

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

NO. 22.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER T. HATHAWAY.

CHAPTER IX.

"Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he come; wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home."

On that self-same evening—when Baddolo and his companion were making preparations to leave the cavern for Viola's rescue, and Viola herself was bewailing her sad fate in the most lamentable strains, lo! in the utter darkness that enshrouded her—the old monk had entered the mansion of Count Cesario, and was engaged in close and confidential conversation with him.

"This is what I have come expressly to tell you," said he; "that Viola will be carried away much sooner than I had counted on."

"Sooner?"

The father was taken by surprise. "I have learned," continued the monk, "that a safe escort can be obtained on this very night; and she can go on with that without any further delay, and so be forever out of the reach of Baddolo. I do not hear of such favorable opportunities often, and therefore desire to make the most of them."

"This Baddolo!" exclaimed the count. "But for him, all this might have been avoided."

As he thought of the unknown bandit, it seemed to him as if he rose up before his steps at every turn, haunting him continually. If he ever ventured to give free rein to his fancy, a fleeting thought of this terrible bandit, as mysterious as death, threw a cloud of fear over all. Whenever his heart indulged itself in the usual play of its emotions, he was incensed to find that every feeling was poisoned by the presence of Baddolo, in its very centre. In fact, this most mysterious and incomprehensible of all bandits and robbers existed as a perpetual vision before his troubled sight. He seemed almost to confuse and blur his vision. No wonder that the count both dreaded and hated him and his very name. There was no gift within his disposal, with which he would not readily have parted for the sake of removing him from the face of the earth forever.

"Viola can go to-night," returned the monk, "if such be your pleasure, Sir Count?"

"My pleasure shall be altogether yours," said the unnatural parent. "I confide altogether in your management."

"You do me honor," said the monk, affecting modesty.

"I respect your services and reverence your station," returned Cesario.

"Which I trust I do not dishonor." "Far be the thought from me, that I should ever utter it, that you are not worthy of your station, Father Petroni! We all know better than that!" exclaimed the count.

"Very well, then. All shall be accomplished on this very night," said the monk. "Shall I be the bearer of any message—of a last farewell to your daughter, Sir Count?"

"No; not a syllable shall she get from me! I am as a stranger to her henceforth. Speak not to her of me at all!"

"It shall be so," answered the ever obsequious monk. "But is there any wish on your part that matters shall be so arranged, Sir Count, as that you may recover her at any future time?"

"Not one; no, nothing of the kind. Let her take the veil, and henceforth there shall be no such thing as an outer world to her forever!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the monk, with an appearance of piety.

"I have spoken it," added the count, as if to clench his foolish resolution.

Let us return to Baddolo.

After he and his page left their little craft, they proceeded, as we have seen, to the chamber occupied by old Nancie. We left them standing in a listening attitude before her door.

Having satisfied himself that no other person than the fortune-teller was in the apartment, he tapped gently on the door, and then went in, followed by his companion, obediently to the usual summons.

"Baddolo!" broke forth the old woman, the moment she fully recognized him.

She was unable to conceal her great astonishment to find him within the city.

"Yes, Nancie, it is I," said he, coolly.

"But how is it that you are here in Venice, to-night? You are throwing your life away!"

"I came in my own boat to the stairs on the quay, and thence I came up here to you on foot," answered he.

"No time this to joke, one would think," drily remarked Nancie.

"And why not?"

"All Venice is up in arms about you!"

"But am not I armed, too?"

"You against a whole city?"

"Why not? Whose spirit is the greater?" he asked.

"But," said the old woman, "let us waste no time. What is your errand, Baddolo, here to-night? It is not myself that would have it known you ever visit this place, let me tell you."

"No more would I, either. But to my business."

"Yes; be quick! I tremble all over, already."

"Ah, fear nothing from this, good Nancie! Harm never yet came nigh the person of Baddolo. His life is a charmed life. His enemies have not the power to hurt him."

With this, he proceeded to disrobe himself of his outer garment, and there he stood before her, with a simple tunic of bright scarlet upon him. As he made this discovery to her, his handsome face flushed with deep excitement, and his dark eyes rolled wildly in his head. Even she, beset as she was with her fears, felt that he was a very model of manly grace and beauty.

"Now tell me what is your errand," she interrupted, still uneasy about his being there in her apartment.

"I wish you to tell me all you at present know of Viola," said he.

She started.

"Of Viola?"

"I must know every syllable this night. It is not often now that I dare venture my life in Venice; and now that I am here, I must needs perform all that is to be done by me. So speak on."

"Viola is at the convent."

"That I have heard, Nancie."

"This very night she is to start for Verona."

"What! Do you tell me truth?"

"It is even as I say. She will leave the convent secretly this night, on her way to the prison where her life is to be passed. The old monk is her guard. He will take good care that nothing stands in the way of her going."

Baddolo stood still in astonishment. It was out of his power, for some moments, to utter a word, so confounded was he at what he had just heard. Recovering, at length, in some degree from the stunning effect of the announcement, he said:

"Is there no help for her?"

"I know of none," was the soothsayer's melancholy reply.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "Can it be that this right arm, so strong, so active, so willing, has power to do nothing to shield her from her fate? Nancie, tell me! I would know of a truth."

Nancie paused a moment in thought, and then replied:

"I can tell you, Baddolo, that all depends at last upon yourself."

"Thank God!" involuntarily exclaimed he. "Then is she safe! Lend me a garment, good Nancie. Give me a dress of pure white, the garment worn by a female, that I may visit the convent at this very hour, and see what may be done."

"Fortunately I have one such here," said the woman. "It happens to be one that was left here by Viola's maid, Juliet."

The face of Fedore was crimson, at this speech. He never was more sensibly confounded. Yet Baddolo seemed to notice nothing of the kind.

Nancie brought out the desired dress, and proceeded to adjust it upon the figure of the bandit. But for its length, a better fit could not have been found for him.

Once equipped, he waited for no further explanations; but bidding Nancie good night, and, for the sake of prudence and consistency, thrusting his own dagger into the belt of his page, he went off out of the room and down the stairs in great haste, followed by his faithful companion.

On they went—master and man—till they came to the stairs at whose foot their little barge was fastened, and, leaping into it, they pushed away into the still water. Baddolo, however, was too prudent to touch the oars himself, but left all to Fedore.

They had glided along quietly and without interruption through several streets, and passed rows and lines and groups of gondollers, hurrying and scurrying this way and that, when they were suddenly challenged by a gruff voice proceeding from a boat that shot out of the shadows directly toward them.

"Who goes there?" demanded the voice.

No reply from Fedore.

"But tell who you are!" repeated the voice.

"No enemy to Venice, I can assure you," answered the soft voice of the page.

"What is your name, then?"

No answer to this.

"Then I shall find out what I can for myself," said the voice. And immediately the other boat drew alongside.

"Ah! a female with you, eh?" ejaculated he, in surprise, as he detected the two persons sitting together.

"Yes; but not for such as you to insult, or to stimulate!" Fedore replied threateningly, and in a sterner tone, at the same time laying his hand upon the hilt of his dagger.

"I am mistaken," said the stranger, a little cowed by the boy's resolute demeanor. "You may pass."

"So I shall!" retorted Fedore. "But it would be well for you to know what you are about, before you challenge people in that way!"

The interruption was but for a moment, and the stranger separated from them and turned away.

It was a laborious and steady tug at the oar that finally brought them to the outer grounds of the old convent wall. A very pale and sickly-looking moon hung in the sky, across whose disc a few shifting and thin clouds occasionally straggled. At the point where they approached it, the convent was lo-

cated on the back of a hill, that looked very much like a ridge, and the declivity to the water seemed quite sudden and precipitous. A sort of drainway, or sewer, evidently a passage for superfluous water from the higher grounds, was bored through this wall in one particular place, and it had once evidently been carefully protected against ingress from without by a row of iron pallings. It would not have been suspected by any one, however, that there was any necessity for this, since the directness of the descent from the wall to the water seemed to be a sufficient guarantee of defence against almost any attack likely to be made in that quarter.

Baddolo set to work to clamber up this rugged steep, leaving Fedore in the boat alone, but from whose belt he had taken the precaution to remove his own dagger.

Reaching the summit at last, much tired and out of breath, he sat himself down a moment or two to rest; and he then began to look about him, by such insufficient light as the pale moon afforded, to try and discover the most eligible mode of scaling the wall. He was still clothed in his female attire, and fears crossed his mind that he might be discovered, and that an alarm might be raised if he should be discovered in that costume upon the top of the wall. While thus considering what was best to be done, by good fortune he espied the gully the water had formed in its impetuous course from the upper grounds. Comprehending in an instant that the water must first have come through some channel already prepared for it, before it could have been collected in force sufficient to wear so deep a ravine by its flood, he turned and looked to find, if he could, the place whence it usually started.

At the very first glance he discovered it all! There was the fortunate drain, or sewer, dug completely through the base of the wall! What could he have asked more?

He bent himself down to examine it, but found, to his dismay, that it was protected at its entrance by a row of upright iron posts, or bars, small enough, to be sure, yet sufficiently large and strong to resist any attempts of his weak arms to break them through.

For all that, however, he was in no way discouraged. Stopping down, he grasped the dull iron bars with both hands, and shook them as if he were engaged at the entrance of this sole barrier to the accomplishment of his wish. Luckily enough, one of them had rusted quite through, from the effects of the constant flow of water against them—and it at once gave way before his exertions. He thanked heaven, in his heart, for this last encouragement of his hope, and at once crawled through the aperture.

Now he found himself within the grounds of the convent. There was not so much as a foot to be heard stepping about, nor a form to be seen moving before or behind him. Cautiously he proceeded, and directed his steps to the little chapel in the garden, which was the first object he espied.

The door was already open, for the inmates of the convent had passed through but a short time before, and carelessly left it ajar.

He passed hastily in, his heart wildly palpitating between doubt and fear, and, stealing up to the little altar, at once secured himself behind the veil that was placed there. Perhaps—thought he—Viola may herself come in here, this evening, to say her devotions by herself, or chant her saddening hymns; and then—then all will be safe. What a joy!—what an inspiring thought!

But a brief time had he lain concealed in that place, when he thought he heard a footstep near the door. He listened with all attentiveness, and soon satisfied himself that some one was approaching. Perhaps it was only some one come to look up the chapel; and then what was to be done? But ere he could give way greatly to his fears, the footstep was heard upon the stairs, and finally upon the stone floor of the chapel itself.

It seemed to him like the tread of a man, yet he dared not peer forth from the place of his concealment to see, for fear he might be detected. But his suspense was not doomed to be lasting. Instantly the person placed the little lantern which he bore with him upon the floor, and began thoughtfully to pace the room.

"Viola!" said the person, soliloquizingly.

In his place of concealment, Baddolo could not have been more struck with wonder, had a bullet at that moment passed through him. He was instantly satisfied in his mind that this person was none other than the wicked and hypocritical old monk, Petroni!

"Viola," continued the monk, still pacing to and fro on the stone floor, "it is now for me to determine what thy fate shall be. Thou art now my prisoner. What shall I do next? That is what I must determine soon; it is exactly what I have come here now to determine."

Viola! thy proud father thinks that thou wilt be out of the reach of this robber, Baddolo; and so do I think myself. But it shall not—it ought not to be so by shutting thee up closely within the walls of a distant nunnery. Thou shouldst be free as air. Thou shouldst be a bride, happy and gay—and not a nun. Such a life was never meant for thee; it was never created for such as thee!

But what shall I do, Viola? Here art thou now, in my own power. If I sent thee to Verona—as all along I have had no serious thought of doing—then it must in time be known here in the convent that thou art not dead; and where, then, goes my power? If I suffer thee to remain here, then wilt thou be obliged to starve in this lower dungeon; for I cannot create food for thee a great while in such a

place, and human life, at best, cannot long be extended there.

But what am I to do? I am sorely troubled to know. I am in a quandary. I am in a strange perplexity. Would to heaven I had never known thee! And still—who would not fall down on his knees and thank heaven that he has been permitted to look, if but once, within those eyes?

Here is the door to thy present dungeon cell. I stand this very moment with my feet upon it. Viola, if I should open this double trap-door and tell thee that thou canst once more be free, if thou wilt but escape with me to a strange and distant place!—oh, would that I could feel assured of it! Would that some one could remove all doubts! But I will first raise the door and see. Yet do I dread it."

The monk leaned over and lifted a large, square stone from its position in the floor. Beneath this was an iron door, to which was fastened a ring of the same material. It was looked securely by a bolt, and to remove that bolt by a single turn of the key he held in his hand was but the work of a second. But before he lifted the iron door, he called out:

"Viola! Viola!"

A very faint and feeble response from far below fell on his ear.

Baddolo heard that response too, in the place of his concealment!

"She is alive still! Thank God, she yet lives!" said the monk to himself, aloud.

All the blood in the heart of Baddolo was at once set in turbulent motion, on his hearing this single response from the lips of the prisoner girl. So muffled, so distant, and so exhausted did it sound, that he leaped out at once from his hiding-place upon the floor, and, springing with the ferocity of a tiger on the monk, with a single vigorous and well-directed blow he felled him senseless to the floor.

It was scarce an instant's work for him to raise the heavy iron door upon its hinges, and call out:

"Viola! Viola!"

It was a very, very faint answer she gave him, but still he could distinctly make out that it came from her.

"It is Baddolo! It is I!" he exclaimed.

"Baddolo! Oh, my saviour!" came up a faint voice from far below.

The young man was nearly insane with impatience.

"Reach me up your hand, Viola!" he cried.

"Baddolo!" was all the reply he heard. He reached his own hand far down, and all around, in the darkness, groping aimlessly about from point to point; but no hand was extended to grasp it, that he could feel.

"She is dying!" cried he, in a frenzy. "That devil of a monk!"

He dashed wildly about over the floor. What, in truth, was now to be done?

CHAPTER X.

"Why I descend into this bed of death, is partly to behold my lady's face."

"Thou detestable man! thou womb of death! Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth, Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open!"

Like others in a similar ill condition, Baddolo did, and thought of doing, just everything but what he ought to do, in order to discover the condition Viola was in; and it was not until some time had elapsed that it occurred to him at last that there stood the lantern of the prostrate monk before him, at a little distance on the floor.

Seizing it with all imaginable haste, he sprang forward again to the mouth of the cave, and let it down as far as his extended arm would permit. It shone out in the dense darkness like a twinkling star through the rifts of a cloud. It had scarce power enough to penetrate a gloom so awful.

Still holding it down, he twice called the name of Viola, and received barely the sound of his own name, faintly, in reply. The very feeble tone in which it was uttered led him to believe that the girl was exhausted—perhaps, at that most critical moment, dying!

His quick eye was attracted to the rope that depended from the ceiling, by which the chapel bell was wont to be tolled by the hands of the sciorista. It lay coiled on the floor near him.

To descend by that, however, would but sound an untimely alarm by which he would be discovered to them all. It took him but a twinkling, therefore, to sever the same as far up from the floor of the chapel as he could reach, then he proceeded to fasten one end to the iron ring in the trap-door, that now lay flat upon the floor. Trusting himself to this rope alone, and taking the lantern in his hand, he managed with great labor to reach the bottom of the dismal and sepulchral cavern in safety.

The moment his limbs touched the cold and damp floor of solid stone, they almost refused to support him. He trembled, from his terror, like a very child. A cold and deathly sweat stood in huge drops on his brow. His hands were as moist as if they had been plunged in the water.

Groping his way about, with his lantern thrust all the time before him, he discovered the body of Viola stretched out, like that of a dead person, in the further corner. He held the light close to her face, and recognized those much loved features once more. A calm and gentle smile stole over them, speaking more loudly than words the depth and strength of her passion for him who had proved himself, at so critical a time, her preserver.

He thought, just as that moment, of the monk whom he had left lying senseless on the chapel floor. Should his consciousness suddenly return to him,

before he could re-ascend the rope, all would then be lost! No doubt the priestly wretch would take advantage of the opportunity to consummate his revenge by shutting down the door again, and he would thus secure an immortality of renown—even in the face of his vices—by being known as the captor of the outlaw, Baddolo.

The thought lent him fresh courage and strength. With a great exertion he succeeded in lifting the helpless girl to the middle of the cave, and then he proceeded to tie the end of the rope tightly about her, beneath her arms. He waited not for words, or gentle and affectionate expressions; what would they help him then? There could be enough of them at another time. He must act now, and act with decision.

Having thus secured his treasure, he climbed up the rope once more as fast as he could go, taking the borrowed lantern of the monk along with him. Once safely landed on the floor, he set down the lantern and commenced drawing up his precious load after him. It cost a hard effort, but her form began to rise slowly, until at last it came in sight. Either the new motion, or the rays from the lantern shining full in her face, had the effect to waken her, for at that moment she opened her languishing eyes.

Baddolo could have cried for joy.

When he had got her in safety to the surface, and had laid her gently upon the hard stone floor, without uttering a syllable he rose and approached the still prostrate body of the monk. The knave was insensible, yet still breathing. Taking the key from his pocket, that was made to fit in the lock of the iron trap-door, he dragged the senseless body to the brink of the aperture, and cast him in!

He leaned his head over the hole, and heard the dull, dead sound of his fall upon the bottom of the cave, and the deep groan of agony that escaped him from the sudden shock! It was quite enough. Baddolo was satisfied. Yet to make everything complete, he shut down the iron door, and, with the key he had stolen, securely locked it. Then he over-laid the huge square stone again, and sat himself down by the side of the nearly dead Viola.

In the interim, the fresh upper air had the effect to revive her. When he called her by name again, she at once recognized him, just as she used to do when he came near her, and begged him to explain all: how he came thither himself, and how he happened to discover her in her place of confinement. But he considered it no fit time or place in which to narrate his story, and so he frankly told her; and he likewise assured her that the sooner they were beyond the limits of the convent walls the safer it would be for them both. She was very soon able to rise to her feet, and, with his help, to walk to the door of the chapel.

Passing out through this, Baddolo slowly and cautiously conducted her along the least frequented parts of the garden, until he had finally reached the place through which they were to effect their final exodus. It was a work of little more than patience for them both to crawl out through this; after which they sat down and rested themselves within the shadow of the wall. They both wore white garments, though these were, in places, sorrowfully soiled now; and they looked like a pair of devoted sisters from the convent, met there to converse on matters pertaining strictly to their religious comfort. The faithful page, Fedore, as Baddolo could see at a glance, still sat waiting in patient anxiety in his little skill below.

He would not permit Viola to begin and weary herself with putting questions; so Baddolo commenced his narrative himself, and gave up to her every single circumstance that had led him to his search for her in this dreary and forbidding place, not omitting to rehearse the tumult of joy with which he greeted the final success of his plans for her emancipation. When he came to tell her how that it was the deliberate intention of Petroni to either send her away to Verona, or to fly himself with her that night, her blood froze in her veins from very horror. Over and over again did she repeat—bartholomew to Baddolo for having saved her from a fate a thousand times worse than death itself. She was at a loss for language in which to convey the passionate meaning of her gratitude.

The narration on both sides occupied some time, and then they started to their feet.

"Where now?" solicited Baddolo; "having rescued thee from the very jaws of death, where shall I take thee next? It shall be wherever thou wilt, Viola, even to the ends of the earth; nay, even to thine own home again!"

"Baddolo!" hesitatingly exclaimed the maiden, still very feeble in voice; "how can I tell? How can I make up my determination?"

"Thou shouldst go with me," said he; "only that I am an outlaw now, and would never consent that such a name should ever disgrace thee in the eyes of the world, Viola."

"But where then, Baddolo? It must be somewhere. I do not know what to say."

"My cave on yonder shore over the sea is a fairy grotto; yet it shall never be tenanted even by angels like thee. It conceals a band of brave men, loyal to my word and name; but it would not be a fit place for thee, Viola. It is fit to hold three-score brave hearts, such as would swear ever to defend thee and thine—but never to hold such as thou, Viola!"

"But you must tell me where, then, Baddolo?" again repeated the perplexed maiden. Now that she had got her liberty once more, it was something of a question what she should do with it.

"To the house of your father, Viola!" answered he, decisively.

"Back to my father, Bando! He would send me off at once to a place even worse than this dreadful place!"

"Never—never!" "Then why was it attempted. I demand to know!" "Did he attempt it, Viola? Did he undertake any such thing as that?"

Written for the Banner of Light. LEGEND OF THE INDIAN CORN. BY HUDSON TUTTLE. Long, Owawa in his wigwam, Sat and smoked the dreamy peace-pipe,

Original Essay. ANCIENT GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND. NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN. All along the regions of the Nile, Bruce found the old theologies still prevailing, with but very little or no advance upon the earlier ages.

Indeed they call themselves, that the children of Israel, and that in every age the Patriarchs had acted as he did, and were not less beloved of God. He thus gave Scripture for various misdoings quite equal to our modern defenders of the "Twin relics of barbarism," as Brigham Young a wall of defence for the one, and many of our clergy and church the bulwark of the other.

The Shegans fled, exclaiming that "the spirits of hell had come against them, and were too strong for them."

It must be confessed it was rather an astounding manifestation of the spirit for the Shegans to profit withal, when a bomb fell among them, and they gathered around it to watch its curious pranks, and to hearken unto the word of the Lord, who scattered them in the explosion like seven thunders uttering their voices.

The Abyssinian monarchs still retain the ancient mode of addressing their people common to the ancient Assyrians, the Medes, Persians and Hebrews.

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In Ethiopia, besides these marrying festivals, there are the christenings, in which "during the whole ceremony the priest vests in and for a brass vase, in which there is frankincense burning as a sweet smelling savor to the Lord."

There are manifestations of the spirit in Abyssinia which very much grieve the Europeans, such as the transformations, akin to the *Leop garrus* of France.

"Mr. Coffin relates a story respecting one of these Buda's, the circumstances of which fell under his own observation. It happened that among his servants he had hired an individual of this gifted class, who, one evening when it was perfectly light, came to request leave of absence till the next morning.

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It is to be expected that "spirits in prison" will sometimes appear rather rough in their struggles to get out

and may sometimes roughly handle their ways and means in the flesh, alike on Hebrew, Heathen and Christian ground.

In Ethiopia, there is "a certain kind of evil spirit, which cannot be expelled in any other way than by music and dancing." This is somewhat like that evil spirit of the Lord, who obsessed Saul, and whom the sweet psalmist of Israel charmed by music.

A damsel, whom Satan had bound three months with this disorder, had her voice so much affected as not to be understood by her nearest relations.

Our only apology, (if any be necessary,) for addressing you on this subject, is to refer you to our discourse on successive Sabbath evenings, since the 6th of October, in which we tried, honestly, though not without incurring hostile criticisms, to present to you careful and well-digested disquisitions on the causes and progress of the present war.

Our subject is the Crisis, or Dead-LOCK of the Republic, analytically. That the nation is in a crisis, the result of which your most profound statesmen, your wisest and your most able politicians, cannot pretend to foresee—and that there is a dead-lock somewhere, which baffles your philosophers and philanthropists, cannot be denied.

It is necessary to call attention, in the first place, to some points in the history of the country, which have been, for the most part, overlooked. The question of Slavery, on which we are to touch this night, has exercised a strong controlling influence, but not in the direction usually supposed, and even those who have rightly understood it, have failed to appreciate the weight of the argument implied.

By no means. The first motive to Union was the instinct of self-preservation, the next, the desire to establish a Republican form of Government, which should insure peace, property and happiness to future generations.

Written for the Banner of Light. HYMN TO THE MOON.

Fair star of night! in mildness dress And meek sublimity and calm; Thon wakest within my heaving breast A wondrous joy—so sweet and warm In solemn night's lone hour and still Thon camest to watch our deep repose. And cast thy sweet and soothing spell O'er hearts oppressed with griefs and woes.

THE CRISIS—OR THE DEAD-LOCK OF THE REPUBLIC.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening Feb. 2, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

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It down until they, or slavery, should be exterminated. The Northern representatives in Congress, each presented different views, was elected under different circumstances, and represented the votes of intelligent white men, of independent and diverse opinions; while the members from the South, on the other hand, representatives, in part, of whites, in part, negroes, expressed the will, not of a thinking population, but of a compact body of slaveholders.

But when the North elected the Executive upon a platform openly at variance with the cherished principles of the opposite section, the latter did simply that they had always threatened and been ready for—they seceded from it.

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It is necessary to call attention, in the first place, to some points in the history of the country, which have been, for the most part, overlooked. The question of Slavery, on which we are to touch this night, has exercised a strong controlling influence, but not in the direction usually supposed, and even those who have rightly understood it, have failed to appreciate the weight of the argument implied.

By no means. The first motive to Union was the instinct of self-preservation, the next, the desire to establish a Republican form of Government, which should insure peace, property and happiness to future generations.

It is to be expected that "spirits in prison" will sometimes appear rather rough in their struggles to get out

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to restore the Union on its original basis, when reports were received by the President favoring the abolition of Slavery, and recommendations to that effect from the abolition officers. Rebel property was to be confiscated, under the ambiguous name of *confiscation*. It was not to establish Liberty, but to subvert it; it was not to admit it into the territories, nor to exclude it; it was not to tamper, in any way, with so difficult and dangerous a question, that those many hundred thousands of Union soldiers were called for from the North; it was to restore the Union, restoration means establish on the original basis; and they refuse, and always will refuse, to meddle with the question of Slavery, at all.

It must be understood by those who are acquainted with the theory of the Government, that it now consists of three separate departments; the Executive, the Legislative, and the Military; the Judicial being at present in abeyance. The Legislature has little to do but to authorize and register the decrees of the Executive. The Executive has, under ordinary circumstances, the immediate control of the military; but it has been forced by the existing emergency to call the latter into being as a power superior to itself.

Bearing this in mind, you will have no difficulty in understanding the cause of the present lock in national affairs; why the rebellion is not at once crushed, and why these men are kept, night and day, in heat and cold, snow and rain, facing the enemy, and doing nothing. You have had no alternative but to have a declaration of Slavery; your Cabinet officers reecho the cry, and all the while the President is bound to abide by the military power which he has evoked.

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THE GOOD OF SUFFERING.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

What is the use of suffering? I asked a good Christian woman this question, and she answered, "We all know what the use of suffering is—it works out for us an eternal and exceeding weight of glory."

Every pain we feel bears evidence of progress; of our change from the physical to the spiritual; and pain is not the cause of progress, but the consequence.

All that tends to damage and destroy our physical well-being, is a cause, proximate or remote, of suffering and pain, and every sinful act makes contributions to this end.

It is natural for every one to avoid suffering; no one would suffer pain if it could be averted. And how natural it is for us to do sinful deeds that make and oblige us to suffer, which deeds we are sorry for.

The soul's development is paramount to all else that belongs to our existence, and this development is the development of our spiritual tabernacle, in which is our "far more eternal and exceeding weight of glory."

There will be a time in the journeyings of every immortal soul, when it will be seen that suffering has been necessary, and has served a purpose—the same as every track a traveler makes is a necessary effect of, and has served the purpose of his journey.

HOSPITAL, CAMP M'KIM.

Amid the shifting and drifting scenes of this dramatic life, this morning I find myself seated at the drug dispensing table of my son, (Hospital Steward), with scales and bottles before me and the air impregnated with the odor of medicine; but the fire brightly burning, and the birds singing in the trees that stand out in the snow, the bark of dogs and hum of the establishment make up a complete act in the moving scene of my life.

About fifty patients are now in the Hospital, belonging to the Michigan Sixth, with waters and ruaners; under the care of my son, some slowly rising from typhoid, some coughing up from bad colds, some limping with rheumatism, and some with diseases they are ashamed of, but none with battle wounds; and yet no regiment is more eager for a field of battle and glory than the Michigan Sixth, and few could do more service in one.

die. To-day his body will be buried in this foreign land, to him, and soon only the record will be found of the poor, pale soldier boy who died on the 9th. Baltimore has greatly changed since my last visit one year ago, before the attack on the Massachusetts soldiers, and before the masked passage of the President through the city, before the undercurrent of secession had made its attempt to destroy the evidences of civilization by burning bridges, tearing up railroads, breaking down telegraphs, stopping the mails and presses, &c.

So Baltimore is again a city of order and quiet, but there is little security except from the presence and power of the soldiers of other States, for there is, and long has been, a large amount of material for mobs and riots in the city. If three or four thousand of them were in the rebel ranks, they could be more easily disposed of than in any other way.

Last Sunday I met a host of old friends in Philadelphia, and as Sister Laura De Foros did not arrive to fill her engagement, I took her place in the morning at Sanson Street Hall, and filled my engagement at Phenix Street Church, in the afternoon.

Our energetic and devoted friend, Dr. H. T. Child, is preparing another little work from a spirit released body come to a tragic end, which promises to be equally interesting and useful with that of Dr. Ackley. He has also a large and scientific work in the hands of the publisher, waiting better times to appear among the current literature of the new era.

WARREN CHASE.

Baltimore, Md., February 6, 1862.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription: Single copies, one year, \$3 00; Three copies one year, in one package, per copy, 1 75; Four more copies, one year, in one package, per copy, 1 50; Four or more copies, six months, in one package, per copy, 1 75.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank of Indiana, are current here.

Advertisements inserted on the most favorable terms. All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the editor's department, should be addressed to the Editor. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private."

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

ISAAC B. RICH, Publisher for the Proprietors.

A PLEA FOR CHARITY.

We have been recently inquired of by a devoted friend to liberal and harmonious principles, relative to a certain individual well known in the ranks of Spiritual-lecturers, as how, for instance, he stood in the esteem of the community, what we thought about him ourselves, and if there might be any truth in the stories in circulation derogatory to his character prior to some particular time mentioned in the inquiry.

When a person asks us, even for the purpose of being informed for his own advantage, if we can say whether certain reports, concerning another person are well or ill-founded, he puts us a question which he has no moral right, without qualification, to ask, nor we to answer.

It is preposterous—nay more, it is criminal, for one person to assume that another, who once happened to be in the wrong, is of necessity in the wrong always afterwards. If so, then what is to become of all our human and humane professions of progress and spiritual development?

Our friends in New York will find the BANNER for sale at the office of the HERALD or PROGRESS, 274 Canal street.

point that has been gained after so long struggling, and, for the sake of indulging our inclinations to prejudice and hatred, turn our backs upon all our fondest hopes and desires. If a man chanced to be a bad man last year, does it follow that he is necessarily of the same stripe this? May he not have been placed in unfortunate conditions then, which are entirely removed and done away with now?

How, we would like to know, is a person ever to receive encouragement to reform and reconstruct his life, if he is to be hounded down all the while for sins which he once committed—even as every soul of us all commits sin—but which he has repented of and turned his back on, long ago?

Nor have we, or any other persons, a right to pass judgment upon the nature of another, on account of delinquencies in his past which may have not the most distant connection with his present character. We should be apt to wrong him by so doing, and assume for ourselves, at the same time, vastly more and greater prerogatives than we have any right to do.

Charity—blessed, life-imparting charity!—is the one possession which we should all chiefly desire. There is more need of our having this, a thousand times, than to have even the most faithful reports from others of the character and standing of past delinquents. If half the pains were taken to cultivate this which we see taken to gather up reports and rumors and insinuations respecting others, we should very soon make a new world of it altogether.

Late reports from Europe make it appear as if the astute Emperor of the French had nearly come to the determination, at one time, to announce in public his intention to raise the blockade of our Southern harbors, and likewise of notifying his new ally—England—of the same thing at the same time.

The French Emperor.

Probably before the time when these proposed arrangements are ready to be carried out, news will have gone abroad of even more, and perhaps more brilliant, victories than the ones at Mill Springs, Fort Henry, and the most brilliant one at Roanoke Island, whereby foreign governments will be led to pause even longer than they now propose, and await results which cannot, to our own thinking, be now very far distant in the future.

Revue Spirite. We have received this excellent monthly journal, published in Paris, devoted to psychological science, and the promulgation of the following subjects that fill its pages, viz: "Recital of material manifestations of the spirits, apparitions, evocations, also all the news relating to Spiritualism. The power of spirits upon the things of the visible and the invisible world, upon sciences, morality, the immortality of the soul, the nature of man and his future. The history of Spiritualism in ancient times; its rapports with magnetism and somnambulism; explanation of legends and popular beliefs; the mythology of all people, &c."

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The Newspaper Press.

Well may the press and the people of the country open their eyes in astonishment, when they come to see that it is the intention of the Committee of Ways and Means in Congress to lay a heavy, if not a crushing tax upon newspapers. The plain and immediate effect of this measure will be to throw the business of publishing newspapers into the hands of a few capitalists, and out of the circulation of ordinary and cheap newspapers, altogether.

No greater mistake than the levying of a tax upon knowledge could well be made. It hits the reading interest exactly where it is most sensitive and tender. It is a tax—and a very heavy one too—upon one of the commonest necessities of the human family. It goes direct to the fountain of all material wealth, and seeks to dry it up by a single order.

This system of taxing knowledge, and the instruments by which it is obtained and disseminated, has been perseveringly, not to say obstinately, tried in England, and at last abandoned. In our own day, and within a few years, too, we have seen the government of that nation relinquishing its hold on the press of the country, a single step at a time, until at last newspapers there are issued without the burden of any tax whatever, and are as free as light, and air, and water.

We protest, therefore, both on our own behalf and of our thousands of readers, against the passage of a law which will certainly work ruin to the newspaper press, and general degradation through the land. Destroy the press, as this tax-bill proposes to do, and what we style the Union will hardly be worth preserving. We need give ourselves no further trouble to fight for our glorious inheritance, if they are to be accompanied with restrictions of so suicidal a nature as this.

We are no fault-finders ourselves, and do not believe in carping, or anything of the sort; but it would be nothing out of the way at all for us to say what a great many others have said, and Republican journals of the highest respectability among them, that the late display, extravagance and frivolity at the White House, at the very moment, too, when it was officially given out that not a dollar was left in the Treasury, was reprehensible in every view from which it was to be looked at.

Mrs. Lincoln's Hall.

We were pleased to notice, on the Sabbath alluded to, a full attendance at the Spiritual meeting at Lyceum Hall. The above paragraph taken in connection with the remark of the Transcript a few days since, that "at least fifteen churches in this city, belonging to as many different sects, could be spared, and the attendants find ample accommodations in the remaining churches," would seem to indicate a falling off from the creed-churches to a somewhat damaging extent. Well, good people, there is room for you all in the Spiritual ranks. Let Truth and Progress be your watchword, and you will be able to discern with a clearer sight the soul-sustaining truths of immortal life.

A New Reform Journal.

We have received the prospectus of a new paper soon to be published in Cleveland, Ohio, under the editorial management of Francis Barry, and known as The New Republic, a weekly journal, devoted to Governmental and all other reforms. Among its list of contributors are Stephen Pearl Andrews, Lita H. Barney, Dr. A. Brooke, Belle Bush, Emma Hardings, Joseph Heighon, J. M. Langston, S. P. Leland, J. S. Loveland, Orson S. Murray, C. M. Overton, John Patterson, George Roberts, J. M. Sterling, Mrs. C. M. Stowe, Mary A. Titonson, J. E. W. Tooley, Milo A. Townsend, Cora Wilburn, and many other of the best writers.

Spiritualism Generally.

Spiritualism was never before this time so generally manifest in the affections of the people as it is at the present time. It is not scorned and rejected by the vox populi now as it has been in the few past years. All denominations of religion now recognize a beauty and goodness in it. It is only cited against by the few, whose bigotry holds the preponderance. Thousands and tens of thousands love the thoughts of immortality presented by Spiritualism, and the heavenly communications of spirits, in silent, unspoken admiration; and the time is not far distant when men will not be ashamed, in fear, but will be pleased, in a mighty conquest of light and love, to proclaim what they hold dear, and boldly speak in grateful measure of their admiration of the beautiful revelations of the spiritual world. Yes, that day now dawns upon us when a man shall be pleased to say, "I am a Spiritualist," and ashamed to say, "I am not a Spiritualist."

Death of S. B. Brittan, Jr.

The universal joy that came with the announcement of the brilliant victory by the Federal troops at Fort Henry last week, was not unmingled with sorrow and pain to many of us. Simultaneous almost with the thrilling news that the Star Spangled Banner was again floating over the soil of Tennessee, came the news of the death of our young friend, S. B. Brittan, Jr. Only a couple of months ago we announced the appointment of this young man, son of our esteemed correspondent, to the position of master's mate, under Captain Porter, of the gunboat Essex, and since then we published a portion of a private letter from him, while the flotilla were awaiting orders at Cairo. The telegraphic despatch from Cincinnati, under date of February 7, announcing the victory, contains the following paragraph:

"The Essex was badly crippled when about half through the fight, and crowded steadily against the enemy. A ball went into her side forward port through her heavy bulkhead, and squarely through one of her boilers, the escaping steam scalding and killing several of the crew. Capt. Porter, his Aide, S. B. Brittan, Jr., and Paymaster Lewis, were standing in a direct line of the balls passing. Mr. Brittan being in the centre of the group. A shot struck Mr. Brittan on the top of his head, scattering his brains in every direction."

Further despatches inform us that by the same casualty, both Captain Porter and Paymaster Lewis were badly scalded. In a late number of the New York Times under the heading of "A Young Hero," we find the following merited editorial tribute:

"Samuel Byron Brittan, Capt. W. D. Porter's Aid, who was justly killed on board the United States gunboat Essex, by a shot from the enemy on the occasion of the capture of Fort Henry, was the eldest living son of Prof. S. B. Brittan, for some years connected with the Periodical Press of this city. On the fall of Sumter, young Brittan manifested an intense desire to enlist as a private soldier in the Union army, insisting that he could better go than those who had family responsibilities; but his father was unwilling, owing to his son's extreme youth, and the latter yielded to parental advice. Subsequently the situation of Master's Mate was offered him by Capt. Porter, of the Essex, and with the consent of his parents it was accepted. But a few days since, his gallant conduct and efficient services were the subject of honorable mention in Capt. Porter's official despatch regarding the action at Lucas Bend."

Mr. Brittan was a brave, sincere and high minded young man, of prepossessing person and manners, and was alike admired and beloved by a large circle of friends in New York and New England, who will sincerely lament the sudden and tragic termination of a life so full of promise. He was less than seventeen years of age; but his fine physical and mental development, and his manly bearing, led strangers to suppose that he had numbered more years, and that his rare gifts had been matured by a longer experience. He leaves father, mother, two brothers and three sisters to cherish his memory. His career was short, and his young life was a pure and willing offering on the altar of his country."

Lyceum Hall, Sunday, Feb. 9.

Prof. Butler, whose eloquence and accomplishments as a lecturer are too well known for comments, spoke to packed houses on Sunday afternoon and evening. The profound attention which was evinced by the audience during his lectures, of one hour each, is unmistakable evidence of their merits and adaptiveness to the wants of Boston people. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to present a full report of these discourses; but causes beyond our control prevent us from so doing.

As indicated by the large meetings at this hall for the few last Sundays, Spiritualism in Boston was never before so wide awake.

We have several reports of Sunday lectures on hand, which we have been obliged to defer. The one on the "ATONEMENT," by Miss Doten, appears in this issue.

The Creed-Churches on the Wane.

"A much esteemed Doctor of Divinity preached on Sunday afternoon to a congregation of seventeen persons, seven of whom were paid for attending, namely, the sexton, organ blower, organist, and quartette choir. Strange to say, that among the actual worshippers, there were seven men to three women."—Boston Paper.

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The New Republic promises to be well printed, on a large sheet (24 by 36 inches) of good paper, at one dollar a year; six months, fifty cents. Its publication is guaranteed. It has our best wishes, for it will if properly conducted, fill a void in American literature that has long existed.

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New Publications.

THE FORTY-FIVE. By Warren Chase, author of "The Life Line of the Lone One." Boston: Bela Marsh.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

At this time of our country's troubles, it is peculiarly appropriate to read the work entitled "TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, through Joseph D. Stiles, medium, to Josiah Brigham."

Written for the Banner of Light. OPEN THE SHUTTERS AND LET IN MORE LIGHT (BYING WORDS OF GOD.)

BY SUSIE RIVERS. "Open the shutters and let in more light!" "T was a dying man's last cry, As his feet drew near to those mansions bright, The home of the blest on high."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYONS HALL, THAMES STREET, (opposite head of School street.) The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 8 1/2 and 10 o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged: Rev. Adin Ballou, Feb. 23; Prof. Clarence Butler, March 9; Mrs. Ann Davis Smith, March 23 & 30; Miss Lizzie Doten, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Hastings in May.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHAT IS IT RIGHT?" ETC. IS NOW READY and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR, CAUSE AND CURE OF SECESSION. BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-IDEA OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Grosland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.00.

STANDARD WORKS.

THE following Standard Works have been added to our already extensive assortment of Books, and will be sent by mail to any part of the United States, at the prices stated. All orders must be addressed "Banner of Light, Boston, Mass."

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis!

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE HUMAN BODY AND MIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, recuperate the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY;"

AN INTERNATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Duane's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through EMMA HARDING, BY THE SPIRITS. Price, 50 cents per copy, or 5 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

A NEW BOOK.

AN extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title: AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

Containing "Doubts of Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZARA; a curious and interesting work, entitled, "Is There, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive. This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

Essays on Various Subjects,

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the calamities that are so rapidly approaching, &c., by Josiah, Oliver, Franklin, Washington, Patna, &c., given through a lady, who writes "Communications," and "Father Communications from the World of Spirits."

"WHAT IS IT RIGHT?" VINDICATED.

BY A. B. CHILD. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the ALL RIGHER doctrine, and a perfect overthrow of the claims in opposition to this doctrine as set forth by Cynthia Temple, in a pamphlet entitled, "It is not ALL RIGHER."

PRINTING

NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

THE LESSON OF THE DEW.

The dew when day is done Should teach me how thy Spirit's dew can bless; By the pure rising sun, Remind me of the Sun of Righteousness.

The London News

boldly denounces the projects for recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and says it is time that the voice of the country should be heard against it in unmistakable tones.

A farming friend of Jo Cole, last summer took offence at Jo because he raised the biggest beets. Jo consoled himself by saying that it was no more than he might expect, to have his acquaintance out by such a raider. That was pretty sharp for Jo.

Reflection always required.

Though the times be indeed stirring, it is no reason why they should tempt or force men to abstain from those habits of reflection which are so necessary for the filling up of the character and assisting it on its career of development.

He is a contemptible fellow that sneaks through life on tip-toe, with his ears at the key-hole of everybody's business.

PLEASANT NEWS FOR ITS READERS.—The Christian Freeman says:—"Our friends in Brighton are alive and well."

Why is it impossible for a person who lies, to believe in the existence of young ladies? He takes every Miss for a Myth.

The best thing to be done when evil comes upon us, is not lamentation, but action; not to sit and suffer, but to rise and seek the remedy.

Some one speaks of November and December as being rightly named, since they are indeed the embers of the dying year.

No doubt honesty is the best policy, but those who do honest things merely because they think it is good policy, are not honest.

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh, yes," said the farmer, "he is dead, but ah he no doubt 'wif 'll carry on 't business, and mak it as profitable as Iver it was."

We hear of stealing a kiss. But why should a lady charge a gentleman with stealing what she did not have until he gave it to her—the gift being the very thing she calls theft?

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

M. A. H. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—We have received the \$5, sent on the 10th inst. Also \$2, Mr. Olney's subscription.

Dr. S. W. H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The spirit communications have been received; but their extreme length precludes the possibility of printing them for some time to come.

G. S.—"The Age of Virtue," Thirteenth Paper, has been received.

Mrs. A. C. S. BLOUNT, Wis.—Much obliged for your contributions.

W. S. W., GREENVILLE, ILL.—Your inquiries will be answered by us editorially in due time. Many of our readers stand upon the same platform as yourself in regard to the matter to which you refer.

Dr. E. B. F., NEW YORK.—Your suggestion has been acted upon. Thank you cordially for the interest you take in the welfare of the BANNER.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by B. W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable book. The author illustrates several chapters of the teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: the Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, on Family in Heaven and Earth, Spirit Impressions, Guardian Spirits, Con- viction, God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites, Prophecy, &c. The whole work is neatly printed in large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents. When sent by mail, 10 cents additional for postage.

To Mediums and Others.

In publishing my articles on SUPER-MUNDANE PHENOMENA, when I come to the manifestations of the nineteenth century, I wish to give, as far as possible, new facts, gathered from the experience of mediums, and observation of others—facts which are reliable, with names, dates, and, as far as practicable, reliable witnesses. If, therefore, MEDIUMS will give me what they have experienced, and others what they have witnessed (by writing to me at Natick, Mass.) under the following heads, viz: Impressions, Visions, Trances, Clairvoyance, Sensational and Inspirational, IDENTITY SPIRITS, Spirit Light, Spirit Touch, Spirit Voice and Music, Seeing Spirits, Spirit Writing and Drawing, Raised Letters on the arm, or other parts of the body, Psychometrical Readings, Healing the Sick, Lost Property found, &c., &c., they will confer a favor on me, and I believe, aid in establishing the great and glorious truth in the minds of the doubtful on earth, that the spirits of the departed are still with us.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal in the World.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our country, has made us feel its influence severely, we are yet proud to say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectability.

We have resolved to make every personal sacrifice and self-denial for the good of the cause, and only ask our readers to meet us in the same spirit; for they know, as well as we do, that the BANNER is well worth its subscription money, as more labor is expended on it, we venture to say, than on any other weekly paper in America, it being generally filled with entirely original matter, and often—anononously or otherwise—from some of the brightest minds in this and the spirit sphere.

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Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by the spirit who bore it, and who is held to be responsible for its contents...

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LION'S OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (upstairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED. The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

- Thursday, Jan. 2.—Invocation: "When will man become infinitely happy?" Wm. T. Fernald, St. Louis; Rebecca Hopkin, Philadelphia; Margaret Connolly, Manchester, N. H.
Monday, Jan. 8.—Invocation: "Shall man ever become law unto himself—and if so, when?" Why are the communications given at this circle more for strangers than to believers in Spiritual Manifestations? Willie Downs, High Street, Boston; Florence S. Upton, Charleston, S. C.; Joseph B. Filling, Jeweller, Montgomery, Ala.; to his son Henry; Patrick Murphy, Dover, N. H.
Tuesday, Jan. 7.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous questions: Maria Hutchins, Belfast, Me.; Elmer Keeney, to his wife in Boston; Polly Jenness, Rye, N. H.
Thursday, Jan. 9.—Invocation: "The Chief End of Man;" "What is it to be born again?" William Sherman, no address listed in No. 17; Benjamin Bancroft, New York; Lizette Dison, New York; Charles Beaman, to his sons; Sally Brown, to her children; To Clarence Williams.
Monday, Jan. 13.—Invocation: "Perfection;" Richard S. Penrose, Manchester, England; Ellen Maria Sampson, New York City.
Tuesday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "Will the Spirit of man forever retain its present shape or form?" Nancy Haswood, Worcester, Mass.; Charles Kimball, Boston; Philip T. Monty, New Orleans.
Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions: Thomas Dakin, Second Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Solomon T. Blinge, Koenig, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Pembroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Prattville, Ala.
Thursday, Jan. 23.—Invocation: "Miscellaneous Questions: "Light;" Antonio Murrell, sailor, Ark. Saturn, N. Y.; Lucy M. Pendleton, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Olive Dwight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuel Sprague to Philo Sprague.
Monday, Feb. 3.—Invocation: "The Rights of the Sovereign States under the Constitution;" Questions and Answers: Richard Dart, Worcester, Mass.; Charlotte Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; Isaac McPherson, Chief New York Regiment.
Tuesday, Feb. 4.—Invocation: "Immortality among Spiritualists;" "Hereditary transmission of Spiritual Diseases;" Julia Folsom, New York; Thomas West, to his wife in Hancock, Ohio; Joseph H. Chalmers, Baltimore, Md.
Friday, Feb. 6.—Invocation: "Magnetism and Electricity;" Alexander McDonald, Philadelphia; Stephen Gwin, Hamilton, C. W.; Louise Durand, actress, New Orleans; A. Jane Root; Laura S. Morcer.

Invocation. Oh Lord, our God, the whole earth is full of thy glory; the rushing wind, the foaming ocean, the rippling breeze, the cutting air, the little flower, the hideous reptile—all, all, are pregnant with prayer. Thanksgiving rises unto thee continually; no less the hideous reptile than the beautiful flower; pray the hideous reptile in thine infinite wisdom thou hast implanted unto thee in all the works of thy hand. Therefore it is that we pray unto thee. Need we thank thee for our lives—for the past—the eternal future? Thou seest an eternal fount of thanksgiving within us; and we need not say we thank thee, for thou wilt know what lieth within us. Should we ask thee to bless the millions who are scattered about the earth, dwelling in the abodes of darkness—shall we ask thee to bless them? Nay! nay! there is in them a germ which will come forth at a proper time. We will not ask thee to turn aside thine arrangements, but wait the time, with submission, bowing to thy most holy will. Dec. 26.

Questions and Answers. Do the friends present desire to ask counsel, if so, we are ready to hear any question, and answer as best we may. Ques.—Do the spirits hear the call of mortals? When they come, do they come as to hear distinctly? Ans.—That depends entirely upon the condition of the person, spiritually and materially. If the spirit is in rapport, he will hear, without doubt. As you pass on through the temple of knowledge, gathering gem after gem of wisdom, you may find enough for all—none will be found wanting. That mystery and doubt shall in the future be unfolded—shall be a reality—a perfect flower of knowledge. Q.—May I state the cause of this question? I have asked this, because those who wish to call upon their spirit-friends, wish to call upon them themselves, that they may get an answer to their communications better. A.—You are right, my friend. There are a few moments longer, if the friends wish to speak with us. Dec. 26.

Kneeland Chase. Mr. Chairman, I have been here before. Is it allowable to return again? [Yes.] I suppose you will remember the name of Kneeland Chase on the list of your communicants. I was in Deerling, N. H., murdered a year ago last May. There has been much said about my death, in the papers, and parties have been implicated who know nothing about it. I have been requested to come here again, and make a full statement of the affair. Mr. Chairman, it is a bad place to travel over, and I should not have come here to-day, were it not for this business. You recollect I told you I knew who murdered me. Charity prevented me from exposing the person, and I now come here to exonerate those who have had nothing to do with sending me to the spirit-world. They were my best friends. If I had been sober, I should not have been murdered. On the day I was murdered, I had been out of town, and returning home, went to the barn to put up my horse, and while there I was struck a blow on my head, which knocked me down, senseless. When I came to myself, I was struck another blow, and I knew nothing more until I found myself a spirit and saw my body on the barn floor. I saw, too, the man who murdered me. I recollect at the time I wished to have the parts of my body buried, together; now I don't care, and would as soon have a part of it buried here and the other in the West Indies. One of the questions I have been called upon to answer, is, whether my wife murdered me. That is a pretty pointed question to ask, is it not, Mr. Chairman, and there are those who won't be satisfied unless I answer it. I'll say, plainly, No! she did not murder me. I will say this, though, that she was not sorry, and was glad to get rid of me. I don't blame her for it; I now see different from what I did. Another question I am called upon to answer is, was my wife in the habit of taking intoxicating drinks? Yes, she was. It is also asked, will you do all you can to bring the culprit to justice? Yes, but there are different kinds of justice. Do you ever see the person who murdered you? Yes, and I continue to see him, because I can't help it. He thinks of me constantly, sends out his magnetism after me, and I seem to be chained to him, in consequence of it. Strange philosophy, but it is the true law of our being. I am impressed with his thoughts, and don't like it, but I can't help it. Conscience is at work there very liberally, and in working in the murderer, it works also on me. This don't seem to be just, but they tell me it is natural. I have made many inquiries about it since I have been here. I have got rid of my desire for rum by my friends taking me to mediums, and by this means I have got rid of much of hell. I have lost all desire for liquor. Ques.—Have n't you had any since you have been there? Ans.—They don't sell it here. Q.—Have n't you had any through a medium? A.—No! no! I don't want it, but there are many who do. I have cast out all desires of it from me. I am come now to make a request. Mr. Chairman,

can I do so? I want to say to the individual who murdered me—and he reads your paper, come forward, and make a clean breast of the matter, and take the justice which earthly tribunals award for such deeds, or repent of it and cease to think of me. He chains me to him, and has held me so long enough. Is n't that right, Mr. Chairman? Shall I go? Dec. 26.

Ricardo Hernandez. To speak, I come. My son, he live in city New York. I have been dead one year. I have one son in New York. I want my son go home; to speak so, I come. My son name Carlos; my name Ricardo Hernandez, live in Matanzas, island Cuba. One year ago I die. I like to speak, if I could, to my son; but I want to have him go home; that me say. [Will you have him go to a medium in New York?] St. Seigneur. [Like this medium?] Benorita—like Seigneur, if I could. He gives, Benorita, I takes. Yes, me understand you to say if I can now speak, he take that for speak, and go home to Matanzas. My business, my place suffer—you understand? Good day. Dec. 26.

Peter Sears. I was down to a fine lady's house a few nights ago, and told her I was once owned by her father. His name was Sears. This fine lady said if I would come here and tell my name and some other things to prove myself true, she would believe the heavens were opened and blessings were descending. I was poor old negro; I have been dead thirty-two years, and was sixty-nine years old. This I told her, and that I was owned by her father, and sold to him by Capt. Cook. I am only to tell just the same as at her house. I think she would do well to think more of things in heaven, and less of things on earth than she does.

William Watson. I have a wife, two sons and a daughter; I am sometimes very anxious to open a communication with them. They say we must give some incidents in our earth-life by which we may be known. It is not always pleasant to make such statements. I am asked to give this knowledge, that I may be better recognized by my friends. If there is no other way, we must avail ourselves of that way. In the year 1841, I was in the Concord State Prison. My name was William Watson; I was sentenced for five years, and served three; my crime was forgery. I have not much to say to plead my innocence, or my ignorance of the demands of law, which I have violated. But I was called here to give the truth. Therefore I may give it. My friends, some of my suppose I was innocent; never would believe in my guilt. Well, I was guilty, and I suppose I was justly punished, and I was guilty of crime greater than forgery—I was a murderer. Yes, I was a murderer! Though I did not commit the murder with my own hands, I knew who did it, and assisted in it, and I never was suspected by any one on earth. But my conscience knew all about it. I have never seen the time I was very sorry for the forgery. No! I did it, and I was compelled to do it, and I meant to make it all right. But murder was another and altogether a different matter. It has clung to me ever since. I have never been able to free myself from it. I have been dead since 1848. I died at sea with consumption, so they said; but it was not that; it was not that—it was from a guilty conscience. Why, I would rather the whole world should have known I committed the murder, and been punished for it, than to have been obliged to live and carry the guilt about me. It was too large a burden to bear. I was consumed daily by it, and was glad to get free and out of the world; and when I found how things were here, I should have been glad to have escaped into another. To better my condition, I must get rid of myself. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to confess, so as to obtain some relief. Well, so much I have thrown off. I was pardoned out of prison for my quiet behavior and general good appearance. I should like to talk with my children, who are old enough now to understand me—they were not when I left—and my wife, too. They will be unwilling to believe in my crime, and it may shorten their days, but they will some time know it, and by my confession I feel better. [To a question where it was, he replied, after considerable hesitation:] I don't want to tell. [Was it the Manchester murder you refer to?] I can't tell, and you must not ask me. If I ever think it my duty to come back and tell, I will. They tell me here you may ask the devil of talking with folks; the way is now open, and if after reading my confession, my wife and children will be glad to talk with me just as I am, they will seek out some medium, and I will talk with them. There are mediums in New Hampshire, and their friends or connections read this paper. I could not bear it any longer, and if I had stayed away longer, I should have stayed in hell. Suppose you should receive five hundred dollars to go to some person, and bear him a message, and you call him out as requested, and that he did as that message required, would you lose his life? That is my position, precisely. Is n't that murder? I didn't see it done, but I was concerned in its being done, and knew that it was done—the past! That is a poor way to come into, is n't it? You may hear from me again. You have my name—William Watson. I will say here, I was born in Groton, N. H. I don't want anybody else to bear my sins. [They can't do it, can they?] They sometimes do the same as bear them—don't you know it? Dec. 30.

Mary Ann Powers. I have a mother living in Liverpool, England. Is there a hope of my being able to speak to her? I died in Philadelphia, 10th of September. My name was Mary Ann Powers. I married Capt. James Power, a native of Philadelphia, and left my home in England, three years ago. I am anxious to go home to speak to my mother; she is now seventy years old, and soon will come to spirit-life. She knows nothing of this life. I wish to speak to her, and said I would come to her and tell her of it, if I could. She lived in Kendall street, No. 29. Her name is Polly Collins. My father died in my youth. I have two brothers, one in Manchester, and the other in America—in California. I have no sisters. The doctor said I died of water in the heart case; she said this, but it was from the accumulation of fat around the heart. My age was thirty-six. In my last letter to my mother, I said, "I have all the appearance of health, but I am at times quite sick. I have a pressure at my stomach—so I thought—I don't know what it is, but I will consult a physician." This I wrote. I consulted a physician, but not until after death, because I died soon after. Can I leave? Dec. 26.

Harriet Sewall. I was ten years old; was the daughter of Captain Horace T. Sewall, of St. Augustine, Florida. Harriet is my name. I died of dropsy on the brain. My mother has just come here, a few days ago; she's at peace, and wishes to talk with my father. My father has thought of my coming here, but hoped I never would, because he hoped I was at rest, and with the angels. My father would like to believe, but he's afraid to. I wanted to come here. I was born in Boston, and I want to talk with my father, because my mother does, too. Horace T. Sewall, St. Augustine, Florida. The letter is from Harriet. Good by. Dec. 26.

Captain Israel Hall. My Son—You may seek long without being able to find what you seek for, but in time you will. You say, "Come, and tell my name and where I reside, and your name and when you died and where, and I will believe." My name, Israel Hall, yours Charles K. Hall, a resident in St. Charles street, New Orleans, La. I died on the island of St. Domingo, in the year 1831, of fever. Given on the 26th day of December, 1861, by Capt. Israel Hall. Dec. 26.

Invocation. Through the unrighteousness of the self-righteous, oh most Holy One, we have been deprived in past years of the belief in the ministrations of unseen throngs of spirits, who are now known to have descended unto the plane of earth. Shall we ask Thee to come hither to aid us in the relief of suffering humanity—to hold the mirror up to each mortal, that we may see as we are seen, and know as we are known? Oh ye countless throng of spirits, whose mission is to wait upon humanity, we need not ask this of ye. As the highway is now opened between the two worlds, ye must come at our call, ye must come around us, when that call is made upon you. Rejoice ye in the millions that are given into your charge—the suffering millions who have need of your aid; and unto the Father shall rise praise out of truth, because of your ministrations. Dec. 30.

Soul-Progression. We are now ready to hear any question or questions that may be propounded to us. The following written question was submitted: "You teach that soul-progress is endless. Is it, then, a circular existence—for, in mathematics, nothing but a circle can be endless. If so, in what way do you extend that we have not repeated, or shall not here to repeat our existence? In fine, please give us your idea of the Oriental doctrine of transmigration, as you can view it in the light of spiritual unfoldings." The soul of man, the human man, progresses throughout eternity. We do not believe that the soul ever takes a step backward, but that it goes onward, onward, forever and forever going onward. The old Pythagorean, as heard and probably received by a class of ancients, is not without some truth, is not without some natural foundation. The ancients received the hypothesis through less difficulties than men at the present day, because less surrounded with material conditions. They were more in rapport with Nature, and thus with Nature's God. The present age is almost artificial, unnatural, as seen from a clearer earthly standpoint. However artificial or irrational the nature that clusters around the soul, that soul ever remains the same in point of purity or elements. It is not affected by any artificial conditions. We may compare the soul of man to a spiral staircase, which has for its base, Deity, a child, and at its apex, Deity in manhood. Now this soul comes from Deity, and must return again to Deity. It is but a spark from the infinite fountain of wisdom. And again, the soul may be compared to a circle, something without beginning or ending, an eternity of itself. Was the soul of man ever created? We think not. Can you, oh our questioner, conceive of a time when God was not—infinite Wisdom, by which we live and move and have our being, was created? If so, you can conceive of the time when the soul was created. You have ever existed in spirit; just as perfect in the beginning as you ever

will be. Endless, forever endless, is the great highway of life. When you have attained to the highest point of wisdom, you will see something higher. The onward will in future grow more beautiful; the higher and higher the soul ascends, the outward will unfold, and only change for that still more beautiful, while the soul remains evermore the same. You cannot trespass upon the smallest point of progression. You hear it said that we may trespass upon a law of Nature. We know that we cannot do it. The call is ever onward, and we cannot pass backward if we would. Can you recall one second of time, as you understand it, or bring back the past unto the present? No, you certainly cannot. The eternal here is no past or future, but an eternal present. Now, then, if it is so, the soul of man is a circle. We believe this. It was never created, and will never cease to live. It will never pass out of its orbit in life. The spirit-planet is held in its proper position, in the same manner precisely as are the planets in the solar system; none can interfere with any other—all is in perfect harmony. As the soul grows out light into eternal matter, then the external form becomes wiser, better able to define itself to surrounding objects. Oh our questioner, you need not fear that you will ever enter a lower degree of life or mentality. Wisdom hath planned for all, and you must come up higher and higher; the same law prevails throughout the universe, and you cannot trespass upon it. However much you have been taught that the soul of man is depraved, and will be plunged into hell for its sins, you cannot destroy it. The Deity in you is a propelling power—a force which keeps you in your proper place—and when you are required to advance a step, all that is external must obey the demand. Dec. 30.

William Watson. I have a wife, two sons and a daughter; I am sometimes very anxious to open a communication with them. They say we must give some incidents in our earth-life by which we may be known. It is not always pleasant to make such statements. I am asked to give this knowledge, that I may be better recognized by my friends. If there is no other way, we must avail ourselves of that way. In the year 1841, I was in the Concord State Prison. My name was William Watson; I was sentenced for five years, and served three; my crime was forgery. I have not much to say to plead my innocence, or my ignorance of the demands of law, which I have violated. But I was called here to give the truth. Therefore I may give it. My friends, some of my suppose I was innocent; never would believe in my guilt. Well, I was guilty, and I suppose I was justly punished, and I was guilty of crime greater than forgery—I was a murderer. Yes, I was a murderer! Though I did not commit the murder with my own hands, I knew who did it, and assisted in it, and I never was suspected by any one on earth. But my conscience knew all about it. I have never seen the time I was very sorry for the forgery. No! I did it, and I was compelled to do it, and I meant to make it all right. But murder was another and altogether a different matter. It has clung to me ever since. I have never been able to free myself from it. I have been dead since 1848. I died at sea with consumption, so they said; but it was not that; it was not that—it was from a guilty conscience. Why, I would rather the whole world should have known I committed the murder, and been punished for it, than to have been obliged to live and carry the guilt about me. It was too large a burden to bear. I was consumed daily by it, and was glad to get free and out of the world; and when I found how things were here, I should have been glad to have escaped into another. To better my condition, I must get rid of myself. It was a long time before I could make up my mind to confess, so as to obtain some relief. Well, so much I have thrown off. I was pardoned out of prison for my quiet behavior and general good appearance. I should like to talk with my children, who are old enough now to understand me—they were not when I left—and my wife, too. They will be unwilling to believe in my crime, and it may shorten their days, but they will some time know it, and by my confession I feel better. [To a question where it was, he replied, after considerable hesitation:] I don't want to tell. [Was it the Manchester murder you refer to?] I can't tell, and you must not ask me. If I ever think it my duty to come back and tell, I will. They tell me here you may ask the devil of talking with folks; the way is now open, and if after reading my confession, my wife and children will be glad to talk with me just as I am, they will seek out some medium, and I will talk with them. There are mediums in New Hampshire, and their friends or connections read this paper. I could not bear it any longer, and if I had stayed away longer, I should have stayed in hell. Suppose you should receive five hundred dollars to go to some person, and bear him a message, and you call him out as requested, and that he did as that message required, would you lose his life? That is my position, precisely. Is n't that murder? I didn't see it done, but I was concerned in its being done, and knew that it was done—the past! That is a poor way to come into, is n't it? You may hear from me again. You have my name—William Watson. I will say here, I was born in Groton, N. H. I don't want anybody else to bear my sins. [They can't do it, can they?] They sometimes do the same as bear them—don't you know it? Dec. 30.

Elizabeth Perkins. Heaven help the weak, who are all weakness, and aid them to gird themselves with strength! This should be the prayer that should humbly ascend from humanity to the great Infinite Spirit. In the year 1837, I left the earth; my spirit was set free by consumption. I was sick eleven months—passed to the new life, Aug. 6, 1837. My name was Elizabeth Perkins. I lived in Boston—South Boston; my age was twenty-two; I left a father who was a physician, a mother, two sisters and three brothers. Some of that dear throng have said to me, "Elizabeth, if you will return and give us the time and manner of your death, with such other things as are known only to us, we will believe in the freedom of the spirit to return." The night on which my spirit passed from earth, I said to the watchers: "Why is the room so full? Why are there so many persons here?" They replied: "Elizabeth, there are only ourselves here." I again said: "There are twenty or thirty present—why are these strangers here?" They answered again that I was mistaken, and that I wandered. The truth was, that my spirit then had a glimpse into the other world, and saw about me numerous spirits. These watchers now live near the gate of the new city, and both of them will soon enter in. If I can succeed in drawing aside the dark veil now before them, I shall consider myself more than paid for their kindness to me. They earnestly desire to know more of the new philosophy—new to them. Let them question their own souls, let them consult their memory of those words of which I have spoken—those last words. Again they thought I wandered. Oh, dear friends, the earth and spirit-world are linked together by golden links, and you shall no longer walk in darkness and death. Dec. 30.

Freddy Davis. I want you to show me home, Mister. [Where is your home?] To show me home, Mister. Well, I can tell you I be. My name is Freddy Davis, nine years old. No, I don't. I live in New York—I don't live in Boston. I want to see my mother. They said you'd show me to her. [We can't do that.] They told me lies, then. [You probably misunderstood them.] No, I did n't. Did n't I tell you who I was? I lived in 69th street, New York; don't 'member the number. I come here since the spring; 'fore the Fourth of July come; I was sick—and had a sore throat, and died. No, not much sick—not much sick,

only a little while; then I took something out of a wine glass, and died; I could not breathe after that. I want you to take me to my mother, so I can talk; all the boys here said you could; I want my clothes to wear, when I come; boys don't want to be women—I do n't. I want to tell her something about father, and my father's father, my grandfather, too; and the boys said if I come here you'd take me home. I want in New York to one of these things—folks—and they said come here; they are close by my mother, and why don't they come? They are mean—they are; I want to just say a little, and I shan't hurt anybody. "Write?" Well, you'll write to my mother, and tell her that Freddy wants to come, and that I ain't dead, and I want to say something about my father. 'Twa a good deal to tell her, and I don't want to come way down east to tell her. When I come, I want my clothes; the boys said I could get 'em; why don't I have 'em. You'll write to my father, too; he keeps a billiard hall, in Light street; they play cards there, too. If I could go down there first, he'd take me home. Tell my mother I ain't dead, won't you, like as she thinks I am. I can talk and think and see. My body's am, that ain't me; if everybody says so, they do n't know much; they say folks are dead, when they ain't. My throat's sore, Mister, and I do n't want to come here again. Will you give me a drink, so I can go? I did when I went before. Do you give me a doctor? Give me a drink, or a doctor, or something; I do n't want to stay now. Can I go? I got a middle name, Mister—it's Polver. I was named for my mother's brother. Good by. If you tell me stories, if my father should catch you, he'd lick you—he will; he said he'd lick the doctor because he would not save me, and if you tell stories, he'll lick you. I didn't go to school; I had a private teacher, a young lady in the house. I'm going. Dec. 30.

Josiah Copeland. Lucius—There is a great gulf between us; when you have strength to cross the river of religious error, I shall meet you with all the knowledge of the spirit-aphere, it may be fit for you to have. JOSIAH COPELAND, who died in Chagres, in 1851, of fever. Dec. 30.

Invocation. Oh, thou spirit of Truth, thou who art manifested through every degree of life from highest heaven to lowest hell, we ask this much of thee—that thou wilt unseal the eyes of the blind, and knock still louder at the hearts of humanity, that they may know their birthright to immortality is sealed with the hand of creation. We ask no future blessing—no future benefit; and we know, oh spirit of Truth, thou must give that we ask, for everywhere in the vast volume of Nature, thou hast written in thine own hand, "Ask and ye shall receive; demand, and I, the spirit of Truth, will answer that demand." Therefore, we ask of thee that thou wilt live in the souls of men at this hour, and through all the hours that follow in the long line of eternity. Dec. 31.

Catharine Boyce. I died of consumption, in Princeton, Nova Scotia, two months ago. I said I would come, but if I'd known it was so hard, I would n't have promised. My name is Catharine Boyce. I was thirty-two years old. I've a brother here in this city; and if I could only convince him that the departed may return, I'd be so happy. His name is Stephen Boyce. He is a sail-maker by trade, and works here in this city. I never was here but once, and that was the year before I died. I came to see a doctor here, but he did n't do me any good. The folks at home thought something about spirits coming, and they wish to be convinced of the truth about it, and I wish to be the first, if I can, to come to them with that knowledge. I believed before I died. I was n't a stranger to it, at all, though I was mainly alone in my belief. I tried to prove it to them pretty hard, sometimes. I promised if I came back, I would give them a test to prove myself to them. It was this. I was to tell them the name of my grandmother. I thought nobody could know that name, and if I could come back and give that name, they would believe. Prudence Campbell was the name. Her father was a bootmaker, but went to the Province when quite young, I believe. Now I want the folks to set a time, and let me come. There's a medium there that I can control, if they will let me come to her. I do not want to stay longer; it is not very pleasant to me. My sisters are Sarah, Matilda and Mary. Stephen and William are here. John is there, I suppose—he is a sailor, and a wild boy—not always to be found where we expect to find him. I can go there again, and I hope I shan't have to say, as Jesus Christ did, that my friends have no faith. Faith! that's what I want. I hope those I come to will have enough faith to receive me. Dec. 31.

Charles P. Young. I'm a green one at this business. It's new to me to be dressed up in this way. I feel a little odd. My name was Charles P. Young. I was nineteen years old; died of typhus fever. I belonged in Augusta, Maine. I died, I suppose, in San Francisco, Cal. I was there with my uncle—my uncle Nathaniel. Excuse me, sir, if I don't talk just right; I don't know how to talk in this way. I have been here only about as long as I can recollect, six or eight weeks. I feel pretty happy where I am, and do n't have much to trouble me—simply a sort of wish to come back and tell folks know about this place. I do n't know that it's any different from earth, only as far as religious things are concerned. You don't have to work here, and ain't sick. But there's one thing; my mother had better not hug her religion so closely, for she'll find it a weak craft to sail to heaven on—that'll find it all about it. I find those who are a little skeptical on earth are a good woman, but she is a Baptist, and sees everything that is in Baptist as against the church, and so bound to destruction. Now I ain't in hell, but on the earth, and all right. I guess she'd think so if she could see me. My Uncle Nathaniel has heard something about this coming back business; 'spos he do n't expect to hear from me, though. If he'd be kind enough to send a document to my mother, and will do what's right, I will do as much for him in return. My mother's religion is what bothers me most. I know she is honest in it, and she'll be disappointed. Well, tell her I'll meet her here; and if she'll let me come to her before she dies, I'll give her faith enough to walk on the water with, as somebody did the Bible speaks of. They have queer ideas of religion here. Nobody seems to believe anything here. I was one of those unfortunate ones who do not do anything—had no trade. I was n't temperate. I never drank half-a-dozen glasses of liquor in my life. Remember, I was only nineteen years old when I died. What's your charge, Mister? Well, that's cheap enough. I'll come again when I get a chance. Dec. 31.

Thomas Gould. I am afraid I shan't be able to speak. Perhaps I'd better write? I am Thomas Gould, of Orleans, Mass. I have only been a free spirit, a few months, and I have not yet learned how to control a foreign body well. But I have a father, mother, wife, sister, and many other dear relatives and friends that I am very anxious to commune with. My dear father has the power to see disembodied spirits, and I have sometimes tried hard to present myself to him, but I have been successful only once—I believe I was once. He thinks something of this new religion, or what you may see fit to call it, but he knows nothing of it except a very little I heard spoken of. I once believed in the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; I believed that through him I was to be saved, if I saved at all. I cannot say that my religion had not been good for anything to me. On the contrary, it has been everything to me. It carried the without fear into the spirit-world. I have full confidence in my rel,

gion—that that, I believed, was bestowed upon me by God; and if it has carried me thus far, I have confidence it will carry me clear to the Celestial City. What will do more than that for me? When we get to the door of spirit-life, we are confused, and without religion, I feel that we must enter it as a stranger; so I say my religion has served me well. The cross of Christ is a bridge which carries many spirits safe to the spirit land. If my dear friends who remain on earth are willing to receive such truth as I can bring them, I am ready to respond to their call; but if they desire to receive higher, I would counsel them in the name of Jesus Christ to seek for truth, and when they have found it, to apply it to their own spiritual good. I have once communicated with one of my sisters, and I feel to thank God that I am a disembodied spirit; for as I am, I can more powerfully aid in lifting the heavy cloud that has settled upon her. She, too, must thank God that I have gone on before. To my dear wife, I would say this much—trust in God. He has promised to care for the widow and the fatherless, not only in the Bible, but throughout all nature, and he will not fail. He will care for you and watch over you as is right, for who is better able to guide and watch over you than our kind heavenly father? To my parents, the greatest gift I can ask of heaven, is the light of faith and of reliance on God to be shed around you as you cross the river of death. All is well with me. I am happy, and satisfied with the will of God, for I believe he doeth all things well. Dec. 31.

Written for the Banner of Light. THERE'S A FOUNTAIN NEVER DRY. BY JOHN M. EMBRY.

There's a fountain never dry, Pure as diamonds in the sky— Where the angel spirits come from their pleasant home above, And drink of its pure waters, With earth's fair sons and daughters, And it flows with music ever, from each heart that's full of love. Each friendly smile that comes From the face of dearest ones, Sends the fountain stream of love through the bosom to the soul; And we feel life has a treasure That no mortal mind can measure As we travel on the road that is leading to our goal. Each word that's kindly spoken To the erring is a token Of the heaven one can gain, who receives and asks for more; Each step in life grows brighter, And our worldly sorrows lighter— Ever drawing from the fountain, as we tread its boundless shore. As we look in years gone by, We remember with a sigh, The sweet counsels of a mother as she gave her parting hand; And it seems her voice of love Is yet speaking from above— Ever drawing from that fountain flowing from celestial land. There are duties to perform, Though the world may often scorn, And rejoice when sad misfortune causes many griefs to flow; Search to find the holy spark, That's in every human heart, And bear the cross of Jesus till we conquer every foe. We live to help each other, As a sister and a brother; Let no idle word be spoken that would cause each other grief; But journey on together, In harmony forever; Then the evils that befall us will in duty find relief. The world will not grow dreary To those who never weary, In sacrificing, giving, to relieve those in distress— Nor endure remorseless pain; That their life has been in vain; But will sweetly go in peace to the land of holiness.

Notes of Interest. My last notes were from West Almond, where we stayed nine evenings and held eight meetings, in all of which Mrs. H. and myself both lectured to good audiences. Eighteen months since, Mrs. M. gave the first spiritual lecture ever delivered in that place. We have been there several times, lectured in each of the churches, scattered seeds which have already sprung up and given a large increase. Many of the best minds there are now investigating thoroughly, what, less than two years ago, they considered beneath their notice. Thus it is through this section of the country generally. We scattered a few choice seeds broadcast through here three years ago, and now we hold lectures in many towns and districts where, then, we could get no hearing at all. We left our friends in A. earnestly wishing for us to return and "feed them again with manna from Heaven." Next, stopped in Allen with a "thorough-going Spiritualist," paid an extra hotel bill at private house, and proceeded to Nunda, where no Spiritualists could be found, and no lectures had been given. Lectured one evening in a Universalist church to a very respectable gathering; yet, notwithstanding we went thirty miles by special request of one who promised to meet the expense and compensate us, if no one else did, we paid for house, hotel bill, advertising, &c., out of our own pockets, without being questioned by him in regard to the expense, and he there with his whole family, in the height of enjoyment. Yet one noble soul afterwards gave us one fifth enough to make us whole, and this same person is called an Infidel and despised by Christians. But I do not know what pioneers and other needy ones would do, were it not for this benevolent and intelligent class of people. We left them with a promise to revisit them, if possible, on our return. At Mt. Morris, found no opening for lectures, though we found a few friends there. Tarried with brother and sister Tewksbury, who were formerly in the lecture field, who have made their public mark and quietly retired to labor at home, in justice to themselves and their family. Thence away across the vales and over the hills to Conesus for several excellent (though small) meetings, and some remarkable demonstrations, one of which I will relate, viz: One afternoon, while staying with Esquire J. Alger and lady, Mrs. M. had retired to rest, (having been overtaxed for a few previous days), when the spirit of an aged man appeared to her, manifesting much pleasure at meeting her there, and signifying that he would manifest himself again that evening, in the circle. Mr. Oregon and wife, Mr. Steele, a Methodist, Esquire Alger and his wife and several others of the family (whose names I do not recollect) were present. At first a vision of a house was presented, which was shown afterward to have been planned by the

Pearls.

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

THE SPIRIT-CHILD.

Lullaby, lullaby, Spirit-Child! Over the waste and waters wild. You come. You conquered, you have my heart; All of revenge will soon depart. A way, away, it cannot stay— The sorrows of solitude where I stray Are all around me, come to bid good-bye; Silence, solitude, fare ye well, Farewell!

How are the lullabies answering me! From the field, the locust, and elm tree. They come; a shout is on the hill; The tears are answering; we fill The tears fall, but they cannot stay. All are gone to the mist, and gray They curl over you, and seem to say: Sorrow and solitude, farewell, Farewell!

This world is not a mere field of flowery delights and luxurious enjoyments; its duties are onerous, its experiences often sad.

A BURIAL AT SUNSET.

We laid her down to summer rest; Soft dews of healing o'er her fell; The eyes that loved her watched her well, As sank that sunset down the west.

Did no strange thrill our pulses stir? Whispered no fear with chilling breath? Nor felt we that the angel death, Silent and awful, watched with her!

Stately and calm above us then The gates were opened; straight, we knew, Our friend was passing softly through; Yet came she back to us again.

While those afar, who loved her best, Were saying, "Lo, the Spirit saith, To those 'in Christ' there is no death!" She sank as sunset down the west!

Patience is sometimes courage in repose; and he is the greatest hero who can suffer most silently.

SHADOWS AND SUNBEAMS.

Good Mr. Kindheart delighteth to bring Joy to those seldom made glad. That 's why these children forlorn did go. Happy at last in their ride on the snow; And happy to be well clad.

Cheerily ring, with their ding-a-ding. The bells on the bonny gray. And merrily ho! they shout as they go. Those boys and girls from Poverty Row! Hurrah, for the holiday!—[Katie Gray.]

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

THE ATONEMENT.

A Lecture by Miss Lizzie Doten, at Lyceum Hall, Sunday Evening, Jan. 19th, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

We present the following report of the interesting lecture upon "The Vicarious Atonement," given through the mediumship of Miss Doten on the above date.

For Christ himself also suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us unto God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened in spirit."

The Scriptures say that God is love. All along down the centuries it has been repeated from generation to generation, swelling onward like the choral songs of the cherubim before the throne. God is love! It rings out now from human hearts; and even the most skeptical, at times, are filled with an indefinable sense of Divinity, feel that there is a God, and that he is Love. And all animate and inanimate nature testifies to His wisdom and love, so clearly, that when man allows his reason and his divine intuitions to speak, he never questions or doubts that supreme benevolence.

Who, then, says that God is not love, or ascribes to Him those characteristics and qualities that teach men to fear Him, to forget that perfect love which casteth out all fear—to endeavor to appease the wrath of an angry Deity—to see God as a reflection of their own selfish natures, and cringe before Him as if He were a tyrant? What is it that has thus perverted the true conceptions and intuitions of mankind? It is theology! That theology given by man, which declares the fall of the entire race from perfect purity to total innate depravity through the transgression of its first parents in Eden, and that this was foreordained of Deity—who, nevertheless, elected some favorite mortals to be saved unto himself from the foundation of the world, not by faith or works on their own part, but by the power of the Holy Ghost working in their hearts; and then, "set the perseverance of the saints,"—that, having once set their faces toward the New Jerusalem, God will uphold and sustain His elect, so that they shall never fall from grace, but ultimately be brought into a heaven of purity and happiness.

Now, God created man, and all that was, and pronounced all things very good. Could he be liable to such an oversight as not to perceive that there were certain combinations in the character or the mind of man which would lead him to disobey his Lord, in his thirst for wisdom and for immortality and progression? Also that there were two opposing powers, the positive and negative, the good and evil, in the universe, and that he was to be sustained, to preserve his equipoise, by the composition of these two forces, and could only know good by his perception of evil? Doubtless, God perceived it; but the theologians did not. It was the Deity himself, and not the temptation of Satan, who, by the desire of knowledge he had implanted in the human heart, caused the woman to partake of the tree of knowledge. Thank God that it was so! for the human race has ascended, gradually, but continually, ever since that time.

Innocence is ignorance and non-development; but virtue comes from wrestling and struggling with the strong things of this universe, meeting all the varied experiences of your humanity, falling and rising again. As said one of your philosophers: "The strength of a true soul is measured, not by its capability of always keeping its equilibrium, but by its power of springing back again into the clear atmosphere when it has once fallen."

But yet, the world perceives its condition, and says, "Since the race is in this state; since our tendencies are toward evil; since we are in ignorance and darkness, it is necessary that there should be some

plan of salvation whereby we may free ourselves from this low or lost condition;" and it is the effort of humanity, to so far enter into the councils of Deity that they may rest assured of their salvation. All the while professing to believe him a God of love, they yet doubt of it, fearing His justice or His judgments.

It is necessary that there should be an atonement for what you term sin. And continually do the innocent suffer for the guilty; inasmuch as we all are portions of universal being, so the sin and evil of one heart passes on and leaves its stain and its burden of sorrow upon another heart. The Christian plan of salvation has been the innocent suffering for the guilty, once for all, and the eternal remission of sins for all those who accept that sacrifice.

Paul, in his figurative language upon this topic, appealed directly to the human hearts and the intellectual perceptions of his day, through their prejudices and superstitions. But the Christian church, so far removed from that Jewish dispensation, should have had the scales removed from their eyes ere this, and not been instructed by that old Mosala philosophy. It should have learned, in this day, that it is not the shedding of blood that provides for the remission of sins, but the pure expressions of man's own soul, his consciousness of right—that he can be his own saviour, and work out his own salvation in himself.

Why does the Church still cling to this Jewish idea of an atoning sacrifice? Ah, when they renounce it, then they have a work to do for themselves; and it is far easier for a man to stand up like a hypocrite before God, and declare himself to be the lowest and the vilest of sinners, to pray for grace until he kindles up an intellectual insanity, than to apply himself to thinking right and acting well, to doing his duty before God and man, to purifying his own soul, gradually, through suffering in himself for his own sins, not putting them upon the shoulders of another, or expecting to be saved through the merits of that other.

In the fifth century there was an old monk who, in his strict adherence to reason and common sense, declared that man is not responsible for the sins of his first parents, and that they, being mortal, would have died whether they had eaten of the forbidden fruit or not; also, that all divine grace is given unto man according to his merits or his capacity for reception. And the Pelagians stood their ground for a long time. Yet their master lived, in a certain sense, before his time; his common sense could not prevail over the torpor and blindness of men's minds. Pelagius taught for future generations, who will take up his theology and rejoice in it, in so much as they feel their own strength and divinity.

What a multitude of inconsistencies, such as would not be accepted in any outside system or science, the so-called theology covers. An angry and inappreciable God, determined to destroy the whole world in his wrath, because, forsooth, the Devil had when he died whether they had eaten of the forbidden fruit or not; also, that all divine grace is given unto man according to his merits or his capacity for reception. And the Pelagians stood their ground for a long time. Yet their master lived, in a certain sense, before his time; his common sense could not prevail over the torpor and blindness of men's minds. Pelagius taught for future generations, who will take up his theology and rejoice in it, in so much as they feel their own strength and divinity.

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Nevertheless, he so loved the world, that He became incarnated as a human being, in Jesus of Nazareth—so supposed, because he presented such a pure life, and taught those axiomatic truths which lie at the root of all religion—and perished for the race which he had determined to destroy forever. Or, regarding Christ as the "Son of God," with the attributes of the Father; it would appear that he had more love in his heart for his brothers and sisters in the human race than the Father himself, and therefore said unto the Almighty, "Oh let me perish for the sins of the world; let me be the atoning lamb;" and the blood-thirsty tyrant of the universe so far forgot his Fatherhood that He would allow his son to be sacrificed, ay, and to exceed Him in love and virtue. No wonder that the Christian world, accepting this dogma, worships Jesus as God.

But this enormous inconsistency cannot always prevail. The heart of humanity struggles against it. It matters not how great may be "the mysteries of Godliness;" still you all turn away in doubt and despair. And some rebellious souls, in their loneliness, when no human ear can hear their words, determine to curse God and die; it may be that they are not elected unto salvation—then why not speak out the fierce words that are surging like a volcano to their lips? Others—likewise true and noble and sincere souls, have bowed their heads and clasped their hands, stifling the commencement of the rebellion of their human nature against this plan of salvation, against such judgments without mercy, and determined to submit; yet they have crowded down in their souls the crowning glory of their entire being, the reason with which God has endowed them.

In all of this strange, anomalous theology, there is something which fastens upon the convictions of men. Jesus, weeping in Gethsemane, agonizing upon the cross, did suffer for the guilt of the world; but only as all the true and good suffer in their passage through life—pure and sensitive souls, whose missions of enlightenment and mercy of the world comprehend not, and so raises its hand against them. The plan of salvation is still necessary for human kind. Let us speak from our own knowledge and experience of the life and the mission of Christ. He did indeed come to save the world from sin—to suffer, the innocent for the guilty. He was one of those exalted natures, the saviours given, from time to time, by the spiritual spheres; a bright example to reform men's lives and teach them to walk along the living line of inspiration, fitting them to pass from this to a higher being, as welcome messengers, not of discord, but of peace and beatitude. Through him the human race was taught the true and eternal salvation—not to trust to the merits of his blood, not to cast their sins upon him, but to live according to his life and his perceptions of truth, in harmony with all mankind and the angel-world; to believe in God, as an ever-present power in the heart, as a Father; One to whom man can join himself and live in His inspirations and through His wisdom, and be continually influenced by His love. He also taught man that he is not bound by his relations to the flesh; that the spiritual ever transcends the material nature; inasmuch as he suffered the death of the cross, but rose triumphant o'er that power which has held man in the bondage of terror from the beginning of the world till now, because he understands not the mystery of death.

It is said that the sting of death is sin. But if Jesus was God, and knew no sin, then he does not know how to understand the woes of poor suffering humanity, trembling before that awful change from certainty to an uncertainty. But he was mortal, born of a mortal father and mother, though inheriting enough of that divine life from the angel world to say truly, "God is my Father, and I and the Father are one." He knew what sorrow and temptation are, even while

he overcame them by the superiority of his heavenly nature. He was limited in his spiritual perceptions. His wisdom was not infinite; he did not claim to be God, or to rise above the altitude of the highest humanity; and he had worn every step of his toilsome and perilous way. In a degree pure and perfect in himself, his soul was grieved day by day with that sin and selfishness he saw constantly around him.

How many of you have suffered, and for the sins of others, have shed bitter tears of sorrow, and had heavy burdens imposed upon you? But there is a compensating power in the universe; there is a heaven of joy to repay those souls who thus suffer and grieve; the balance is struck even, and there is reparation somewhere for all these wrongs of humanity.

There is a vicarious atonement going on in every good and pure heart, and every suffering child of God; and through such hearts and such beings the reparation comes. There is just so much evil in the universe, and he who has overcome evil in himself has overcome it in another person. Thus did Jesus suffer and overcome and atone for humanity; and in no other way. Every man is to live not only for others, but for himself; and he who lives truly for the God within him, lives for all humanity; and he who dies for himself, with divine aspirations and clear perception of his higher destiny, dies for all the world, and leaves his psychological influence, which shall run and be glorified long after the memory of his individuality has passed from the midst of men.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF U. CLARK.

PROGRESS—THE AIRY-HEADED—MOCK POPULARITY—DAMAGED REPUTATIONS—MRS. GRUNDY IN DISTRESS—HEROES WANTED—"THEY SAY"—ALONE, ALONE!—CASTING OUT DEVILS—HARMONIC BAND—"OUR CAUSE"—CRITICISMS—NO LEADERS, NO IDOLS—PROSPERITY—ONWARD.

Spiritualism quickens the divinity of the human soul, with influences so potent and permeating, few, if any, once coming under its angel wings and feeling its celestial inspiration, can ever go back beneath the beggary elements of the world. In my late travels I am constantly asked as to whether the interest in Spiritualism is increasing or otherwise, and whether there are as many believers now as heretofore. Since my last Etchings for the BANNER, every place I have visited, with two or three minor exceptions, gave evidence of deepening and widening interest. Thoughtful and inquiring hearers, governed by more than curiosity, are now flocking out from every department of society, receiving the word of eternal life with glad hearts and hope-beaming eyes. I now find where several meetings are held one night after another, the interest as well as audience, increases, and at the close there is a call for still more. Perhaps the public test examinations I am in the habit of giving in connection with my lectures, may add somewhat toward arresting the attention of skeptics, but the people seem to manifest an interest deeper than that which attaches to any particular lecturer or medium. Hitherto, a certain few believers have been rather too prone to set up a sort of idiosyncrasy for certain favorite laborers, to the exclusion of others equally useful and efficient; and some laborers themselves have been weak and conceited enough to put on airs in consequence of the adulations they have received. My prayer in behalf of all such specimens of the top-headed infatuations, is the prayer of the old minister in behalf of a young man who was in the act of being ordained, "Prick him, O Lord! prick him, and let out a little of his vanity, that he may walk before thee and thy people, like a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." Amen!

The spiritual public is now making new demands on lecturers and mediums. The people want laborers who have something more than reputation or notoriety. To be popular, has been a serious damage to some of our best men, and they, as well as the people, have been made wiser and stronger by losing some of their popularity. Those who have attempted to build up Spiritualism on the reputation of certain speakers, have been sorely punished to find out that but few, if any, of our most efficient speakers are now left with any but the most miserable sort of reputation, if popular prejudice is to be taken as judge. This throws us back on our own personal responsibility, and on eternal principles, instead of leaving us in the mercy of any class of fallible mortals. It is all folly to say our cause can be really injured or ruined by the course of certain individuals; the fault is more likely to be in the community where these individuals are misjudged, and in those who are over-sensitive, or weak in faith and firmness. Where Spiritualists have real character and independence, you never hear them whine about how they have been injured by the bad reputation of others. An end must come to all this old conventional twaddle. If speakers, mediums or private believers are assailed and their reputations severely handled, let us be sure we understand their motives. In nine cases out of ten, we shall find they have been governed by the principles now unfolded from the angel world. They dare practice those principles, and all sham reputation for the sake of those principles, are frequently damned by some of those very individuals who are calling for the truths involved. Oh, they are beautiful sentiments, in the abstract; but when applied to the home, to conjugal relations, to business, parties, sects and societies, then they are too radical, disreputable, alarming! What will the public say? Oh dear! Oh, don't!

Now, if Spiritualism amounts to anything practical, it must be made radical in its applications; or in other words, it must strike at and reach to the very roots of evil and error, no matter how revolutionary or unpopular or alarming the results may be. "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." A heavenly state of things is about being inaugurated, and we unto those who cling to the old, the false, the worldly, "Flee from the wrath to come;" it is coming fast. The war of evil, social, and religious elements is at hand. We want warriors and heroes, not only on Southern battle-fields, but in our homes, our churches, every department of society, and in our lecture rooms. Give us men and women who dare stand on public platforms and confess the truth, and send it home to the hearts of their hearers. Give us men who, opening their souls to the influx of celestial light, liberty and love, dare be true to what they receive, and speak as and not accordingly. I find a nucleus of such souls wherever I go, and these souls are now among the most active in advancing the spiritual reform. Wherever I find a timid, time-serving poltroon, a disposition to regard what "they say;" and to whine about how "the cause has been injured;" and to find a corresponding amount of luke-warmness. Croakers and grumblers who go around with doleful faces, complaining about other folks, are just the ones who usually do the most mischief. If Spiritualists want to damage their own reputations and damn themselves, all they have to do is to go around whining like clocked dogs. Out upon such cowardice and pusillanimity! Who is hurt? Hold up your head, man! Dash away your tears, woman!

Jefferson county, N. Y., with Watertown as centre, opens a large, promising field, with no public local laborers, at present. I held a series of small, select meetings, in Watertown, sustained by a few earnest, intelligent, devoted friends. There are enough believers in the place and vicinity, to sustain regular meetings, but the time for united action has not yet come. At Brownville, four miles west, I held four meetings; LaFargeville, sixteen miles north, the same number, large, enthusiastic audiences gladly receiving the word of truth, and several able friends manifesting a desire for meetings one quarter of the time. At Ellsburg and Henderson, in the same counties, we found good openings, cordial friends, and earnest hearers. A proposition was made for the writer to locate at Watertown, and fill up his

time in that place and vicinity; and a more genial people can seldom be found. Our ex-reverend brother, now Dr. E. H. Holbrook, dentist, at Watertown, would add to the attractions of such a location. Five years ago, he threw off ecclesiastical shackles, and came out a free man. While practicing the dental gospel in all its branches, he likewise practices and preaches the spiritual gospel, without compromising with friend or foe, and his warm, fraternal heart, his clear mind and progressive spirit, render his hospitable home and companionship like an oasis to all congenial souls.

It is not often that men and women find souls who are truly genial and free in the exercise of fraternal sympathy. The masses of us are shut up in ourselves, cold, frozen, and afraid of each other. And why? It is owing to the damnable dogmas of human depravity, preached and practiced; as though we were all cold, guilty, suspicious, skulking culprits, ready to skin each other, and ought to be on the lookout. There has been little or no true confidence between men and women. We have prated about Christian love, but where have we found it? Alas, we have all been too much alone—alone as Jesus was in Gethsemane—with none, not even our best friends, to stand by us in our crisis hours of trial, and allow us to open our souls in genial confidence and communion. Nothing but a genuine Spiritualism can reach these social needs of our nature. Let us open our spirits to the influences of divine and angelic love, and when our souls become filled, then we shall go to our friends and neighbors, or whoever comes in our pathway; and sending out the influences of our feelings, genial responses will be called forth from all with whom we come in contact.

In Port Ontario, Oswego Co., two evening meetings were largely attended, and deep interest awakened. An excitable brother, at the close of our first meeting, grew very inflammatory, and aimed at me all the curses of orthodox. I was not only a son of Satan, but the very Devil. I told the brother he was under the influence of a very bad spirit, but if he would come the next night, he would feel better. He came, and gave good heed to our message. After I had concluded my test examination, he arose, stating that he had seven devils in him; and if I claimed to have anything like apostolical powers, he wanted me to try them on him, and cast out six of the demons, and he would retain the seventh for his own personal use. I joined the audience in appreciating the joke, and then remarked that I had never advertised to perform any such cures before public audiences; but if he was diseased in a diabolical direction, and wished to consult me in private, I would make a clairvoyant examination of his case, and minister to his aid. The man mellowed down at once, and promised to call on me during my next visit; then turning on some boisterous and skeptical boys and young men in the house, he poured down on their guilty heads, all the curses which, the night before, he had hurled at me, lavishing compliments which more than counterbalanced the curses of the previous evening.

At Hastings, the residence of our inspirational friend, Mr. S. S. Chappell, four profitable public meetings were enjoyed, and we found an unusual degree of progressive spirit among a select few who stand out on the true, free, pure, spiritual plane of fraternity, regardless of the slanders of foes and the workings of timid, conservative friends. Conferences are held every other Sunday, and brothers and sisters, feeling the baptism of angel-life, communicate freely. We never felt a better harmony than we found here, where a few months ago much of the unhappy and discordant seemed to reign. Much is due to the untiring labors of Mrs. Chappell, whose social and spiritual mission is yet destined to become broad and useful. Several weeks ago, a popular, liberal clergyman residing in the neighborhood, visited this little Hastings band, and before he left, he was brought under spiritual influence, and his name will soon be seen enrolled among our most efficient spiritual warriors.

At Cicero, a good audience greeted us, and we sojournd with our good mediumist Bro. L. Hakes, who does a good work as examiner and healer. At Bridgeport, we had two good meetings under the patronage of Mrs. Kate Dunham. Then a brief trip to Auburn, still the Post-office address of the writer, but where Spiritualism lies comparatively silent, having been killed, annihilated for the fourth or fifth time during the last thirteen years, though, in all probability, there are more believers there now than ever before. How far the Spiritual Clarion had a voice in bringing about the present state of things in Auburn, its managers are not prepared to say. It were a pity, however, if Spiritualists ever undertook to shuffle off all their responsibilities on others, without those others ever consenting to assume such responsibilities, but on the other hand, distinctly disclaiming them, and denying all leadership; then, when those others chose to take their own convention of duty as their guide, regardless of corrupt popular prejudice, and all sham reputation for the cause, undertake to damn them, as though "the cause" rested on them alone, and not on principle, and on the character of the people.

Alluding to the Clarion, reminds me of the fraternal courtesy the Banner has ever shown it, and the decidedly cool manner another contemporary has shown the spiritual press. The circular announcing the suspension of the Clarion, was sent the Banner, and was freely published. It was sent to another contemporary, and the editor, coolly advised us to print an extra and send it to our subscribers, the cost of which, with postage, would have been about \$30! This same contemporary, in alluding to the two Spiritual papers which had been suspended since the war began, says their circulation did not exceed 500 each. The Clarion and the Sunbeam were the two papers. We are not certain as to the circulation of Brother Griswold's Sunbeam, but we are quite sure it was over one thousand; but we are certain that our two bona fide subscribers were over seventeen hundred! So much for the courtesy and the figures of a journal which appeals to Spiritualists for patronage, and at the same time calls Spiritualism only a minor wing of the said journal's peculiar "philosophy," and a journal which has the Yankee, mercantile way of winding up numerous answers to correspondence with advertisements of certain books on sale at the office of said journal—one dollar or so apiece!

By the way, a friend recently asked us, how much of the "harmonic" there was in a "philosophy" which can find no "harmony" between the Christianity of ages and the celestial gospel of today? We shook our heads, very little. Genuine Spiritualism seeks to find some truth at the bottom of all the false forms which Christianity has assumed, ignoring nothing as totally evil or erroneous. Giant strides, some modern philosophers have made, in assuming that they alone are about the first born gods of the ages. I make no charges, nor do I ask any pardon for these criticisms, for they are given in none but the most fraternal spirit, and are in accordance with sentiments I have heard in various localities. No man in this age stands higher in the esteem of the writer and thousands of others, than Andrew Jackson Davis, in spite of the idolatry shown him by certain of his one-sided devotees. Gentle as a child, genial in all social and fraternal relations, harmonious in his manhood, calm, wise and dignified in his philosophy, deeply penetrating in vision, a prodigy in the manifestation of intuitional powers adequate to grapple with the mightiest problems of the age and unfold the sciences of life and nature—nevertheless, we are to remember that no man in the ranks of modern progress, should be put forward by his misguided friends as either Pope or Messiah.

I passed Syracuse with only a call on Dr. H. Hoyt, the eminent surgeon and physician, a man who has devoted most of his life in rendering himself useful and perfect in his profession, and has at last attained a position demanding the unbounded confidence of all who need medical or surgical aid. I saw him perform a difficult surgical operation, and never witnessed such complete skill and dexterity. Dr. H., for years, was a High Materialist, but is now equally rigid in the faith and philosophy of immortality. He has subjected modern phenomena to

the most thorough scrutiny, and bases them on laws and principles which admit of no doubt in regard to Spiritualism.

I held two good meetings at Pompey Hill, and found good old friends and good signs of progress, one evening at Preble, where S. P. Koesey still stands nearly alone; four meetings and very large audiences at Centre, Lisle, where the staunch, devoted, intelligent friends have a good hall of their own. Stopping over night at Binghamton, I co-operated with the friends in making arrangements for the convention which will be duly noticed. Two nights in Oswego, where old friends stand firm and hopeful for the future. At Webb's Mills, on short notice, two lectures were given to appreciating an audience, an unabating zeal manifested by the few able pioneers long standing out in the front of the battle.

I am arranging for a series of meetings in the Commercial College rooms of Prof. N. Caldwell, Elmira. The Professor has an eminently successful institution for the education of clerks and teachers, and liberal young men and young women will find him just the man needed to see them through a most thorough and practical course of penmanship, book-keeping, etc.

I close this paper with assurances to the readers of the BANNER that the work of Spiritual Progress never gave better promise than it now gives in those sections of the Empire State lately visited by U. CLARK.

From Fort Huron.

DEAR BANNER.—I have just returned home from a lecturing tour, and finding a few moments to spare, I propose to employ them in writing.

The good cause is flourishing wherever I have been. I visited Drayton Plains a few weeks ago, in company with brother O. L. Sutliff, of Ohio. We occupied the house on Sunday afternoon, and attended a Methodist meeting at the same place in the evening. On the conclusion of the sermon, the minister invited all serious minded persons to stop to class meeting, and the spiritual portion of the audience, feeling somewhat serious, concluded that the invitation extended to them. We finally kept our seats while the sinners and worldlings left the room. The exercises of the evening soon commenced, the class leader leading off by telling his experience, which amounted to quite an interesting anecdote. He was followed by different brothers and sisters, who told how good their religion was, and just when and where they received it. At length the class leader approached your correspondent, and placing his hand upon his head, asked him if he had the love of Jesus shed abroad in his soul. I arose upon my feet, and a spirit took control of my organism and spoke at some length upon the character and mission of Jesus. The audience appeared to be well pleased with the remarks. The minister, too, condescended to sanction what was said, until the spirit took occasion to say: "This is the Spiritualistic idea of the man Christ Jesus." When I what a change! Not a groan was uttered after that. They were evidently taken by surprise. I being a stranger in the place, the class leader undoubtedly mistook me for a Methodist.

Brother Sutliff made some very appropriate remarks on the occasion in his usual pleasant manner, and the evening passed off very agreeably.

Yours in the good cause, SAMUEL D. PAGE.

Feb. 5, 1862.

Obituary Notices.

Died in Boston, Jan. 27, 1862, MISS CARRIE A. MERRILL, adopted daughter of Mrs. M. Kilby, aged 18 years and 8 months.

She has gone to the land of bright spirits to dwell. She has gone from the friends who have loved her so well.

She is safe now at last in that home of the blest. Where, after life's tumult, we all shall find rest.

Though anxiously waiting the moment to see When the spirit would break from its prison bonds free, When the dread moment came every doubt was restored, And their hearts must rebel at the will of the Lord.

In the days of dark anguish which sometimes would come, She'd murmur so softly, "Ah, would I were home! There I'd see my best Saviour, my own mother's friend; And stay with them in peace till eternity's end."

How kind is the Lord! Of my own mother dearth, How best I have been in my mother on earth; A father in heaven to guard me with care, A mother on earth and an own mother there.

"Oh, me, me, dear parents," she murmured so low, "When at last you find rest from your sojourn below, O think not of me with sad tears in your eyes, I only go first to my home in the skies, Where I'll be when the cant of your life-struggle's o'er. To welcome you first to that glorified shore." B. E. K.

Died, in Syracuse, N. Y., Saturday, Feb. 8, 1862, ALANSON THOMP, aged 64 years.

In the morning, in his usual health, he remarked that he felt unusually well; in the afternoon, without premonition, he left us. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by some acute disease of the heart. A very good man has fallen—a husband, a brother, friend and citizen; his loss is universally and deeply felt. His strict integrity of character and life and his willingness to aid and counsel, endeared him to all hearts; no one could be more universally missed, and it seems as if now he was most needed. He was a Christian in life, believing the principles and truths taught by true Spiritualism; a glad and willing listener to the angel messengers, he, in his daily life and every act, showed to the world that he indeed possessed a truth. We mourn his loss. His genial smile and cheerful greetings no longer gladden our hearts, but what is our loss in his eternal gain. Ever a friend to all things good and progressive upon earth, he has engaged in a new work with far more glorious opportunities. But we who are left with so glorious a faith, feel that he is not lost to us; our friend can come to us again, and cheer us on our earth-journey, with messages of love. To his heart-broken companion he would say, "Mourn not for me, I have gone but a little time before, and will prepare a glorious mansion for you in the land of rest. I will come to you in the hours of day and in the silent watches of the night, and will sustain you. Mourn not but look to God." Com.

In Taunton, Jan. 28, 1862, Mrs. LUCINDA DEAN, widow of Cornelius Dean, passed to the Spirit-world, leaving her mortal body at the age of 78 years.

Reposed for the garner house Where God's freed children dwell; The angels took her from the earth, And mourners cried, farewell! M. S. TOWNSEND.

At Unity, N. H., Jan. 30, 1862, joined her father in spirit-land, ANNE L. A. DEAN, aged 10 years, 4 months and 17 days.

"If I can't 'll come back again, mother, from out my resting place; Though you 'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face; If I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say, And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away."

Dear Alice was a very intelligent and amiable girl. She was pleasant and cheerful during her sickness, which was consumption, and retained her senses to the last. She was much beloved by all who knew her, and has left a large circle of acquaintances and friends who mourn her early departure. She passed away like a sweet dove to some beautiful bow. Oh, may she return and cheer her mother in her lonely hours. I was invited to speak, as a medium, on the occasion of her funeral, at which there was a large attendance, and many of the audience were effected to tears.

J. H. BARNARD.

Died in Harwich, Jan. 1, 1862, BERTHA, daughter of Isaac H. and Ruth N. SMITH, 1 month and 16 days.