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JUDITH; OR, THE MYSTERY OF MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER V.

While in the temporary lodgings that I rented immediately on leaving Mrs. Burleigh, I bethought myself seriously of the future. My past experience had made me resolve to avoid governing, and yet I rebelled at the alternative of a residence at Morton Manor. One morning while at breakfast with the daily paper before me, I saw an advertisement in its columns that attracted my notice. A lady wished a companion for an invalid daughter. The style and occupation pleased me. I at once decided to apply, and dispatched a note to the address given.

The answer received the day following was highly satisfactory, and with much interest I proceeded to the quiet but aristocratic locality indicated. The interior of the house met my expectations, and I was left alone a few minutes, as Lady Orford was not then at leisure. I was not sorry to have an opportunity of examining the surroundings, that I might form some judgment of the owner's probable tastes. Everything denoted wealth, yet there was studied avoidance of ostentation and elegant simplicity that attested refinement. Just as I had finished my survey, and was wishing more than ever that I might be the favored applicant, the lady herself entered the room.

She was tall and full of figure, with an expression of mingled frankness and dignity; and although the soft curls about her face were sprinkled with grey, there was a freshness in her countenance, and a winning cheerfulness in the smile of her fine dark blue eyes, that gave her an appearance of being younger than was really the case. Her dress showed she was a widow, and her voice and manner, though straightforward and clear, were kindly, and tempered with the gentleness of one accustomed to care and bereavement.

"Miss Kennedy, I presume," said her ladyship. After a short conversation, during which we agreed on terms and qualifications, Lady Orford remarked: "For my own part I am satisfied to engage at once without looking further; but as my daughter is the chief person to be suited, I should prefer consulting her."

Accordingly she led the way into a small boudoir filled with plants and birds, where a young lady of about seventeen was lying on a lounge reading.

"Alethia," said Lady Orford, "this is Miss Kennedy; I suppose you would like to see her yourself before deciding."

The young girl raised herself to a sitting posture, and quietly yet politely regarded me. I at once perceived her to be original, and fancied we should assimilate. Indeed, I had an instinctive aversion to people whose negative natures paralyze every spark of individuality in a sensitive person they possess. There was intellect in the clear dark face, and pride in the handsome eyes, and broad forehead crowned with a heavy braid of luxuriant black hair.

"Do you read well, Miss Kennedy?" she inquired; "that is an accomplishment I can ill dispense with, I so often require to be entertained by it."

I replied that it was an exercise I was very fond of and had long practiced.

"You have a musical voice—I shall like that at least; but so few can read with expression."

"I should think," I said, "that any one might read an entertaining book well."

"There is a vast difference in tastes—my choice might seem dull to many."

"May I inquire what style of literature you prefer?"

"Any standard author—a few modern writers; but above all, German poetry. But that loses so much by translation."

I informed her that I could read the original, and that our tastes were similar. With renewed interest she asked if I were fond of music and painting.

"Indeed," I answered, "I am fond of everything sweet and beautiful."

The remark seemed to please her, for she smiled and said:

"I do not see that further deliberation is necessary. One thing more: you sing, I believe? Will you, then, favor me with a piece, that I may know if I am to expect perfection or not?"

Being used to complying with such requests, I drew off my gloves and advanced to the piano without hesitation or embarrassment. The first touch of the keys inspired me with satisfaction—and I was sure, also, that I was to perform for critics.

"Have you any choice?" I asked.

"Suit yourself, Miss Kennedy, unless you choose to select from the music stand."

Left at liberty, I ran through a light prelude, and sang a plaintive air of Rossini's. As I concluded, Lady Orford thanked me; and her daughter, removing the hand that had shaded her eyes, which were dreamier than usual, said softly:

"That is a favorite of mine—I hope to hear it often."

Our agreement was therefore concluded. I was not troubled in regard to references, as I gave the name of my first employers, whose service I had left on account of the death of my pupil, and where I had been an esteemed though humble friend. It was settled, therefore, that I should return to my lodgings and make preparations to remove to Park Lane permanently.

As I retraced my steps to my lodgings, a new world seemed opened to me in the prospect of companionship with cultivated and courteous persons. The days of the Burleigh dynasty appeared to recede

into remote indistinctness. By evening I was installed in the neat chamber appropriated to my use. Before I had time to unpack my trunks, Jenkyns, Lady Orford's maid, came with a message that as the family were engaged, I need not go down stairs that night.

The saying, "like master like man," held good in this instance. Jenkyns was precisely suited to my present employer. She was a discreet, middle-aged woman, penetrating, yet unobtrusive, and, saying that her mistress sent her to help me, resolutely compelled me to sit in an easy chair by the fireplace, while she dexterously transferred my wardrobe to closet and bureau. With the respectful familiarity of a trusty servant of long standing, she asked various questions concerning me, communicating in return such incidents in the family history of her mistress as were useful and proper for a stranger, till I was convinced I had quite won her confidence and good will.

"Has Miss Orford been an invalid long?" I asked, for I was surprised to see so few indications of ill-health in her appearance.

"My young lady's name is Blackburn, Miss," replied Jenkyns; "she is Lady Orford's daughter by a former marriage. She is not exactly in ill health, but delicate like."

And from what my companion said and I inferred, I made out an outline, which I afterwards found to be correct. Lady Orford was past girlhood when she married a wealthy commoner, who died soon after, leaving her with one daughter. While Alethia was still a child her mother was re-married, and to her first love, then a widower, with an only son older than Miss Blackburn. Scarcely three years had passed since the death of Lord Orford, in whose praise Jenkyns was enthusiastic.

"Yes indeed, Miss Kennedy, we lost a kind and good master then, but the title is kept up by his son, Lord Harry Orford, a fine young gentleman."

"Is he at home?" I inquired.

"No, miss. He likes living abroad, and tries hard to persuade my lady and Miss Blackburn to join him, for he is just as fond of her ladyship as if she were his own mother, and she loves him as well, for he is his father over again in looks and ways."

Jenkyns stayed some time longer, describing family peculiarities, and then left me to my night's rest in a happy frame of mind.

On further acquaintance with my employers, I was surprised to find so young a girl as Miss Blackburn with such formed manners, and general knowledge, so very unlike English girls who have never "come out." I then learned that at the time of Lord Orford's death her health had become impaired, and being unable to visit with her any public resort, Lady Orford had been persuaded to consent that she should accompany a paternal uncle and his family abroad, especially as he was joint guardian with herself to Alethia, and urged this indulgence for his favorite.

Being very mature and intelligent, with a will of her own, Alethia, as the heiress to a large fortune, did not lack attention, and by force of character, obtained the same privileges as her cousin Georgiana, who was in society, but well pleased to rely on her more brilliant and collected companion.

All would have gone well had not the headstrong girl insisted on making one of a party in an Alpine excursion, when a sudden change of weather coming on, she was drenched before reaching shelter. The fatigue and exposure caused a fever, from which she recovered with partial paralysis of the limbs.

For some time a morbid sensitiveness took possession of her, and she was a voluntary prisoner in doors, but at length her natural independence conquered, and with it came strength. Her infirmity precluded either a return to regular school tasks, or a formal introduction into fashionable life; yet she now frequented exhibitions, operas, and receptions, managing her lameness, as every one agreed, with perfect grace.

As I had predicted, Miss Blackburn and I suited each other well. There was none of the sarcastic abruptness and haughty ceremony toward me that many received at her hands, but an unobtrusive cordiality and frankness that she could extend, when she chose—but I soon found she did not often choose.

Having learned my family antecedents, both ladies persisted in considering and treating me as if I had been Miss Murray of Morton Manor, the sister, instead of humble cousin to Richmond, and their companion from choice, not necessity.

Before many weeks I had acquired an influence with Alethia that few possessed, and I saw that Lady Orford was pleased to see her drawn out of her isolation.

With the first-summer months, Lady Orford, who believed the country intended for enjoyment at that season when nature is loveliest, removed to her summer residence at Ventnor, where we strolled on the sands and drove in the shady lanes secure from fashionable interruption until autumn.

"Alethia," said Lady Orford, one day, entering the room where we sat, with a radiant countenance and an open letter, "I have such good news for you! Harry writes that he intends coming here, and will be with us almost as soon as we receive the intelligence. Isn't it delightful?"

"A surprise indeed, mamma," replied Miss Blackburn, immediately becoming absorbed in counting the stitches of a particular figure in her crocheting.

In her joy Lady Orford did not observe as I did the lack of participation in her gladness, and soon after Alethia expressed a wish to be wheeled in her garden chair on the beach, knowing that her mother would not accompany us at that hour, the light on the water being too powerful for her in the morning.

As I walked beside the chair, Alethia being silent, I had opportunity for reflection.

Why did she also exhibit this indifference toward one whom everybody else warmly praised? Perhaps it had been a scheme on the part of both their families to unite them, and Alethia did not choose to be disposed of by others; or it might be that Lord Orford rebelled. Perhaps such was not the case, however. They might have been mutually attracted, and Miss Blackburn's infirmity might have placed a barrier, or she might consider it so, and distrusting his affection, scorn his pity.

Perhaps he loved her and she did not return the sentiment, or it would not be so difficult to imagine that a young man like Lord Orford had inspired a passion that her pride and consciousness of blighted life made her guard most jealously. Lastly, she might fancy that her fortune had attractions for him which she had not, and knowing her somewhat suspicious though honorable nature, I could understand her aversion to him in that case.

I was certain that their first interview would prove the truth or falsity of these suppositions, none of which exactly suited me, and especially the last. I soon rejected it as untenable, for Miss Blackburn was far too sensible not to be aware that the favored possessor of youth, health, beauty, an ancient name, and £12,000 a year, could surely please himself without regard to fortune. Indeed, rank would be infinitely more attractive in a worldly point of view.

Here was a puzzle for my problem-loving brain.

When Lord Orford arrived, the secret of his stepmother's unbounded affection was easily understood. He was a fac-simile of a portrait I had seen of his father in early manhood, and must have been a pleasant reminder to her ladyship of the days of her own youth and first love. Perhaps it was this joyousness on the part of her mother when Lord Orford was with them that irritated Alethia's jealous and exacting nature. The day of his arrival we were walking on the sands, when Lady Orford uttered an exclamation, and the next moment was folded in the arms of a fine young man, who next bent over the low chair in which we had been wheeling Miss Blackburn, and, saluting her affectionately, walked on toward the house, answering the hurried questions and returning the endearing epithets of his mother.

"By the way," he said, after a few minutes, "I ventured to bring a friend of mine down here. He won't be in our way at all, and we have been old phibs for ever such a time. We met at Baden-Baden, and he was doubtful about accompanying me here until after a few days, but I would n't take a denial."

"Any friend of yours is welcome, Harry," replied Lady Orford; "but did you say he is a German?"

"Oh, no—a nice fellow, Capt. Yarrington. He can talk books and music to suit you, Ally."

Thus chatting, we entered the house, and Miss Blackburn expressing an inclination to lie down, and Capt. Yarrington having discreetly walked out during his friend's search for our party, Lord Orford was left alone with his mother till dinner.

When we re-assembled the captain joined us. He was tall and graceful, with splendid dark eyes, and not particularly English in appearance; his long waving hair and finely trimmed mustache, together with his easy, unrestrained manners, giving him rather the air of a foreigner. He entered into conversation with Miss Blackburn, on perceiving no disposition on her part to share the interchange of confidences between Lord Orford and his mother, and I sat by, an interested but demure listener, apparently occupied by my crocheting.

Miss Blackburn conversed well, having more of the stiffness peculiar to the British fair, and a large share of originality. Finding a pleasure in comparing different places abroad, I was soon enlightened concerning many customs and peculiarities so entertainingly told by an observant and discriminating traveler, which Capt. Yarrington evidently was. It was also amusing to notice his unruffled composure and comprehensive answers when Lord Orford appealed to him from time to time about names, dates, and places, to eke out the account of his absence.

"I say, Dick," finally exclaimed his lordship, "you wouldn't sit there so quiet talking if you knew Miss Blackburn's mastery of the piano." Then rising and leaning over Alethia's seat, "come, Ally, let us have some of my old favorites."

"Ask Miss Kennedy to sing, rather," she replied; "I am a little tired to-night, especially in my fingers."

"Yes, but this seems so like our old evenings at home," he continued, persuasively; "and it only wants your playing to complete the charm; there is time for songs afterward, and I will even bribe you—if you will oblige me now, Capt. Yarrington shall read you Helme in German, to-morrow, and that's a treat to one who grew so fond of that language as you did while in 'Waterland.'"

Miss Blackburn complied, and delighted each hearer by the excellence of her favorite accomplishment. As I contemplated the group before me, I could not but contrast the change in my life, so completely did I seem to have a niche in a pleasant household, and even as I had when years ago I lived with my Aunt Murray.

Lady Orford sat beside her son, occasionally lifting the curls from his forehead, happiness on the countenances of both; while, absorbed in her best-loved employment, Miss Blackburn's face lost its usual cold, repellent expression, and she replied animatedly to the remarks of the captain, who turned the music and suggested piece after piece. When the circle broke up that night, I believe every member anticipated equal enjoyment at the next meeting.

Although Capt. Yarrington took lodgings in another house, it soon became a matter of course that he should spend much of his time at Lady Orford's

cottage. He frequently walked with us, and often wheeled Miss Blackburn over the sands instead of the servant; yet with all his fascination and wit, there was a gravity underlying it which contrasted with the out-spoken, jovial temperament of Lord Orford; and heightened the interest he awakened in the family.

"Did you ever see a man so utterly devoid of egotism?" Miss Blackburn remarked to me one night as I sat in her chamber before retiring. "Harry says he is always the same as we see him now; no excitement or danger disturbs his serenity and self-possession. He rather avoids society, and has just lost an old uncle to whom he was unweariedly attentive—not a person to attach one in the least, by Harry's account, but very fond of the captain, as well as he might be. Yet for all this gentleness there is no lack of fire when occasion demands. What do you suppose makes him so serious in expression and manner, Judith?"

"Perhaps the loss of his uncle."

"No; Harry says he was so from the first. I believe it is on account of some hopeless affair of the heart." Nothing my surprise at these words, Miss Blackburn continued with a smile: "I dare say you are astonished at so sentimental an explanation from one so matter-of-fact as I, but Lord Orford says his avoidance of female society is remarkable—his consent to encounter even the family of his friend was an agreeable disappointment to Harry."

"Perhaps he is only disgusted with the rapid members of society at foreign watering-places, and expected to find something more superior and congenial in the mother and friend of Lord Orford."

"However that might be, he is certainly most thoroughly domesticated with us. It even seems as if he has grown more joyous since his arrival."

I had thought so myself, and wondered if there were not an inapparent attraction toward Alethia also.

The next day, as we were on the shore admiring the sunset, there being just even numbers without me, I strolled along the smooth sands to enjoy the cool breeze. A bend soon hid me from sight, and I sat down on a shelving ledge to watch the scene. The spot which I had chosen was lonely, and engaged in my thoughts I became heedless of passing moments. Twilight came softly on, and I sang a low sad melody just fitted to the place and time. As I finished, the first few stars were glimmering, and I rose to rejoin Lord Orford.

I had taken but a few steps, when a man who seemed to start from some place among the rocks where I had sat, advanced to my side, and to my astonishment and uneasiness, accosted me by name.

"You do not recognize me?" he said, as I involuntarily stopped. "I am Sir Stephen Canston."

"I did not at first," I coldly replied, "the encounter was so unexpected."

"But I knew you at once—I heard you singing, and was certain I could not mistake that voice. I have not forgotten you—and I am as much your admirer as ever."

"Sir Stephen," I replied, "have the goodness to leave me, and not renew a disagreeable insult."

"Do not say so, Judith; such devoted love as mine is no insult—listen before you condemn—let me plead my cause."

With a determined gesture I interrupted him.

"Once for all, Sir Stephen—will you leave me?"

"Not until you hear me."

I waited for no more. I was confident that Lady Orford and her party were not far distant, and I fled, sure that my assailant would not pursue when they appeared in sight. As I turned the bend of the ledge, I saw with dismay that the smooth extent before me was deserted, and the next second Sir Stephen grasped my hand, exclaiming:

"Foolish girl! did you think to escape me thus?"

I saw that I had but made matters worse. My flight had been so unexpected and unconventional, that all pretence of etiquette was destroyed. I had only piqued the curiosity and roused the will of my pursuer, who found a charm in the novelty of my naive conduct.

He laughed at my distress, and held me firmly.

"Let me go!" I cried, struggling; "you are dastardly to treat a defenceless woman in this manner!"—and quite outraged by this incredible audacity, I trembled and burst into tears.

A tall figure interposed between us, striking Sir Stephen to the ground, and hurried me away till I felt my strength failing. My protector then stopped and said,

"You are faint—lean on me, and it will pass off directly."

I did as he directed.

"To whom am I indebted for this service?" I inquired.

"Do not mention it. I am happy to have relieved you from a troublesome companion."

"I thank you most heartily," I replied, "although ignorant who claims my gratitude."

"You award me undue importance. Wilford Dudley must be a coward to refuse to punish a rascal."

We were now at the gate of the cottage, where I dismissed my companion with renewed acknowledgments, for I did not wish my adventure made public.

I had not reached the house before I heard steps on the walk behind, and Captain Yarrington hurriedly joining me, said:

"What a fright you have given us, Miss Kennedy. Here we have been searching for you so anxiously, and all the while you were quietly sauntering home with a friend."

There was a peculiarity of tone in this speech that struck me as singular in so reserved and scrupulously inquisitive a man; it was almost like demanding an explanation—yet he was so evidently unconscious of it, that I felt inclined to satisfy him in a measure.

"I met a person who was inclined to annoy me—

and this gentleman not only interfered, but insisted on being my escort beyond the risk of such encounters."

"I met him just beyond the gate, and thought I recognized him."

"He gave his name as Dudley."

There was no time for further conversation, as we were now indoors, and the family were eagerly questioning me. I gave the same account, adding the name of my protector.

"Wilford Dudley!" exclaimed Lord Orford. "Well, if that is not a curious idea! What can he be doing in this quiet place so early in the season?"

"Is he an acquaintance of yours?" inquired his mother—and I fancied there was the least possible shade of disapproval in her tone.

"I can't say exactly yes or no—he belongs to the same club with me, and we always bow; have even exchanged a few words at various places, and I believe I once won a bet of him at the Derby—that's the extent."

"He is most distingue in appearance," remarked Miss Blackburn; "I remember how fascinated my uncle's family were with him when they met him abroad. You recollect, mamma, my writing home accounts of him, do n't you?"

"Certainly, my dear, and also my caution to your cousin Emma not to lose her heart, as Sir Wilford was not a marrying man."

And Lady Orford, as she always did when anything recalled that disastrous tour which had made Alethia an invalid.

"For all that, he is an object of much attention," said Lord Harry.

"Yes, and has been for many years," responded her ladyship; "yet I never could see why. Perhaps I am prejudiced."

"Why, mamma?" exclaimed Miss Blackburn, "I have never heard his character aspersed."

"Nor do I now do so," was the quiet reply; "but a friend of mine once had reason to dislike him, and was of course less disposed to side with a stranger than espouse the cause of a friend. Apart from that I have no ground for an unfavorable opinion."

"Yes, you are a warm partizan," said his lordship, gaily.

"I do not give the title of friend lightly, and I generally extend my confidence to the judgment of a person I respect."

Meanwhile my serenity was somewhat disturbed. It would be most unpleasant if Sir Stephen Canston were to persist in annoying me, though I trusted, to avoid further meetings alone.

CHAPTER VI.

"I say, Dick," ejaculated Lord Orford to Captain Yarrington, one morning at breakfast, "let us vary our amusement by a boat-ride. How would you like that, Alethia, better than the garden-chair?"

"If mamma is willing," she answered, for her infirmity made Lady Orford averse to such recreations.

The day was unusually fine, however, and both the gentlemen accustomed to the exercise of boating, so Lady Orford consented to the trip, and was of the party. The intention being to enjoy ourselves in the cosiest manner, we rowed to the spot selected for the impromptu picnic in a sail-boat, without any attendants. Our progress was enlivened by snatches of songs and merry anecdotes. While seated quietly beside Lady Orford, I reveled in the breeze and sparkling waves.

The chosen site was a rural glen, and the hours passed so swiftly that we were hardly willing to return at the proper time. Miss Blackburn pleaded hard for a row home by moonlight, but her mother would not listen to the proposal.

While I was engaged in packing the now nearly empty baskets, while the rest were gathering some luxuriant clusters of laburnums, Captain Yarrington joined me under pretext of offering assistance. After he had disarranged sundry packages, and set loose the contents of a cask, I insinuated that he had better help Miss Blackburn to a bouquet, as his mind did not seem particularly adapted to planning domestic arrangements.

"To tell the truth, Miss Kennedy, I am not thinking of my employment; I simply wish to expedite our departure."

I looked up and saw that a shade of anxiety was on his face.

"Don't be alarmed," he continued, "there may be no reason for the slightest uneasiness; but there is a little cloud in the south-west, that may bring wind or rain, and delay our arrival home."

I despatched my task hastily, while Captain Yarrington called the party together. But Lord Orford had become uneasy by this time, and we had not proceeded far when the swiftly increasing cloud was apparent to all.

The gentleman pulled away in silence, and Lady Orford looked very anxious, as she gathered her shawl closer, for the breeze blew fresher. Miss Blackburn alone showed no concern, but quietly watched the sunset until its bright hues were over-spread by the dark rolling mass.

"Can you handle an oar, Miss Kennedy?" Captain Yarrington inquired in a low voice.

Frequent companionship with my cousin in the days when I lived at Morton, had taught me this accomplishment, and I now answered by taking the only remaining oar.

Just then came a vivid flash and heavy thunder—the next second the rain poured in torrents.

"It's no use, Dick," said Lord Orford; "we have too far to go yet, to risk keeping the ladies out so long. Our best plan will be to pull in shore, and hasten to the nearest house—the whole island is dotted with villas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

CLARA BELL.

(LINES DEDICATED TO HER SISTER HATTIE.)

BY HENRY.

Clara Bell is sleeping low
Where the blue-eyed violets blow,
When the soft, still summer air
Lays the dew-drop in its hair;
Not a dream her sleep illumines,
Not an echo from the tombs;
All is cold and silent there,
Not a sorrow, not a care!
Folded hands and pulseless breast,
Quiet and eternal rest!

Where's the smile that Clara wore?
Nestled in her still heart's core!
Ne'er to curve those lips again,
Ne'er to gush in sweet refrain!
Where's the lustre of that eye,
Over which the lashes lie,
To be lifted nevermore,
Though the wildest sun may pour?
Ah, their lustre now is given
To a Clara Bell in heaven!

Those pale cheeks and forehead fair,
Parted locks of soft, brown hair,
Soon will mingle with the dust;
But the sainted soul, I trust,
Which peered through those bright blue eyes,
Views the scenes of Paradise!
On her cold, pale, placid brow
Withered flowers are twining now;
On the crumbling coffin-lid
Wreaths and sweet bouquets are hid.

Hattie, when you laid them there
In the chilly Autumn air,
Did you think that Clara's hand
Bore them to the "better land"?
Angels tell us every heart
Has in Heaven a counterpart,
Be it but a little flower,
Or a valued, vanished hour,—
Every mite that earth contains,
When it withers here, remains
Purified and fadeth there,
As the buds in Clara's hair!
If it be, the flowers you gave,
Though they crumble in her grave,
You shall see, when you, like her,
Listen to the "Conqueror!"

Rest then, gentle Clara Bell,
You are happy—"it is well."

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

TENTH PAPER—THIRD SECTION.

ULTERIOR BENEFITS OF SPIRIT-COMMUNION.

Having written at some length on the immediate uses of an established intellectual communion between the two worlds of Humanity—the embodied and disembodied, the present and future state of the soul, I now wish to engage the reader's attention to the more consequential utilities of the proposed conversation of men and angels. The absolute certainty that every soul who has obtained a footing in the spirit-land, is able to tell us more about the realities of spirit-life than we can possibly conceive or acquire without such communication, is an all-sufficient reason, to such of the living as are conscious of an immortal principle, why we should listen in some wise to all communicative spirits; but especially to those of undoubted veracity, wisdom and worth. The substance of human interest here-in suggested is the earthly evolution of the science of spirit-life. I am about to unfold to the reader's conception some of the natural and therefore certain effects of this science on the sensuous condition and relations of mankind, whereby it promises to be come the literal Savior of the world. My chosen method of doing this is the following series of elucidated propositions.

I. *The science of spirit-life, comprising a knowledge of our future being and destiny, is innately desirable.* All are more or less conscious of an instinctive curiosity, which in most minds amounts to a restless anxiety, to know what is to become of us after death. So early in development is this natural eagerness regarding our future interest, that even children put such relevant questions as their parents are not always able to answer; and so irrepres-sible in later years is the same providential impulse, that, notwithstanding the quietus of Christian faith and the devout sentiment, backed by Orthodox authority, that the future state is a Divine secret which mankind are not permitted to pry into, pious souls are known to grow oblivious of their religious obligations at times, and ponder the queries of unphilosophized, uncatechized and undogmatized minds, touching the fanciful contingencies of an unknown hereafter. Yes, sometimes in evangelical prints, and very often in the social circles of implicit believers, are asked and answered with more earnestness than satisfaction, such teeming questions as these: "Shall we know each other in Heaven?" "Is it possible for a child of regenerated parents to be forever lost?" "Are the ties of consanguinity and marriage ever broken in the world to come?" Such queries imply a burden of serious reflection which is incompatible with religious ecstasy, and may not invade the sanctuary of worship; but the fact that they are entertained by church goers at all, in the intervals and especially at the conclusion of ecclesiastical exercises, signifies how unsatisfying is the saintly conception of endless adoration before "the great White Throne."

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbathists never end;"

which turns the universe into an Orthodox meeting-house and makes of the future state one everlasting Sunday. The monotony of such constant devotion will certainly be tiresome, says common sense, with no other variations than psalm singing, chorusing and genuflection, and poorly rewarded with palms of victory and harps of gold; unless, softly whispering the natural heart, my wife stands next to me in the circle of saints, and my children are near by; and even then I should prefer an occasional ramble for recreation and varied enjoyment. Thus human nature leaks out from under the thumbcrews of ecclesiastical authority, half eluding the constraints of prejudice and perverse education, and demonstrating an unconquerable desire to foreknow the reality and conditions of the human world to come; which, I repeat, can be fully gratified only by much conversation with those of our late companions who have gone thither before us.

II. *The science of spirit-life is the complement of self-knowledge, which perfects the revelation of human nature.* All spirits are one in essence and ultimate character, however varied the process of individual development. But this truth is not as yet deeply impressed upon the human mind, and therefore our earthly conceptions of character are exceedingly limited and often fallacious. Our estimate of persons is deduced

wholly from their works. To common apprehension, conduct makes the man, or rather divulges him; and thus an individual is a mere budget of historical actions. We make little account of what one might or might not have done, and deduct something from the force of deeds for endeavors without success. And we rarely make due allowance for the blings of conduct upon circumstances; whereby a born-thief, by favor of happy associations, sometimes passes for an honest man to the end of life, while another of luckier birth, being overtaken by temptation, is condemned for a rogue and compelled to reclaim his reputation by more than ordinary exertions.

From similar premises we infer the character of the Race. Our estimate of Human Nature consists of partial reasonings from its sensuous manifestations. This judgment is based upon the false assumption that the present state is the ultimate sphere of humanity. Mere belief of immortality does not avail to counteract this assumption, and prevent its issue, because that begets no rational impression of the inmanifest characteristics of human nature as developed in spirit life. In fact, nothing short of a developed consciousness of this inner selfhood will enable any one to see *Man as he is*, or to have a perfect conception of the physical department of human nature; unless, by long converse with disembodied spirits we grow familiar with their superior abilities, habits and laws of life; by which means I think it possible for the humblest of mankind to be spiritually enlightened, and made better acquainted with themselves and each other, than most of us can ever become without such teaching.

III. *The science of spirit life is the best corrective of human error, and thus the natural remedy for the greatest of earthly evils.* The former member of this proposition is true, simply because the spirit world is the wisdom-sphere of humanity. There reside all the old worthies of earth, with no disposition to salt down or bottle up the fruits of experience for private use, but ready to impart their treasures of knowledge, and apt to teach all who are equally willing to learn. There, too, are many of the former naughty children of the human family and truants from the common school of humanity, not ignorant and clownish as when they ran away, but reformed at length and well-bred by suffering, who have golden words of caution and excellent advice for those of their youngsters whose ears are grown. And the opportune instruction of rising generations by these notable preceptors, is the best corrective of human error, because it proposes to prevent the longer experiment of sensuality, by an appalling revelation of its hellish consequences.

The truth of the latter member of the present leading statement is manifest when we take such a comprehensive view of existing evils as discovers their cause. It is enough for some minds to know that all evil is the fruit of error, and that all error is born of ignorance. For others a more diffuse exposition is needful, though it is not important to trace every special evil to its incidental source. It will suffice to my present purpose, if we regard the most aggravated evils in the order of their genera. Let us take first the class of religious evils, using the adjective in its largest sense as including all false religious and imaginary fears created by—what? We call it *superstition*. But what is superstition, but a general name for this whole class of evils? A child is afraid to be alone in a dark room—why? Because it knows not the cause of darkness, and therefore imagines what is not there. This explains every other form of superstition. The vulgar fear of ghosts and hobgoblins is of the same category, as well as the unnatural dread of a corpse or coffin. The terrors of death have the same origin. So has the fear of Hell, the Devil and a wrathful God. Of all religious fears this is the rationale. What then is the spur of idolatry, the wand of priestcraft, and the real cause of all false religions? Nothing, in fact, that reason ever sees, but a frightful spectre which only appears to ignorance. Now, since there is really nothing to be afraid of in the spirit world, save the natural consequences of our own misconduct here, what else can result from a clear knowledge of what is there, but a complete extinction of all fear in relation thereto, and then an entire disuse of all its idolatrous, detestable and costly manifestations? Without this knowledge there is no probable cure for superstition. Nothing else will kill the religious fanaticism of mankind. This alone will disarm ecclesiastical authority, and annihilate all the hateful powers and abominations of priestcraft. It is merely for want of this intelligence that poor Catholics pay for confessing their sins without a pardon; that timid girls consent to a public ducking in water, as a ridiculous preventive of being drowned in the storied lake of fire; and that sleek pastors are able to command the fruits of honest toil for pretending to screen their flocks from the anger of Almighty God. Light from the spirit-world exposes these fallacies; and this is all that is needful to turn "the King of Terrors" into an angel of Infinite Love, and all the seeming worshippers of the fabulous Christ into real worshippers of the Father. Thus the science of spirit-life is yet to produce the death of "Death," and with that exterminate the whole parasitic brood of sectarian evils.

There is another class of evils generally designated as *social wrongs*, the principal of which are war, tyranny, murder, robbery, theft, fraud etc., each of these species including several varieties of crime, which seem to originate in different human propensities; as inordinate self-love, love of power, love of distinction, and certain susceptibilities of malice. But when these incentives to crime are scanned more nicely, being dissected and explained, they are found to be mere off-shoots from the central principle of self-love, to which all kindred propensities are plainly subservient, and to the intemperate manifestations and exorbitant demands of which we give the name of *selfishness*. This, to the rational observer, is the apparent cause of all voluntary social wrongs, the balance being fairly imputable to ignorance. Pushing inquiry a little further, however, we soon discern that selfishness is only secondary to a more internal cause; to discover which, if the position already reached is just, we have only to trace out the origin of any species of crime we choose. To this end, let us seek the prime cause of war, in all its ugly shapes, from the scuffle of angry school-boys and the bustling ring of pugilism to the horrid arena of national hostility. What is the *beginning* of contention, and what is it that breeds the fray which ends either in bloody noses and sorry hearts, or in the slaughter of armies and slow regret of ages? Nothing, to appearance, perhaps, but a personal collision; it may be accidental or playful, begetting a jostle of mental elements, which, according to the force and tendency of contingent circumstances, gives birth by seeming chance to resentment, thus to insulting words, and words to blows. The rationale of discord is the same from first to last, whether the parties be individual or national, and whether the blows are interchanged by force of

muscle or powder. Here is a series of phenomena—a personal collision, a jostle of mental elements, sudden resentment, insulting words and blows of anger, each one of which is perfectly distinct from the secret spring of the whole consecutive series. These are the external manifestation of an inner disturbance of that spiritual principle of self-hood, which, in its more excellent unfoldings, we call *Individuality*. But what causes this disturbance? Simply the fear of being lost in the crowd.

Every soul naturally desires to be somebody, while a fear of not being recognised originates in the native ignorance of Self—of the imperishable fact that one is somebody in a sense above all possibility of being lost or contingency of being known and loved. This primal want of self-knowledge, together with the fearful apprehension that the present is the only sphere of existence, admonishes undeveloped souls to make the most of sensuous gratifications. Herein also consists the principal motive of self-seeking—to the rage for eminence and worldly aggrandizement. The Divine energy, the innate aspirations of the human spirit, by which it is fitted to live and grow forever, are thus turned backward in their channels, and made to terminate in the vanities of time and sense. All the remoter impulses of the same negative principle, conspire to produce a general scramble for the goods of life, which lessens the chances of enjoyment, and makes the present means of subsistence precarious; and this also multiplies the error-born occasions of discord. In this desperate state of mankind, what could be more soothing to the disappointed and warring elements of society, than to be thoroughly informed of another sphere of being, affording ample opportunities and unlimited resources to all the unsatisfied longings of human nature? What so likely to curb the boisterous passions of men, and prevent violence for sake of transient and guilty pleasures, as well as cruelty for vengeance' sake, as the forcible conviction of *certain retribution* according to the deeds done in the body?—not a sheer word of anonymous testimony to this effect, such as the world has always had, but such a sensibility to the truth as can result only from the science of Spirit-life, revealing the triune attributes of human nature—Immortality, Progression and Responsibility. I hesitate not to say that no sane man, however depraved by former habits, who fully knows himself, and comprehends so much of his own destiny as common minds are capable of learning even from their equals in the spirit-world, will ever willfully perpetrate another crime.

There is one other class of earthly evils which seem to sprig from voluntary wrong; and aside from them and those already canvassed, I know of none but what are allowed to be accidental. I now refer to those which follow the lack of self-discipline—as Intemperance, Licentiousness, and all indulgences which are injurious to self, and take the name of vices. There is no need of argument to show that these are comprised in the general workings of selfishness, and therefore admit of the same remedy as the foregoing.

IV. *The science of Spirit-life will initiate great improvements in the sublimity of Art of Living.* The failure of mankind hitherto to realize the common aim for earthly and temporal happiness, implies that the Art of Living is as yet undeveloped, or but imperfectly applied even to its lowest purpose. It is pitiful to observe how Man turns all his wits to this one end—a heaven of sensuality, yet with no promise of success; nay, assured of defeat by the ever-repeated sense of disappointment. Why is this? There are various opinions. Some lay it to Chance; some to the Devil; some to an evil principle in Human Nature; some to the mysterious ways of Providence; some, if they durst, would curse God, and all murmur against the cause, whatever it may be. There must be a radical mistake somewhere; and almost without reasoning, I should suspect it to be of Human, rather than Divine origin. With reasoning, I have no doubt of being able to maintain that this whole frustration of human Wish by the constant wreck of human Endeavor, is owing to Man's ignorance of himself. A general attainment of self-knowledge—a knowledge of Human Nature as to all its individual and social capacities, revealing in every soul the elements of an ever-living, ever-growing, and ever-amenable being, is quite fundamental to the Art of Living—is the very heart of its development, and the central principle of its efficiency, as an instrument even of earthly happiness; and the highest and largest compartment of self-knowledge is evidently the science of Spirit-life.

Mankind as a whole, and almost without an individual exception, are arrant worldlings, intensely and exclusively engaged in the pursuit of earthly good, having apparently little care for the world to come, and evidently no faith in its realities. If any part of the world is to be excepted from this statement, it must be the land where the Gospel of Everlasting Life is said to have been cherished for eighteen centuries. But look at the inhabitants of Christendom to-day, and see what they are about. Here the people who sit under the droppings of the ecclesiastical sanctuary from youth to age, are resolvable into three distinct classes, according to their various appreciation of the droppings. A not very large portion of this people are Christians; a comparatively small portion are avowed Infidels, while the great majority are skeptics, indifferent doubters, or religious nothingarians, not having interest enough in the vague assertion of a future state to inquire into its merits.

As to the rational disbelievers in Christianity who have yet no scientific data of a world to come, they will not deny that they are living out their honest convictions of the Epicurean policy as represented by the maxim, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*;" and nobody will deny that the multitude of thoughtless unbelievers, assured of "only one life to live," are also striving to realize their indubious sense of earthly interest. But how is it with the Christians—the *irrational believers*, as they are more aptly designated? A marked difference I observe in the mere manners of these and those, especially on Sundays. But do you see any difference in their respective *lives*—in the principle of their conduct, on other days of the week? None at all. The three classes have a common aim in all their secular ways—a common earthly business, which they prosecute by like means and with equal zeal. All are heartily engaged in "getting a living;" and this prospective living is the maximum of worldly good, which is usually conceived as *affluence* and represented to the seeker as an indefinite amount of money, that is to say, as *much as one can get*. In pursuit of this object, Christians are no more scrupulous than others. They are as eager to lay up treasures on earth, and quite as heedless of their Lord's injunction to lay up treasures in Heaven, as ordinary skeptics and infidels. I do not blame them for this. The reason doubtless is that they have no knowledge of a hereafter—certainly no proper conception of its conditions. They have some faith; but

this begets no cheer, because of its gloomy notions. It merely profligates fear while it dampens hope. Thus Christians *serve* rather than *worship* God, and are more anxious to escape Hell than earnest to find Heaven. This is why they give him only his quota of their time, his alleged claim being one-seventh, and are as glad as anybody when Sunday is over. When they leave this world, they expect to give up all their time to their Divine Master, and become his servants forever. No wonder they dread to die as much as unbelievers, and mourn the loss of friends whom death summons to the terrible "Judge of all the earth." No wonder they cling to this life with all the heart, and rival the sinners in scrambling for the poor crumbs of comfort which carnality affords.

Now let us put these three sorts of souls back again into the box from which we took them, and call them all *Worldlings*; for such they are, and have a natural right to be. I am not going to condemn the victims of man's limited experience and imperfect forecast. Go through the world and you will rarely find one of their betters, until human nature is older. But I must be allowed to say that the worldling is grossly deluded. He not only ignores his future Heaven, but misses his temporal aim. Sensuality starves the soul, diseases the body, depraves even the animal appetites, begets personal poverty and social discord, and ultimates in every form of earthly evil. So long therefore as man seeks sublimity enjoyment exclusively, there will be no end to his wretchedness; he will lose all the worth of this life, and procrastinate his salvation from evil in the life to come. Who or what, then, shall be his Savior? The answer was furnished long ago in the sermon of Wisdom on the mount of Ignorance; but to no practical purpose until the question is put in earnestness "Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" "Set your heart on things above, not on the things of earth;" "Lay up treasures in Heaven;" these are excellent precepts to such as understand them; but to the worldling they mean nothing, and effect nothing in his favor. Why? Because he is destitute of the *Wisdom* which prompts good advice. Give him that, and he will become his own best counselor.

If the truth were known, man would prefer the future state to the present as naturally as he now prefers the present state to the future. A deeper insight of Human Nature and Destiny is all that is needful to convert the worldling into a true Spiritu-alist, who, instead of degrading the soul into a mere pandor to animal appetites, would subordinate the body to the ministry of immortal uses. The mere belief of a "Beautiful Hereafter;" without an understanding of its conditions, is less effective, or else may disparage life in the terrestrial sphere and incline the spiritual novice to seek exclusively the boon of celestial bliss; and partial knowledge may have the same effect. But this mischoice would soon be corrected by the information that the two spheres are in natural harmony, being adapted to each other in the consecutive order of birth and growth, and that happiness in the higher is the sequel to a thorough appreciation and improvement of the lower. The science of spirit-life would also contain the explication of soul-development in and through the body, making physical health a necessity of spiritual advancement; and thus the true art of living would begin to appear as that of "keeping the body under"—eating and drinking to live, instead of living to eat and drink. Let this habitude obtain, and the ineptitude of affluence will be manifest; covetousness will grow ridiculously foolish; the love of money—which, if not the root of all evil, as Paul conceived, is quite the largest limb on the old Upas—will wither and die; human desire will tally with natural want, and competence, the fruition of both, will become attainable to all. A knowledge of the inner, immortal self, of its divine birth-right and God-like capacities, would be the best of all securities, not only against intemperance, or pampering of the outer self, but also against idleness, or the disposition to live by the labor of others; because for individual development it is as needful to *earn* one's daily bread as to *eat*; and self-knowledge would reveal this truth. Moreover, the science of spirit-life, which, as I have said, is the complement of self-knowledge, would contain the fact that human nature is identical in both worlds; from which it follows that the course of discipline which is requisite to the attainment of Heaven above, is precisely that which is wanted to secure the maximum of earthly good, or Heaven below. This is why Jesus would have men pray that the will of God be done on earth as it is in heaven, and why he said they that *do* the will of the Father, and none else, can enter heaven.

In this, therefore, consists the *art* of living, call it what you please—religion, virtue, gospel, or philosophy; and simultaneous with this discovery must be the *conversion* of every human heart. Thus, as the fruit of his own brain-born wish, and only thus, will man, the natural child of God, begin to learn, and love, and live the will of his heavenly Father.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THAT WHICH IS PAST, AND THAT WHICH IS TO COME.

BY WASH. A. DANBORN.

Man is indeed a microcosm—an epitome of the universe. All the elements which mingle in the formation of material worlds are found in the combination in his physical structure. All the mental throes of humanity during the long ages of the past are clearly depicted in the progressive unfolding of each single soul.

When the eye of man penetrates the fathomless depths of the etherial ocean, and there beholds myriads of shining globes moving ever onward in majesty sublime, he exclaims: "How wondrous are thy works, oh, Infinite one! how beautiful are the realms forever lighted by thy smiles!" His soul leaps forth in adoration of the great Deific mind—whose love prompted, whose wisdom designed, and whose power created and sustains this countless family of starry worlds.

If the mere external view of this wondrous creation excites such pleasurable emotions, how thrilling is the thought that not a single element exists in all this mighty mass of worlds but may be found blended in that physical form which hath been moulded in such exquisite beauty and fashioned with such perfect adaptation to be the earthly habitation of the living spirit.

When man looks with unclouded mental vision within his temporary abode he finds, by scientific analysis, that all the various kingdoms of nature contribute their treasures to impart strength and solidity to the structure. The mineral comes forward with its offering to form the basis or framework; the vegetable freely tenders the many delicate fibres which give elasticity and roundness to the form, while the animal lays down his transitory life to the feet of his superior to enable the warm currents to flow with accelerated rapidity through the tenuous vessels which traverse the entire system.

Thus the light which now is shining on the past displays the gradual progress of the material world through all its many transitions; stepping, grade by grade, onward and upward until it reaches its apex in the formation of the human body.

While man dwelt in the bondage of superstition, ignorance cast her dark shadows along this pathway, and no clear view of the process by which man was formed from the dust of the earth could be obtained.

Science, in her attempts to penetrate this mystery profound, was hushed into silence or awed into submission by the ecclesiastical mandate: "Seek not to be wise above what is written; these are the hidden secrets of the Most High; dare not to lift the veil which shuts them out from mortal vision!" But impelled by that desire for knowledge which is so beautifully foreshadowed in the ancient allegory, where we are told that the maternal parent of the race dared disobey the injunction, which said: "On the day in which you eat of this fruit you shall surely die"—impelled, we say, by this longing for knowledge which our mother, Eve, is said so daringly to have exhibited, man will not bow to the dictates of ecclesiastical ignorance or bigotry, but is forever delving into the bowels of the earth, minutely analyzing and classifying the various strata there found imbedded. Not satisfied with this examination of the interior, he rises to the surface and there finds vegetation taking such form and growth as the components of the soil had led him to anticipate.

In this open field of nature he continues his research and brings into order the many kinds of shrubs and plants, trees and flowers, fruits and vegetables which cluster in such rich profusion around him; his eye then falls upon that portion of the creation which has for its distinguishing characteristic the power of locomotion—the ability to pass at will from place to place. Here he beholds many forms of bird and beast, fish and reptile, but the apparently innumerable variety that greets his vision neither bewilders nor discourages him. Still urged onward by this inborn love of knowledge, he concentrates his will and thought upon the task, and order springs from chaos. This world of animal life is formed into regular classes; each class taking its true position in the line of animated nature; and from the lowest form where voluntary motion is exhibited each link is perfect and complete, rising in unbroken order until it terminates in the regal Lion, the dreaded monarch of the forest, or the imperial Eagle, the fearless rover of the skies.

This craving appetite for knowledge not yet supplied. Man claims to analyze the viewless air. He separates the various elements, weighs and measures them with faultless accuracy, ascertains their properties and purposes, and thus declares his mastery over that which is invisible, as he had previously done over that which is seen.

Now passing outward from the material globe, and rising beyond the atmosphere which he inhales, his thought aspires to the realms where glowing worlds float onward in illuminated space. Finding that his unaided vision cannot penetrate the depths where reason tells him other worlds must be, he forms the crystal into telescopic lens, and thus unfolds to sight that which before dwelt only in his thought.

Viewing with rapture this new addition to his already vast possessions, his restless anxiety still urges him on his way, until the monstrous globes which dwarf your world into a mole-hill are measured in circumference and diameter—are weighed in his balances—their relative distances determined, and even the time accurately ascertained which may be required for the rays of light emitted by them to reach the earth on which we dwell.

Thus hath man passed, on and over onward from the opening dawn of intelligent existence, until he has reached the blushing morn whose rosy hue illumines his upward path.

Each new discovery casts a stronger light upon the recent past, and shadows once so dark are fast disappearing before this genial sunshine.

Having thus asserted and demonstrated, his supremacy over matter, man has now bent his footsteps toward the domain of the soul.

Refusing longer to look to dogmatic ignorance for guidance in this path, he turns his mental vision to the realms of inner life, and there beholds pictures whose colors were blazoned by no mortal hand. Dazzled at first, by the rich flood of heavenly radiance, he fears the light may be too strong—the golden glory too bright for his yet feeble optics—and turns away; but emboldened by remembrance of his past success, he looks again and finds that manly effort over meets its just reward.

His undaunted gaze into the world of spirit life not only brings to view a scene of beauty unconceived before—but all the gloomy superstitions of the past die out.

No lurid hell, with countless fiends and flames unquenchable, appears. This ghastly picture fades before the light which now illumines the scene. This direful chimera, with which the zealous priest sought to affright the turbulent passions back to their lurking places in the soul—like the thoughtless nurse who scares the little ones entrusted to her care by awful stories of hobgoblins—dread no more asserts its power.

Man calmly listens to these fancies of the mad-dened brain, and says: "I see no flames, no fiends, no lingering tortures here."

Our Father is a God of Love!—a wise, almighty God, from whom outflows no angry thought, no vengeance dire, no threatening look nor hasty word. In all the kingdoms of His vast domain no part or portion is thus desolated by His hate.

His temple fills all space. No noisome pit or dungeon there exists. His all-pervading smile illumines the whole, and darknesses and evils damned have never place therein. The grandeur of His vast design is seen in every glittering star, in every trembling leaf. The burning sun, in distant heavens placed, the tiny glow-worm of the summer eve, displays his wondrous skill. From all the forms of life which fill the air—from all the finny tribes that throng the seas—from plant, from animal, from earth and sky come teeming tribute to His love and power.

The shadows of the past have been man's fears. The only light—his hopes. But in the coming future both hope and fear will pass away, and in the knowledge of God's perfect law will man in safety rest.

Perfection knows no flaw, and man, when knowledge fills his soul, will see that all is well.

Knowing that a hand omnipotent hath fashioned him in spirit, and moulded him in form, he will also know that infinite wisdom works not without design—that infinite love acts not in angry mood—that infinite power must ever ultimate that which infinite love and wisdom have decreed. Therefore, he has no cause for trembling fear—no need of doubting God. God's purposes cannot be foiled. God's laws can never fail. And, when this golden ray of light divine shines through the chambers of his brain, he will clearly see that a God of Love would not have formed a burning hell of never-ending torture—a God of Wisdom would not create a dark, infernal

found—a God of Power must have perfected all His works.

When man once gathers in this thought, no more will he shrink in dread from close inspection of the ways of God. No more will priestly mandate check his earnest search. His faculties, derived from source divine, will not be held in bondage to a narrow creed; but, strengthened by their constant use, will grasp all truth that lies within their reach, and bathe forever in the flood of light that flows from the Supreme.

Baltimore, Md., March 14, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE CHIEF OF BROOKLIN TIDE.

Deep fell the shadows of the night
Along the Brooklin Tide,
As boldly rode a gallant Knight
To claim his bonny bride.

Fierce strode the wait o'er moorland bare,
And shrieked the tempest's breath,
As when the mounted Prince of Air,
Disputes the race with Death!

"Haste! Boatman, haste!" loud rose the call—
"Though winds and billows rave,
This night the Chief of Stanton Hall
Must cross the Brooklin wave."

Affianced long to Clifton's heir,
I lose my bonny bride,
Except this hour you bravely dare
To row me o'er the tide."

"Sir Knight!"—brave Marco answer gave—
"The ghosts of Elfin Weir,
And storms that break from Ocean's caves,
And lash the Witchlock-Moor,
Were trifles light my heart to shake!
If on the Whirlwind's steed
Dark legions rode, and tempet spake,
I'd help a friend in need!"

"But now, kind sir, the signs deceive,
If Watloos bear the rod;
And mortal may not dare, and live,
A messenger of God!
My wife and children, home, and all,
Are dear as life to me—
This night, I cannot heed thy call,
To cross the Brooklin sea."

Out spake the Knight, then, bold and clear—
"Good Marco, hear my word!
All the rich lands of Vandorgere,
As lives our gracious Lord,
My own broad seal conveys to you,
His hills and valleys wide,
If safely now you bear me through,
The Brooklin's stormy Tide!"

"My heart is set to bide my say,"
The steadfast Boatman cried—
"I love you much—o'er much, I may,
And mourn your bonny bride:
But were my love as vapor light,
And less the world to me,
I could not tempt, with thee, to-night,
The Brooklin's angry sea."

"Recall that hasty offered prize,
My gallant Stanton true!
The bride that claims such sacrifice,
Can scarce be worthy you:
Of ancient line and courage rare,
Haste back to Verdon-lee—
In vain you seek the fickle Fair,
Such night, o'er Brooklin sea!"

One look above, and one ill kind
"The Knight to Marco gave;
Then, rowed steel, fleet as the wind,
Leapt on the mountain wave!
Down went bold Horseman in the surge;
Then rose to instant view—
Down sunk again, while fitting dirge,
The howling tempest blew!"

The Boatman smelt him down, aghast!
And, struggling with his breath,
Dethought to school his heart, at last,
To tell the tale of Death;
When lo! a billow, swung in air,
Plunged to the further shore,
And landed Stanton safely there!
But steed was seen no more.

The Knight, from chill and drench revived,
While warm his bosom thrills
With gratitude, that he survived,
Soon rose the Clifton Hills!
Once there, his coward rival fled!
And her, the craven's bride
Lord Clifton gave that night to wed,
The Chief of Brooklin Tide!

With gleam of next day's morning sun,
No skies before so bright,
The noble pair, of Love made one,
Stood in the laughing light:
And Marco, now more fond of life,
As swelled his heart with glee,
Bore Stanton and his winsome wife,
Like Neptune, o'er the sea.

"Ho! Boatman!" quoth the blushing bride,
"Thy faith is no repose!"
Bear witness, Brooklin's ebbing tide,
The secret I disclose—
These ears broad o'er the Chief entails
In recompense to thee:
Henceforth, our good friend Marco sails
No more, the Brooklin sea."

Light fall the dusky steps of night
Along the paths of life,
Where cheerful bides a grey-haired Knight,
Beside his faithful wife:
With children's children, full a score,
A gay old Knight is he;
And joins the chase along the shore,
Or sails the Brooklin sea.

Once every year—"Haste! Boatman, haste!"
As erst swells on the tide;
Where Marco, with his cottage placed,
Responds with lusty pride:
A noble craft, in gala dress,
Goes bounding on the wave;
While pennons gleam, and shouts express—
"Long live Sir Stanton brave!"

They pass the Brooklin speedy o'er,
And gain the Clifton heights,
As they have passed each year before,
Where met are Squires and Knights,
To celebrate the nuptial eve,
When Brooklin's stormy tide
Gave Clifton's heir her Stanton brave,
And him his bonny bride.

Such gala days 'twere joy to see!
Then lives the past once more;
And manly cheer and maiden glee
Outswell the Brooklin's roar!
So many hearts no matron won
As Stanton's quenchy bride;
And braver Knight ne'er saw the sun,
Than Chief of Brooklin Tide.

Once, when the feast and cheer had closed,
And healths were drunk to part,
The Brooklin Chief his friend proposed—
"Sir Marco Milton, Bart!"
Mid smile and awe, he swore the Throne
Ne'er worthier peer had made,
Since Knights to Brooklin Tide were known,
By touch of kingly blade.

Marco Milton,
New London, Ct.

PAWNERS' BANK.

This Bank has been such a signal success, and has achieved, and is achieving so much good, that we have concluded to give a notice of it in detail, believing that we can do great good by bringing it to the notice of parties able and willing to do for the needy in other States what this institution is doing for that class in the city of Boston. We have been particularly moved to do it, in consequence of the great number of letters that we have had from different parts of the country, making inquiries about it.

The first movement in favor of it, was made as long ago as 1857, by F. W. Sawyer, Esq., the present President of the Bank, but a charter was not obtained until at the session of the legislature of 1859. At that session, the following charter was granted:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same as follows:

SECTION 1. That Charles F. Barnard, Jacob Steeper, Frederic W. Sawyer, and Nathaniel C. Nash, their associates and successors, be, and hereby are, incorporated under the name of the Pawns Bank, to be located in the city of Boston, with the powers and privileges, and to be governed by the rules and provisions established by law relative to banks in this Commonwealth, so far as applicable to the objects of this institution. It shall not be a bank of issue, and shall loan on pledge of goods and chattels only.

SECTION 2. The capital of said bank to be raised by subscription, shall not exceed three hundred thousand dollars, in shares of one hundred dollars each. It shall have the power of borrowing, on its own notes, not exceeding the amount of its capital paid in, and for periods not exceeding one year.

SECTION 3. When fifty thousand dollars have been duly subscribed, and twenty-five thousand dollars thereof actually paid in, the stockholders may organize and proceed to business under this charter.

SECTION 4. The charge on all loans, to cover expenses of every kind, including interest, shall be uniform, and not exceed one and one-half per cent per month.

SECTION 5. When the bank has disposable funds, it shall loan on all goods and chattels offered, embraced within its rules and regulations, in the order in which they are offered, with this exception, that the bank may always discriminate in favor of small loans to the indigent. It shall loan to four-fifths of the appraised value on gold and silver plate and ware, and to two-thirds of such value on all other goods and chattels as aforesaid.

SECTION 6. The government of the bank shall be in seven Directors, five of whom shall be chosen annually, in October, by the stockholders, together with one to be appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, and one to be appointed by the Mayor of the city of Boston; and the board thus created shall elect one of their number President, and such other officers as may be deemed necessary.

SECTION 7. All loans shall be on a time fixed, and not over one year, and the pawn shall have a right to redeem his property pledged at any time within the specified period, on payment of the loan and rate of compensation to time of offer to redeem.

SECTION 8. If the property pledged is not redeemed within the time limited, the same shall be sold at public auction, and the net surplus, after paying loan, charges, and expenses of all kinds, shall be held one year for the owner; if not then called for, the same shall go into a fund for the year, when the entire forfeiture takes place, called the "profit and loss fund."

SECTION 9. All losses on loans, from failure of title, or other cause, shall be satisfied from the said profit and loss fund.

SECTION 10. The net balance of said fund, at the end of each year, shall be made up annually to the first day of January, and be doled in fuel to the needy, under the direction of the board, during the months of January, February and March.

SECTION 11. The bank shall give to each pawn a card, inscribed with the name of the bank, the article or articles pawned, the name of the pawn, the amount of the loan, the rate of compensation, the date when made, the date when payable, and the page of the book where recorded.

SECTION 12. The whole sum earned each year, shall be duly disposed of at the end of the year. The earnings to be divided among the stockholders shall never exceed eight per cent per annum, and the balance, if any, shall go into said profit and loss fund, and be distributed in charity, as herein before provided.

SECTION 13. The President and Directors of said bank shall annually report to the Bank Commission, full and accurate statistics of the operations and condition of said bank, in the month of October in each year.

SECTION 14. The stockholders of said bank may establish such by laws, rules and regulations for conducting the business of said bank as they may deem necessary, not inconsistent with the laws of the Commonwealth.

SECTION 15. The stock of said bank shall be transferable only at said bank and on its books.

We give the charter entire, because we understand that it was granted word for word as desired, and has been found to work admirably in practice as well as because it is being adopted in New York and Providence, where similar institutions are being established, and because many of our correspondents seem to be making inquiries with the purpose of founding similar institutions in their respective places, if the Pawns Bank appears to answer the end designed.

The Pawns Bank went into operation the first of January, 1860. At the end of the first year it had made, we are told, loans on about one hundred thousand articles. It has loaned on goods to over the amount of two hundred thousand dollars, in sums from ten cents to one thousand dollars and upwards. It had paid two dividends, the first at the end of the first six months, of three per cent, and the second at the end of the second six months, of four per cent, and its capital paid in was about one hundred thousand dollars. In the report of the Directors at the annual meeting in November when the Bank had been in operation about ten months and a half, the Directors say:

"After more than ten months' practice under our charter, we do not find anything that we would wish to change, nor has there been one moment's time since we went into operation, that we have doubted the success of our enterprise."

"We originally started with limiting the credit on loans to one, two and three months; but we soon found that the system so long in vogue in the Old World was founded in wisdom—giving a longer credit—and we now give all our borrowers the privilege of paying in as much sooner as they please. And a pleasing feature in the statistics of our bank is the fact that our borrowers in small sums, and on what would ordinarily be considered the poorest class of property, are the most prompt to redeem their pledges. The class of borrowers who take the longest period of the credit allowed them, are those who borrow in the largest sums, and on the highest and best classes of property."

"We have every reason to believe that our bank is doing great good in this community; that it has saved to the citizens of Boston in the short time it has been in operation, a great many thousands of dollars, more than we should like to name, unless we could put you in possession of all the facts that have, day by day, come to our knowledge bearing on that point, from our customers who have had bitter experience of the hardships of those who have to borrow small sums on pledge, without the facilities of such an institution as this."

At first the mere pittance of interest that we demanded of the borrowers when they came to redeem their loans, was looked upon with incredulity, our interest on a small loan of five dollars for a week being two cents, where ordinarily the borrower had been in the habit of paying from 25 to 50 cents; and

in some cases the borrower, moved with a charitable feeling, has inquired if we would not take more.

We have had the pleasure, in a great many instances, of helping parties to means to take their property from other hands, where it was pledged at ruinous rates of interest, and we have every reason to believe that our bank has had a favorable influence in mitigating the charges on such loans in other quarters, and in lessening the number of places of business in that department."

Some of the statistics of the Bank are very interesting. For instance the small loans to the weakest customers are redeemed most promptly. On an average, the silver spoon of the poor widow who pawns it to eke out money enough to get a little bread, medicine or fire-wood, is redeemed on an average in less than half the time that is taken to redeem the silver pitcher of her better-to-do neighbor. In other words—where the very poor will take three months to redeem, the less needy will take six months. And whether such loans are likely to do good, can be judged of from the fact that in thirteen cases out of every one hundred, on an average, the party pawning only pays in on his loan as interest when he redeems his article pledged, one cent. In thirteen cases out of a hundred, on an average, the interest is only a single cent. To balance this then, are some large loans where the interest counts up fast—for the rate of interest is the same to the most needy customer who gets only ten cents, and the less needy one who takes hundreds or thousands. And it is by uniting under one head this small and large business, and at one uniform rate, that the poor are enabled to get their accommodation at a rate that amounts almost to a gratuity. The Bank for one item has many thousand watches, diamonds and forks and spoons without number, and jewelry by the bushel. We were shown into a burglar proof, and fire proof vault, the largest we are told, in New England, lighted by gas, which was really to our eyes getting quite full of gold and silver ware, and jewelry, and also, over five or six large lofts, full of every description of knick knacks and merchandise from a mouse-trap to a stack of sole leather, or an half acre of furniture. And we were told that the business of the Bank in every department was steadily increasing day by day, and month by month, showing that it is a generous thing, and filling a much needed place.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

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

Sunday Evening, March 10, 1861.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.—[CONTINUED.]

We now come to consider Napoleon as a man, aside from the characteristics which qualified him for public distinction. As we have said, it is impossible to measure a man's real merit by the circumstances which may compel him to act a conspicuous part before the world; but when he shows himself, at a moment's warning, equal to any emergency, we know then that he is equal to his position. Napoleon, unquestionably, had his weak points. What he so eminently possessed in skill and talent, was counterbalanced by his deficiency in true moral integrity, in the warmer impulses and more generous affections of the mind. While it is always right and necessary that the feelings should not interfere with the judgment of a statesman, we very seldom find in history a leading character so cold, so unapproachable, and so rarely governed by tender emotions, as Napoleon. Even Caesar or Alexander could not be compared with him in this respect. Men, to him, constituted but the raw material of his power as a military Emperor, and millions of them were sacrificed, for the attainment of his purposes, without a feeling of compunction. His first object was to be Emperor of the French; his second, to exercise control over all Europe. He was the first sovereign on that continent who dared defy the Papal authority, when it sought to interfere with the liberties of his people, though his policy, in so doing, was not, perhaps, so patriotic as it seemed; for he might have intended, after the conquest of Italy, to make himself head of the church, and thus strengthen his hold on the allegiance of his people, and if this was his purpose, his sudden downfall alone prevented its fulfillment.

As we have observed, the mere misfortune and dishonorable acts of his life, in accordance as he believed, with his fate, to an Austrian princess. We condemn them, not simply because the former was his lawful and loving wife, but because no man capable of such a deliberate sacrifice of a loyal, devoted and sincere affection, to a hollow scheme of policy, could hold a high place in our esteem. It was ill-judged on the score even of policy, for Josephine was as much the true Empress, as he was the Emperor of the French; and it has stamped indelibly on his character and name a stain of disgrace which no halo of glory can conceal. No culpability on the part of Josephine can avail to excuse it, nor could any man, however great, commit such a deed with impunity. But here his supererogation got the better of his judgment; for when his intellect was at fault, not being religious, he had no higher source of aid and counsel—he thought his path was marked out for him by destiny, and that he must follow it, even though myriads of hearts were broken, and all France were destroyed. Thus much for Napoleon the First. The theme is far from being exhausted, but we are unwilling to bestow further criticism on one considered great, not because he calls forth our reverence as a man, a Christian and a patriot; but as one fulfilling our ideal of lofty achievement, statesmanship, diplomacy and war, in every walk of human ambition.

Before passing on, we may remark, by way of parenthesis, that the true standard of greatness is to be found in those who talk the least, and do the most. For instance, Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, and the savior of England, was easily out-talked in Parliament, and Napoleon himself would have been found no match in a war of words for many of his generals, or even of his common soldiers. Washington, the father of his country, could have been out-talked by any member of Congress; but, nevertheless, his acts speak louder and more lastingly than all the speeches to which, since his time, our House of Representatives has resounded. His public life, in its purity and disinterestedness, is too well known to need more than a passing reference. His greatest private virtue was his truthfulness; this in him, was always paramount; nothing could tempt him from the straight path of integrity. This, together with his constant kindness of nature, constituted him the first in the hearts, not only of his countrymen, but of all mankind. He excelled in a dignified politeness, and in all that pertained to the usages of elegant life. In some respects he might, perhaps, be considered too strict and unbending for purposes of policy; but we do not consider that he was ever controlled by motives of policy, or that his greatness of character lay in that direction. Besides being eminently virtuous, he was characterized by that sincere and earnest religious faith which is required, as balance, by every great mind; and which it would have been better for Napoleon had he really possessed, instead of occasionally counterfeiting it for motives of policy. Washington was patriotic because he loved his country; Napoleon, because he loved himself, and saw himself reflected in the glory and prosperity of France. Washington was genial and benignant in manners and disposition; Napoleon, cold and impassive, because the greatness of his intellect, and his engrossment by his high offices, left no room or time for indulging the finer feelings of his nature.

It was the object of Washington to bequeath future generations of his countrymen an empire, which should outlast his own name; Napoleon aimed to establish a dominion in which he should be the embodiment of the people and the laws, knowing that should he fail to retain his power, the French would return to a worse condition than that in which he found them. Washington, throughout his whole career, was an illustration of that one point of character upon which true greatness chiefly depends—firmness and decision of purpose; and of the necessity of some leading object and aim as the guiding star in life; Napoleon looked to the "star of his destiny," which, like an *ignis fatuus* led him, first, to the loftiest height of fame, and then to the lowest marshy depths of ignominy; while Washington, confiding in religion and the power of truth, rose as far as love of country would permit, and, at last, laid down his life in peacefulness and honor.

True greatness, after all, springs from the virtues inherent in the mind; and long after the devastating career and vast physical dominion of an Alexander and a Caesar shall have faded from the memory of mankind, the name of Washington will remain, hallowed and embalmed in their grateful recollection, as the founder of a country, which, though now distracted, must ultimately be greatest among the nations of the earth. That name will be surrounded with a halo of virtuous deeds far brighter than the gems in the diadem of Napoleon; your children will pronounce it with hushed reverence; and, though Washington was a man, sharing in the faults and foibles of humanity, still the virtue, integrity, patriotism, firm adherence to right, by which he planted for us that tree of liberty, whose branches have spread so widely, and yielded such glorious fruit, almost give him a title to our idolatry. But do not worship him as an individual. For, while skill and greatness must win our admiration, we should remember that principles, and not individuals; ideas, and not men; actions, and not persons, are what we have to reverence. No one now can hope to attain to such eminence in the world as was reached by Washington and Napoleon; but any one can be a truthful, honest and upright, and, in that degree, perhaps, as great as either.

And, undoubtedly, had Napoleon survived, and held his power to this day, he could not have given more to his country than she now enjoys, under his nephew and successor. And did Washington live today he would sweep over the situation of his beloved land; but yet, like a true and far-sighted statesman and general, he would say, "the seeds are planted, and cannot be hindered from springing up—liberty is founded upon a rock, and cannot be destroyed by all the forces of fanaticism and corruption, but must forever be the beacon-light of the world." Remember, therefore, with honor, the virtues of all great men; but bear in mind also that the greatest have often stumbled, and that their more imitators have both stumbled and fallen, before reaching the goal of their achievements. Seek to be foremost only in your own proper sphere; and be patriotic and truthful for truth's sake, and you will always wear the honors you deserve; and, in that time, yet to come, when men shall be measured by their intrinsic worth, and not by their fame, the crown will rest on the brows of those who have endured and been humbled most. Forget not the name of Washington. If the country is torn by civil convulsions, teach your children to cherish the inheritance of his spotless fame, as a guaranty of the advent in the future, of a nation just and true, the worthy repository of liberty and freedom.

Sunday Evening, March 17.

The medium said:—As announced this morning, we have chosen for our theme on the present occasion, *Liberty*, its meaning, uses and abuses. Before proceeding to elucidate the subject, as applicable to human life, we must presume on your attention for a consideration of what appears to us intimately connected with it; and that is, that any specific term employed to convey an idea like that of justice, freedom, equity, &c., is the product of finite intelligence, and applicable strictly and only to the relations of human beings among themselves, and not at all to the Divine power. For the very conception of that power precludes the possibility of liberty in relation to it. When we speak of Freedom as an unalienable right of the human family, we do not imply that human affairs are not controlled by an Almighty power, and are not affected by the laws which keep the universe in order. The government of God is a pure despotism, without appeal, carrying out successfully that principle which, among finite beings, is always injurious. With the latter, liberty is the consequence of the development, among them, of social and moral science; it is not a divinely appointed institution, nor necessarily connected with abstract religion or morality.

The relations of human beings among themselves as connected with the idea of liberty, may be classified as (1) civil, or political, (2) moral and (3) religious; and of these the first is the only one which can be said to have any important influence in this direction, by the concessions of civilized men to each other. In the first development of human relations, when they were maintained altogether by force, there existed no conception of liberty in any department of life; all were bound to obey one ruler, worship at one shrine, and advocate the same doctrines. In all things that was right which the king's will ordained; and consequently, individual rights were utterly unknown, and every form of tyranny was paramount over the human mind. This is only the natural condition of things in the first stage of human growth, when it is as necessary for men in general to be subjected to arbitrary power, with a view to their very preservation, as that an infant should submit to the control of its parent. Neither the infant nor the unenlightened man has any innate principle of self-preservation against the various enemies that beset him. As a natural result, the early nations existed and gained away through the exercise of their mere animal rights; and thus originated the despotic systems of human government. But, as they advanced and became assimilated, greater respect was gradually felt by one towards another, and from this, when it had pervaded them all, arose the first conception of human liberty. Among barbarous and semi-barbarous people, who lived by preying on their neighbors, the liberty to kill, and perhaps devour, whomever they chose, when they had the power, was maintained as a right; while now, when we have advanced to a higher stage, morally, intellectually and politically, these very deeds are classed among the evils incident to enlightened nations, and called by the hard names of robbery and murder. It is simply the difference between the natural and the artificial methods of maintaining society.

It is found at last that life is worth very little to most men, if it is not protected and guaranteed against the assaults of the stronger. Liberty, therefore, only exists under certain conditions of enlightened manhood, and has nothing to do with barbarians—it is purely an affair of civil government and political science, which grows out of the natural advancement of human minds, and it could not exist without them. In early times the despotic authority of a single ruler was absolutely required to keep people from mutually destroying themselves; and if any man found himself endowed with higher faculties than the rest, it became his religious duty to exercise this heaven-born right of government, in order to preserve his community; and hence it was his right to make slaves, carry on destructive wars, and take all necessary measures to keep his people from understanding and exercising those individual rights which, as yet, they were utterly unfitted to enjoy.

The next element in the promotion of Liberty is morality, which is always a matter of education. The growth of moral principles among men caused Liberty, at first, to be regarded as a matter of treaty between different nations. Kings wished to defend themselves from the invasions of neighboring rulers; and the same right of self-defence was afterward claimed by, and conceded to, individuals in the State, as the theory of human rights became enlarged. Every individual citizen of Greece and Rome was, by the liberal laws of those States, as much respected in his personal rights, as a king.

You are all acquainted with the ancient history of the world, in which wars and revolutions constituted the great motive power of Liberty, and through which the divine rights of humanity asserted their claims. Liberty has always advanced in proportion to the advancement of the people in morals and religion; and its first great step was made when the ancient religions gave place to the enlightenment of Christianity. Religion, indeed, has always been the lever toward the attainment of civil liberty. In heathen countries, it constituted the basis of the governmental fabric; and when it

became necessary it should change into a higher form, Jesus, representing the glory of the new-found life, introduced the full theory of individual responsibility. And, though the Romish Church has always exercised despotism in its spiritual government, still it planted the germs of all right and enlarged conceptions of political liberty, and was the nurse of civil, as Greece was the cradle of religious, freedom.

These principles have extended westward, until at last, in their greatest development, they have been transferred to the soil of Columbia, and there been nurtured into the first fully successful experiment of political liberty; as exhibited in the institutions of your own country.

Civil Liberty originates in the concessions of individuals in making laws, which are executed, also, by concessions of those individuals; in other words from a mutual deference to the rights, opinions and prejudices of others, in framing such statutes as shall insure harmony among the great body of the people. Separation between Church and State is an important condition of freedom, and a great step towards attaining it.

This separation has constituted the great success of the British government; for the Church of England is not permitted to interfere at all in state policy. This is also the case in France; and even in Italy, the chief stronghold of religious bigotry is near its downfall. Religion concerns the interests of the soul, while civil government has reference only to material or natural institutions. People often talk of Liberty, as though they understood the term, and were prepared to adopt any method of securing it to humanity; but it does not mean the right of any individual to murder or rob with impunity; or inflict any civil or political wrong upon his neighbor; it is the concessions which good and enlightened men, in any community, who have more power, make to those who have less; and their consent to the framing of laws by which they are willing to be governed for the sake of protecting the weaker class. Therefore, your laws do not allow you to interfere with your neighbor's rights; but there are those in every community, and plenty of them, who would, but for those laws, impose on the more moral portion of humanity in every way.

Now, the great objection to civil liberty, is, that where it exists, despotism and bad men have the same right and privileges with just and true men; therefore, no form of liberal government has ever, unless when supported by the resources of a monarchial or imperial rule, escaped being tampered with and overthrown by ambition. No fabric of political freedom has ever survived for a very long period, except when in its very weakness, as is the case with the petty republic of San Marino, in Italy, renders it too contemptible an object to escape the cupidity of surrounding rulers.

But any republic possessing the elements of greatness, is liable to destruction through the arrogance and assumption, treason, and ambition and corruption of the bad men, within it, who have the same rights as the good, and take advantage of them to commit all kinds of depredations, and so sap the life and political welfare of the country. In republics, an ignorant man has the right to assume power; a bad man, to perform any vile and corrupt function, destructive of the general prosperity. Impostors of every grade are always prevalent, and always thrive, on the soil of a republic, and the whole community is swindled and sold to afford them the means of flourishing.

There is nothing in moral law which can be said to confer liberty; for that law is as strict and inviolable, as any material power can be made; there is but one way of doing right, and that is, to observe the rule that no individual shall ever do anything which shall give another individual unhappiness and pain. This comprehends the whole moral law, and it is understood by all but idiots. Good and evil are matters of opinion, but every person who is gifted with the faintest gleam of intelligence, understands the distinction between right and wrong, and it is his duty to listen to no equivocation on the subject; absolute obedience is what is required of him, or none at all. There is no true Liberty but in doing right; whatever may be the consequences.

Now religion differs from morality, in being more a matter of sentiment and intuition, so that it leaves you the privilege of believing and understanding God; but as you have been taught to imagine Him—and of worshipping in or out of a temple, or according to particular forms or not, as you may see fit; provided that you do not assume the right to interfere with the enjoyment of the same freedom by others. And however the man may be bound down by bigotry—threatened by tortures—by heathen or Mahometan, Romish or Protestant tyrants, still his soul asserts its right to its own conceptions of the Deity; the physical image may be struck down; the mind will not be fettered, nor can its notions of the Divinity be destroyed or improved by such means.

Therefore, religious Liberty is the only form which is natural and inherent; because men never have the right of control over the souls of others. The spirit of civil and religious liberty has flown from nation to nation, and at last sought a home on this Western Continent. Here she has lavished her choicest treasures, and spread over the land the halo of her sacred presence—yet the objects of her favor have proved recalcitrant; have polluted her glory and trampled her sacred robes in the dust; have profaned her name and are seeking to destroy her power. In place of honest laws, you are governed by such corruption and depravity as would shock even the demon of darkness, who bore away in the ages of despotism; such as would have caused the Caesars and the Caecilias of Rome to blush with shame. Are these, then, the achievements of Liberty? Let us pause before we recognize that as Liberty which leads to wrong doing for the sake of policy, which so utterly fails to promote the cause of truth and integrity. In this liberty loving country you see bad, ignorant men amassing money, gaining power and favor, and at last installed among the greatest in the land. In this enlightened and glorious nation, we see men in the garb of virtue walk boldly forth to oppress and crush the down-trodden, in their progress to power, and the voice of justice is not raised against them.

Bad men, lifted to office by the votes of the people, are gradually and almost openly sapping the life out of the government, destroying its trust and credit, and all that constitutes peace and security, laying their plots against it, and, at last, exulting in its final overthrow. We see the representatives of the people betraying the interests entrusted to them, descending to petty personalities, and even resorting to arguments of force. We see the Chief Executive ingloriously incompetent to discharge the duties of his station, and leaving Liberty degraded and begging, as it were, a mouthful of bread at the door of the government—a despised outcast, polluted by the touch of base demagogues. But, as surely as moral justice always will be done, there shall spring up from the relics of this down-stricken power, such a being as has never yet blessed mankind, who shall revive the name of Liberty; and whose glory and power shall encircle the earth; who shall punish the traitors and avenge the wrongs of their victims—and the name of this principle is Moral Integrity. Liberty shall triumph; and show in her resurrection even more gloriously than in the period of her birth. And to you, who have always revered the name of Liberty, and whose daily observation warns you against the errors and abuses committed in that name, to your honesty and integrity is committed the glorious hope of all the world; it rests with you whether Liberty is to be hallowed a mere name, or creation of the past, to be despised and forgotten, whether, though now crushed down, she is to live again, again assume her regal robes, and stretch her way over all the tribes and nations of the earth.

Mr. Abadie, a learned French traveler, declares the complexion of the human race to be so entirely dependent on the mode of nourishment, that he has beheld in Nubia whole races of negroes who, from the entire use of animal food, present as fine carnations as the inhabitants of Southern Europe. In Algeria it has long been the subject of remark, that the tutechers, generally negroes of Kala, are as fair in complexion as the European settlers, although still preserving their woolly hair.

We are glad to see that Miss H. has so good an understanding of them, for there are but few people who know what strings to touch in their hearts to call forth the harmony within them. We were also pleased with her ideas of the kind of labor to be done by them, and the general management of a reformatory institution; and we do not hesitate to say, from a somewhat extended experience and investigation of their habits, and what is necessary to be done in order to benefit the courtesan and aid her desires to escape from the meshes into which she has fallen, that the plan proposed by the lecturers is the only one calculated at all to succeed. Few people know the goodness of heart and the aptness for carrying out any business where taste and a love of the beautiful are necessary, that is to be found among this class. We were fearful that Miss Hardings did not possess a proper knowledge of their wants and powers; but confess our surprise to see how closely she has hit the proper mark. And we do not doubt that she can receive aid from the very class she seeks to benefit, when they know her capacity to befriend them.

We are happy to state, too, that we are not alone in our praise. Several of our most influential clergymen have expressed satisfaction with the effort, and one has already contributed \$200 to the movement. At a meeting of these gentlemen with Miss H. on Thursday last, and of some others who have become interested through this lecture, about \$700 were pledged in aid of the institution.

We are also informed that they have expressed a desire that Miss Hardings shall remain in Boston during April; and they think if this can be accomplished, sufficient means can be raised to commence operations. Miss Hardings is engaged during this month at Philadelphia, but it is hoped our friends there will cancel her engagement in behalf of one of the noblest works of the age.

Extension of the Fall River Railroad to Newport.

Several efforts have been made in past years to extend the Fall River Railroad to Newport, but the Massachusetts Legislature has not been able to see the expediency of the project.

Rhode Island has granted a charter through the State, up to our State line; but three-quarters of a mile remain to be chartered by this State. The question is now before our Legislature, in two reports, one adverse, being the majority report, and a minority report annexing a bill for the charter.

We hope to see the latter report accepted and the charter for the extension granted.

This route to New York is by far the pleasantest of the Sound routes. There is less of fatiguing railroad travel, and passengers get on board the boat in time to have a comfortable night's rest. On the return trip from New York, too, passengers are not disturbed so early, in consequence of the shortness of the car travel. The boats and their accommodations also are unsurpassed, and not the least recommendation to the superiority of the table. All this has made this the favorite Sound route.

There have been some objections to it, however, which are owing to its present terminus at Fall River. The run from Newport to Fall River is often lengthened by fogs which settle upon the river. Ice also is at times troublesome.

This run can be made much quicker by our than boat, and the traveling public be better accommodated.

The territory through which the proposed extension is to pass also demand better means to reach Boston, which will be afforded by this movement.

Boston must be benefited by it, for Newport is thronged with strangers during the summer months, who would patronize our traders much more liberally, could they have better means of reaching us. None of these people think of purchasing goods at Fall River. Thus the State is a loser by its refusal to grant the desired charter.

There is a powerful opposition to it, coming from the Bordens of Fall River, who, together with the Iron Company at that place, are desirous of keeping the steamers at their wharves. To be sure, there are but about five hundred reconverts, composed chiefly of their dependents. Of course, the plea is set up that Fall River would be injured by the change. Suppose this to be true, the benefit to Boston would vastly overbalance this, and even if it were not so, is not the comfort of the vast traveling public a paramount consideration?

We hope the charter for this short route will be granted.

March.

What a month we have just gone through! Old and young declare they never know, saw, felt, or read of any March just like it. It has brought us one of the biggest storms we have had during the century. It came in like a sucking dove, and, along into its third week, began to shake its hoary mane of snow and to roar aloft like any of the lustiest Neuman lions. The aged people, we find, on running our eyes over the obituary departments of the newspapers, have dropped away during this month with great rapidity; it always is a tough month for them, but this year has been tougher than ever before. Now that it is all past and gone, however, the hopeful ones among us begin to look for blander goods and brighter skies, for the crocuses, and the soft April rains, the sprouting grass-blades, and the downy catkins and emerald tassels on birch trees. It is not expecting too much, as things go, to count with some degree of certainty on an early and forward Spring, that shall make up for this long siege of cold and snow and frost and bluster, and make glad the hearts of all again. It will rejoice many a susceptible heart to see the hillsides and meadow slopes once more covered with their carpets of delicate green; many an almost expressionless eye will gather up all its old fires of expression again, as April opens the treasures that are hidden in its hand, and invites them to feast themselves, and revive in the contemplation of its sweet influences.

Light Necessary to Health.

As an instance of the value of sunlight, Dupuytren, the celebrated physician, mentions the case of a French lady, whose disease baffled the skill of the most eminent medical men. This lady resided in a dark room, in which the sun never shone, in one of the narrow streets of Paris. After a careful examination he was led to refer her complaint to the absence of light, and caused her to be removed to a more cheerful situation; the change was attended with the most beneficial results; all her complaints vanished. It is remarkable that Lavoisier, writing in the last century, should have placed light as an agent of health, even before pure air. In fact, where you can obtain abundance of light, it is also generally possible to obtain a constant change of fresh air. In England a similar thing occurs; invalids are almost always shut up in close rooms, curtains drawn, and light excluded, to their disadvantage. Sunlight is more vivifying than any physio.

Love for Pets.

Many people believe—or say they do—it is a weakness to indulge in affection for a favorite dog, cat, parrot, or horse, and think they have deduced the best of the story when they can point their fingers at those who do so indulge, and say tauntingly of them that they have no love to lavish on humanity, but on brute beasts alone. We do not quite know about that. It certainly cannot be that a man, or a woman, is any worse for bestowing his or her affection upon a pet dog, or bird, or horse, or cat. It surely does not signify—this act—that there is nothing but a brutal instinct smothered up somewhere in the nature of the person thus devoted to his pet, and that there is no sign or chance of the development of a still higher sentiment when higher opportunities shall be furnished at hand. There are plenty of instances, and among men and women of the loftiest intellectual development, of cases of attachment to pets, that ought to make the whole race of carpers and sneerers ashamed of themselves. We need mention no more than those of Scott with his dogs, and Cowper with his rabbits. For ourselves, when we fall in with a person who owns up, and with a sort of selfish pride, too, to the fact that he feels no sort of affection for brutes, we cannot but think that he has yet much more to learn of the value of love in all directions, radiating exactly as light radiates from the sun, or love from the source and centre of all love. It is nothing to be ashamed of, that one loves a pet even with passionate fondness; the shame should rather be, that one has no affection to spare even for a dog, when the All-Father has surrounded us with so many objects to love.

Washington.

Looking over some old pamphlets the other day, we came across one entitled, "An Eulogy, occasioned by the death of General Washington, pronounced at the middle Parish in Kittery, Me., February 22, 1800," by Daniel Sewall, Esq. It seems by its autograph on the title page, that it was presented to "Rev. John Thompson" by the author. It is a remarkably spiritual production. We have only room for a couple of extracts:

"Ye citizens of America! Especially ye patriots of Seventy-five and Seventy-six! And ye officers and soldiers who fought by the side of this your renowned General! What heartfelt emotions must you experience in reviewing the solemn scenes and transactions of his life? Let his memory be ever dear and honored among you. Let it never be said of Americans, that they are ungrateful, and as was said of the ancient Israelites, that 'they did not show kindness unto the house of Jerubbaal, according to all the goodness that he had showed unto Israel.' Remember with gratitude to Heaven, what great things have been accomplished, through the instrumentality of your renowned Hero. Attend to his admonitions, counsels and advice, and transmit them down to posterity from generation to generation. The observation of these cannot fail to make us a happy and renowned people; and a contrary conduct will have a tendency to slavery and ruin."

"From Vernon's mound behind the Hero rises, Resplendent forms attend him thro' the skies! The shades of war-worn veterans round him throng, And lead, onward, their honored chief along! A laurel wreath, 'th immortal Warren wears, An arch triumphant Mercer's hand proclaims; Young Laurens, erst, th' avenging bolt of war, With port majestic, guides the glittering car; Montgomery's godlike form directs the way, And Greene unfolds the gates of endless day; While angels, trumpets-angelic, proclaim thro' air, Due honors for the first of men prepare."

Taste not Fashion.

There is a common mistake made by women and men, to the effect that whatever is in the fashion must, therefore, be in the highest taste. Whereas, the two terms are nowise related, except perhaps conventionally, or arbitrarily. Because a certain mode of dress, or external adornment is in the fashion, it does not follow that it is in good taste. We saw a short man, only last week, tripping and pucker his way over a cross-walk, with a long-waisted, long-bodied, long-tailed coat on, that reached quite down to his heels. The coat, perhaps, was in the very height of fashion; yet it looked in such ridiculous taste, with its wearer playing off his monkey-tricks at locomotion within it, that, for the very life of us, we could not suppress the laughter that demanded instant release. A little idea of beauty, and not merely of cost, will do more toward furnishing a dwelling than a purse so long that you can't touch bottom without such idea. A hop-vine makes some spots far more attractive than Corinthian columns with acanthus capitals will others. It is not in the indiscriminate imitation, which of course costs money; it is in the sense of harmony, of fitness, of what is truly beautiful, and closely related to aesthetics in the highest sense. If people would only catch a hint from nature about these things, they would live more to their own satisfaction, less imitatively, and so less erroneously, and be astonished at the wondrous difference in the cost of the affair. Just try it on.

The Amount and Result of Tippling.

The authorities of Boston have had presented to their serious consideration a petition relative to the discontinuance of tippling-shops on Sunday, the body of which contains some facts that will astonish readers not already made aware of their existence. For example, the petitioners say that many men, who can be restrained from drinking when at work, can be induced to drink when idle; and, therefore, if saloons are open on the Sabbath, they become subjected to temptation which they might otherwise resist. An estimate of the cost to the city of selling liquor was given, showing that there are in the city 2,000 liquor shops, and estimating their rent at \$100 each, the sum is \$200,000. The cost for attendance is not less than \$360,000. The value of liquor drunk is not less than \$438,000. Allowing each person who drinks to lose five cents per day, thereby, the sum would amount to \$1,254,000 annually. The cost to the city, through courts, &c., is not less than \$160,000. The aggregate exceeds the annual city taxes by more than \$100,000. Here are figures that ought to awaken the public authorities to their duty, and arouse them also, to its speedy performance. To think of the cost to the city of Boston being, every year, in consequence of the opening of these places, nearly half a million dollars!

Our Mailing Department.

We shall hereafter pay special attention to the branch of our business, and shall see to it that care is taken in the direction and mailing of our list. The BANNER is mailed every Monday morning, to all parts of the country, so that all of our subscribers, except those in California and Europe should receive their paper before the date of each issue.

We thank our friends for responding so promptly to our call upon them for renewals of their subscriptions. Many have added a name to their own, and we commence the ninth volume under cheering prospects.

J. V. Mansfield at Home.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his residence No. 153 Chestnut Street, Chelsea.

Pleasant Sentiments.

E. Morriam, the well-known "clerk of the weather," in Brooklyn, writes in this way about existing national troubles to the Newburyport Herald—a way that we should indeed like to see imitated more generally:

"My correspondent expresses a wish that the mail facilities will not be discontinued, and I hope so, too. The law of kindness should have place now, and let mutual forbearance restore harmony. There is a pleasure in being kind. The society of FRIENDS (Quakers) make much effort in this—they use the kind words, and no people are more blessed than the Quakers—they, as a people, are the most healthy, the longest lived, the most prosperous, and enjoy more real happiness than any other society on the earth. I have a yearly epistle of that Society printed in England, a few years since, which states that at that time there was not a member of their society in any poor house, and but one in prison, and he was confined for the non-payment of a military fine. I wish the whole human family were all good members of that society; the forts and armed ships would become of no account, and alcoholic liquors cease to be sold or used; jails, prisons and poor houses would become tenanted, and Heaven would shower down blessings on the human race in the fullness of abundance, and all would be happy, and the earth would increase its products four fold, and the birds would sing more sweetly, and the flowers would be richer, more beautiful, and yield a sweeter fragrance, a more delicious aroma."

A Calico Ball.

The course of parties given by the Ladies' Relief Society, at Concert Hall, have been concluded, and have resulted beneficially to the treasury of the Society, as well as promoted a fuller and freer sociability and acquaintanceship among the Spiritualists of Boston. The committee of managers have arranged to have next Tuesday evening, at the same place, a grand Calico Ball, as a finale to the course, and a pleasant time may be anticipated. The music will be furnished by Walker & Davis's Band, one of the best in the United States.

Where they Are.

Mrs. A. M. Spence will lecture the five Sundays of April in Cambridgeport, Mass.; Warren Chase lectures in Troy, N. Y., next Sabbath; Emma Hardings will be in Concord, N. H., the 1st, 2d and 3d inst.; Leo Miller in Putnam, Conn., April 7; N. F. White in Battle Creek, Mich., April 7; F. L. Wardsworth in Elkhardt, Ind., April 7; H. B. Storer in Providence, R. I., April 7; H. P. Fairfield in Toledo, Ohio, April 7; S. B. Brittan in Leominster, Mass., April 7.

Articles against Spiritualism.

We are unable, in this issue, to commence the series of articles entitled "The Delusion of Spiritualism," by an "Orthodox Clergyman," to which reference was made in our last paper, for the reason that we have not received the documents.

Notices to Correspondents.

H. B. GALVA, III.—The writer prefers not to be known. The series may be published at some future day.

H. E. STEARNS.—We will send you the numbers you want, if you will send us the name of the town in which you reside.

Our Circle.

We shall give notice in our next as to the reopening of our Rooms. A fee of ten cents will be charged, according to notice at the head of the Messages on the sixth page.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ON OUR FIRST PAGE—"Judith," (continued) a grand story.

SECOND PAGE—Poetry: Original Essays—"The Age of Virtue," by George Stearns—Subject, "Ultimate Benefits of Spirit-Communication." "The Lights and Shadows of that which is Past, and that which is to Come," by Wash. A. Danksin.

THIRD PAGE—A fine poem, entitled "The Chief of Brooklyn Tide," by Marco Milton; Parners' Bank; Lectures by Cora L. V. Hatch—Subjects, "Washington and Napoleon," and "Liberty, its Meaning, Uses and Abuses."

FOURTH AND FIFTH PAGES—Contributions by A. E. Newton; Editorials, &c.

SIXTH PAGE—Three columns of Spirit-Messages; Poetry: A Lecture by Miss Emma Hardings—Subject, "The Second Coming of Christ; Spiritual Conference at Clinton Hall, New York, which is continued on the seventh page.

EIGHTH PAGE—Pearls; Boston Spiritual Conference; Correspondence; Advertisements, &c.

A correspondent in New Bedford writes—"We now have made Spiritualism an institution among us, having hired a very pleasant hall, for a year, and have the best speakers engaged, as you have advertised in your paper. I desire to call the attention of other places which want speakers, to the Rev. Stephen Fellows, of Fall River, who is a splendid inspirational speaker, and who needs our sympathy, he having been expelled from the church. We should certainly support all who 'speak the truth for the truth's sake.'"

The Newburgh (Ind.) Democrat says: "Our Spiritual friends have not been slow in investigating the faith that is in them. With no public edifice peculiarly their own, they yet have secured large audiences in a room where two fluent preachers have inducted their philosophy of religion."

SUPERIOR SEWING MACHINES.—We yesterday visited the Sewing Machine Exchange, No. 17 Franklin street, and were much gratified on witnessing the operation of the various machines there. They are all of the very best class, and will be sold at low prices to suit the times. Mr. S. C. Hart, the agent, is always at his post, and will be happy to explain the working of the machines to all those who desire to be posted up in such matters. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., expects to attend the Speakers' Convention, to be held at Sturgis, Michigan, on the twenty-third of April, and will answer calls to lecture, on the route there, on the Sunday before and the Sunday after the Convention. Address, Bellefontaine, Ohio.

Mrs. Ernestine J. Rose will visit Boston the second week in April, where she will give one of more lectures.

Vanity Fair says it is one of Nature's paradoxes that if you want to keep a coal fire hot you must keep it cooled.

Idleness is a public mint, where various kinds of mischief are coined.

MEN OF UNDERSTANDING—Shoemakers.

A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active.

Clothing dealers in Brattle street have very bad habits—for sale.

The Sunday Atlas, in a fit of revolutionary enthusiasm, says: "Hurrah for the girls of '61!" To which a New Jersey paper cries: "Thunder! That's too darned old. No, no—hurrah for the girls of '17!"

Why is a Malay like a tumbled girl? Because he has Kreeses about him.

Model wives formerly took a "stitch in time," but now, with the aid of a sewing machine, they take one in no time.

Syrup made from the bark of a dog is said to be a sure cure for hydrophobia.

Some poet says:

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!" which we find quoted in Zion's Herald. Digby thinks if heaven is liable to lie at all, it isn't so good a place as Christian professors would have us believe.

Four years ago one of our spirit friends assured us that there would be famine in different quarters of the globe the present year. The prophecy has been literally fulfilled. There has been famine in Kansas; and now we learn, by a recent foreign arrival, that from four hundred to five hundred human beings were daily dying in India from starvation caused by famine in that land.

BURLESQUE.

I stood on the brink in childhood, And watched the bubbles go, From the rock-mountain to the sea, To the smothering lymph below; And over the wide creek-bottom, Under them every one, Went golden stars in the water, All luminous with the sun. But the bubbles broke on the surface, And under the stars of gold, Brake, and the hurrying water, Flowed onward, swift and cold.

I stood on the bright in manhood, And it came to me with heart, In my breast so full and heavy, After the years of smart, That every hollowed bubble, With its own life had passed, Still in its deeper current, Some sky-sweet gleam had cast; That, however I nipped it gayly, And guessed at its hollowness, Still, with each bubbling bubble, One star in my soul the least.

Stone-cutters ought to be good soldiers, as they are acquainted with all kinds of drills.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

BATHER COOL.—Our diplomatic relations with Chili.

A Paris letter to the N. Y. Times says that the French and English governments are fitting out a powerful fleet of war steamers for the United States. The suggestion came from England. France will furnish three first-class frigates, and the English contingent will perhaps be larger. The fleet will sail with sealed orders. Spain is also preparing to send a formidable force to the Gulf, though not working in concert with England and France.

The condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit, which, if allowed to remain a few days forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by a microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, or it could not nourish organic beings.

"EVERY MAN WILL YET BE HIS OWN PRINTER," said a veteran printer, a few days ago, while examining one of Lowe's Portable Printing Presses. "I have seen most every kind of hand and power press, said another practical printer, "but I have never seen any press equal to the Lowe Printing Press, for utility, cheapness, simplicity and durability. It works to a charm."

We, too, have examined these presses, and know them to be the simplest, and yet most useful and important invention which has ever appeared, particularly as a means for the educating of one's business and the general diffusion of knowledge. Many families, political, religious, advertising and school journals are already printed on these presses. The press is so easily managed, almost any boy or girl of twelve years can do excellent work on it, after a few moments' teaching. When we think how cheaply every man, with one of these presses, can do a vast amount of advertising, and thus add to his wealth, by extending his business, we cannot but believe that every man ought to have one of these presses. It will prove a fruitful source of amusement and profit.

Hon. Henry Barnard, LL. D., editor of the *American Journal of Education*, in his December number, says: "Lowe's Portable Press can be turned to manifold use as a means for the educating of one's business and the general diffusion of knowledge. Many families, political, religious, advertising and school journals are already printed on these presses. The press is so easily managed, almost any boy or girl of twelve years can do excellent work on it, after a few moments' teaching. When we think how cheaply every man, with one of these presses, can do a vast amount of advertising, and thus add to his wealth, by extending his business, we cannot but believe that every man ought to have one of these presses. It will prove a fruitful source of amusement and profit."

Call at the rooms of the Lowe Press Company, 13 Water street, Boston, and see the presses, or send 40 the Company for a circular.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—The French papers publish dispatches announcing the threatening attitude of the Mussulman toward Christians in Syria.

The Turkish government's drafts on Miras, for £400,000 sterling, were duly paid on the 12th.

Count Cavour has presented a project of law providing the Kingdom of Italy to the lower branch of the Italian Parliament.

Differences had arisen between Sir H. Bulwer and the American Minister in Turkey. Mr. Bulwer declined to attend the latter's reception on Washington's birthday.

Naples, March 13.—An encounter had taken place between a French regiment and seven hundred Papal Zouaves, in which Colonel was killed, and forty-three men were wounded.

The citadel of Messina surrendered to the Sardinian troops March 13th.

A separate Council of State has been granted by the Emperor of Russia to the Kingdom of Poland. Zorotky has been appointed President.

The famine continues in the northern and western provinces of India.

A cannibal festival had occurred at Bonny, Africa. The victims' heads were cut off and exhibited in front of the public places of worship.

Conference of Speakers—National Convention.

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

The object of the Conference is, to further the good work so well begun at the late Quincy Convention—namely, the promotion of mutual acquaintance, respect and confidence among the public advocates of Spiritual Reform; the securing of a unity of heart and purpose; and thus greater fitness for the work devolving on us.

The present disturbed and distracted state of the public mind in relation to social and political institutions, as well as to religious ideas, make a transitional period in the world's history, of no ordinary moment. The Old is passing away; the New is struggling into birth. It therefore behooves those who are called to be spiritual teachers, that they be qualified for the way to a New Age of Wisdom and Harmony—the inauguration of both a moral and practical Religion, and a more just and fraternal Civilization. Anything less than these will fail to meet the demand of the times, and the promise of the opening Era.

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

It is proposed that the first two days of this Conference be devoted exclusively to the benefit of Lecturers and Teachers—that the sessions be spent in free, conversational intercourse, and that the third and fourth days be devoted to the discussion of accomplishing the desired ends as may be deemed suitable.

The remaining days (Thursday and Friday, April 18th and 19th) will be mainly appropriated to public meetings, for addressing the friends of the cause, and for the discussion of the claims of Spiritualism. To these meetings all Spiritualists and the public generally are invited.

The friends in Worcester have generously offered the hospitalities of their homes and homes to all Lecturers who may participate in the Conference, and the place of meeting will be announced in due time.

The Conference is designed as preliminary to a National Convention, which the Committee, in pursuance of the duty assigned them, have arranged to hold in the month of August next (18th to 18th), and in the city of Oswego, N. Y. The purposes of this National Meeting will be more definitely stated in a call, to be hereafter issued.

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

A. E. NEWTON, AMANDA M. SPENCE, F. L. WARDSWORTH, M. S. TOWNSEND, LEO MILLER, Members of Committee appointed at Quincy, January 15, 1861.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTON HALL, BUNSTAD PLACE, DORCHESTER.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.45, and at 7.15 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, DORCHESTER.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7.15 o'clock. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

A meeting is held every Thursday evening at 7.15 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

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

ORANGEVILLE.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers to be all. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. Spence through April; Mrs. Fannie D. Felt, May 12th; Miss Fannie Davis, May 19th and 20th; Mrs. R. H. Burt, June 2d and 3d; Mrs. L. D. Root, June 10th, 23d and 24th; Mrs. F. O. Hyster, during August; Leo Miller, Esq., during October; Mrs. Emma Hardings, Sept. 1st and 2d.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall. They have engaged the following speakers: Mrs. M. S. Townsend during April; Mrs. F. O. Hyster, during May; Mrs. Lizzie Doten in June; F. F. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLOUCESTER.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at the Town Hall. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. D. B. Sawyer, April 7th; Mrs. Elizabeth Clough, April 14th and 21st.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged: Mrs. Danforth, April 7th; Mrs. E. L. Root, April 14th; Wm. E. Copleland, April 21st; Hon. J. Robinson, April 28th; Mrs. M. B. Kenney, May 5th and 12th; Mrs. R. H. Burt, May 19th and 26th; Mrs. Fannie Davis, June 2d and 9th; Dr. A. B. Smith, June 23d; Rev. S. Feltow, June 30th; Miss Emma Hardings, Sept. 10th; Miss Feltow, Sept. 17th, 24th, 31st, and Oct. 8th, 15th, and 22nd.

Foxboro.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1.15 and 7.15 p. m. Speakers engaged: Miss Susan M. Johnson, April 7; and H. H. Storer April 21.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E. A. DeMarco, Aug.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2.45 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged: Charles A. Hayden, April 20th; and Miss Fannie Davis last two Sabbaths in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend the last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Mrs. Lizzie Doten during September; Mrs. Laura DeMarco during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

PROVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers: H. B. Storer, two first, and Warren Chase two last Sundays in April; Miss Emma Hardings in May; Mrs. E. O. Hyster in June; Mrs. F. O. Hyster in July; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Aug.; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macomber the last two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougall in Nov.; Leo Miller in Dec.

Honorees, &c.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—These cough and cold lozenges, which we advertised a few weeks ago, are superior for relieving hoarseness, to anything that we are acquainted with. We have tried them during the past winter, and make this statement gratefully, for the benefit of our brethren in the ministry.—[*Central Christian Herald, Cincinnati.*]

Special Notice to the Afflicted.

This is to certify that two years ago the best physicians gave me up as an incurable case of consumption; that I let Boston without any hope of being well. I went to Providence, and became acquainted with Mrs. J. S. Forrest, Healing Medium, and in less than three weeks I was so far recovered that I came home, in a few days from Washington, D. C., and since that time I have been gaining strength and able to attend to my business as usual; and I respectfully recommend all afflicted to give her a call at her residence, No. 20 Centre street, Boston, or to write to her at Boston. For further information call on me at No. 840 Washington street. JOHN E. LEONARD, March 25, 1861. 2a April 6.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* was written by the spirit who gave it, and is not a mere copy of what was said in the presence of the spirits. It is a new revelation, and is not to be taken as a mere copy of what was said in the presence of the spirits. It is a new revelation, and is not to be taken as a mere copy of what was said in the presence of the spirits.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Friday, Feb. 8.—Why do spirits assist in breaking up the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala.; Abigail Phillips; Mary Wemy, New York.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon race? Isaac P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Francis Adams, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

Sunday, Feb. 10.—How may American Slavery be abolished? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice D. Lacy, Montreal; Samuel Robbins, Salem; Anna Smith; Wm. Jones.

Monday, Feb. 11.—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, New York; Ellen Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murray, East Cambridge; Joseph Ascar.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—How may principles be there in the economy of nature? and how may every epoch in life give a new principle? David Barlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah B. Parker; Mary Louise Shaw; Juliet Hersey.

Our Circles.—Admission Fee Charged.

Holding our Circles in public, necessitates the having a large room, at a cost which bears heavily upon a paper of limited circulation, the expenses of which are otherwise large. We have up to this time opened our doors free, but we find it impossible, in the present state of the country, to enlarge our subscription list to that extent which will warrant us in continuing the system of Free Circles. Beside this, we find our present room, which was once ample, too limited to accommodate the crowds that throng to witness the manifestations—so that, if we continued them on the free system, we should be obliged to engage a larger room than that we now occupy.

When we re-open our rooms, we shall charge the small fee of Ten Cents for admission to each sitting.

Notice will be given in a subsequent number as to the time of re-opening our rooms. W. BAKER.

March 30th, 1861.

The Soul.

Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we live that the soul may be unfolded harmoniously?

Inasmuch as the human soul is the God manifest in the flesh, it is infinite; inasmuch as the human soul is immortal, it is infinite also. Inasmuch as the human soul is the God—not a part of God—it must of necessity be infinite.

You have been taught to look at an infinite intelligence standing somewhere in the universe—an infinite being, you know not where. But believe us, Nature will tell you to look within to find the infinite God.

Inasmuch as man has within him an inexhaustible source of life, he becomes one with Deity. Seek whosoever you will to find the Infinite Jehovah, believe us you will find him only in the human soul. You can comprehend him nowhere else. That man is endowed with power to overcome all things beside himself in the universe, should prove to man in the external that he is infinite in the internal.

It were vain for us to attempt to prove our assertions; it would be vain for us to bring all we see in Nature to prove us true. Man can only perceive truth as it comes welling up in his own soul. We may give truth, but he may not see it—so—not because he has not that truth in his soul, but because that truth has not met with external force to call it forth. Within the human soul lies the power of progress; it is found nowhere else as applicable to himself. Although our God permeates or pervades all nature, yet he comes only into conscious life, for nowhere else in nature do we find originality of thought—not in Nature, nor in any of God's creation. Now that man is capable of originating for himself, should prove that man is himself.

We would not rob the Creator of his infinitude of power, but we will give to him what belongs to him, nor charge him with performing his work unfaithfully. When the Christian prays to God the Father, that he may guide and control us finite beings, he positively charges God with imperfection. He says: "Oh God, thou hast made me but a part of thyself; thou hast likened me unto but a portion of thy infinite self;" when the great Jehovah says, "I have created thee in my own image, I have placed the seal of my infinitude upon thee, oh man." Poor man charges God with want of wisdom, who he hath imperceptibly formed and framed the human soul.

Men think they are constantly receiving new thoughts from the invisible world of thought. Every thought that comes speaking to the external consciousness, has but come forth from their own internal principle. There it had its birth, and it has been called forth by the law of the external senses. Through this law the soul unfolds itself, and we need not speak of the variety of means of unfoldment of the soul. As nature gives no two manifestations alike, so it is with nature in humanity.

How shall we live that the soul be unfolded harmoniously?

We answer, live more in accordance with the law that governs you in the human. Feel and know you are each endowed with infinite power, and by it you are to progress—to cast off the old and dying, and put on the new and glorious. By it you perceive things that are mysterious and dark to some around you. When you seek to unfold the soul by unnatural or artificial means, then you receive inharmonious and imperfect manifestations as given you in thoughts, acts and words, all coming inharmoniously in consequence of the unnatural condition of the outer man. The inner portion is always natural, always right, always good, for that is God. Sink as you may in the depths of crime, go to the lowest hell, moral, intellectual or physical, as you may, you are the same as when previous to the degradation. For as you are an immortal soul, you are an infinite God.

To live naturally you must understand the laws of nature as pertaining to the physical, and the laws of the soul. The first thing to know is that you are a God of yourself, and though the external is dark, the internal is bright. Though the diamond may lie in the rubbish for ages, it is a diamond as much as when it is produced as a jewel. To live correctly, live in accordance with the law natural, which is the most simple law you have. Feb. 1.

Joseph W. Leyon.

I experienced something of a change since I saw you. My name is Joseph W. Leyon. I have not come here to convince any one that I do come myself, but because I promised so to do, and because I have a very strong desire to try my power to control the medium. I am very happy in my new state of life, and am thankful I am free.

I wish to tell my mother I was unconscious but a few seconds, and had no knowledge I had lost my body, until I was made acquainted with the fact through their tears.

I died at one o'clock the very night you saw me first at about eleven. I am very much obliged to Mr. Barnard—for no matter what. The fact that I return to speak does not prove to the world that Spiritualism is true, but it proves it to me. It is simple in itself, but a source of great joy to all those who avail themselves of the privilege of returning.

Tell my mother I shall be able, I think, to do much for her now I am free, I thank God I left earth, and do not wish to return. And I am not sorry for any act of my life, for I did as well as I could, considering the circumstances surrounding me. Good afternoon, sir. Feb. 1.

Michael Brady.

When I was about to die, I thought I had got most through with all things that belong to the world; but when I got out of the body entirely, I soon learned

ed I'd have to come back and learn about things I had not thought about before I left. But I have a long day to learn in, and if I do not get along well, it's my own fault.

My name is Michael Brady. I was a journeyman tailor; was thirty-two years old, and died of erysipelas on the brain. That I died a Catholic, is true; but I come back nothing, is true. I have not got here, and I do not go so much to make me better than any other religion, nor any other religion any better than the Catholic.

I worked at two or three places—in Boston, in Manchester, in Lowell. I went to New York for a job, but didn't stop there long. When I was in Lowell, I worked for Mr. Baxter, in Manchester, for Mr. Gilbert, and in Boston for Mr. Huntington, and for Mr. Armstrong, too.

What I come back for, is, to get a chance to talk to somebody besides strangers. I don't care a rap about talking through your paper, but they tell me this is the best way to come, to get a better chance. I've a brother in Boston, and I'd like nothing better than to get so I can speak to him. I died near here, in his house. His name is James; he's older than myself by most three years. On Cross street he was living then; I can't tell where he's living now, for I can't see at all; but I was told I'd get along better by coming here. I ask to come to them, and after that I'll get a chance to come when I want, I suppose. We've much to do, to learn how to come back to talk through a body not our own; we've got to like to pretty bad, or we'll not get things right. That's all, sir, for me. Feb. 1.

Charles Jackson Masters.

My father lives in Boston, and my mother is dead. My mother and me want to talk. My name was Charles Jackson Masters. I was nine years old. I had never two years ago last December, and died with it. I've got a sister and a brother with my father, and mother and me are together. Mother can't talk, and so I come, because I can. I went to the Wells and Mayhew Schools, in Boston. My brother and sister are smaller and younger than me, and they want to know me, if I come to them; but I want to come to my father. Will you ask him if I can come to him? I want to be a boy when I come to him, not so as I come to you. I don't want to be dressed so, any way. I've got sticks all over me, so I can't bend. If I go home, can't I go a boy? I'll be ashamed to go this way. If I come here any more, will I have to come this way? Then I won't come! My mother would like it, but I don't. Feb. 1.

Peter Leroy.

I was to come here and answer some questions. If there is any objection, say so, and I'll go without answering them.

I went to a spiritual gathering a short time since, and announced myself, and gave them certain things required to identify myself; but they would not believe me, unless I would come here and answer certain questions. Here they said there would be no mind collusion; and so I've come.

My name was Peter Leroy—that I was to tell. I was born in Geneva, New York State. I lived in Buffalo, and died in Buffalo. I was fifty-one years old. I had two brothers and one sister. I was the oldest but one of the family. I died of internal cancer. There, I've answered the questions.

I'll now say that the person who has questioned me, and who wished me to come here and answer the questions, lives in Cardington, Ohio. Fearing I shall not get a chance to claim the fulfillment of the promise that was to be done, if I came here, I will now claim that it is fulfilled, believing I have a right to do so. That's all. Feb. 1.

Spiritualism.

Is Spiritualism a Religion, or a Science?

The condition of our medium will prevent lengthy answers to questions. When properly defined, is not only a Science, but a Religion also. Not only a Religion, but a Science. Or, the two are united, thus giving to the world a religious and a scientific light superior to any that has yet been given to humanity. God our Father designed that Religion and Science should go hand in hand. But he also designed that the two should go hand in hand at the proper time, when men could comprehend both.

All Religion when properly understood, has its existence in Science, or it has that for its basis; and that Religion which will not stand the test of Science is not genuine, but a mere something floating in the atmosphere for a moment, destined to be swept away.

The Religion of Spiritualism comes proving itself by stern facts, by a more positive and material unfoldment. Minds dwelling in material forms must be dealt with through materiality. Spiritualism brings such a religion to the human mind. It not only declares that there is a Supreme governing Intelligence, but it will prove to you beyond a doubt that it is so. It not only asks you to take the manifestations of the present hour and the past, but it tells you to take all time for its unfoldment. It gives you the freedom of the Ages, not only the past, but those in the future. It gives you an eternity in which to investigate this Science, or Religion.

Spiritualism not only unfolds the spiritual of man, but it unfolds the material. It presents both the man and God in their proper light. It does not throw the mantle of Christianity upon one man, and on another place none. It recognizes the whole human family as God's family.

The Religion of Spiritualism comes to you in a very simple and natural way; first, appealing to your external senses, and then to your internal, or first to your material, and then to your spiritual. First proving that you are an immortal being.

When external conditions present an unfoldment to you from out Nature's vast vocabulary, there is a corresponding unfoldment from the soul. It ever has the power to answer. Bring whatever you will into the internal of your being, and there will be a corresponding unfoldment, if you are immortal.

Spiritualism does not bring you principles that are new, but it brings you principles that have existed for all time—that have no beginning and will have no end. True, the unfoldment is different from what you have received in the past, yet it is old as God is. The religion of the past has been given to you through the mysterious, and you have believed it because it was clothed in mystery, and because you have been told it was the word of God, and that to disbelieve it would be to commit the unpardonable sin. All sin is unpardonable. God himself cannot exercise a forgiveness over sin. Sin is a transgression of the law, and law is God, and if you trespass upon it, it will turn and punish you. So then Spiritualism is not only a Religion, but a Science, and through its means you shall rejoice in a more glorious light, in a more perfect understanding of your self, your God and humanity.

It may be called a probe in the hands of the Almighty. And lo, he is fast probing the sores that have been festering long on humanity. It is unfolding to the world at large human hearts—telling you in unmistakable terms what they are; what they are to do, and what they are destined to be; what man is capable of receiving, that he may be crowned with the glories of the future. Not that he may live three score years and ten, and because he has not subscribed to certain articles of faith, he is to be damned. If he looked upon you in the past and pronounced you good, he will look upon you in the future and pronounce you his children still. Spiritualism will give you knowledge of the realities of the future, and as far as it is possible, it will give you to understand them.

Science has hitherto been confined in darkness; no spirituality has gleamed up on her; but now in the nineteenth century, the glorious light of spiritual truth is dawning upon Science, and Science is lending her light. By it man's sins are being opened to the world. By it men are being stripped of their religious cloaks. By it their natures are being made more Godlike. By it the widow and orphan are being sought out and their wants ministered unto. By it the down-trodden are being raised up, and those who have had the mark of Cain put upon them are being raised to the very vestibule of God's Temple. Oh, then, receive it, and by the light of your own reason, criticize it, and make it not only a

Science and a Religion to you as an individual, but to the world at large, and it shall be a crowning glory to you and the world to all future ages. Feb. 7.

Wm. H. Porvoro.

They have pronounced me dead; they have shrouded, collared and buried my body. Notwithstanding all this, I am here to affirm that I live, and that all the faculties once mine, are still mine. Though I am but a child in the spirit-world, I feel to thank God I am a child of the same Father I claimed while here. 'Tis how only seven weeks since my departure from the body. I died surrounded by friends, who were believers in the Orthodox religion. No one need to tell me that the wall is very high and very thick that separates me from them; and no one need to tell me that God cannot scale that wall; for I believe his children, if they persist, have power to subdue all things beneath them. A few weeks before my death I became a believer in Spiritualism. I announced my belief to my friends. I told them I had seen departed spirits, and communicated with them. They said it was all fancy, and pitied me, and prayed for me to bear my spirit up, till it should be folded in Jesus's arms. I will here say that I was upheld by angel hands. My mother, my sister, and many loving friends in spirit-life, were with me to sustain me until I should be strong.

I will here give the manifestation I spoke of before I died. I said I saw my mother. She said: "Though the things of the spirit-world seem mysterious and unreal, you will find them more tangible, more real, more simple, more natural than anything you see in the body."

This was given in answer to my thoughts, no doubt, for I was thinking, "Oh, I wish I could realize something of the spirit-world!" I give this to prove not only my sanity at the time being, but to prove my identity, to day. Though I have hastened back, I know I shall startle the religious friends I have in mortal; I shall render them curious in regard to Spiritual phenomena. Can they give me a faith stronger than heaven?

My name was William H. Porvoro. I was in my twenty-first year, and died of consumption. I was born in Holliston, and died in Dover, N. H.

I'm not going to ask for a privilege of communing with my friends. I simply give this, with a full expectation that I shall be welcomed home. Feb. 7.

Jacob Morso.

I thought I'd got all over. I wanted to come back. I heard so much, too, about people coming back. I have come because I was to speak to my folks. I've a mother and two sisters and plenty of other folks around. I've got a brother that's now on one of the New York boats; and if there is any chance of my getting to speak to him, I'd like it.

My name was Jacob Morso—Joke, they called me. I was drowned on the thirteenth day of January. Bless you, I can't tell the year—it was as much as thirteen years ago. I eloped a good while after I was drowned, and I lost all that time. I was going from New York to Stonington. I was assistant cook on board the Lexington. The boat was burned, and we were all lost. I was a fool. I might have known it would have been so. She caught fire five times before she was burned; and she was always on fire. I was a fool for going in her again; but we have all to come to an end some way.

This is the place where black and white come free. I suppose I have as much right to tell my story as a white man, here. At first, I was hard bent to come back; but then I learned how things were to be done, and I've waited all this time. My brother was young when I was lost. He is on one of the New York boats. I want to speak to him as I speak to you. There are a good many things I'd like to speak about, if I had him here; but I haint got him, and so I can't speak of them.

A tough night that was—a hard time. If I was to sleep a thousand years and wake up, I'd remember that night.

Joe is my brother now; and I'll help you up to the highest seat if you'll help me speak to him. I was very strong—had a good deal of muscle in my arms, and could lift great weights. I don't want to say I have all the muscle here; but I have all my strength, and I'll be a good one to help you.

This was a cold night; the fog was thick, and it snowed some. I came in thick, I stuck on to a bucket and chair for I don't know how many hours, till I thought I'd be froze if I had got ashore; and I dropped the bucket and chair, and left.

What's the best of it here, a nigger is as good as a white man.

I was born in New Orleans, and I came North when I was small. Joe and the rest were born here. You'll wish you'd come here before, after you do come and see how things are conducted here. But you'll not want to be hurried out, as I was. Feb. 1.

Mary Augusta Seward.

I wish you to write to my mother for me. There's somebody here, who said I must tell my name, and many other things.

My name was Mary Augusta Seward. I died in Georgetown, D. C., with sore throat and fever. I wish you'd tell my mother I've got a brother here. She never told me that I ever had any; but I have, and he's here with me, and he never was born on earth.

I was eleven years old. I died before Christmas, in 1860. I was sick two days. My mother's name is Charlotte; my father's name is Alexander; my brother's name—he never had any—never lived here—died before he was born. He's more anxious than I am to communicate. I was so glad to find I had a brother here. He knows about everything here, and takes me everywhere I want to go, and if he were not here, I don't know who I'd have. He came to me first, and told me who he was. I never heard my mother speak of him; but I knew he told me the truth. He looks like my father, and I look like my mother. He never had any name that my mother would know him by. He never lived here, and he don't know anything about here—only as he comes back to learn. He says he was born the sixteenth day of May, eighteen years from the time I died—before, I mean. My mother must know him by that. He was dead here, and lived where he is now. Oh, there's millions of children here! What would the spirit-world be without children! There wouldn't be any fun. Oh, my brother wants to have his mother know him so much!

Answer—I go to school now. Everywhere is a school, where you want it to be, and everybody is your master that knows more than you do. Everything you see, which you want to know about, somebody is there to tell you; everything you hear or think about here, and want to know about, somebody is there to tell you. Nobody tells you you must do things here.

Will you be sure our letter goes? My father is a lawyer. My brother is a good deal smarter than I; he's been here longer than I, and knows more; but he said he couldn't come into control of a body as well as I could, because I was nearer earth, and he was more spiritual.

Oh, I shall be so glad when I go home, for I shall surprise my mother so much with my company. He had to let her know that he was here—he says he is an Immortal.

I've got a grandmother and lots of other folks; but I can't say anything about them now. Feb. 7.

Mary L. Ware.

My dear brother, with great joy I clothe myself with mortality, that I may transmit a few thoughts to you, who yet dwell far from the source of strength and divine wisdom. What shall I bring you from the golden land of promise? Shall I bring you faith? No; I cannot. Shall I bring you the brightest buds of the morning, gathered by the fingers of love? Yes; these I will bring you, feeling that the Father will bring you the increase of faith, in accordance with the labor of the children.

My dear brother, you may be assured of our great joy, when first we received the welcome news that you earnestly desired to know the truth of the new religion. And in response to a call from your own soul, we have daily visited you, and sought to hold communion with you. But we are as yet in the infancy of the morning sun, and are not able to do what time will give us power to overcome.

It is our desire that you criticize carefully and well all that comes bearing the light of the new dispensation. Let nothing deter you—let nothing cause you to lay down that you have taken up, and a legion will come to your aid.

Could I speak with you, I should tell you much that I cannot give by the pencil.

May the Lord God of the Past, Present and Future, watch over, bless and protect you, is the belief and wish of the earnest friends who love you in Spirit-life. Many L., to JOHN WARE.

ANGELS.

The following lines I found in the vest pocket belonging to my friend, George Lippard. I copy them with the hope that they will find room in your paper. Yours truly, B. L. M.

Thin shadowy forms are hovering
In the air around us hushed,
And we feel their unspoken presence
In the daily paths we tread;
Their eyes are kindly gleaming
Down in many golden beams;
Their hands that gently scatter
Heavenly roses on our dreams.

Richest gems of thought they bring us
From their fair and distant home;
Though they often make us sadder,
We are better when they come,
And they weave sweet spells of music
For our troubled hearts to glide,
And uphold hearts almost sinking
Down in life's cold rapid tide.

They sustain, and cheer, and comfort,
When our spirits fall and shrink—
Save us from the dark abysses,
When we tremble on the brink;
Soft they glide, when fiery passions
Would our hasty bosoms stir,
Angels sad and deeply sorrow,
When our human spirits err.

Low they speak in soothing whispers,
When in grief we bend and moan,
And soft they bear us messages
From the loved ones long gone;
They that still the fever burning
In our sickened, weary heart—
They unclasp the crystal fountain
Whence the cooling tears-drops start.

Oh! they bring us daily visions
Of a world more pure and fair,
While their sweet low voices whisper:
"God, and love, and home are there."
They that keep a deathless vigil
At the portals of the soul—
They that tread the angel's temple,
When the waves of trouble roll—

Through the vale of gloomy shadows
Safe our fainting souls they bear;
While their tuneful songs of heaven
Soothe us in our passage there.
Oh! how rich, how high, how precious,
We must be in God's pure light,
That he sends us guardian angels
From his realms of fadeless light.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday, March 24th, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge concluded a series of discourses in this city, on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, the 24th ult. The subject of the evening lecture was, "The Second Coming of Christ." We present the following abstract.

"THE KINGDOM COME?"

Forty-eight hundred years this cry has gone up to God, by day and night, lifted by the tender voice of infancy, waivered forth by the feeble tones of old age, bursting from the riven heart, coldly parting the lips of formalism. Do they comprehend what they demand, and know what would be the result of the fulfillment of that prayer?

What is the Kingdom? Christians say it is the eternal yearning demand of the soul for the return of one who presented to earth the very fulfillment of all possibilities that can confer peace and harmony upon man. It matters not whether in the personality of Jesus we find the embodiment of heathen myths or the fullness of the Godhead. It matters not from what cause the name of Jesus Christ has been written on the firmament of immortality. There it stands, bright as the star that led on the shepherds of ancient times; and around it has clustered every grace and every virtue, that can convert this earth of sighs into a blooming Paradise. The peaceablest, the sweetest, the most lovely and pure, and the most deeply philosophical system of ethics that ever was given to man, represented and illustrated in a life of perfection as high as humanity can ever attain unto, is stereotyped in the name of Jesus Christ. If none such ever lived except in the thought of man; yet this beautiful, this universal thought speaks the fact that in the world of causes there is the type of such a possibility, and the prophecy of such a coming. But it is not for the Kingdom of a personal Christ, nor for the Redeemer, that the world has sighed. In the hour of peril and famine and war, in the times of grief and desolation, those epochal periods that appear from time to time to overwhelm the nations, after their culmination point of splendor has been reached, every land has cried—"When will the Deliverer come?" It is the belief of humanity that salvation and development can alone be wrought out by God made flesh. Thus has it been, in earth's hour of sorest need, that a Buddha, and a Zoroaster, a Vishnu and an Oshir, a Plato or Socrates, and all the mighty ones of olden time, have stood forth from the ranks of the people, with a psychological power before which the world has bowed down, and have grained to their places as redeemers of the race.

This desire and hope is not peculiar to the Jews and their descendants; it is the prayer of the world's universal heart, and the utterance of a mighty truth. It is the reflex of God's great scheme, starting from the age of innocence before man had eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It is the world's destiny. A judgment day must come for every deed and every living soul, perhaps for our beautiful earth itself; but it is only the casting off of the old, the regeneration of the spirit, a birth, whether of individuals, or of nations, or of worlds, into a higher and more beautiful kingdom.

Where, then, is the Kingdom? Jesus, with his dying breath, promised it. In converse with his faithful few, he gave the assurance that, though he parted from them—though he only sowed the seed of what should be—though he was but the John the Baptist—though the abomination of desolations should yet stand in the holy place—the Kingdom would come, that the beautiful world would return, that his Spirit should reign—the kingdom which he had promised—that which every man carries with him, that which is typified by the law, that which is peaceful and loving, that which sorrows with the sorrowful, that which cares for weeping Magdalens, and loves them so dearly and so tenderly, that they are the first at his grave; that which stretches out its arms to the fall and ungrateful daughters of Jerusalem, clasps little children to its bosom; that which is so sensitive, and so human, and so shrinking from pain, that it faints and trembles and weeps in agony at the bitter cup of suffering—thus protesting against suffering, and forever denouncing the right of man to inflict suffering upon it. This, men and women of the nineteenth century, is the true Kingdom.

When shall it come? Many there are who claim that it exists in Christianity, was vitalized in the Apostles, was distributed by the fiery Pentecostal tongues that appeared in the early days of the Church, and that it lives to-day.

But what says Church history? We know that were the virtues of the great Apostles, their courage and endurance and constancy and zeal. Surely in them was manifested the kingdom of heaven. And, so beautiful, so perfect was the kingdom, so innately good, and strong, and natural, and reasonable, so truthful to that philosophy which would annihilate all wrong and suffering by doing justice to every living creature, that the best and noblest minds of Greek and Roman philosophy were attracted to it. And thus it was that the kingdom grew in numbers, until, at last, from the scattered few, it

became the sect that was called Christian at Antioch. But did it also grow in that spirit wherein some, at least, of the Apostles faltered, when they all forsook their master and fled, and when they disputed among themselves who should be greatest? Were not these shortcomings and imperfections of the initiators at last erased by the glorious and triumphant light of Christianity? He who wrote all law, and all its commandments, and all belief, narrowed down into two verses, condensed into twelve lines, a doctrine which became a means of discord, and swelled itself out into folio volumes, that, if brought together, would fill, and overflow, the largest college of Christendom,—all growing out of two little verses, one simple debtor and creditor account, that only required the actor to place himself where the actor upon was to judge what he should do. But, searching carefully through all the creeds, and text-books, and notes of faith, we do not find any record of this simple golden rule, that teaches how man should comport himself toward his brother and sister. Nothing of all this; only what he shall believe. The voice of Christianity was drowned in the clamor of contention between those two loudest and strongest-willed men of their time, Arius and Athanasius, and the one who had the most influence with the great men of that period, obtained the day and tore the writings of his antagonist, and threw them in his face, at the famous Council of Nice; and lo, as the remains of that Council, the famous Athanasian Creed, beginning with—"Whoever will be saved!" And what are the conditions of salvation? To "believe what herein follows: that We are One of Three; for there is one Father eternal, and one Son eternal, and one Holy Ghost eternal; and yet there are not three Eternals, but One Eternal. And there are three Lords incomprehensible, the Father incomprehensible, and the Son incomprehensible, and the Holy Ghost incomprehensible; and yet there are not three incomprehensibles, but One Incomprehensible." So reads the Athanasian Creed; and there is not a sect of Christianity, not a single form or system, except the Unitarian, but takes that Creed as its foundation.

Such is the result of the Council called by Constantine to establish the foundations of the Beautiful Kingdom. But do we find it there? Or is it found in the days that succeeded, days of violence, and oppression, and religious persecution in its most frightful shape?

Alas! wherever we find creed or sect, there is the garden wall that may shut in a few blossoms, a few rare fruits of place, or power, or authority, that a few of God's children may gather; but outside is the broad, starving world. The kingdom of the Wanderer is not within those straitened confines—the pure and peaceful religion of him whose altar was the human heart, and whose church was the wide world, whose gospel was the tear of suffering, and whose testament was forgiveness of sins.

But there is hope. In this latter age, once more we hear the voices crying in the wilderness. They sound as strange to-day as they did in olden times. One of the first of these is infidelity, that dark and baneful skepticism that has denied its own soul and its spirit God, that voice so stern and resentful, the reaction against priestly authority, the opposite extreme of polarity of mind forced on by the dogmatism—we might almost say, evangelism—with which man has hung his brother's soul in chains. The mind is swept clear of the myths and traditions of the past, the ancient buildings of error are pulled down, and there is room to erect the noble temple of religion, of faith and reason.

In the revelations of Swedenborg, the mind of human nature found a response to its longings for the kingdom. The world scorned the teachings of the Swedish seer, because he spoke unaccustomed words in their ears. But the seed falls sometimes on good ground, as well as on stony places; and the seeds he planted were those of piety, wisdom, and justice. Another herald of the new day was Mesmerism, with its wonderful revelations of sympathy and healing, and the mysterious relations of body and soul.

In modern Spiritualism we behold the last of the voices crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." We do not claim that the kingdom is here in its fullness. It never will be, so long as there is one human being that wrongs another—until man finds that his own best interest is to do right, and the next best interest is to see that his fellow man does the same. But it is coming. The signs of the times proclaim it. Reform is the angel that stirs up the pool, and causes men to think, and examine their own interests, and seek for better. And war, and the rumor of war, and the spirit of change, is the last great John the Baptist proclaiming that the people's advent is coming, and that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand. The prophecy is sounding from the lips of new American men and women, pioneers of this great change, in this mighty land of freemen, where all the elements of progress are gathered together, where all the climates, and all the soils, and all the possibilities of art and science, and all the free pioneering spirit not yet content with the present, are ever rushing on to the future. And thus shall the morning dawn when the whole earth shall cry, "Thine is the kingdom forever and ever!"

SPRITUAL CONFERENCE, AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

In the matter. This is precisely what occurs in respect to Spiritual phenomena. The manifestations we obtain are quite satisfactory, and we know they must be referred to a cause, beyond our sphere, and who are not acting in the body; but we must remember, that outside our immediate circle, there is a world of spiritual influences of various kinds, pouring round it a tide of unbelief and ridicule, which cannot be without its pernicious effects on our well-grounded convictions. We are also to remember that this question of identity is, after all, subordinate, collateral, to the main question, as was the previous inquiry, as to the medium's source of inspiration. Looking at the subject in another light, we should bear in mind, to borrow a homely illustration, that the *full stomach is always squeamish*. Looking back a few years, before these phenomena had begun, we find that the hopes of all Christians hung, not on the identity of the founders, not on the observations of any person, but on the history of the fact, that one man rose from the dead. Century upon century rolled away, and the topmost crest of the highest wave of evidence for immortality culminated in the fact that one man was seen on earth after passing from the life of the body. And now, if it can be fairly shown to our own reason that a single man has survived the chemistry of death, the immortality of the whole race may be deduced from that one fact. The grand truth is made plain by Spiritualism, that the existence of human beings as a race, is intimately connected with our ephemeral earth-life, that the lives of all our predecessors are, at this moment, linked with our own. It is quite a secondary question, whether any particular relative of any particular inquirer, has vouchsafed satisfactory evidence of his existence. But as to this question of identity, I believe I have conversed with the spirit of my father; that I have identified him, by the peculiar construction of his sentences; by his errors in spelling; and by the peculiar feel of his hand, which I remembered perfectly. It is a little remarkable, too, that only through one medium, of all I have tested, have I ever had such evidence of my father's identity.

Mr. ODELL, in answer to a question, said he had had one communication, which he related, and which he thought could not have originated in his own mind, as it disclosed facts of which he had been entirely ignorant, concerning a person whose name he had recalled for many years.

Mr. GOODWIN. My impression is, that we can identify spirits; but so long as we are in mental blindness, and led by the blind, in this matter, we shall continue to doubt. It is said in the Old Book, of a certain class of skeptics, that, if they believed "Moses and the Prophets," neither would they believe, "though one rose from the dead." I believe Spiritual manifestations to come from two sources; the Devil and God—that is, from the powers or principles respectively of good and of evil. Unprogressed spirits in this sense, come from the Devil. As long as we are infested with errors from this source, we shall doubt. We must find out, Truth, by weighing it with its opposite. But I would rather give facts, than philosophize. When a boy, I had a nurse who died, and soon after her husband wanted to marry again, and proposed to have a young gentleman I knew to attend his wedding; but he, not quite approving of the marriage, so soon after the first wife's death, refused to go; and he was therefore left in charge of the bridegroom's house. That night, this young man, of nervous temperament and an iron will, was lying on the bed; it was the month of July, and the bright moonlight was pouring into the room—when he saw the door open, and the well known figure of the deceased wife, her head bent down and arms folded, and wearing a shawl which he recognized, pass as if in trouble, between the door and window, and then vanish through the former. The young man determined not to say anything about the apparition. The second evening after this occurrence, the bride party returned to the house, and the usual festivities took place, in which the ghost-seer participated. Wine was served to the guests, when the glass which was placed before the bride, was lifted from its station by unseen agency, danced round the table, pausing before each guest, and finally landed in the bride's lap. If this was not a proof of Spirit-identity, I do not know what could be. I will add, that the couple in question, led an unhappy life, after receiving this warning. The wife finally eloped, leaving three children, and the husband became insane.

I have another story, of a more sober character, concerning my own sister. She is a medium against her will, and does not know what to make of it, protesting strongly against the influence. She has seen her husband, since his decease, bending over the bed where her little daughter lay. The child died, and after three or four days, my sister, going into her parlor, saw her daughter standing with her hand on the stove; upon which she screamed and fainted. Now, could this be an hallucination of the brain? If so, we must believe the same of the various apparitions recorded in Scripture. I was waked up one night by my wife, who asked me to go through the house, and see if no intruder was in it. She felt uneasy, but did not explain the cause till morning, when she said she had distinctly seen her mother looking over the bed-rail at her. Was the spirit-identity proved in this case? I cannot say. I do not base all my faith on signs and wonders; and I think skeptics who seek them will have them now and then, not always.

Dr. BERTHOLET. The question is, can we have evidence of the identity of those who have lived in our society, when on earth? Can that intelligence and affection, which, together, make up the complex human being, be retained and manifested, after the death of the body? I seem to have satisfactory evidence that it is so. I decide thus upon the same principle as when I conclude, with regard to any person whom I see in the body, and communicate with, that that person has intelligence and sympathies similar to, and congenial with my own. In considering this subject, I am often reminded of an anecdote related of Jesus in the book called the Apocryphal New Testament, where it narrates his conference with the Doctors in the Temple. A rabbi said to Mary: "Your son seems very intelligent; had he not better attend school?" "Ask him; he knows," replied the mother. Then they asked him, saying: "You seem very intelligent; have you read books?" "Jesus answered: 'I have not only read books, but the things that books contain.' While I confess I am better for having studied the things in the Bible, I have no more respect for truth there, than for what I say, as any Prophet in that book was for his utterances. When young, my father, an exemplary Orthodox pastor, was as apprehensive for my welfare, as a hen is for the safety, after it has hatched, because it seemed going too far in wanting to find out the things which the Sacred Book contained, instead of being content with its mere verbiage.

My father died about the year 1834, and shortly afterward, I was prompted by a medium to send a month in Washington. While there, I was sent for by a spirit, through Jane, a medium, to aid in her development. I left for Philadelphia before the object was fully attained; but, when I returned to Washington in a month, Jane was a personifying medium. My father was as strongly personified, through her, as could be—especially his characteristic gestures, when he rose to speak. On such evidence as is contained in this and a dozen other cases which I could relate, I believe in the identity of spirits purporting to make communications, just as I believe in the authenticity of a letter or a telegraphic dispatch; and, similarly, I distinguish between the normal and abnormal conditions of mediums, just as I tell one man from another.

Mr. ADAMS. Can we identify spirits? Eight years ago I happened to be walking down town in company with a friend, and we called upon James E. Brown, who was then giving public demonstrations of his faith in Spiritualism. I was not acquainted with the Judge, never having seen him before; but at that interview, as I fixed my eyes on him, I felt it was a great pity that such a mind as his should be so far led astray, as I then supposed it to be, in that subject. The Judge soon turned to me and asked if I had recently lost any dear friend. I did not remember that I had; on which he said he perceived one standing

by my side who wanted to communicate. I replied "let him speak," but the Judge said the spirit could not speak, although it affected him very much, and he could see it. In that case, I suggested, the Judge was able to describe its appearance, whereupon he proceeded thus: "The friend I see standing by your side is a Methodist clergyman, sixty years old, short, thick set, with a heavy head of sandy hair, combed back and hanging down. He is a very odd character; fond of music; a writer of poetry, which he sings; he is a very happy man." I recognized him instantly. He was a man generally known as "Reformation John," who had at times stayed at my house, and whose eccentricities had always arrested my attention; but of whom I had not thought for a long time, and was not aware of his death. Judge Edmonds told me to go to White street and obtain an interview with Mrs. Coan, a well known rapping medium. I went to her, and sat down without saying anything of my object. Raps came, and, being the first I had heard, I was somewhat astonished. Mrs. Coan immediately began to write—from right to left, and from the bottom of the paper to the top, so that the inquirer could read without turning the sheet, and the communication proved to be from my old friend John, as I could not fail to recognize. It occurred to me, at the time, that perhaps Judge Edmonds had seen Mrs. Coan since my visit to him, and prepared her for my interview; but I said nothing about it, and presently there came another communication from "Reformation John." My doubt remained, and when the spirit expressed a wish that I should believe, I said he must first identify himself beyond a question. He promised to do so, and I appointed a time when I would meet him again with a set of written questions. I went home and prepared, with great care, a list of some hundreds of questions, involving names, dates, &c., each question numbered. The meeting took place as appointed; I read the first question in order, mentally, without speaking aloud; the answer was given and recorded; and so with the whole list of questions. I took the questions and answers home with me. With a view of determining whether the phenomena were due to mesmerism or genuine Spiritualism, or whether anything could be told me which was not in my own mind, I had introduced some fifty questions which I could not myself answer at the time. I wrote to a brother of mine who had known "John" more intimately than I, and who could look up the facts concerned, telling him, however, nothing of the circumstances. I learned from him that the answers I had obtained to these questions were in every case correct—as were also all the points of Judge Edmonds's description. Now, the value of this investigation lay in several points. First, the Judge knew nothing of the man whose spirit communicated. Second, at the first visit, I was absorbed in pity for the Judge's mental condition; and thinking not at all of the clergyman, so that the image which the Judge saw and correctly described could not have been a transferred impression from my own brain, nor anything but the resurrected image of the identical man. Third, as before said, fifty of the questions answered through the medium were questions to which no answers existed in my own mind. This was my first experience. I could stand here and relate similar cases for a week.

At a circle in 22nd street, I was influenced to take a seat beside a Mrs. Fitch, who was present, and say her brother William was there. I was in my consoling state, and saw his age at his death written on his forehead—thirty years. Further, I took upon myself his condition at his death, and told that he was shot—that he did not die immediately of the wound. I experienced all his dying sensations, arising from the bullet through his breast. Such incidents occur to me every day, so that I am satisfied that we are able to identify spirits, to our great comfort and the confirmation of our faith in a life beyond the present.

Dr. GRAY. The identification of a human being, either in or out of the body, is nothing else but the exhibition of the peculiarities, mental or bodily, by which that being endeavors to express its individuality. The modes in which its individuality is expressed constitute its peculiarities, and these peculiarities make its identification possible. In this life, we have identity made out by the voluntary operations of the life-principle. The bodily operations are products of the life-principle, without the intervention of the mind. These products of the creative side of life, in an individual, are patent to the senses, and become objects of attention; we can see the form and proportion of his body, the size and relation, color, texture, &c., of its parts and organs, and these enter into our identification of him. But identification is also ensured by voluntary mental operations. Now, the prominent manifestations of the first class are taken from our view by the death of the body, and we are thrown back on the demonstrations made upon the mental plane by the reason of the spirit. My opinion is, that these latter evidences are not so weak as the world in general thinks; but, in addition to these, the fact is made manifest by spirits, that, by the exercise of their creative power, they can reproduce the peculiarities of the human being, even to the characteristic form, size and weight, just as they were in this life. But this physical class of phenomena, from the creative side of the spirit, is, from its conditions, very difficult to obtain; and it falls to the lot of very few inquirers to see a beautiful and rare production, which goes far to establish identification. Nevertheless, I can solemnly say, I have received satisfactory proofs in this way.

The most weighty consideration with me, connected with this question, is that of the moral evidence involved. If, in a given case, you gather together all the peculiar involuntary physical manifestations, and add to these those proceeding from voluntary mental operations, there results, with conclusive force, to my mind, a moral argument, which lies in what Swedenborg calls the marriage, or harmonious conjunction of the good and the true—the adaptation of permanent means to the effecting of good of purpose. When a manifestation occurs which projects before me, on the physical side, the face and form, suppose of my departed mother, I say you are driven to invent a status of argument destructive of all moral philosophy, when you place a demon there to reproduce those maternal traits to me. For where is the end of use which is subserved by the operation? under this supposition what relation does the universe of order and consistency bear to this thing of evil and deception? In all other departments the means of evil are temporary, fleeting, terminating in its destruction; the forms of good are as permanent and universal as the hopes of the human heart. If you sustain this demoniac hypothesis you destroy the whole philosophy which recognizes adequate means applied to ends of good, throughout the universe—you turn that universe, indeed, into a pest-house. I cannot say it is demonstrably untrue, on the physical plane, but I know that it is, morally, a monstrous falsehood. If there be, indeed, a divine union between what is good and what is true, our hope, based on these manifestations, is as permanent as the throne of God himself. The new science of the representation of individuals from the spirit world, furnishes the key-note of this investigation; and, before we dismiss the topic, I am confident we shall be able to throw upon it the light of philosophy, as well as of facts, and that Dr. Mallock, Mr. Partridge, and myself will lift ourselves out of the muddy depths into which we have been consigned by the Ohio editor.

The most laughable case of "mistakes of the printer," is that where there had been two articles prepared for the paper, (one concerning a sermon preached by an eminent divine, and the other about the freaks of a mad dog,) but, unfortunately, the foreman, in placing them into the form, "mixed them," making the following contrivance:

"The Rev. James Thompson, Rector of St. Andrew's church, preached to a large concourse of people on Sunday last. This was his last sermon. In a few weeks he will bid farewell to his congregation, as his physicians advise him to cross the Atlantic. He exhorted his brethren and sisters, and after the expiration of a devout prayer, took a whim to cut up some frantic freaks. He ran up Timothy street to John, and down Bennett street to College. At this stage of the proceedings, a couple of boys seized him, tied a kettle to his tail, and he again started. A great crowd collected, and for a time there was a grand scene of noise, running and confusion. After some little trouble he was shot by a Jersey policeman."

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Boston Advertisements.

A PRINTING OFFICE FOR \$10.



LOWE'S PATENT

Printing and Letter-Copying Presses.

The invention of this press supplies a want long felt by printers and others of a cheap and good printing press. It enables every man to have a small printing office of his own, and thus print his own cards, Billheads, Labels, Circulars, &c., and as it is decidedly the best letter-copying press yet invented, it becomes an indispensable appendage to the counting-room of every merchant.

With each press, if desired, we sell the *type, ink, and other materials* for the press, and a set of *type, ink, and other materials*, so that any person, of common intellect, can execute all kinds of printing with ease. Printing in Gold and Silver, which is supposed to be very difficult and expensive, can be done upon this press without any trouble, and at about the same expense as common printing.

The press is very durable, occupies but little room, and the largest size can be easily managed by a boy ten years old; and we can refer to many persons who have earned a comfortable living by working on these presses.

The No. 1 Press has wooden conical rollers, and answers very well for printing small jobs; all the other sizes have rollers of iron, and are not to be excelled by any press in the world. A small press may be exchanged for a large one at any time without trouble, by paying the difference.

All kinds of Paper, Cards, and Cardboard furnished to our customers at manufacturers' prices. Orders must be accompanied by the cash, or the money to be collected on delivery by the express. We have but one price, and sell for cash only.

Persons having the old-fashioned presses, with wooden rollers, can have them exchanged for these with iron rollers, and the other improvements for the same price.

To those wishing further information in regard to the press, we will send, on application, a Circular, containing a description of it, a list of the articles sent with each office, and a list of some of those who are now using these printing presses.

Persons having the old-fashioned presses, with wooden rollers, can have them exchanged for these with iron rollers, and the other improvements for the same price.

To those wishing further information in regard to the press, we will send, on application, a Circular, containing a description of it, a list of the articles sent with each office, and a list of some of those who are now using these printing presses.

PRINTING OFFICE NO. 1.

Press, 5 by 6 inches, \$3.00

Type, ink, and other materials for printing, 5.00

Office complete, 10.00

PRINTING OFFICE NO. 2.

Press, 8 by 12 inches, \$10.00

Type, ink, and other materials, 10.00

Office complete, 20.00

PRINTING OFFICE NO. 3.

Press, 12 by 14 inches, \$18.00

Type, ink, and other materials, 14.00

Office complete, 32.00

PRINTING OFFICE NO. 4.

Press, 18 by 17 inches, \$25.00

Type, ink, and other materials, 15.00

Office complete, 40.00

Address, 19 Water street, Boston, Mass.

March 31, 1861.

CAPILLARY DISEASES.

DR. PERRY.

THE CELEBRATED DERMATOLOGIST, and the only man in this country who has ever made the treatment of Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Baldness, a specialty, has published himself at 29 Winter street, Boston, (formerly the residence of Dr. Reynolds), where he can be consulted by all who are afflicted with any disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, or Premature Baldness.

Dr. Perry is prepared to treat successfully the following Diseases, all of which are productive of a loss of Hair: Debility of the External Skin, Thickened Secretion, Irritation of the Scalp, Dandruff or Itching Scurf, Inflammation of the Scalp, Scalded Head, and other diseases of the Scalp, Hair, and Premature Baldness.

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

Particular attention is called to the Doctor's Theory of treating Diseases of the Scalp, and Premature Baldness. It will commend itself to every intelligent and reflecting mind.

There are eighteen Diseases of the Head and Scalp, that cause a loss of hair and in some instances premature baldness, each requiring in its treatment different remedies. Where loss of hair has resulted from any of these diseases, the first thing to be done is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment; restore the Scalp to the normal condition, keep the pores open so that the secretion can pass off, and in every follicle that is open, new strands of hair will make their appearance.

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

Because various diseases of the scalp are the cause of the hair, and have been deceived by them and in some cases their difficulty made worse by their use, they should not be discouraged. The one preparation system for any class of disease is to remove the disease by a proper course of treatment, and the hair will grow again.

Dr. Perry's method is in accordance with the law of cause and effect. He makes a personal examination, ascertains what disease of the scalp he is or is producing a loss of hair, or premature whitening, prescribes such remedies according to its nature and requirements, as will remove the disease; he keeps the scalp cool and moist, and the hair grows again.

As to Dr. Perry's ability and success in treating Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Baldness, he has in his possession the most reliable testimonials from Physicians, Surgeons, and others in every city where he has practiced. They can be seen by calling at his office, 29 Winter street.

All consultations free. All letters and other communications should be addressed to Dr. B. C. PERRY, Box 2837, Boston, Mass.

March 29, 1861.

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT WHISKERS?

DO YOU WANT A MUSTACHE?

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TO THE AFFLICTED!

CHARLES H. CROWELL,

Medical Medium,

Room, No. 31-3 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON,

(Banner of Light Building.)

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of reliable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnosis of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00 family visits \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock A. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M.

222 Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given.

August 18.

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!

DR. CHARLES MAIN,

No. 7, DAVIS STREET,

Dorchester, Mass.

THIS is an Institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no cure of the incurable, but it does claim to alleviate with ALL, like it, or unlike it.

The Doctor gives particular attention to the cure of

CANCER, DYSPEPSIA, TUBERCLES,

and BONES of all descriptions. Fits not of a hereditary nature, treated in the most satisfactory manner.

He would call attention to his newly discovered

REMEDIES!

BLOOD PURIFIER, PULMONARY SYRUP, DIARRHOIC SYRUP,

NERVINE DROPS, GOLDEN TINCTURE, LION PLACER,

&c., &c., &c., &c.

manufactured from directions received while under spirit-influence.

Persons intending to visit the above Institution for treatment, are requested to give a few days' notice, to avoid confusion on their arrival.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address plainly written, and state sex, and age.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 3 P. M. to 5 P. M.

The doctor would call particular attention to his invaluable

DIARRHOIC CORDIAL.

A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

July 21

A VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK,

FOR both sexes entitled, "The Medical Companion," prepared by an experienced Physician of this city. It treats, first, of Chronic Diseases in General; second, of Diseases of the Sexual System of both sexes, their symptoms and remedies; third, the Abuse of the Reproductive Powers;—an exposure of advertising quacks. Sold by W. V. BINGHAM, Bookseller and Stationer, No. 24 Washington street. Price, 50 cents; three stamps extra, if sent by mail.

Parls.

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

THE DISTANT MOUNTAIN-RANGE.

They beckon from their sunset domes afar,
Light's royal priesthood, the eternal hills.
Though born of earth, reborn of the sky they are;
And the ascending radiance heaven distils
O'er their high brows, and air with glory fills.
The portals of the West are opened wide:
And lifted up, absolved from earthly ills,
All thoughts, a reverent throng, to worship glide.
The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
The mysteries of Light—an open book
Of Revelation: see, its leaves unfold
With crimson borderings, and lines of gold:
While the rapid reader, though soul deep his look,
Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.
[Lucy Larcom.]

Kind words always cheer those to whom they are addressed. They soothe the wretched, comfort the sad, and are a balm for the despondent.

"SERVICE WITHOUT A CHURCH."

There was no Temple, but Jehovah's praise
Went up from glowing lips. Turret nor spire
Fleckered the landscape, 'mid the solitude
Of that young settlement; yet the voice
Of praise and of people, reverently
Ascribing glory to the Lord of Hosts,
Unswelled by organ came the chanting strain,
While through the solemn groves the bending trees,
Like silent students, learned the words of prayer.
Nature doth love the worship of her Sire,
And aids it with her innate harmonies.
Her dew baptism, and the clear response
Of brooklet and of bird. But man, who walks
Through the world's tortuous passages, doth need
The sound of Church bell, and the majesty
Of consecrated courts to call him back
From his week's vassalage.

Reading makes a learned man, writing a correct man, speaking a ready man, thinking a great man, and praying a good man.

SPRING.

When from the wintry tropics of the sun
Full sixty days their finished round have run,
Lo! then the sacred deep Arcturus leave,
First whole-appeared on the verge of eve,
Through the gray dawn the swallow lifts her wing,
Morn-plaining bird, the harbinger of Spring.

In order to deserve a true friend, you must first learn to be one.

FRIENDSHIP.

Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn.
[Addison.]

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 27, 1861.

SUNSET.—"The Bible."

DR. CROWELL, Chairman.

MR. WETHERS.—I think the intellect of man has reached that point where the Bible loses its talmantic character. The Bible presents some singular features over other books, and it has been worshipped to such a degree that even the leather which covers its back becomes sacred with a power the calf or sheep never gave it. But God be praised, the day of common sense is breaking, and superstition is fading before the light of wisdom and knowledge; and the Bible assumes new shapes, in harmony with the present hour, though in the past it has been, in our view, an impediment to the advance of human progress. Man has ever spoken "wiser than he knew," and spirits higher than himself perhaps have impressed him to write nobler thoughts than his mind has ever conceived of; but I do not believe God ever spoke in audible voice, or wrote Hebrew, Sanscrit or Greek. In no sense is the premonition of one man to be made the infallible guide of other men; and it is of no consequence whether the channel is sacred or profane, for we pass judgment on matter more than man—and as noble sentiments have come from Shelley and Byron as from Paul and John; and the classics are as full of truth and beauty as the prophecies of the olden time—just as truthful, instructive and divine, and ten times as applicable to our wants, for they come fresh from the fountains of wisdom to-day, and are not muddy with the dust of ages. There is much beauty in the Bible, but you spoil it when you attribute it to God without attributing everything else written to the same source. Every day is bringing to light new things; and the ancient hieroglyphics which our savans have translated into modern languages, show conclusively that the Bible was written by men, but it embodied their highest thoughts; and right around us, and sometimes in this very room, we see the same phenomena. It is wiser to attribute such phenomena to a natural cause, than, with all their imperfections, to thrust their paternity upon Deity. Considering the age of the book, and its teachings, it has a special value; but when you call it the word of God, the charm is broken, for it is no more divine than the morals of Seneca, or any other writer of true philosophical or moral merit. The knowledge and science of the nineteenth century, however, blended with the realization of Modern Spiritualism, shall herald in a more intellectual religion, and more humane piety; and no longer shall religion be made the mark of the great.

MR. CORLIAN, (entranced).—A great deal is said about an intellectual religion, and we are called upon to lay the Bible aside, or consider it only an ordinary affair, in order that we may have an intellectual religion. We do not believe we require an intellectual religion. The intellectual and religious nature should be and are entirely distinct from each other. Instead of rejecting the Bible, and of ignoring it entirely, we should seek to understand it more fully. We should divide it into three parts—into its historical, moral and poetical parts. The historical part is worthy of credence the same as any other history, and no more. As for the laws laid down for human guidance, they are unequalled by any civil code recognized among men, and its poetry is the best ever written. The book of Job is pronounced by able critics to contain passages better than Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare or Milton ever wrote, and should be read by every person who appreciates true poetry. Though the classic idiom is lost by the translation, even as it stands in the English tongue, the poetry of the Bible is unapproachable. But everything else is of little importance beside the moral part of the Bible. We cannot look into the future and see any time when human beings will become too good to be regulated by the morals of this book. It grows as our needs grow, and as the world grows. Some would put the Bible in the hands of the few; while others would strip it of all authority, more than Shakespeare or Byron. But those who have stood upon the Bible have been the ones who have scattered the errors and fallacies of the world, and in the lands where it is revered and studied, science and enlightenment have ever had their stronghold. Its moral teachings are better and clearer than ever have been written anywhere else. The book is a book to last forever; and if a man reads it in spirituality of feeling, it will serve his whole nature, and if he lives it out he will find increasing perfectness in it, till in wonder he will ask himself, "Will it end?" If then you wish to become true spiritual men, take your Bible, examine it carefully, as history, as poetry, and as a code of morals, and you will find in it a beauty and adaptation which will last forever.

MR. PRACE.—I was gratified with one characteristic of the remarks just made—that was, the suggestion that we should give the Bible a thorough examination, and throw away the worthless and retain what is valuable. The idea was also advanced, that there was no connection between man's religious and intellectual nature; but it seems to me that the connection is very close between the two, and from the separation of these have resulted all the superstition and religious intolerance that blight our earth. It is very instructive to glance at communities, and see the relationship existing between the sacred books and the individual. How do you ever hope to break the spell of superstition that enshrouds the heathen mind, save by appealing to the

Intellect? There is no room for faith in this age, except faith in the power of truth, and love, and in him who governs us all—and every other faith is a delusion. A clergyman once observed to a friend of mine, "We require two sets of ideas—one for the study, and one for the pulpit."

MR. HUBBERT.—In the most profound sincerity of which human nature is susceptible, educated as I have been by a religious mother, known as what the vulgar call "converted," and professing the most puritanic and severe discipline of the Methodist Wesleyan sect—if I had to present myself, now, before the grand Creator of all things in a state of spiritual purity, I would say, "The Bible is the work of men." The part that God played in it, is done by the same agency in every book written in the past, in course of production now, and which may be produced in the future time. The Bible has been, and will be, in company with the Koran and other productions, followed as laws by different religious believers, as stumbling stones in the way of human progress and perfection.

That liberty of conscience, for which our forefathers suffered and fought, was not taught by the Bible. They, on the contrary, were in want of that liberty, so as not to be subjects to the arbitrary commands of the Bible as well as arbitrary interpretations of it. Liberty of conscience was the grand motto of the Reformation, and liberty of conscience is not taught by the Bible. After the liberty of conscience, we acquired the political liberty so dearly paid, so little comprehended, so unwillingly conceded and so badly practiced. The Bible does not give to men any political rights; the Bible says: "Give to Caesar what belongs to Caesar;" if you are slaves, remain slaves, says the Bible. So what we conceive the arcana of human happiness is denied us by the Bible. We do not want consumptive love under the auspice of a mock charity. We want our rights, nothing but our rights; and if the Bible comes in the way of human rights and liberties, it is a proof that the book is not of divine origin, and should be treated accordingly. The works of divine origin palpably their perfection; and the Bible is a proverbial compound of contradictions. The ancient portion of the Bible, as a regulator and promoter of human progress and happiness among the Jewish people, even in their most prosperous time, is condemned as a failure, if compared with the people surrounding that egotistical nation. The Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks, the Carthaginians and Romans did cultivate the arts, sciences and navigation; and beautiful remains even to-day the greatness of these people, not so much in structure and art as in moral, civic and humanitarian examples. The new portion of the Bible saw or caused the whole human race to go deep in ignorance, vice and cruelty, and not a single spark of regeneration seemed to come from the book; it was only at the time when men asked for the liberty to believe in the book or discard it, interpret or reject portions according to the dictates of their own conscience, that we saw the almost extinguished light take the appearance of life and progress.

MR. TRAYNER.—I hope by what I say not to injure the feelings of any present. I can conceive of such a thing as respecting a man or woman, without respecting that man or woman's opinions. I am glad this subject is before us; for the book has been too long regarded as a revelation of God to man. Such was my own idea of it in times past, when, if any one had said he believed the Bible was not all God's word, I should have considered him guilty of blasphemy. But I thank God my opinion has changed in this respect. I think there is a great impropriety in putting the word "Holy" upon the book, by which means the printer and bookbinder aid in propagating the fallacy. I believe there are some gems in the book, and other things as injurious as ever were written, and nothing is any better for being in the Bible. We have said, if you disbelieve one part you must the whole; but this is not so. There is a little pamphlet entitled "Pious Frauds," in which palpable and intentional mistranslations are exposed. Clergymen know this is the fact, but keep it locked within their own breasts.

MR. BURKE.—If a dumb man were brought into this room to-night, I do not believe there is one here who would be unwilling to give him a fair trial, and all would be willing to hear what was said against him and in his favor. We have the Bible on trial to-night, and it seems to me proper that it should have a fair trial. The Bible claims to be an emanation from the God of all; but interested testimony ought to be received with extreme caution, as it is in courts of law. But when friend and foe unite upon the same ground, the crust of prejudice must be unusually thick not to respect such testimony. If you reject Moses, why not reject also Lutanus and Tacitus? Suppose that Tacitus had asserted that he saw Jesus after he had risen, would you have believed it? Of course. But other men, much more responsible, testify to this fact. In the face of foes, when it was almost certain death to them. Are not these better attested, being contemporaneous, than historians three or four hundred years after? Is the book not utterly beyond the power of man to create? Where did the man of Nazareth learn the doctrine of returning good for evil? It was never taught by any teacher or philosopher before him. As men become wiser and good their love and reverence for the Bible, for it is for everlasting. My religion teaches me to accept of truth, wherever I find it. How is it that Paul, Luke and John taught a doctrine never known before the day of Jesus? Where did these men get their knowledge?

[A Voice].—Where did the first man catch the small-pox?

There is only one conclusion that we can come to, and that is, that he is an inspired teacher from God.

MR. SEAVEN.—Our friend says his religion teaches him to accept of truth wherever we find it. I, too, believe in the old couplet,

"To see on truth, wherever found,
On heathen or on Christian ground."

When I read my Bible, I find much that is valuable and useful, for it is a large book, and I am perfectly willing other men and women should put just so much confidence in it as they please. I think it is better, as has been said, to put it on its own merits, and if the careful investigator feels it is God's inspired word, all well and good; but I do not see that there is any more of Deity in the Bible than in the almanac or newspaper. If it had always stood upon this basis, it never would have done so much mischief; but the question now is, whether it has not done more ill than good. I don't know of any calamity that ever happened to mankind, but some bigot saw that hand of God in it, or a prediction of it somewhere in the Bible; and every enormity is in one way or another derived from the Bible. Ignorance seems really the mother of devotion. Bro. Burke has inquired, where Christ learned the doctrine of doing good to all men. He knows very well it was taught by Plato hundreds of years before Christ was born, and I will at any time give him the testimony of one of the greatest Christian lights to prove it. Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, taught the Golden Rule centuries before, though he says none but people of great mind can understand and practice the rule—and it is just so; but greatness of mind does not consist of wealth or power. There is a fable in Livy, similar to that of Jonah. The one is not believed; the other is, because it is in the Bible.

MR. CUSHMAN.—I have not been much entertained by the discussion to-night, for all the truth has not been brought out that might have been. The most intellectual men in the world have ever been the champions of the Bible. No man on this floor is sufficiently acquainted with the Oriental languages to be a competent witness against the Bible. They attack the Bible without guess or reason. They say the story of Jonah and the whale is absurd, but believe in much more absurd things in connection with the doctrines of Spiritualism.

MR. DILLINGHAM.—I don't wish to run down the Bible, but to find fault with those who made a bad use of it, by claiming it as plausibly inspired, when there is not one iota of positive proof as to when or where it was written, or by who.

DR. WOLFE disliked the ambiguous form of the question, and the general and rambling debate that had resulted from it. He spoke of the various changes and operations which the Bible underwent before it came to us, as additional proof of its fallibility, and read the following, as the opinion of Theodore Parker:—"I soon found the Bible to be a collection

of quite heterogeneous books, most of them anonymous, or bearing names of doubtful authors, collected none know where, or when, or by whom; united more by caprice than any philosophic or historic method, so that it is not easy to see why one ancient book is kept in the canon, and another kept out."

Correspondence.

Providence, B. L.—Conventions, &c.

As I have not written you since sometime in January of last winter, "I now take my pen in hand," &c. The natural laws of the Universe do not seem to have suspended, and so, in the course of events, the Winter has passed away and Spring is upon us, though were it not for the name of March, we should not recognize it, as a blinding snow-storm is sweeping over our heads, and spreading its cold, white shroud beneath our feet, as I am writing to you. But these are only externals; probably in the interior of Earth's treasure-house there is going on a revolution that will soon send up an ocean of tiny blades of grass to form a carpet of emerald tapestry, interwoven with clusters of blue violets, and sprinkled with red and yellow flowers, (very vulgar colors, but still beautiful to me) instead of the snowy one given us now. And we all intend to thaw out of our lethargy with the coming of Spring breezes, and to commence to not upon our resolutions of the past.

During the winter we have been treated to excellent speakers; through January Bro. Miller was with us, with his truth-loving soul, his sound logic and penetration. We thought, when he was here before, that we liked him; but he has made hosts of friends this time. He certainly improves, as every one ought to, and this is no disparagement to his past, either. We have had, through February, the non-immortalist, Mrs. Spencer, who yds listened to by overflowing houses, and who is getting to be better understood than formerly. She is, therefore, not so much of a bugbear to frighten big children with. Her subject for the month was Government, and many of the ideas advanced through her might have been vastly suggestive to the sage old heads at Washington. However, she does not condemn, but says those in power have done just what they could, and no more, for the Spirit-world was over-watching and controlling all, and had even caused all this agitation. This is a bad sound for Spiritualism, almost equal to the *Free-love* cry. It would be a sad thing for the world or the churches to get hold of this. Please hush it all up. Then Spiritualism would not only fill all the California insane asylums and others through the land, "set a man at variance with his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law," a *la* Christ, and the husband against the wife, a *la* *Free-love*; but it shall come to pass that the whole country shall be torn asunder at its mighty behest, for "I came not to send peace on earth, but a sword," says Christ, and so also says modern Spiritualism. Mrs. S. is now in Bangor, and is, I understand, very much appreciated by the people there, although there were some fearful ones before she went.

This month we have Lizzie Doten, universally a favorite. She has given us very good lectures. Last Sabbath her subjects were "Generation and Regeneration" and "The Marriage Law of the Soul," which were well treated upon. "If Edgar A. Poe shall see fit to give us a poem through her organism, I shall be happy to report it for the Banner."

I see our friends in the West have called a Conference to balance our Worcester Convention of April. I hope they will have a glorious time, and be ready to meet us of the East at Oswego in August. There are fine spirits among those who issue the call, that I know can and will conduce to such a result. Our Western friends may be sure of the sympathy and co-operation of the Eastern Spiritualists in all schemes, by them devised, for the emelioration of the sin-sick and the enlightenment of ignorance, and the bringing about the reign of Universal Wisdom. Probably many of us would be there, if the conductors of railroads would only let us go free; but not so. When we get to the Spirit-world, won't we have a grand Convention, East, West, North and South, and over the other side of the ocean, and no fees to pay either? Yours, LITA H. BARNES.

Providence, March, 1861.

Penn Yan, N. Y.

Once more during my engagement for the Sundays of March in Oswego, where the interest still increases, I have found it necessary to answer the pressing demands by making excursions into the country. Last week I went to Mexico, where several of the best families of the enterprising little village have become too pious and strong in the true gospel to be driven or drawn from it by clerical arrogance or the religious presumption of *settled* preachers, and the cause grows stronger and firmer for every wind and storm of persecution. This week the call was loud and long enough to bring me over the winding way via two railroads, one steamboat, and one stage, to this enterprising little town, from which calls for speakers have often issued and responses often returned in words of encouragement and hope. Here on my first visit I found a firm, consistent and reliable band of workers holding steadily on the course and beating against the sectarian winds with good success; every year, if not every month, they are stronger and firmer, and hope reaches further into the hearts of the pioneers. I have written on their banner, "Conquering and to Conquer." Three lectures in their Court House are the public efforts I made here, given to few but strong minds, some of them such as were once said to be able to chase a thousand.

Here I met Mr. Tooley, whose name I do not see in the papers as often as I should be glad to see one that works so much, for he is busy most of the time, and I learn from him he has given over twenty lectures in the last month.

Penn Yan is the county seat of Yates county; on the Elmira and Canandaigua railroad; about six miles from the Dresden landing of the neat little steamboats that run all winter on Seneca Lake from Geneva to Watkins, about forty miles along the beautiful shores of one of the pleasantest little lakes in our nation, and one that the winters cannot freeze nor summers dry up. There is certainly something about this section of country that mollifies its climate, for here the hills and vales are often bare or green, and waters freeze from ice, when only a few leagues distant snow-drifts are deep and high, and boys skating on the lakes and rivers. The soil is rich, but has so much clay in its composition as to make it uncomfortably muddy much of the time, yet it is well adapted to crops, especially fruit and grain.

The people, I learn, are liberal, enterprising and quite reformatory and progressive in life and religion. Efforts at revival made by sectarian societies have of late been almost fruitless here, and seem likely to continue or be more so in the future, for intellect is gaining the ascendancy over passion, reason over

feeling, and practical religion over belief and blind devotion.

To-morrow I return to my Oswego station, and next week make another excursion into the snowy region of Palucki, Oswego Co., and soon after depart from the hospitable shores of Ontario, and ere long shall appear in New York, where I anticipate many pleasant excursions among her hills in the sunny summer-time.
March 20, 1861.
WARREN CHASE.

OBITUARIES.

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE, from Manchester, N. H., on the evening of March 22d, the spirit of Mrs. Sarah Hosens. For nearly four score years and ten had she bravely battled the storms and changes of life bequeathing to her children, not material wealth or possessions, but the spirit of a pure and incorruptible man. Her illness, which was a protracted one of nine weeks, was attended with many beautiful experiences, which strengthened not only her spirit in the joyous hope and reality of an immortality beyond the fading scenes of time, but gave to her mourning children, and all who witnessed her last struggles with mortality, assurances of a holier and happier life—a life replete of eternal peace and harmony. Brought up in a belief of future eternal rewards and punishments, each depending upon the life pursued here, she had viewed in the past the approach of death with some dread and apprehension, but those feelings were all dispelled as the light of eternity broke upon her enraptured senses.

Several times she spoke of the bright land and its glorious inhabitants, and frequently expressed a strong desire to go and be at peace with the loved ones gone before. At one time she seemed to sink into an unconscious condition, in which she and our dearly loved ones, and from which all the exertions of her friends could not arouse her. When at last she returned to the consciousness of her corporeal life, she stated that she had been to heaven, and related the many glorious scenes which swept before her in her triumphal passage through the spirit-world, and among the loved ones who accompanied her. As she was waking from the trance-condition, sweet and melodious strains of music were heard vibrating on the ambient air, so sweet that her faithful attendants knew it belonged not to earth.

A few hours ere the final separation of the soul from the body, a luminous mist of halo was seen to enclose the dying form, which was no doubt the electric emanation from celestial bodies, who had drawn near as a battalion to escort the fleeing spirit into the manifold glories of the immortal life. She tenderly bade adieu to her weeping relatives and friends, exhorting them all to live true and virtuous lives, and be prepared to meet her in glory and bliss. Then quietly she passed through the shining veil of death into the resting life of the spirit.

She has left seven children to mourn the departure of her bodily presence from their midst; but they only joy the assurance that her spirit is at rest near them, and will inspire their hearts with her beautiful inspirations.
Farwell, mother, till we join thee
In the blissful courts above,
Where thy joyous soul let loose,
Crowned with never-fading love,
May our hearts thy virtues treasure,
And our lives like thine be bright,
Thine "mid scenes of heav'nly pleasure,
We may greet thy form of light."
J. D. STRICKS.

"Oh, listen man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
Hush! then thou shalt hear the celestial voices
Hymn unto our souls; according harp,
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars
Of morning hush together, sound forth still
The song of great eternity."

DEPARTED. At Bangor, N. J., March 10, 1861, GEORGE H. ELY left the earth-sphere for his eternal home of joy and beauty, aged 35 years 4 months and 10 days. This true, generous-hearted son of nature and lover of her truths, beautiful genius, was free from the shackles of creeds, superstition or false dogmas, and was a living temple of virtue, heroism, kindness and honesty. His many character and courteous bearing won the regard and admiration of the entire community. He heartily endorsed and defended the philosophical truths of the Spiritual Philosophy, and his sympathies and active labors were always with freedom, the dignity and rights of labor, and the vindication of man as superior to institutions. A highly intelligent and affectionate husband, he was a source of strength and consolation, and while holding sweet communion with his loving spirit, through her tear-dimmed eyes, she will behold him standing amid the glories of the beautiful spirit-land, leading her to "come up hither and receive the joyous welcome of the angels. May the consolations of the angel-world soothe, comfort and cheer his large circle of mourning friends, and make us worthy his loving ministrations.
F. D. M.

VOLUME FIVE.

The features of the BANNER OF LIGHT for the following year will be as follows:

Select Domestic Stories.
Essays on Reform Topics.
Progressive Editorials.
A. E. Newton's Contributions.
Spiritual Communications.
Mrs. Conant's Department.
Correspondence.
Reports of Boston Conference.
Reports of New York Conference.
Abstracts of Boston Spiritual Lectures.
Abstracts of New York Spiritual Lectures.
Poetry: Wit, News.

NEW BOOK

BY
EMMA HARDINGE

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BY
EMMA HARDINGE.

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Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung the beads or words of life. It may be here, it may be there, it may be nowhere again.
But live again I shall where'er it be.—[Petrus.]

CONTENTS.

The Princess: A Vision of Royalty in the Spheres.
The Monomaniac, or the Spirit Bride.
The Haunted Grange, or The Last Tenant: Being an Account of the events that befell the family of the Haunted House, No. 2, The Sanford Ghost.
Christmas Stories. No. 1: The Stranger Guest—An Incident founded on Fact.
Christmas Stories. No. 2: Faith; or, Mary Macdonald.
Wildfire Club: A Tale founded on Fact.
Note.

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March 23.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE

DR. ALFRED G. ELLIOTT, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the N. Y. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of various forms of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. His remedial system is simple, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 230 Washington Street, Boston Mass. Oct. 1.

SPIRITOSCOPES.

W. M. E. HALLOCK, Evansville, Indiana, is manufacturing the Spiritoscope or DIAL, and is prepared to ship them to any part of America, at \$2 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.

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