislikes, the same as I did here. I don't want to be called for my cousin, but as I am. I did not like him at all. As long as I had a cent to buy a drop of anything with, he'd get it, no matter how bad off I was. But when I had no money, he'd kick me out as soon as any one. I hope Mary will not go there at all. When I get a chance to talk as I do here, I'll tell more about him and myself. Mary drinks a little herself—better let it alone entirely.

I can't tell how long I was in purgatory, but I know the prairie prayed me out, for how the devil came I out, if he didn't? I'm a good Catholic. The prairie believes we can come back, but it would not do to tell the people so, for what the devil would the people do with so much learning? The church would be broke up if they let the people do everything. When you are here in the body, it's the prairie must take care of you; but when you get here in the spirit, you may do for yourself.

It's the duty of every good Catholic to support the Church, and the prairie and the bishop and the cardinal will intercede to God for you. Faith, I'll stick to the Catholic religion as long as I live.

I was a long time on earth, and if I had lived all that long time without the prairie, what the devil would I do here? Who would pray me out? I was the Catholics who come back and hang on to their religion; but the Protestant religion is good for nothing, and they throw it away. I don't want Mary to think I have lost my religion at all. I'm as good a Catholic as ever I was—all I want is to talk to her.

## The Study of the Past.

Every condition of life in the mighty past, and every condition of life in the mighty present, proclaims that man is immortal. You need not look into the distant future to ascertain whether you live after death or not, but you can look at the past, and you will perceive that the present gives you but a higher condition of past things. You have but to look upon the great variety of atoms that make up your material world, and you will see immortality engraved and daggered on every one of these atoms. Not even the smallest portion of life, whether mineral, vegetable, animal, or spiritual, is ever lost. The great Author of life has not called into action even the most minute atom to strike it out again. Progress and immortality are as necessary to the lower conditions of life as they are necessary to the higher conditions, as seen in humanity.

The present age is holding a great controversy in regard to the power and capability of the spirit disembodied. If I live after death, shall I have the power to return and manifest in the earth-life, is a question that hath found its way to every heart; there

is not one who hath not heard it, felt it, and been stirred in the inmost being by it. If I am an immortal being, what are my capabilities? It is utterly impossible for man to peer at any distance into the future. He cannot see beyond his soul capabilities. He cannot stretch out his vision into the far distant future. The soul may speak in prophecy, because of the power of the Unseen reaching upon it; but it is impossible for man to have any knowledge of the future, by stretching out his gaze into the future. How then shall he inform himself in reference to his future? He shall go back as far as possible, and trace out the cause of every effect, and when he has thus arrived at the present standpoint, he shall know that he is immortal, and shall have the power to return and hold communion with gross matter after he hath left the confines of the flesh. The volume of the past is for you to read again and again and know of your present. By this you are to know of your capacities as an immortal spirit.

Man in the past has lived too much like a mere machine. He has been too well satisfied to let some other intelligence stand where his own should have stood. He has been too willing to lay down his reason, too willing to use that belonging to some one else—too willing to listen to and believe the assertions of others. Man can only know of himself by self searching. Any and every other son and daughter dwelling in the sphere mortal, cannot do for you as an individual what you should do to work out your salvation, which is your own thing of wisdom. When man becomes wise, then he becomes happy, for ignorance is constantly trespassing upon the law and bringing punishment to the individual.

If it were possible for you to stretch out your hands and grasp all the gems of wisdom in the future, they would avail you nothing, until you know of the past. This earth is capable of giving you as much wisdom as you, one of her productions, will be capable of understanding. A mighty storehouse your father has left for you to walk in; a great untraversed temple it seems to be. Few love to travel in the dim past; to gather knowledge of themselves. Many pass into the dark veil, but they do not go to gather knowledge each for self. Each should examine what the past has offered, that they may know of to-day. You do not know how near you dwell to wisdom, because you have so poor an understanding of the past. If men and women had a good knowledge of the past as concerns themselves, should we find them at war with their brothers? No, for wisdom ever begetteth peace. So long as men strive to grasp at the future and are content to dwell in ignorance of the past, so long will wisdom stand directly before them, and yet they shall not be able to attain it.

## Abraham Thompson.

I've got much to do before I find the right way to work. The people said I had no brains, and know but little. I went about speaking to the people out doors. They did not let me come in to the meeting-houses, so I went outside. I find God lives out doors as much as he lives in a meeting-house. When I lived here, I had two children; now I have one. I lived here; he has too much faith in the meeting-houses and not enough in God.

I've traveled a long way in my life, and I've got a long way to travel to find the road to heaven, and there is one way I want to go to heaven.

I came to find my son, I left so little—he were petticoats. When I shall speak again, I shall talk better.

My name you will find to be Abraham Thompson. I lived in Methodist Alley, in 1822.

My little boy don't remember me, but he knew these facts. It is just as natural for me to want to come as for another, and who shall say Abraham shall not come? My trade was a cordwainer. They'll tell you I went round the streets preaching. They'll tell you I had no brain, no sense; but I had as much as they who had so much they thought I had none. What is the name of the boy? His mother called him George; she lived after I went away, and brought up the children.

I suppose my boy will think I ought to be in heaven on a long time before this, but oh heaven is a long way off. I was always content, but oh the heaven of perfect happiness is a long way off. I am content to live in this way until there is a way to go higher; but I want to go higher.

I've walked about these lanes and alleys, and have tried to come. They told me I had not power enough, but must wait, and power would come, and it has come, and this is one of the roads to heaven. I have been to hell teaching the souls in darkness, and they have worshipped me; but I told them heaven was a long way off, and God was there. Oh, I have seen many drunkards in hell—many! Hell is peopled with those who have not done right. I went to preach to that particular class who were like myself in many things, and were not able to get up, until they were a long way on the road.

There's mediums (guide-boards) all along the way, scattered all amongst you. I want my boy to find one suited to him and me, and I'll tell him of hell. He'll find heaven as he goes along; but he wants to know where hell is, for that is all along the road to heaven, and a good many stumble into it, because they do not know where it is.

## John Burns.

I'm a little in the dark—dead, that's certain. My name is John Burns. I lived in Boston, and died here. I suppose I was born in Leominster, Mass. I don't know as I had any occupation—was a gentleman at leisure. When I died, I had no business at all. I made enough to keep along—was a sort of a traveling variety shop. Oh, well, I suppose my business, to come right down to it, was gambling.

I've got a wife and some sisters, and for some reason or other, they called me back. How the devil is it they make a fellow come and talk in this way? I was told my wife wanted me to come back. I said I did not want to come—could not, make them any better off. But, somehow, I could not rest till I did come. I have been gone since 1868. I went off with what might be called cholera—pretty quick.

I don't know what to say. They wanted me to come back, and here I am. My wife is well enough off. She need not call me back. What the devil she wanted me to come back for, I cannot tell. Perhaps she called me back from curiosity, to know whether I could come or not. All I can say is, I come. I'm pretty well off. I travel round with the boys a little. We mix with them, and enjoy their sports unsee.

If the folks want to see me, I will come round, if they will give me a chance. I don't care to go, for I know there are a good many things they would question me about, and I don't want to talk about them, for it might make them feel bad. I am sensitive. About coming here again; if the folks want to ask me any questions, and don't want to meet me face to face, shall I come here and answer what I please to? Then I'll be going.

## Isabel Banks.

They have such wicked folks come here, I was most afraid to come. They swear, and they are wicked. I had a sore throat, and died. My mother lives in Fairhaven. I don't want to come next to folks that swear, but I had to, for it was my turn.

I was eight years old. I have been dead since the winter. My name was Isabel Banks. My sister died, too, with a sore throat. She had a middle and—Lizzie Frances was her name. She's too little to tell—only five years old.

You tell my mother we don't live with that man who swore so. It is wicked to swear. We are living with our aunt. Mother used to tell me if I was good I should go up in the sky. I didn't go much of anywhere, but I have everything I want, and we have better times than here. Oh, I had a dreadful sore throat, and it all swelled up, and I could not breathe, and then I died.

We want to go to my mother and talk. If I could take a medium home, I'd like to. Will you ask our mother to let us come? Will you tell our mother that just as soon as we went away, we didn't have any sore throats. My aunt has been here a good while. Her name was Isabel. She was young when she came. She says she knew we were coming, and had everything ready for us. She is like our mother

to us. She don't tell us, just as our mother did about God, but she tells us it is wicked to swear and steal.

## John Newton.

My dear brother, you will not lose anything, but will continue to receive and give as when in Boston. Many will try to cause you to turn from your present course; but heed them not. JOHN NEWTON. May 18.

## CLEANINGS FROM TESTUS—NO. 9.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

We women have four seasons, like the year; Our spring is in our lightsome girlish days; When the heart laughs within us for sheer joy; Ere yet we know what love is, or the ill Of being loved by those whom we love not. Summer is when we love and are beloved, And seems short; from its very splendor seems To pass the quickest; crowned with flowers it flies. Autumn is when some young thing with tiny hands, And rosy cheeks, and daisy tendrilled locks, Is wondrous about us day and night. And winter is when those we love have perished; For the heart lingers then. And the next spring Is in another world.

## Humanity is the fairest flower.

Blooming in earthly breasts; so sweet and pure, That it might freshen even the fadeless wreaths Twined round the golden harps of those in Heaven.

To the just soul, in a future state, Defect's dark mist, thick spreading o'er this vale, Shall dim the eye no more;

And evil, which now boweth our being down As dew the grass, shall only flit all life For fresher growth and for intenser day, Where God doth dry all tears as the sun dew.

Experience and imagination— Mother and sire of song—the harp and hand. The bard's aim is to give us thoughts Full of all sparry, sparkling loveliness.

## The dress of words,

Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb, Should let the play of limb be seen through it. It is the thought written down we want, Not its effect.

Poesie is undervalued, except from God; but where Strongest, asks most of human care and aid. Great deeds told much and most; but most at first, Ere they can learn to concentrate the soul For hours upon a thought to carry it.

He who means to be a great bard, must Measure himself against pure mind, and fling His soul into a stream of thought, as will A swimmer hurl himself into the water. But never swimmer on the stream, nor bird On wind, feels half so strong, or swift, or glad, As bard borne high on his mind above himself.

## The voice of great

Or greater thoughts is sweeter far than all Word-music; and great thoughts, like great deeds, Need no trumpet.

## As in earth's first paradise

God's spirit walked with man, and commune made With him, so in the second, after death, Man's spirit walks with God in an elect existence.

## REPORT OF THE MEETING HELD AT REYNOLDSVILLE, SCHUYLER CO., NEW YORK.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

The friends of reform in Central and Western New York, advertised to hold a free meeting in Reynoldsville, upon this day, and to continue it through tomorrow, met in Academy Hall this afternoon at two o'clock.

The weather is very pleasant; attendance rather small. Among the lecturers present are G. M. Jackson, of Prattburg, N. Y., Mrs. E. M. Palmer, of Big Flat, N. Y., H. Melville Fay, of Akron, Ohio, J. H. Randall, of Northfield, Mass., Porter Hill, of Millport, N. Y.

Mr. Porter Hill was elected President, and G. M. Jackson Vice President of the meeting; J. H. Randall and H. Melville Fay, Secretaries.

A Business Committee was appointed, consisting of G. M. Jackson, John Corwin, A. Bronson, Mrs. E. M. Palmer, H. Hendrix.

The President made a few remarks pertinent to the occasion. The remainder of the session was mostly spent in Conference upon the various phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

## ADJOURNED UNTIL 7-12 O'CLOCK.

## EVENING SESSION.

Rather a larger attendance than we had this afternoon. The President expressed his feelings in such a spicy manner as to cause quite a whirlwind of spirit to control the assemblage. He was followed by a discourse from

Wm. H. PALMER, who said, that the spiritual manifestations which the ancients received, were closely allied to the manifestations produced by spirits in these modern times. He believed that the law then was the same as the law of to-day, and if they communicated then, and history proves that they did, why can't they communicate now? He was satisfied they could. He thought that the civilization of to-day, compared with the past, gave strong evidence of man's advancement toward a more moral, intellectual and spiritual plane than that occupied by the ancients. Man is constantly undergoing a process of right downward, and in time will ascend into a higher and broader sphere of intellectual action. Modern spiritual manifestations are having a tendency to elevate the race to a higher plane of scientific knowledge, and a more spiritual religion.

H. MELVILLE FAY read a piece of prose which he had selected, entitled Liberty. It was well adapted to the times. After which, entranced, he spoke as follows: Reason is the great redeeming principle that man should look to for aid, instead of relying on the creeds and dogmas of the age. Conservatism is a very dangerous thing. If men would pay more respect to their internal convictions, and less to external institutions, the race would progress more rapidly toward a scientific religion.

We should not bow to the external religious and oppressive institutions which custom has authorized to be respected, unless they accord with our highest convictions of right. Our government to-day is but a gaming-table of selfish ambition, with physical and mental slavery on one side, and human liberty on the other. In our present national affairs, the rattling of the first die has been heard around the walls of Sumter, and in the streets of the Monumental City. And as our governmental institutions are diseased, so, in the same ratio, is our social system of government infected. Free thought is padlocked in the church, and in the marriage relation, pure love is ground to atoms in the crushing mill of ungoverned passion. But thanks be to the angel-world, the stupendous fabrics of tyranny must fall before the onset of angels; and the glorious banner of freedom shall wave triumphant o'er the battlements of error.

## ADJOURNED UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

## SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1861.—MORNING SESSION.

Attendance very good for the place. One more speaker has arrived, Mrs. Goodrich, of Ithaca, N. Y. The President said, he was glad to welcome the friends of free discussion to this meeting. That to have a successful free meeting, we must have an harmonious one; and harmony is produced by law and order. This is a free platform, where all shades of opinion is expected will be expressed.

Spiritual and reform topics should be discussed, and in that discussion one great point aimed for, viz: The separation of the eternal principle, truth, from ignorance and superstition. We are all working for one common cause—the good of humanity. We know no God but truth; no principle but justice;

no aim but to establish true fraternal affection among all mankind.

J. H. RANDALL.—I have witnessed a great many of the so-called spirit manifestations, and I think that seventy-five per cent. of the manifestations which I have witnessed, and which have been attributed to disembodied spirits, may be accounted for without admitting the agency of spirits from the spirit-land.

JOHN CORWIN said: Mr. Randall, you must have been very unfortunate during your investigations, to draw such a conclusion. I have examined, to a considerable extent, the phenomena produced by spirits, and I believe I have had better luck.

Mr. Fay believed, that in this age of modern Spiritualism, spirit manifestations of a genuine character were produced. That there may have been instances in the past where mediums have been influenced by undeveloped spirits to produce manifestations that might be considered wholly mundane, he had no doubt. However, he believed, that owing to the interest manifested by the investigators of the spiritual philosophy, and spirits being aware of the fact that nothing but rigid tests would satisfy the inquiring mind, that spirits do give, at the present time, truthful and genuine spiritual manifestations.

Wm. H. PALMER thought that Mr. Randall had exaggerated the matter somewhat. He could not endorse such an assumption. He had witnessed a great many manifestations, and believed that they were what they claimed to be; that is, that they were produced by spirits disembodied.

PORTER HILL said he should disagree entirely with what had been said, by saying that one hundred per cent. of the manifestations could be accounted for without admitting the agency of departed spirits. He asked Mr. Fay why the spirits could not untie and tie him as well as anybody else?

Mr. Fay replied, that there was something inherent in the organization of some temperaments, that constituted them physical mediums. What it was he did not claim to know. If such was not the case, according to Mr. Hill's idea, we might all be physical mediums—all be tied and untied, at the option of the spirits.

Therefore, Mr. Hill's affirmation that all spirit manifestations, so-called, may be accounted for without an agency outside of mundane agencies, is considered preposterous in the extreme.

Mr. JACKSON agreed with Mr. Randall. He thought that twenty-five per cent. of the spiritual communications might be considered as reliable, and that the remainder, he had no doubt, could be accounted for by mundane principles.

The Conference was called to order by the President, when Mr. JACKSON spoke as follows:

I am glad to stand upon a free platform. We meet as free men and free women; and we dare vindicate the principles of modern Spiritualism, knowing them to be true. The theological teachers of the age have failed to meet the demands of the people—miserably failed to bring before them the evidences they wish to prove the immortality of the human soul. They have set themselves up as God's elect, placing Spiritualists down deep in the abyss of inferiority. But Spiritualism knows no inferiority, nor does it recognize superiority, only to blind dogmas and dusty creeds. The judgments of priests harm it not. Their galling chains can never bind the individuality that Spiritualism sustains. To-day, Spiritualism recognizes no criterion but that which the human soul alone possesses; hence, the opinion which custom tolerates, melts into insignificance. Theology bids us walk in the paths of our forefathers, and not drink in the newer, deeper, fresher inspirations of our time, until we have learned to hate theology, even as a whipped school-boy hates his master.

And their castles of despair are but the prisons of a nation's infamy and shame; but the bright sun of modern Spiritualism is casting its rays into their dark vaults, letting in light eternal and immutable. Can we fail to be grateful to the angel world for this millennium? In answer to this question, hear its echo in the hearts of millions, and read its power in the inborn destinies of coming generations.

J. H. RANDALL commenced by reading a poem entitled Philosophy. He then made a comparison between ancient and modern Spiritualism. He said:







## Pearls.

And gazed at her, and jewels five words long,  
That on the stretched forefinger of all things  
Sparkle forever."

## A FRAGMENT.

Heart raptures, from Messiah's bosom springing!  
How do ye cheer us in this world below,  
An incense of Divine affection flinging—  
A voice of melody to soothe our woe.  
We pluck and eat of Love's reviving clusters,  
And youth renews the frame, by age oppressed;  
Lights the dim eye, with everlasting lustres,  
Pulses the heart, with heavenly life possessed!  
Elysian groves, with Eden beauty gleaming,  
Unseen by man, the spreading landscape bear.  
We wake from earth's most vague and fitful dreaming:  
We breathe the breath of Heaven's diviner air:  
To ear and eye and heart, the earth, transfigured,  
Reveals a paradise of peerless bloom:  
In beauteous imagery and voice prefigured,  
The Future smiles, that waits beyond the tomb.  
[T. L. Harris.]

Brilliant eloquence is like a flame; it requires to be  
fed with fresh fuel, and to be excited by frequent stir-  
ring. It is in burning that it is resplendent.

## SACRED OFFERING.

Upon the mountain's height he stood—below,  
The kingdoms of the world around him spread  
Their glories to his view. The Tempter said,  
"Fall down and worship me; I will bestow  
Upon thee all these things." "Hence! thou shalt bow  
To God alone!" replied the Holy One;  
"Him only shalt thou serve. Satan begone!"  
Awe by the voice divine, and threatening brow,  
The Tempter instant fled, and borne on wing  
Of love, the ministering angels came.  
In robes of light, and heaven's immortal bloom,  
Aid from above with gentle hands to bring;  
And shall we tremble on our high career,  
When He who guarded Jesus still is near?

The principle of integrity is weakened by a thirst  
for gain.

## HAPPINESS IS FOUND WITHIN.

How various the pursuits, the hopes, the fears,  
The passions, wishes, tastes, and views of man!  
His object one; for happiness appears  
To be the aim and end of every plan.  
One grasps at wealth, and gains the glittering prize,  
Which to the rubbish trash beneath his eyes:  
One sighs for power till tortured by its pangs;  
One follows fame, and finds it but a vapour;  
Love proves a noose in which a wretch oft hangs;  
And time melts friendship like a wasted taper.  
Then since experience shows us how we blunder—  
That wealth is dust, and reputation breath;  
That love and friendship are soon snapt asunder,  
And mad ambition's path betrays to death:  
Why not forsake our errors, and begin  
To learn that—"happiness is found within." [Suidas.]

The sun is glad to embrace his earth; the earth is  
glad to be embraced by him.

## THANKS.

Let us thank God for every glorious star  
Which charms our eye with beauty from afar,  
And every sweet-faced flower that lifts its head  
Along the dusty paths we daily tread:  
Let us thank God for human stars and flowers,  
Which purify and bless this world of ours.  
[Leighton.]

## Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1861.

SUBJECT.—What effect has the premature death of the  
body upon the soul, or spirit?

DR. GARDNER.—Bro. Tyrrell's argument, that some  
had better die in infancy, than pass on to a life of  
sorrow, disease or crime, I do not agree with. Only  
in the case of an idiot, where the brain is manifestly  
a malformation, and without the power of develop-  
ing into the high and spiritual, but can only mis-  
lead to the degrading and animal passions of his na-  
ture, would I admit the validity of his argument.  
As I said before, it seems that the Almighty must  
have had an object in man's existence on earth, and  
in giving him an immortal soul, and all the attri-  
butes in a finite degree, that Deity himself possesses.  
To acknowledge a mistake in Nature, would seem to  
be charging God with want of wisdom, at least; and  
as God is just, he cannot hold his children respon-  
sible for what is beyond their control. But we have  
the united testimony of Nature, reason and departed  
spirits, that premature death is disastrous. In Na-  
ture, we find everything requires a degree of growth  
before it reaches its purpose on earth; and if de-  
prived of that, it seems incapable of fulfilling its  
purpose. So with man. If he passes from life with  
a full and ripe developed nature, his organization  
will be prepared for the change, and fitted to go on-  
ward from the point at which he enters the spiri-  
tual life. Otherwise, he must come back on the plane  
of earth, to gain those experiences by getting in rap-  
port with a human body. This is the universal tes-  
timony of spirits who have been long enough in the  
spirit-world to entertain an opinion. We often be-  
come acquainted with cases where death has over-  
taken men and women, and they have remained for  
months and even years, unconscious, in a point be-  
tween material and spiritual life. A case in illus-  
tration of this was given in the last number of the  
BANNER, where a woman, because of the sin of drunk-  
enness, only became conscious three months ago, of  
her existence in spirit-life, though she had been dead  
three years. Men who meet with violent deaths, or  
are murdered, are sometimes not aware of death for  
a long time after their spirits seem to have left the  
body. Andrew Jackson Davis, in a clairvoyant state,  
saw the phenomena of the death of Professor Web-  
ster, the murderer of Dr. Parkman in Boston, some  
ten or twelve years ago. When the rope was ad-  
justed to his neck, and the platform knocked from  
under him, he fell, and it seemed to him as though  
the whole city had fallen upon his head. For four  
days he was unconscious, and then awoke as in a  
dream. One of the earliest tests of spiritual truth  
I ever received, was from my brother, who was shot  
in Virginia several years ago. He testifies that he  
was shot on the thirty-first day of March, but did  
not awake to consciousness till the third day of April.

MR. WETTERBERG.—I feel ashamed to speak the  
third time on a question I know so little of as I do of  
this; but perhaps I know as much about it as Dr.  
Gardner does. I do not want to depend too much  
on the testimony of spirits, on a question like this,  
though they are very good counselors and illumina-  
tors in general. I have always found in the mat-  
erial world, that the longer a thing is maturing,  
the longer it lasts. The tree that grows slowly, and al-  
most imperceptibly to us, lasts years after we have  
passed from life; other trees mature quicker, and  
pass away. So from analogy it seems to me better  
that man should live out his whole life. I love to  
draw truths from Nature, and this is one Nature  
teaches me. But Nature presents two points—the  
ideal and the real. To another, it is the gloomy and  
dreadful passage to destruction; and to another,  
death is the gate to the inscrutable mystery of the  
future, a leap in the impenetrable darkness. But  
to the man of Spiritual faith, it is neither the  
planning nor end of life. It is only continuance. And,  
thank God, such a faith is possessed by millions. It  
is spreading farther and wider, and now it enables  
multitudes to exclaim, with the confidence of Paul  
of old, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave,  
where is thy victory?"

are crowded down and trodden under, are apt to get  
at experience others never can have—experiences  
that are all-important. I believe the longer I stay  
here, the better I shall be hereafter; and the bitter-  
ness of those experiences will be the gate of heaven to  
me. But after all, I feel it would be better for me  
to die to-day, than live long enough to commit some  
crime which would place me on a lower plane than  
any I have ever been on before. But whether we  
live or die, it is only Hobson's choice with us, and  
we cannot help either the cause or effect. I do be-  
lieve if Nero had died when he first became Emperor  
of Rome, when he had a good reputation and bright  
prospects of the future, and gone under the tutelage  
of Seneca, instead of fiddling while Rome was burn-  
ing, and putting pilch on Christians, and seeing them  
wriggle when they went through the fire, and killing  
his own mother, it would have been better for the  
world and for Nero himself.

REV. MR. THAYER.—This question is of such a na-  
ture that much we say must be speculative; and  
hence we must be more careful in reviewing what  
others say on it. Mr. Tyrrell says, whether prema-  
ture death is injurious or not, depends upon sur-  
rounding circumstances. I was very favorably im-  
pressed with this idea. A case is told of a mother  
who prayed earnestly for the life of a child, when it  
was sick, and it recovered, only to be hanged, at the  
age of maturity, for murder. Must she not after-  
wards have regretted the prayer and its answer? It  
seems as though some persons could not avoid  
wrong-doing, considering the circumstances by which  
they are surrounded; and premature death might,  
at least, prevent the doing of some wrong hereafter  
to be answered for. Again, if we all arrive at adult  
age, before death, we should be unprepared to meet  
it at any moment, as we now are.

Mrs. SWAN was entranced, and gave the experi-  
ence of one who had died in early life, and passed  
into the world of spirits before its nature had fully  
grown. This spirit was brought back again, after  
death, to gain knowledge and study life's lessons  
not learned before. It is the duty of every one to  
look out for the preservation of life here, for any de-  
ficiency must be made up in spirit-life.

MISS BALL, in a state of entrancement, entertained  
the audience with a rhymed dissertation on the  
power and capacities of the soul. She corrected the  
impression given out a fortnight since, that the  
body was a clog to the uprising of the spirit. Her  
body was no clog to her. Only those whose bodies  
were vehicles of lustful passions, were impeded in  
their soul's growth by their bodies. When the body  
is the instrument of pure desire, it is filled with  
living light.

MR. SPOONER.—It seems to me of no great im-  
portance whether we stay here a longer or a shorter time,  
because the longest life here bears but an infinites-  
imal proportion to our whole existence. It bears a  
less proportion to our whole existence, than a single  
hour bears to three-score and ten years. It can cer-  
tainly be of little importance to a man's life of three-  
score and ten years here, whether a single hour of  
his infancy were spent among the savages of the  
Rocky Mountains, or in the most cultivated society.  
For the same reason it can be of little importance  
to a man's intellectual or moral development through-  
out eternity, whether the first seventy years of his life  
be spent entirely on the earth, or a part on the earth,  
and a part elsewhere. Whether they be spent in  
one place or another, he will be learning his own na-  
ture, the nature of other men, and the nature of the  
world around him. And the probability is that he  
can learn these things about as well in one place as  
in another. Who can say that there is any impor-  
tant difference between one place and another in  
this respect?

MR. WETTERBERG.—I will tell you in my own case.  
From sitting an hour in a prayer meeting I once got  
converted, and stayed so for thirteen years.

MR. SPOONER.—I don't see that he has shown what  
difference it made. If he had not been converted, he  
might have done something else equally foolish. If  
he had so much foolishness in him, it was necessary  
for it to be worked out of him in some way. I am a  
little surprised, however, that it should have taken  
thirteen years to our him of that particular kind of  
foolishness.

MR. THAYER.—Don't you believe it makes any dif-  
ference whether we should spend an hour in doing  
good, or evil?

MR. SPOONER.—No; for if we did good in one hour,  
we should do evil in the next. Or, if we did evil in  
one hour, we should do good in the next. We do  
good and evil alternately; and it is of no impor-  
tance which we do first. Everything we do, whether  
good or evil, gives us wisdom, and makes us wiser  
and better in the end.

MISS DORR.—It seems to many that there is much  
room for speculation on this question, and that we  
can only beat round the bush. We have, it is true,  
the evidence of departed spirits, but I have a medium,  
do not place much reliance upon this, for the testi-  
mony is different; though this is not surprising, for  
one born on torrid land must bring in different views  
of life and manners from one born at the frigid  
zone, and each spirit can only speak for himself.  
This question seems to bear some relationship to the  
doctrine of non-immortality. Some seem to take root,  
and others do not. Some do not come to maturity;  
others do. There is no rule to measure the spirit  
with. It transcends all measurement. I find some  
men come to maturity earlier than others do. Ma-  
turity is not a matter of years. Is a man nobler and  
better at three-score years and ten, than at thirty  
or forty. Were Methuselah, old Parr, or Ralph  
Farnham, better for their age—better than Jesus,  
who did not live half so long? Is a man who dies,  
"sane eyes, sane teeth, sane everything," better off  
than the soldier who dies on the battle-field of life, in  
the full strength of his nature?

DR. GARDNER.—I have had spirits come to me, in  
all phases of nature—idiots, insane persons, and  
those degraded by vice and bad habits, and in every  
case, the testimony has been in favor of the hypo-  
thesis, that a premature death is a disadvantage to the  
soul, or spirit.

REV. MR. TYRRELL.—I have held communication  
with the spirits of those who have committed suicide.  
They have said, if they were only on earth  
again, they would do so and so. But if asked,  
"would you be placed back in just the same position  
you held before you committed suicide?" the answer  
would be, no. They wanted the experience they had  
got, and could then come back to earth, and with it,  
be happier and better in the time to come.

## Spiritualism Comforting.

The soul demands a faith which can look into the  
spirit-world and recognize there the forms of friends,  
who have been prematurely summoned from their  
labors here, and have entered upon that state where  
neither fire nor flood can arrest their progress for-  
ever. Blessed is the man or woman who has this.  
It relieves death and the grave of its sadness and  
gloom. It fills us with the assurance that separa-  
tion is but temporary; that death is neither anni-  
hilation, nor sleep, nor a summons to unutterable  
woe; that it is but change of this material vestment  
of ours, leaving the heart, the intellect, the con-  
science, and all the spiritual laws of our being the  
same as they were in this life. With this faith, we  
feel assured that we shall meet again, and that we  
do meet even now; that our friends not only live,  
but live to be wiser, better, and happier, and live,  
too, in conditions which do not separate them com-  
pletely from this world and from us. How much  
consolation would such convictions as these afford to  
the sorrowing and bereaved!

But many are haunted with doubts. Some are  
terribly distressed with fear respecting the future  
condition of the departed, while others have no  
strong and sustaining faith in the presence and  
beauty of the spirit-world. To one, the grave is the  
end of all things. To another, it is the gloomy and  
dreadful passage to destruction; and to another,  
death is the gate to the inscrutable mystery of the  
future, a leap in the impenetrable darkness. But  
to the man of Spiritual faith, it is neither the  
planning nor end of life. It is only continuance. And,  
thank God, such a faith is possessed by millions. It  
is spreading farther and wider, and now it enables  
multitudes to exclaim, with the confidence of Paul  
of old, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave,  
where is thy victory?"

## SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

BY DAYARD TAYLOR.

An old and crippled veteran to the War Department  
came.  
He sought the Chief who led him, on many a field of  
battle.  
The Chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his  
banner rose,  
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foe.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier  
cried.  
"The days of eighteen hundred twelve, when I was  
at your side?"  
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's  
Lane?

"Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight  
again."  
"Have I forgotten?" said the Chief: "my brave old  
soldier, No!  
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell  
you so:  
But you have done your share, my friend; you're  
crippled, old, and gray,  
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood  
to-day."

"But, General!" cried the veteran, a flush upon his  
brow;  
"The very men who fought with us, they say, are  
traitors now.  
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red,  
white and blue,  
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop  
is true."

I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good  
old gun  
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and prick them,  
one by one.  
Your Minie rifles and such arms it ain't worth while to  
try:  
I could n't get the hang o' them, but I'll keep my  
powder dry!"

"God bless you, comrad!" said the Chief—"God  
bless your loyal heart!  
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have  
their part."  
They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious  
land,  
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull  
it down!"

"But, General!"—still persisting, the weeping veteran  
cried:  
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my  
guide."

And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at  
least, can I;  
So, give the young ones place to fight, but me a place  
to die!

If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in  
command  
Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my  
hand:  
No odds how hot the cannon-smoke, or how the shells  
may fly.  
I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them  
till I die!

I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given  
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from  
highest Heaven,  
And say to Putnam at his side, or may be General  
Wayne.

"There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at  
Lundy's Lane!"

And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors  
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in  
the sky,  
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,  
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's  
place!"

—[N. Y. Independent.]

## The Home for Outcast Females.

To the Editor of the Boston Journal:  
I should not feel justified in asking for space in  
your columns at a time when they are imperatively  
required for more momentous matter, did I know of  
any other mode by which I could acquit myself of a  
debt I owe to many of the citizens of Boston, to  
whom I tendered pledges of service some three  
months since in behalf of the outcast and homeless  
women of their city. In view of the wide interest  
with which my efforts were then met, and the sol-  
emn earnestness with which I pledged myself to that  
work, I deem it but justice to both parties to render  
some account of my subsequent action. It will be  
no matter of surprise to any who participate in the  
all engrossing interest of the present national crisis,  
to learn that the committee of ladies and gentlemen  
who at first called around me, felt the necessity of  
suspending further action from the middle of April  
to next fall, or such time as the public mind should  
be free to sympathize in such a movement.

For myself, whilst fully acquiescing in the prop-  
riety of such an adjournment, I yet felt that the qual-  
ifications that held heavily enough on those most qual-  
ified by wealth and position to sustain them, would  
visit yet more heavily those Pariahs who have so  
few to care for or sympathize with them, gaining  
their miserable livelihood, moreover, from that lux-  
ury which would now be drained, and leave them  
yet more helpless than ever. I determined to use  
what little means I had collected myself, for the  
purpose of commencing a small experimental home,  
on the same industrial principle announced in my  
public addresses, and approved by my committee.

Having named this purpose to many of my per-  
sonal friends in Boston, I experienced a warm re-  
newal of that sympathy which from the first deter-  
mined me to inaugurate a movement which I hope  
will radiate into a world-wide reform in this city.  
Such little sums as could be wrung from national  
demands, and even articles of furniture were kindly  
brought me; and several staunch friends joined me  
in efforts to find a suitable location for my under-  
taking. With a sum not exceeding \$1600, but yet  
sufficient; in addition to my own labors, to support a  
poor family (unhappily too ready to my hands) for  
one year at least, I anticipated the world's gracious  
permission to undertake my terrible charge, unop-  
posed at least, if not sustained; and it is because  
the new obstacles that arise in my path speak more  
loudly the tone of public opinion toward these "aban-  
doned" ones than I could say, that I ask leave  
to state why I cannot carry out my design.

For the last six weeks I have been incessantly toll-  
ing round the suburbs of Boston, in company with  
two faithful friends, in the vain effort to find any  
place with the specialties requisite for my purpose,  
which I could hire—not but what such places are to  
be found in abundance. In the neighborhood of the  
chamber where I write are three noble estates that  
have for years remained tenanted; the doors are  
falling from their hinges, decay and time writing  
their mossy epitaphs on threshold and roof; but even  
the very worms which run riot in these solitary  
places, are deemed more acceptable inmates than  
the "woman of the town" who seeks the shelter of  
decent surroundings as a chance of reform—in a  
word, landlords and proprietors seem to have entered  
into a league against the admission of the outcast to  
their dwellings. Her stamp on their thresholds  
would too indelibly stain it, and a roof where a fallen  
woman had learned the lessons of virtue would never  
again be deemed worthy to shelter those who in nine  
cases out of ten have helped on her ruin. In one or  
two rare instances the kind hearts of the proprietors  
have been deaf to the call of interest, and one bold  
estate owner, weak enough to believe his property  
would insure him better interest if laid up in the  
funds of heaven than those of earth, actually pre-  
sented a place upon the banks of the Charles, a fine  
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