

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

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NO. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light.
UNDER THE SYCAMORES.

BY PHRANQUE PHRANTIQUE.

Under the shade of the sycamore trees
A little brook gracefully waltzes along,
And green blades of grass curve their slender necks
down
And blend their soft kiss with its murmuring song.
Over the pebbles it laughingly skips,
And flirts with the roses that grow by its side,
And deepens the tint of their petals' red lips.
Like the cheek of my Annie—my darling, my pride.
Under the shade of the sycamore trees
A little brown cottage stands, near by the brook;
The woodbine trails over the porch by the door,
And I never saw a lovelier, cozier nook—
For my fingers taught the green tendrils to climb
Over the door and the window beside,
And they grow like the gushing of musical rhyme
From the heart of my Annie—my darling, my pride!
Under the shade of the sycamore trees,
When earth smiles in sunshine, and laughs out in
flowers,
I love to retreat from the noisy old world,
And mark time by heart-beats instead of by hours.
For all the world over, no spot can compare
With the cot 'neath the trees; and no happier bride
Shall ever twine the garland of love in her hair
Than my own blushing Annie—my darling, my pride!

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF
MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Notwithstanding the permission so many would have thought absurd to request, Sir Stephen held the weed as much concealed as possible, merely keeping it alight by an occasional puff.

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss Kennedy?" he inquired.

"Very much so," I answered, not desirous of a lengthy conversation, nor yet wishing to show consciousness or avoidance of one.

"Most ladies are; I can't say I care much for them except when they are well chosen and held in a bouquet-holder by some fair attraction."

As I made no comment, his knightship was forced to ask information concerning the names and habits of the plants, which I gravely communicated. In return I was favored with a long account of a hunt he once engaged in with a fellow student who was bitten with the botanical mania after some plant or other, as he expressed it. I was anxious to leave him, both on account of the time and a dislike to seem in conference with a male visitor; but when I had two or three times commenced some civil speech to terminate the story and interview, he had, in the most natural manner possible, appeared not to notice the intention, and gone on so, that I was obliged to await a fresh opportunity. In vain did I cease all occupation, and stand stiffly as possible, hoping he would perceive the attitude and stop—still on he held his course, till—

"Miss Kennedy," said a hard disapproving voice. So utterly unexpected was this intrusion, that I could not repress a slight start and access of color. There stood Mrs. Burleigh, looking severer than usual, and I could not conceal my vexation at the thought that my weapons were turned on myself.

Sir Stephen had infused a degree of earnestness, real or feigning into his account, as he stood leaning one arm on a flower-stand, while with the other he "pointed his moral" by sundry gestures, cigar in hand. And there, too, was I, facing him, evidently in a state of undivided attention, the formality of which was utterly destroyed by my blush and confusion.

"The hour for commencing lessons is past, Miss Kennedy," announced the measured tones. "I trust you will pardon my interruption of your *tele-a-tele* with Sir Stephen."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the peer, with perfect coolness; "I was entertaining her with a college reminiscence."

A look of solemn horror crossed Mrs. Burleigh's face—the eldest Burleigh hopeful had rendered all college recollections "the abomination of desolation."

I quietly escaped, leaving the two together, and resolving that no mistimed civility, on my part, should place me in so equivocal a position again.

As usual, I was obliged to go into the music room that evening to be in readiness for the family when they chose to require my services. As I sat collecting my pieces for the occasion, the sound of loud laughter from the dining room, indicated that the ladies had withdrawn and with them all restraint. To drown the echo and quell the disgust which filled my mind at such coarseness, I began a song that I was not quite sure of, and which I knew would be called for.

A footstep approached, and Sir Stephen crossed the threshold. I resolved to take refuge in stolidity, and continued my piece. He approached the piano.

"Ah! that reminds me, Miss Kennedy, would you be so good as to let me rehearse that trio Lady Canston is to sing with her cousin and myself to-night?"

To my relief his manner was indifferent and commonplace. Beside, there was a sort of guarantee in the mention of Lady Canston, so hoping he would leave as soon as I had complied with his request, I ran through the prelude. When the contralto joined, he said,

"Sing, Miss Kennedy."

"I would rather not if you please; I will play it, instead."

"Oh! I can't go on so—it puts me out—please now."

I acquiesced.

"By-the-by, Miss Kennedy," he remarked, when we had finished, "how long is your engagement with the Burleighs to last. Excuse me," noticing my look of astonishment, "I have my reasons for the seeming rudeness."

Bewildered ideas rushed through my mind. Was I to receive a dismissal, and was Sir Stephen about to hint it?

"Two months longer, sir; my year is out at Easter," I mechanically replied.

"Well, Miss Kennedy, the old lynx of a hostess has a decided spite against you, and I unintentionally brought you into trouble this morning, so I owe you reparation."

I was right, then, thought I, and this is a prelude to offering me a new situation in place of the one he has deprived me of.

"Yes," Sir Stephen continued, "you need not look so blank if Mrs. Burleigh did choose to misconstrue matters—I shall extend my protection, and make it up to you."

"Thank you," said I, ignorant of the sense in which these words were spoken; I—I am not unprovided for, and—

"Of course I do not imagine you are reduced to my assistance," responded Sir Stephen, in a tone of slight surprise and relief that I did not understand—"only I hope you will permit me the pleasure of correcting my own mistakes. I had no idea I should find so few perplexities and obstacles."

"I fear, Sir Stephen," said I, not wishing to appear ungrateful for the hearty desire to make compensation, "I fear, that under the circumstances, your recommendation would prove hurtful rather than beneficial."

"You are certainly a woman of the world, Miss Kennedy, and I thank you for your frankness—but there is no necessity to anticipate unpleasant consequences—I do not intend you to fill a governess' situation."

"What then?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Since you will not abate one jot of a woman's privilege of being won, I freely offer to you, beautiful Judith, my love and protection for as long as you will accept them."

Amazement, distress, indignation, held me speechless and motionless for a moment. My face being turned from the light as I confronted Sir Stephen, he could not read the emotion depicted, and mistaking my silence, advanced a step and enfolded me with one arm. I immediately struggled to escape, perceiving what I had not before noticed that he had been helping himself freely to liquor.

"Ah, now, Judith, do not be prudish," he expostulated, retaining me with both arms; "the ladies are all in the drawing room, and the men have not got up from the table yet—I stole off first. Come now, reward me with one, just one kiss."

But I managed to free myself.

"Keep off!" I said trembling with anger; "you have misunderstood me, Sir Stephen, and I did you. Keep off, I say!" for he advanced again, "or I will ring for a servant."

With visible astonishment he answered—

"Can you not rely on my generosity and affection, sweet Judith? You shall make your own terms."

I fairly groaned. He considered this a *ruse* to enhance my value. I could have sunk to the earth with shame. Explanation seemed useless, so I turned to leave him.

"We do not part thus," he cried, seizing my hand resolutely; "if I have unhappily said something that has offended, I will efface the remembrance. Judith, you cannot measure my love for you; I absolutely doat on this little hand"—covering it with kisses as I wrenched it from him, and flying toward the open door, ran against Lady Canston and Mrs. Burleigh!

Half maddened by this encounter, I stayed not for further developments, but sought my own room to arrange my tumultuous thoughts.

Before many minutes there came a knock. I arose and admitted Mrs. Burleigh. She surveyed me an instant in silent wrath, then seating herself, commenced—

"Miss Kennedy, I can scarcely believe the scene I witnessed with my own eyes. I have been basely deceived in you. You have imposed on me with your quiet, modest ways, until I had confidence in your respectability and principle. Don't venture to defend yourself," she added, as I was about to interrupt her indignantly—"there is no occasion to make matters worse. Fortunately Lady Canston is willing to overlook this shamelessness in silence; but I can no longer retain you in my family."

"Mrs. Burleigh," I demanded, "how was I to protect myself from unexpected insult?"

"It was not unexpected insult, miss; I saw that flirtation in the green-house this morning, and this evening's disgraceful conduct is a natural result."

I saw that circumstances were against me; yet I had a lurking conviction that Mrs. Burleigh did not believe me guilty. No, it was an awkward *expose*; some expiation was necessary. Lady Canston did not faint or fall into hysterics, or abuse her husband; she simply, with excellent practical sense, termed me a bold hussy, and Mrs. Burleigh joined in, glad to escape some of the embarrassment attendant on blaming the recalcitrant Lothario, which he avoided by leaving them immediately.

"How could I have avoided this, madam?" I inquired.

"By a proper degree of self-respect—by repelling any advances in the first place. My former governess would never have invited this—Sir Stephen would never have addressed her in this manner."

In the midst of my distress, memory recalled the image of my predecessor—a grim, masculine maiden of forty—and for once I could not but agree in an opinion, though it was shared by Mrs. Burleigh.

"To think of my innocent Adelaide Augusta, and Helena Louise, having been exposed to such contamination!" continued my patroness. "I cannot conscientiously give you a recommendation, Miss Kennedy, so you will spare yourself the mortification of referring to me. I am willing to be charitable as I can consistently. I trust you will take warning and endeavor to retrace your ways, and I will not publish your disgrace."

With this Mrs. Burleigh swept from the room with a ridiculous assumption of offended majesty. A little later that night I received the amount due me. A letter which was brought me by Sir Stephen's valet, I returned unopened, as I was leaving the house next day. Thus terminated my governing phase of life.

NOTE.—We must ask the indulgence of our readers for the small portion of the story printed in this paper. The five pages of manuscript following that in type above, have been mislaid by mail. This was not known until just in season to order a duplicate, which the severe storm has probably delayed.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DESOLATE ST. CLAIR;

OR,

THE DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM.

BY MARY DUNDEN.

It was once a grand old place, but now the swallows built their nests in the crumbling chimneys, and in some places the house was falling. The walls were damp and moist, and dust gathered on the floor, and few remaining window panes. It was during a visit in the northern portion of North Carolina, that I formed one of a company of equestrians, who galloped past the ruins of the once princely residence of the St. Clairs. It was inclosed by a high fence, though many pallings were missing; from the outside, the appearance was gloomy looking enough, but as Mr. Mordant, the owner of the place, proposed going over the house and grounds, we accordingly dismounted, and leaving our horses within the inclosure, started for the house. Long gray moss hung from the tall old trees, swaying to and fro by every rustling breeze, seemingly a solemn spectral guard. We piled Edgar Mordant with more questions, in regard to the old decaying homestead, than he could answer. Why did he not improve, and repair the old place? It would be beautiful.

He laughingly replied, "The workmen were afraid of ghosts."

It was called "Oak Grove" by the St. Clairs, the former owners of the place—a noble wealthy family. The house was said to be haunted, and many years had passed since any one had lived there.

The old place was left in desolation to decay. We paused in one gloomy room, in which Desolate St. Clair was said to have murdered her affianced husband. True, by the fire-place were blood stains, and we almost expected to see the ghost of Desolate St. Clair arise and face us. We passed on, echoes answering us through the deserted halls, and the old house shaking as we walked.

Now and then we were hailed by the hooting of an owl which we did not see, with "Who—who—who are you?" No doubt considering us intruders, it demanded our names.

If a window rattled, Edgar would say: "Listen girls! There's a ghost."

We had begun retracing our steps, when brother Harry exclaimed:

"Here! Ed, we've overlooked this place."

It was a small door, and looked. The key was rusty, but after a while they forced the lock. There was a short flight of stairs, at the top of which was another door that Edgar declared opened when he unlocked the one we were at.

Mollie Gray, a sweet, nervous little fairy, whispered to me:

"O, Fannie, suppose Desolate opened that door." "You little coward," said I, then laughingly continued, "I expect Desolate St. Clair did open that door."

Instantly the echoes replied: Desolate St. Clair did open that door! but so near like a human voice it sounded, that I started with a loud exclamation, and though they all laughed at me, it startled them also.

Brother Harry called to me:

"Sit, suppose you were to see her?" Echo answered, "See her!" and Mollie averred she saw some one pass the door. We knew that it was only her excited fears, and imagination; but we left the house, we girls starting and exclaiming at every sudden noise, much to the amusement of our escorts, who did not try very hard to lessen our fears, though I, being rather braver than the rest, did not suffer much from their teasing.

We had a gay ride home; and, as we parted, Edgar bantered me for being cowardly.

"Indeed, I replied, Mr. Edgar, I am not afraid to go alone to Oak Grove."

"At this Edgar said he would wager an elegant rosewood writing desk, against a ring on my finger, that I would not go."

I was visiting a maiden aunt in the country; the Mordants lived about a quarter of a mile below us, and Oak Grove, or "Desolation," as the country people around designated it, was a mile above.

Aunt Polly was sitting in the back door, and with her was Eliza Timmons, a rustic beau.

As I rode, up she called out:

"Lor, Lias, go help the child git off that horse."

"No, thank you, Mr. Timmons," said I, for before he was through his awkward bow, I had dismounted.

"Where have you been, child?" queried Aunt Polly.

"Oh! I went! Such a delightful ride! We went to Oak Grove, and I do believe, saw and heard a ghost."

"Do tell!" "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Polly and Eliza in one breath; but being tired when they

wished to hear "all about it," merely said, "I was jesting," but communicated my intention of visiting Oak Grove alone.

In vain Aunt Polly expostulated. She could not dissuade me from my intentions. In vain did Eliza narrate all the wondrous tales of ghosts that had been seen, and dreadful noises that had been heard there. They did not intimidate or frighten me in the least.

After tea, early, I retired to my room, and seated myself at an open window. It was a balmy summer evening, only a slight breeze gently passing through the room. The moonbeams fell in soft, bright ripples on the floor. Even the sky seemed blue, and the stars brighter, on that eve. I seemed more to feel and enjoy the serene beauty of the scene than heretofore. The landscape, viewed from my window, was always attractive to a poetic mind, and especially by moonlight.

I was musing of the haunted house, and smiling to myself at Aunt Polly's fears, and was surprised to find that night had passed swiftly, and it was day.

I determined to visit Oak Grove now. It was early morning, and I sauntered forth alone to the old house. It was soon reached, and rapidly passing over the grounds, I walked more leisurely up the steps leading to the house.

I did not pause in any of the rooms, but in passing through the room in which the blood-stains were, I fancied I heard a slight moan; but, smiling at my own fancies, ascended the narrow flight of steps at which we had hesitated the day before, and entered the room at the top of the stairs. It was empty like the rest. I walked to a window and gazed out below; a kind of fascination held me chained, as it were, to the spot, and it was long ere I could move or speak. The ruined lawns, the briars and weeds in the gardens, were changed, and stately trees in the liver of green appeared. Fountains were playing, and flowers were blooming, a place of almost paradisaical beauty.

On turning round, I discovered the door was closed, yet I had not the power to move. The room was no longer empty, but heavy damask curtains, relieved by light lace ones, hung at the windows, and elegant furniture was arranged tastefully about the room. Pictures hung on the walls. There was a small table, with a choice collection of books on it, and all betokened delicacy and refinement. The room was a lady's boudoir, fitted with all the luxuries which wealth and art could produce.

Now for the first time I noticed a young lady, sitting by a partially opened window, as though musing. Hers was a rich, dark beauty. The waves of her black hair were combed smoothly back over the small ones in a simple knot behind, and those large lustrous black eyes reminded one of a clear, beautiful, moonless, starlit night. A smile wreathed her beautiful lips. Would that I were an artist, to portray but half the rare beauty of that face! But soon the smiles left her lips. She started, and a sudden pallor spread over her face. I gazed out, and saw a lovely girl, fair and fragile, with blue eyes, and a countenance of spiritual loveliness, far different from the dark beauty of the stately girl near me, in whom I recognised, it seemed, by instinct, Desolate St. Clair.

By the side of the pale girl stood a noble looking man of about eight and twenty. His arm was around her, and her brown, curly head rested on his shoulder. He pressed a kiss on the fair brow.

Desolate started from her seat, her countenance wearing a look of wretchedness, but as she flitted by a gleam of almost diabolical light flashed from her dark eyes; an irresistible influence drew me after her.

We passed down the handsomely carpeted stairs, through elegant halls to the porch, and now out among the shrubbery. The couple we saw were just entering a summer-house covered with green vines. Outside this we paused, and heard the low tones of a manly voice, murmuring, "Darling May, I have always felt near to you, and now it rejoices my heart to know my own loved one has no alternative but to choose me her rightful protector and—"

Here he was interrupted, and the angry, flashing eyes of Miss St. Clair glared on them. She was almost maddened by the demon Jealousy, for was not Albert Rivers her betrothed? And was he not now proving false to his vows?

It was more than her fiery nature could bear. Words of fierce, bitter invective poured from her lips, and catching the gentle, frightened May Willis, she hurried her from the door, before the young man could prevent, and the gentle girl fell, fainting.

Desolate St. Clair commanded Albert to leave, and to never see her more. With this she left him, and, in passing out, placed her foot on the slender neck of May Willis.

It was some moments before Albert Rivers could recover himself sufficiently to act. He then raised his sister in his arms, and bore her away to a place of security. He had just discovered that May was his sister, and hastened to tell her the welcome news, for the maiden knew not of any kindred in the world, and was only the recipient of Desolate St. Clair's bounty. She had lost her parents when a little babe, while Albert was away at school; and on his return his only and infant sister was nowhere to be found, and it was mere accident that he had now discovered the relationship existing between them, and it was the witnessing of the brother's carresses which had fired the heart and maddened the brain of Desolate St. Clair.

After seeing his sister restored to consciousness and safety, Albert Rivers bethought himself of Miss St. Clair. He knew she was terribly excited, and instantly being hereditary in the St. Clair family, he had, from her wild manner and vindictive words, everything to fear. I seemed to read all this in his thoughts, as he hastened back to Oak Grove, for I had remained standing where they left me.

The day was fast waning, and I was still at Oak Grove, without the will or power of fleeing from the place.

Albert Rivers knocked at the door of Desolate's room but was unanswered. There he stood, nearly a half hour, pleading and remonstrating with the unhappy girl. No answer came to him but the distinct and measured tread of her feet, pacing to and fro the apartment.

Albert was just turning sadly away, when the door suddenly opened, and Desolate St. Clair confronted him. Now insanity's baleful light glistened from her large and once glorious eyes. She bade Rivers leave her, now and forever! He who could prove thus false to her, should neither remain within her sight nor rest beneath her roof!

Rivers left her, but not the mansion. Twilight shades were gathering, clouds were rising in the sky. Rivers had entered a kind of sitting room, and throwing himself wearily on a lounge, gradually his excited mind grew calm, and he slept.

Desolate St. Clair, an hour earlier, had feigned calmness, and pretending to wish to sleep, dismissed her faithful attendant, nurse Ellis.

As soon as alone, she opened a small door which I had not before noticed, and taking from a vial a small white powder, hastily arranged herself in walking attire. Sorely murder was in her heart, for it was plainly written on her countenance.

She left the house, and walked rapidly, till, coming to a neat white cottage, she paused, unlatched the gate, and very unceremoniously entered. There, on the bed covered with a snowy counterpane, lay sweet May Willis, looking more angelic and spiritual than ever before.

Desolate St. Clair's countenance had resumed its former beauty, and her manner was even tender, as she advanced and raised the young girl's hand, and said:

"Pardon me for my rashness, dear May, and for causing your gentle heart so much alarm this morning. I could not rest satisfied till I heard from your own sweet lips that you had forgiven me."

"O! Miss St. Clair, you are too good, too noble," said May earnestly, "for believing, as you did, you were certainly justifiable in all you said."

"Well, dear May, I cannot forgive myself," said Miss St. Clair, rising from her seat. "I have not long to stay; here is a powder, which will make you rest well to night, and calm your nerves. Nurse Ellis gave me one this morning, and I will prepare it for you."

Reaching a glass of water, she emptied the powder in it; then stirring a spoonful of sugar in, handed it to May; she being only too grateful for this unexpected kindness of Miss St. Clair, drank it all off.

Desolate then stooped and kissed her pale brow, bidding her playfully to be well enough to return home on the morrow.

Al! that woman had a Judas's heart.

As we left the cottage, Desolate muttered, while the old fierce light gleamed forth from her eyes:

"Return home! You will never see another morning, if poison kills."

Heavens! could this be a woman, or a fiend? My veins almost congealed with horror.

She was at Oak Grove again; and, entering the house, was passing the room in which Rivers was sleeping, when she paused irresolute at the open door, then entered, and stood by his side, all the while incoherently muttering. She drew a small dirk from her bosom, and with force plunged it in his heart several times. The warm life-blood gushed out, and with a groan the dying man fell heavily forward on the floor.

Morning came. Albert Rivers was found cold and dead. Desolate St. Clair was missing, and nowhere to be found.

Now let us return to the cottage. In the night May awoke from a deep sleep; a severe pain was at her heart, and she seemed to be suffocating. Good Betsey Langford the gardener's wife, who had been watching through the night, hearing her moans, was soon beside her, and found her in great agony. Cold drops of sweat rolled from her brow, and spasms distorted her face. A physician was called, but before he came, sweet May Willis's spirit had flown to that bourn whence sickness and trouble can never enter.

Albert had imparted the knowledge of May being his sister to a few friends, and they were placed in one coffin. A long and mournful procession followed them to their last resting-place.

A gloomy darkness had fallen on Oak Grove. People knew not whence had gone Desolate St. Clair, sole mistress of that wealthy inheritance; and even curiosity desired not to enter there. The few domestics who remained were seldom seen, and these were so silent and taciturn that they were never questioned. Days, weeks, ay, months had passed, when suddenly Desolate St. Clair appeared. White as the dead was her thin face, with its settled look of wretchedness speaking through her beautiful eyes. God knows she was sane now; but her past deeds rose looming before her, and drove her again to the verge of madness. She knows now that Albert Rivers and May Willis were brother and sister, and she wanders forth to their grave. The low winds moan through the trees, the little birds cease their songs at her approach. A feeling of desolation and gloom prevails. She stands beside the grave, she hears a voice call "Desolate," and, turning round, what does she see? Is it some dreadful phantom of the brain? or is it Albert Rivers by her side? It is surely he. The warm, red blood seems now gushing from the wounds, as on the night she murdered him. A wild scream, and she had fainted.

The gardener passing saw her lying there, and raising her in his strong arms, bore her to the house, insensible. Nurse Ellis's restoratives proved efficacious, and tottering to her boudoir, Desolate St.

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
LOST FLOWER OF MINE.

BY H. CLAY BURCH.

Fair Eden-flower! thy fragrance has departed!
The love-tinged beauty of thy bloom is gone!
I roam along the flower-fields weary hearted,
For Death has taken the enchanted one.

From Earth's sky-pointed hills I'm upward gazing,
Counting the night-buds, as they softly bloom;
And oh, I dream that one more star is blazing—
That one more heaven-flower shed its soul perfume.

The morn-pearls sparkle in their paly brightness;
The flower-voice murmurs in the midnight calm;
But thy soft soul-hush, winged with spirit lightness,
Shall come no more to flood my soul with balm.

Along the darksome paths of life's deep forest,
Death wandered forth, a-gathering his bouquet;
"I take the fair," he said; "life keeps the poorest!"
And then he bore my tender flower away.

The fragrant clouds that sweep o'er myrrh-billed islands
And burning incense of the pagan shrine
Are not so sweet, as this bloom of the Highlands;
Fair angel-blossom—bright, lost flower of mine.

Watch it, ye angels! let my flower not wither!
Celestial dew upon it there descend,
Soon shall I find it, for I wonder thither
As life's lone hours draw fast to the end.

Smith's Mill, 1861.

PARIS FROM AN INK-STAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER ONE.

INTRODUCTION.—GLIMPSE AT ANCIENT PARIS.—LUTETIA OF THE ROMANS.—THE CRADLE OF PARIS.—DIMENSIONS OF CITY, WALLS, FORTIFICATIONS, ETC.—ISLE DE LA CITE.—ISLE DE SAINT LOUIS.—ISLE DE CYGONES.—NOTRE DAME, ITS PAST AND PRESENT.—LA SAINT CHAPPELLE.—PALAIS DE JUSTICE.—PALAIS DE JUSTICE AS OLD AS THE PALAIS DES THERMES OF THE ROMANS.—THE CONCIERGERIE, ITS SCENES.—NAPOLEON III. WORTHY OF THE NAME.—PONT NEUF.—LA MORGUE.—JACQUES DE MORAUX AND HIS FEARFUL SUMMONS.

There are few of our readers who have not heard the saying, which may now be said to be as good as a proverb, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*!"—"See Naples, and die!" as if to convey the idea that, after Naples, no spot could interest or attract. We, however, say nothing to detract from the fanciful reveries which have found their way to paper, and the press, through the pen of the fair writer who has made this "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*!" so world-renowned; but we do say, and not with unequal justice, "*Voir Paris et vivre*!"—"See Paris and live!" nor do we fear, that, to the hypochondriac, to the invalid, this advice will be found valueless. Its atmosphere is ever elastic, its dry soil is a perpetual fount, and, thanks to the general consumption of wood instead of coal, its clear sky sheds a cheeriness over the scene genial and elevating to the spirits.

It is true on a first arrival this constant glare, stir and joyousness somewhat oppress the new comer, and he is, at first, at loss to conceive what keeps the people around him so merry and so active about nothing. If an American, he is quicker to mingle and find enjoyment among them, especially if his travels at home have ever taken him out of sober New England to those other types of Paris, New York and New Orleans; if an Englishman, he wants to pause for breath and consideration, he wants time to make up his mind as in his own deliberate country, whether or not he is disposed to be amused.

But a few days are sufficient to irresistibly impel even the earliest of John Bulls to go gaily marching with the joyous crowd; and, in half a month he finds himself bearing his twinkling cap, and brandishing the bauble of folly, as giddily as the rest of the noisy throng. In most capitals, one is obliged to go in search of amusement. In Paris every step he takes brings him in contact with the clashing symbols of the tireless votaries of pleasure. Pleasure among the French is not an exclusive, nor is recreation an aristocratic monopoly. The people seem born with a knowledge of the how to bear life's burden graciously and gracefully—even, gratefully too; for it is not possible to be more sensitively alive to the enjoyments placed within their reach.

Instead of sighing after impossibilities, ambitioning after the splendours of the great, or the superfluous gauds of equipage and distinction, they are satisfied with the more common at able enjoyment of a sunny day in the Champs Elysees, the Bois de Boulogne, or the public gardens of the city, refreshed with lemonade or iced water, and diverted by the facetious of itinerant showmen; or they invest half a franc in a railway trip to Saint Cloud, or Versailles, to which delightful spots there is access at all times of the day.

The French are more addicted to pleasure, perhaps, than any other race—vastly more so than the English. They seldom amass colossal fortunes, but, contenting themselves with moderate gains, enjoy, even in their busiest days, their portions of the delectations of life. The gravest man among them is not ashamed to talk of the pleasures of a fete. Part of the business even of their public functionaries, indeed, is to give entertainments; not as in England, dinners only, to be devoured in solemn state among their solemn selves, but balls and weekly parties for the re-union of the order of society to which they belong, and the promotion of the interests of commerce.

The Carnival is a national observance, not alone as the epoch for masquerade or midnight balls, but for family enjoyment, for the expenditure of a portion set aside from every private income expressly for recreation—a filip given to the dullness of the year—a moral spring-time, producing the annual revivification of the social qualities. The carnival is of uncertain duration, as dependent upon movable feasts; commencing with Advent and terminating with the beginning of Lent. It is not, however, till after the first of January—the grand festival of the French year—that the public festivities of the carnival, such as masked balls and royal or ministerial fetes have their formal commencement. But the diversions of Paris do not expire on Shrove Tuesday with the carnival. It is "*fete*" always with the French! Some ever-recurring pretext of royal or imperial birthdays, and the feasts of the Church, sanctifies the assumption of holiday attire, concerts in the open air, or dancing at the *guinguette*. And, when these are wanting, the very Boulevards, or the ordinary promenade of the Champs Elysees, present a semblance of pastime such as English people, at least in England, would call a fair. One of the most remarkable peculiarities connected with this tendency to enjoyment is the domesticity with which it is carried out. In humble life a whole family issues forth for diversion; the grey-headed grandfather and infant in his arms being fondly included in the party. In summer time they are to be seen in family groups, seated upon the grass among the broomy thickets of the Bois de Boulogne; in winter, in the *parais*, or upper gallery of some minor theatre. Even the meanest house having its porter or concierge in

charge of the door, their property can be left without danger. English people, on the contrary, though apt to profess themselves models of domestic affection, rarely engage in parties of pleasure without including more acquaintances in the scheme. Their first idea, when about to visit some public monument or place of diversion, is to "ask somebody" to join them. In order to repair to a theatre, or race, or country excursion, they must always "make a party," and this effort of making a party often destroys, or postpones the pleasure until too late. There is in fact a less genial spirit, a want of tendency to be amused—a lack of elasticity of nerve and muscle, among the denizens of mighty London.

The great concentration of the city and population of Paris is also the cause of bringing public places and the public buildings, which tend so greatly to its embellishment, within daily and hourly scope of admiration. The public edifices of London are scattered over so vast a surface, that people residing at the extremity of the West End are out of reach, if not often uncognizant of the public monuments of the city; and many persons live and die there without having seen the walls of the White Tower, or the beautiful church at Walbrook.

In Paris, on the contrary, the finest structures—palaces, churches, galleries, bridges, columns, arches of triumph—burst upon the eye at every turn. The beautiful Place de la Concorde (formerly called Place Louis XV.), unequalled in extent and decoration, is daily traversed on the way from the Boulevards to the Faubourg Saint Germain, or from the Tuilleries to the Champs Elysees, and it is impossible not to see and be struck by the impressive regularity of architecture in the Rue de Rivoli, the new Boulevards de Strasbourg and Sebastopol, the Place Vendôme, and other noble streets, or the still more picturesque irregularity produced by the ancient houses of the islands, and the pointed towers of the Conciergerie, as viewed from the Pont Royal, or the Pont des Arts.

Owing to these numerous attractions, Paris has become more than ever the resort of foreign guests. It is not like Vienna, or Petersburg, a city which people visit once in their lives, and return to no more. Every year brings forth some new monument to be admired, some new wonder to be canvassed. Another and another still succeeds. Scarcely were the raptures of the public expended on the Arc de l'Etoile, when the Museum at Versailles attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors; and to the noble church of the Madeleine succeeds the Hotel de Ville, and the Hotel de Commerce on the Quai D'Orsay—two of the finest edifices of modern Europe.

The habits of Paris are fatal to reverie—here, then, the votary of seclusion may not hope to live in the continuance of his real or assumed peculiarities.

Paris is the city of to-day as Rome of the yesterday. Positive pleasures are too immediately within reach to allow of great scope for lofty musings, such as might arise from the storied aisles and towers of Westminster Abbey, or the sombre mysteries of the Tower of London. Yet Paris is not without its historical interest, and such as, when we walk where Kings have died and martyrs have suffered, arrests us with a flood of remembered annals. Yet all is sunshine, all is progress—all is life. Instead of exclaiming with the philosopher, "how many things are here which I do not want," you are tempted by the brightness of the exposition in the elegant and gay shops, to say, "how many things are here of which until now I was ignorant of the existence." It is not till the necessities of life are fully satisfied that people begin to think of these adornments, and as regards their origin it must be admitted that the world is indebted to Paris for the creation of half the more attractive superfluities of life. One can understand how, residing in such a city, Voltaire was tempted to talk of "*le superflu, chose si necessaire*!"

These gay and brilliant creations of luxury are in fact the evidences of centuries of civilization. Personal refinement has long been carried to so high a point of perfection that the shops of Paris are required to keep and display a redundant choice of novelties in the various arts of decoration.

Their artisans have a wonderful faculty of invention, and half the designs adopted in Europe are composed in Paris, and, perhaps, there is scarcely a pattern of wearing apparel for woman, manufactured in America at least, which had not already been exhibited in the French capital.

They are indifferent copyists, and slow to adopt the habits of other nations, but their creative faculty is immense. It is probable on this account that the fickle goddess fashion has so permanently fixed her abode in the French metropolis as to have it recognized her birth-place; dating from its prismatic precincts those fluttering ukases which give the law to London, St. Petersburg and New York.

It is our intention to present a few of the novelties of Paris to our readers, and if possible give a slight picture of the habits and manners of Paris under the reign of Louis Napoleon.

For this purpose we have resolved to make the largest possible use of anything which has been already said on the great subject; if requisite, quote page after page from those authors we most appreciate, and this without the superfluity of innumerable quotation marks—we claim, if it pleases the reader more, no originality in this labor. And for this, and to avoid anything like future and unjust accusation, we commence by thanking Mrs. Gore, Thomas Forester, Basil St. John, now no more, Durant and others, and every guide-book extant.

Historians, a class of people in whom, it must be supposed to begin with, the reader is to place the most unflinching, unquestioning confidence, tell us that the first authentic notice of this memorable and beautiful city by the Seine, is to be found in the commentaries of Cæsar. And if we may be permitted to recur to our school days, though a little uncertain, we believe there is something of the kind from the pen of the great Julius. The Roman conqueror found a collection of mud hovels occupying an island in the river, (now the Isle de la Cite). This miserable little village to which the Romans gave the probably characteristic name Lutetia, from *lutea*, muddy or dirty, was the metropolis of the Parisii, one of the tribes of the Gallic Confederation. Who, or what, the Parisii were, if they ever achieved anything worthy of remark in art or science, in the enjoyment of peace or feats of arms, beyond that reputation *lutea*, history does not say, for in its pages this primitive people has left no trace except the name of the most splendid city in the old world, which has in the course of ages sprung up around the marshy island where they dwelt.

But historians are never allowed their own way altogether, for there is a life of warfare against the strong arm of Tradition, and Tradition claims for the

city a far more ancient origin; and as some English chroniclers trace the origin of London to Brutus, son of Irlam of Troy, and that of Dublin (of course) to a still more remote epoch, so French legends assert that the real founder of Paris was Francus, son of Hector (possibly the same young gentleman who was frightened by his father's nodding plumes—vide Homer and Alexander Pope) who named his town after his uncle Paris, who presented the prize to the beautiful successful exhibitor on Mount Ida, and ran away with Helen of Greece, thereby causing (in those uncivilized days when divorces were not, and King Menelaus had no legal remedy) the great Trojan war. It is quite a pity that this charming story is not authenticated; for then would the captivating but unlucky Paris be associated in history with the most notable events of ancient and modern history—the Siege of Troy and the Great Revolution.

Other legends connect the name of Paris with an ancient Temple dedicated to Isis, some remains of which are said to have been discovered, and say that pilgrims to the sacred spot spoke of having journeyed "par Isis, whence the name. Which legend we immediately discard, for fear some fair reader just commencing the study of French should believe it, as superlatively ridiculous and unworthy of attention.

The name of Lutetia was exchanged for Paris about the beginning of the fifth century; and about 490 Clovis the Great chose it for his capital. Since then it has retained the metropolitan dignity, and gradually expanded into a beautiful city, to the most memorable parts of which I shall be most happy to be allowed to conduct the reader. A sketch of the growth of Paris, the very idea would "rob our weary eyes of sleep" for at least a week.

Henry IV., Louis XIV., the first Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor, each effected great alterations and improvements, erecting fine edifices, opening up new and spacious streets and greatly extending the limits of the town. Lo Grand Monarque threw down the old ramparts, replacing them by Boulevards, or wide roads planted with trees, and erected new walls and barriers some distance beyond. In 1787 Louis XVI. again extended the area of the city by a wall which is now partly standing; in 1800 Napoleon III. extended the city to the fortifications. This wall had seventy-eight barriers, where the local or *cetrai* taxes were collected. Fifty-six of these still remain. The suburbs enclosed by this new wall were called *faubourgs*, a name yet retained. During the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, that astute monarch commenced the immense system of fortifications which now enclose old Paris, the faubourgs, and a broad belt of outlying districts, known as the *dansies*, beyond the wall of 1787, which as we have said is now all known as Paris. The old King's desire was to guard Paris from attacks by a foreign foe; but he soon found that his strong walls enclosed a foe infinitely more to be feared than any without; and one fine morning in February, 1848, he stepped out of the Tuilleries by a subterranean passage (emerging, ominously enough, on the Place de la Concorde, where, nearly sixty years before, his uncle, Louis XVI. lost his head), and jumping into a cab, was no more heard of as King of the French; but a few days afterwards a poor, dilapidated old gentleman, who gave the name of Smith, renched the English shores, a refugee from a Revolution even more terrible than that which raised him to the throne. It was much better for him never to have left the office of schoolmaster in that ancient house in Green street, Boston, or the quiet shade of the stately peacan on the ridge of Louisiana, pointed out to the traveler as the tree that gave shade to Louis Philippe.

Louis Napoleon completed the fortifications which Louis Philippe began; and Paris is now enclosed by a continuous bastioned encircling thirty-five feet high and surrounded by a ditch which can be flooded from the Seine to the depth of eight feet in forty-eight hours. This enormous wall is calculated for an armament of two thousand heavy guns, and on the right or northern side of the Seine presents sixty-seven fronts, and on the south twenty-seven fronts to any adventurous foe. (But since the English cannon may, "if all be true I've heard," pelt the towers of the Tuilleries from Bourg la Reine or any other place within two leagues of Paris, another question of fortification has arisen.) One hundred gates give admission to the city. There are beside an exterior line of forts at a distance of from one to three miles, connected with the walls by strategic roads, and capable of mounting seven hundred heavy guns.

Some English readers will be surprised, perhaps, to read that the area thus enclosed is very little less than that of their metropolis. By way of comparison, we may say that the largest diameter of the nearly circular enclosure is about equal to the distance between Kensington Gardens and the western entrance to the East India Docks at Blackwall, nearly seven miles, almost the length of Broadway, the distance from the Rye to Spy Pond; while from the point where *le grand Chemin de Fer du Nord* passes the fortifications on the north, to Gentilly on the South, is, in the same manner, nearly equivalent to the distance between Kingsland Gate and Kensington Common, or about five miles—quite from Faneuil Hall to Mt. Auburn.

The Danlieu is, of course, comparatively open ground, but not much more so than some of the suburbs of London, or the environs of Boston, which, it is true, compare well with the best English scenery, though perhaps not so extensively grand; and the Bois de Boulogne, and the Bois de Vincennes are beyond the walls. Within the old line of barriers, Paris is thickly built; and, although there are several large open spaces, as the Champ de Mars, the Champ Elysees, and the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg, yet their area is certainly inferior to that of the parks and squares of London included within the limits we have described.

Paris, then, besides being one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in the world, is also one of the largest and most densely populated; the inhabitants numbering, according to the quinquennial census of 1856, 1,174,346. During the previous five years the increase had been at the rate of nearly eleven per cent., so that we may not unfairly estimate the present population at about 1,300,000, considerably less than half that of the English capital.

The Seine, which receives the waters of the Marne before reaching the city, enters Paris on the southeast, and flows in a semicircular course through the centre, again reaching the line of fortifications at a nearly opposite point on the south-west, beyond which it makes a sudden turn northward, enclosing a long peninsula, in which are the Bois de Boulogne, Neuilly and Clichy. There are twenty-five bridges within the walls. The river is lined on each side with broad stone quays, affording agreeable promenades. It is worthy of notice that the stream is kept free from all impurities; the water is therefore beautifully clear and affords excellent bathing, and facilities for washing linen, there being numerous floating baths and lavatories. Near the centre of the city the stream

divides, forming two islands, St. Louis and La Cite, or Isle de la Palais. There was formerly a third island, below the Port de la Concorde, the Isle Marquerelle, or Isle de Cygnes; but, in 1773, a small branch of the Seine forming the island was filled up. An awful interest attaches to the spot. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew one thousand two hundred corpses of the Huguenots were thrown into the river, being considered unworthy of Christian burial. But they collected at this point, and the stench was so appalling that the authorities fearing a plague had them interred on the island. This spot was, about two years since, the subject of an interesting lawsuit. The government and municipality each claimed it, and at last, after much raking up of dusty records, the Civil Tribunal decided against the government, and adjudged that the land belonged to the city of Paris. The Isle de la Cite, the cradle of the old town, the spot where Cæsar found the hordes of Lutetia, is in shape somewhat like a fish, about three-quarters of a mile long, and densely crowded. At the eastern end is the world-renowned cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture extant. The date of this church is variously given, or rather it has been achieved at difficulty. It was founded by Childbert in the sixth century, but like most ancient cathedrals it dates from the eleventh century when Pope Alexander III. laid the first stone. Three centuries were occupied in its completion. The high altar was consecrated in 1037, and in 1228 the western front was built by Bishop Maurice de Sully, the name of the architect being preserved on the walls as Maître Jehan de Chelles. The last addition to the church is a small portal, erected in 1412 by Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, the assassin of the Duke of Orleans, in expiation of his crime. The length of the building is three hundred ninety feet, and the height of the western towers. That on the south side contains the famous bell, La Bourdon, which weighs thirty-two thousand pounds, and is only allowed to toll on certain occasions—a bell indeed worthy of the love of Lassimodo the Deformed. The architecture of the whole building is of the purest pointed order, and executed with the greatest care and delicacy. The three retiring *arches* of the magnificent western portals in the western front are singularly beautiful in design and rich in statuary. The rose windows, retaining their ancient stained glass, are also specimens of exquisite art; but perhaps the feature of Notre Dame, most striking, except the western front, is to be found in the vast flying buttresses, fronted by crocketed pinnacles which spring from the outward walls of the chapels. During the Revolution the high altar and many of the richest ornaments of the interior were utterly destroyed.

They were restored by Napoleon, and all the accessories that could be collected carefully replaced. Among these was a fine marble group by Conston, placed over the altar, representing the descent from the cross. The old sacristy, built by Loufflot, at the expense of Louis XV., contains many precious relics; but it was wantonly plundered by the populace after their attack on the archiepiscopal palace in 1801. Among other objects destroyed were the rich coronation robes of Napoleon, and the robes bestowed by him on that occasion on the clergy of the Chapter.

The beautiful western front of the cathedral, with its delicate tracery and exquisite carving, inevitably recalls Victor Hugo's wonderful romance, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," the descriptions contained in which are as accurate as they are striking and picturesque. To enter minutely into a descriptive history of Notre Dame would fill a volume. Michelet, the historian of France, and Gilbert, author of "*Histoire de Napoleon*," have done a very great deal toward illustrating this metropolitan church, but Victor Hugo, with his lively and powerful pen has drawn attention to it in a far less prosy, though not in an over-exaggerated manner. His relations are not the less true and real because he has chosen the more striking points of its wonderful history. We accept as veritable history the novelist's thrilling narrative of the attack by night, the crowd swaying to and fro in the red glare of the torches, and Quasimodo clasping the lifeless body of Esmeralda, pouring molten lead on the heads of the assassins, or hurling Cloutier from the tower. Besides the immense works carried on for a series of years in the restoration and embellishment of Notre Dame, a new sacristy has been built, which was inaugurated in 1854, and cost one million francs. It is a spacious and lofty hall, highly decorated, and containing the valuable church utensils and rich ecclesiastical vestments belonging to the cathedral. The repairs of the interior of the cathedral are now going rapidly forward, and statues of the twenty-eight Christian kings, from Clovis to Philip Augustus, are nearly completed. By the gradual demolition of the buildings with which it was originally surrounded—the adjoining palace of the archbishop having been destroyed by the revolutionary mob of 1801—the cathedral, unlike most others, stands perfectly detached, and may be viewed to advantage on all sides. The beautiful Sainte Chapelle, one of the lions of Paris, also stands on the island. Though small, it is inconceivably rich in detail, a mass of gilding, color and stained glass, arranged with the most exquisite taste. The slender spire, seventy-five feet high, is gilt, and indescribably elaborate. This chapel, which was first built in the thirteenth century, to contain the veritable crown of thorns, a portion of the cross, the spear and other relics of the Crucifixion which St. Louis purchased of the Emperor Baldwin for three million francs, is connected with the Palais de Justice, the royal residence for more than three centuries, until the time of Charles V. The architect was Pierre de Montreuil; and the chapel remains now nearly in its original condition. It is impossible to conceive anything more elegant than the decorations or lighter than the design of this architectural gem, which, with its relics, is said to have cost St. Louis a sum equal to \$700,000 of the present time. At the first revolution it was converted into a record office, and thus escaped destruction, though its ornaments were mutilated.

The Sainte Chapelle has another claim to attention, as immortalized in the *Lutrin* of Boileau, for the litigious character of its college or chapter. The satirical poet was himself interred in the crypt beneath, where a tombstone of equivocal authenticity is pointed out as covering his remains.

A complete restoration of this exquisite bijou of decorative art has been made, at the cost of more than a million and a half of francs. The work was facilitated by old plans of the building, as originally designed, having been discovered during the progress of repairs. The law courts are now held in the old palace.

This vast edifice is nearly as old as the Palais des Thermes, the ruins of which are in the Rue de la Harpe. Palais des Thermes for three winters was the royal residence of the Emperor Julian after he was proclaimed. It was also the seat of the Roman government for a series of years, and is mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus in 360, and several

of the laws of the Emperor Valentinian are dated from ancient Lutetia. It was not until the third century that the gospel of Christ was introduced into the city, by Saint Denis, who suffered martyrdom at Montmartre, which is supposed to take its name from *Mons Martyrum*, because of the early Christians who suffered on the hill. Clovis was the first monarch, who, in the year 629, embraced Christianity, and by him a church was dedicated to Sainte Genevieve, and the city placed under her protection.

From this period till that of Hugh Capet, who was elected King in 987, the city underwent many vicissitudes. By Hugh Capet was laid the foundation of the Palais de Justice. It was used for public purposes long before the invasion of the Franks, as is testified by the discovery in 1784 of a bas-relief representing Mercury, apparently of the fourth century, in excavating the building at that point facing the Rue de la Barillerie. On the same stone was a ship, being the well known symbol of Paris.

The first public clock known in Paris was affixed to the tower of the Conciergerie, the prison of the old palace, suggestive of terrible associations; the clock was made in 1390, by a German, invited to Paris by Charles V., the tower thenceforth being known as La Tour de l'Horloge. This tower contains the bell from which is rung the "*tocsin*" on occasions of royal birth or marriage, but which is now sounded on less auspicious occasions, as when it united with that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in giving the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or called to arms the Revolutionists of 1830. The associations connected with the Conciergerie are sad and melancholy. It takes its name from the Concierge, or keeper of the balliwick of the palace, which enjoyed certain privileges and immunities, and the buildings retain all the characteristics of feudal times. Prisoners are usually removed from other prisons to the Conciergerie a short time previous to trial. It was from hence that, under the Bourbons, the Comte de La Fayette effected his escape by the connivance of his wife and several Englishmen of note; and dungeons are still shown untenanted as those of celebrated personages.

The room in which the present Emperor was confined after the affair of Boulogne, looks into the court where the prisoners exercised. It was here that the fantastic Ravallion, who assassinated Henry of Navarre, was confined and fearfully tortured before being led forth to execution. Marie Antoinette, the beautiful Queen, passed her last days of suffering in this prison, as did also the Princess Elizabeth, the King's devoted sister, and brave Charlotte Corday, who stabbed the monster Murat in his bath. Hitherto Robespierre was conveyed, with face livid with terror, and a broken jaw, with twenty-one of his companions, shortly to be dragged to a shameful death, on the very spot where his hellish edicts had split so much innocent blood. The cell occupied by Marie Antoinette was converted by the Bourbons into an expiatory chapel, adorned with pictures by Simon, Pajou and Drolling, representing the sufferings of the Queen. But during the terrors of 1830 these were removed, and a fine inscription on the altar, said to have been composed by Louis XVIII., was obliterated. During the massacre of prisoners on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, over three hundred persons were butchered in the Conciergerie.

Closely adjoining Notre Dame, as if to afford a practical illustration of the union of faith and good works stands the ancient hospital of the Hotel Dieu, supposed to have been founded in the seventh century by Saint Landry, Bishop of Paris. Philip Augustus and St. Louis were among the early benefactors of this venerable institution, and two of the wards were added by Henry IV. It contains one thousand beds. The present entrance was constructed in 1804, after the designs of Claveau, by order of Napoleon, the hospital having assumed, during the Revolution, the name of Hospice d'Humanite, which was renounced under the Emperor for its old title of Hotel Dieu.

When we write simply *Napoleon* our readers will, of course understand that we allude to the first Napoleon, not because, like Henry Ward Beecher we regard him as alone worthy of the name, and the present Emperor, to quote his words, "a miserable impostor."

After the epoch of havoc and demolition, it is true, we can but regard with grateful sensations the progress of Paris under the mighty genius of Napoleon. His arches of triumph will live not only as monuments of glory, but they will suggest too many sad reflections of national suffering, and the depopulation of nations. But what of this age, this year, this hour? Under Napoleon III., the Empire has been renewed on a grand scale, and never has so much been done to render Paris ornamental and healthy, and that too without the cement of blood; and hereafter it will be affirmed that his reign and his genius made Paris and France fruitful in great and useful enterprises, and to him the commerce of France will owe its first great and glorious impetus.

The Isle de la Cite is approached by the Pont St. Michel, the Pont au Change (formerly occupied by the houses of goldsmiths and money changers), the renowned Pont Neuf, and several other bridges. On the Quai du Marche Neuf, on the southern shore of the Seine, near Pont St. Michel, rising from the bed of the river, stands a small stone mansion of simple form, yet never viewed without awe—La Morgue—in which are deposited the bodies of all persons found dead in the city or river, till claimed by their relatives. The bodies thus found are stripped and placed in a current of air on black marble slabs, with a small jet of water trickling over those found drowned, the clothes of each individual being suspended above to facilitate recognition. The public is admitted to view them through a grating, and if not claimed, the bodies are subjected to anatomical purposes and buried at the cost of government. It will be easily imagined that scenes of the most heart-rending nature are constantly occurring at "*La Morgue*."

The renowned Pont Neuf, which touches the extreme point of the island, traversing from the northern to the southern bank of the Seine, was commenced under Henry III., by Ducreaux, interrupted in its progress by the troubles of the Ligue, and finished in 1604, at the expense of Henry IV. It is 1020 feet long by 78 broad, having twelve circular arches, seven on its northern and five on its southern side. In the reign of Louis XIII., a bronze equestrian statue of his father was erected on the portion of the island which forms its junction with the bridge, a bronze horse having been presented to the widow of Henry IV. by her father, Cosmode Medicis, for the purpose. This was destroyed in 1792; and on the site, Napoleon was preparing to construct a granite obelisk, 200 feet high. The downfall of the Emperor caused its abandonment; and in 1817 a new statue of Henry IV. was erected on the spot by public subscription, modelled by Lemot, and formed of the metal of several statues of Napoleon and his generals demolished by order of government, notwithstanding which advantages

the cost of the statue amounted to upwards of \$80,000. The total height is, perhaps, 14 feet. The pedestal of white marble bears appropriate Latin inscriptions. Bas-relief in bronze adorn the sides of the pedestal. In one Henry IV. is seen commanding food to be distributed to the citizens of Paris who during the siege of the capital had taken refuge in his camp; in the other, the King, entering as a conqueror, stops at the Parvis de Notre Dame, and orders the Provost of Paris to bear his message of peace to the inhabitants. Underneath the pedestal, at its foundation, was placed a magnificent copy of the "Henriade" of Voltaire. Near the centre of the badge a raised terrace with garden and trees juts out into the river. It was on the bridge that Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, was burnt in 1313, with his last breath summoning his persecutors, Pope Clement and Philip IV., to meet him at the judgment seat of Heaven, the one within forty days, the other within a year and a half. Pope and King died within the appointed time!

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO A. E. NEWTON.

Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
Thy joy to see thee once again,
Send out thy bark across the main,
With "Banner" floating from her mast—
Thou standard-bearer of the past.
Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
Send out thy voice across the deep I
A thousand good ships lie
Half stranded where the breakers roll;
Is there no helper nigh?
Send out thy voice and speak thy thought
Like those rich gifts by Angels brought—
As fearless as the breakers roll.
Pour out the thought-waves of thy soul.
Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
And some shall hear thee and be glad,
That but for one to save,
Had clung despairing for an hour
Then sunk beneath the wave;
Shall hear, and brave hearts grow more strong,
The weak take heart and crush the wrong.
The true, the tried, link hands with thine,
O'er darkened hearts like stars to shine.
Then welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.

SOLITAIRE.

Acts of Kindness and Charity

Are the sweetness of one's life. It is through their potent power that many a poor heart is made to leap with gladness, many a dark and gloomy hovel to shine as a palace, many a heart frozen with selfishness to melt in tenderness and love, no matter how small the act of kindness may be. If our people paid more attention to and placed a higher estimation upon those little trifles, as they are frequently termed, life would be sweeter, friends nearer, dearer, truer, and more numerous in the community. To do an act of kindness costs but a trifle, sometimes nothing; and then how gratifying to the bestower and receiver, in almost every instance.

A few weeks ago, says the Herald, during one of the coldest mornings in the winter months, two poorly but neatly clad boys made their appearance at the counting-room of a coal and wood dealer in Chelsea, and asked the proprietor to sell them ten cents' worth of wood and ten cents' worth of coal. They stated that it was all the money their parents possessed, and that they were nearly freezing for want of fuel to keep them warm. The coal dealer at once gave them liberty to fill up their baskets. Another kind-hearted gentleman, who happened to be present at the time, followed the boys to the wharf and questioned them about their place of abode, parents, etc. He was satisfied that the statements they had made were true. After the boys had left the wharf with their little budget of fuel, the Good Samaritan returned to the coal dealer's counting-room, and ordered a quantity of coal and wood to be sent to their home. When the teamster arrived at the door with the treasure which would make the receiver leap with joy and gladness, and rapped, a tall and graceful woman, poorly clad, who by her appearance had seen better days, answered the call at the door, when the teamster informed her that he had brought some coal and wood. Her reply was—"It can't be for us; I have not one cent of money to pay for it. I wish to heaven that I could obtain a little fuel, as my children are suffering this bitter cold day, for the want of a fire." The teamster informed her that it was sent by a gentleman, and the bill had been paid. "Oh, how happy are we today," was her reply, as tears fell from her eyes. "Give me his name, that I may seek him out and bestow that gratitude and kindness due, as it may be the means of saving my little ones from freezing to death before morning."

A Good Speech.

At a recent Ball, given by the famous Amoskeag Veterans, of N. H., Judge Clark was called out in response to some sentiment offered, and proceeded to say, at the outset, that he "hated speeches." "I think," added he, "that speech-making is the curse of our country. Washington never made speeches, nor Jefferson. Gen. Jackson was a man of deeds, not words. The foremost man in Europe is the most silent man to-day. One day this week the evening papers contained speeches of the four most prominent people in the world—Napoleon, Victoria, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. But they were only important as indicative of what they would do. In short, said he, if it were not for making a speech, I could prove that all the trouble in the country to-day is caused by the intolerable habit we have in this country of making speeches."

Very good for the Judge, and very true in point of fact. The young men of America have imbibed a notion, that unless they can get up and face a public assembly, showering down words on their heads as rain pours out of the sky, they can't amount to much. It's all a mistake. The single great mistake of our time is, that we talk too much. We both talk more than we reflect—which is wrong and, foremost—and we write even more than we read. Everybody seems trying to be as restless as possible.

Metaphysical writers, when they belong to a school, and draw their principles from their master's system, through conduit after conduit, instead of going to the well of Nature, are very apt to give us rapid water instead of fresh.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

TESTS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MY DAUGHTER CONTINUED—HOW SHE SAW—SAW AND DESCRIBED AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE IN HOLLISTON—DESCRIBED A HOUSE, AND THE CENTRE BURIAL GROUND IN HOLLISTON, WHICH SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN—HOW I AFTERWARDS TESTED HER—SAW AND DESCRIBED AN ACQUAINTANCE IN BOSTON, A PAINTER, AND THE INTERIOR OF A PRINTING OFFICE—SAW A MAN WHO DIED IN BRAINTREE, MASS. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS BEFORE SHE WAS BORN, ETC.

In relation to the mediumship of my daughter, there was nothing peculiar in her appearance that the casual observer would notice, different from her natural condition; and yet, those familiar with her, could tell the moment she was under influence. At these times, the pupil of the eye assumed a vacant look, and she appeared sober and abstracted; and while her vision was closed in a measure to outward and surrounding objects, her inward vision, or the eyes of the soul, opened clearly to the interior world, or the world of spirit. She always affirmed that she did not see with her natural eyes, but through the head—in parts removed from the eye. My impression is, that instead of the object being delineated upon the retina of the eye, and thence conveyed by the optic nerve to the soul, as is the case in common vision, they were daguerreotypes immediately, by spirit light, upon the soul; which, in reality, is true vision, whether the sight comes from earth or spirit objects; the pupil of the eye being the aperture through which light enters from external or earth objects, and in reality paints the image, not upon the retina but the soul; hence, it is the spirit or soul that sees, and not the eye, whether in or out of the form. Let this be as it may, when she saw, she seemed to see clear and distinct. I will relate two or three more instances of her seeing, which I regard as good tests, and then pass to other subjects. Concerning what she saw on these occasions, I know positively she could have had no previous knowledge.

In the winter of 1857, soon after I received the test related in my last chapter, I was in my room, (as on that occasion) busily engaged in writing. She and her mother were also in the room. All at once she spoke out, as before, saying:

"I see a man by father's side. He is not very tall, and is light complexioned—has light hair—blue eyes, and seems to know father."

I immediately thought of Josephus W. Rockwood, of Holliston; who, as in the case of Stephen W. Lewis, died before she was born. I then asked him to show her his father's house, where we lived together. She went on, and described the house and all its surroundings, clearly and accurately. She spoke of the embankment in front of the house—described the front door, and remarked: "They do not seem to use it much." She also described the ell of the house—which runs out from the upright part on the side, instead of the rear, the entrance to the kitchen and sitting room, the rooms in the ell, and said: "I should think some one slept there." She also described a chaise house under the ell—and some steps which lead down the embankment, and which communicated with the shop. The house was afterwards, and (for aught I know) is now owned and occupied by Mr. Houghton, a comb manufacturer in Holliston.

I then asked him to show her his grave.

She went on, and described the centre burial ground in Holliston, minutely and correctly. She also described some alterations in the yard, which have been made since I lived there; of which I knew nothing. She described the front gate and a wide path which leads through the centre of the yard, and also a foot-path which used to lead from the corner of the old Town House, diagonally, through the yard—and the very spot where his remains lie buried. So minute was her description, an artist could have drawn a plan from it, and a stranger could have taken his plan and gone to the grave.

After this she was anxious to go to Holliston and view with her natural eyes what she had seen only with spirit vision. Accordingly, about a year after, we took the cars and got out at Holliston Centre. When we came to the yard, she said:

"I am going in there."

We entered by the side path and strolled about the yard till we came to the centre path. There are a large number of different families, by the name Rockwood, buried in lots in different parts of the yard. As we passed one after another, I would ask:

"Is this the place?"

And she would promptly answer:

"No!"

Seeing a couple of men seated on the bank, in a distant part of the yard, I left her to find the grave, and went to them. One of the men proved to be Major Hoffman, brother in law to the deceased, whose grave she was looking for. I told the Major our errand and how I wished to test her; but while we were talking she had reached the grave, and stood there reading the monument, which bore the names of all that had died out of the family. We went to her, and the first thing she uttered, was:

"This is the place."

We tried to make her think she was mistaken; but no, she knew that was the place.

Major Hoffman asked us to go home with him and we accepted the invitation. I said to him:

"We will now see if she can pick out the house."

His house is located nearly three fourths of a mile from the burying ground, and near to the house she had described. Nearly every house we passed, we would ask:

"Is that the house?"

"No."

"Is that the house?"

"No."

Until at length we came to the house, when she pointed to it, saying:

"That is the house!"

At another time she saw and described a tall man—light complexioned, and said that he was a printer, and that I was acquainted with him in Boston. And, although she was never inside of a printing office since she could remember, she saw and described the type, the printer's case, a form, and other materials about the office, and said:

"I should think it was a printing office."

Some of the particulars which she gave in relation to the man have passed from me, but at the time I could not think of any acquaintance of mine in Boston—a printer—who had died, that answered to the description. I tried to recall to memory every one I knew there, in any way connected with a printing office; but finally gave it up, and had forgotten all about the circumstance, when, one day about two months after, I was busy writing in the counting room. Mr. Hanchett and Mr. Elliott of the "True

Flag" were in the adjoining room conversing together. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Elliott alluded to the "Olive Branch." In an instant the name of Norris rushed into my mind; and I thought what Eleanor Frances had seen and described. I immediately left the desk and went into the room where they were, and addressing Mr. Elliott, said:

"Mr. Elliott, did you know Mr. Norris, one of the publishers of the Yankee Blade?"

"Perfectly well," he replied.

I then related what my daughter had seen, and her description of the man. Mr. Elliott replied:

"I could not have given a better description of the personal appearance of Mr. Norris."

The last instance that came under my observation of her seeing and describing, was at a circle at my house in the fall of 1858. There were present at this circle—besides my own family—Mr. Parlin, Mrs. Childs, and Mr. and Mrs. Straw.

At the commencement of the sitting Eleanor was not present, but came in during the evening and took her seat between Mr. Straw and myself. She had not been seated at the table long, before she said:

"I see an old man near Mr. Straw."

Among other peculiarities she described him as having a large nose. Mr. Straw thought the communication was for him, but could not call to mind any one that answered to the description among his personal acquaintances. She then went on, and said she saw a large two-story house—she should think it was painted yellow—and that it stood some distance from the road—that a lane led from the road to it. She also described the outbuildings, among which was a shoemaker's shop, and remarked:

"I should think they kept corn in one part of that building."

Up to this point, I had not the most distant idea that she was describing any person or place that I ever knew; but the name Spear came rushing into my mind, and I saw at a glance that she had been describing, not only the personal appearance of Mr. Jonathan Spear, an elderly gentleman with whom I had lived when a boy, but also his place of residence in Braintree, Mass. This, to me, was another good test of spirit presence and power. Mr. Spear had been dead, at the time, about twenty-eight years; and the description, as near as I can remember his personal appearance, was correct. The house where he resided is about half of a mile from Dr. Storrs's meeting house in Braintree; between there and South Braintree. A lane about an eighth of a mile in length leads from the main road to the house. The house—if standing—is an upright two-story one. There were other particulars about the place which she described, which I am not able to give at this time. In relation to the shop, I would say that one part of the building was occupied as a shoemaker's shop, and the other part was occupied as a corn-house. This test, coming as it did, I regarded as the best I had received through her mediumship.

This was about the last I have known of her seeing and describing. Why she does not enjoy this gift now, or that she does not in a higher degree, I am unable to say.

One would naturally suppose, with such evidence as I had already received, I should be satisfied as to the existence of my departed friends, without any further test. But such was not the case. I still desired them, and they came—came till I was satisfied; and in my future chapters I shall relate them in the order they occurred.

"Through several mediums, we have been told that spirits are waiting to develop her physical nature; and that she will see again, clearer than ever. That she is still aided and influenced, I am fully satisfied; but it seems to her so much like herself, that she does not take cognizance of spiritual control. When she sits down quietly by herself to write, her thoughts flow as fast as she can possibly move her hand; and I think I discover in what she writes evident marks of spirit aid. The reader may have some specimens from her pen."

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

The application of the above beautiful words of the inspired poet, which has recently become popular in some quarters, is a palpable perversion of the meaning designed by their gifted author, this misapplication rendering them equivalent to the pernicious and morally paralyzing dogma of Fatalism, which Pope emphatically repudiated.

Any careful reader of his Essay on Man, must perceive that his aim was to vindicate the wisdom and justice of God, in creating man imperfect and fallible, while leaving him free to throw off the bandage of sin by individual efforts. This is widely different from the assumption that those who persevere in sinful practices, notwithstanding such facilities for reformation, act rightly.

There is no valid reason for believing that Pope deemed any well-informed man—one capable of appreciating the criminality of willful sin, entitled to impunity for transgression, on the plea that "whatever is, is right." He evidently applied these words to the arrangements of the Creator concerning man—not to the individual acts of the latter. Portions of his Universal Prayer demonstrate his firm conviction that man was responsible for the right use of his faculties, and could not evade that responsibility by pleading Fatality. This view is amply corroborated by the following quotation therefrom:

"Thou great first-cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, blinding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will."

It seems to me unfair to render this poet responsible for a soul-contracting error—one that is clearly confronted by the foregoing sentiments from his pen—by selecting for its title a quotation from his works.

The broad definition thus given to his beautiful revelation, is said to be salutary, since it is calculated to inculcate Christian Charity. It is imprudent of that virtue, and if Charity for others was its only fruit, it should be hailed as the harbinger of that millennial era for which we all yearn. But, unfortunately, this salutary tendency is more than counteracted by a fearfully demoralizing one—that of rendering its votaries charitable to their own faults and deficiencies, thus removing the requisite stimulus to virtue. It is also assumed that this comprehensive definition is harmless, since it can be appreciated only by those advanced in virtue and refinement, and will be rejected as fallacious by the undeveloped and degraded. This position I emphatically deny as one contradicted by the experience of every intelligent student of human nature, it being notorious that those indulging sinful propensities eagerly avail themselves of all plausible excuses for their delinquencies. Hence those addicted to immoral practices will gladly excuse themselves by pretending that God compels them to be vicious. The only safe, and, in my opinion, the only true doctrine for such, is, that they possess the power to relieve themselves from the dominion of sin, and will therefore be held strictly accountable for every willful transgression. Such sentiments, if

fully appreciated, must inevitably so develop their will-power—their God-like attribute—as to produce reformation.

Christianism has for centuries been demoralized by the mischievous dogmas of "Fatal Depravity," "Eternal Torment," "Vicarious Atonement," etc., the tendency of which is to paralyze individual effort; and the broad construction of "whatever is, is right," has precisely the same tendency.

If one imagines that he is a liar, a drunkard, a robber, or a murderer in obedience to the behest of the Creator, and is therefore "right," what inducement has he to attempt reformation? Could he expect to succeed, should he make the attempt? Not unless he has the presumption to assume that he can defeat the designs of his Maker.

Immure a man, destitute of tools, in a dungeon, having granite walls two feet thick, and he will not attempt to escape; but give him the requisite tools, pointing out the most vulnerable portion of the wall, and he will labor ceaselessly for his deliverance from captivity. In like manner may we induce one surrounded by the loathsome walls of sin, to work his way to the cheering sunlight of virtue, by convincing him that our Almighty Father has mercifully furnished him, and him only in his individual case, the means of emancipation.

New Orleans, 27th Feb., 1861. LOUISIANA.

GLEANINGS FROM "FESTUS"—NO. 5.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study; when Heaven's light
Pours itself on the page, like prophecy
On time, unglorious all its mighty meanings;
It is then we feel the sweet strength of the stars,
And magic of the moon.

I can conceive a time when the world shall be
Much better visibly, and when, as far
As social life and its relations tend,
Men, morals and manners shall be lifted up
To a pure height we know not of, nor dream—
When all men's rights and duties shall be clear,
And charitably exercised and borne;
When education, conscience, and good deeds
Shall have just equal sway, and civil claims—
Great crimes shall be cast out, as were of old
Devils possessing madmen—Truth shall reign,
Nature shall be rethroned, and man sublimed.

It is not the hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God, can serve us, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us; and, for men;
God loves us each individually.
And deals with us in order, soul by soul.

Men look on death as lightning, always far
Off, or in Heaven. They know not 't is in
Themselves, a strong and inward tendency.
The soul of every atom; every hair—
That Nature's infinite electric life,
Escaping from each isolated frame,
Up out of earth, or down from Heaven, becomes
To each its proper death, and adds itself
Thus to the great reunion of the whole.

'T is love which mostly destines our life.
The mind at one time grows
So fast it falls; and then its stretch is more
Than its strength; but as it opens, love fills it up.
Like to the stamen in the flower of life,
Till for a time we well nigh grow all love:
And soon we feel the want of one kind heart
To love what's well, and to forgive what's ill,
In us—that heart we play for at all risks.

As when an army, wakening with the sun,
Starts to its feet all hope, afar after spear
And line on line reundulating light,
While night's dull watch-dogs seek themselves away,
So feels the spirit when it first receives
The bright and mountainous mysteries of God.

There is a curse beyond the rack of death—
A pain past all mad wretchedness:
The curse of a high spirit famishing,
Because all earth but stinks it.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

JOSEPH L. V. HATCH AT DODWORTH'S
HALL, NEW YORK.

Sunday Morning, March 10, 1861.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

By particular request, we have devoted this morning and evening to a repetition of our ideas upon the subject treated of last Wednesday evening, viz: the respective characteristics, public and private, of Washington and Napoleon I., and in what points they differed.

Current history is always superficial in its accounts of individuals; it gives us little idea of their inward promptings, or of what truly constitutes their biographies. All great men are, to a certain extent, mere instruments in the hands of the Supreme disposing Power; and the historian is very liable to the error of supposing that he can penetrate their motives, instead of confining himself to his proper task of narrating their lives. Nor will the story of their actions furnish us with means of estimating rightly their characters, for in some cases they have really possessed few or no elements of innate superiority; their greatness having been "thrust upon them." But this cannot be said of the two men of whom we are about to speak. They both appear eminently great, not only from the place they occupy in the records of their age, but as individual men. Great in themselves, they were rendered more great by the circumstances in which they figured, and the choice of them as our theme was the happiest. From the fact that two characters more opposite to each other could not have been selected. Napoleon I., head of the imperial republic of France, (as it is often, but incorrectly, designated; "imperial" and "republic" being entirely inconsistent terms) ruled that country at the period of its greatest revolutionary excitement. The French, hereditarily devoted to revolution, had, from the expedition under Lafayette in aid of this country, imbibed the principles of American independence, which were really the cause of the great outbreak among them which followed so quickly. You all know what were the difficulties thus entailed on Napoleon, arising, first, from the corruption of the French court and government, during many generations, and the endeavors of the Bourbon sovereigns to enforce over their subjects an absolute authority, unendurable by such a people, in such an age. You know that the French, having become attached to an abstract political sentiment, could not stop short of its entire fulfillment. At the period when the destructive tendency of the movement had spent its greatest force, Napoleon entered on the stage of action. He was obliged, at the same time, to maintain the theory of a liberal government, while he repressed revolution and gave quiet and harmony to the country. In performing this work, he possessed one advantage over any native Frenchman, whether republican or royalist, in being a foreigner by blood and origin, and thereby enabled to take the position of an outside observer of the people, and more effectually to avail himself, as no man knew better how to do, of their prejudices and foibles. His success in this direction laid the foundation of his power, and, together with his alliance with a woman who possessed even more influence than himself over the popular heart, explains how he so completely concealed his ultimate purpose until it was fairly within his grasp.

In considering the character of such a man, it is his individual characteristics we are called on to respect, and not his actions on the public stage, to which he may have been impelled by the force of circumstances. He is, in truth, the representative of his epoch. Napoleon was ambitious, to a degree

which at last proved fatal to himself; he was unscrupulous, and his superstition also contributed to his ruin. He was discreet and sagacious in conference; surrounded himself with the ablest counselors, whose advice he weighed in the balance of his own acute discernment. As a statesman, diplomatist, intriguer and warrior, he stood in the foremost rank. Further than this, in the consideration of his character, we will not go at present. As a soldier, we need not repeat his eulogy; nor recount his invasions of surrounding dominions, in obedience to the promptings of that ambition which led him first to claim the right to be Emperor of the French, and then to attempt the conquest of all Europe. His arrogance caused him to maintain the idea that all France—the whole voice and power of her people, were centered in his single person; and thus his so-called imperial republic became nothing but an individual despotism, so suited to the fancy of the French people as to prevent their rebellion. They were flattered by the idea that their absolute ruler was merely the embodiment of their own will and power. This was the secret of his prosperity. He was the first to discover that the French are, in fact, incapable of self-government; and that, while flattered with the forms of freedom, they must be subjected to one strong head. His Bourbon predecessors had not sought the welfare of their subjects, nor encouraged liberal ideas. Napoleon, on the contrary, surrounded his throne with all the bright lights of his time, showed such a strong front to Europe, that no nation save Great Britain, Austria, and Russia, dared withhold their recognition of his imperial title, after acknowledging him as First Consul. They foresaw he would aim at the overthrow of their power—and, in fact, he eventually forced most of the European States to yield their power into his hands. But his most formidable and inveterate enemy was Great Britain; Russia and Austria professed friendship only while obliged to do so, with the sword at their throats. With such insatiable ambition, with such comprehensiveness and determinedness of action, and such love of power, the Emperor of the French had resolved not only to conquer the affections of his people, but to acquire for France an extent of territory which should make her the greatest power in Europe, and lead to the subjugation of the entire continent to his will and purposes. As a first step toward this consummation, it was necessary to be able to set at defiance the British power. It must be remembered that England, at that time, was without a commercial rival, and that from this situation arose her bitter hostility to Napoleon. Sorely well disposed, moreover, to the cause of the Bourbon dynasty, she could not safely, or consistently, hold friendly relations with a power which openly threatened the ruin of her most important interests. With Great Britain was secretly allied, through the commercial relations, the Emperor Alexander of Russia; who, by professions of friendship, had led Napoleon to delay too long his ill-fated invasion of that empire.

The career of Napoleon clearly showed that his power lay not so much in the force of his arms, as in his intellectual skill, readiness of thought, quickness and acuteness of comprehension and discernment. When he seemed rash to desperation, it was often in the exercise of his greatest skill and profoundest forethought. These qualities of policy and intrigue were shadowed forth in his terse and acute mode of expression. He never spoke without a meaning, and his clearness of perception was such that his most intimate counselors never ventured to oppose his decided opinions. As for the finer feelings of his nature, we can only say that the most dishonorable act of his life, and which most contributed to his downfall, was his divorce from Josephine, who was emphatically and really his Empress, and an important aid and safeguard to his power. Undoubtedly his star began to decline when, from motives of mingled superstition and policy, he espoused an Austrian archduchess. From that time, his warm friends began to be lukewarm, and his lukewarm friends to turn to enemies. To him, human life was of no more account than that of insects, when it answered his purpose to sacrifice it; and we may, therefore, say, at least, that the finer sentiments in him, could not have received much cultivation. His leading characteristics were, statesmanship, ambition, love of rule and perfect self-control in all emergencies.

It is with something of an awful reverence, arising, perhaps, in part, from national prepossessions, and from the fact that his name is enshrined in every American heart, that we turn to the character of WASHINGTON—reluctant to tear away the veil which hides the frailties, and expose to criticism the qualities and actions of such a man; but, as the greatest men are but men, after all, such treatment of them cannot be deemed improper.

George Washington, you are all aware was born in the middle ranks of life, in what is now the territory of the United States. As he advanced in life, he became aware that he was destined to perform an important part on the stage of affairs. The force of this conviction gave him his promptitude, clearness of thought, and made him a successful warrior, though greater in the character of a patriotic statesman. It must be remembered that the circumstances in which he was placed were enough to make almost any man great; for when freedom and the family altar are at stake, few are so solid and stone-like as not to rise with the emergency. Therefore, every man in our Revolutionary Army, even the common soldier, must be called great. Lafayette and Washington were equals in greatness; and these leaders, together with their companions in arms, of both hemispheres, commenced, respectively, the era of freedom in France and America. The two countries have since advanced, hand in hand, in their career. France, under her present Emperor, has attained to a prosperity which she could not have exceeded under the first Napoleon, and may be said to be something better than a republic—for the American experiment, perhaps, will prove a failure.

However this may be, Washington will always be remembered with reverence and awe. His leading characteristic was his strict and undeviating integrity of purpose; no concealed motive lurked under his language or his actions; even in war, he was the most honorable and the most humane of conquerors. He was not impelled to the conflict by ambition, as our remarkable passage of his life most clearly showed. Unlike the French Emperor, he had no personal aspirations to gratify. Love of country was his ruling motive. The greatness of his success is explained by the universal love for goodness and justice, and not by his power in arms and conquering sword.

Of these two great men, who flourished so nearly at the same time, in Europe and America, it may be prophesied that Washington will be remembered when the name of Napoleon shall be buried beneath the rubbish of ages. Napoleon was an ambitious conqueror; Washington, the very personification of freedom in America, will be remembered as the good, wise and patriotic hero of a great Revolution. We will not at present point out particular battles or exploits. His unyielding patriotism, firmness and perseverance, combined with the suavity and geniality of his demeanor, were the characteristics, in public and private, of this truly great man, which made him universally beloved.

We now come to the greatest act in Washington's life. So intense at one period was the enthusiastic admiration which his character had called forth, that he might undoubtedly have worn a crown, had he not refused the offer. His unexampled magnanimity, on this occasion, has made his name the greatest among all heroes; for very few men, however attached to the theory of republicanism, would, at such a time, have sacrificed all personal ambition to the common welfare—in fact, we do not believe that another man in the world would have thus fulfilled the duty of a patriot. Napoleon, then, was a statesman; Washington a patriot; Napoleon a diplomatist, intriguer and demagogue; Washington a lover of the people. Napoleon not a little superstitious; Washington a sincere and humble Christian. Napoleon, tenacious of personal dominion; Washington, desirous only that his countrymen should rule themselves. Napoleon aimed at power such as was beyond the reach of honest exertion; Washington would have sunk all selfish considerations in his regard for truth.

Such, as we view them, are the public characteristics of the two individuals. This evening we shall proceed to contrast their private qualities.

Special Contributions.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

The contributor to this department is responsible for no other portion of the paper. Letters and communications destined specially for him should be directed to care of Box 3233, Boston.

DYING TO LIVE.

An earnest but deeply tried soul, walking for a season in darkness, thus cries out for light:

"So long has been my night—so long have I struggled to reach the goal of my wishes—so long have I hoped vainly—so deeply am I bereaved—such a midnight darkness hangs over me, that my heart seems utterly to have failed me. I am truly 'in the wilderness alone.' Shall I die, or shall I live?"

I know nothing of the personal history of this suffering sister, and perhaps may not understand her case. I would not for the world touch too rudely heart-strings so tenderly strung; but having reason to believe that what I say will apply equally to many others, as yet too timid to give expression to their feelings, I beg her pardon for responding through these columns, rather than by private letter.

You ask, "Shall I die, or shall I live?" Have you ever comprehended the philosophy and the necessity of dying to live? An angelic spiritual teacher, who manifested an unusual degree of insight, is reported to have said, "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." Paradoxical as this seems, I am satisfied that it expresses a momentous truth—a fact arising from the very nature of our constitutions, and the whole plan of things in which we live.

You speak of your "wishes" and "hopes." May not the reason of their failure be, that they have been merely yours, and not in accord with Infinite Wisdom? Has not the element of self entered largely into them? Such, at least, is the common fault of all our human plans and wishes. The divine plans of Universal Wisdom can never fail; nor can any efforts that are in harmony with them. If our cherished wishes in any way conflict with these, we must expect to have them defeated—nay, we should rejoice to have it so. More than this, if our darling plans, though in themselves good and desirable, are vitiated by too strong an infusion of self—if selfish loves and hopes are too closely intertwined with them—we may look for their failure just so surely as we are under a divine guardianship. Because, if we are individually to rise into the experience of a higher life than the selfish, then we must first die to all the hopes and loves of self; and this means a vast deal more than most persons have any idea of. So only can we be born into the unselfish, the divine life.

The seed that is to germinate into a new form of life, is cast into the dark, damp ground. Its outer covering begins to decay, and to external vision—and, perhaps, had it consciousness, to internal feeling also—it seems for a time as if utter destruction were at hand. Strange throes of agony, which may be mistaken for pangs of dissolution, thrill through all its fibres. But at length there bursts forth from the inmost a fresh and tender shoot, which pushes up through the damp mould, into the sunshine and joy of the upper world. Perhaps the present darkness and desolation in your experience only indicates the nearness of this resurrection to you. To many it is yet far off—so far, indeed, that they are either skeptical as to its reality, or have but vague and utterly mistaken notions of its nature.

The following significant allegory, which in substance was recently given in my hearing from the Higher Life, is very much to the point:

"Life a Failure."

"A little atom had toiled its slow way up the path of progress, through various steps in the mineral and vegetable kingdom, till at last it found itself a component part of a spire of grass. As it waved and danced in the warm sunlight, and drank the pearly dew, it rejoiced and gave thanks for the boon of existence, in gratitude for which it aspired to be of some use in the great and glorious future which seemed opening before it.

But, suddenly, there came an unlooked-for calamity. One day a fearful instrument of destruction, known as a farmer's plow, came tearing along through the emerald turf. The little atom found itself, with all its fellows, in a moment, buried deeply in darkness, and doomed to inevitable death. 'Alas! alas!' it cried out in despair, 'Life is a failure after all! Why was I given existence, and cruelly permitted to anticipate so much joy?"

Days, weeks, months, passed on. At length the little atom awoke again to consciousness, to find itself, to its great surprise, a particle of a grain of golden wheat. 'Aha!' it exclaimed, as it looked about and began to comprehend something of the superiority of its new position; 'then life was not a failure; I only died to live again in a higher, nobler life! Thanks, thanks again to the great mysterious Source of existence!' But in what way can I be of most use in the world?"

Hardly had these thoughts been expressed, when the tall, kindly stalk of wheat, which had been nodding so patronizingly to the humbler grasses which grew around it, was laid low by the reaper's sickle. Filled with wonder at this new calamity, and fearfully apprehensive as to what should come next, it was borne away to the threshing floor. Here, rudely beaten until compelled to let go its hold upon what had been to it the very source and support of life, it barely escaped, as it seemed, utter annihilation from the blows of the ponderous flail. But this was not all. Next it was hurled away, and ruthlessly plunged down in the dark between two horrible stones, revolving with fearful velocity in opposite directions!

'All is over now, surely!' thought the little atom; 'I can never survive this grinding to powder. Life is a failure, after all! I must die without having been of any use in the world.'

The great mill-stones went grinding remorselessly on. The atom almost petrified by fear, had only a dim consciousness of what followed—of various plungings and tossings and shiftings in the dark, till at length it was tightly pressed together with myriads of its fellow-atoms, and left for a season to repose in quiet. 'Well, I still live!' it thought, 'but of what possible use am I to myself, or anything else, barreled up here in darkness?"

"The end was not yet. Soon our atom finds itself in the hands of the kneaders, and again subjected to a series of processes, as uncomfortable as novel, terminating at length in the most fiery trial of all—the oven! Sweltering in heat and agony, it cries out, 'Oh that I had never been born! Life is worse than a failure!'

Anon the heat abates; yet hardly has our little progressionist had time to recognize itself in its new state, ere it is subjected to a second grinding operation, at the end of which it plunged *volens volens* into a dark pit, and immersed in a penetrating fluid, which seems expressly designed to resolve all things into their original elements. The last lingering hope is now extinguished. Surely, there can be no

resurrection from such a grave! 'Life is not only a failure, but a succession of failures, only aggravated by delusive hopes held out between. I resign all—I pray for annihilation.'

Yet another resurrection morning dawns! Perchance one little atom, refined and purified from all grosser particles, next awakes to find itself a part of the human brain, seated in the very 'domo of thought,'—at the right hand of power!—an instrument for the use and manifestation of regal mind, capable of acting, feeling, and enjoying on a plane of consciousness vastly higher than ever before—an exaltation to be reached only through the gateway of self-renunciation and death.

Learn from this that no life devoted to uses can ever be a failure."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

OFFICE, 31-2 BRATTLE ST., BOSTON.

S. T. MUNSON, No. 143 Fulton street, New York, will act as our agent in that city.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Single copies, one year, - - - \$3 00
" " six months, - - - 1 00
" " three months, - - - 0 50
Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:
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Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town to which it has been sent.

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

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

Business Letters must be addressed, William Berry, Publisher, BOSTON, MASS.

A NEW VOLUME.

The number before you, reader, commences a new volume, and marks the beginning of another year's existence of the Banner of Light. Four years have we labored to render it a welcome guest to your homes—one which should bring to you with every week gems of truth and wisdom, culled from every quarter of our land, and from the disembodied ones around us.

How well we have been enabled to do this by the Power who rules over all things, the popularity of our paper will abundantly testify. We are cheered by the assurances which come to us from every quarter, that it is not only a welcome guest, but an almost indispensable one to many homes.

But while our enterprise has been a success in this respect, and is acknowledged on all sides to be the most successful and satisfactory sheet yet offered to the public as a Spiritualistic Journal, we have not found our material success to keep pace with it. In order to attain the standpoint to which we have arrived, a very great amount of matter has been given in each weekly issue, and by far the greater portion of it, such as reports, contributions by well-known writers, &c., has been liberally paid for.

We do not desire to curtail our expenses in these departments, and thus diminish the usefulness of the Banner. But in order that we may pursue the even tenor of our way, we earnestly appeal to our subscribers, and our friends, to continue their patronage, and to exert themselves to increase our list. It is rather a stigma upon Spiritualism that a paper putting forth so much energy as has been on the Banner, should not rise to a steady circulation larger than 12,000 copies. But the history of all the Journals which have advocated the cause is very similar. The Banner is the oldest paper now in existence but one, (the Clarion,) all others having died for want of proper support.

We make no complaint, for we like to have every one do just as he feels inclined in all such matters; but it is a subject for reflection, whether the great body of Spiritualists do not owe it to the cause and to the world, to support the few papers they have in the United States, in which free discussion on all matters pertaining to the soul's growth as set forth by Spirit intercourse shall be fostered. The more liberal the support a publisher obtains, the more minds he can call in to aid him in enlightening the public mind.

Friends, will you rally to the support of the Banner of Light, renewing your subscriptions, and exerting yourselves to double our present list? or do you prefer that it shall add one more to the list of unsupported, and in consequence, defunct Spiritualistic papers which stands a reproach to the Spiritualists of America?

"HAST THOU FAITH?"

Dr. Arnold used to say, on running over in his mind the career of the several boys who had received the benefits of scholastic education at his hands, that the main difference between men in life was simply a difference of energy. Two youths leave school, or college, together, and start on their race in the world. One takes matters indifferently, seeking his ease more than anything else, hating to be disturbed, hating to work more than play, of indolent brain and thoroughly sluggish temperament, and reconquered pretty nearly to whatever the twists and turns of fate's current may have in store for him. He is but a chip in the stream, and is hurried this way or that, according to the direction of the current. He reaches no particular point—achieves no special purpose. He may claim that he lives, but it is as the vegetable, and not as the living soul. Perhaps he thinks that all his ends are answered in existence, and, if so, then he is satisfied. He sat before himself no particular aim, to start with, and of course he is not disappointed.

But his schoolmate—he who but yesterday sat on the same bench with him, and studied out of the same books—has taken a very different direction. He has gone in exactly an opposite course. He had a different temperament. He trusted to his energy. He held on by his large stock of perseverance. He made the utmost of his opportunities. He plunged headlong into the flood, and did not, like some, stand on the banks shivering. He aroused himself to the very centre of his heart and being, and pursued his way with an even and steady tenor that would not be balked of its purpose. Fixing his eye on the single star of his hopes, he kept straight on toward it without flinching or swerving, eager to make all circumstances and all opportunities combine to do his bidding. And he succeeded at last, as succeed he must. There was nothing, in fact, in the way of his success. All nature works for him, as all natural forces have been combined working through him.

This is an exemplification of the difference between energy in a young person and no energy. And this is what the venerable Dr. Thomas Arnold meant by his remark.

But energy is not a gift all by itself, self-sufficient

and self-assured, by any means. It must needs be established upon something, or it has no true existence. What, then, must be the basis of its support? What but naked faith—the faith that furnishes the fullest inspiration? Here a man feels his energies strong; he is conscious that he has something to go upon. The person who accomplishes the most, in the best meaning of that phrase, is one who is most truly inspired. He works because he cannot help it, because he loves work, because it is perfectly natural. He could not sit down idly and dream, and get up and do nothing toward realizing his dreams, because it is not in him so to do. He came into the world equipped with a set of nerves, of perceptions, of active faculties, and it would be a living death for him to keep down, and his existence is no more nor less than giving them all a chance to grow and develop themselves in every possible direction.

Faith, therefore, is the great wheel that sets all the other wheels—big and little—in motion. Faith is the capital on which business is first started and afterwards carried on. It not only keeps energy awake, but it furnishes energy, likewise. All the difference between men, therefore, lies in the mere possession of faith—whether they are persons who get an interior view of the grand plan of nature, and labor, on that constant suggestion, to carry forward that view, or are persons who see nothing, believe nothing, take nothing or everything (just as it happens) for granted, and care nothing for what may 'turn up,' whether it falls into their dish or somebody's else. They are not worth as much even as the purely selfish men; for these latter do manage to accomplish something, if it is only for themselves—whereas the former are content with absolute negativities and zero-limits.

If the world did not yield itself per force, to the lead of the inspired minds, of the minds that are charged and informed with faith, it would soon enough come to an ignominious social end. Only a few move the system of things, and not many; but those few are as truly inspired as were ever any men, or classes, to whom mankind has consented to make more public acknowledgments. Heaven pours out the rich bounty of its gifts where it chooses, and as it chooses; and with that we may be measurably content. It will at once be remarked that these men of faith are not common men; they could not be if they would; there is imposed upon them too large a share of mankind's responsibilities to permit them to be at rest with themselves, and they are forced to work and strive from the very force of necessity. That is the patent of their existence here, and to its peculiar requirements they must remain true.

But though the great leaders and levers are few among us, it does not follow, by any means, that the whole measure of God's blessed inspiration is exhausted when they are filled. No: each individual among us, no matter how limited his capacity or how humble his avocations, is competent to receive all that Heaven has in its power to bestow, and, by a calm, receptive frame of mind, to become, for him, as truly inspired as he who is known to be most so. We little realize, any of us, how much easier would be our tasks, or how much more we should make of our lives, if we did but consent to receive into our souls the potent and transforming breath of this divine inspiration; how every day would find us refreshed and renewed; every effort would be made light, and over beautiful, by love, and all objects would be clothed upon with an atmosphere that exists just as truly for them now, but which we do not know how to discern and appropriate.

Even in the commonest affairs of life, we believe that the cause of the glaring contrasts between man and man that abound on every side, is to be found in the defect, or the contrary, of this living principle of faith. We can reasonably account for these contrasts in no other way. Why one person does so much, with retrenched facilities and helps, and another so little, with abundance of both, is a problem that would appear to be capable of solution in no other way. Nor do we mean to be understood, by using the phrase "doing" so much, or the contrary, as speaking of their accomplishing such a deal by way of business, or external work—but as performing so much in the line of their own personal development, in the direction of their own spiritual procreation.

Faith, then, is the polar star for every human soul. It guides and leads us all forward in the voyage on which we have set out. "Hast thou faith?" You are well off, if you have a large share of it. If not, you are poor indeed; and will remain so until you calmly open yourself to the reception of light from the only source from which it becomes elevated or inspired.

Dr. Newton's Cures.

We have received the following letter in reference to two cases of cures said to have been performed by Dr. Newton, the medium, in this city.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 25, 1861.
EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—Sir, feeling a wonderful statement in your issues of January 5, I was moved to make some inquiry through a friend in your city. The answer from Ann Nicholson, who is said to have been blind, and "cured in one operation by Dr. Newton," is, that she never has been blind—she had sore eyes after measles, only, and he did not cure them; so said her father, and he added, that he had received a great many inquiries, to which he had given the same answer.

Mrs. Shedes my friend could not find. No one near the address given had any knowledge of such a person. I need not point out the influence such a thing as this must have on your readers, in their estimate of everything they meet with in your paper that conflicts with their opinions.

Feeling confident that you are not aware of the imposition practiced upon you, and seeing, in your present issue, the said Dr. Newton referred to, I concluded to give you this piece of information, doing as I should be pleased to be done by in such a matter. I am one who draws much pleasure from your columns as well as instruction, and have a personal feeling in this affair as well in your success.

We have instituted inquiry in reference to these cases, and report that there is a mistake in the Nicholson case, inasmuch as the girl was not born blind. Nor is it reported so on Dr. Newton's book, but the error was made in copying in some way—how, we cannot tell. We subjoin a certificate signed by the parents of the girl, stating the truth.

Boston, March 10, 1861.

This may certify that our daughter, Ann Nicholson, had the measles about one year ago, which left her with very weak eyes. When she went to Dr. Newton the first time, she was nearly blind; she then began to improve. She then made a second visit after about one week, continuing to improve, and is now entirely cured.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON,
CATHARINE NICHOLSON.

The case at No. 10 Billerica street, Mrs. Shedes, is correctly reported, and she can be found there, our friend notwithstanding.

Our Circles.

We refer our readers to the notice preceding the messages published on the 6th page of this week's paper in reference to the re-opening of our Circle Rooms. We are not able to state any definite time this week.

Literature.

"FURTHER COMMUNICATIONS FROM THE WORLD OF SPIRITS."

This volume, the advertisement of which may be found on our fifth page, has already received the praise of Judge Edmonds, a letter from whom, in relation to it, we published two weeks since.

Press of business has rendered it impossible for us to give it due attention until a few days since, and we deem it a duty to recommend the volume to the attention of our readers.

We have always been disposed to look with doubt upon communications purporting to be given by spirits of such antiquity as those who claim to have given these before us—not because, perhaps, we have thought it impossible for them to control mediums, but because the major part of all such pretentious messages from the world of Spirits, have not contained in themselves anything to substantiate such a claim to the world.

And we do not now believe that these spirits can come in direct rapport with our mediums, nor does the book before us claim such to be the fact. But the character of these communications is far more creditable to those spirits than anything we have before read. Indeed, a vast amount of instruction is given, in a common sense way, and we know that no person can arise from a perusal of the volume without having his understanding enlightened by it.

We do not by this intend to convey the impression that we find everything in the book to our mind: There are many points on which we must differ widely from the spirits purporting to give the communications. And we find them differing widely from other enlightened spirits, on matters where it might be thought an agreement could be arrived at. But there is so much that is good, we commend the book to our readers.

The communication "on the Spirit-World, and the Law that governs there, and in your Sphere," is especially commended to the reader.

The contents of the book are "On the Value of Old Traditions, and the progressed State of the Present Age." "On the Use of a Marriage Ceremony, and Reforms in the Social State." "On God, in His Works." "On the Sideral Heavens; How, and when, and where did they Originate." "On Tyranny." "On the Second Coming of Christ."

For particulars of sale, &c., see advertisement.

LINDA; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL. Written by herself. Edited by L. Maria Child. Boston: Published for the author. 1861.

This is a neat volume of three hundred and six pages. It purports to give a simple narrative of facts in the life of the authoress, who was twenty-seven years a slave in a Southern State, seven years of which time were passed in concealment, under terrible privations. From the testimonials in the book, and from what I have learned personally of the writer, as well as from the tone of evident sincerity and charity which pervades the narrative, I cannot doubt its entire truthfulness. The story is intensely interesting, and far more worthy of perusal than any work of fiction that has been written on the subject. It throws light upon the internal workings, especially as regards the female sex, of that patriarchal institution, for the sake of which some of our Southern neighbors are in hot haste to destroy this Union. The defenceless position of women under this system is exhibited, with much delicacy of feeling, but with a force which appeals strongly to every friend of purity and virtue in the land. The work should be read by all who are in any doubt about the duty of assisting to perpetuate and extend this system in our country.

In saying this, I do not by any means assume that Northern institutions and Northern society are immaculate in this matter. Men like Dr. Flint, Mr. Sands, and other prominent characters in this book, are not unknown among those who stand in the relations of employers, husbands, etc., in our "free" communities; only their selfish power is more limited by law than in the South. A work which should portray with equal truthfulness and charity the oppressions possible under our present Northern social system, would be equally commendable. An impartial eye sees little ground for self-righteous boasting in the matter.

A LECTURE ON SESSORION, BY GEN. ANDREW JACKSON, delivered at Dodworth's Hall, on the evening of Sunday, Jan. 19th, 1861, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch.

This is a very handsome pamphlet publication of eighteen pages. There are evidences enough running through the lecture, to satisfy any one at all familiar with the spirit and character of Jackson, that this production is really from him. He makes cogent and urgent appeals to the people of the South, not less than to those of the North. It is his emphatic conviction that both sides have been wrong in the unhappy and protracted controversy that has led to the present threatening results, and he takes it upon himself to speak plain and telling words to all who have in any degree forgotten their loyalty to the principles bequeathed to us by the fathers. The peculiar manner and style of the old Hero of New Orleans are specially discernible in this production, and will do as much as anything else to convict the reader of its authenticity. Then the views taken by the informing Spirit, are those of one fully accustomed to the contemplation of grand political ideas, and of a decidedly statesmanlike turn of mind. This lecture attracted much attention at the time of its delivery; and as there are many points contained in it, that are specially worthy of serious contemplation at this time, we hope all who read this notice will purchase the pamphlet and make it contents their own. Published by S. T. Munson, New York.

THE ATLANTIC FOR APRIL.

We have received the April number of the Atlantic. The Professor's story is concluded in it. The other papers are "April Days;" "Cities and Parks," in which the New York Central Park is considered; "Life in the Iron Mills," an interesting sketch; next comes "The Reign of King Cotton;" "Garibaldi;" "Two or three Troubles" is another entertaining story, showing that sorrows are oftentimes blessings in disguise. "Charleston under Arms," and Literary Notices," conclude a very interesting number.

Mrs. Stowe has written a story, which will be commenced in the next number, the title of which is "Agnes of Lorraine."

Error Corrected.

The obituary notice of Joseph W. Lyon, published in No. 24, Vol. 8, contained an error in the name, which the friend desirous to have corrected. The name was printed Joseph N., but should have been as above given.

Emma Harding's Lecture at Tremont Temple.

The lecture in aid of "Unfortunate Women," which was announced for Thursday evening last, was postponed on account of the storm. It will be delivered on Tuesday evening, the 26th inst.

The Opera—Miss Kellogg.

To sing well requires the genius of an artist and all the cultivation of a master. It cannot be enjoyed without both character and effort. To act well in the drama requires so much of both native talent and absorbing devotion, that he in whom the ability is once recognized is sure of occupation and renown, for the world is still in need of masters in each of these departments. Everywhere it welcomes with enthusiastic delight the happy individual who can combine the fruits of these two elements of human genius, and storm the citadel of the soul at the same moment of attack, in two of the most essential elements of a well-rounded character.

We have heard but one opinion among those who listened to Miss Kellogg last Tuesday eve in the opera "Linda De Chamouille," and must heartily join in the universal verdict, that an artist of uncommon merit has risen among us almost unheralded. True, the papers announced that her debut at New York was a success. We had hardly had time to rejoice in the hope that our own country would soon furnish artists who would deserve and have a world-wide reputation, before our own eyes and ears compelled us to acknowledge that the papers of New York had not over flattered the artist who had burst from some obryal is in their own city.

We have no element in our character that can be used for fulsome flattery; but when we found that in the corridors of the "Academy," and in the ears on our return home, there was the same enthusiastic gratification which in our own souls sought expression, we felt sure that, though we were not competent to pass as a musical critic, our approbation was well founded. We have no desire to criticize. Everything but Deity is finite. For ourselves, we are satisfied with the best that each can do, and delight to admire it without fringing it with the black drapery of uncalculated criticisms.

We give the diamond and the pearl a setting of gold, that their brilliant merits may be more conspicuous. In the same spirit artists vie with each other in gilding the humblest works of art that man carves from material nature. Why not then give the same advantage to the productions of the soul?

We give these reflections to explain our own position, not because the artist whose debut we chronicle need fear the criticisms of the press or of amateurs. Nor do we write fearing that other and abler pens will not give merited praise; but we hope to stir others to see and hear this promising, young artist. Nor can we repress our sorrow that Linda is not to appear again. We wish our friends to rejoice with us in having seen the excellent acting of that particular character. We feel that we cannot be better pleased.

For ourselves, we rejoice that the inspirations of genius are more and more abundant in every department of mental action; and while the rapid multiplication of useful inventions seems destined to relieve man of some of the drudgery of life, music and the drama must both do their part to occupy and refresh him in the hours of relaxation thus afforded.

Swearing.

"Swear not at all!" Why not? Because it does no good—it helps nothing on. "Ye cannot make one hair either white or black." It is, then, quite needless, to begin with. Then it is extremely vulgar and low. Every one knows as much as that. Then, again, it reveals all the beauty and all the strength of the expression. In conversation, it is like throwing handfuls of stones or rocks at the one you are engaged talking with. Some writer has shrewdly said that it was to conversation about what iron spikes would be to nice veneering, if driven roughly through it; and that is not such a bad illustration. Most men, we imagine to believe, swear from the sheer force of habit, knowing it goes against the grain all the while, and feeling themselves dragged down by the means. They swear just as they smoke, as they chew tobacco, and in no other way and to no other end. And others, again, swear just for emphasis. It gives, they think, force to their assertions, makes point for their expression, splices up their general talk, and attracts immediate attention. Perhaps more swear for this purpose than for any other. But they have yet to learn the power that lies coiled up, like watch-springs, in simple and straight-forward expressions, in phrases that go directly from the mouth of the speaker to the brain and heart of the listener. We have all of us a good deal to learn relative to the employment of simple and sincere language, and a good deal to unlearn that is now worse than nothing. The pulpits have had much to do with introducing the practice of swearing, as Lorenzo Dow said, and they ought to do what they can to overthrow it, as speedily as possible.

For Sale.

Every one has his price. Do not pooh, or plash, or protest, or swear about it; it is even so, and the individual heart best attests to the fact, every time it is allowed a chance to make a true response. We often think that none but the politician is for sale, with such convenient principles as he may have ready to turn into ready cash, at a decided bargain; but almost all men are politicians in this regard. If a person is in actual want, and professes to entertain only such and such views, it is not the most difficult matter in the world for him to induce himself to modify his views in some convenient way, so as to bring himself around to a position where he can employ himself to the best paying advantage. It need not be thought a disgraceful matter, either, that every one has his price; for 'thus are all the more intimately interwoven with the affairs of each other, making the bond thorough and ample. Evil may come from it, as we all know it does; but evil is inseparable from all things human; and besides, it is clear that the good far outweighs the evil, especially in consideration of the fact that self-interest thus continually furnishes the highest motives and incentive to action. It is only necessary to guard and check it with the right conditions. Mercenary motives may not in all cases lead the rest; yet motives for changing, for modifying, and for re-shaping the conduct are operative upon every mind, and it is well that so the case stands. We are but human, albeit it is said, likewise, that man was made in God's own image, and little lower than the angels.

Articles against Spiritualism.

We have just received a request from an "Orthodox Minister," to publish a series of articles against what he terms the "Delusion of Spiritualism."

We answer that we have not the least objection to doing so, our object being to elicit truth from whatever class of minds may tender it.

Of course the articles will be answered, and thus both sides of the question can be told.

The source from which the request comes is highly respectable, and we think a series of spicy articles may be expected. We will commence them in our next number, and print an extra supply.

Mrs. Macomber.

This well known and widely popular trance speaker will occupy the stand at Allston Hall the three next Sundays. Her appearance in this city a few months ago made a favorable impression upon the Spiritualists of Boston, and she has since been the subject of much interest in her will re-appear on her reappearance next Sabbath.

The Ladies' Relief Society.

The last social dance of the course given by this society, will take place at Concord Hall next Tuesday evening, March 26th. This course has been successful, in a social point of view, at least, and our readers have, next Tuesday night, their last opportunity to testify their appreciation of the humane efforts of the ladies' band.

Notice.

The subscribers of "THE SPIRITUALIST," formerly published at Macon, Georgia, will receive four numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, commencing with our issue of March 23d, in lieu of numbers of the former paper due to them. We hope they will like the BANNER well enough to continue their patronage to it.

To Spiritual Mediums.

FRIENDS AND COLLABORERS.—Guided by an Unseen Power which has determined my movements and shaped my course ever since I became its subject, I addressed to the Mediums and Spiritualists of the United States, a letter, which appeared in the BANNER, of the 2nd of February, 1861. Since its publication, floods of letters have poured in upon me in answer to my call, all giving me the assurance that the address was well-timed, and that it sent a thrill of joy and hope through the heart of many a weary and lonely one, who was ready to sink in despair under the burdens and trials incidental to mediumship. With but few exceptions, all of my numerous correspondents begin their letters with the most heartfelt expressions of thanks and gratitude to myself, for tendering to them what seemed so completely to meet their present wants, and many supposed it was especially intended for themselves. Being but a medium between them and the interior, it afforded me pleasure to transmit to them what was given me for them; and it has also afforded me equal pleasure to transmit from them to the interior, their responses of thanks and gratitude; and although I appropriated none of it to myself, still, such hearty, unstinted expressions, on their way through me to the interior, have enriched me and encouraged me with the conviction that I am not engaged in an empty work; but, on the contrary, in one whose ripened fruits I am already permitted to enjoy, and whose luxuriant flowers spring up spontaneously along my pathway of labor, and perfume and freshen the air in my earthly wanderings.

To those who have written to me, I must be permitted to say, that I, too, have thanks and gratitude to return for the frank and confiding manner in which they have opened their hearts, and allowed me to behold those secret thoughts and workings, which they have not dared to trust to any other earthly being. I must also be permitted to thank them for so many truthful narratives of the dealings of the invisible world with mediums, giving me a clearer and deeper insight into the character and object of the relation of the interior with humanity. I am now better satisfied than ever, that we are pupils in the hands of cultivators, who understand all the secret springs of selfishness that flow forth from the human heart, tinging and giving tone and color to every thought, word and deed of those who are yet living in the humanity of their natures. This selfishness of the human heart, the interior cultivators are laboring to eradicate, with the assistance of their faithful workers; that is, with the assistance of a world of undeveloped spirits, who are as selfish and as human in their loves and attractions as those persons in the form upon whom they are set to work. Under the guidance and control of interior wisdom, those interior workers, those undeveloped spirits will do their work well; and when once they have been turned loose upon a medium who needs their renovating labors, they will not release him until they can hand him up to the sphere of Divine life, as a pure and regenerated soul, that has passed beyond their grasp, simply because he is pure, and regenerated from all the lusts, the ambitions, the selfish desires, and hopes, and loves, and affections of the rudimentary state of humanity.

As I have already stated, I have received a great many letters, in response to my call for the experiences of mediums. If any of my correspondents should get weary in waiting for an answer from me, let me assure them that I am responding to them as fast as my time will permit, and that the delay must, therefore, be charged to the great number of letters which preceded theirs, and to which I must reply in the regular order of their dates, without preference or partiality.

I take this opportunity to renew my invitation to mediums to write to me freely and unreservedly, assuring them that they can do so with as much safety and security as they can think it over to themselves. I also renew my sincere invitation to them to visit me at the various places where I am engaged to lecture, which may be ascertained by reference to my advertisement in the BANNER.

The principal object of this letter, however, is to inform mediums and others, that I will attend the Convention of Spiritual Lecturers, which meets at Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday, April 16, 1861, and which will continue four days. (See the announcement in the BANNER.) All mediums who can attend that Convention, will find it (judging from my experience with a similar one which was held at Quincy, not long ago,) one of the most profitable meetings which they ever attended. Particularly do I desire that all those who wish to consult me in reference to their mediumship and their mediumistic experiences, should meet me at the Worcester Convention, as I shall there have abundance of time and opportunity, during the four days of the Convention, to enter into the details and the spirit of their cases, in a manner that will be more profitable and more satisfactory to themselves, and to myself also.

It will be remembered that this department of my labor is entirely gratuitous; I make no pecuniary charge, either for my written replies to correspondents, or for the time occupied in such personal interviews as I may have with those who desire to consult me on any subject whatever connected with spiritualism, or any of its associated reformatory movements.

Hoping, friends, that I shall meet a large number of you at Worcester, and hoping that those of you who cannot meet me there, will either meet me elsewhere, or address me by letter,

I remain yours sincerely,

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We commence in this number of the BANNER, a series of Sketches from Mr. Squire, entitled "Paris from an Ink-Stand." Mr. Squire's former sketches, "Glimpses in Ireland and England," have added much to the attraction of the BANNER, and his re-appearance will be greeted with pleasure by our readers.

One of our correspondents, writing from Oswego, N. Y., informs us that the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, a Presbyterian clergyman of that city, recently made some very severe remarks to his congregation in regard to our paper. The report was, that Mr. J. W. Pool, who keeps a bookstore in Oswego, and has the BANNER for sale, said that he sold more copies the week after the said notice, than he ever had before—and many that never saw or read the paper, have become very much interested in it. We hope the Reverend gentleman will do us the favor to notice the BANNER often. This is a capital way to introduce the "Light" among his parishioners.

The sounds of footsteps and voices are said to haunt a dwelling house in East Pownall, Conn. The neighbors disbelieving the story, have remained over night at the house, but found the statement so true that they are also anxious for an explanation of the strange visitations.

Several of our "moral and religious" journals do not hesitate to publish *bores* news—when it will sell their papers. Rather mean business, we think.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore died at his residence in Cambridge, on Friday evening, 22d, inst., after a lingering illness of several months. The Universalist Trumpet was commenced by him, and which he continued to edit and publish until within a few months of his death. He was born in this city, and after being an apprentice first with a morocco dresser, and then with a brass founder, he learned the trade of a shoemaker, and worked at the business several years. He began to preach before he was twenty-one years of age, and studied after that period with Rev. Hosea Ballou. He settled at Milford in 1820, where he soon after married Lucie, daughter of John Corbett. The next year he removed to Cambridgeport, and took charge of the Universalist Society there for nine years. He was sixty-one years of age.

Owing to the storm, our report of the New York Conference was detained, till too late to appear this week.

Printers ought to make good lawyers and doctors, for they are acquainted with all sorts of cases.

Peace is the evening star of the soul; and virtue is its sun; the two are never far apart.

BOUND TO SEE SEED, ANYHOW.—The Augusta Chronicle says that the succeeding members of Congress have been furnished with their quotas of seeds, and it is to be hoped they will distribute them among their constituents, as it is probably the last favor of the kind they will ever receive from the United States Government. We hope not.

Much choice reading may be found in this week's BANNER.

The snow storm was very severe in this section of the country on Thursday and Friday last. Immense quantities of snow fell, trees were badly damaged thereby, vessels were wrecked on the coast, and we fear that loss of life will be reported.

There remains now not one foot of unorganized territory in the Republic. The whole number of Territories are seven.

Washington is swarming with office-seekers. Bureaus upon bureaus of "recommendations" have already been filed preparatory to inspection.

HOSPITALITY.—No carpenter's rule, no rod or chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house lot; go into the house: if the proprietor is condescending and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there, massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossus.—Emerson.

A good-hearted fellow may willingly lend a crutch to halting humility, and yet take delight in tripping up the stills of pretension.

The Spiritualists of Albion, Mich., have a good house, capable of seating three hundred persons, and would be glad to have traveling lecturers call and speak for them.

The Hon. Chas. Francis Adams is the sixth citizen of Massachusetts who has been selected as American Minister at the British Court.

TRANSFER OF LOUISIANA TROOPS.—The Governor has signed a bill transferring the troops, arms and possessions of Louisiana to the Confederate States government.

The Richmond Dispatch calls the tariff "the Bill of Abominations," and says: "The high tariff, destined to chain the South still closer in helpless vassalage to the manufacturing interests of New England, has become a law."

Polltiness is like an air-cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our joints wonderfully.

He who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit toward him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him.

The rumors afloat the past week that a collision between the Houstonites and Secessionists in Texas had taken place, is proved to have been incorrect.

Misouri is not to secede in any event.

ANOTHER ASTEROID.—On the 10th of February, Gasparis discovered at Naples yet another asteroid, for which, it is rumored, he has proposed the name of Garibaldi; but which will, perhaps, not be adopted by astronomers.

FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.—The steamer Massachusetts, Capt. Sampson, from Charleston, S. C., 16th, arrived here on the 21st with 2033 bales cotton, 46 tierces rice, and 30 packages merchandise, and 7 passengers. Among the passengers were three gentlemen of leisure, who went from Boston in her for the express purpose of "seeing with their own eyes and hearing with their own ears" the great commotion of the fire-crests. They state that when they went to a hotel they booked their names "of Boston," and upon every occasion when they were introduced to distinguished citizens, they invariably spoke of themselves as Bostonians, yet their reception was all that they could have desired. They were not dogged, as they had reason to apprehend from the tenor of the news received here, nor did any one ask them impertinent questions. There was plenty of soldiering, marching and counter-marching, but they saw no rowdiness. Politicians spoke freely to them about the affairs of the country, but expressed no regret about secession; on the contrary, the people seemed determined to have nothing more to do with the United States.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity" is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait; not in listless idleness, but in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor, always willing to fulfill and accomplish his task, so that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

RECIPE FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.—Take of sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm. Mix, and "take a drink" twice a day. This is said to be a sure cure for habitual drunkenness.

What's his name thinks that the Arctic regions must be a nice place (an ice place).

Mr. Harris, our minister at Yedo, represents the feelings of the government and people of Japan to be in the highest degree favorable to this country.

VOLUME FIVE.

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LARGE FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT;

And land has been known to rise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts, the Aston district, and the Pleasant Mills district, the Aston district containing about thirty thousand acres; the Pleasant Mills district, between Hammonton and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres.

The office, known as the "Aston" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers from

\$12 to \$20 per Acre.

The twenty acre farm lots in the Aston district will be sold from

\$16 to \$30 PER ACRE.

Village and Town Lots at Hammonton and Hammonton Stations at very low prices, and in sizes to suit purchasers.

An inducement will be given to purchasers.

In the State of New Jersey there is a

LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW,

which protects the Homestead to the extent of ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Under the firm conviction that this arrangement will afford an opportunity for

THOUSANDS TO OBTAIN A HOMESTEAD

and better their condition, and open up a new country to a practical utility and beauty never before witnessed, we lay this proposition before the world.

LONDON, NORTH & CO.

N. B. Persons wishing to make inquiries by letter, enclosing stamp, will be answered cheerfully. Address or apply to

JOHN LONDON, or

Dr. J. H. NORTH, Hammonton, Atlantic County, New Jersey; JOHN KENAN, Weymouth, N. J.; NEWMAN WEEKS, Agent for New England, at Rutland, Vermont; and S. W. DICKSON, Philadelphia, Pa.

MARCH 30.

SPRITOSCOPES.

W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Indiana, is manufacturing to any part of America, at \$1.00 each. They are neatly constructed, and well packed in boxes, ready for delivery. Address, enclosing \$2, to W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Ind. March 30.

M. E. G. GAY, Business Clairvoyant and Trance Medium, Office, 641 Washington street. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Circles, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. Sittings 50 cents; Circles 18 cents. If March 30.

SAMUEL H. PAIST, a blind Medium, having been developed as a Healing and Clairvoyant Medium, is prepared to cure all diseases, and to read the future. Address for the present, 634 Race street, Philadelphia. If Nov. 17.

MRS. LAKE, Healing Physician, at No. 18 Hudson street, Boston. All diseases treated by magnetism. Simple natural remedies administered if required. Feb. 23, 1861.

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[FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

Clair threw herself onto a large velvet rocking chair. Time passed. The sun had gathered from earth his mantle of rosy brightness, evening shadows had gathered; and now the hour was fast approaching midnight. Desolate suddenly aroused, unclosed a closet which she wore fastened to a chain around her neck. On one side was the miniature of Albert Rivers—the other her own; and under each the initials of their names. A slight rustling was heard; the door opened.

"Albert, may, forgive me!" murmured the unhappy woman, pressing the picture to her lips.

"We will."

Within the door stood the two Rivers, and May smiling with happiness. A smile played o'er the even features of Desolate St. Clair's face. With outstretched arms she fell forward a corpse; and thus she was found next morning by Nurse Ellis.

I sought the locket from the floor, and walked to the window. The lawns and gardens, shrubbery, flowers and fountains had faded; and there were the old ruins, briars and weeds. And the lately handsome mansion, with its richly and elegantly furnished rooms, was now empty and deserted.

I was returning, filled with surprise and wonder at all I had seen, when what a pain seemed to shoot through my temples! I had been asleep, and was in my own little room. It was very late when I awoke with a start. A form flitted past me, and the features of Desolate St. Clair were plainly visible. When I became conscious again, I was in a darkened room, my own mother bending over me. The summer days had shortened into autumn, yet weeks elapsed ere my strength was sufficiently restored for me to return to my own home.

I had been dangerously ill with brain fever. They say I raved constantly of Oak Grove, and yet I had seen and heard. I had been dreaming, yet it was not all a dream, for old people said, when I related the scenes I had passed through in my sleep, exactly as I had seen so everything had happened—so the place had been, when Desolate St. Clair was mistress of Oak Grove.

Riding through what had once been the garden of Oak Grove, I espied a grave on the spot where I dreamed Rivers and May were buried. On all night, we found a marble slab almost down, with their names and ages inscribed thereon, and the date of their deaths. I left the place immediately, and have never visited it, or desired to do so, since.

The night of that strange eventful dream, when they found me in a swoon, I had clasped in my hand a golden locket, with the miniatures of a lady and gentleman, and beneath the picture of the man were the letters A. R.; and under that of the lady D. St. C. When shown to me, I recognised the faces of those I had seen in my dream; but the locket disappeared as strangely as it came—how, when, or where, we have never known. It has always remained a mystery.

Edgar Mordant wrote me that he was having the old house torn down, and intended making a beautiful place of it. Perhaps, when the new edifice is completed, I may visit it, when every trace of the St. Clair abode has been swept away.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.
Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what He is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible!

Give to grief a little time, and it softens to regret,
and grows beautiful at last, and we cherish it as we do
some old dim picture of the dead.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

Gather the scattered band of pearls,
Tie up its broken string;
Gather the scattered family
In one unbroken ring.
Gather them home from sea and land,
Gather them home from far and near,
Gather them round the household hearth,
Gather them from the waning year.
Thanks to the blessed Father of all,
For the Spring with its buds and bloom,
Thanks for the Summer with its gladness,
For the fruitage and perfume
Thanks for the Autumn harvestings,
For the yellow corn and grain,
Ripened through many a valley,
O'er hillsides and o'er plain.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure; and the
conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

LAST TO FADE OF ALL IS FANCY.

Day by day old sorrows leave us,
Leave us while new sorrows come;
Come like evening shadows length'ning,
Length'ning round the spirits' home.
Day by day fade Friendship's flowers—
Flowers that flourished in the past—
Past, oh, Past!—once bright and glowing;
Glowing once, but dimmed at last!
Last to fade of all is fancy—
Fancy, ever young and gay;
Gay as when young Love was dreaming,
Dreaming, dreaming, day by day,
Fear is the virtue of slaves: but the heart that loves
is willing.

The Coast Slave Trade.

Every day brings something new, which, however,
is an old affair, at best; and we only wonder it had
not been thought of before. There is a rumor now
that the European powers are urgently pressed to go
to work and establish forts all along the coast of Africa,
from which slaves have been deported in such
quantities for so many years, and to withdraw their
squadrons. The calculation is, that these forts, if
placed at proper distances along the coast, will
abundantly answer all the old purposes of the
squadron, and a good deal more. It is also said
that, while this mode of defending the African coast
will be more effectual than the former method, it
will likewise be more economical. This watching
or slavers by the armed vessels of England and
France has degenerated into a perfect piece of humbug;
slaves are allowed to sail forth, and are even
invited out by well known stratagems, and then over-
hauled with an energetic impulse of virtuous abhor-
rence, for the sake of the certain prize-money! Better
erect forts, and put a stop to the business
altogether.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL,
BOSTON,
Sunday, March 17th, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge continued her discourse at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday, the 17th inst. The subject of her evening's lecture was "The Earth and its Destiny." She spoke substantially as follows:

"He doeth all things well!" Thus speaks the soul of this beautiful Earth and its Destiny. It belongs to all the race—man, woman, child. There is not a pulse that beats within her mighty veins, a throb of her great ocean heart, but finds a response within ourselves. It is not for the brief moment of mortal pilgrimage that earth is ours. Her destiny for weal or woe, time and eternity, is inseparably that of all her children. She takes her place high up in heaven's courts, amid the shining sisterhood of stars. Every sigh that thrills the breast of humanity is echoed through all space. These glimmers not a grain of sand upon the broad sea-shore, but bears indestructibility stamped upon its tiny form. Not a mote that dances in the sunbeam, but is a globe of eternal life.

Strange! with such indefinite purpose and vague uncertainty has the open book of nature been read by men of science, that their very best theories of the origin and destiny of earth are, even now, fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The prevailing religious conceptions on this subject are little else than childish—regarding the illimitable system of creation as designed but to wait upon this little floating dew-drop of earth, and predicting a day of utter ruin and destruction for all the divine harmony and beauty of the universe. Religion thus speaks concerning the destiny of earth, because, standing proudly aloof from science and reason, she claims to possess the one infallible revelation, albeit through the lips of finite man, which anticipates and governs all human research and discovery.

Religion, which professes to deal with the spirit, forgets that spirit is never manifested apart from matter. Science forgets that behind all the exhibitions of matter, spirit must be, before order, design, and law can reveal themselves in material forms. The body without the soul is meaningless; the soul without the body can never be demonstrated or known. Thus do religion and science stand apart; and until they link hands, the sublime truth remains unrecognized, that "He doeth all things well." Then, and then alone, can earth reveal her destiny, and speak directly to the spirit.

What are some of the theories of science for the solution of this great problem? For a long time the so-called *Newtonian* theory was claimed, by the scientific world, to be rigidly demonstrated. It represents the earth as the result of a special manufacture by a personal God, and launched into space by a primitive impulse from the hand of its Creator. It assumes that the earth's motion is the result of momentum. By the law of inertia, the earth, once set in motion by momentum, would continue to move forever, without a resisting force; that is, its course must lie in a vacuum. To account for the circular path of the earth, the term *law of attraction* has been invented. The sun's attraction is assumed to be the power which prevents the earth from flying off into indefinite space. Now, in the first place, it has been proved that in all the infinite universe there is no such thing as a vacuum. Hence, this planet's motion must constantly encounter an opposing medium. The result is, that attraction, thus aided, must finally conquer, and the earth fall into the sun. This theory is highly satisfactory to the destructionists; but later discoveries have compelled the sages of this generation to abandon it, and it has quietly slid out of fashion.

Another is the *nebular* theory, which supposes the planets to have been produced by an emanation of gaseous matter from the sun, and its condensation, first, into vast orbital rings, and then, as the process went on, into worlds. The formation of satellites, or moons, is accounted for in an analogous manner, by a secondary emanation, during the process of cooling, from the planets themselves. This is the most natural and plausible theory which science has yet given us. But here steps in gold, calm geology. She, too, looks upon the present only, and tells us the dry land gains upon the sea. Oceans are retreating, lakes and rivers disappearing, glittering fountain and murmuring brook soon to be no more; worst of all, that we are passing out of the sun's bright atmosphere. The day must, therefore, come, when earth shall cease to be the theatre for living, moving, thinking humanity; no light, no heat; the genial sunshine forever departed!

The latest hypothesis is termed the *electrical* theory. It assumes that upon matter two motions are imposed, so that all matter is the subject of two eternal forces, attraction and repulsion, between which it oscillates forever. By the law of repulsion worlds are thrown off, and scattered far and wide in space, and by the same law they themselves throw off new worlds—satellites—until, at last, the ultimate point of repulsion is reached, and then, the law of attraction prevailing, calls the satellites home—the moon is nearing the earth, every planet its sun, and at length all will fall into one motionless centre of ruin.

Such the fate these cold, heartless schoolmen assign for this fair and useful thing, this "bride of God," this "sister of the spheres!" And thus widely they differ upon the most vital points, that belong to what is called "exact science."

Where shall be found a compromise? We everywhere find that creation starts from a germ. Progress is the genius of creation. And it may be assumed that the same law of growth and unfoldment prevails in the world, as exists in the microscopic tree or flower. With this view we are ready to accept the nebular theory. And if it be true, what if this earth do pass from out the sun's influence? Other planets are shining, worlds, the most remote rim of space around shining, worlds, their distance so immense as to defy comprehension. What may be the physical condition of these glittering satellites—Herschels and Jupiters—with their moons and belts, apparently glowing with light, splendid, large and radiant, and everywhere bearing the tokens of an older immortality than ours. Why should not the earth itself follow them? Because, say scientific men, it must then cease to be the abode of beings whose existence depends upon the presence of light and heat. They tell us that the density of some of these planets is no greater than that of cork—indeed, that they are little else than mere vapor; they are so magnificently luminous, and yet beyond the enlightening and cheering power of the solar ray. Since, then, heat is the only known agent in nature that acts with repulsive power, those far off worlds must have been repelled by internal heat—an amount vast enough to more than compensate for their distance from the sun. Volcanoes and earthquakes show that the earth's crust slightly bridges over an enormous interior world of fire, ever struggling to break through its prison of ribbed rock and fruitful soil. The housewife knows that when the radiant sun light is pouring on her fire, it is quenched, the greater heat extinguishing the lesser. But if our earth shall join her distant brethren, then will blaze up her housewife fire, resplendent throughout the universe.

Ours is only one of numberless solar systems that dwell in the immensity of God's universe. Let earth, on her shining path, pass whithersoever she may. "He doeth all things well." In His hands we are safe. There is room enough for our world, and it shall never know destruction. The Judgment Day is perpetual. Death is but the breaking up of form. Though the earth perish, die to its material condition, its soul is immortal. All our thoughts are the thoughts of God. They are not created, but are reflections of the Infinite Mind, the source of all thought. All that we think has first a spiritual birth, and therefore can never die. So of our world, the thought of God, the child of His radiant mind. She may shake off the coarse, hard particles of matter, and, perhaps, become a sun, the centre of a system, the glorified spirit of the form she was.

Every age proclaims—Onward, onward forever! For every age, if it contain the lowest, contains a 'so the highest; and He who "doeth all things well," in His eternal justice calls up the lowest thing to take the place of the highest. There is no pause in His progressive scheme nor lack of justice. And on the high ground of death He has writ the shining stars of immortality, the pure lily-white of angel loveliness.

What are the elements of the world's progress? Before it came into the lordship of man, we find the Creative Mind, in goodness, wisdom, power, working, working ever: all motion—no rest. There is talk of the *vis inertia* of matter. But there is no such thing as rest. We cannot find it. Attraction and repulsion are the hands upon the dial-plate of time, pointing to eternal composition and recomposition. Neither is there any destruction. Therefore, when we look forward to a world waiting for us, or fashioned for us, or talk of the *vis inertia* of matter, we are at fault, even in our science. The world was and is ever working; and whether the form in which it works be recognized, or not, we never find that form without the impress of a power that we call God. "My Father worketh hitherto," the Son of Man proclaims, "and when I come I work." And from the moment when man's hand stamps its sovereignty on earth, the hand of God, as a worker, is withdrawn. The world's means of progression, then, are the works of man, his intellect, his genius, his discoveries; and its means of power are his efforts and his thoughts.

But say no more, "Whatever is, is right." Whatever was, was right, when God held lordship of this world. Wherever the Perfect reigns, whatever is, is right. But man, the finite, cannot be the infinite; he the part cannot be the whole; the imperfection cannot be the perfect. His work, then, is to perfect his own nature; instead of vegetating in satisfaction that his God is good, to strive to be like unto Him. It is by his saints and reformers, by the tears of the sorrowful and the sighs of the suffering, by the resignation of its martyrs, by the strength of its Pauls and its Stephens, by every good thought and every good word—it is by all these that our world grows more beautiful.

Nature is progress, in all her parts. The air is finer now than in old days; the colors of the rainbow fairer. It matters not what may be the earth's ultimate destiny. The animals of "pre-Adamic" ages lived in conditions that would have been fatal to man; the radiant beings of better worlds exist in conditions that we cannot now attain unto. Life is everywhere, and is adapted to all possible circumstances.

Until you find out retrogression, and capture that point of existence where annihilation commences, tell us no more, O man, of the loss or polishing of earth. Tell us no more of the angel of destruction, and the dreadful trump of doom. Tell us no more of burning flames—or things no more fatal and potent, drawn from mere physical science—forgetful of that Infinite Soul on which the cottage child may rest with more assurance than your Humbolds and your Cuviers. Unless the high priests of science feel the spirit of God vitalizing this glorious earth, and His hand upholding it—unless they trace His power sustaining it—unless they anchor these planets upon beauty and goodness at last, and confess that though the skies shut out their dew, their souls can follow Him in confidence and love through all eternity—they are no guides for us. They can only tell what is not what shall be, not what has been. But this we know, and shall evermore rejoice in; whatever befall, that He is, and "He doeth all things well!"

Reported for the Banner of Light.
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1861.

SUBJECT—"Special Providences."
DR. CHURCH, Chairman.

DR. GARDNER, made the opening remarks, giving a short definition of what was meant by "Special Providences," and cited facts recorded in the Bible, such as the dividing of the waters of the Red Sea, the stoppage of the sun and moon in the heavens at the command of Joshua, the immaculate conception, and the death of Ananias, etc., which he said, in his opinion, there was no truth in; but as he had not had time to prepare himself to do justice to the subject, he proposed to spend his time in reading a portion of Andrew Jackson Davis's book, upon the subject of "Special Providences," believing it was as instructive on this subject as anything that could be read.

REV. MR. THAYER remarked that he did not wish to ridicule the opposite to what he understood to be a Special Providence; which he would define as he understood it. Some Lexicographers had defined it as a divine manifestation, which is uncommon—not of frequent occurrence; and he said, let me give a few examples of what I consider "Special Providences." Take an incident in the history of Moses. Pharaoh had "deemed to death all the male Hebrew children that were born." Now the mother of Moses had a desire to preserve him, and hid him among the bulrushes. After he had been kept some months, the daughter of Pharaoh, passing by, saw the child, and it wept, and she had compassion on it, and sent for some one to nurse the child, and the mother was near, and in condition, and was hired by the princess, and wages paid her. He grew up to be a special deliverer of his people. I am disposed, says the speaker, to consider this a special act of Providence. Had he not been preserved, what would have been the state of the Israelites, it is hard to conjecture. Take another case: Here he told the story of a woman who was poor and cold, and went out to steal some wood. Her conscience smote her, and she hesitated. An unseen observer had noticed her, and heard her self-conflict and decision of remaining honest and cold. The observer was moved with compassion, and looking her up, and inquiring into her condition, helped her, and put her in a comfortable state. He believed this was a special Providence, to reward this poor woman's honesty. He also told the story of a little boy who wanted an education, and was told to apply to Jesus Christ for aid, and he did so, by writing to him a letter; and the address, attracting, as it naturally would, attention in the office, was opened, and it led to a person interesting himself for him. His (the speaker's) time being ended, he had no opportunity for remarks, save to mention these instances as proof of there being Special Providences.

Mrs. COOLEY did not like to see any one take the Bible and pick it to pieces. She thought it was mean business. She had something to say in favor of Special Providence. She was out seeking aid for a poor girl, and felt strongly inclined (she did not know why) to go down Commercial street. Now it was growing late; people had gone home; still she felt she must go in that direction. Pursuing her way, she met an intoxicated young woman, and a crowd of boys following and annoying her, no police being round—none to save her. She cared for the poor girl, got her comfortably housed, and when she was sober, prayed with her, and aided her, and she is now a good case, and doing well. She thinks her going in that direction, so fortunate for that poor girl, was God's Providence. She thought the star that arose and stood over the infant Jesus, which the wise men saw, must have been a Special Providence.

MR. COPELAND, under influence, said man had always considered himself of great importance, and that the world, stars, plants, animals, were all made for him, and coal put in the ground to warm him. But there is no reason for thinking everything was made for man. Is not God a perfect God? and does he not make perfect laws? and can perfect laws be changed? Certainly not. If they can, then they are not perfect. Because man is a little better than the animals, and walks on two legs, like his great primal grandfather the monkey, should all things made, be made for him? Should one man's anxiety for rain be gratified, and another man, who wanted sunlight, be disappointed? No; we have each in their due proportion, without reference to any man, but under the action of God's perfect laws. He quoted from Mrs. Crow, and mentioned some premonitions, which appeared to be Special Providences, but were, in fact, the operation of laws. Spirit friends are always round, but cannot always impress you, but do when the conditions admit; and when they do, it seems like a Special Providence.

MR. DRUMS said, can it be possible that there are any among you who do not believe that man's highest

est conception of God, is always his God? "The God of the Jews was a revengeful God—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Then, the Christian's God is a God of love—the same God who never changes; but man changes, and thus you have a clue to all the changes—of man's conception of God. His man fallen so low as to worship himself? The reasonableness of Special Providence is sufficient to establish the fact, and you cannot drive away or blot out what is reasonable. Is the doctrine of Special Providence reasonable? Every one knows it is reasonable. The Bible ideas are always the best. If that made nature, must be nature's master. We read multitudes were fed, &c.; now God has arranged that grain should grow, and take a certain period, say three or four months, to produce the article in shape for food; but who will say he cannot, if he chooses, do it in a less time—yes, in an instant? No one. He then referred to Ananias and Sapphira, and commented thereon; said it was true because the Bible said so, and the Bible had God for its master. He then related the case of the blind man, who was healed of his blindness, and then asked the Conference to compare that with the trash offered and read by Dr. Gardner, written by A. J. Davis on this subject.

MR. WETHERS said, the brother who had just sat down, has called attention to the Bible story of the blind man healed, and the book by A. J. Davis. Now you should consider the fact that Mr. Davis had had no advantages of education, and he had produced some books which Theodore Parker, one of our greatest scholars, had pronounced wonderful and as miraculous, humanly speaking, as anything on record; but attribute it to the influence of spirits, and see no miracle in that or anywhere else. The brother assumes too much for the Bible. I have no wish to, and will not, say a word to disparage that book, but any one who takes it literally as a superhuman effort, or as unquestioned authority, will find it a lame affair. Spiritually, there were symbols and ideas, which will save it for all time, not its literal facts. I am not a believer in Special Providences, which I define to be a suspension of the laws of nature. We cannot comprehend the Infinite, nor fully his mode of operation. It is common to conceive that Deity, at a given time, (after waiting cycles of ages, which we know nothing of), spoke the Word, and from nothing burst into life, this and all other worlds, and all the circumstances, minute and great, in connection, and therefore it is no tax on reason or logic to suppose he could unmake it, or any part of it—stop the action of a law for a minute, or forever; but there were many who had great learning, and reasoning and thinking powers, who doubted the theory at the start, of making something out of nothing; and that on the contrary, mind and matter, or God, which for aught we know may be the infinite of mind and matter, may be and are both eternal and self-existent; and to give the Infinite a special form, implied locomotion, and as we cannot claim the exclusive presence of this God of form to suspend a law, to drown a man or Sunday, which would fall on Monday; because we must suppose in some distant star, (as well as everywhere else) which takes years for a ray of light to pass from it to us, even at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, and being naturally there as here, acts for Special Providence to perform, our intellect sees the absurdity. The pious man falls back on the oft repeated quotation, "Great is the mystery of Godliness." The man with common sense says the idea is absurd, and Special Providence is not a reasonable fact. All the acts of Special Providence on record in the Bible, or anywhere else, not overlooking the case of sympathy related by sister Cooley, can all be accounted for by or through the influence of disembodied spirits. Those who have the ancient ideas of death, have some show to attribute them to the Special Providence of God; but we who are Spiritualists need not, and as a general thing do not, do so.

DR. WOLFE said his remarks last week expressed about all he had to say now; and if he said anything more, he should repeat himself. The several speakers last week and to-night occupy different standpoints. He was satisfied that the strongest advocates of Special Providences were those who knew least of nature's laws. Referring to Mr. Burke's illustration of Harold, King of England, with a debauched army, being conquered by William the Norman, whose army spent the night in prayer, he said it required no Special Providence to account for the conquest of England, under those circumstances. Napoleon had said that army was always the most victorious which had the most motto.

DR. GARDNER then rose and would like to say a word himself, as at the opening he had read, and in his own way. The reason, said he, why I ridiculed the Bible facts, was because people held them up without evidence, demanding our belief because they were in the Bible, and the only way to meet such nonsense was by ridicule. In reference to the book of A. J. Davis, that he had read from, he would like to hear the argument refuted—it has not and cannot be done. He made some remarks on psychological influences, and thought the death of Sapphira a clear case. Her husband just dead, and she guilty, and believing the apostle had superhuman power, and her dying as she did, was a natural consequence—and no Special Providence. The mind is very powerful, and the causes of death by the effort of the mind or imagination are very numerous.

Mrs. DORRIS said she rose in response to the call for her, and said she believed in Special Providences. There was, however, a cause behind every effect, and every cause is an effect of some other cause, and some go back and back, till we get to the infinite or prime cause—God, who has ever worked by agents, laws, controlling laws, ever blending and mixed, producing all the events of life and nature. Guardian spirits are his agents, and so are we his agents. Now when any act is produced, and the agent is visible, it is not so special; but when it is invisible, then we call it a Special Providence. Take most any event and reduce it to its final point, and we reach God as the author or the cause, but he ever works through agents, and in that way all events are Special Providences; but we should never lose sight of spirit agency, the influences of which appear more particularly special.

The subject next week for conference is "The Bible."

ASTROLOGY.

Many people believe that planets exercise an influence over the lives and fortune of people, and the destinies of cities and nations. In past ages the science of Astrology occupied as high a position among the inhabitants of the world, as any science or system of religion now does; the master minds of the world studied it and practiced according to its rules.

In later years it grew into disrepute, but still lives, and has its votaries, and its teachers in Europe and America. Attention has been called to the subject by several of our trance speakers, including Miss Hardinge, who endorses the science to a certain extent, by asserting its cardinal principle above stated. We may in future numbers give a brief history of the rise and progress of Astrological science, but in the present number have only room to say that it is worthy the attention of those who have time to devote to it—especially of those who are interested in the question of the Free Agency of Man. We have been much interested by certain experiments we have made through Thomas Lister, of Boston, who, by the way, is the only Astrologist we can recommend to any who may wish to experiment in the science. The following brief notice touching upon the influence of the planets upon this country, may be interesting to some of our readers. By *Mundane Astrology* is to be understood that part of the science treating upon the destinies of cities and nations.

MUNDANE ASTROLOGY.

Astrology is a science based upon the fabric of Creation, which has employed the minds of a Ptolemy, who is considered the greatest Astrologist, who ever

lived, a Thales, a Plato, a Virgil, a Kepler and a Newton, besides hundreds of others whose names are immortalized by their learning in the arts and sciences.

Predictions as to occurrences likely to take place, are decreed according to a certain chain of causes which for ages have been found uniformly to produce a corresponding train of effects, the whole system being founded on the result of actual observation. Those who reject the claims of Astrology have never applied their minds to the study of it, and exhibit unfairness in their condemnation of what they know nothing about.

More generally understood, its tendency would be to purify those who came under its teachings, and to enable them to escape many perils which ignorance of the influences of the various planets, compels man to undergo. Crime would be diminished, for who would rob his fellow-man with a certainty before him of being found out? Who would act the hypocrite in religion or morals when he had the knowledge in his bosom that his fellow-man knew him?

As a general thing the world never did like prophets, especially in their life-time, and very few ever escaped some kind of persecution, no matter whether they were Bible prophets, or not. Why did they do this? Was it because they did not believe in prophets? No. They believed in them. How then? Why, because they "loved darkness rather than light; because their deeds were evil;" and so they took advantage of their fellow-men.

"Prophecy serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." (1st Cor., chap. 14th, verse 22). "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." (Prov., chap. 22, verse 3). "Despise no prophecy; prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." (1st Thes., chap. 5, verses 20 and 21). If we believe in the Bible, we must believe in Astrology.

There is no doubt in the minds of all who have given the subject patient investigation, with the mind void of prejudice, that all territories, cities and places are governed by, or are in sympathy with certain parts of the Zodiac. We find the sign Gemini to sympathize with this country, for when Herschel enters that sign, we find important events have always taken place in it. The above rule will hold good ever since this country was discovered. Herschel is eighty-four years in passing through the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

In the year 1624, according to history, we find Francis I., of France, turned aside alike from his elegant and his warlike pursuits, and one year before his defeat at Pavia, he found for his service another Italian discoverer. This was John Verrazani, a Florentine, who reached the Continent in the latitude of Wilmington, North Carolina. He then sailed fifty leagues South, but finding no convenient harbor, he returned and cast anchor, being the first European who had afforded the astonished natives the spectacle of the white race. They were received with rude and barbarous hospitality. Is this not a very remarkable event in the history of our country?

We will next follow the planet Herschel through another revolution, which brings us to the eventful year 1608. On reference to history, you will find events taking place very uncommon. In 1609, the second year of Herschel's transit in Gemini, we find the Colony reduced by famine and distress. (Understand that Herschel remains seven years in one and the same sign of the Zodiac.)

The next period of Herschel brings us to the year 1692, when this State obtains a new Charter, with extended limits.

At another period of Herschel, we find ourselves in 1776, the year of independence or freedom from the mother country.

We are now passing the fifth revolution of Herschel. On December the 20th, 1 hour, 15 minutes, P. M., when South Carolina left the Union, as they thought, the position of the heavens was very unfortunate, so far as they were concerned, for Mars, their sign, was afflicted, and three superior planets were retrograde, denoting that they will never be able to make an independent State. We are of opinion that, gloomy as matters are, they will be settled without bloodshed. On the sixteenth of February, Herschel turns direct in motion, and on the fourteenth of April, Jupiter turns direct, and on the sixth of May, Saturn turns direct. We believe that by the last named date, all will be settled, and the Union saved. The next period of Herschel will bring us to the year 1914, and to a period when slavery will be a matter of history only. We are led to this conclusion from effects produced by the planet Herschel, which are ever strange and out of the way in Nature.

We must not expect to be on very good terms with our brother Charleston till Herschel leaves that sign, which will be in 1866.

At the time of the Independence, July 4th, 10 hours, 15 minutes, P. M., 1776, Saturn was the ruler of the people, forming good aspects with several good planets, denoting that the Union shall be permanent and durable, supported by those three grand pillars of State—wisdom, strength, and unanimity; that in place of disunion, brotherhood will ever be in the ascendant, and the Union will be a beacon light to the world, in point of commerce and civilization, and that other parts, now governed by other powers, will join in the ranks of the star-spangled banner, of their own free will. The Union will never be strengthened, or rather our States will never be augmented by bloodshed, but by free will on the part of those who seek to join us. We also find whenever the evil planet, Saturn, passes through the sign Virgo, that this country suffers very much from sickness, especially cholera. In September next, five planets will be in the sign Virgo, denoting great mortality in various localities. Gales will be prevalent, that will injure the harvests and fruit. On the twenty-first of October, Saturn and Jupiter will be in conjunction, causing a very unsettled state of the weather, with numerous shipwrecks and numerous deaths among men in high stations in life.

Jan. 21st, 1861.

25 Lowell street.

We will remark in conclusion that several mediums have predicted an extraordinary sickness to come upon us soon.]

About two years since John H. Cyphus was hung in Baltimore for the murder of a person named William King. A man by the name of George Owen recently died at the same place, who previous to his decease confessed to several individuals that he was the murderer of King, and that the man hung for the crime was entirely innocent.

Absentmindedness and frugality are the best bankers. They show a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft that is drawn on them by their humblest customers.