

ROMAN LITERATURE

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

NO. 25.

## CHAPTER XV.

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was in her brigand's dress, in his arms, went through the whole story to her. He first narrated to her the mode in which the deed had been practiced, and how Nanae alone had kept the momentous secret. And with his eyes brimming with tears, he told by what an accident the mistake had been discovered, and the life of his own son had been saved, as by a chance, from the axe of the headman. Before he showed her the package, however, which had been so carefully preserved by the old nurse Nanae, he questioned her closely in reference to the object for which she had taken up arms against Venice.

"That I might in some degree avenge the murder of him I loved—yes, of your own son!" was her answer.

"But he was not beheaded."

"How did I know that he was not? I was myself an exile. I had voluntarily estranged myself from Venice forever!"

"What a sudden resolution it was!"

"Yes," said she, "sudden indeed; but not, therefore, unfortunate. I am now restored to Bando!"

"No, no, indeed, Viola," he replied, though the words cost him a pang.

"But why not? Why not restored?"

"You are a prisoner! a traitor to Venice! a brigand and an outlaw!"

Viola was lost in thought. After a moment she raised her head, and answered:

"But I shall be happy, then, to lay my head on the block where he laid his!"

The Doge was deeply troubled.

"I will send for Bando," said he.

"Is Bando near?" she anxiously asked.

"In the palace."

"Oh, send for him, then, at once! Pray, send for him now!"

The Doge rang an attendant, and gave him the necessary order.

Bando in another moment stood before them. Of this encounter, the day before, between the soldier and his former band of followers, he had not heard a word, and of course he was expecting to meet none of them in the chamber; but the moment he glanced at the uniform of the person present, he involuntarily started. Instinctively he approached Viola, supposing, from her dress, that she was a man; but as soon as she lifted her blue eyes to his, he took her in his arms, with a wild cry of—"Viola! my own Viola! It is—it is she!"

"Yes, Bando," she gently replied, "I am indeed your own Viola." And she wept with the excess of her emotion.

"But whence came you?" he asked.

"No time now for explanations!" interrupted the Doge. "I will tell you all that is necessary for you to know. Viola was taken yesterday, while leading your followers against the soldiers of the State."

"Viola!" exclaimed he, gazing into her face in astonishment.

"She was the only prisoner taken, and thus early have I sent for her, not knowing that she could be the one I had so tenderly brought up as my daughter—"

"Nor sent to a convent!" added Viola.

The Doge was sorrowful with thinking of that.

"But now I have you both here," said he, I must let Viola into the fortune that is in store for her, provided she escapes the block."

"For me?"

He answered only by producing the packet left by old Nanae.

Viola was overwhelmed with astonishment. She could hardly believe herself. A moment she looked thoughtfully upon the floor, and then said:

"But of what service is all this to me? I must go to the headsman!"

"Fly, then! Fly at once, both of you!" broke forth the Doge. "I will explain all to the council!"

Fly out of their reach, before they know of your arrest! Fly to her new home with Viola, in Sicily, and may God above make you happy! Long and faithfully have you loved each other; it would be wronging nature herself to separate two such hearts! Once more, before you leave me, let me embrace you both. There—now fly for your lives from Venice and all that it holds!"

Embracing them, they hastily left the chamber. They proceeded to clothe themselves in complete disguise, and to place themselves beyond the reach of their cruel enemies.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES?

BY ENOLA.

Why has so much distinction ever been  
Twixt black of heart and scarce more black of skin?  
Why do men call for justice, and yet dare  
To barter for a brother's soul? They share  
Like feelings with us all; like love, like hate,  
Like strife against oppression's cruel fate.

The worm will turn at last upon the foot  
That to its very life an end would put  
And God hath made these men. How then shall we  
Defy His laws which constitute them free,  
And bind them low with iron chain and will:  
Out crying when they struggle: "Peace! be still."

We can no longer crush them! Time has come  
When from their humble, far off southern home,  
The long, sad wall of bondage must arise  
And pierce the cloud-wreaths of our northern skies;  
Shall we prove false to this our latest trust?  
And to ourselves be generous more than just?

Forbid it, law of universal Right!  
Forbid it, O, Columbia; in thy might!  
If Africa's sons, perforce, must seek thy soil,  
Must bear thy burdens and must share thy toil,  
Let earth's few simplest boons their dark lot bless,  
Life, Liberty and quest of Happiness.

No institution claims indulgence now;  
The brand of Cain is on the Master's brow.  
Columbia cleanse thy tri-hued robe to-day,  
Wash its one darkest, foulest stain away,  
Let it deserve the name on land and sea,  
Let long has scorn with pride: Flag of the Free!

And when again thy star-gemmed banner falls  
In peace and safety on thy outer walls,  
Remember, meekly, to what wondrous proven throne  
Thy strength has to the world been proven thrice.  
Honors may be lonely when the war is done,  
Honors may ache sadly o'er each victory won.  
Yet, brave Columbia, the thought will rise,  
Thou art the freest land beneath the skies!

Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his version.

#### A LIFE PICTURE.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Forty years ago, Nora Kellogg was a child of ten summers. Endowed with strong feelings and acute sensibilities, yet compelled to confine them within her own bosom, and fashion every word and action by the strictest Puritanic rules of the Bluest State in New England, her life was peculiarly sad and lonely. While performing her daily task of knitting the length of her grandfather's finger, on his long stocking, or sewing the seam in a linen sheet, from the web woven by her mother's hand, her thoughts, having few external objects of interest upon which to dwell, were often introverted, with a morbid intensity.

Everything in the large old-fashioned mansion was plain, antique and angular. The straight-backed chairs were placed primly against the dark wainscoting of the rooms, and the small looking-glass hung at a precise angle from the wall. The tick, tick, tick of the tall, straight clock in the corner, alone disturbed the profound silence, unless we take note of the flies that presumed to buzz in the bright sunshine that came in through the open windows upon the nicely sanded floor.

Without, everything was alike stiff and destitute of adornment, except where the old elm tree in front waved its mighty arms proudly and patronizingly over the dark, steep roof; the rich green grass dotted here and there with dandelions, ventured to peep forth at its base, and the little flower-garden of pinks, maryolds, and ragged ladies, in the back yard, rejoiced in the protecting care of her grandmother.

Nora had laughing blue eyes, and rosy cheeks that would have been kissed by the ringlets into which her light brown hair persisted in forming itself, had not her mother conscientiously combed it back, and plaiting it into one close braid, tied the end to the crown of her head with a brown ribbon. Her dress was invariably of a gray or sombre hue, and made in the plainest manner; for she was taught that gay or lively colors, and the relief of a ruffle or bow were means by which the Devil used to lead wicked hearts, like hers, still further on in the road to perdition. Thus her love for the beautiful, receiving no aliment, was daily starved.

One Sabbath morning, when she was about six years of age, her mother, to her great delight, arrayed her in a new dress, having a tiny blue sprig on its drab ground. Their home being near the meeting house, the minister not unfrequently called to spend the interval between morning and afternoon services, in secret meditation and prayer in the "parlor chamber." On this day, meeting her as he was returning from that room, and noting the new dress, he placed his hand upon her head, and said, in a severe tone of voice: "Little girl, are you proud?"

Had she indeed been so, this reproach, from one whom she looked upon with the greatest reverence and awe, as a viceroy of the Great God, and incapable of doing or saying anything wrong, would have been altogether too great a punishment for the sin. Her sensitive nature was outraged and crushed. She felt as if all the world saw and upbraided her for being a vain, silly, and wicked child. With tears in her eyes, and her head bowed in humiliation and disgrace, she laid aside the pretty dress, and never was pleased or happy in wearing it again.

Her warm and affectionate nature had few living objects to which to attach itself. The one "bosky cat" and little chickens that invariably made their appearance with the sweet spring sunshine, were welcomed by her with an intensity of delight, of which children of the present day, favored as they are with a thousand objects of amusement, could scarcely imagine. But even these simple pleasures were of short duration. In five or six weeks her darling Bossey would disappear from the corner of the barn-floor, where he had been tied, delighting her every day with his antics, and permitting her to pat his head, and smooth his soft sides, and she would be sent crying from the table, when she ascertained he was being served up in the form of a pot-pie, for dinner; while the chickens, growing large, strong and wild, could no longer be coddled into her little hands, or carried in her bosom. Often had she pleaded for a kitten. But, no; the one large, black cat, cross and snappish as he was, was sufficient to keep the mice away, and to have another, for mere amusement, would be a folly and wickedness. Her movements were closely watched, and no rag-baby, broken crockery, or such like vanities and nonsense were permitted to take her precious time from work, secret prayer, or reading the Bible and Catechism.

The parents and grandparents, living together in the same house, denied themselves every pleasure of life, from principle, believing that the gratification of the most innocent desire, unless it was one absolutely necessary to life, was removing some of the armor by which they were defended against the darts of the great enemy of souls, and, as it were, inviting an attack from him. This idea, early inculcated, had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, until it overshadowed and dwarfed almost every other. Natural affection, even, was looked upon by them with a suspicious eye, as a means by which he, the great God Diabolus, would entice them into idolatry; or, at least, draw away a portion of their attention and homage from the still greater and more dreadful God, Jehovah, to whom it exclusively belonged, and who would then visit them in his jealous wrath, and chasten them in his sore displeasure for such enormous wickedness, even if he did not send them immediately to everlasting torments.

And so poor little Nora grew up in an atmosphere whose coldness would have paralyzed her inner being, had she not possessed a fountain of love that could not, by any means, be frozen or dried. One day, while standing on the steps leading into the house, her father, entering, stooped down and kissed her.

Startled and blushing, she ran into the garden, and behind the currant bushes, where she often sought to hide herself from others. There, seated on the grass, she whispered to the buttercups and sweet cloverheads in a tumult of delight: "Father kissed me! Father kissed me!" Often did she afterwards look up at him with wistful, longing eyes, wondering if he would ever repeat that blissful demonstration. But not he never seemed to see her again, and that one kiss, the first and the last she ever remembered receiving from him, was treasured in her thoughts as a precious pearl, a fragrant, undying flower.

Carefully secluded from the society of children, lest she should learn of them something evil, she

in thought or action, was occasionally permitted to visit an old woman in the neighborhood. Her parents thus suggested that this quiet creature, while smoking her pipe, and slowly knitting cloth after cloth with trembling hands, and obscure vision, was all the time filling the mind of their child with the most terrible tales of ghost and hobgoblin, witch and wizard. It seemed as if her brain was a storehouse, where had accumulated every wild tradition from the dark ages to that present time, and nothing delighted her more than to fascinate her young auditor from its abundance. As Nora hurried home in the twilight, she would see a witch in every elder-bush or corner of the fence, ready, with bridle in hand, to change her to a horse, on which to ride to the infernal regions; or a "raw head and bloody bones" would stare her in the face with fiendish laugh and diabolical clatter. On going to bed at night, after saying "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," she would repeat, as a kind of a charm, the words—"I guess I shan't dream bad to-night. I guess I shan't, guess I shan't, guess I shan't," and thus drop into a fitful slumber. But in spite of the simple spell, this lonely child invented in her misery, the frightful dreams would come, and she be awakened, time and again, trembling with fear, only to see another hideous monster of colossal proportions, in the darkness before her. For more than two years she had no peace, day or night. Whether alone, or in the presence of others, these fearful phantoms of an excited imagination tormented her to that degree, that, young as she was, she grew weary of life, and would fain have been lost in annihilation.

Besides this, her mind was filled with superstitious fears of Death, with all its nameless horrors. He had been represented to her as a skeleton, rattling his dry bones with a diabolical glee, and "grimacing horribly a ghastly smile," as his icy hand felt for the heart-strings of his helpless victim; and the signs of his approach were multiplied in her pathway. Her grandmother would come from her bedroom in the morning, with a solemn face, and mournful voice, saying:

"Ah, children! There will be a death in the family before long, for I dreamed last night, that a grey mare bit my elbow."

If a wood tick was heard in any of the walls of that large old mansion, it was a "death watch" for some one. If a whippoorwill sang his pathetic ditty from door-step, or window-seat, every one stood agast with fear. Salt sprinkled upon the table; the blossoming of an apple-tree in September, or the sight of a gray spider, were certain forebodings of grievous calamity, if not of death.

But at length, all these gradually faded away before a new, and even greater terror. An Evangelist, as he was called, Mr. D., came into the vicinity, and his mission and style of preaching being something new in those early days, multitudes flocked to hear him. Tall, gaunt and sallow, with black hair, and bushy eyebrows overhanging deep, piercing, and magnetic eyes, he poured forth a stream of language, replete with graphic figures, and startling similes. His audience listened breathlessly, with open mouths, and completely fascinated, yielded themselves to his magic power. The "anxious seat" was nightly crowded with trembling, terrified souls, eager to "see from the wrath of God" that had been so fearfully and vividly portrayed; while the few who yet stood aloof, were subjected to volleys of denunciation and anathemas, which it was morally impossible for them much longer to withstand.

In the midst of all this, poor little Nora, with her nervous system already exalted to a fearful degree, moved as if in a horrid dream. Ever before her, she saw a yawning gulf, where fiery billows madly rolled and roared, and in which devils damned were with pitchforks tossing the writhing, shrieking victims of the wrath of God still further upon the ignominious crests; while "that awful God" himself stood above, with outstretched arms, holding impatient sinners by one brittle thread, ready, at any moment, to let them also drop into the boiling fiery furnace. The phrase, "hair-hung, and breast-shaken over the flames of hell," superseded, in her imagination, the "raw head and bloody bones" of former days, and the reign of terror over this poor child was complete.

Outwardly benumbed, paralyzed, as it were, by its influence, she silently shrank away from notice, only to be drawn from her place of concealment, and cabined and reprimanded without stint or mercy. When Mr. D. visited the house, which he frequently did, she was an object of his particular attention. In the presence of her parents and grandparents, who were apparently approving spectators, he outraged her feelings to the finest fibre of her being, by questions, rebukes, denunciations, and, to cap the climax, by praying God to "stay" his "insulted spirit," and give her one more opportunity to escape from the damnation of hell. Law's Serious Call to the Unconverted, Ailene's Alarm, and accounts of the dreadful death-bed experiences of infidels, were put into her hands for perusal, and "Stop, poor sinner! stop, and think!" "That dreadful day will surely come!" and other songs of a like character, were sung for her especial benefit.

One evening, while Mr. D. to a crowded house was depicting in glowing language the tortures of the damned, her nervous system yielded to the terrible excitement it had so long endured, and with a rapid succession of piercing screams, she was carried home. There she was mercifully confined by a nervous fever, till Mr. D. had left the town, and the religious excitement partially subsided.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch, no exaggeration, but a plain, unvarnished tale of truth. A fear of God; a fear of the devil; a fear of hell; a fear of death; and a fear of ghosts and witches, made Nora Kellogg old in misery, while yet in her first decade. And here was not an isolated case, though it may have been an extreme one. Men and women in those days, not only lived "real," "earnest" lives, but with an austerity, born of the one absorbing desire to save their souls from hell, they tramped upon every flower in their pathway, as if it had been a venomous serpent, and armed themselves against every innocent pleasure, as if it had been a dart in the hand of Apollyon.

Let us thank God that our children have no experience of this grievous bondage; that the sunlight of truth has dispersed the darkness, and ignorance, and superstitious terrors of the past, and our darling ones may now revel, unchecked by tormenting fears, in the love and beauty and bliss of a New Dispensation.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1862.

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

#### Original Essays.

##### DR. CHILD AND HIS "ABC OF LIFE."

MR. EDITOR.—Will you allow me space for a thought or two, concerning this somewhat remarkable book. It is remarkable in more senses than one. It was born of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism should not get frightened at it.

The boldness and breadth of generalization the author brings to his book, entitle him to a place among thinkers and reformers. He is not endeavoring to prove theorems, but to announce truths, and we care nothing for his method, if his result is right.

He first startles, then confounds, then convinces. It is hardly to be looked for, that a man shall speak truth and not be critical. He is the sharpest critic who conceals his weapons; the bloodiest General who writes the best laws.

If Emerson says things more classically, our author says them more directly. He sees a wide difference between profundity and fog. There is not wanting in his book what can feed the most particular saint, there are not wanting texts for half a year, nor is there wanting a passage that would have hung a man a century ago. His book is a magazine of explosive material which mere novices may fire to their hurt. He says in paragraph 118, that "gun-houses are the thunderbolt of the Church." Now I submit to the A B C, that paragraph 118 is a little critical.

Imagine a man throwing a bombshell into his neighbor's meeting-house, and then coolly saying, Sir, be quiet; if you criticize me, you will be the incendiary.

He says, (paragraph 114), that judges beckon justice, and wave it back by the hand. He says there is war in the Church, and fraud in the Court House, but disclaims any intention of criticising those institutions.

He often cuts with smooth edge, but never in the spirit of wrath. Brutus said to the conspirators against Caesar:

"Let's cut and carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not huck and hew him as a carcase fit for hounds."

Thus, all assassinations of creeds and laws should approach their subjects. If our critics will carve out truth, let them hew, no matter in whose face they chop. All things are critical. Where there are things that do not look alike, each is critic to the other. His thoughts are arrows sped on the errand of reform. His words are not the best, and you have to take his thoughts from them. But the best words would make his thoughts ashamed of them. The best thoughts wear the meekest words.

He makes no attempt at rhetoric, deals but little in metaphor, and for the most part is the commonest Saxon. The idea is always before you, "whatever is, is right." This is the center of the Doctor's system of philosophy, and a center from which good philosophy will not soon slip.

He tells us a man is generally what he declares against; that a critic is a man who makes himself a fool by calling somebody else so. He fires a chance shot, but hits and wounds none the less surely, and where his arrow finds a crevice, it sticks. Modern public opinion has not yet consulted the Doctors and the D.D.s, but Modern Orthodoxy is sure that it is a most pestilent heresy. And no wonder. If an Orthodox saint should be stripped of his spiritual skin, and made to walk through our author's book, he would think himself going through the Book of Revelations, with this difference, that in the A B C, there would be an excess of lightning and smoke. His book is a "creed crusher," wrapped in velvet, and the way through it is exceedingly small. If you should put a spirit through it as you would a block through a machine, you would tear every limb from his body. He is not an apologist of evil; no man feels more than he the force of moral conviction, and no man damns sin with a better grace.

There is a warm and broad charity running through his book; but if "whatever is, is right," what room for charity? He writes chiefly from feeling, and there is in all he says the tinge of a generous passion. In the light of this charity, one-half the clouds that haunt his intellectual atmosphere are dispelled.

As a critic, there is no method in his attack—he takes you at random; and though you may be a practised wrestler, he will throw you. He scorns names and titles, and yet has the audacity to put "M. D." upon his title page, and then refers us to another book he wrote, as if what he said yesterday has anything to do with what he says to-day. He thinks war is a great evil, and tells the churchman that his meeting-house and the gunhouse are on a dead level. He has his way of getting sin out of the world. There are some reformers who make every word they speak a wound, and every sentence a pack of hounds, and with these hounds chase evil out of the world. Our author is not one of these. With him an ounce of love is mightier than globes of wrath like this. There is nothing novel in this method, and he quite plausibly accredits it to Christ.

He insults philosophy, but also is not smart enough to take the hint. He does not admit science into so much as the suburbs of his aerial city. He pulls religion from its proud height as remorselessly as he would crush a mosquito.

There is no mere self in the book, he has not said I once, and it is a rare thing for a man to write a book or make a speech and not say I. Logic, the oldest-faced thing in Nature, smiles at his book; but the man who can weigh intuition upon logic, can get the weight of an argument upon Fairbanks's scales. The truth that comes from logic, comes in squares; that that comes from passion comes in curves. Our author throws off curves. He flashes sometimes, and you see only a rocket, and anon there is a deep exploded thunder. His book can do no harm to the rebellious. A man there would be as likely to be struck by it as by lightning.

His style has a little airing of the dogmatic, but not too much. He never says it seems, but it is; This is an infirmity in error, but a power in truth. Self-conscious truth is the very soul of will and action. What he feels the power of within him never equivocates, in words. Truth shows itself in the power of statement, so truth is dogmatic, earnestness is dogmatic, science is dogmatic, and theology is dogmatism in the solid. But ministers find it difficult to practice what they preach, and more difficult to preach what they practice. Tertullian said, the more absurd a thing is in philosophy, the more credible it is in religion. If Tertullian was right, our author is not far in the wrong. What is more absurd in philosophy, than that vice and virtue

are equally good? And they must be, if they are right; yet how creditable an idea when it is transposed!

The Doctor aims at what not the sinner; but it jumps out that the aim is in the sinner. He does not say fight, but only pulls the dogs' ears. He is third-handed from the devil, backing up the backs, and he can do more service there than elsewhere.

Everything a man has, his infirmity; genius, wit, love, have their sicknesses. When criticism is an infirmity of bad digestion, it is spur and gally; but when it comes from excess of nerve and good naturedness, it is strong and fragrant of the truth. When a man trends on a serpent, it is not that particular snake he hates, it is malice; he abhors, whether it creeps or walks, and it is this that criticism puts its heel on.

I do not quite agree with his theology. He says the soul is self-existent. He says also that vice inheres in the spirit, (paragraph 202). In 204 he says "virtuous and vicious" are adjectives, and these are describing words—they describe qualities of spirit, for nobody can conceive of a vicious foot or finger. The vice is in the mind; the organs are its instruments.

A man cannot keep himself out of his book any more than out of his daguerotype. There is doubtless some spiritual anatomist that can take paragraph 81, and build the doctor and his book from it, as Cuvier would build an animal from a bone. His book is a plea for sinners, not for sin. There is in it no joke or anecdote. He comes not in the guise of polished rhetoric, nor in the odor of offensive language, but in the air of a blunt honesty, and with a charity and a moral power that lifts us quite above the common view of things.

The highest truth is nature's paradox. Every time she whirls the globe she makes our senses give the lie to our philosophy. There is a vein of charitable satire running through his book—a sort of irony mixed of pity and indifference. He believes a man is just as free as his circumstances. He bids the gate of paradise open at our groans. Suffering carries us to the gate, and love bids us enter. If hell lies between us and heaven, then when we are nearest hell, we are nearest heaven. He throws the mantle of charity over prostitution, not as an apology for animal license, but as a recognition of the law of discipline, and the law of salvation. He believes the democracy of action consistent with the despotism of law. He does not attempt to untie the gordian knot of Providence, but cuts it with great coolness. He sees creeds, forms, customs, faiths, religious tumbles about him in ruins, but he sees no chaos. When his intuition builds a paradox, it builds the law for it, and so nothing falls into his mind out of joint.

A man throws off his own image, and then looks at it; and a riotous mind will give the rickets to his Providence. 'Tis our passion that angers God. His explanation of Providence is law; his explanation of law is justice, and his explanation of justice is God.

He does not deny merit, any more than he denies distinctions. Nature is not a dead level, but life is laid up in tiers, one above another, and the ground tier is nearest the top. He is the "Marco Polo," whose travels and hints will suggest to some philosophers Columbus a new world.

His book is the handsomest vindication of God that has yet appeared. He has been on trial since the world began by Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and Christian, and this is the first and only court before which he has been acquitted. They have called the devil to the stand, and he has testified with marvellous uniformity and directness; but this devil vanishes before the summons of our sheriff, into a myth. By this theory the devil is dead, and the burial of his majesty will be the funeral of the church. When evil falls, what stands that man has built? It quits the core from the moral world, and takes plith and marrow from institution, law and religion. Evil holds our society together as the air holds a barrel. Withdraw the air, and you have staves and hoops, but no barrel. To destroy institutions is to extract the wind from empty casks, and let them fall in, and for this purpose our author's book is an "evil" air extractor.

The devil is in all religions. He is in Calvinism as gravitation is in a stone, to give it weight.

Our author is a poet in the high sense, and plucks an angel by the wing, as Byron

"Plucked Apollo by the ear."

All truth is poetry. And when she performs common things, she puts on common clothes. But poetry is no student. It may weep, and laugh, and talk, but will not study. It dresses itself in long and loose robes; philosophy cuts smaller, but science dresses in tights. In his idea he throws his lead into the upper and unknown sea, and touches bottom. He has crossed the Red Sea which looks beyond the Jordan. When a man gets an idea, he is so much of a poet, because poets are idealists—they are inventors and discoverers, but not always lovers.

Our author is ideal with feeling, not reason. Reason and idealism construct, idealism and feeling persuade, and these are the soul of eloquence. His idealism is positive, his spirituality negative. He is more ideal than real—that is, he looks more at ideas than objects. His mind is of the subjective cast. He rarely reasons upon his perceptions, and rarely perceives his reasons. He is not constructed, but wants method. He thinks in little globes, not in links, so his product is a pile of pearls instead of a chain. His madness in his method is his insanity. His idea makes sure of existence. His idea makes sure that "whatever is, is right," but he has nothing to say as to when or where or how. Phenomena, he tells you, are probable and essential. It may or may not be essential that one should have a broken leg; but it is essential for him to have pain in the broken limb. Legs are not principles. When man was made, his legs were the last things thought of.

A man cannot think without making a book; but he can make books without thinking. The man who invented the idea of commerce, made all the books ever written upon it; and the man who invented the idea of religion, has made the world's polemics.

Dr. Child has given us an idea in direct form, and this idea will build worlds of books. I no longer know who was the original inventor, but I had rather be the author of this than all others. I know what sort of man it required—one void of quarrel in himself, and by and by the world shall build him the tallest monument. If there's no evil in the eye there's none in the heart; if there's none in the heart, there's none in the world. The man, that, who first got the evil out of his eye, was the inventor. He that sees nothing wrong, can do nothing wrong—not because he is unable, but unwilling. Now I have no manner of doubt that "whatever is, is right," and however far Dr. Child is from



his statements, may, by from the right, I do not wish to be understood as in any wise, critical. As the Doctor did not criticize in his book, and of more extent of good nature and want of a devil, I hope I have availed myself of the same large charity. I think his ideas higher in its reach and firmer on its base than anything in our theology. It is broader in its sweep, and sounder in the heart than anything in our philosophy. It is wider in its range and grander in its discoveries than anything in our science. It is more religious than our religion, it is more philosophical than our philosophy. It opens up an ideal world, grand beyond description, and which spiritually peoples with angels, seraphs and gods. It will live when time itself shall rot—and science is as much out of place in heaven as granite boulders.

### UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY JACOB EDSON.

Sin against the Holy Ghost, or the unpardonable sin, is a subject that opens the whole question of evil—its cause and effects for our consideration. Of sin and its effects, we know nothing, except by experience or inspiration. The soul in travail passes many a gloomy spot before it is enabled to see its good and use. Life presents many a cup of mingled joy and grief, which human nature fears to drink. Mother-earth labors in pain as she travails in bonds—swaddling bands of infantile being in existence—but the birth of the coming man, the exhibition of the sea of glass shall compensate each soul for the trials which it necessarily passes through.

Such is life! The universe of truth! The sanctuary of love and the great teachers, sin and pain, that each student must graduate at last through spiritual unfoldment in honor with God!

Original as well as unpardonable sins are conditions of causation essential to the external existence of absolute being. Without them we could not have obtained a conscious love; without them God could not have unfolded his attributes in us, the image of his being could not have revealed himself unto himself, which is the life of God made manifest in man.

Original or unpardonable sins are the unexplored rock of ages, upon which we base our immortality and lay the foundation of future good. That which is called sin is said to be the transgression of the law. If so, it is such a transgression as is in accordance with the law of love and necessarily executes the law of life, as designed by the great first cause. It is such a transgression as is natural to the unprogressed personality, when freed from instinct to control, which binds the brute creation (as conscious entities) outside the moral world. They are not capacitated to die its death.

The effect of what is called sin is moral death, the lowest degree of which is spiritual darkness—inability to do or be, unaided by powers above. Moral death is an essential condition to moral life. It is a state or condition through which all the living germs of divinity must pass in its efforts to create or unfold the coming man.

Moral life and moral death are the extremes of conscious being, within or above which is the absolute good. God, the absolute father, who exists everywhere, and in all things, below or outside of which are finite sparks of divinity, kindling into consciousness in virtue of his presence, is present in such a sense that he may be said to have neither centre nor circumference. Though God, the central essence or substance of love, is, so to speak, the personal cause and veritable centre of the moral world, with him, in it, there is neither beginning nor end, neither centre, nor circumference; no past, present, nor future, but one eternal now. In this now he begets the Christ which unfolded the Holy Ghost, thus revealing himself to himself, without progression. Such a revelation supposes an eternal death, which we will call original sin, a pre-existence in an unconscious state of the entity, unto whom, or through the substance of which, the revelation is made.

There is no new thing under the sun. The new-born Son of God is the manifestation of the new wine; the old bottle must be broken, else the birth of the Son of God, which is the Son of Man, could not occur. Then, and not till then, is the sea of glass, the Holy Ghost, made apparent; then the pure in heart see God and feel his inspiring presence flowing through the spheres of life—a personal reality in the hearts and consciences of all men.

What is called original sin, evil, or the uncreated tendencies of the maternal department of creation, may be defined to be the mother of God, or the condition of substance in which the word, the Son, or second person in the Trinity was begotten, made flesh, and lived in material existence as an embodiment of absolute love. Such a begotment and birth was, so to speak, a death of God, not of the divine essence, but a change which may be called a crucifixion in which the Christ, the unborn essence which exists in the bosom of the Father, was slain in the foundations of the spiritual world. Such a death, or birth, is the legitimate result of what is called original sin. It causatively slays the *Serpent*, transforming its loves through mediatorial conditions or effects of the Light of Life. Such a transformation supposes mediatorial conditions of love, personal entities, spiritual states, which constitute, so to speak, the key-board of creation, through which the Father-God could unfold, himself, his life, the uncreated light, which is the life of man, the substance of which must necessarily reveal the eternal God, its "Prince of Peace" and the Holy Ghost in an individualized or personal form, without which spiritual darkness—inability to do or to be—would have remained triumphant.

Sin, vice and evil are the opposite of light, life and love, and constitute the right-side of nature or mother-part of God. Original or uncreated sin is a necessity which exists in spiritual darkness, and is not of itself a substance, though it appears to some to be. It is an unenlightened condition of mentality, in which may be begotten and brought forth the substance which in reality exists, though it does not in that condition of existence appear to be.

We think we progress. Our fathers thought the *Iron Road*; we know the earth moves. Truth is eternal. The light of life existed before the sun in the heavens. Our condition changes on the eternal dial of life. The finger of God, his Son, is ever and eternally the same. As the universe of spiritual truth dawned upon us, our horizon became enlarged, degrees of moral truth are expressed, and the mists of midnight darkness are dispelled by the rising Son of Life in us.

It is natural that the spiritual soul should pause to contemplate the good and use of life, to reflect the divine beauty of the eternal sun over the *hazy* above, and cast a lingering look as it apparently

sinks below the spiritual horizon. Such pauses, such reflections, constitute the dividing lines between our spiritual days and nights. They constitute and define the different degrees of moral death or moral life as we journey home to God through regeneration.

Sin against the Father and the Son was a necessity. It is the effect or manifestation of original sin as defined. It opens our moral sight. It reveals the garden of Eden, the living God, the divine sight of the soul in the form of uncontrolled affection, called the serpent, which is not a crime, because it is a necessity in that department of being. It is the greatest good or gift possible from God to man. It is the means, or medium, through which the absolute light of life obtains a positive being in material existence, and through which said being unfolds the absolute ghost of eternal good, as a positive personality in the outer world. The unpardonable sin, or sin against the Holy Ghost, is disobedience to the divine influence, and differs in degree corresponding to our willfulness in opposing its will, which is the manifestation of God's divine right to rule, and may be divided into as many degrees as the soul is steps from God. These steps, so to speak, are gulfs of supposed iniquity that cannot be forgiven, either in this world or in the world which is to come. There is no court of divine chancery, through which the sin may be made null and void; were it so, life would be a failure and religion a curse; humanity would keep on sinning and repenting, so that no flood of grief could save the brooding spirit from its watery grave, for it is the law, as by it Moses turns the water into blood. It is the effect of original sin, a blessing and not a curse as it is.

Grace and truth as by Jesus Christ, turn water into wine, and the world of thought has drank of its cup and gone mad in all manner of theological device but sin. The uncreated, the original and unpardonable exists in thoughts, words and acts, and must, until, through the gift of God, the Holy Ghost shall turn water into love. Then, and not till then, will the light of life flow in and through our regenerate natures, because we shall have been begotten by the Word, and have been born of the blood, and transformed through regenerating births into the expressive image of his person. Then, and not till then, will sin and death have been dispelled, and the kingdom of Heaven be set up in the hearts and consciences of mankind, which shall be the sanctuary of love.

Love, Light and Life, oh God, thou art,  
And there's our home in Heaven;  
Thou art the jewel of our soul,  
Its diamond point derived.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
Which in our thoughts we see,  
Are not a myth, as we've been told,  
They are the One in Three.

Faith, Hope and Love flow free to all,  
There from the Father river;  
Though naught but sin could let them in,  
Thine be the praises given.

The Serpent is our Saviour, God,  
Our Christ, our rock, indeed;  
That came into the garden Love,  
To show us what we need.

It was the work of Sin to show  
Our beauty and our power;  
Thus it beguiled our souls in love,  
That very day and hour.

As naught but Sin could have done this,  
We let the sin be damned;  
And we'll swim up the river Love,  
Toward the better land.

But, as God forgives us sinners,  
We'll give to God the praise;  
And journey on in love and peace,  
Through never-ending days.

The God of Love within us reigns,  
His life includes us all;  
So not a sparrow nor a dove,  
Can be allowed to fall.

Our "God is Love," and from him springs  
The germ of things to be;  
His life's our light, we are its flame:  
It burns, that all may see.

With love we unto other's burn,  
Our spark, though small, is sure;  
For in God's heart we have a part,  
And all its parts are pure.

We love, when God hath given us,  
Sweet thoughts of him akin,  
Which open the living Fount of Life—  
Our heart's hearts within.

We love, as God doth give us,  
His life to light our sphere,  
To spring the blending bow of Hope,  
Around our pathway here.

We love the thoughts that yield us:  
The life of God within;  
Which open the gates of Paradise,  
Freed from the Serpent Sin.

We love to look in spirit-lands,  
Through starry glimpses peer;  
And long to see the fruits of Love,  
Its angels standing near.

Our "God is Love," He in us, is  
Our bosom's brooding dove;  
Oh, clothe it mate at seraph's feet,  
For angel arms above.

There's nothing from this world we'll take,  
Except this brooding dove;  
'Tis God's external voice that speaks,  
Take it, my child, 'tis Love.

### FARMING ASSOCIATIONS.

I see in your excellent paper, and in the Herald of Progress, frequent mention of a new, or reorganized association for procuring a livelihood, education of offspring, mental and moral improvement, &c., &c. Now one project, now another. This is all well, but there seems a want of a right beginning, or way, by which to ripen minds to a fitness for the undertaking. We ought to have laid before us a correct history of the various attempts made in modern times to establish co-operative societies, and the causes of their failure.

Having believed for many years that the evils of competition and over-production can never be escaped from but by communism in some form, and having passed three years of my life in one of the experiments which had its birth in the teachings of the noble philanthropist, Robert Owen, now gone to the spirit-land, I have concluded, stiff and clumsy as my fingers are with farming, to place through your paper and the Herald of Progress, before the inquiring minds in the land, my experience and observation on this subject.

I have taken regularly, both of these choice weekly papers at the news depot at Peru, over a year. Times are so hard with us farmers, that I have thought to stop one of them, but can't decide which to stop, and so shall keep taking them both. And here let me say that I love Dr. Child, for his bold and manly frankness in publishing unpopular opinions. I love him because he delights in doing good, but when he talks of "separation and half dollar clear profit per acre, in farming, when blizzards all the work done, and says the West is the best place for the experiment," when we are selling wheat

and have been for months, at sixteen cents per bushel, so that one hundred bushels won't raise but sixteen dollars, you will infer that I regret that he has said a word about the profits of western farming. I strongly suspect that when the first successful community is established, it will be by a body of men and women who have rolled up their sleeves, and engaged with little money and big heart, in a five years struggle. There are many things of which I wish to speak that are alone learned in an experiment.

We are very badly educated; don't fit together smoothly. Women are less prepared for associate labor than men. Men always require each other's assistance in their labors. Not so our wives and daughters. I am very familiar with the Shaker system. With the history of Rap's Society, twenty miles west of Pittsburg, Germans, I know not their present status, but they became rich. I was familiar with the very successful experiment at Zoar, in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, Germans. With Bishop's Hill society, in Henry County, Illinois, also very successful, Swedes. Know something of the phalanx at Nauvoo, called Icarians, French, which failed. I was a member of the Forrester society in Coxsackie Green County, N. Y., afterwards of the Kendall Community, Stark County, Ohio, from 1826 to 1828.

I am well acquainted with Josiah Warren and his system of pure selfishness, or individuality. I have read and reflected much, and am sixty-six years old, and ought to have some ripe thoughts. I was editor and proprietor of the Cleveland Liberator from 1836 to 1839. Then I edited the "Annals of Animal Magnetism" from 1839 to 1840—three years before any other periodical on that subject appeared in this country. Have probably made more experiments on that subject than any other man in America. Traveled by magnetism and clairvoyant experiment out of the rankest materialism into a full belief of immortality and spirit-communication, before the rappings commenced. In 1839 was appointed chairman of a committee by the State Medical Society of Ohio to investigate and report upon Mesmerism. I had made successful experiments for seven years, at that time. I have lectured nearly twenty years on that subject, seventeen of which I have had a little farm on the prairie, where I now live.

Having thus played the trumpeter to give you some idea of him who addresses you, I will resume the subject on which I commenced. I shall not attempt more than an introduction in this article, but will say that the great difficulty to be overcome is, How can we maintain that individual sense of freedom most favorable to self-improvement, whilst yielding entire obedience to rules of organization, and following the lead of those who are appointed to direct each department of business? Nothing can be better proved than that success attends the Shakers; the monks of various orders who labor; the Kapites of Economy near Pittsburg; the Zoroists in Ohio, and the Swedes at Bishop's Hill, in Henry County, Ill. But all these are religious sects, which, in the beginning, what they believed to be inspired leaders. In this way, in this order, under a species of theocracy, success crowns nearly every effort. But can a society succeed with inspired leaders? This is the question yet unanswered. I think, however, that I will answer the question, that, in order to succeed out of sectarianism, all the members ought to be inspired. What I mean is, that, unless the members acquire a condition of mind in which each can, to some extent, so delight in making others happy, that they are ready to make great sacrifices for this pleasure, they will not succeed. When men and women seek happiness in trying to make each other happy, they will have discovered the great secret, hid from human ken for ages. All distinction from property must disappear. Each must be valued by their capacity for usefulness. Distinctions, growing out of our fitness to lead, will create no jealousies. Purity of life, capacity for usefulness in every department will excite respect, love, reverence. The cold isolation of Josiah Warren's system has and always will fail. There may be useful facts drawn from his experiments. I said to Greeley and Brisbane in 1842, "Go ahead, but you will fail. But something will be gained."

In future articles, should this appear in your paper, I propose considering the difficulties that have proved insurmountable in such as have failed. I know not the history of Adin Ballou's society, and cannot say wherein its defects consist.

What a glorious thought—to banish poverty, and ignorance, and the fear of want from all. Furnish all the luxuries of mind and body without stint, so far as they may healthfully conduce to our usefulness and happiness. A blending of love and wisdom in active exercise, shedding blessings on all around us. In my next I may show some of your readers why they are unfit subjects for communism.

Fraternally yours, SAMUEL UNDERHILL.  
Mt. Palestine, Putnam Co., Ill., Feb. 1, 1862.

### DIRECT TAXATION—ITS FRUITS.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodsworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Feb. 23, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The love of gain is natural to the human race and necessary to its progression. When we hear men declare that they do not desire material wealth, we may not think them down as either knaves or fools, for every one wishes to subsist in this world comfortably and happily, and to shine among his fellow beings in the collective mass of humanity. And, as in the eyes of the world and the true judgment of men, there is no more melancholy condition for an individual than to have an empty purse, so a nation can be in no more deplorable state than that of bankruptcy. From the beginning of the world, and the inception of its earliest forms of government, down to the present day, one question has been most intimately connected with all political propositions, viz., that as to the ways and means of raising revenue. Every conceivable form and plan, every possible scheme, has been applied to this object, in order to sustain real and imaginary governments, and of some of them we propose briefly to speak.

In the primitive condition of humanity, the mutual obligations of men, the simple exchange of products for the supply of each other's wants, was all that was required; but as advancing civilization brought in more complicated forms of government, it was necessary to have some universal representative of the value of objects to be exchanged, and, at the present day, the precious metals constitute such a circulating medium, in all parts of the earth.

The world, this would be seen to be the case with every one of them, excepting Holland; but this condition is so admirably concealed beneath a superficial show of prosperity, that the world pays no attention to it. To the general rule, the United States and some of the South American republics are exceptions. We now approach the application of our remarks to your own country.

It will be remembered that the foundation of this Government was laid in the idea of political freedom and equality, and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the means of raising revenue did not occur as a first consideration; but it was generally thought inconsistent with established ideas of freedom that there should be an arbitrary power in Government to enforce the payment of tribute. This principle was so fully conceived and adopted that the representative privilege of laying taxes, imposing duties, and ordaining all kinds of imports, and this only when required to sustain and protect the Government, in no other department, whether Executive, Judicial, or Senatorial, is there any arbitrary power in that direction; and the President has no power whatever to raise any funds by taxation, or duties, without the consent of the lower branch of Congress, and this is embodied in your Government of a free people with equal rights and privileges, in every direction, perfectly stamped on the American character, which has always been accustomed to scout at any proposition imposing permanent taxation; and this general repugnance has continued until quite recently. It was discovered, however, that Government must be sustained in some way, and the public lands which had been purchased from the Indians, under forms which constituted the veriest farce ever witnessed in such transactions, were set apart to meet these necessary demands. This being found inadequate, an idea was carried out, still more directly at variance with Democratic feelings, viz., that of establishing what is called a tariff, or duties upon imports. The first protective tariff was received very differently in different sections of the country, the manufacturing and commercial interests being greatly favored by it, and the agricultural class being exceedingly opposed to it. It was afterwards modified into a form less objectionable to certain States, and though some, especially in the South, have always watched with a jealous eye and secret hatred this limitation on freedom of trade, nevertheless they have acquiesced in it as necessary for purposes of revenue, and will not be so easily roused as to contend for its repeal. The history of the tariff and the various discussions which it has aroused, it is not necessary to repeat, but it is well known that at one time they had brought the country to the verge of revolution, and South Carolina, especially, always somewhat intractable, refused to pay her portion. But the difficulty was compromised by a compromise, and the North and South jogged on amicably together as far as this was concerned.

But what was the consequence? We affirm that this taxation, being universal, easily borne, and not directly felt by individuals, has been almost a matter of indifference, and justly so; and in consequence, persons in the habit of being taxed, have been content with the quiet enjoyment of their means, have been content to sip taxed tea and coffee, smoke taxed cigars, clothe themselves in taxed broadcloth, and regale their friends with taxed French wines, without a murmur. But these people, so contented with tranquil enjoyment, were also contented to leave political science to the hands of a few men, who lived upon pork and drank claret, or bad whiskey, have been allowed to force themselves into political notions.

The man who really contributes most to sustain the Government, is quiet, and willing to leave it to take its course, and to believe that the perfect Constitution stood in no need of his support, and entertaining no ideas that it could meet with reverses. The best citizens were contented to pursue their avocations, and amass wealth, or privately cultivate literature, or art, removed from political influences, and leaving the Ship of State to be managed as we shall see by-and-by.

The American citizen, as he descended from the original stock of Puritan or Cavalier, was content to pursue the ordinary courses of life, while all the time, an immense mass of population was emigrating from the Emerald Isle, and all the other homes of the down-trodden, desperately ennobled, and the people are looked to for some other ready at every sacrifice to do America and its inhabitants some service, by nominating themselves to every office and every position of emolument. For many years this has been going on, and now it is an astonishing fact, that every office save that of the Chief Magistrate, has been filled, and that by a foreigner; almost all municipal offices have passed gradually from honest men to those indifferently honest, and from them to those whom we forbear to characterize; all our representatives have been of this super-patriotic class, who care only for the spoils; and the public business is in the hands of a few men, who are waked up to find the Southern portion of the Republic dissatisfied, the Treasury empty, and the country on the verge of civil war. All patriotic citizens for half a century, have slumbered in apathy, to be aroused by the roar of cannon and the roll of the war-drum. Till this time, the country has been secure from any calamity—the affairs of the Treasury conducted with regard only to its welfare; and so they have been content to pursue their avocations, and simply cast their votes without asking questions.

It is astonishing, also, that after a war of a year's duration, the resources of the Government are already exhausted, and the people are looked to for some other means of providing sufficient revenue. There are one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually to be paid, in some way, by the people directly. We have always said that great good comes out of seeming evil, and the future record of this country will show that our financial disaster will be the rule.

The House of Representatives has been for four months, trying to devise some way of relieving the Government of its load of pecuniary responsibility, with expenditures going on at the rate of \$2,000,000 a day—an enormous army waiting for the hour of appearing conflict which will soon arrive. They must appeal to the people for assistance, and the only rational and feasible solution of the problem is to be found in direct taxation. It is a hard pill for a republic to swallow. It is difficult to reconcile it with democratic ideas on the subject. It is difficult for the man who has been accustomed to regard himself as a sovereign, to be asked to make a sacrifice to his neighbor. The freedom of action, of speech, and of the press, has been among the unspeakable glories of your country, and it will be hard for your people to throw aside their cherished ideas about taxation. But it really matters very little in what form the burden shall be imposed—it must come, and must be borne by willing hearts and steady arms, and with a firm purpose to sustain the Government.

It is well to bear in mind that the vast amount of taxable products and materials. Your papers, your books, the very words to which you listen from any speaker, and perhaps the light of heaven itself, if you will, will be taxed by your present enormous expenditure. For all this you may be prepared, and being prepared, it will not be improper to consider some of its effects.

"We won't stand it," cries the newspaper man; "it won't do to suppress the freedom of the press. The merchant cries that he will not endure it. The laborer and the mechanic cry that it will interfere with their vocations, and thus, from every department of active life and individual interests, there must come something, however little, in support of the Government; but yet this burden will be so uniformly diffused that it will not bear oppressively on individuals; those most wealthy will be well able to support it, while the poorest will have the least to endure."

(Because monarchical) Constitution, which places the exercise of political power almost entirely in the hands of those who have the heaviest material interest in sustaining it; and while England is under aristocratic rule, and does not listen, except on compulsion, to the voice of the people, yet her Government, such as it is, is the best administered of any in the world.

Now your own country, which has the best foundation of government, with an equally wise administration, would certainly be the best, the wisest, and the happiest on the face of the earth. Throw obstacles in the way of the designing, curb dishonesty, and the rogues who prey upon the public will fall to their proper level; while the honest laboring man, who seeks to be a good citizen, and so most truly represents the government, will be called forth to assume office and take an active part in public affairs. Instead of those howling demagogues who really stand for nothing but their own selfish interests, you will have men versed in the affairs of daily life, and in whom every one will repose confident reliance. At every election you will ask, "Who are these people who represent our interests?—we are willing to give our money to uphold our Government, but we must know to whom it is to be entrusted?" This is what will be the unanimous voice of the people, as the consistent result of taxation, when the people shall find that a uniformly quiet and honest method of administration is better than being the constant prey of political vultures, there will be, first, a desire to find honest men. How long it will take to find one, we are not prepared to say, especially to find one willing to be a politician; but it may be that, when the new order of things is established, there will be discussed for every one of importance, one in whom the people will place such confidence that they will not, under any circumstances, run the risk of removing him, in favor of political vampires.

Gentlemen, the great difficulty this country has to contend with is that not only in several years, but as often as every two or four years, new persons have been elected to office from this needy, noisy crowd, who, with no real virtue or qualification, have been seeking to rob and plunder at the expense of the government, and therefore much of our public expenditure has been foolish and inappropriate. The people have been slumbering, while the Government has been running, and now, the stock market may be stunned for a time, by the change of action, but the final results will be most beneficial. It is like a man who persists in regularly and constantly taking bad food and drink; the penalty is not immediate, but, by and by, he finds his constitution suffering; at last, his disease breaks out, and the only remedy is a general purgative. Just so, this government has been gorging itself with all kinds of political corruption, till gradually, and almost insensibly, its veins became full of poison, and, at last, the noxious, noxious plague breaks out; and, at least, most assuredly, from maladministration. Now this purging process has begun in downright, wholesome style, in the shape of taxation.

You who have been accustomed to laugh over the blunders and rogueries of public men, and to leave politics alone, who have often neglected even to deposit your vote, will be at last wakened up, and have been good citizens, in a negative way, inasmuch as you may never have been indicted for actual crime, and may have quietly pursued your honest avocations, but no man should lay claim to the title unless he sustains the Government by the utmost exertion of his individual influence, and by using the means which representatives are placed in office. It is not sufficient to attend a mass-meeting of your party, applaud the nomination of some gentleman with a foreign sounding name, and then vote for him, because the Democratic or Republican ticket must be sustained. You should ask, Who is this man? What are his principles? How much does he pay toward the public expenses? And when you find that he is a poor creature, who can hardly read the Constitution, or write his name legibly, perhaps you will think a little before placing your money in his hands, and you will perhaps say, "Here is an honorable man in good business standing, and of irreproachable private character, and he shall be our representative."

The American people, in this way, will establish a foundation which cannot be shaken, by obtaining the services of those who will not prostitute the national honor or violate the sacred principles on which your institutions are based. This will be as inevitable as the dispersal of the mists of morning by the rising sun. It may seem difficult at first—prejudices will be offended; great contention will arise, and long delay may intervene—but the reform will surely come, though all the birds of the air, and all the legions of evil, against what is consistent and just. Down with it!"

Every thinking, earnest, industrious man, who has something to love and something to gain, will agree with us that this is true; and, though we do not stand on the pedestal of prophecy, just as surely as this holy rebellion is destined to sink into its own mire, so surely will the political miscreants who have brought you to the brink of ruin, and who are even now waiting a renewed opportunity, be driven from position to some far-off refuge, and your country left purer, better and wiser than before. You will all be good citizens, you will all know that they represent the highest and best principles in the world, and you know they can only be sustained by the efforts of the people, in affording an adequate revenue to the Government. If these efforts are made freely, honestly and generally, they will not be found beyond your strength, and if they result in such an amount of good as we have described, it will be the surest evidence that the power of the Almighty is always on the side of justice.

It must be remembered also that persons who are satisfied with the Administration of a Government, do not usually desire the constant excitement of a change at short intervals, such as is caused by the party wolves of faction. When it shall be found that honest, conservative and generous administration will recommend to popular favor the requisite amendment of the Constitution, you will appoint the President for life. Why, that would be equivalent to an elective monarchy, which is a subject, by no means, of the Chief Magistrate as a subject, and the only one should ascertain before the election) why not good for life? And so with the Vice-President and other high officials. Who shall say they should not retain office as long as they have the confidence of the people, and if they should not continue to justify it, impeachment is the lawfully named remedy. Why should the people be taxed of their senses every four years to find a better man? All this periodical furor will subside in favor of a consistent system of administering to the wants of the people, nor need the President or any other official have the power to pervert the laws in any form. When the public mind has been once so directed, the country shall have passed away, your cherished institutions will come out brightened and purified, ennobled by the contest, and stronger in the eyes of all the nations of the earth; let them now condole or triumph as they may, they cannot now be blinded. Your financial credit will be renewed, and you will be enabled to pay the debts of such your future—such the design to be wrought out by Providence—such unquestionably the desire of those unseen, yet constant, workers of another sphere, who hover near you, and by their benign wisdom, have turned this country from the course of ruin, and snatched it from the very jaws of destruction. It is the wish of every honest lover of this land, nor will it be long ere those who are now bitterest in their opposition will see the reason and justice of the plan, as the only one which can raise our declining nationality.

Men of America, who constitute its strength in danger, who have furnished the shew of the nation in supporting the Government, have patiently sustained even its perjured officers, and are now awaiting, in silent determination, the decision of the sword, remember that you are capable of bearing any burdens which may be necessary in upholding a just Government and equal laws. Their enemies supported by the intelligence and honesty of the great mass of the people, will be finally triumphant, and they will be consecrated in all future time to the highest and holiest purposes of humanity.

It may seem strange that from a question of money, so could it be trivial, a consideration, in itself, should arise such great results; but remember, as little by little, the coral insect raises the structure of a continent from beneath the waves; as little by little, the burdened camel toils on his sandy path; as little by little, the honey-bee gathers fragrant treasures from the summer delfs, so do honest and industrious citizens amass the means, which they contribute to the support of their country, in an hour like this. Be ponder then ever, to day, that you are Americans, and that you are called on to sustain such a Government, and be more desirous that there should be placed in office those who shall represent the heart, valor, and efficiency of this great nation, and not those who would pervert their privileges to purposes of plunder and ruin. Take up your burdens with willing and grateful hearts, and so surely as success must ever crown the honest soldier, so surely this year shall witness an undaunted and come forth at last renewed and strengthened, at its doors and masters in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

To keep warm on a cold day, women double the size of men double the horns.







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## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit, whose name is given, through the medium of the spirit, who is in a condition called the trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 WESTBURY 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, Feb. 5.**—Invocation: "The Rights of the Sovereign States under the Constitution." Questions and Answers: Richard Hunt, Worcester, Mass.; Charlotte Morton, Chicago, Ill.; Isaac McPherson, Third New York Regiment.

**Tuesday, Feb. 6.**—Invocation: "Immortality among Spirits." "Hereditary transmission of Spiritual Diseases." Julia Solomon, New York; Thomas West, his wife in Hancock, Ohio; Joseph H. Verill, Baltimore, Md.

**Thursday, Feb. 8.**—Invocation: "Magnetism and Electricity." Alexander McDonald, Philadelphia; Stephen G. White, Hamilton, C. W.; Louise Durand, actress, New Orleans; A. Jane Root, Laura S. Mercer.

**Thursday, Feb. 25.**—Invocation: "Did General McClellan really have such a dream as was published in the BANNER?" "Was such a map given to Gen. McClellan?" "Will general emancipation result from this war?" Joseph White, Sacramento, Cal.; Col. Baker's regiment; Martha Wise, Michigan, Mo.; to her father, Captain William Connelly, New York City; Amelia Davis Train, to her mother, in New York.

**Monday, Feb. 24.**—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.; Adella Hoberg, to her mother in Georgetown, D. C.

**Thursday, Feb. 25.**—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.

**Thursday, Feb. 27.**—Invocation: "The Resurrection and the Judgment—not that spoken of in the ancient records, but that of the ever-present and the overfuture." "Is the doctrine of the Trinity true or false—and from whence did it originate?" Lewis Flynn, Sacramento, Cal.; Susan Coffin, New Bedford, Mass.

**Monday, March 5.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions: "Is the power of inspiration a peculiar gift inherent in the constitution of certain individuals or is it acquired—if so, in what manner?" "Is it possible for a human form to be born and grow to manhood and not possess a spirit, as in the case of fools or idiots?" "Has the mind any connection with the soul?" "Is not the soul of man a compound of all else in the universe?" Daniel Russell, to his brother, Daniel Russell, Charlotte B. Hopes, wife of Captain John Hopes of New York City.

### Edith Burt.

My name is Miss Edith Burt. I am the daughter of Alexander Burt, of Memphis, Tennessee. I was eighteen years of age when I died. My disease was paralysis of the brain. I was sick fourteen days. I earnestly desire to communicate with my parents. I am told, sir, that your list of letters reach Tennessee; may I hope that mine will reach that state? (Is there anything urgent, for there are so many spirits in advance who are waiting to have their letters published, that we find it difficult to accommodate all, the precise time they may desire?) A favor I'll ask, sir: will you publish my letter? (If anything special, I will do so at once.) I beg pardon, sir; I am anxious; however, I will wait. (Your request shall be complied with at once.)

I would ask that my father lay down his weapons of war; if he does not, he becomes his own brother's murderer. If he goes into action again against the Federals, he will meet and kill his own brother. Will you not publish, early? (Yes.) O tell him this, for he does not know that his brother is in the Federal army. Oh, I hope my warning will prove of avail, but oh, I am fearful but God will take care of all. I've been in the spirit-land only a few weeks. My death was caused by hearing the false announcement of my father's death. March 4.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou unsolved mystery of the Universe, thou Spirit of Power, by the will of whose inspiration the intelligent spheres of life are continually rising higher and higher; thou of whom we desire to know, and yet art infinitely beyond our scope of vision; thou divine Parent of universes, we again come into the temple of our own being, and there worship thee; and though we fail to know much that concerneth thee, we will forever and forever worship thee, and call thee our Father, for we feel that there is an eternity beyond us, and our vision will become clearer day by day. We feel that thou leadest us, through all the various avenues of life. Wherever we go, whether we reside on earth, in heaven or in hell, or whether we profess any form of religion, we know thou art with us, Father, and we thy children, and by the right hand of thy power we go on forever and forever. And by that power we come unto thee in prayer. We ask no blessing, for we feel thou art continually blessing us. We ask no proof that we shall at some time be celestially happy, for there is that within us which tells us there is a place of rest for all thou hast created. Oh, spirit of love, around whose great heart all things are continually revolving, we again would raise our simple song of thanksgiving unto thee, knowing thou wilt accept it and it will bring to us the bread of eternal life. Jan. 9.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

Have the friends a question for discussion this afternoon? We are ready for such.

Ques.—What distinction do you make, if any, between mind and spirit?

A.—Mind, to us, is the manifestation of the spirit—or in other words, mind is the vehicle through which the spirit manifests itself. Mind, according to our idea, stands in a nearer relation to mortality than spirit. It is a medium between the two, or a something which unites the external and internal faculties, and gives to the soul its peculiar form of expression. Mind may be called the magnetic body of the spirit. Through that magnetic body, the spirit manifests the peculiarities of its organic life. This is the simplest definition of mind, or the distinction between mind and spirit, which is apparent unto us.

Are there more questions? If so, we are ready to receive them.

Q.—Spirit-power: how far does it move upon mortals to act and speak?

A.—Or, in other words, how much power do the spirits have over humanity? When the inhabitants of the spirit-world shall come into possession of knowledge that is requisite to the government of material forms, then the power will be understood. Now it is limited, because that knowledge is limited—because they are not yet acquainted with the laws by which existence in spirit is governed. Spirit! What can it not overcome? Is there anything in the vast universe that the power of spirit, when once fully unfolded, can not hold its subject? To us, there is nothing. True, the material world is in close rapport with the spirit-world; and as the spirit world holds that relation to you; so far, then, can the disembodied act upon the embodied, and influence according to their will and pleasure. Man can himself draw about him the aid of spiritual power, by gaining to himself a knowledge of the laws governing a greater portion of humanity are blind to these laws now, and may remain so for a time, but there is no such thing as an eternal blindness. Again we say, when the inhabitants of the spirit-world become possessed of sufficient knowledge to overcome all obstacles of material life, then the power of the spirit shall be unlimited. At present, it is limited.

Q.—Do you believe in a distinction between soul and spirit?

A.—As an individual, I do not. There are many who say "soul" and "spirit" are the same; and I believe so. The spirit is the soul, and the soul is the spirit. But, as in-

dividual, I believe the soul and spirit are one. Go on.

Q.—What is the life-principle in the mortal?—and does it remain with the disembodied?

A.—That part of the life-principle of God necessary to the unfolding of the spirit, goes with the spirit; it leaves the mortal forever. That part necessary to remain with the body, the dead form, remains with it. Life is everywhere. You look upon the form that is apparently lifeless. It was once the embodiment of the one you loved, and now you say it is dead. But you speak ignorantly, for it is indeed living, in material. A certain part of the life-principle is left with the body. If it were not so, it would remain forever and forever in its present condition; but as it is, it is resolved back again into its primary elements, to be worked over again and again, forever.

Q.—This is all the resurrection of the body there will ever be, then, is it?

A.—Yes, but not according to the creeds. The body rises again in the form of grass, flowers, fruits, trees, air, of each and every form and phase of life. Each zephyr that fans your brow is laden with its emanations, and each thing you eat returns to you the nutriment it had derived from your ancestors. All beings are thus resurrected, according to the law natural; but the old idea of the resurrection of the body is one devoid of sense and reason.

Q.—You have given it as your opinion that the soul and spirit are identical—are the same. It has been given out that the soul is as much a covering to the spirit, as the body is a covering to the soul. Now do not these differences of opinion coming from the spirits, make discord in the angel spheres?

A.—Most certainly not. Each and all perceive and teach what to them is lawful and right. In the sphere of intellect, there is a vast variety, as there is everywhere else in Nature. No two flowers are made to look alike. Are their colors and perfumes made harmonious? Are they imperfect because not alike? No two leaves, nor human forms, and faces, are alike. Are the imperfect in consequence? Certainly not. Each and all have their own peculiar kingdom to dwell in, and are useful and equally important in the eyes of the great God over all.

Q.—But in matters so important, what criterion have we as individuals, to judge of the correctness of the communications given to us by different minds?

A.—Weigh each and all you receive in the balance of your own reason. What appears reasonable and right to you, accept; what appears wrong, decline to receive till it commends itself favorably to your judgment—till some time when you may perceive it right and not wrong. The truth will commend itself to man always; if he is not ready for it, truth can well afford to wait—he, only, is the loser. One returns, declaring there is no heaven and no hell. Another returns, proclaiming there is such a thing as heaven or hell. Each speaks the truth, according to the amount of it he is capable of receiving and giving out. The other, because he has seen just that amount of light. The spirit and soul of man are one and the same. They are Duty, and like him, infinite. Finally may hear and know of infinity, but cannot hold and limit it. But again I say, as an individual, I believe the soul and spirit of men and women are one and the same. Jan. 20.

### Thomas Daskin.

I should like to send something to my folks, if I could. I was a private in the Second Michigan Regiment. My name was Thomas Daskin.

I am hard up, here—hard up. I do not know much about talking this way. I'm only been out since—it's only the last of December. I was up off a little on the Mississippi, at a place where the Indians used to bury their dead. Mound City—yes, that's the place. On the Mississippi River.

I want to send the news to my folks if I can. I'm very well off when I ain't here, but now I'm badly off. Disease? Yes, I died of the worst kind. I lost one foot and one arm, and I had a bad fever, and then mortification set in, and I set out. It happened at Cairo. D—n the luck, I ought to have been alive now! I expect I came from Bucksville, and that's where I'd like to have my talk go. Tell you I'm badly off here. I do get a good many little things I'd like to square up, but I can't get them together now, I feel so bad. I'll wait until before I come to this medium, but now I'm badly off—feel just as I did before I died. How is it, stranger?

Well, I'll say what I've got to, and be off as soon as I can. I tried to come back pretty soon after I was killed, but you don't all get back when you want to—that's the amount of it. It's so strange here, you get lost a little.

I've got a boy six years old, and I've got a little girl about three or four. Now, stranger, if there's any way in God Almighty's world you can get me a chance to come around where I want to, and take care of my business till I can get hold of somebody to take care of it for me, I'll be eternally obliged to you. There's no need of their calling for me, for I'm around now. I'll ask my wife to go to a medium. So I will. That's right—and I'll meet her. You've got the right of it, stranger; I can do so best.

If it wasn't for the d—d mad treatment many of us wounded ones had, we might just as well have lived. But what in H—l is the use of living with one arm and one leg? I'm better off as I am—that I, stranger, when I am away from these bodies. My God, I hope to live to see one thing—that is, to see Jeff Davis' neck stretched out about a yard. It ought to be, and, between you and me and the post, stranger, d—d if I don't think I shall try and help do it. Legs or no legs, arms or no arms, I'm going to be there when it's done! Talking of resurrections, my God, I'd like to know where he'd find my missing parts. I do not know where they are; and if God does, he's smart. If he wants to try to coax them together again, he may; I never should. I find myself well off in the spirit world, but d—n the place here. I don't like it. They cheat you a little when you come here. They say you don't have any of your old feelings; but do, and it's pretty tough.

Well, stranger, if Susan will go—God Almighty knows where, I don't—well, to some medium, so I can talk, I'll tell her, as high as I can about some business matters, and also about the children and the old man—her father. He's living with her, and is a little insane, sometimes, and d—d if I know how she'll get along, unless I tell her. Well, I'll tell her, if she'll let me.

Well, I ain't going to stay any longer. It's too tough. I'm going. (Take away the pain, and don't leave any of it with the medium.) Take it away? D—d if I want it. I'll get rid of it if I can. Well, stranger, I'll remember you when you get here. Jan. 20.

### Mary Lee.

My name is Mary Lee. I was eleven years old. My father was Major Robert Lee, of Nashville, Tennessee. In March I shall have been away from here one year. My mother's name is Elizabeth Lee. She's a daughter of John T. Forrier, of Memphis, Tennessee.

I want very much to talk with my mother. My brother Robert wished me to say he wants to talk also. He left at four years of age, and was he living now he would be eighteen.

The doctors say the cause of my death was inflammation of the lungs. My grandfather, my father's father, was a physician, and he's here, and says it was inflammation of my throat only. They said I must say what I did with, so it's why I tell.

My father is not a friend to my folks. He is in the army, and perhaps you won't send my letter? Will you send to Major Robert Lee, of Nashville, Tennessee?

Aunt Lee is here. She's my mother's old nurse, and mine too. She's come, since I died, and she says she'd like to speak, but only to my mother, at home, and to Zuke—that's her boy. He's a man, now. Good by.

### Solomon Ringe.

It is near twenty-one years since I took my departure from earth. I claim Keene, N. H., as my native place. My name was Solomon Ringe. I have sought out ways and means by which I have occasionally communed with certain of my descendants, with a view to help them—not, as they supposed, in the way of gold and silver, and corruptible things, but in the way of spiritual things. I came to enlighten them, and not to load them down with the dross of earth.

I have been called upon to come here and make certain statements regarding certain papers that were in my possession at the time of my death, and that were taken from my residence about that time by some person or persons to them unknown. I say I have been requested to come here and unfold the mystery. I here declare, as I could, I would not. I come not to fill their pockets with gold and silver, but to give them what is better than the wealth of earth, a knowledge of the hereafter. I have sought to give them light and not darkness; but they have sought for darkness, and now they have desired I should come here and make certain statements that will satisfy them. I cannot, and I would not if I could.

I was eighty-four years of age at the time of my death. I believe I was not fully ready to go. Although I was somewhat clouded around with the mysteries of a religion which is all superficial and external, yet twenty-one years have been ample time to cast it off, and I have been enabled to look at things in a more real light, and less to the things which are unnatural and visionary.

My descendants have some of them made a request for proof, and Solomon Ringe comes here to give them proof, but not such as they may wish. Therefore may my coming prove a double test—in the first place, that I do come, and that the spirit world is open to mortals; and, secondly, that I come to elevate them, and not to crush them down. Jan. 20.

### Thomas Knox.

Written: My dear wife, I would comply with your request if I could do so. Thomas Knox of Pembroke, N. H., to Abby Knox, of Prattville, Ala. Jan. 20.

### Invocation.

"My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Not alone, oh, our Father, from Christ thy servant do we hear these words, which are sounding through the dim vista of the past, but down the living present do we hear the cry from the lips of mortality: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And why, oh, thou Spirit of the Universe, why is it that the cry has gone up to thee, as from the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, even from thy children of the present day? From the depths of almost every soul we hear the cry. Oh, our Father, thou hast forsaken thy children, because they look for thee where thou art not to be found, and have, instead of seeking thee where thou art indeed to be found, they seek for thee only in the external? Oh, Father, need we ask thee to draw nigh unto suffering humanity, and manifest unto them—to come and dwell with humanity, and remain there forever? Nay, oh most holy one; but we will ask this much of thee—that poor blind humanity may be taught to look up from the dark world around them, and perceive thee dwelling in their midst. Oh, our Father, we ask thy ministering angels to teach each and all of thy children that thou canst not forget them nor forsake them; and though they reside in hell, thou art there; and in the world beyond the tomb, thou art there. Though darkness in all its gloom be around them, thou art there, and the right hand of thy wisdom shall lead them unto a haven of rest, and they shall be made to feel that thou art with them consciously. Oh, Great and Infinite One, thou hast made us the creatures of thy hand, and thou canst not depart from them or leave them. If Jesus of Nazareth would cry unto thee in the agony of his spirit, how much more seemly is it in thy weaker children? Can we be expected to know thee better? Can we expect, oh, our Father, that if thy beloved son was burdened down by despair so that he lost from his soul the sight of thy power, and orled unto thee in his sore trial, that we should be stronger than he, and be able always to see thy hand in our chastenings? Yet, oh, our Father, we ask, nay, demand of thee to strengthen us that we may receive with thanksgiving and joy the lessons thou wouldst teach us, and be made to feel that thou dost all things well. Oh, Father, we feel thou art able to wipe the clouds that hide thee from the sight of thy children; but thy purposes we feel are infinite, and we thy finite creatures cannot essay to censure or criticize thee. Make us to feel that confidence in thee a child should feel for its beloved parent. Touch every soul with a live coal from off the altar of truth, and change the sorrowing wail coming up from the lips of thy children, into a glorious anthem of thanksgiving. Jan. 21.

### Miscellaneous Questions.

Have the friends a question to propound to us?

Ques.—What has become of Mason and Slidell, and are they safe?

A.—They are safe—alive—in the body—and nearing the shores of old England.

Q.—What is their true mission? Is it known to spirits?

A.—They are important actors upon the great stage of civil war, and they have their part to perform, which will be done, and done well. What is to be done, will be done well. There is a great power governing all things, and though there is a semblance of evil with you, it is only because poor mortality is unable to see clearly.

Q.—Do spirits know our thoughts?

A.—Sometimes they do. When they are in rapport with the individuals, they are able to a certain extent able to read the tablet of thought.

Q.—Why do we never hold communion with the spirit of Jesus?

A.—You are continually having communications from that self-same spirit; but were he to come among you and declare himself Jesus of Nazareth, would your faith? What certain good would he then be able to accomplish? The good resteth not with the name, but the deed.

Q.—Has artificial or electrical light the same effect, material and spiritual, as natural light?

A.—All light is positive, and all its manifestations, whether atmospheric, magnetic, or electric, it is positive always, and always has precisely the same influence.

Q.—Will you speak upon Light as a Motive Power?

A.—Light is the positive electricity of material life—the great motive power by which all your changes are brought about. Without it, there would be no life, no change, no sign of progress. We may call it the right hand of Deity; without it, there would be no power in the left. Do you understand us?

Q.—Has light power to move ponderable bodies?

A.—Undoubtedly it has. There is nothing it cannot move, when you know how to use the power centered in light.

Q.—Are the spirits moved by it?

A.—They are.

Q.—Is there any difference between light and electricity?

A.—There are different degrees of light, and there are different degrees of electrical force; but the essence is one and the same. There are different degrees of human life—infancy, childhood, manhood, and old age; but the principle of life is the same in one as the other. So it is with light. There was no peculiar form of life in the universe till, after the birth of light, although life has always existed, and we know of no time or special epoch of its creation, yet we believe that all the forms of Nature were old light was born. Light is the great motive power by which each and every world is held in its proper position, and continually ascending—that is to say, being made purer, diviner and more perfect.

Q.—Does light produce all the subterranean movements?

A.—To a certain extent it permeates all universes. It dwelleth in the stone, in the heart of the granite, and slumbers under the mountain. There is no place on earth or under earth, where light is not felt. The centre of the earth is not dark, but light; ever burning seas of fire are at work in the heart of your earth, and all the material formations between the surface where we stand and that burning mass, have been tempered and regulated by heat and light; therefore there is no part of the universe, material or spiritual, where light does not exist. Jan. 21.

### Antonio Murrell.

There is very much religion in America, and I expect to get some justice done by coming here. It is pleasant to live in a place where you will not have to look out for a body, but it is well to live as long as you want to be in the body. I was said of me, I was lost overboard by sleeping on my watch. I will say for myself I was knocked overboard by the second mate.

My name was Antonio Murrell. I was Portuguese. I was a seaman, and earned an honest living all my life.

I was sometimes in the habit of taking something when I could get it, in the shape of spirits—not the kind what come to talk with you, but another kind—but at the time I am coming to talk about, I was not in liquor, but had some words with the second mate, whose name is Perkins, and he struck me with a marlinpike, and it's the last I knew till I found myself here, without a bodee. The story was that I slept on my watch, and fell overboard. I have told a strange story, but a true one. Perkins was noted for his quick temper and harshness among the crew, when he could get a chance.

We were, as might be remembered, about four days out from Liverpool. The vessel was—I have it—what do you call your star? The Saturn—bark; belonged, I suppose, in New York. Capt. Moore. Very good—very good himself. I've nothing to say against him, but I would like to have a settlement with Perkins—I like to have a settlement. It is just, I know and feel it. I'll come till I get it. He's heretofore on earth—not where I am. His name is Bill—William; that is it, I am sure. I have it written on my soul. It is now 2-60? This happen one, two, three years ago. I live in a sort of jumpin' state all the time since—not settled nor still, but unhappy.

It's not right, say some, to come back and open up the secrets of human hearts. 'Tis right! 'Tis right! Better settle it now than by-and-by—better, much better. Perkins had seen as many years as I, and I was forty-two. I don't know his age now, but he was white here (hand some). I don't know where he is and can't tell, but he's here somewhere. I set challenges for him to meet me—not after he died, but as he is. I want to meet him, and will settle with him myself.

I have no friends here in particular to talk to—nobody to call me back, and like for me to come and talk; but I ask for him to come where I can speak, and I'll settle with him. Asleep! I was never known to sleep upon the watch in my life. Oh, Perkins, you forget sometimes dead folks talk—or you do not know it. I tell you—I tell you they talk! That's all. Jan. 21.

### Lucy M. Pendleton.

In September, 1861, I got tired of living, so I took my life. My name was Lucy M. Pendleton. I was born in New Bedford, and died in Albany. When I first became conscious after death, I was not sure I was dead, and felt extremely disappointed. I had taken laudanum twice before without the desired effect. It is only something like three weeks ago since I came to consciousness. Since that time I have made attempts to communicate with some of my acquaintances in the spirit world, but have not been very successful, and feeling so ill at ease, I thought I would come here and see what I could do.

I don't seem to be at rest anywhere. When I came to consciousness, I found there was no peace here for me, and no place of rest, because I had not stayed on earth as long as I ought to. I feel like a coward. None but cowards are suicides, and I was one.

It seems my acquaintances in Albany are making very great exertions to find out where I was born—something about my folks—on account of some papers that were found with my clothes after my death. I can tell them my father's name was David Pendleton, and he belonged in New Bedford, but moved on, and he was quite young. I was thirty-one years old when I died. My father is in the spirit-world, and I have no sisters nor brothers, and of the rest of the family I have no desire to speak. There is no necessity for their trying to hunt up my people, and they had better let the matter rest.

As I said before, I made imperfect attempts to communicate to them, so they won't be very much surprised to hear from me here. They wish to know if I am happy. Yes, I am. If I am not, it's no matter.

I would not counsel any of my friends or acquaintances to come over the bridge I came over. I am sure if they have not got courage enough to live on earth, they have not got enough to live comfortably with in the spirit-world. It requires less courage to live with the body than when you have none to manifest through, and feel it is through your own ignorance that you are deprived of it. Good-day. Jan. 21.

### Samuel T. Judson.

It is your custom, they say, to ascertain who comes here. Well, my name was Sam. T. Judson—a thief by profession. This is a free institution, is it? I understand a thief is just as welcome here as an honest man—provided you can find any such on earth. I doubt if you can, not excepting those present. Have charity? I had too much of it. I was a thief by profession—a gentle thief, and, if you please, an honest one. Now, I suppose you'll want to know how I make that out. I was honest, because I never professed to be anything else.

I hailed from St. Louis, stranger. It's only a short time since I've been fortunate enough to shake off my old clothes and get new ones. Let's see—three months at the longest. What's your time? January? A little short of three months, then. Well, stranger, thieves sometimes have people they care something about; I suppose you know that, don't you? I have got a family—that's one thing that brings me here—a wife and three children. Perhaps it's a bad move, my coming here and owing myself to be a thief; perhaps it may have a tendency to injure my children when they shall come up to years of understanding—I say perhaps, but I don't think so.

Now, there are three individuals that I used to call my friends—three good fellows in their way. One goes by the name of Ned Lovejoy, though I believe that is not his correct name; at all events, that's the name I knew him by. Another is McDonald. His first name I have not in my memory. It's no matter about it. And another is Clark. I have not his given name; but they'll all know who I mean, stranger. They're my friends, and I want them to look out for my family and see that they don't want anything. Now those three friends, if such I may call them, belong to the same profession I did, and follow it more or less. I want them to be sure, and look out for my wife and children, and see to it that they don't suffer. If they don't do it, so help me the devil—if there is one, and I suppose there is one, for a good many have the devil in them—if there is, let him play the odds on them. If they had made an appointment to it, and I want them to do as much for me. (The spirit of the man.)

I don't know whether they believe in this or not, but if they don't, I'll make them believe. Believe—they've got to. I come here and give you what nobody but me would give, and they know it; and if I don't make them believe, who'll tell them that's all. If they can find any other way by which you could get my communication than my giving it myself, it's

all right, and they needn't believe it's me. But it's just here: When they happen to fall upon this thing, they'll get into the heart of it, and know all about it.

[The spirit was asked if he was not rather too personal in allusion to his friends.] I know what I'm about. I wasn't coming here to say I want to talk with this, and that the other man, or this minister of the gospel or that. I have only given them the title that belongs to them; and by which they know themselves. They told me if I came here to tell the truth, and I'll be d—d if I don't do it. It's no use for them to sail under false colors. I've made my appeal, and if they don't attend to it one way, they will another.

Well, I took a hurried leave of this little earth. Is that enough, or shall I explain further? Very well, then, I rode all night in a hard rain, took cold, and was quite sick for a few days, then I ruptured some internal vessel—don't know, nor care, what, and went out very soon after that. How's that? Is it definite enough?

Are you a pious man—a church-going man? Well, I don't know much about religion. I guess there are ways of doing more good than that.

See here, stranger, when I was young—from fourteen to sixteen, or between sixteen and seventeen years of age, the world used me pretty rough. I tried to be honest, and get a decent living; but I'd be d—d if I could do it—no sir—could not do it. It seemed as though there was but one way before me, and I had to walk in it.

Beg your pardon for swearing, and will do so no more. I appreciate the company of the ladies, and beg pardon for any incivility. When next I meet with you, you shall hear no profanity. I don't like it very well, myself. Jan. 21.

### Oliver Dwight.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." When the minister preached over my body, he preached from these words, and since then, my mother has heard that the angels come to earth, and she says, "if they do, will little Oliver come and tell what was the subject of discourse at her funeral, and what is on her tombstone, and then I will believe." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." That was it, and it's on my tombstone, too.

I'm seven years old. My name was Oliver Dwight. I died with fever, and, at last, drooping on the brain. It's two years ago since I died. I lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Willow street, and I was named for my mother's aunt. She was to leave me money, or the child money that was named for her; but I don't want it now. I am very happy, and I see everybody that's good all around me, and I've seen Jesus, too. I've seen him, but he isn't like other folks says he is. He isn't great, and don't sit on a throne. He's like anybody else, and he says he loves little children, and everybody that's good does.







From the Louisville Journal.  
BOY BRITTON.

Boy Britton—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,  
In his uniform  
Into the storm—into the roaring jaws of grim Fort  
Henry—  
Boldly bears the Federal fort—  
Into the battle-storm!

Boy Britton is Master's Mate aboard of the Essex.  
By the brave Captain's side:  
Ready to do and dare—ay, ay, ay, always ready—  
In his country's uniform!  
Boom! boom! and now the flag boat sweeps, and now  
the Essex  
Into the battle-storm!

Boom! boom! fill River, and Fort, and Field, are  
over-clouded  
By the battle's breath; then from the Fort a gleam  
And a crashing gun, and the Essex is wrapt and  
shrouded  
In a scalding cloud of steam!

But victory! victory!  
Unto God all praise be ever rendered—  
Unto God all praise and glory be!  
See, Boy Britton, see, Boy, see!  
They strike! Hurrah! the Fort has just surrendered!  
Shout! shout! my Boy, my warrior Boy!  
And were you not and clap your hands for joy!  
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—  
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Fort is ours;  
And "Victory!" "Victory!" "Victory!"

In the shout.  
Shout—for the Fort, and the field, and the day,  
are ours—  
The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor  
Of heroes, Boy, like thee;  
The day is ours—the day is ours!  
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,  
And bravely endured and dared with thee—  
The day is ours—the day is ours—  
Forever!

Glory and love for one and all; but—but—for thee—  
Home! home! happy "Welcome—welcome home!"  
For thee!  
And kisses of love for thee—  
And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's  
bridal wreath of flowers—  
For thee!

Victory! Victory!  
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam,  
the Essex  
Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm:  
Slowly, slowly—down, laden with the dead and the  
dying;  
And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and  
the dying,  
The shot-marred form of a beautiful Boy is lying—  
There in his uniform!

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,  
Laurels and tears for thee!  
Laurels of light moist with the precious dew  
Of the universal music of the heart,  
And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and  
the True:  
Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the sing-  
ing spheres  
And the Nation's starry tears!  
And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start  
Of the universal music of the heart,  
And all deep sympathy  
Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,  
Laurels and tears for thee—  
Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,  
For thee!

And laurels of Light and tears of Truth,  
And the Mantle of Immortality;  
And the flowers of Love and immortal Youth,  
And the tender heart tokens of all true ruth—  
And the everlasting Victory  
Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,  
Laurels and tears for thee—  
Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,  
For thee!  
Oh, the Victory—the Victory  
Belongs to thee!  
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—  
He gives it now to thee!  
O, Young and brave, and early and thrice blest:  
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!  
Thy country turns more to kiss thy youthful brow,  
And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast:  
And whispers lovingly: "God bless thee—bless thee  
now!  
My darling, thou shalt rest!"

Oh, the Victory—the Victory  
Belongs to thee!  
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—  
He gives it now to thee!  
O, Young and brave, and early and thrice blest:  
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!  
Thy country turns more to kiss thy youthful brow,  
And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast:  
And whispers lovingly: "God bless thee—bless thee  
now!  
My darling, thou shalt rest!"

NEW ALBANY, Feb. 18, 1862.

LETTERS FROM WARREN CHASE.

Over the Hills.

After an excellent meeting in Baltimore, and tak-  
ing leave of many friends, bidding adieu to the hos-  
pital and head quarters of "Camp Kettles," I made  
about thirty miles on the snowy road into Maryland,  
to the home of my old friend and your able cor-  
respondent, A. P. McCombs, where a short visit, long  
talk, and agreeable time, were soon disposed of, and  
I took the iron track that winds its snaky path  
over, around, and through the Alleghenies. To my  
surprise, the snow decreased gradually to the sum-  
mit, and down the western slope to Pittsburgh the  
dry land appeared as in Spring, with green fields of  
wheat, and full brooks of water. The cattle and  
sheep were trying to rake unknown hay with the  
rake teeth Nature had so kindly set in their heads,  
but they seemed to make little progress in filling  
the mows or maws. Soon after noon, we reached  
Pittsburgh, whose bottom was mud, and top smoke;  
between the two we passed through without seeing  
much else that was more pleasant than either.

This sooty Birmingham of America burns and  
sells a vast amount of coal, melts a vast amount of  
ore, and casts everything that requires hot fire,  
from a glass toy to huge guns or a toad-shaped mor-  
tar. But the people have so much to do with fire  
and smoke, that they know little about Spiritualism,  
and seem to depend on Christian sects to save them  
from the fires in the other life of which they see so  
much in this.

Still journeying westward, we reached the snow  
before we reached Ohio, and it thickened all night,  
notwithstanding that "latter light" which God hung  
in the heavens to help the stars light the night, was  
rounded out to a full, and proved a great blessing to  
travelers in a night that would be dark without it.  
At such times, I often think (sometimes aloud) what  
a pity God made such a mistake in hanging it,  
when he could have given us a full moon every  
night, at least by putting in seven as he did for  
Jupiter, where Christians say there are no human  
souls to be saved, or bodies to be resurrected—so  
there did not have to go there and die for sinners;  
but I often wish two had her moons, such little things  
constantly over the thoughtful mind to the wonderful  
plan of salvation, and creation, and somehow I see  
many mistakes in the Christian scheme of  
explaining both.

On reaching the O. & C. road, I turned south-  
ward, and with a few minutes' ride, I reached a place  
in the sleeping car, the axle broke and soon shook

them into wakefulness. We left the crippled car,  
but took the sleepy passengers, and in the early  
morn I landed in the snow and mud (about equally  
mixed), a few miles from Cincinnati, to visit an old  
friend, long an invalid, whose gladdened face greeted  
me as the smiling sun shone over the snowscape,  
made the loaded trees glisten like the scenes some-  
times described by clairvoyants, as belonging to that  
transparent world where spirits dwell, and of which  
some of us occasionally have a slight and momentary  
view.

Saturday the railroad fulfilled the contract and  
landed me in Cincinnati, and with Bro. Meader I  
climbed over the many hills that skirt the great city  
of Cin-cin to his house and home among, or above,  
the clouds of smoke, at least seven stories above the  
roofs, and three above the steeples of the right-angled  
part of the city.

In the Sunday morning, when the bells rang and  
bells run, we made our way down into the smoke,  
and at the new hall on Fifth street met about twelve  
baskets full of the fragments of broken and scat-  
tered Spiritualists, of which, like the leaves and  
fishes in the Christian fable, there are more when  
broken and scattered. We had two good meet-  
ings, and one big circle, and prepared for more.  
Our friends here have not had speakers employed  
or much meetings for a short time, for they have  
been passing through a season of trial of strength  
and patience, probably taking care of the dead and  
wounded and prisoners of the enemy who fell into  
their hands at the Solferino battle, while a writer  
for your paper said was gained by our sister, Emma  
Hardinge, when she was last here, and of which the  
sectarian enemy do not yet seem to be aware. Or-  
der, effort and system will soon be restored here, and  
the work go on again.

WARREN CHASE.

Cincinnati, Feb. 18, 1862.

EXPT. U. S. A.

Not down on the Nile in the land of the Pharaohs  
and rush-bed of Moses, but out in the West, in the  
land of the Suckers, with its long line of railroad,  
junction of great rivers, and its Cairo quarter of  
the great army of the nation. One would think  
that Cincinnati better deserved the name, judged by  
the ten days I spent there on my way here, only two  
of which had a sunshine in them; the others were  
mixed from the pavement to the sky, beginning in  
mud, black with fallen soot, and ending with pure  
air. Along the stratum where human beings walk  
and stores and steeples stand, it is a dense mixture  
of clouds and smoke, about equally mixed, compel-  
ling a person to breathe through the mouth, instead  
of the nose. At such times it seems a real blessing  
to have a mouth, even though you do not want to  
eat, and have nothing to say.

It was an interesting sight on the 22d of February  
to see the streets lined and filled with the motley  
group of intelligent and ignorant, idle and busy wor-  
shippers of the birth of Washington, their heads cov-  
ered with all sorts of hats, caps and bonnets—hats  
tall and short, bell shaped, with muzzles up and  
muzzles down, and bonnets from the Glogary style to  
the modern scoop shovel, and faces under all very  
much such as a Catholic Church would save, absolute,  
and send to heaven to praise the Lord for the mys-  
teries of salvation. The feet were covered more alike,  
as nearly all were covered with mud, and the broad  
skirts of one sex and narrow skirts of the other  
were about equally spattered from the bottom up-  
ward. The newspapers said it was a great day of  
rejoicing, and everybody was glad. Perhaps it was  
so, but I thought some were hungry, and some I  
knew were tipsy, and some I saw looked mad.

Next day was Sunday, fair and clear, and a few  
got up early enough to go to church, and we had our  
share of them; but it, and all, were small, so we  
had about equal evidence that Christianity and  
Spiritualism had died out in the city of Cin. But I  
had abundant evidence, out of meeting, that Spiritu-  
alism had not.

Tuesday I took one more long ride westward, and  
landed, late at night, in this Centennial spot, known,  
a little way off, as being in Egypt; but like the lo-  
calities once subject to milk-sickness, the precise  
spot is difficult to find: it is usually a little beyond  
or a little back of where you are. Whatever people  
may call this south part of Illinois, I can testify from  
former visits, and confirm by the present, that in  
soil and climate few sections of the Free States are  
as good, and in improvements and intelligence few  
are behind it, and in honesty and morality it is at  
least a good average with Christian communities.

The spring birds are here before me, (in February)  
and the grass is already green. The weather is  
spring-like, and the ploughman is waiting for the  
soil to dry. Many people suppose this region is a  
flat prairie, but they mistake. There is plenty of  
timber in Southern Illinois, and the land is rolling,  
often quite hilly. There is also an abundance of  
coal. For peaches, plums, grapes and small fruit, it  
cannot be beat by any section out of Dixie. (What  
that can do I will not now say.) For grass and  
grain it is good; corn often fails for want of late  
summer rains, and the same cause brings some  
sickness in late summer, but on the whole, it does  
not seem more sickly than many sections called  
healthy. If people would observe a few simple  
rules of living, they would be as well here as in New  
England, and could get rich or get a living here with  
less than half the labor required there.

This section was originally settled by the poor or  
lazy and illiterate Whites from Slave States, but as  
Northern enterprise has crowded in among them,  
they are fast developing new elements of character.  
Fences, dwellings, orchards, schoolhouses, villages,  
churches, newspapers, books, and last, but not least,  
Spiritualism has a foothold, and the rich treasures  
of the soil and soul are coming to the surface for  
the use of the next generation.

Young, or even middle-aged people who have become  
tired of the snows and rocks of New England, and  
who can live without rum, tobacco, pork and coffee,  
and can keep their bodies clean and minds calm—  
who love to work and read, and be well paid for  
both, can find a good country in this region to rear  
families and plant homes. Most of the people here  
poison their bodies with tobacco and pork, and many  
with whiskey and coffee, but they are all bad for  
this climate, and would be almost ruinous to eastern  
people who come here to live; laziness is bad  
enough here, without adding these destructive habits  
to it. Some of them, or even all, and swearing, also,  
may be tolerated among the hemlocks; and loss of  
the North, but are badly out of place among the  
peach trees, bland grapes and alfalfa soil of this  
section. Who would think of swearing in a per-  
fumed atmosphere, or under the influence of gentle  
spheres, or who would spit tobacco juice on full-

blown roses? Who would turn dogs or drunken men  
into a flower-garden, or silence pleasant dreams  
with narcotics? No wonder people have the ague.  
In the rich valleys of the West; they often need  
something to shake them till they will obey the  
laws of life and health; then diseases will be scarce.

Centralia, Ill., March 1, 1862. WARREN CHASE.

SPIRITUAL MASS MEETING

AT KENDUSKEAG, MAINE.

Agreeably to appointment, the friends of Spiritu-  
alism met at Kenduskeag, February 14th, and continued  
their meeting on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Or-  
ganized by choosing Chester Weld, Moderator, and L.  
P. Rand, Clerk. At first, the assembly convened at  
the Universalist meeting-house, but as it was densely  
crowded, and many were obliged to go away without  
entering at all, the meeting was adjourned, after two  
days, to meet on Sunday morning at the Town Hall—  
which was also filled to its utmost capacity during the  
entire day.

Many towns in Penobscot and vicinal counties were  
represented at this meeting. Many mediums resident  
in our State were present, and some from abroad. On  
the whole, it is believed that the three days meet-  
ing at Kenduskeag was the best we have ever en-  
joyed in the State since the commencement of the  
modern spiritual movement; and the best meeting ever  
held in Maine. We speak sincerely, we think more  
generally to spiritualists, and a broader, clearer view  
of life, death, immortality and heaven—in short, a higher conception and realization  
of the Christian religion were given during this meet-  
ing than at any former one. Why should it not be so,  
as by the unalterable law of progress, by which also  
we may expect even many better things to come?

Judging from the order, through which assembled  
at this meeting, and the intense solicitude which was  
manifested during the entire course of services, it  
surely would not be inferred that Spiritualism is wan-  
ing at all in this section of the Lord's great heritage.  
On the contrary, there were many other accompany-  
ing and unmistakable indications of healthy growth  
and steady progress exhibited not only in the deep re-  
ligious feeling and unusual degree of harmonious  
aspiration after truth, but the great breadth of sym-  
pathetic and charitable regards which were most mani-  
festly felt and so liberally and widely exchanged on  
the occasion.

The speakers present displayed a very agreeable, and  
doubtless profitable diversity of gifts; almost every  
phase of mediunistic power hitherto developed being  
represented.  
Our first discourse was given through Bro. M. Taylor.  
Subject: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but  
then face to face." The dark night of error and su-  
perstition had about past, and men were beginning to  
see the light of truth, and to see, as in former times,  
the love of one in heart. This discourse was a pa-  
thos and stirring facts, was delivered in the after-  
noon of the first day, and followed by inspirational  
remarks through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport. Both  
speakers evinced that they occupied important places  
in the field of labor.

The lecture for the evening was given through Mrs.  
Laura Smith, of Hallowell, whose spiritual and devo-  
tional style so favorably introduces her lectures to the masses.  
Subject: "The impartial beneficence of the Divine Being—  
his spiritual blessings given anciently and to-day."  
Conference on Saturday morning at nine o'clock.  
Singing, reading, and then spiritual invocation  
through the organization of Mrs. Smith, from Hampden.  
Inspirational remarks through C. Chase, of Newburg,  
moderated by Bro. M. Taylor, of Searsport. Inspira-  
tional remarks through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport, and  
many others, concurred to make our morning conference  
especially interesting and profitable. At half-past ten  
o'clock, A. M., we listened to a discourse of much  
power and beauty, through the organization of Bro.  
Greenleaf, of Lowell, Mass. This discourse was also fol-  
lowed by a satisfactory one, by Bro. M. Taylor, of  
Searsport, through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport. Satur-  
day afternoon was given by L. P. Rand, and followed  
by remarks through Dr. George Hopkins, of Old Town.  
The evening discourse given through Bro. A. P. Pierce,  
was able and instructive. Subject: "The science of the  
soul."

Sunday morning, at the Town Hall: In some way,  
the idea seemed to prevail in the community that on  
Sunday we were to experience a special outpouring of  
the spirit, and accordingly, at an early hour, hun-  
dreds of joyous hearts assembled to participate in the  
blessings of this great day of the feast.  
The services were commenced by reading the Scrip-  
tures, through Bro. Taylor, and an inspirational prayer  
through Bro. M. Taylor, of Searsport. Her brilliant  
remarks were then offered through Bro. C. Chase,  
and many others, so that the time of the forenoon was  
fully occupied. In the midst of these exercises, Miss  
Lizzie M. A. Carley, of Michigan, was introduced to  
the audience, and addressed us in a very pleasing man-  
ner, giving briefly her experience, and announcing the  
results of her brilliant and successful Spiritualism, and  
the innumerable blessings that have already resulted  
to the world through its renovating power.

Sunday afternoon: This space was occupied chief-  
ly by the lecture given through Bro. Greenleaf. Subject:  
"And the books were opened." This discourse was  
attended to with great interest, as it abounded in state-  
ments of the most reliable and trustworthy nature, touch-  
ing the improvement and elevation of our race. Many  
volumes in one: The books of geology, chemistry and  
astronomy contain the burning thoughts of God,  
through inconceivable ages. The science principles of  
man's natural body and his relations to all other things,  
chiefly occupied the speaker in this discourse.  
How our friends in Kenduskeag will be rewarded for  
all their pains and kindness in doing so much to make  
so many of us, we can only judge in this connection.  
So, Bro. Palmer, Dooliver and Tilton—a three-  
fold cord not easily broken—entertained, each, not  
less than fifty or sixty persons continually at their own  
homes, and many more, I imagine, partook at their  
tables during the meeting.

I have not the names, and cannot mention many  
others who were equally successful in introducing the  
means, in participating in the labors and bless-  
ings of this religious season.  
The Universalist meeting-house, now occupied by  
the Spiritualists, was trimmed at much labor with  
evergreens, and adorned with appropriate symbols and  
mottos, affording fruitful topics for remarks, touching  
the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the  
eternity of life. There were many who saw in that audience,  
and whom I have long known as faithful laborers in the  
cause of truth, in both evil and good report, not even  
whose names shall I be able to mention in this brief  
report, but whose names are written, and will remain  
worthily written, in the book of their own life's experi-  
ence.

I was pleased to see the familiar countenance of a  
Severance, a Hopkins and Colson, and many others of  
kindred gifts and labors, I know their labors of love  
and patience, and the great good that has come from  
their efforts, not in healing the sick merely, but in  
sowing the seed of truth and faith, also, wherever  
they have labored. Rather than to see or have their  
friends here, many people send for a healing medium,  
and thus skeptics become acquainted with the power  
of Spiritualism, and the work goes on.  
Bro. Hodges, of Appleton, though anxiously ex-  
pected, was not at the meeting. He must be at our  
next. We cannot consent to spare him yet.  
Bro. W. K. Ripley, who has labored with the people  
much at Kenduskeag, was present, but did not consent  
to be the channel of spiritual truth at this public con-  
vocation, as many desired he would be, but he will be  
found in his place, as a star whose light, far reaching,  
is to enlighten and to guide.  
And now the meeting has passed, but it has left an  
impression upon the community for good which can-  
not be erased. The great power in such a meet-  
ing; its testimonies of growth, and thus truth is dissemi-  
nated from faith to faith. Six or eight hundred wit-  
nesses, at least, will go forth from that assembly to tes-  
tify of what they heard and saw. They will speak of  
the power of inspiration—they will tell of the Penta-  
costal season in which they participated; and of the  
marvelous revelations of truth, fresh from the angel-  
world to man.

Of what avail are the dogmas and church-forms of  
ecclesiastical rubbish before the power of this revela-  
tion? They are helpless, and shrink like shadows  
from the light. Their abettors avoid all manly in-  
vestigation, and feel that they are encompassed with a  
power that will crush all that does not belong to the  
divine truth, and right and inspiration, and the power  
of the Holy Spirit. Finally, in behalf of the essential friends of this  
meeting, let it again be said, many thanks to those  
who so kindly entertained us with their material sub-  
stance; many thanks to those mediums who were the  
channels of inspiration and the windows of heaven to

us on that occasion, and many thanks to those minis-  
tering angels who hovered over us and breathed upon  
the spirit of that wisdom which is from above.  
May their influence still be over us, as the inspiration  
of the Divine Presence.  
L. P. RAND.

Important Message from the President.

March 6th, the President transmitted to Congress  
the following message:  
Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representa-  
tives:  
I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by  
your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as  
follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with  
any State which adopts a gradual abolition of slavery,  
giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State  
in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, pub-  
lic and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does  
not meet the approval of Congress and the country,  
there is the end; but if it does command such approval,  
I am of opinion that the States and people  
immediately interested should be at once distinctly no-  
tified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider  
whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest in-  
terest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient  
means of self-preservation. The leaders of the slav-  
ing nations, however, must hope that the govern-  
ment will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the in-  
dependence of some part of the disaffected region, and  
that all the Slave States north of such parts will then  
say: "The Union for which we have struggled being  
already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern  
secession."

Derive them of this hope, substantially ends the  
rebellion, and the initiation of emancipation com-  
pletely deprives them of it; and to all the States in-  
itiating it the point is not that all the States tolerating  
slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipa-  
tion, but that while the offer is equally made to all,  
the more Northern shall by such initiation, make it  
certain to the more Southern, that in no event will the  
former ever let on in the latter in their proposed confeder-  
acy, because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden  
emancipation is better for all in the mere financial or  
pecuniary view.

Any member of Congress with the census tables and  
the treasury reports before him can readily see for him-  
self how very soon the current expenditures of this  
nation would be a fair valuation of the slaves in  
any named State. Such a proposition on the part  
of the General Government, sets up no claim of a right  
by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within  
State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of  
the subject in each case to the State and its people im-  
mediately interested.

In the annual message last December, I thought fit  
to say, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all  
indispensable means must be employed." I said this  
not hastily, but deliberately. There has been and con-  
tinues to be an indispensable means to this end. A  
practical re-acknowledgement of the national author-  
ity would render the war unnecessary, and it would at  
once cease. If, however, resistance continues, the  
war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee  
all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin  
which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable,  
or may obviously promise great efficiency toward  
ending the struggle, must and will come.

The proposition now made, though an offer only, I  
hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the  
pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of  
more value to the States and private persons concerned,  
than are the institutions and property in it, in the  
present aspect of affairs.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed  
resolution would be merely initiatory, and not, within  
itself, a practical measure, it is recommended in the  
hope that it would lead to important results.

In full view of my great responsibility to my God  
and my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Con-  
gress and the people to the subject.  
(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Call.

For the consideration of those intending to go to  
California, and are friendly to the great cause of re-  
form, this call is made.

For twenty years I preached Universalism; but for  
the last six years I have been a believer in the  
great, life-imparting, and soul-expanding doctrines  
of Spiritualism, and lectured occasionally. Last  
Spring I started out with the intention of devoting  
my time exclusively to the work; but the viciss-  
tudes of the climate have revived an old bronchial  
complaint, which admonishes me to seek a milder  
climate. And in obedience to that admonition, and  
because I wish to remain in the form as long as I  
can, and retain my position as a lecturer, in  
such a manner that it may be truthfully said  
when I pass from hence, that the world has been  
benefitted by my having lived in it, I make the  
following appeal. Not that I ask charity, but  
simply an opportunity to help myself and family,  
and at the same time assist those who may render  
me the aid I ask, thus bringing into action the  
beautiful law of reciprocity.

Those noticing this call, who are going to Cal-  
ifornia, and would like to have lectures on the jour-  
ney when circumstances would admit, and have the  
lecturer with them when they get through, can now  
have the opportunity.

Now what I want, is a team fitted out at a fair  
compensation, to take my family, not being able to  
do it myself, and get the outfit.  
If I cannot succeed in this, as it respects the fam-  
ily, I wish to obtain a situation as driver of a team,  
or hand of all work, and thus work my passage  
through, with a boy between nine and ten years old.  
For although I have been a preacher so long, and  
am now a lecturer, yet I do not consider it degrading  
to do anything honorable, whereby I can render my-  
self useful. I am a tolerable hand with a team,  
and have had a great deal of experience in moving.

Address H. S. Marble, Iowa City, Iowa.

Editors in the West, noticing the above, and feel-  
ing a willingness to help roll on the car of Reform,  
will confer a favor by giving it an insertion.

H. S. MARBLE.

Iowa City, Iowa, Feb. 24, 1862.

Chaevers and Lincoln.

N. P. Willis paints men and things with a deli-  
cate, yet vigorous hand. Speaking of the recent  
abolition lecture of Chaevers in Washington, he says,  
in his "Lookings on at the War," in the Home  
Journal:

With the charm of novelty, as to time and place—  
the additional relish, that is to say, of a game and  
season "I have had, to-day, two warm experiences  
for mid-winter, at Washington—a summer stroll  
through the grounds of the Capitol, and the hearing  
of Chaevers' abolition sermon in the House of Rep-  
resentatives. June never had a softer or sunnier  
day than January twelfth, and a more volcanic out-  
burst of human utterance was probably never lis-  
tened to, than Chaevers' astonishing of those legis-  
lative chairs, this Sabbath afternoon. Whether the  
hearer did, or did not, believe, in the parallel drawn  
from the text—that Lincoln was "Pharaoh," and  
Fremonot "Moses," and that abolition would be the  
"letting God's people go," at the now last command  
of an angry Jehovah—the persuading thereto was  
oratorically tremendous. At the close of the service,  
the portable melodion of the "Hutchinsons" was  
brought into the centre of the Representatives' Hall,  
and the four famous vocalists broke forth with a  
quartet of Wendell Phillips' (an and-always hymn)  
by way of doxology. It was exceedingly well  
sung—only a little perplexing to remember, that  
this musical family had done the same thing for the  
just denominated "Pharaoh." A few nights before—  
bringing in their melodion (as I had innocently  
been delighted to see them do), and doxologizing  
in the very same way, the departing guests of a levee

at the White House. That the "Egyptian Ruler's"  
heart is not altogether hardened, however, (and  
therefore still worthy to be sung to,) I am happy to  
bear witness, for, changing to look around at the con-  
clusion of this latter song, I saw the eyes of our  
tall "Pharaoh" brimful of tears!

Convention at Bangor, Maine.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial  
invitation to all Spiritual lecturers, mediums, believ-  
ers, reformers and inquirers, to meet in Conference at  
Pioneer Chapel, Bangor, Me., at 2 P. M., March 14th,  
1862, and continue a series of meetings on Saturday  
and Sunday, 15th and 16th. Accommodations will be  
provided for all speakers, and as many others as pos-  
sible. Collections will be taken up to help needy speak-  
ers who may favor the Convention with desirable ser-  
vices.  
L. STROCKWELL,  
B. F. BROWN,  
ROBERT DAVIS.

Quarterly Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meet-  
ing at Greensboro, Henry County, Indiana, in Beth  
Hinsaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday,  
11th, 12th and 13th of April. Frank L. Wadsworth  
and Mary Thomas will be present to speak to the peo-  
ple. Other speakers are cordially invited.  
Come all who can and let us have a feast of good  
things. By order of the Committee.  
BETH HINSAW, AGENTS,  
DR. HILL, VALERINE NICHOLSON.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the  
best scientific books of the present age. Did the read-  
ing public understand this fact fully, they would have  
the work without delay. By reference to the seventh  
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find  
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found  
its way into Germany, been translated into the Ger-  
man language by a gentleman well known to the sci-  
entific world, and has been extensively sold in that  
country. We will send the book by mail to any part  
of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

American Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and  
find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign  
manufacture. We also, learn that *Steel Pens* have  
been adopted by the Board of Education of the City  
of New York. All persons who want good pens at low  
prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a  
line to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn., or 335 Broadway,  
New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclos-  
ing \$1. you will get one hundred and forty-four samples,  
by return of mail.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TOWN STREET, (opposite head of School  
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through  
the winter, and services will commence at 8 1/2 and 7 1/2  
o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:  
Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, March 16; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith,  
March 23 and 30; H. B. Borer, April 6 and 13; Miss Lizzie  
Dutton, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Harvinge in May; Rev.  
J. B. Loveland, June 1 and 8.

CONFERENCES HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—  
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday eve-  
ning, at 7 1/2 o'clock. This subject for next evening is:  
"Is Suffering a Necessary Evil?"

CHALMERS HALL, Sunday meetings at Central Hall  
at 8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:  
Miss Lizzie Dutton, March 16, 23 and 30; Miss Emma Har-  
vinge, April 6, 13 and 20; N. S. Greenleaf, April 27.  
WAGSWORTH, last three Sundays in June.

FOXBORO, Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:  
Henry O. Wright, March 16; Miss Lizzie Dutton, April 6;  
Mrs. M. M. Maunover Wood, April 20 and 27.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular  
meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Will's Hall,  
Speakers engaged:—Belle Beagall, during March.