

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDER T. RATHAWAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"But what? You have not raised a rash hand against one of our order? If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not! I would not stay—but then I must not save thee! He who has shed patrician blood—"

The Doge arose from his seat, soon after this ceremony was concluded, and, through the herald, commanded silence. Forthwith all became still.

The Doge proceeded to speak:

"In behalf of Venice, great and wealthy, mistress of the seas and queen of the hundred isles, I return thanks most graciously to all you proud nobles and fair dames, and you people here assembled. This night, the palace hall is to be opened wide for my loyal subjects, the citizens of this free Republic; and I shall be ready to drink your health in sparkling goblets. On the morrow, we are to unite against the bold outlaw, Bando!—the scourge of the city and State. I have in my power, to-day, a person whose secret respecting this bravo will make all the people glad. Bando! shall soon be ours!"

There was a general rising and moving as this speech was concluded, for now the excitement of the recent tournament was over. The thousands that had been for hours jamming and jostling around the lists, now started to go; and confusion soon reigned around the vast square.

Their attention was suddenly arrested, however, by the clear blast of a trumpet in the amphitheatre, and all noise was instantly hushed. The spectators paused, anxious to learn what it might mean.

In the centre of the arena sat a herald upon his horse, wildly brandishing his trumpet over his head. "All the people!" said he, at the top of his voice. "Once more! Though the Doge has already dismissed you, yet I ask both him and you to listen to the words that Don Caldero, the victor knight, now desires to speak!"

The silence was profound. Riding forth from his chosen position with a slow and stately step of his milk-white horse, he reached the centre of the arena, and there halted. His spear and shield he at once threw down upon the ground, and, adroitly removing the heavy helmet from his head, he held it calmly in his hand. Elevating himself to his utmost height in the saddle, he cried, in a loud voice, that threw back its rapid and sharp echoes from the massive walls of San Marco:

"The Doge has just given out that he will to-morrow go forth against Bando!, the outlaw, and his followers. I offer my services at the head of his army!"

When the spectators heard words like these from the lips of one who had proved himself so gallant and brave in the eyes of all of them, they set up a deafening shout of applause. The Doge, too, paused and regarded him with perfect wonder, as well as delight.

The victorious knight continued:

"Bando! is the bold outlaw. Venice hates him, and would pursue him to the very ends of the earth. Every one fears him. His name is whispered by pallid and trembling lips. But fear this outlaw no longer! I will go against him with you, wherever he may be found! I do not fear him!"

The assemblage interrupted him with another round of applause.

He continued:

"Hear ye further, people of proud Venice! I have hitherto said that my name was Don Caldero, and that I was a son of Spain. As Don Caldero, and as a son of Spain, did I crown the Queen of Youth and Beauty, the daughter of your Doge. But now I renounce that name! I am not Don Caldero! I am Bando!, the outlaw and the bravo!"

The spacious square of San Marco never before witnessed such a general confusion and tumult as on that instant arose. The excitement was indeed fearful to behold. The vast crowd, now densely packed, was swept and surged by one single passion, even as the dense and dark forest is torn by the gust and roar of the hurricane. Some tossed their arms high in the air, calling out in loud voices—"Death to the outlaw! Death to Bando!" Others frantically rushed toward the arena, as if they would not be satisfied with what they had just heard. The faces of the ladies, however, turned pale with rage and fear.

For a moment or more, the Doge stood statue-still, unable either to move or to articulate a word. Around him were his nobles still, and they had no apparent power of speech, either. Viola still occupied her chosen seat, where she had been just crowned, voiceless, and almost pulseless. Her features were like those of oiled marble.

As soon as he came to himself, the Doge called out to the heralds, while the bold outlaw still sat motionless and rigid on his steed, his countenance betraying anything but emotions of fear:

"I command you to arrest yonder traitor! The outlaw—arrest him!"

Some four or five of the plumed heralds instantly rode up to where Bando! sat on his steed, and were in the act of laying their hands upon him, when, with a motion of the helmet which he still held in his hand, he waved them all away.

"Noble Doge!" said he, in a clear, calm tone of voice; "by this token which you have just bestowed on me—this cross of honor, I claim full pardon for all my crimes, whatever you may suppose them to be!"

An expression of deep perplexity chased across the countenance of the Doge, on hearing this reply, and he hesitated what to say; but, as several of his nobles crowded closer around him, he seemed to gather courage, and instantly called out to the heralds, regardless of what the outlaw had just said:

"Arrest that villain! Away with him to prison!"

"As thou wilt, then, proud Doge!" exclaimed Bando!, submitting. "But understand that I fear thee not! I possess this badge! It is a sacred and solemn pledge of the word of Venice!"

"Away to the prison with him!" again ordered the Doge, excitedly.

Immediately the heralds surrounded him, and made him their prisoner. He offered nothing like resistance. It was necessary that they should escort him to prison without the least delay, else the aroused fury of the populace might have destroyed him.

Thus ended this famous tournament. For the rest of the day, in every street in Venice, there were to be seen excited crowds of people everywhere, talking over these startling revelations. Almost every tongue had something to say of Bando!, and of his wonderful appearance. After all, as the excitement began to cool down, the sympathies of the masses could not but be divided for the outlaw, for he had shown to them how admirably he could behave in the lists and what a gallant and truly valorous knight he was, too. The very magnanimity he exhibited served to half excuse his crimes and make him a general favorite, after all.

The character of this most mysterious being was discussed, not merely in the streets and all public places, but in every social circle and gathering. As for the ladies, they could not conceal their admiration as standing him so young and handsome; and there was many a beautiful lip that trembled with its own words, when it attempted to say that the outlaw ought to suffer death for his crimes. But the height of the wonder was, to know the reason of his thus voluntarily disclosing what could not fail to lead him to a terrible punishment. Some supposed that he must have a sinister purpose in his thus openly making his name known.

And every hour the excitement continued, running at last to an exceedingly high pitch. When the Doge was to give his grand levee, it was publicly given out that, on the morrow, at precisely the hour of ten, the great enemy of Venice would be brought to public trial. And this proclamation served to intensify the public feeling still more.

At an early hour the next morning, his keepers opened his prison door and bade him make all needful preparation for the event that was about to take place. Bando!, therefore, set about preparing himself for the event in sober earnest. He took especial pains with his attire, scrupulously arranging every article that had been displaced in the encounter and arrest of the day before, and appearing to be anxious to make the best possible impression on the audience he was to find assembled to witness his trial.

Attendants came soon, and led him away to the chamber of justice, which was within the palace. As he entered the apartment, he could not omit to notice the numbers that had already assembled in anticipation of this event. Ladies of the rank of nobility, with daughters, fair and haughty, beside them, were there to behold the countenance and mien of him who had so long been the terror and scourge of Venice. The Doge sat in the stately chair he occupied on such occasions, clothed in his robes of office. Officers were on either side of him, attentive to his slightest wish. No scene could offer more numerous points of exciting interest, on every hand. Every one felt, and indeed, knew that it must finally end in tragedy.

The populace gazed on the captive robber as on a aged lion. He was a mystery before; but since he had boldly and needlessly avowed himself, when he might just as well have escaped—what were they licensed to consider him now? He was more than a mystery. He was a riddle, and a perplexity to them all.

Every eye was riveted on his handsome figure, as he entered the trial hall. It was very rare, even in Venice, that the curiosity of spectators could be wrought up to so high a pitch. The prisoner by no means looked downcast and demure, or timid and cowering—nothing of the kind. He rather returned the glances that were showered upon him, glance for glance. He even wore an air of haughty pride, as he looked so royally around him.

"Uncover, sir! Uncover!" In the presence of the Doge, too!" ordered the subordinates.

"I bare my head to him!" exclaimed the prisoner, with deep meaning. "Noble! Why should one like me do obedience to him? Merely because he wears the ducal bonnet? As well may he bare his head to me, because I wear the crimson plume—which is the badge of the proud leadership I hold."

"Thou art unduly haughty, methinks, for a robber!" said the Doge. "Dost thou truly comprehend the Doge's power?"

"I think I know that dreaded power full well," was his ready answer. "I know the power of his inquisitors, his council, and his spies. But they

have no terror for me. Over the waters of yon blue Adriatic sea, Sir Doge, whence came the odor-laden breeze to the nostrils of your people, I possess a power full as mighty as thine. There am I the chosen leader of a brave and loyal band. None of them fear me—all love me; and in the consciousness of that love I am rich. Why, then, kneel to your power here? I know no master. I acknowledge no human superior. I devote myself to no purpose but that of defending the oppressed, and assisting the weak. I stand in the van, and with all my powers bent back the powers of oppression and merciless tyranny! Do honor to *these*? Why should not *thou* rather do honor to *me*?"

"Art thou ready for thy trial now?" demanded the Doge, not a little touched with his impassioned words.

"My trial? Yes! Hasten it on! But for what am I about to be tried, Sir Doge?"

"Thou knowest! For subverting every law of Venice and of humanity!"

"On that latter charge, then, I am perfectly willing to stand my trial. To the first charge, I am ready to plead guilty. Go on!"

"I wish to know of a truth, to begin with. Are you really Bando!?"

"Am I Bando! Go, ask the blue waves of yonder sea that have so many times foisted me into your midst, to steal into your night dreams and terrify you! Ask the glittering stars of heaven, that like twinkling lamps, have so often lighted my lonely pathway at the midnight hour! Ask the door of the secret cave where my band of lion-hearted men this very day await their master and sovereign leader!"

"Bring in the boy!" ordered the Doge.

The door of an ante-room immediately opened, and the young page, Fedore, was ushered in by an attendant. He was gallantly dressed, and his beautiful hair rained in thick clusters down his well-set shoulders. Upon his countenance was such an expression of gentleness, yet secretly mixed with strong determination, that a deep sympathy was at once raised in all hearts in his favor.

When he entered, he made a low bow to the Doge. He did not see Bando!; indeed, was he not to that time, as yet aware of his capture. He naturally supposed this trial to be his own.

"Look at yonder prisoner," commanded the Doge, pointing in the direction of Bando!.

Fedore turned his face, and his eyes fell at once upon those of his former master.

"Dost thou know him?" asked the Doge. "Is that prisoner, in truth, Bando!?"

The boy hesitated. He continued to look Bando! in the face, as if he might, perhaps, take the coloring of his answer from his expression.

"Tell me at once if he be Bando!, or no!" again spake the Doge, imperiously.

"He will not tell thee, Sir Doge!" cried out Bando!, observing the boy's hesitation. "He never will tell thee! But I will relieve him! I will tell thee all! I am Bando! If I am not, then let him speak!"

Fedore bowed a silent assent.

"But thou shouldst release the boy, now, since you have me prisoner," added Bando!. "What need hast thou more of him?"

"Yes," immediately answered the Doge, anxious to propitiate the favor of the populace. "Yes, boy; from this time you are free! Go; but go not back to your old haunts of vice and crime; for wrongdoing will inevitably conduct thee to death by the headsman! Go!"

The astonished boy for some moments stood perfectly motionless with wonder; then he silently withdrew from the hall, bearing away with him the memory of the last most expressive look of his master.

"Well, Sir Doge," spoke up the prisoner, as soon as he had gone, "now for my trial!"

"Bando!", answered the Doge, in a low voice, "art thou guilty, or not, of the murder of Count Roberto? Answer me that!"

"Already have I answered it," said he.

"Where, and when?"

"Was not my own dagger, with my name on its hilt, found buried deep in his faithless, coward heart? Is not that answer enough? What would you have more?"

A thrill of horror ran through every frame, at this bold confession of crime.

The Doge began again.

"Art thou not guilty of poisoning Francesco, the son of a noble, and the scion of a lordly stock?"

The prisoner answered not.

"Afraid to answer to that?" asked the Doge.

"Afraid? No! Bando! is afraid of nothing! The wine of Francesco was poisoned by me, because he had himself sworn to have my life. It was merely a question of time, which should conquer the other. I was too quick with him! He drank from his cup, and he died. I would do the same thing again, Sir Doge!"

"Hold, sir! Didst thou not murder, most fully—because secretly—our late Doge?"

"Who says that?" demanded Bando!.

"Was it not written in a little packet, and left purposely on a table in one of the rooms in this very palace?"

"How was it known to any one that such a packet was mine?" asked the prisoner.

"Was not one precisely like it given by yourself to the daughter of the dead Doge?"

"What! To her whom I rescued from the yawning sea?"

"Yes."

"When her own bridegroom was too cowardly to risk his paltry life in her behalf, but left her to the mercy of the elements?"

No answer this time from the Doge.

"Yes, Sir Doge," continued Bando!, feeling that he had gained ground; "that packet was from mine own hand. This same right hand wrote the confession found within it—the same hand that, but yesterday, vindicated the honor of thine own peerless daughter! You are right!"

Over the brow of the Doge there passed a dark cloud, which grew perceptibly darker still, as the spectators turned, one to another, and set up their audible buzz of approbation. The bandit was fast finding friends among them now. They had already been most favorably disappointed in his looks, for their impressions had led them to consider him a monster, both in person and in name.

"Then," spake the Doge, "for this last and highest crime of murdering the late Doge, thou hast rightfully merited death."

"But I show you this sacred cross of honor, which you but yesterday gave me, Sir Doge, and by virtue of earning which, you declared that I enjoyed a full and free pardon of all past offences, even against the State!"

As he spoke, he held up the bauble he received the day before, for the Doge's inspection.

"What dost thou say to that?" continued the prisoner.

"I say nothing to it," was the Doge's answer. "It has no power to absolve thee, or any one, from such a crime as this."

"Sir Doge, from all crimes!"

"You are too confident."

"So said you, at any rate; from all crimes and faults already committed, and from all that may be committed hereafter."

The Doge was thoughtful. But it was only for a brief interval. He said, at length:

"I cannot see how such a pledge as this can absolve you from so fearful a crime as that."

"No," answered Bando!, and wouldst not see, if plainly written before thine eyes! No! but thou must needs away to the Secret Council, and then thou wilt take courage, even in the face of a pledge like this, to rob me of my life! And yet thou wouldst charge me with murder. What is this but murder of thine own? And what are all the highest and most solemn of the pledges Venice can give, worth after this day? Who will respect her word, from this time forth?"

The audience could not suppress, at this speech, a low murmur. It was one of approval entirely. Already there was much excitement among them, and no little, either, in the prisoner's favor.

The Doge rose in his seat.

"This assembly must be dismissed at once," said he, very abruptly. "I must convolve the Council."

"Then farewell, life!" exclaimed Bando!. "I am now in thy power, in thine iron grasp! I yield, but it is to nothing but a tyranny that holds me defenceless!"

"The assembly is dismissed forthwith!" announced the Doge, in a loud voice.

"And thus is this Cross of Honor, then, disgraced!" said the prisoner, snatching the coveted badge and trampling it passionately under his feet. "Thus do I spurn thee, Doge! and thus thy craven minions! There is no longer honor or truth in the name of proud Venice! These high walls of the Chamber of Justice are stained—stained—in the sight of Heaven, forever."

"Drag him away! Away with him!" ordered the Doge, with a wave of his hand, to the attendants.

The attendants proceeded then to fasten heavy chains about his limbs, and the spectators all stood in their places while it was done. There was something in the prisoner's presence that bound them like a spell. His miserable situation challenged their sympathies already.

The Doge arose and left the hall, followed by his retinue. One by one, the vast audience dropped away, until the large hall was left entirely empty. The Doge immediately repaired to the council chamber, to determine there how the proper punishment could consistently, and without breaking his own faith, be dealt out to the guilty outlaw. So strange an event had not occurred, in many and many a year, in Venetian history before.

CHAPTER XIV.

Doge.—"Is this the Guiltina's sentence?"

Boa.—"It is."

Doge.—"Can endure it? And the time?"

Boa.—"Must be immediate. Make thy peace with God!"

On the third day after this event, the preparations were all made for the public execution of the prisoner. His sentence, at the hands of the Council, was that he be beheaded by the executioner at the foot of the Giant's Stairs. Down those same marble stairs had once rolled the head of a Doge, trunkless. The grisly heads of conspirators had fallen there, too.

At an early hour the square was crowded with human beings. The liquid arteries of the city were blackened with boats that were packed full with people. The stairs, the house-tops, the balconies, the chambers—all places were crowded with excited and eager spectators.

The condemned man, still a youth, was led forth by the guard from his dungeon. His dress had been carefully arranged for the occasion by his own hands. It was strikingly gay, and as free as any that he wore in the forest, or on the trackless sea. A pair of kid breeches encased his lower limbs, whose outer seams had been fancifully embroidered by some fair and skillful hand. The tunic of crimson silk that he

had worn in the journey still set loosely about his chest, and was fastened about his waist by a slender scarf of blue. He wore his jewelled cap upon his head, from whose crest flowed his long plume far down his shoulders. About his well-shaped neck his abundant hair hung in luxuriant masses, and, as he walked forward, a deep flush played about his cheeks and his curled lips. His eyes wore all its former brightness, and, when he glanced around over the spectators, it threw them such an expression—half of chiding and half of love, that from almost every breast proceeded in response a deep and sincere sigh.

The Doge himself spoke:

"Prisoner, the people of Venice have this day come together to behold deserved punishment administered to their great enemy and terror. If aught, therefore, thou hast to say, before going into the Eternal Presence, say it at once, for thy last hour has indeed come!"

Bando!'s eye kindled anew, and he lifted his voice and answered:

"People of Venice! You behold me to-day doomed to the headsman! You have all of you seen how, but a few days since, I earned in the open lists a free and unconditional pardon for all the wrongs I have ever committed. But of what avail, I ask, has that been to me?"

"Enough!" interrupted the Doge. "That matter has already been determined by the government. Wouldst thou speak at this time on aught else?"

"A single word more, then, and I bow my head. Venice! though I die, and am called an outlaw, yet I love thee still! Thy name shall be the last word on my lips, as it is the last thought in my heart. For thy sake alone has my ambition been strong—for thee has my whole hope grown until this day! But now I take my leave of thee! I die, though called an outlaw, yet loving thee!"

Thou clear, blue Adriatic water, roll on as thou hast always rolled! Ye liquid streets, throw back to the sky the glories of this great and noble city! But crumble, ye palaces; and fill up, thou beautiful harbor, before the long years of desolation that are yet in store for thee begin to dawn! Venice, ever loved, farewell!"

Then with his own hand he bared his neck and laid him gently down across the begrimed block, beneath the axe of the executioner.

"Strike now, headsman! Only one blow!" cried he, in a clear and firm voice, making a signal with his uplifted hand.

The glittering blade was raised high in the air by the strong arms of the grim headsman. While it was thus poised, gathering strength, as it were, for the fatal blow, an unusual murmur and commotion was observed in a further part of the crowd, and in an instant the loud cry was raised:

"Stop, stop the execution!"

The Doge caught the voice, and called out, "Hold!" to the headsman.

The eyes of the multitude were fixed on the spot whence arose the confusion and interruption. All that could be seen was an old woman tearing at the top of her speed through the crowd, and shouting at the highest pitch of her voice:

"Stay—stay the execution!"

"Stay—stay the execution!" the excited thousands repeated impulsively after her.

The blade of the axe did not come down: but the headsman stood, obedient to the command of the Doge, gazing at the approaching cause of this interruption to his bloody work.

The old woman was no one but old Nancie, the astrologer.

She rushed up with all possible haste to the Doge, with a loose robe flowing almost at random about her limbs, a large hood upon her head, that more than half concealed her face, and her haggard countenance and sharp features, expressive of the most painful anxiety. The moment she came near the Doge's person, her long, skinny hands stretched out supplicatingly to him, he turned haughtily upon her and asked to know what all this proceeding might mean.

"Doge! Doge!" she fairly screamed out, at the top of her voice, "would you murder your own child?"

"Woman! what mean you?" he exclaimed, suddenly starting.

"I mean this," she answered. "That person, whose head lies on yonder block, is your son!"

"This woman is insane," said he, impatiently. "Take her away!"

"No—no—no!" still louder screamed and shrieked old Nancie. "I am not insane! I am not insane! I have my reason as clear as you have yours! Know you not, Doge, old Nancie, the nurse of your own child?"

His gaze now was riveted upon her. After some moments he spoke:

"You do resemble her somewhat."

"I am she! I am she!" she cried in reply.

"Then explain what you mean, when you say that this prisoner is my own son."

"I can explain. Should I not know all about it? Was I not his nurse? Doge, I do but tell you the truth. I am old Nancie, and that is your own child! Would you see the bloody axe strike off his head?"

There was a slight hesitation in the Doge's mind, and then he ordered the prisoner to be raised from the ground and taken together with Nancie, into the audience chamber of the palace. The execution, therefore, was of necessity deferred, and the crowd separated.

The Doge and his Council sat in the audience chamber, and the prisoner and the woman were brought in.

Said the Doge: "Woman, tell me the exact truth respecting this young man now before me, or else forfeit your life as a penalty for your falsehood."

It to be her dearest wish that she might by some honorable means be allied with a noble family of Venice, but that she should, nevertheless, reside on her possessions in Sicily.

Prophetic glimpses of the glorious era are also recorded in the New Testament, still with the same effect as in the Old. John of Patmos, "in the spirit" of rational affluence, foresaw the end of human woes and the final consummation of human desire.

It will be when we will disappear. First a human germ, then a child, then a man, then an angel, is the history of God's noblest work below the skies.

As the external founders of a new religious system—new in comparison to the theologic forms of Christendom—you are called upon to define your position, and be ready at all times to explain the principles that are the corner-stones of your knowledge.

THE CELESTIAL BANQUET.

BY ELIZA A. PITTSBURGH.

Oh, come to the banquet! Come, Phœbus, Apollo! Oh, come with the lyre—bring music divine!

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STRAENS.

THIRTEENTH PAPER.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD COMETH NOT WITH OBSERVATION.—JESUS. I hope the readers of the twelve preceding papers are convinced that the Age of Virtue is a future earthly reality, identical with the sublimity Kingdom of Heaven.

Who doubts that this IDEA had fully come to Jesus? and yet we find him praying still to God, "Thy Kingdom come!" that is, not only the universal recognition of God's Government, but such a hearty yielding of Humanity as would correspond to the Heart-yearning of our Heavenly Father.

The first is Infancy—a period of seven years from birth, which may be designated as the age of unconscious Dependence.

With all material life, the germ within is the first to which nature speaks. The soul is the germ within man, all of him that lives eternally; therefore all religious and spiritual development, to be real and lasting, must begin with an unfolding of the mental nature.

See "The Mistake of Christendom."

† The Vision of Peace.

REV. ADIN BALLOU AT LYCEUM HALL, BOSTON.

Sunday Afternoon, February 23, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Rev. Mr. Ballou spoke to a large audience both in the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon his subject was: "Differences in the spirit-world," using as a motto, the words of the Apostle:

"All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory."—1 Cor. 15: 39-41.

In the first place, he said, what do I mean by the spirit-world? In the broadest sense, the whole universe is a universe of spiritual things; since all forces and actions are undoubtedly spiritual; but I mean distinctively the state into which spirits pass from the material body, in contradistinction from their earthly existence. What differences are there, mental, moral and social, in the spirit world? What are the prevailing ideas of religionists on this subject? In the first place, the Church teaches of two antipodal states, termed heaven and hell. Understand that there are many various forms and doctrines on this point, but the great mass of religious minds conceive of heaven as a fixed and unchangeable state of happiness, and the other as fixed and unalterable misery. This is the general opinion. There is a small number, in comparison, called Universalists, who believe there is a fixed state of absolute happiness, but the number is limited, and was never very large.

What are the ideas of the future life, as taught by spirits? I am proceeding upon the premises that there are spirits, and with you this claim is granted. We have been taught that when we enter another life, we know all that is knowable; that it is not a state of gradation from one point to another. We have placed implicit reliability upon the word of spirits, as though they had a full and entire knowledge of the spirit-world, on the basis of absolute experience; and it shakes the mind of faith to be compelled to believe that departed spirits are fallible—can err. Many pretend to deny the inspirations of spirits at all, and yet, if any there be, they are infallible! Whenever we enter the state either of heaven or hell, it is a life of perfection—perfect bliss or perfect misery. The moment we leave this world, our existence in which is but as the tick of a watch to a century, we enter upon a crystallized state of perfection—perfect good and perfect evil—as fixed as the great boundaries, measureless eternity. This, we say, is the generally prevailing idea. The society, too, is all of heaven, or all of hell. There are no differences there—no conflicts of the different classes, but all belong to one grand swarm, either of heaven or hell. Theology, too, has represented the state of the blessed as an endless state of rest, or, if its denizens are employed at all, it is in the choir, where they sing away, from year to year, for millions of ages, to the glory of God. As for change, they either have no inclination to, or cannot. All affinity between the living and the dead is severed, and the blessed, in their selfish enjoyment, know nothing or care nothing for their kindred on earth.

Now I turn around and ask, what does Spiritualism teach on this subject. It teaches that, with regard to essentials, the spirit-world corresponds to this. If we have external scenery here, we have it there; we have a living world of external nature. It teaches, in the second place, that the circumstances of the spirit change. The spirit, housed in the clay, is incipient, not absolute; but at the change of death, it is an advancement one step higher, and a reconstruction of everything that constituted the human being in its primary state, in the purer and truer human form. Spiritualism teaches us that we shall retain our identity, and our surroundings on earth we shall bring around us there. I have been compelled to believe I shall know my friends in the next life, and that our social ties are not ruptured. Whatever goes to make up our identity here, will be retained by us, and we will be known for just what we are. Here we are known for better or worse than we are; there, the flimsy disguises and obstacles of earth will be stripped off, and we shall be known just as we are. The essential characteristics of man will reappear. As to morality, the moral character we form and sustain before we pass out of the rudimentary sphere or earth-life, just as it is, reappears there—not as we see it here, for the eyes and senses of humanity are not immaculate in their discernment; but from childhood, or manhood, every individual has a moral character, and passing from the veil and entering the other state, he carries it with him, and must stand or fall by it. Thirty or forty years ago, I was called a strange, wild thinker, by my own people, when I declared I could not see why the perverted nature should become immediately pure and holy, by the outer change of death. My Universalist brethren called me a fool; but the years between have only strengthened my conviction, and Spiritualism has demonstrated it.

On earth, much good is done by association; and as we enter upon the enlarged scale, the tendency to association is stronger. We cultivate the society our characteristics harmonize with, and verify the old adage that like attracts like. And there are as many varieties of life and society there as we have here, and each society has its sub-society, with the same regulations and responsibilities—for we have precisely the same work to do, whether here or there, and the test of spiritual advancement is human activity; and we cannot enter a higher state of existence without passing through the intermediate ones. The time may come when there will be perfect harmony, but changes must exist forever. Each spirit has a moral atmosphere or aura, each for itself—a certain sphere of intellect or morality must draw to itself its satellites, or affiliates, just as every society on earth has its core, and draws other minds to it. So it is with man. He stands between the two forces of attraction and repulsion. To every one of you there are those whose touch, speech or glance sends a cold chill through you, while others attract you to them in spite of yourselves. With some natures you are never at home; with some others you always are. We can set no real limitations, and yet each society has its factions, and each sends out its spherul influence.

There is, then, in the spirit world a social, spherul and representative influence, and what do they teach regarding the action and reaction between the two worlds? They teach that there is a constant action and reaction—a constant interchange and interblending of the two spheres. To be sure, we are

not always individually aware of this close relationship, yet we are influenced or prompted to a certain extent, from the fact that we are ourselves spirits, acting upon others, and continually being acted upon. So you must see that the two worlds are not absolutely distinct, but, according to the great laws of nature, united and interblent.

Society, then, with my ideas, would be dull and dead, and unprofitable to anybody, if according to the conceptions of the old theology. We claim to be distinct individualities, and yet we are always more or less dependent upon those around us; and it may be that we are not very independent, after all, sometimes.

Now is there anything in the Christian Scriptures to disprove, or contrary to, the general teachings advanced? I have found nothing. Wherever the Bible seems to sustain the teachings of old-fashioned theology, it is because the former has been garbled, misquoted and strained for the occasion. Rather than the Bible being an obstacle to the truth of spiritual communications, I think the Bible is their best defender and expositor. At any rate, they have been the key which has unlocked the hidden mysteries of the Book, and many rejoice in the Book to-day, who never would have received it save as Spiritualism thrust it upon them.

Some talk largely of the hallucinations of Spiritualists; but I have implicit confidence in my own judgment and senses; and when I see a stove tipping up and down, in answer to questions, and to spell out a communication with only a little girl six years old in contact with it, I know it is done; and if there is any blindness or hallucination, it is on the part of those who declare they would not believe, if they saw with their own eyes.

The parable of Lazarus and Dives can be interpreted under the light of Spiritualism, but sensibly done in no other way. There is nothing unnatural about it—all is perfectly plain. Under this new light, too, passages about which commentators have wrangled their lives away, become clear as crystal. The tendencies of the old theology is to belittle the Almighty and render him hideous; but Spiritualism strips off the husks of ignorance, and bids the truth stand forth in its own grandeur.

The old church theology has painted heaven as a state of unvaried sameness. In such a universe, we would not even know ourselves. A universe without variety would be indescribable to the eye of reason. If we lived in a state where everything was chiseled out to Phidias's perfection, how soon would heaven become a curse? What is existence but progression, and where progression stops, life is lost in death and nonentity. Who can imagine a more uncomfortable place than such a theological ideal? Reason teaches us to begin at the bottom. It is better to be crude ourselves, than to be so crystallized as to possess no individuality. How much better is the idea taught by Spiritualism, that life, existence, is a continual and unending progression, through newer unfoldings, onward and upward forever. Why, the lazy heaven of the orthodox is fit only to be classed with the ideals of the sensual Orientals—is unfit for and degrading to the sober common sense minds of to-day and this enlightened nation.

The greatest blessing we have now is the power to benefit and aid others, and, if robbed of this, what would life be worth? Some people believe they will be raised so high that they will lose themselves. Reason does not teach such a thing.

Some there are who want no demonstration of spiritual truth. They have immortality in their souls, and want no further proof of it. I cannot feel this. Though I have perfect faith in my immortality, and that of every other human being, yet I cannot resist the desire to behold the most simple manifestations of it. Immortality is so pleasant a thing to me, that I cannot know too much of it. If I did not have the external evidence as well as the inner belief, I should tremble for my immortality. I do feel the need of these things, and my feelings are as good as theirs. If spirits never manifested through material organisms, I should be far from sure there was any immortality. If you take away the evidence of it we have in Spiritualism, I should feel my faith tottering.

Some say the world must have Jesus and his truth, to be saved. But, to this day, not one half of the human race ever heard of Christianity, or of the God Christianity inculcates the worship of; and it is only by missionary labor that a few thousands in the East have ever heard his name! What kind of a God is that that so loves humanity that he sends his only begotten son for an atonement, and yet has allowed the greater part of the world to die in ignorance of him; or, if a few souls do accept his truth, it depends upon the poor girl's finger ring, contributed to the missionary cause! According to this, human beings have far greater conscience and finer feelings than God himself has. Who can believe this, and hold up his head? How it belittles God to believe that he has drawn a line between good and bad, and has no means left of destroying that distinction and saving the souls of his children! What an impotent, beggarly conception that is, of the Almighty! To believe that what was erroneous must continue so—that what is wrong must stay so, puts back all the wheels of progress on the track of time. Comparing thus the teachings of theology with those of Spiritualism, we must come to the conclusion, first, that the condition hereafter of departed spirits, depends upon what they really are, morally and materially. Secondly, persons are surrounded and influenced by spirits like themselves. Some people say they will have nothing to do with Spiritualism, because of the Babel of testimony it brings. Very true; this ground is a safe one for people to take who cannot discriminate. But how is it with the clergy? Do not the hundreds of differing sects on earth, all built upon the Bible, differ as widely as human testimony or opinion can? It is our duty to seek the aid of these spirits on high in the scale of moral and intellectual purity as we can; then we shall have the consciousness of having done the best we could, and neither God nor man can ask more of us.

The Bishop of Oxford has recently preached a sermon on the death of Prince Albert, advancing the idea that the calamity was a chastisement of Providence; and the Public Opinion, a new London weekly, alludes to the prelate and the sermon in these choice words: "That groveling sensualist, oily Tartuffe, and sanctified hypocrite—Eprouvure's own hog in the sacred fold—the Bishop of Oxford, by way of billeting the Queen's grief, informs her and the nation that the death of the Prince consort is provoked 'by the national sins.' Would the smooth prelate kindly explain why death is to be understood as a mark of Divine displeasure? To our comprehension, his sleek and soapy life, his very existence among us, appears the most conspicuous scourge of our sins."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1862.

OFFICE, 168 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription: Single copies, one year, \$2 00; six months, 1 00; three copies one year, in one package, per copy, 1 75; three copies six months, in one package, per copy, 88; four or more copies, one year, in one package, per copy, 1 50; four or more copies, six months, in one package, per copy, 75. Every additional subscriber to a club will be charged \$1.50 per year. There will be no deviation from the above terms.

Moneys sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston are 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, hence our Western subscribers and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are requested to send bills on the above named Banks in case Eastern money cannot be conveniently procured. Canadian bank notes are current here. Postage stamps, postage and three cents only—of the new issue, will be received for subscriptions; subscribers will please send none of the other denominations, for they are of no use to us. Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Subscribers in Canada, or other foreign countries, will add to the terms of subscription 52 cents per year, for prepayment of American postage. Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always give the name of the Town, County and State to which it has been sent. Advertisements inserted on the most favorable terms.

All Communications designed for publication, or in any way connected with the editorial department, should be addressed to the Editor. Letters to the Editor not intended for publication should be marked "private." All Business Letters must be addressed

"Banner of Light, Boston, Mass." ISAAC B. RICH, Publisher for the Proprietors.

To Traveling Agents. Agents remitting us two dollars for one year's subscription to the BANNER, or one dollar for six months' subscription, will be entitled to twelve and a half per cent. commission. Take no single subscriptions at club rates.

Those who form clubs of four, or more, can, at any time, add to the same, without having the back numbers sent, and each paper will be continued for six months or a year, for the same price as if it commenced with the original club.

SEARCHING FOR MOTIVES.

In continuation of some thoughts expressed by us, in the direction of the above topic, in the BANNER of two weeks ago, we proceed now to remark very briefly upon the wrong habit, which is indulged in by such a multitude of persons, inadvertently and otherwise, of running in behind person's acts in quest of some secret motive for the same, or of some previous piece of that person's history inconsistent with the same, or floating rumors, and innuendoes, even, which might somehow seem to throw down a shadow upon the fair and proper thing he proposes to do, or is doing, to-day.

Is it not the top and crown of fairness and justice, to let a person's deed, just now performed, stand for what it is, and what it is worth? Why need it be referred at all to the performer—much less, to the performer's deed of yesterday, or last month, or last year? Because he was guilty of doing foul things then, shall it be insisted, by those not a whit less human and liable to err than he, that he can do nothing but guilty deeds now? Even if such an one bears the reputation of being regularly, and right along, a bad man, does it follow that every one of his noble instincts, more or less of which are at birth implanted in every nature, is so completely smothered and buried up that they may not, at intervals, flame forth as it were by an accident?

What we have special need to guard against, in the attempt to exercise charity toward others, is the inclination to visit judgment upon them—to mete out the due measure of their guilt as well as the forfeiture it works—and to pronounce, as if we were ourselves entrusted with the line and plummet, which we are called upon to apply to every man's conduct as it happens to offer. The habit of free judgment ordinarily is a confession of guilt on the part of the judgment given, in the particular direction judged. So is human nature constituted.

But some good friend here interposes, and says, "Yes, but you must admit that there must be some common standard, some fixed line and limit to which men's conduct may be referable." Well, let us admit that. Does it therefore follow that this common standard is a fixed and determinate one? When everybody is making money, helter skelter and heels over head, and scarcely any practices are deemed improper to be resorted to that will help on the general and controlling purpose, will not our good friend allow, confessing it with a blush of shame for these rigid and self-righteous judges, that the standard of public morality, of honor and conscience in trade, and of social regard itself, is very different from, and very much lower than the common standard, when a general panic in business is the order of the day, when banks are suspending, and powerful manufacturing corporations are breaking down, and men are refusing to pay their notes, their hearts falling them for fear, and everybody is rushing to the public prayer-meeting because that is the only place where anything is said about "what they must do to be saved?"

What, then, does this same standard really amount to?—this something that is so-and-so-to-day, and thus and thus to-morrow, and something still different afterwards, according as popular passion, desire, prejudice, interest, or weakness directs and turns it? Shall we pay it the respect which we should pay to the counsels of conscience, and the suggestions of the absolute sense of justice? But it cannot be done, whether we will or not; this is in no sense a matter of will, but of reason and enlightened instinct, rather.

Now, if a person who has wronged me last week, suddenly concludes to change his tactics and do me a blessed deed this, am I right in refusing to take the good deed for all that it is worth because he would not do as well a little while ago? Has the act of to-day necessarily any connection with that of yesterday? Is it an impossibility that each should stand alone? The same person, it is true, is the instrument by which each act is performed; but are there no circumstances, conditions, or surroundings which may be considered in a great degree responsible for the ill act, and which parted with their power over the man when he was prompted to do the good one?

We would not urge a blind charity, either, upon others; we are all human, and must needs err, discriminate, protect ourselves, and act in accordance with the highest wisdom that lets its light into our hearts. But we wrong both ourselves and others, if

we confound this needful wisdom with a self-righteous judging of others, if, while intending merely to protect ourselves, we wrong and even destroy others. This wisdom requires us to be watchful of those who have done wrong, lest they may harm us by doing wrong again; but it is a safer, wiser, diviner way, to first let the new deed stand forth as it is, divested entirely of any association with former deeds, and afterwards use our discrimination, and even our judgment, when the deed plainly betrays its sinister motive and design. The just way of managing such matters, without entering into any of the labyrinths of casuistry, it is always to act up to our highest wisdom in our relations with others, and to suffer our thoughts to proceed in no channel inconsistent with the highest charity.

The First Warm Wind of Spring.

When will it come? and, where does it come from? We all look out for it as eagerly as the children do for the first cheery carol of the blue-bird in the bare apple trees. Lewis Gaylord Clark once hit the thing, to our mind, exactly, in giving off a bit of his own experience in the matter. Said he, after quoting the old text—"The wind bloweth where it listeth," &c., &c.—"We did not 'take rail' to town this morning, for a wonder, but staid 'at home,' to perform some 'outside' professional labor for a friend, which required library consultation. It was a warmish early March day; an inch-deep snow lay upon the brown-green grass, as we took our way over the gently 'rolling' meadows, tracking sanctum-ward from school a little girl and her smaller brother, by familiar footprints, (often seen in 'splash' and 'mud,') along the upland slopes. All at once, there breathed over the landscape the first Warm Spring Wind from the South. Where do you think, in our 'mind's eye,' that breeze came from, and went to? 'It cometh,' said we, 'from the East, and it is going directly back to the sunny side of our old clustered barn-and-out-buildings; it is lifting the clean straw and hay-litter from the frozen snow-humps beneath, and scattering the 'barn-yard odds' of the same; brightening the great eyes of 'Old Spot,' 'Old Brin,' the 'White and Red' heifer, with all their sweet-breathed kith and kin; setting the horned ram and the 'Old Yoes' 'bah'-ing, and evoking from the long-tailed, crumby-legged lamblings their short, musical 'eh-eh-eh' eh-eh-eh!'" Then the airy messenger passed on, along the tops of the reddening forests; taking with him lazy wreaths of pale-blue smoke from several 'sap-works' which we 'once knew,' and ruffling the surface of overflowing bass-wood, 'sap-throughs' or cedar 'sap-buckets,' which we so often had assisted to empty, when there was a 'freshet' from the neuterous maple. This is why we say, that we think we know where the first warm wind of spring, which but a moment ago melted upon our forehead, came from, and where it went to."

Is not the little sketch fresh and beautiful, and well worth giving again? Now is the particular time when the heart, weary with winter, is sending out its longings for those delicious signs and tokens of spring which make it glad beyond the power of expression.

A New and Good Thing.

We are going to tell the readers of the BANNER about a new invention, which we have fairly tried for ourselves, and found to be one of the best things of these latter days; nor do we speak of it on account of the inventor, or any other person, but simply because it is, in our judgment, an invaluable aid to the comfort and happiness of all civilized beings who dwell in houses.

It is called Davis's Patent Radiator—with the additional name of the Reverse Draft Flue. The object of it is just this—to save and use the heat wasted by ordinary fires, and thus economize fuel. In addition to this, it keeps the air of an apartment always in a state of circulation, offers the most improved method of ventilation, consumes or carries off the noxious gases that are generated by ordinary heaters, keeps rooms free of dust and a stove smell, and is simple in construction, and very easily managed.

The mode of operating this Radiator is very simple; the heat that passes into the chimney flue from a stove or range, is made to pass into the Radiator, by tapping the chimney above it and inserting the same; the slight movement of a rod effects this; and then begins the work of merely saving heat from smoke and vapors that usually escape without being made to yield up anything of value. The heat can be turned on or off, almost instantly. An even temperature is thus secured—the air of the room is never dry, but always moist and natural—there is no dust, gas, or smoke, to be taken into the lungs,—the furniture requires no dusting, neither does it ever warp, or fall asunder at its joints—headaches are impossible—persons can keep uniformly warm, and the apparatus is simple and economical.

Could more, or as much, be said of any heating apparatus ever invented, since the attempts of Count Rumford or Dr. Franklin? Any chimney, where a stove will burn, will support one of these Radiators at not a penny's additional cost.

The President's Bereavement. Death has walked into the White House, and taken away a prattler. The President has been called to part with a favorite child—a little boy. Even in the midst of his cares and responsibilities, with civil war raging all around him, and the nation anxiously looking to him to carry us all safely, with higher aid, through this "sea of troubles," he is not free from the visitations of sorrow that are common to men at large. Neither place nor power secure him immunity from the bereavements common to the race. Death has been called the "great leveler." In respect to the single truth that it makes men feel that they are but human, it is true. None of us may escape that ordeal, any more than we might the test of birth, in order that we might live; but this passage through what we call the "frowning portal" does not exactly make one man another man's equal, as we can see, unless, perhaps, in respect of the fact that we must every one submit to the same condition. The nation lends its sympathies to the President, in his day of affliction; and he, feeling it to be so, cannot fail to be sustained through the bereavement that has so made his heart bleed.

Meeting at Lyceum Hall. Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, March 9th, afternoon and evening. The public are invited to attend.

Notice.

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

Death of President Felton.

It is with extreme regret we record the death of Cornelius C. Felton, LL. D., President of Harvard University. He passed to the higher life from the residence of his brother, S. M. Felton, Esq., in Chester county, Pa., on the evening of February twenty-sixth. President Felton was born at West Newbury, now Newbury, Mass., Nov. 6, 1807. He was graduated at Harvard College, in 1827. While in College he was distinguished for his literary tastes and the wide range of his studies. In his senior years he was one of the conductors of the "Harvard Register," a students' periodical. After leaving College, he was engaged for two years, in conjunction with two of his classmates, in the charge of the Livingston High School, in Geneseo, N. Y. In 1839 he was appointed Latin tutor in Harvard College, Greek tutor in the following year, and College Professor of Greek in 1832. In 1834, he was appointed Eliot Professor of Greek literature, the duties of which place he continued to discharge up to the time he was chosen to succeed Dr. Walker, as President of Harvard University, about two years ago.

When Spiritualism first attracted public attention, President Felton became its bitter opponent, and sought in many ways to bring discredit upon it and its advocates. But we will do him the justice to say that we believe he was sincere in his opposition. Failing in his efforts to suppress the "delusion," as he was wont to term it, he has been of late silent upon the subject. Whether he changed his views or not, we have no means of knowing. He has now passed to the Better Land, and will doubtless be able to judge more clearly, and reason more wisely in regard to the spiritual phenomena than he did while sojourning on the mundane sphere.

Rev. R. P. Ambler.

This gentleman has renounced the preaching of Spiritualism to the people, and gone to preaching in the Universalist church, for the reason, we doubt not, that the spiritual food of Spiritualism is too strong, and that it does not pay the ready cash. He refers to Spiritualism, calling it "a gigantic evil," but at the same time, as he steps out of the desk of Spiritualism, which he has occupied since 1849, and reiterates the desk of Universalism, he says: "I desire to expound to others the truths that come so freshly beautiful to my own soul. For this labor I feel that I am now better fitted than ever before, physically, mentally and morally."

We cannot doubt that Mr. Ambler is truthful; and if, as he says, this "gigantic evil" has benefited him, has made him physically, mentally and morally better, why should not it do the same to others—and then call it a "gigantic evil"?

Mr. Ambler is an eloquent man, but he needs rest from the labors and suffering that a rapid progress of soul inflicts. In the church he will find it—never in Spiritualism, for Spiritualism is now moving onward, not standing still. May his slumbers be peaceful, and when he rises again to the journey of progress, may he rise refreshed and invigorated.

A Valuable Relic.

On that bitter cold, windy night, the 24th of February, Boston was visited by one of the severest fires it has experienced for several years. Several blocks on North and Commercial streets were burned, and two firemen killed. Among the buildings destroyed, was the Passenger House of the old East Boston Ferry. The whole loss is estimated at about three quarters of a million dollars. The Boston Herald says:

"Among the interesting reminiscences connected with the conflagration, is the safety of the old bell at the East Boston Ferry slip. When the new Ferry House was built a few years ago, a bell was found to be very necessary. The Directors purchased one which was brought from Peru by a Salem vessel, it having been purchased by the master with a lot of old metal. On Monday night it was rung by the gate-keeper for an alarm, until he was obliged to surrender to save his life. The ferry building at last was entirely destroyed, but the bell landed on terra firma, amidst the ruins, without a scratch upon its hard metal. The old bell bears the following inscription: 'Maria Mater Dei Ora Pro Nobis, Anno Del. 1673.' Below the inscription is a cross, and on the same the letters 'I. H. S.' are many times repeated. It is supposed that the bell, which is a fine toned one, was used over a century and a half ago, on some convent in Spain, and it was no doubt greatly prized by the Christian people residing near the monastery. Many of the wealthy citizens of Spain would probably give the weight of the old bell in silver or gold, if it could fall into their hands once more."

A Monarch for Mexico.

"While the cat's away, the mice will play," says the old adage. We happen to be as busy as we can in putting down rebellion, just now, and so France, Spain, and England are landing on the shores of Mexico, with the intent to set aside the will of the people (whatever that may, or may not, be) of that distracted country, by placing on a throne of their own erection there the brother of the Emperor of Austria, Maximilian. They may succeed in their nefarious plans for a time, but all the thrones and dynasties they may be at the expense of setting up in that country will be as certainly swept away as that we shall ourselves come out of this war an united people, determined to deal justly and charitably one by the other, and equally determined that neither of the great foreign powers shall obtain a foothold on this continent to the southwest of us. On this single matter, it would not be impracticable to bring together the people of this entire country to-day, with a thousand times more vigor and earnestness of will than the Mexicans have recently displayed, in suddenly dropping their internal differences and feuds and uniting to a man in the work of repelling a selfish and wholly wicked invasion.

A Thoughtful Spiritualist.

One of our patrons, on renewing his subscription, fearing that the spiritual press is not adequately supported, makes the following suggestion:—"If one hundred subscribers to the BANNER will engage to donate \$5.00 each to aid in keeping the paper on a solid foundation, I will place my name at the head of the list. I cannot do without the BANNER, and would mourn over its demise, as I would over that of a dear friend." Thank you kindly for your good will; but we assure you, dear friend, that our prospects are brightening every hour, and all we ask, is that each subscriber constitute himself an agent, and induce his neighbor to subscribe. This is the better way to help us, and promote the Good Cause you have so much at heart. You need have no apprehension that this journal will not live through the mighty storm that is raging all around us. We are a fixed fact. A mighty host is laboring in our behalf. We have God and his angels with us, who shall be against us?

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim as spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of H. COVART, writer in a column called the Trans.

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

Our Clerics.—The circles at which these communications are given are the Baptist of Mount Vernon, No. 154 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs) 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:

Monday, Jan. 20.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; Thomas Haskin, Second Michigan Regiment; Mary Lee, to Major Robert Lee, Nashville, Tenn.; Solomon T. Hines, Keene, N. H.; Thomas Knox, Peabroke, N. H.; to Abby Knox, Peabroke, N. H.

Tuesday, Jan. 21.—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions; "Light," Antonio Merrill, sailor, York Station, N. Y.; Lucy M. Pennington, Albany, N. Y.; Samuel T. Johnson, St. Louis, Mo.; Oliver Deight, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Samuel Sprague to Philo Sprague.

Wednesday, Jan. 22.—Invocation: "The Rights of the Sovereign States under the Constitution." Questions and Answers; Richard Hart, Worcester, Mass.; Charlotte Stevens, Chicago, Ill.; Isaac McPherson, Third New York Regiment.

Thursday, Jan. 23.—Invocation: "Immortality among Spirits." "Heresy," Hersey, N. Y.; "The Rights of the Sovereign States," Julia Folsom, New York; Thomas West, to his wife in Hancock, Ohio; Joseph H. Verrill, Baltimore, Md.

Friday, Jan. 24.—Invocation: "Did General McClellan really have such a dream as was published in the Banner?" "Was such a man given to Gen. McClellan?" Will general emancipation result from this war? Joseph White, Sacramento City, Cal.; Col. Baker's regiment; Martha Wae, Machias, Me.; to her father, Captain Wise, Jr., in Concord, New York City; Amelia Davis Train, to her mother, in New York.

Saturday, Jan. 25.—Invocation: "The Use of Prayer." "Will you explain the philosophy of prayer?" Pamela Con way, Philadelphia, Pa., to her husband; John L. Tiverton, Chester Eng.; Vidalia Hoberg, to her mother in Georgetown, D. C.

Sunday, Jan. 26.—Invocation: "The origin and cure of Consumption as incident to the human body." Charlotte Shaw, to her sister Anna, Boston, Mass.; Patrick Daly, Dublin to his uncle Patrick Daly; Julia Austin, Fredericktown, Penn.

Invocation. O thou who art the life of all things, thou spirit of truth, before whom nothing dies, and with whom resteth eternal life; our Father and our Mother, unto whom all beings continually approach with songs of thanksgiving; the clouds of Nature and spiritual and moral darkness fall thick around us, and we feel like children, in our dependence upon thee.

When we look into the eternal future, we behold thee as thou art, and gratitude comes welling up into our hearts unto thee. Our God, this beloved nation is now clothed with darkness and ruin; desolation and death in every form seem to dwell with us. But it is only a phantom, and not a reality.

Life and love and truth are everywhere. Though these things seem to be, and though thou seemest to be walking in hell and with devils, we know that thou art walking with us. We ask only this, and we know that whatever shadow falls, thou art in the shadow. There is no place where thou art not. If this thing comes to thy people, and they shall dwell in the shades of death, we know that they shall yet praise thee and dwell in harmony with thy children, clothed in immortality. Jan. 9.

The Chief End of Man. We are now ready to receive such questions as may be propounded by friends present. "What is the chief end of man?"

The chief end of man, or what does man most desire for it, is what he desires, rather than what he does. From our standpoint, it is understood that his chief end is happiness. And that is not found, as the church hath told us, in a state of rest and inactivity. The spirit of man is ever active and onward, continually reaching higher and higher.

The chief end of man is at all times and under all circumstances, to do the will of Jehovah. The church and ignorance teach that he is prone to wander from God and to disobey him. We declare there never was an individual spirit that trespassed upon the smallest portion of God's law. Everything he hath endowed with faculties peculiar to themselves, to which the Infinite hath given a key of their own, by which to unlock the gate of heaven and peace. We find happiness and heaven according to the desire of our own souls. One man finds happiness in crowding down humanity, that he may rise himself in so doing. This is his or her happiness. Shall we say they are wrong in so doing? It is certainly not wrong to the cause that produces it.

The chief end of man is in glorifying God, we may say, but to him this is in but a small circle. To do the will of Jehovah at all times, whether we are in a mortal or an immortal state, is only to pass onward a step higher. To go on forever in seeking for happiness, is that of seeking to obey and glorify God. This is no more or less than the chief end of man. Jan. 9.

What is it to be born again? "What did Jesus mean, when he said to Nicodemus 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God?'"

We are told that the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, and Jesus said, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me." What did Jesus mean in the use of this language to Nicodemus? Only that which seems but truth to us. We believe that Jesus had reference to the death of old errors and the birth of new ones. So long as men cling to old errors, they will not bring the desired truth to pass. In order to enter heaven, it is necessary to lay down the old, whether spiritual or moral. We must be born moral, spiritual, or intellectual, each and every one of us, if we wish to take any degree in life. Whether this birth is taken upon us, or is thrust upon us, there are none who must not participate in it in order to enjoy or find heaven.

The Nicodemus of olden times, if we are to believe the record, was a greater believer in material than in spiritual good. Hence we perceive him to be more material than spiritual. The former was more tangible, while the latter was real; but it had no reality for him. This was the reason why he asked of Jesus, "Must a man enter his mother's womb again, and be born?"

There are many materialists at the present day. Nine-tenths of the church, those who profess to believe in a spiritual birth, dwell in the spirit only in its material form, making material sacrifices, and offering material ceremonies which amount to nothing. They are not real, and no spirit is free from materiality, which looks upon things of this life with favor; when it becomes free, it shall wonder that men place so much reliance upon changeable things of materiality. This spirit is not in the church alone to-day; it lived ages ago. This spirit walked with Jesus of Nazareth, and we believe the utterance had a spiritual meaning. Those who heard him speak, gave his language a material significance only.

O you men and women who put no confidence in God as a spirit, and grasp only at materiality, we commend you to lift the veil of materiality, look behind the scenes, and view the real scenes of life—that river of life flowing beneath the crust of this materiality. Gather unto yourselves that knowledge necessary to make one happy, or to open unto you the gate of heaven. Jan. 9.

Benjamin Bancroft. As we wander through life, we cannot but wonder at the Majesty of God. Everywhere we go, every step we take, unfolds something new, some new phase of life. Ought we not to lift up our souls in

thanksgiving to the Giver of wisdom, to the Eternal fountain of wisdom that is opened unto us? When on earth, my spirit was in prison. I was a prisoner. I could only look through the windows of my prison and see God in one way; but now I can look all around and know that he is everywhere; there is no place where he is not.

I regret very much the last words I uttered when leaving the body, which I know may prove injurious, and which have occasioned my return. I told my family that I had no belief in this fanciful belief that is running through the country, called Spiritualism, and that if any one should return bearing my name, with a message from me, I protested against such being my own, and they might disbelieve the message; and never believe that I should come back to this sinful world again.

But I now know how wondrous are the ways of God. I have been impelled to come back. I desire to be happy, to serve my Master, and if I must return and tear down what I have built up, I see difficulties everywhere attending it. Everywhere there are thorns in my pathway; yet I will not murmur nor repine, but say, O God, thy will be done.

My name was Benjamin Bancroft, eighty-eight years of age. I was born in Groton, N. H., and I died with my son David, in New York, a modern Sodom—I called it so when there, and I call it so now. I believe my children are too unfavorable to the spiritual faith to put any confidence in this statement, and I cannot blame them if they do not believe I will ever come. God forces me to come and take up my cross and bear it to Calvary's hill.

I left Groton in early life, and afterwards lived in Hollis, Pepprell, Boston, and last in New York. I have been greatly exercised since I left the earth, on account of my mistaken ideas of Spiritualism, and the difficulty of overcoming the prejudices of my children, but will endeavor to do all that is in my power. It will be of no use to tell my children I am not in heaven, but I see more of hell here than on earth. The names of my children are David, John, Lucy and Phoebe; some of them are in the Western country, one in Massachusetts.

I have but a small hold on my friends—so small that human efforts cannot see it. I am determined to conquer, but yet am determined to wait God's time. I can ask that my children will visit places like this, but cannot hope that they will believe. I must wait till the great Infinite shall sow the seed which will some time bring forth fruit, but when that will be, I cannot tell. Jan. 9.

Lizzie Delton. My mistress said to me, "Lizzie, if spirits can come back, will you come to me?" I been dead one year two months; I was fifteen years old. My mistress thinks some that spirits come and talk, but my master forbid her to talk about it. My mistress's name is Hodges; she lives in Fourth Avenue, New York; her name is Mrs. Hodges.

I's not white, sir; I's colored. Oh, no, I was never a slave—there are no slaves in New York; my parents never were. My father was a hair-dresser; he still lives; he was last under the Lafarge House. I waited upon the table and the door. I have my mother with me. She once lived with my mistress as cook, and she died when I was small, and I lived with her two years when I died. My mistress will know of this. If she'll please to go to places where we can talk, in New York, I should like it, and I'll try and come. You please ask her not to send me here again. My name was Lizzie Delton. When I left the earth, I was afraid—it was all dark, and there were no lights; it's just like home, now, and I would not wish to come back here at all. Jan. 9.

Charles Beaman. Written: Tell my son, Charles Beaman, that I wish to speak with him. CHARLES BEAMAN, who died in San Francisco, Cal., in 1858. Jan. 9. C. B.

Sally Brown. Sally Brown will, with great joy, hold communion with her children, whenever God shall will. Oh, my children, we cannot always come when we wish. Jan. 9.

Colman Williams. Colman Williams will go to the circle "Star in the West," held in Detroit, Mich., when he can. Jan. 9.

Invocation. Spirit of Truth, aid and defend us while we minister to our own necessities and the necessities of those to whom we come; and together we will bring our offerings into the great temple of wisdom, and together receive our reward. Jan. 13.

Perfection. The chariot of thought brings us a question from a theological brother in Hartford, Conn. The question is this: "Is it not impossible to find perfection in any form on this earth?"

According to the old established belief of the subject, we will say it is most certainly impossible to find perfection anywhere, whether on earth, under the earth, or above it—either in this condition of life, or the lower or higher. Go where we will, seek where we may, we find it not. According to the past significance of the term, it is a thing done—finished—to which nothing is to be added or taken from. So, then, we declare to our questioner that it cannot be found anywhere.

But the new dispensation gives a new definition to all things, and therefore to the term Perfection. According to this, we may look for it everywhere and anywhere, and find it. We believe that every effect was preceded by a natural cause; therefore the effect must of necessity be as perfect as the cause; and if the cause is natural, it surely belongs to God—and who shall dare to call him imperfect?

The old is passing out, and the new is coming in; and behold, the new shall gild all things with a new glory, and the darkness of the present shall fall away, as the darkness of yonder midnight fleeth away before the coming morn.

Our brother and our friend, you may seek for Perfection, according to the spiritual and natural definition, and find it everywhere—even in hell. Jan. 13.

Richard S. Devonshire. I have visited my yoman friends in the old world, two weeks past. I desired, through a medium there, a change to be made in regard to my affairs. They doubt my coming, and propose to me that I come here and state what deformity I had, together with my name, age, and cause of death; and they will do my bidding should I do this within two days' time. The time is past. I visited this place at the time mentioned, and found no one here, so I leave, and find no time suitable for me until to-day. I know of no earthly way or means by which the friends here—the people here in America, could be apprised of my returning to my friends at home in so short a time, so I beg my friends to be satisfied that I did not come here within the two days.

My deformity was here [left hand]—I lost the use of my left hand when about eight years of age, by accidentally falling into the fire, burning my hand and arm, and drawing it up as you see [the medium sulting the action to the word]. I was fifty-seven years old. I die of some disease of the lungs—not consumption, but I believe it was called by some, a closing of the air cells of the lungs.

My name was Richard S. Devonshire. My place of residence, Manchester, England. Jan. 13.

Ellon Maria Sampson. Written: My dear mother—if you will go to see somebody I can come to, I will talk with you. I will tell you all about my new home, and about brother Jimmy, and grandma and grandpa, and all. Do not say, "I don't believe my little Nelly can come back again," for I can. Now I will tell you how I died,

and how old I was, and my name, and so you must believe. First, I was nine years old. Second, I was sick with typhus fever twenty-one days, and my full name was Ellen Maria Sampson, and I died in New York City, on the sixth day of last July. Jan. 13.

Invocation. Oh, Death, thou mighty spirit of change, thou genius of Creation, thou spirit before whom all things tremble, though we have dealt with thee single-handed and alone, though we have passed through thy chastenings, and known and communed with thee, yet we would know more of thee, and come into still nearer communion with thee; solve all that is with thee, thou King of Terrors, and bring the hidden mysteries of thy kingdom out into the light of morning, that thy subjects may know and love thee more and fear thee less. Oh, Death, we perceive the great King of Life hath given thee thy commission, and he has bid thee go forth and gather up all things yet to be found upon the face of the earth, and bring all things into thy kingdom; and so, oh, Death, we feel that thou art walking hand in hand with Life, and acting with us according to the decrees of wisdom. Oh, thou spirit who art going up and down the earth gathering up the tender buds and blossoms of earth, and casting them into the great treasury of Immortality, we ask of thee a gift, and we know, oh Death, if we ask of thee that thou wilt bestow it upon us. And that gift is this: 'tis the gift of knowledge. Though we reside in the lowest depths of hell and drink of the bitterest cup, yet we desire knowledge; and in whatever way it may come, we would gladly receive it, oh Death—not for ourselves, but for those who yet dwell in mortality; in behalf of a hungry humanity we ask thee—in behalf of those who have yet to pass through the change, who have yet to become acquainted with thee—to feel by thy side through the dark valley of shadow and change. We ask of thee, oh Death, that thou wilt draw nigh unto them, clothed in robes becoming garments of the morning, oh Death; bind around their brow the bright blossoms thou hast gathered on the earth. Oh Death, make thy visits to mortality without the dense darkness the superstitions of the past have burdened thee with, but lovingly link hands with those who are to go with thee, through the dark valley of change. They fear thee, oh Death, because they know thee not, and because thou hast appeared unto them in dark garments. Now, oh Death, in behalf of those we love so well, in behalf of those who are a part of thyself, and must come unto thee sooner or later, we pray thee to surround them with light, and open their eyes ere they pass the confines of mortality and enter the realms immortal. Then, oh Death the nations shall rejoice—shall mourn no more; and the children of earth shall feel that thou art their friend and not their enemy—feel thou art a bright messenger from the courts of the Heavenly Father, to lead his children home to his embrace. So, oh Death, it shall be thy lot in the future to hear many songs of praise to the King of Kings from the lips of the immortal ones, and those who have finished their journey in mortality shall gladly await thy coming to lead them home to the Father. Oh Death, draw near unto mortality and listen to our prayer, and all to whom joy may come will send up a song of thanksgiving and joy to welcome the right-hand messenger of immortality. Jan. 14.

Form of Man's Spirit. We now propose to occupy a short space of time in answering whatever questions may be presented to us from the present. If there are none, we will speak briefly upon one already with us. The question is this: "Will the spirit of man forever retain its present shape or form?"

If we are to judge from the past, we will say the spirit of man will not always retain its present form. As we look at the structure of man's physical form, we find only four thousand years ago, the physical forms that then inhabited the earth were very far removed from the forms that inhabit the earth at the present day. Though they bear a very striking likeness to those forms, yet to the keen eye of the clairvoyant spirit there is a wide line of demarcation. They are different in every respect; and the material of which they are composed was far more crude and gross than that which goes to make up the forms of the present day. The forms you have with you are more perfect, are far more refined—more fitting instruments for the spirit of Delty to manifest through. The spirit of the past did well through the forms the past gave unto it; but now the spirit of Delty has need of different forms, and so nature has produced them, and so she always will.

Now, then, if the forms of to-day differ so greatly from the forms of humanity four thousand years in the past, surely those which are to come will be as different from the present, as the present is from the past. We declare to you that four thousand years in the future shall give to man on the earth forms that will differ from yours of to-day far more widely than those of the present day differ from those of the past. Nature is growing continually, growing in wisdom, growing in beauty and perfection—growing toward the great central heart of Delty. Thus it is necessary the spirit of change should be continually at work in your midst, and if it does not produce a change for the better each hour, each moment, each second of time, what is he good for? Surely, if he does not, he does not well perform his mission or do his work. Man is the great central being of animal existence. There is no more beautiful form than that which he hath, because he stands on the plane intellectual and the plane spiritual; because he is endowed with those particles of being drawn from the past, which sustain him in the present, and will in the future of all time, changing and growing as he may grow to need them, forever. The Infinite Being who has brought us up to our present position, has no idea of leaving us where we now are; yet what the future before us is to be, is not for us to know—but we know this much: it will far exceed the forms you have to-day, because Nature never relinquished her work—never failed in the accomplishment of anything she undertook. Her mission is forever and forever to progress and develop—not in one kingdom, but in all. We find this truth illustrated also in the mineral, vegetable, animal, spiritual and celestial kingdoms. The signet of change is marked not only upon the things of the spirit, but upon all the external things of earth. You have only to look at the things of nature to believe that we speak the truth. Everything in nature is continually passing through peculiar changes—continually growing more spiritual and refined, in perfect accord and harmony—continually expanding nearer and nearer to perfection. Every flower, grain of sand and blade of grass—all things small and great are alike destined to pass from the olden and lower condition and enter the newer and more beautiful. If this is so in one instance, it must be so forever. The great God works through all nature, and, like all things else in nature, the human form will continually ascend higher and higher in the scale of progression, and assume a more harmonious perfected and beautiful condition.

So, then, our questioner, we believe the future will require a more perfect form than the past has required, and more perfect than that of the present day, to the degree that the present is superior to the past. We believe it will be so; and again we say, if we are to judge from the past, we know it will be so. Jan. 14.

Nancy Haggood. We are told on the earth, that when once we die we come no more to earth, and are forever set free from the sorrows of earth. Very many of us are disappointed when we learn, as we all do, that we cannot shake off that which is a part of ourselves. When I left my poor body and my dear friends on earth, I thought I had done with earth, and I commended my children—I had two—to the care of Almighty

God, for I thought that my guardianship over them was ended. But when I came to consciousness in the spirit world, I was told I had just commenced my own and guardianship, and that I was the only natural God who could look out for them. It was some time before I could understand it, and then only by the extensive demand that was put upon me by my friends and children, since my death, when they are not happy. Oh, do not think the mother loses her affection or natural regard for her children when she leaves her little ones to the care of strangers, and knows that they are suffering, do you think death ever severs the connection between them? If you do, you are greatly mistaken, for there is no spirit in the body or out, who does not feel love and affection for its kindred.

Those two children bring me back to earth. They are continually calling upon me for assistance. Though they do not know I can return in this way, yet I do return, for I hear their spirits continually beseeching me to return and assist them. Is there any heaven high enough, or holy enough, or beautiful enough, to hold the mother, while her child is calling her back to earth? Heaven must be there, for a while at least, for it is where the affections are. It is found within the circle of love—nowhere else.

I was widowed not by death, but by circumstances too dark for me to desire to speak of to-day, when my smallest child was only two years of age, and my oldest not quite four. I passed away from earth, and left those little ones, when my youngest was hardly four. Oh, I could not rest away from them, and God has given me back the guardianship of them.

My name was Nancy Wilkins before marriage; after marriage, Nancy Haggood. My native place was Worcester, Mass.; my place of living in spirit-world, six years. My children are separated. One is in New Jersey, and the other in Worcester, Mass. There are conditions of unhappiness surrounding both.

Their religion the people they are with, have not failed to bring before them—to bind around them; but there is a religion in nature more beautiful than that which has been imparted to them, and I desire they should be acquainted with that. I desire that Mr. William Henry—if I may be allowed to speak so free—I desire him, who has charge of my oldest child, to bring that child to some place where I can speak with them. Oh, then if I do no good, it may be because I have wandered from God and from goodness; but they tell us we never do this, for he is always with us, and if he is, he will grant me my desire to speak to my children.

There are others I might desire to come to, if I thought it were possible to reach them; but I do not at present. However, if there should be a way, I should be glad so to do. If I have enemies on earth, I forgot them, and ask their forgiveness. If friends, I seek for them power and wisdom in the future; and that they may seek to know of the things that pertain to their spirits, their souls, and they will thus be laying up treasures in heaven. Jan. 14.

Charley Kimball. I got a mother what lives in Boston, and I—I do not know how to talk much. My name is Charley Kimball. I lived at the North End—lived on Salisbury street, once, and once in Arch place. I do not remember much. I was born six years old. They tell me I been here most two years—most—will be in the spring. I died before there was any flowers, because I know when I got there there was flowers, I thought I'd slept a good while.

I had no father. I did not never have. Well, I did not never know any. My mother sews, and she need not cry about me, because she do not have so hard times now; she haint got anybody to take care of but herself, now, and she used to have me. I asked the folks if I might come home. She says if spirits can come back, she wishes Charley would, and if he has seen his father, will tell where he lives, and will tell her what he will do to make her happy. I do not know where he is—never seen him. My mother never told me anything about him, and nobody else has ever told me anything about him.

I want to talk to her same as I talk to you. I want to tell her how I love her, and I can't talk well here, because there's so many folks here. Her name is Eliza. She's gone, now—in a bigger place, where there's lots of folks where they work, and have things going, and make clothes.

I know who gave me my coffin. It was Mr. Barnard, I guess he was a minister. He knows my mother.

I had the rash. No, I did not have that—had the scarlet fever, and it stayed in—did not come out. That's why I died. I can write sometime—when I learn. They learn to, here. May I go? Will you send my letter to my mother? Will she ask me to come again? Jan. 14.

Philip T. Montry. I believe it is your custom to attend to the wants of all who come here, irrespective of condition or position. It seems to me there is a lack of strength in my case; I know not whether it is the result of my recent departure from earth, or whether such as myself are deprived of strength when they come to such a place as this, as a recompense for past sins.

I came to my death in a little affair three nights ago, in New Orleans. I was then very much excited, and I feel somewhat so, now, in spite of myself. There is no place in the spirit-world for me, and there seems to be none on earth, except where I came from, and I suppose I must settle there. I have been to mediums since I was out off from earth, but I find no place where I can communicate, save here, and the cursed civil war puts an insurmountable barrier in my way there. There is no possibility of getting over it, is there?

They say it is your custom to receive something by which an individual may be identified. Well, I suppose the name is first necessary, which was Philip T. Montry; by occupation I was a sportsman. I was six feet one in height, fair proportions, dark hair somewhat inclined to curl, eyes light hazel, full beard and no mustache. How's that for a description? Will that do? Age? Just turning forty. And here I am without a body and situated every way unaccountably, simply because I was a fool. Excuse me—beg pardon, ladies; but the matter must be settled. My antagonist must meet me, so I can square accounts with him honorably. Oh, we're united in one sense; and if I remain in hell, so does he. I have a daughter, and I care for her. There are circumstances that must be summed up and settled up before matters can be righted, and he must do it. They can be done by no one else than the one who sent me here. He is a believer, so fear not but he will get my message—at least, he pretends to be. It's only a few days previous to my trouble with him that I had a conversation with him on the subject of coming back. His ideas are in this wise. He said to me: "Phil, I've seen something of it, and between you and me, I believe there is more than many suppose in it." I am sorry to be obliged to give him so sudden a practical illustration of the truth of his remark. But I've found for myself that it is a thin partition between heaven and hell and earth, and to take advantage of the knowledge he helped me to, to come back and demand of him what I have previously stated. This is the object I have to attain, and if there is any way of getting my message to him, I shall know I have not returned in vain to-day.

What's your fee, sir? To do the most good I can to all I come in contact with, do you say? Your terms are high, sir. Supposing I am in no condition to pay you at present, what then? Do you trust, sir? Well, I trust I am in some respects humble. I make you no professions of goodness, because I do not know how I should keep them.

Three days ago I left my body at night, between the hours of twelve and one. Perhaps I had better have said morning, Saturday morning or Friday night.

There are such mediums as this scattered all over the earth, I suppose. Well, then, I ask, yes, I demand an interview with my antagonist—be who is still in one sense victorious; if he gives it, all well; if not, it may be otherwise with him. Good day. Jan. 14.

FREMONT'S BATTLE HYMN.

BY JAMES G. OLARK.

O! spirits of Washington, Warren and Wayne! O! shades of the Heroes and Patriots slain! Come down from your lofty mansions of emerald and gold, And smile on the banner ye cherish'd of old; Descend in your glorified ranks to the strife; Like legions sent forth from the armies of life; Let us feel your dead presence, as waves feel the breeze When the white fleets, like snow flakes, are drunk by the seas.

As the red lightning runs on the black jagged cloud, Ere the thunder king speaks from his wind worn abode, So gleams the bright steel along valley and shore Ere the combat shall startle the land with its roar. As the veil which conceals the clear starlight is driven When clouds strike together by warring winds driven, So the blood of the race must be offered like rain, Ere the stars of our country are ransomed again.

Proud sons of the soil where the Palmetto grows, Once patriots and heroes, now traitors and foes, Ye have turned from the path which our forefathers trod, And stolen from man the best gift of his God; Ye have trampled the tendrils of love in the ground, Ye have scoffed at the law which the Nazarene found, Till the great wheel of Justice seemed blocked for a time, And the eyes of humanity blinded with crime.

The bounds of oppression were howling the knell Of martyrs and prophets, at gibbet and cell, While Mercy despaired of the blossoming years, When the harp-strings no more should be rusted with tears.

But God never ceases to strike for the right, And the ring of His av'nt came down through the night Tho' the world was asleep, and the nations seemed dead, And Truth into bondage by Error was led.

Will the banners of morn at your bidding be furled When the day-king arises to quicken the world? Can ye cool the fierce fires of his heat-throbbing breast Or turn him aside from his goal in the West? Ah! sons of the plains where the orange tree blooms, Ye may come to our plains, but ye cannot cover our tombs; But the light ye would smother was kindled by One Who gave the universe planet and sun.

Go, strangle the throat of Niagara's wrath, Till he utters no sound on his torrent cut path; Go, bind his green snakes of rock-wearing waves, Till he begs at your feet like your own fettered slaves. Go, cover his pulses with seeds of the ground, Till he hides from your sight like a hare from the hound; Then swarmer to our borders and silence the notes, That thunder of freedom from millions of throats.

Come on with you "chattels," all worn from the soil Where men receive scourging in payment for toil; Come, robbers; come, traitors; we welcome you all, As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by fall. Be the birthright of manhood awaits for your slaves, But patriots and heroes are waiting for knives; And the blades of our "mud sills" are longing to rust With their blood who would bury our stars in the dust!

They die unlamented by people and laws, Whose lives are but shadows on Liberty's cause; They slumber unblest by Fraternity's star Who have blocked up the track of Humanity's car. Regarded, when dead, by the wise and the good, As shepherds regard the dead wolf in the wood; And only unbad when Heaven shall efface The memory of wrong from the souls of the race.

The streams may forget how their mingled our gore, And the myrtle entwine on their borders once more; The song-birds of Peace may return to our glades, And children join hands where their fathers joined blades; Columbia may rise from her trial of fire More pure than she came from the hand of her sire; But Freedom will lift the cold finger of scorn When History tells where her traitors were born.

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Come on with you "chattels," all worn from the soil Where men receive scourging in payment for toil; Come, robbers; come, traitors; we welcome you all, As the leaves of the forest are welcomed by fall. Be the birthright of manhood awaits for your slaves, But patriots and heroes are waiting for knives; And the blades of our "mud sills" are longing to rust With their blood who would bury our stars in the dust!

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