BANNER OF LIGHT.

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Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CRUSADE-PRISONER'S SONG.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

I pine for my native land,
That lies far o'er the main,
Where the wild bird is filling the air with its glee,
And the cataract's foam hath its splendors for me,
And the laughing rill
Is murmuring still—
Let me go to my home again.

I would flee from this distant strand,
To dwell in my father's cot,
And join in the wild-bee's busiest hum,
As it promises sweets in the days yet to come—
An omen 'twould be
Of the future to me,
And I'd joy in my humble lot.

There friendship's power I own—
And love smiles sweet and fair;
STRANGE voices no music can bring to my soul;
I long to pass onward—I spurn their control;
For all that I love
'Neath the azure above,
And my MOTHER, and HOME are there.

In my clanking fetters, alone
I lie in my dungeon drear—
Oh, WOULD BY THE SARACEN'S SWORD I HAD DIED,
When I fought, front to front, with my mates by my side,
Than wrapt in the gloom
Of this dark, living tomb,
With none of my loved ones near!

But the sweet Reliever comes nigh—
Pale Death bends o'er me in love,
And the radiance of angels dispels my long night,
And my prison is changed to a palace of light;
Their musical voice
Says, "Pilgrim, rejoice,—
Thy dear ones shall meet thee above."

In our Spirit-home on high,
Our greeting ALONE SHALL BE—
Where the soldier's sad tear, and the prisoner's moan,
All forgotten shall be, as the winds that have flown,
And sorrow, nor care,
Nor CHAINS, shall be there,
Through a GOLDEN ETERNITY.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE, 1858.

Splendid Romance!

Written for the Banner of Light.

COUNTRY NEIGHBORS:

OR,

THE TWO ORPHANS.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

Our doctor was disappointed, bewildered; he took off his hat, rubbed his head, and stood a moment in deep thought. There was no telegraph to Chicago, then; Hoffman would travel fast, and make no delay.

"Did he leave word to have letters sent to him?"

"No, we are to take charge of all his correspondence till he returns."

Again the doctor seemed lost in thought for a moment—then his countenance brightened. "I'll do it!" He took out his watch. "The next train west starts at twelve o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

The doctor called a hack and was soon at his office. "Here, Jim, put some shirts and stockings in my valise; I'm off to Chicago at twelve o'clock. When you've packed the valise, bring the chaise round and drive me to the station. Tell——no, I'll write him a note."

MY DEAR GRAY—I'm off on a wedding tour, not that exactly either, quite as important though—cut off Jones's leg tomorrow—prescribe arnica for Seymour's child—extract old Mrs. Brown's tumor on Friday, steady there—one slip of the knife and your patient is out of this world; give Ball another dose of hydrated peroxide of iron to drive the arsenic out of his system—his wife, I fancy, put it in; watch her and keep dark till I return. Science can foil a woman. You understand I suppose, or ought at least, that this peroxide, when united with the arsenious acid, will form 4 Fe. O. ⋈ As. Oz—which is harmless to the system. I'm off. L. WARDWELL.

The doctor was no sooner seated in the cars, then the thought occurred to him—"What a fool I am, to be running round the world for other people's children, when I have none of my own! pretty business for an old bachelor to be hunting up lost babies. I verily believe there is a soft place in my heart yet, and if I don't look out I shan't honor my profession by dying of ossification of the heart, the common disease of us doctors," and the good man laughed at what he called his folly, and then comforted himself by a newspaper.

After a week of travel, and some vexatious delays, the doctor arrived at last, and after a night's rest, prepared to seek Hoffman. But all his inquries were fruitless, and he concluded that he had never reached Chicago, for he found Mrs. Shuttleworth keeping a boarding-house for boatmen, and learned from her the history of Alice, and the certainty of her being Hoffman's daughter, but no other person had asked for the child. Disappointed and half vexed with himself, the doctor turned his face homeward, stopping for a few days with a medical friend in Cincinnati.

One morning this friend invited him to visit some patients; they had nearly finished the rounds for the day, when the friend drew his rein at one of the largest hotels. "I wish particularly for you to see a patient here; he is ill with the fever, peculiar to our western climate—it goes very hard with him, more so, I think, because he seems to labor under some mental anxiety.

It is almost impossible to keep him in bed; he is determined to go on his journey, as he says. It sometimes takes two men to keep him in his room. I have no hope of him; but perhaps you may prescribe something to alleviate the violence of the symptoms."

When the doctors entered the darkened room, they found the patient under the influence of an anodyne, and apparently sleeping. They sat a few minutes when he awoke in great agitation, great drops of sweat standing upon his face, and every nerve was in motion. He sprung up and called for his clothes. "Bring them quick. My child! my child! she may be dead. I will find her. Stop me not!"

Dr. Wardwell sprung forward—that voice was surely Hoffman's! He laid his hand upon his arm—"Hoffman, my friend, do n't you know me?"

The sick man gazed wildly into his face a moment and then grasped his hand. "Oh, how glad I am to see you here! You will not let them keep me here longer. You know a little what I have suffered from confinement and sorrow. Let me seek my daughter—there is hope that she, at least, is living."

"Be calm, my friend, you are very sick, and your life hangs on a thread; for your daughter's sake live, and be quiet that you may recover."

"For my daughter's sake?—say that again! Have I a daughter?"

"I will seek her for you—and I can do it better than you, who are a stranger. I have some clue to your child."

Hoffman looked earnestly at the broad, open face of the doctor, as if he would read his soul.

"You are not soothing me with false hopes?"

"Upon my honor I am not."

Hoffman was satisfied, and, exhausted from weakness and pain, he threw himself back upon his bed, and was silent, but his eyes were moved not away from the doctor's face, and their hands were clasped. Of course the patient changed doctors—or, rather, I should add that he had two physicians instead of one—but for days life and death seemed to hang evenly in the balances. Probably the news conveyed by Hannah's letter was a more potent medicine than all the pharmacopœia of the learned doctors. Hoffman at last rallied; and, one day, when he was convalescent, he gave the doctor a little sketch of his life.

He was the eldest son of an Austrian noble, but espoused liberal principles, much to the displeasure of his father and brothers, and finally, as he had talent and energy, he was reported to the government. He managed to escape from the country, and found refuge in England, where he married a young lady of great worth and high mental endowments, but destitute of fortune. Her brother, a young curate was Hoffman's friend, and assisted him in procuring employment as teacher. In his quiet little parsonage—for this curate was unmarried—they found a pleasant home for some years.

But Hoffman longed to see America—to behold with his own eyes the practical working of republican principles, and thither they came. Soon after their settlement here, he received a letter from his aged father, expressing a wish to see and bless his first born before he died. His other three sons had fallen in battle, and this one was all that was left to call him father; all the former animosity was lost as death drew near, and he did not hesitate to recall his son, feeling confident that his own influence at court, and the sacrifice of three sons to his country, would be sufficient to shield this one from censure. We have seen the result. He was dragged to prison from his father's funeral, and for five years a dungeon was his home.

He expected death; he had prepared his mind for it, as he well knew there was enough among his papers to forfeit his life in the eyes of the despotic Emperor.

But at the end of five years he was released, his property restored, and he walked forth a free man, with the title of Count, a large landed estate on which was a feudal castle, and some thousands in government funds. The Hungarian struggle was coming on, and this wonderful clemency was owing to a wish to conciliate Hoffman, whose courage and talents were well known, and win him to the side of the court. What were politics to Hoffman, so long as his wife and child were in a distant land, perhaps struggling with poverty! He had hoped, however, that she had found refuge with her brother in England, and there he first went. What was his astonishment to learn that his brother had suffered great anxiety, and finally mourned the family as dead. With a heart full of fear and sadness, he took passage for America in the first steamer from Liverpool, and here accident had thrown him into the society of Dr. Wardwell.

The rest we know.

When Mr. Hoffman was pronounced out of danger, the doctor recalled his neglect to answer Hannah's letter, and immediately seated himself for the task. But no sooner was the pen wet than the question came up, how shall I address her? Is she married or single—young or middle-aged—pretty or otherwise? And while he rubbed his head and wondered, he concluded to smoke a cigar. Somehow or other, bright ideas come with the cloud of aroma to a gentleman smoking. "She speaks of *my father* and *adopted sister*. Young, then, I guess. but perhaps she wants to get rid of this sister—jealous, perhaps. At any rate, she has saved Hoffman's life, and I am grateful to her. Perhaps she is one of those long, perpendicular, solemn-looking Vermont old maids, sister to those Anaks that 'come daown to Boston' once a year to sell butter and eggs. That 's it; I have it, now—could draw her portrait to a feature. Yes, I'll write accordingly, a dignified, respectful note—no 'dear madams' or 'young friends' about it—so here it goes:

MISS SEWALL—You letter was duly received, and would have been answered before, had I not been unexpectedly called west. I have some information concerning Miss Hoffman's friends which I shall be happy to communicate to her, and hope to do soon personally, when I shall return from the west. In the meantime, perhaps it would be as well to say nothing to Miss Hoffman upon the subject.

Respectfully, your obt. servant,
L. WARDWELL.

"Cool as a cucumber," said the doctor, as he folded, sealed and directed.

It was near Thanksgiving time when the letter reached Mapleton, and Hannah was busy in the mysteries of cake-making, when Simon brought it in.

"'Miss Hannah Sewall.' From Cincinnati, Ohio. A gentleman's handwriting. I'll open, if you please, and have the first reading."

"Simon Sewall, if you do!"

"What if I do?" said he, still grasping the letter, and making motions as if he were breaking the seal.

"Give it me, Simon; I am sure I can't imagine who it is from—but I like to open my own letters."

"Simon, Simon, do as you would be done by!" said his mother. The letter was given up, and when Hannah saw the signature, she ran up to her own room. She seemed a little excited when she came down, but worked it away, bustling around with unusual zeal.

"Hannah, who was your letter from?"

"I can't tell you now, mother, but I will sometime," said Hannah, observing that Lizzie and Alice were present.

Mrs. Sewall said no more, for she had perfect confidence in her children, and for some days she shielded Hannah from Simon's jokes.

It was a busy time with the family, for Thanksgiving was doubly honored this year at Mapleton. The young pastor was to take a bride, and the farm-house was to be the scene of the wedding. Hannah and Alice laughed and cried alternately, and kept busy as bees in summer.

It was the evening before Thanksgiving. Most of the good housekeepers in the village had finished their preparations for the morrow's day. In nearly every pantry a turkey, stuffed and dressed, lay in state, awaiting its fiery obsequies on the morrow. Children in truckle beds were sleepless and talkative, and staid grandfathers and quiet old grand dames sympathised with them—old recollections quickened the chill current in their own veins. Merry sleigh-bells jingled here and there, now and then stopping their music, as the little red and yellow vehicles discharged their freight at the doors of many of the houses; bevies of friends had come from a distance to celebrate the festival. There was many a pleasant meeting of divided families that evening, and much going to and fro at the railroad station. Lights gleamed in parlors seldom opened except on such occasions, and fire-lights danced on the walls of many a guest-chamber, that had known only silence and darkness since the last Thanksgiving.

There was one exception. In a little brown house about half a mile from the village, the two old maids, Polly and Betty Wood, lived by themselves. In former years, Thanksgiving had been observed with all its household ceremonies, and in strict conformity to the Governor's proclamation; and the long, old-fashioned, red-painted kitchen could rehearse the biographies of many a fattened goose and noble turkey, sacrificed on such occasions. But now the fire had gone out; the room was cold, gloomy, and had the smell so peculiar to deserted old kitchens, reminding one of a tallow candle burning low in the socket.

But the house was not wholly desolate, for in a little sitting-room a fire burned upon the red brick hearth, threw its light upon the glossy iron fire-dogs, and brought into bold relief the red and yellow stripes of the homespun carpet. A round candle-stand was drawn up, and, on one side, in a calico-covered chair, sat Miss Polly, looking dreamingly into the coals, while in the corner opposite, in a high-backed, flag-bottomed chair, with knitting in hand, was Aunt Betty. The latter was a cheerful-looking body, with pale blue eyes, gray hair, which was parted, and drawn back beneath her muslin cap. She wore, at this time, a full, blue, checked apron, and had a small flannel shawl pinned across her chest.

"Come, Polly," she said, "it's no use giving way to sorrow. The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away. Nabby is in a happier world than this, and we ought not to mourn because she can't come home to the old place to Thanksgiving. It can't be expected we should accept Eben's invitation, and go down country this time of year, so we 'll e'en make the best of it, and have thankful hearts, if we can't have turkey and plum-pudding. Indeed, I am thinking it's well we have no friends to visit us, we have so little to set before them. But, come, cheer up—you hold the lantern, and I'll go out and kill Bess for to-morrow's dinner; she's fast asleep on her roost by this time." And Betty proceeded to place a small candle inside the huge tin lantern. On the workmanship some ancient tinman must have expended all his superfluous ingenuity, and no doubt rejoiced greatly when he first saw the candle-beams sending their light through its perforated sides, and up its pointed roof. It was a kitchen heir-loom, and the same little tin ring, which formed the apex to the roof, and now received the trembling, wrinkled fingers of the aged spinster, had also received them in the freshness and plumpness of her childhood.

Polly still hesitated, and looked at the coals.

"It seems odd enough," she said, "to kill a three year old hen for Thanksgiving—we, who used to pride ourselves on our fat turkeys and plump chickens. If we had n't speculated in that factory stock——"

"It's no use crying for spilt milk," said Betty, "and it ain't worth while to kill one of the pullets that have just begun to lay; eggs are eighteen cents a dozen, now, and you know we have only six hens in all; so poor old Bess must be the one. Poor thing! it goes hard with me to kill her; she has fed from my hand now these three years, winter and summer, and is such a faithful, motherly old creature in brooding time.

"Well, all her old friends are dead, and perhaps she 'll not mind dying also," said Polly, as she rose slowly to accompany her sister. "She's out of fashion, too; nobody wants such hens as we used to raise. Times are changed with hens as well as folks."

"I do n't care what folks say," said Aunt Polly, "all new things are not the best things, and I think our old-fashioned, short-legged, dumpy creepers are far better than the gawky, coarse, noisy bipeds they call by such hard foreign names. If we had anything else in the world to make Thanksgiving of, I 'd save Bess, for nothing but to raise another brood in her own likeness."

"Well, we *have* nothing else," said Polly, sadly, "and seeing all that belongs to the Woods family is dead and gone, Bess might as well go, too."

Betty put down her lantern, and looked astonished.

"Why, Polly, you are down-hearted to-night, or you would n't talk so. There is n't a more respectable or numerous family (save the Smiths or the Browns) in New England, than the Woods family, and they are all connected. You know they sprung from two brothers, who came over to America in the first settlement of the country. I can reckon up a score of ministers, half a dozen lawyers, and as many doctors, all living now, and our blood relations. Do n't you remember when Dr. Wardwell was here some years ago from Boston, whose mother was our Aunt Polly Woods, for whom you were named, that he had a genealogical tree, and the branches were full of names, and they bore good fruit, too. Cheer up, Polly, if we have lost our money, we have not lost our respectability—we belong to a good family."

Polly threw an old shawl over her head, and followed her sister to the barn. They stopped on the way to give a look at the faithful old mare, Dolly, in her stable; it was their custom every night. The poor creature was worn out with age, and unable to labor, but the sisters, kind souls, would not part with her, or have her killed. In summer, Mr. Sewall pastured her gratis, saying that, as he had used her occasionally in former years, she was entitled to some kindness at his hands; and this winter, Polly and Betty had each denied themselves a new gown, to buy fodder for their old friend. Just as they were shutting the stable door, they heard a knocking at the house, and, turning the lantern in that direction, they saw a gentleman waiting to be admitted. Betty went ahead with the lantern, and soon recognized Dr. Wardwell, from Boston. She could not help thinking of the old proverb, though she would be far from applying the epithet contained therein to this most worthy member of the respectable Woods family.

The Doctor's physical proportions had kept pace with his increasing reputation, and his broad, pleasant face, and, finely developed form, as he sat in the old-fashioned arm-chair in front of the brick hearth, now brighter than ever with the burning of the additional wood, put on, not merely to honor the guest, but to heat the little round iron tea-kettle, that now hung on the crane, formed quite a contrast to the gaunt old lady, Aunt Polly, who now talked with him.

She was telling the whole history of the Shuttleworths, and the Sewalls, and the Doctor was listening with much interest, when the door of the adjoining room opened, and Hannah appeared, her face rosy with exercise, and her eyes sparkling with the pleasure she hoped to impart, for she held in her hand a basket containing a couple of nice chickens, and some pies of her own baking. Aunt Betty, who was bustling about in some domestic employment, was there.

"Why, Hannah, is this you, and all alone? Could n't you raise a beau this fine evening?"

"A beau! Aunty? Why, I never had one in my life. I fancy such an appendage would disturb my meditations upon the stars. Did you notice how bright they were?"

"Step into the sitting-room, child, and take a seat."

"I'll just see Aunt Polly a moment; but it is so late, I cannot stop long. I brought over a couple of chickens of my own raising, and some pies and cake of my baking, and I want you to praise them if they are good, for since I have had a piano, Simon makes a deal of fun of me, and says I shall never like to cook again."

The door of the sitting-room was open, and the Doctor heard the voice before he saw the face of the speaker. Her color, bright as it was, deepened a little when she saw a stranger, nor did it lessen when Aunt Polly said—"This is our cousin, Hannah, Dr. Wardwell, from Boston. He has just been telling me that you wrote him a letter awhile since about Alice."

Poor Hannah! she wished herself at home for a minute, and yet that open countenance, so full of *bon hommie*, was not like the portrait she had drawn in fancy of Dr. Wardwell. He marked her confusion at Aunt Polly's speech, and hastened to tell her how much comfort her letter had given to Alice's father:

"Yes, saved him, we trust, from death. But if you will allow me to accompany you home, I will tell you more at leisure," and the Doctor threw his rich fur collar about his neck, mounted his new hat, fresh from Rhoades', while Aunt Betty tied Hannah's lamb's wool comforter more closely about her neck, at the same time pinching her cheek, as much as to say—"You have a beau now." Hannah smiled, but Aunt Betty, afraid she did not fully understand, whispered—"He's a bachelor, Hannah." The Doctor too, smiled, when he compared his fancy portrait with the real, and was in no way displeased to find himself *tete-a-tete* with this fresh, blooming Hebe. They had much to say—the Doctor, of Hoffman, and Hannah, of Alice, and that walk made them seem like friends of more than one month's acquaintance. It was late, and when they arrived at Mr. Sewall's, it was decided that Hannah should prepare Alice for an interview with her father in the morning; he was at the village tavern, waiting with impatience to embrace his child.

"Which is her room?" said the Doctor.

"That south chamber, sir," and Hannah bade the Doctor "Good morning," after hearing of his journey westward, and the illness of Hoffman.

"I did him great injustice," she said, "he has redeemed the character of the profession,—he has a noble heart, I am sure."

She hastened to her room, where Alice lay sleeping; she kissed her lips, and the eyes of the sleeper opened.

"Come, Hannah, it is time you were sleeping, too."

"Oh, I can't sleep, Aly, I am too happy! I shan't sleep a minute to-night. Wake up, I have seen Dr. Wardwell—your Dr. Wardwell, that attended your mother in her sickness!"

Alice was now wide awake, and gradually and gently as she could, Hannah revealed the fact that Mr. Hoffman was living. It was almost too great joy for the gentle girl, and had it not been for her habit of "crying when she was happy," as Hannah called it, she would have been overcome.

"And now I must go and tell father and mother," said Hannah, and she tripped to their room, and knocked gently. "Oh, mother, I have such good news! May I come in?"

"I have always thought it would turn out so," said Mrs. Sewall, though I dared not tell Alice my thoughts. I have had a presentiment from the first, one of my 'prophetic visions,' as father calls them—but there will be sadness as well as joy, for I shall be sorry to give up two daughters at once."

"Give up! Alice go away! I never thought of that, mother—no, no," and she hastened back to Alice. The two girls spent the night in wakeful joy.

Mr. Hoffman could not sleep, either; but, invalid as he was, he insisted upon going out with the Doctor, and looking at the house that sheltered his child, and at the south chamber, where a dim light told him that his daughter might too be waiting with impatience for the dawn.

"Come, my friend," said the Doctor, "we'll home and to bed; let us not kill ourselves because we are happy," and he led the way with a rapid step to their rooms. But, when alone, he wondered if he did look very old; true, there was a little bald place on the top of his head, but his dark, brown hair, showed no threads of silver yet, and, moreover, curled in short, glossy curls, that gave him quite a youthful appearance. Yes, he was a handsome man yet, and the Doctor fell asleep and dreamed of stars and flowers.

"Alice," said Mrs. Sewall, the next morning, when Mr. Hoffman called, "your dream is realized, and your father lives."

Alice gazed a moment upon that father's face, but spoke not a word—her heart was full, for she thought of her dead mother, and, with her head resting on her father's bosom, they mingled their tears with their embraces. Oh, what an hour of sadness and joy was in the sitting-room of that farm-house, witnessed only by father and daughter, for the family had retired, and left them to the full indulgence of their emotion, unfettered by the presence of others.

CHAPTER XI.

"And it's no bad place, neither, that farm of mine!" cried the old man cheerily, as if there were something positively delightful in the prospect. "Summer or winter, there is a great deal to be said in favor of my farm! And take it in the autumn, what can be pleasanter than to spend a whole day on the sunny side of the barn or wood pile, chatting with somebody as old as one's self; or perhaps idling away the time with a natural-born simpleton, who knows how to be idle, because even our busy Yankees never have found out how to put him to any use?"—HAWTHORNE.

Mr. Hoffman had promised his brother in England that, if he found his wife and daughter in America, he would return to the old country with them. This promise must be fulfilled; and he complied with it the more readily, as the education of his daughter was now to be commenced, and he wished her to be under the care of the good rector while pursuing her studies. It was sad parting with the Sewalls, and both parties were comforted only by the promise of Mr. Hoffman that in four years, he would bring Alice to America, and make their permanent home in this country.

These matters were not discussed, however, till after the wedding, which was a pleasant specimen of an old time party. The marriage ceremony was performed at the church, because, as Mr. ——— said, he wished all the parish to have an invitation; then all the married people were invited to the farm-house to tea, and the young folks came in the evening. The doctor enjoyed it amazingly; he could talk gravely with the old, discuss politics and farming with the farmers, and moreover was so gallant and attentive to his maiden cousins, Aunts Polly and Betsy, that he won the hearts of all Mapleton. Mr. Hoffman had eyes and ears only for Alice, and it was pleasant to watch him gazing so earnestly at her as

she moved gracefully along the aisle in company with Hannah, as Lizzie's bridesmaids. The doctor now and then smiled to himself as he watched the bright-eyed, plump, merry Hannah, and compared her with the Vermont old maid of which Mrs. Stowe has described in Uncle Tom; but indeed, if the truth was told, "Miss Feely" never lived in Vermont. She was raised in old Connecticut under blue laws and with wooden nutmeg-makers and clock peddlers. She never saw the Green Mountains.

Alice was too happy to be merry, but no one could look upon her sweet face without recalling the passage, "her peace floweth like a river." Once that day her silvery laugh rang through the large kitchen, and led Simon to come down stairs to see what caused it. It seems that Hoffman and the doctor had retired from the parlors to the kitchen, and with Mrs. Sewall's consent were taking comfort in smoking.

The doctor's round face and high forehead was surrounded by the curling mist, and Hoffman's black whiskers and moustache with the cigar in the centre, was like a half extinguished volcano in miniature. Hannah, not knowing they were there, went in on some errand with Alice; but, seeing the smoke and inhaling a little, she turned suddenly back, her pretty features twisted into a hard knot. "Bah!" she exclaimed, and run away.

The expression and gestures amused Alice, and thus the laugh, though her heart was so full of music that no wonder a slight touch awoke the strung harp.

"Is that you?" said Simon. "Why, Alice, I never heard you laugh before."

Alice pointed to Hannah, who turned round with another grimace on her pretty face, and a slight gesture towards the smokers.

"Ha, ha! our Hannah is dead set against tobacco; she declares she'll never marry a man that smokes, chews or snuffs."

Both of the smokers sprung up as they heard this speech.

"Miss Hannah, Miss Hannah, don't let us drive you away," said the doctor, throwing his cigar out of the window. But Hannah had tripped away out of sight, her thumb and finger firmly compressed, as if she was keeping a pinch ready for Simon's ear when he should cross her path.

"I should think he'd be ashamed of himself," she said.

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The farm-house had never been so lonely as after the departure of Lizzie and Alice.

"What a pity, mother, we have n't as many children as the patriarchs were blessed with—then the loss of three would not make such a vacancy in the family. I am thinking we had better be looking up some orphans."

"We should find few like Alice."

"That is true; I hope prosperity will not turn her head."

"True gold bears the fire," said Mrs. Sewall.

A year passed very quietly in the family, enlivened by occasional letters from Jerry, who had been very busy in his employment, and had now gone to Europe with Mr. Schmidt. Suddenly the village of Mapleton was full of whispered gossip—it was all in whispers for awhile.

"No, you don't say so! It can't be, Spicer is such a good man. He's been a member of the church for twenty years!" says one. "I guess it is true," said another. "I hope it is not true," said Deacon Burr, mildly; "I should be sorry to have such disgrace brought upon the church, but I have had my fears that Spicer has forgotten to adorn his profession; he has neglected the ordinances of God, and sometimes I have been afraid, he was n't quite honest with me in the sale of the factory stocks."

"I guess his wife will not hold her head quite so high hereafter," said some who had been a little envious of Mrs. Spicer's new bonnets and new furniture.

"Time will reveal it," said those who minded their own Busines, and had no time for gossip.

"Martha must be taken away from there," said Mr. Sewall, who was an overseer of the poor, "and, wife, if you will have a little oversight of her, I will send her to the town farm; Mrs. Bissel will be kind and judicious."

And, as our readers are perhaps interested to learn a little more of poor Martha's history, we too will make a call at this home for the poor. The farm was about a mile from the centre of Mapleton, and contained three hundred acres under good cultivation. The house is large, fences and barns in good repair, and the cattle sleek and fat; they have sought the open air this winter's day, and are sunning themselves in the spacious barnyard, which, having a southern exposure, and littered with fresh, clean straw, is quite attractive to them.

A sleigh has just driven to the door, and two ladies alight. Ay! beneath that silk hood we see the laughing, black eyes of Hannah, and her more sedate companion is the minister's wife, Lizzie.

"Good morning, ladies," said Mrs. Bissel, the superintendent's wife; "I am glad you have come, for old Mrs. Downer is fretting about her rheumatism, and says nothing will cure it but Miss Lizzie's liniment, put on by her own soft hands,—and Aunt Eunice says she 'haint hearn a mite of good reading since Hannah was here;' 'somehow or nother,' she says, 'the promises go right down smooth into her heart, when she reads, but they stick like choke-cherries when Sam Burns reads, his voice is so like a handsaw.' But, come, sit nearer the fire; aint your hands most frozen, Miss Hannah?"

"Oh, no; you see I am well-protected," and she drew off a pair of white yarn mittens, and then a pair of gloves. "How is Uncle Paul to day?"

"He's no better; he's most home, he says. I hope you'll not forget to sing, 'On Jordan's stormy banks.' He was wishing this morning that spring would come, so that he could step once more upon the fresh ground; but then, said he,

'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green,'

and I shall soon be walking in them. Poor man! he has had a hard life of it, and no wonder he is willing to go. Old Mr. Barnes was here this morning, after some cattle, and I asked him if he did n't want to see Uncle Paul, as he was very feeble."

"No," he said; "he was in a hurry to get home."

"I believe a curse will rest upon his farm and all his posterity," said Hannah. "Only think, Uncle Paul worked faithfully for him more than thirty years, and upon the smallest wages; scarcely enough to feed and clothe him, and now the good but simple man is turned off upon the town in his old age, and Barnes is the richest man we have."

"Uncle Paul has laid up his treasure in heaven, and Mr. Barnes his upon earth," said Lizzie.

As they were talking a little girl entered. "Aunte, you are wanted up in Martha's room," she whispered to Mrs. Bissel.

The matron excused herself, and little Bessie turned to Hannah, with whom she was quite familiar—"Have you seen the baby?"

"No dear, whose baby?"

"Why, Martha's; I've only had one peep at it, but I guess it's a nice little baby, for it don't cry any, and its name is Lotty."

"Why, Mrs. Bissel, you did n't tell us the news," said Hannah, as the lady reappeared.

"Lawful sake, my dear young lady, have n't you heard of that before? It was born last Sunday, and your father was over, bright and early Monday morning, with everything for the comfort of mother and child, and handed me ten dollars (Spicer's money, you know) that she might not want for anything. You can't imagine how the poor creature has altered within a week; she's gentle as a lamb. I know it does a woman's heart good to have a child; it makes the roughest mild; but this is the greatest change I ever saw in anybody, and to my eye she looks better than she did; but you must see for yourself."

"Is she able to see any one?"

"La! yes, she's the toughest knot I ever saw. Nancy Jenkins was with her when the child was born, and she said—"

"'Well, I guess, Martha, you suffer enough to make you repent your misdeeds.'

"'Suffer!' said she, while the sweat stood in great drops on her forehead, and I thought she must die. (such things go very hard with deformed folks.) 'Suffer! I have been through more horrible things than this in my life, many, many times. I only wish the pain would kill me.'

"'But when I brought the baby, all dressed, and laid it down beside her, and said—'Martha, you have a daughter; a beautiful infant it is, too,' she looked at it, examined its little body, and saw it was a perfect child, she burst into tears, the first tear I ever saw her shed, drew the child close to her, kissed it, and then closing her eyes and clasping her hands, prayed that God would forgive her many sins, and let her live. Since then she has not seemed the same person that she was before. Indeed, I believe she has been more sinned against than sinning. What a fright she was when she came here! Her hair cut short like a boy's, and her form more like what we expect in a married woman than a girl. Mrs. Spicer cut her hair, because she took a notion to comb and brush it, and make it look something like Miss Spicer's."

"Oh that was cruel!" said Hannah.

"It don't begin with some of their treatment to her; her back was literally scarred over with their beatings. They had done it to make her lay the sin at somebody's else door besides Mr. Spicer's. But they might have killed her, and, with her dying breath, she'd have sworn the child was his. Now nobody doubts it. Did you know that after they expelled him from the church, they found him to be a dishonest man, too? It seems he kept the bag, as Judas did, and, like him, he had sold his Lord for money. But I have n't cried so this many a day, as I did this morning. My husband met little Johnny, and asked him to jump into his sleigh and take a ride—everybody likes to help Johnny along, because he's so weakly."

"'Now you just stop here a few minutes, Johnny,' my husband said, 'and I'll carry you home.'"

Johnny was very much pleased to call, and came up to me, and, whispering in my ear, said—

"May I see Martha?"

"Yes, indeed," I said; "so, wiping my hands, I left my dishes, and showed him up into Martha's room."

She took his hand as he offered it to her, and, drawing him near to her, kissed his white forehead, and I could see the tears come in her eyes.

"Is n't it a beautiful little baby, Johnny? And it's *mine*, Johnny, *my own* little Lotty—you know I used to tell you about the Lotty I lost—now, God has given me another."

"And do you love God, now, Martha?"

"I want to love him, Johnny, I want to praise him, but I have been so wicked."

"Jesus Christ came to save the lost, the wicked; you must not doubt his power."

"No, no, I will not any more," said Martha, "and, Johnny, will you pray for me to-night in your little room?"

"I do every day, Martha."

"You are almost an angel, Johnny."

"No, no, do n't say so, Martha; you know I'm not good, though I do try to be, but I hope to be an angel, soon. I feel weaker and weaker every day. I think of heaven more and more."

"Poor child," said Martha, "I do wish you could come and live at the poor-house. I believe you would grow strong and healthy; only see little Bessie."

"I wish I could," said Johnny, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, "then I could see good Uncle Paul every day."

My husband was ready, and called Johnny. He stopped a moment longer, and took a paper out of his pocket. It contained a little box, and in the box was a plain gold ring, carefully laid on cotton wool.

"I want you to keep this for Lotty," he said, "it was my mother's."

"Come, Johnny," said my husband, from the doorway.

Poor Martha could not say "good bye," the tears choked her so.

Lizzie and Hannah enjoyed their call upon Martha very much, and the latter's first question, after receiving the compliments paid to her body, was to ask for Alice.

"We had a letter this very week," said Hannah; "only think! one from her and one from Jerry at the same time, though one is in France, and the other in England. Jerry had just arrived at Havre, and he is going to visit all the great cities of France with Mr. Clarke, and see the various kinds of machinery,—then they go to England, where they will, inspect all the railroads. He sent letters to us all, including one to Alice, which we shall send her. How surprised he will be to learn from our next letters, that her father is living, and that she is a 'real lady,' in the world's sense, now; she was always one at heart."

"Will she ever come back?" said Martha.

"Yes, I hope so," said Lizzy, "but not for five years from the time she went. Her father prefers that she should be educated in England, where her uncle resides. This uncle is a clergyman, her mother's only brother, and anxious to have her remain with him. She writes us a very long letter, and gives us a description of her music and French teachers, and of the course of reading which she pursues under her uncle's superintendence. She is delighted with the country, the cottages, the green hedges, the curious and quaint old castles; why, the whole land is like a garden, she writes. She took pains to visit some of the finest farms, and wrote descriptions of them to father; and to mother, she wrote about the great dairies there, and, only think, a box came to us this morning full of presents, two splendid muffs, real martin, for Hannah and myself, with tippets to match, and Martha, she has n't forgotten you, either, for there is a piece of very nice, soft, brown Thibet, marked 'for Martha,' and a book mark, with a passage of scripture wrote on it."

"I know what it is," said Martha; "Come unto me —— But did n't she remember Johnny?"

"Remember Johnny?" said Hannah, "why, you do n't suppose she'd forget him, do you? She sent him a large book, full of very fine engravings, all taken from Bible scenes. But we will come some day, and bring our gifts, and let you see them; I wanted to shine in my new furs to-day, but Lizzy said 'No, not to-day.' But I will not be so modest next time, for it would do Uncle Paul's heart good to see them, and Aunt Eunice will stroke them with her poor, withered hands, and say, as she did to the lamb's-wool comforter I knit last winter—'soft as a mouse's ear; they'll keep the rheumatiz out of your young bones, gals.' And that reminds me that I must go and read a chapter to the good woman."

"Certainly Martha did look better," thought the young ladies, as they rose to take their leave of her. Her hair, which had grown some, was parted smoothly under a neat muslin cap; the frills of her white, loose dress, were plaited, and the bed, in its pretty patchwork quilt, and the coarse, but spotless white sheets, gave an air of comfort and tidiness to the room. Martha's eyes were not so fierce, but their expression was tender and soft, and the voice less harsh, while the face was smooth and more delicate.

As the ladies passed from Martha's room to the "old ladies' chamber," they met "Simple Sally," as one of the inmates was called, who was not endowed with the usual modicum of sense. She was very fleshy, with a round moon of a face, a moon without any volcanic ridges of passion or thought. Around her neck was a string of gold beads, and a pewter plate, attached to a tow string. Her gown was red flannel, set off by a bright, yellow cape upon her shoulders, on her feet a pair of very pointed white kid shoes, over coarse blue stockings, while a freemason's apron, of embroidered silk, completed her toilet. She came along, courtesying to the ladies.

"Me a baby! me a baby! come and see!"

They followed her, and she led them into a room, where, snugly put to bed, lay a gaudily dressed doll. Hannah praised it prodigiously, and promised it a new dress, and some candy, which promise filled up Sally's measure of happiness for that day. The old ladies' room is well warmed, carpeted with a good home-spun carpet, the gift of Mrs. Sewall, and abundantly supplied with rocking-chairs. Four old women—one blind, one rheumatic, a third lame, and a fourth worn and weary with trouble and sickness,—have found this quiet home, drifted here to decay, after a fierce battle with wind and wave. Hannah's reading, and Lizzie's prayer, and the music of their blended voices, in the old-fashioned hymns, are moral sunshine to these poor women.

A walk through the house would show the visitor a good supply of physical comfort. There is plenty of beef, and pork, and lard, and great pots of nice butter,—no lack of substantial food.

"It's no bad place, that farm of mine," well might Uncle Venna have said. "The truth is, 'Squire Sewall is overseer of the poor, and he has, as some think, queer notions about poor folks. Many grumbled when he proposed to buy this farm, and said, 'why, it is one of the best in town.' 'So much the better to make money from,' said Mr. Sewall."

"What's the use of hiring Bissel," said Farmer Barnes; "here's Parsons will take it for fifty dollars less."

"And run the town in debt by his carelessness," replied Sewall.

"Paint a poorhus!" exclaimed Farwell; "just as if an unpainted house, like my own, is n't good enough for a *pauper's!*"

"Economy, economy, my friend," said Mr. Sewall; "it will last longer."

"You'll economize us into good, round taxes, 'Squire."

"We'll see, we'll see," said Mr. Sewall, "and if so, I'll promise to pay your share."

And they did see that under the "'Squire's" management, with his faithful coadjutor, Bissel, and, I might add, his still more efficient aid, Mrs. Bissel, the town farm proved good property, and was the pride and boast of the very men who opposed its purchase.

"Truly," said Mr. Sewall, "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these, ye have done it unto me.' I was striving to make a good home for the unfortunate, and God has rewarded us, as if our money had been at interest in his treasury."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SUSIE.

BY E. F. WYETH.

Falls the rain gently
On her low bed;
Flowers are shedding
Pearls on her head.

Sleeping so quietly
Under the sod—
Calmly reposing,
Her spirit with God.

Trusting in mercy,
Where is the sting?
Death has no prison—
Only a wing.

Lay her down gently,
Sweetly to sleep;
She's in a better land—
Why do you weep?

Better and happier,
Freed from all pain,
Would you recall her
Back here again?

Mystic the portal
Through which she's gone;
But we shall follow
Many, ere long.

Twine, then, sweet roses
All round the tomb—
Robe it in glory—
Despoil it of gloom.

WINTER HILL, MAY, 1858.

Never compare thy condition with those above thee: but, to secure thy content, look upon those thousands with whom thou wouldst not, for any interest, change thy fortune and condition.

This is a wise rule, but seldom studied enough and observed: To spend where discretion bids thee spend, and spare where discretion bids thee spare.

THE DUEL;

OR, A BRAVE COWARD.

"Connor! my dear friend, hear reason?"

"Reason! you know, Sealy, how long I have tried to be calm, and to shut my eyes and ears to what was passing around me. I have sought not to see the contemptuous glance, not to hear the mocking laugh; but to be openly branded with the name of *coward*—that I cannot, I will not bear."

"But tell me, Connor, are you not fully convinced of the utter absurdity and wickedness of what is commonly called 'satisfaction?'"

"Fully."

"Do you think it just that a man should expiate the offence of a hasty word with his life?"

"I do not."

"And would you, to gratify the blood-thirsty spirit of people who are utterly indifferent to you, take away the life of another, or sacrifice your own?"

"Ah! no. But, Sealy, to be called a coward! to be ——"

"Stop, my dear fellow, and hear me. Suppose when Travers insulted you, and you resented his insult, that you accepted his challenge, and met him, and that with your unerring aim you sent a bullet through his head or heart—would you, Connor, ever forgive yourself? would not the stain of his blood lie ever on your hands?"

"I know it," said Connor, gloomily, "but ——"

"Then look at the other alternative. Fancy yourself a pale, bloody corpse, borne into the presence of your wife, your own sweet Kate, and my darling sister. Fancy your two little ones, orphans, calling for their father, not knowing that he was laid in a duellist's unhonored grave. Oh! my brother, you could not have the heart to do it!"

"I know it all, and would dare it all, rather than die, as I do, a thousand deaths, daily, were it not for one thing—the promise I made my father on his dying bed."

"Your father was a very brave soldier; and I have heard him say, that of all his scars, there was but one of which he was ashamed—that which he had received in a duel."

"Yes, that was the fatal duel in which, after receiving his antagonist's fire, he shot him dead. They were brother officers, had fought together side by side, and loved each other dearly, when an unfortunate misunderstanding at the mess-table resulted in a duel. And therefore did my father exact from me, a few hours before his death, a solemn promise that *I would never write, deliver, or accept a challenge to fight a duel.*"

"Keep to that promise, Harry," said his brother-in-law, solemnly, "and in the long run you'll find no cause to repent it."

Yet in society, and especially in Irish society of thirty years ago, it was a hard trial to go through. Henry Connor was a landed proprietor in the County Tipperary, and had hitherto led a happy and prosperous life in that fire-eating locality. He possessed a handsome residence, where, with his lovely young wife, the only sister of his friend and neighbor, Charles Sealy, and his two children, he dwelt, enjoying the friendship and respect of all around. It happened one day that, in his capacity of magistrate, he attended a Presentment Sessions in the neighborhood. A Mr. Travers, an extensive landed proprietor, came forward and proposed the making of a three roads, all flagrant "jobs," highly beneficial, indeed, to his own property, but not of the slightest use to the country at large. Mr. Connor firmly opposed their being passed, and succeeded in having the two first thrown out, while the rate-payers cheered, and the brow of the discomfited jobber grew dark with rage. The third was proposed, and being, if possible, a more flagrant "job" than the others, Mr. Connor said:—

"Mr. Chairman, I regret to be again compelled to oppose a presentment that a brother magistrate is so anxious to carry."

"I do it for the public good!" interrupted Travers, amidst cries of "Hear! hear!" from his own partizans, and of "Oh! oh!" from the rate-payers.

"Mr. Travers may, no doubt, deceive himself into the idea that the making of this new road, at a heavy cost to the county, would be for the public good; but, in point of fact, I assert that the public have no interest in it whatever, and that it would benefit his property alone. I appeal to the rate-payers if this be not true?"

Those appealed to cried out unanimously: "It is! it is! there cannot be a doubt of it."

"It is not true!" shouted Travers, springing on the table, and furiously shaking his clenched hand at Connor.

"I now assert that it *is* true!" said the latter, firmly.

"And I repeat, it is not! and you know nothing about it, or you would not say what you have said."

"I know the property; I know the whole of the intended line; and I deliberately assert that its passing would be of no good to the public, but a gross wrong to the rate-payers."

Here the last-named gentlemen cheered vociferously, while the jobbers as lustily counter-cheered.

"'Tis false! 'tis a lie!" yelled Travers; and, rushing towards Connor, he raised his fist to strike him in the face; but the latter, whose physical strength far exceeded that of his antagonist, quietly grappled him, and, without exhibiting any sign of discomposure, threw him backwards amongst the crowd.

The excitement that ensued was equalled only by the confusion. Amidst shouting, screaming, pushing, cries of "hold them!" "chair!" "the police!" both gentlemen were forced away by their respective friends, and business was suffered to proceed. But the spirit of jobbery was crushed for that day.

Henry Connor returned home that evening gloomy and depressed. The watchful eye of his fond wife soon perceived that something was amiss; her brother Charles dined with them; the dinner passed off heavily enough, and shortly after Mrs. Connor retired to the drawing-room.

"Harry, I know it all! Saunders told me all that occurred in the court, and I highly approve of what you have done," said his brother-in-law, as soon as they were left to themselves.

"I am glad to hear you say so, Charles; but I am afraid that evil will come of it."

"Nonsense, man! you do n't mean to fight?"

"'Tis on that very account that I foresee evil. Fight, I will not; fight, you know, I cannot—and, Sealy, if I could, I ought not."

"I am glad, from my soul, to hear you say so, Harry; for, I assure you, you have taken a load from off my mind. Though I knew how right your principles were, and how deeply you revere the memory and teaching of your gallant father, still I felt and feel that a struggle is before you. Travers was fit to be tied, as Saunders told me, and was carried off to the house of the Chairman of the Sessions, who, by the way, is the prince of jobbers, and no friend of yours. Be sure that mischief is brewing by this."

"I know it, I know it; God give me resolution to meet it!"

"God *will* give it to you, my dear brother."

"But what will they all say of me, if I refuse to ——"

"To what!—is it to make a fool of yourself? Tut, man, let them think what they may. If you satisfy your own conscience, and obey the desire of one of the bravest men that ever wore a sword, what need you care for the folly of a score of brainless puppies, or the ferocity of half a dozen worthless knaves, whose constant aim is to serve their own interests, under the pretence of benefiting the public?"

Connor shook his head, and nothing more passed on the subject that evening.

On the morrow, the expected challenge from Mr. Travers arrived, and was met by Mr. Connor with a calm and firm refusal to fight. This conduct, so utterly unprecedented at that time in Ireland, drew down on Connor a species of moral martyrdom, very difficult to endure. Quick, proud, and sensitive, he read aversion and contempt in the altered manner of those with whom he was before in the habit of associating upon the most intimate terms. In a few months after the collision at the Sessions, the annual ball was announced. Hitherto, among the list of stewards, Connor's name had always stood high; this time it did not appear at all. To mend the matter, he was informed, "in strict confidence," of course, by a "good-natured friend," that his name had been proposed at the committee, and balloted for, and that he had but two white balls, all the others being black.

"I do not wish—indeed, it would be very wrong in me, to tell you what occurred; for there is no use in it. But, Connor, be assured that *I* did not desert you; *I* am not one of those who forget an old friend," said this blockhead, with a magnanimous and patronizing air, that actually maddened, while it humiliated his unhappy victim.

"Thank you, thank you!" said Connor, in a tone of suppressed agitation.

"Not at all, not at all, my dear boy; I considered it my duty—hem!—*under the circumstances*—hem!"

"Good bye, sir, good bye!" and Connor crushed the fingers of the little man, as if the unhappy digits had been caught in a vice.

"Hah! by Jove, Connor, you *are* strong! by Jove, you do squeeze!" half whimpered the owner of the aggrieved members. "But stay; tell me, are you going to the ball?"

"Yes—no—why?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing worth speaking of—only—"

"Well, I *am* going; I shall go. Good bye."

Half the country was assembled at the ball, including the whole of the joboeracy. Connor and Sealy entered, as a pause occurred in the dancing, and the company were broken into groups. To one of these, consisting of a knot of gentlemen, who seemed enjoying some peculiarly pleasant subject of conversation, Connor approached; but no sooner was his presence perceived, than the most decorous gravity took possession of all their countenances. One or two coldly tendered the hand; others formally bowed; more stared; and on one excuse or another they all separated, leaving Connor overwhelmed with rage and mortification. Every eye in the room, as he felt, was turned upon him in scorn and detestation; even the sweet, merry laugh of happy girlhood thrilled through him; for, to his excited brain, it rang in derision of "the coward." And there was Travers, the life and soul of the company, at the other end of the room—smiling, chatting, bowing, laughing—surrounded by a number of the first men in the county, who seemed to listen to him with great deference.

To poor Connor, as he stood alone, the sight was torture.

"Father, father!" he muttered hoarsely to himself, "what have you made me endure! They laugh at me—they point at me! shall I walk up to them, and insult him—insult them all? I will—I will!"

And, with dilated eye and clenched hand, Connor was actually about carrying his desperate resolve into execution, when, happily, Sealy looked towards him as he was making his way up the room, and immediately went to him. Laying his hand on his arm, he whispered:—"Harry, remember your promise—your father! Kate!"

"Go, go—leave me!"

"See, my dear fellow, they are beginning to stare at us—let us not make ourselves ridiculous, for the amusement of these boobies and dolls. Courage, Harry, courage!"

"Well, then, let us go—let us go."

"By all means; and remember that Kate is not well, and will be remaining up for you. Come."

They left the room, but not before Connor fancied he heard his name mentioned by one of the lady-wits of the county, and the sound followed by a loud laugh.

"Sealy," said he, on the following morning, "if I could but prove to those sneering devils that I am not a *coward;* if I could but show them that—"

"You may have the opportunity sooner than you imagine," interrupted his friend; "for, from all I can gather, the condition of the county is becoming more alarming every day."

In a few days the prognostic was fulfilled. It happened that Mr. Travers had recently evicted a number of small farmers and cottiers from a property that fell into his hands by the dropping of a lease of lives held by a middleman; and the ejection was carried out under circumstances of great harshness. Those who knew the temper of the people in the County Tipperary some thirty years since, forbode a disaster. Nor were they mistaken. About a fortnight after these evictions, it happened that Mr. Connor set out one morning to walk to the neighboring town, the distance not being very great, and the weather extremely fine. In those times, and in that locality, it was customary for gentlemen to carry arms about their persons whenever they went from home, and he accordingly put a pair of loaded pistols into the pockets of his outside coat. The road to the town, though a public thoroughfare, was still not much frequented. As Connor came to a sharp angle in it, he thought he heard voices high in anger, and then a wild cry for "mercy!" Drawing forth his pistols, he hurried on, and soon turned the angle, when a fearful sight presented itself. On his knees, in the middle of the road, knelt a man, whose soiled and torn clothes gave sufficient indication of his having been engaged in a violent struggle; and, right before him, stood a huge fellow, with a shot gun presented point-blank at the head of him who knelt; and so near him, that he might have felt

the cold iron of its muzzle on his clammy brow. Three other men, all of whom were armed with guns or sticks, stood coolly aside, having evidently delegated the task of the murder to their leader. On the other side of the road, and almost in the ditch, stood a horse and gig; the horse deliberately searching for a few blades of short grass that grew amidst the furze and brambles.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the wretched man, while the very intensity of horror was stamped on his livid face.

"Mercy!—mercy to *you!*" said the leader, as he lowered his gun for a moment; "did *you* show mercy to my children and to *my* ould father, when I went down on my knees to you, and the devils were flingin' all we had in the world tut of doors? Mercy! och, wisha! that 's good!"

And the fellow laughed, bitterly and wildly, as he again raised the gun to the level and covered his victim.

"Mercy! mercy, for Christ's sake!" shrieked the unfortunate man, in the ecstacy of agony.

"There 's none for ye—there, take *that!*" And his finger was pressing the trigger, when a shot was heard: the gun dropped from his hand, and he fell dead upon the road—a bullet having crushed through his brain, at the very moment when he was about hurrying a fellow-creature into eternity.

"We 're sould—we 're sould!" cried the three fellows as they saw their leader fall.

"Shoot him, Mick—shoot him—down with him!" shouted one savage, as the three rushed on the kneeling man, who, stupified with horror, was scarcely conscious of being alive.

"Back! back!" cried a terrible voice that rang again in the clear morning air. "There! you ruffians!" And as Mick presented his gun, his right arm fell broken by his side, shattered by a bullet from Connor's second pistol.

"Up, Travers! up, man! you 're saved!"

Connor could say no more, for he had to parry a wicked blow aimed at him with a knotted stick, which came rattling down on the barrel of the pistol. Rushing in on the ruffian, Connor seized the stick, when a desperate struggle ensued. As Connor was just turning the weapon from his assailant, his companion ran to the rescue, roaring out:—

"Stay, hould him, Darby, an' I 'll settle him!" And he lifted a tremendous club to strike Connor on the head. But just as the blow was about to descend, he was seized from behind, and vigorously flung upon the earth.

It was Travers, who was now able to come to his deliverer's assistance.

At once the tide of battle was changed. Connor's assailant fled; the man thrown down by Travers was bound by him and Connor; while the third lay yelling in mortal agony, and the fourth was lying extended in death.

"Connor, Connor, what do I not owe you? you whom I called a *coward*, and hated as an enemy! Connor, will you, can you forgive me? I would go on my knees to ask your—"

"For God's sake, Travers, do not—come, man, we are friends; we shall be brothers." And Connor clasped Travers in his arms, and tears stood in the eyes of both.

"This day has made me a better man; and as long as I live, I will remember that a man may refuse to fight a duel, and yet *not be a coward*," said Travers, solemnly, as he wrung the hand of his former opponent.

"It is God's providence; let us give him thanks!" said Connor, as he raised his hat, and reverently bowed his head.

Written for the Banner of Light.

The Diamond Ear-ring.

BY AGNES J. CARRA.

Bright, beautiful Valeria el Deliente! How shall I describe her? Assist me, all ye muses, while with my pen I strive to paint the portrait of the lovely Cuban. She had a high, pure brow, shaded by heavy curls of a dark brown hue, eyes in whose liquid blue depths were mirrored every passing emotion of the soul, cheeks suffused with the faintest blush of the delicate sea-shell, lips delicately chiseled, and dyed with the rosiest hue of the red sea-coral, and a form such as artists paint and poets dream of.

Donna Valeria, the only child of Don Juan el Deliente, was the pride of her widowed father's heart—the fairest among the fair Havanese—the belle of Havana, and the "observed of all observers."

On the evening of the sixteenth anniversary of her birth-day, a gay company were assembled in *Castiglio el Deliente*. Valeria was the cynosure of all eyes. She was attired in a dress of richest lace; a diamond star glittered above her brow, and nestled among her clustering curls; a diamond necklace flashed dazzlingly around her white neck, and a pair of *diamond ear-rings* depended from her ears. A long white ribbon, plain in the extreme, crossed her right shoulder, and was fastened on the left side by a small, heart-shaped buckle. This ribbon, she laughingly declared, she would give to the cavalier who gave her the most pleasure on this, her sixteenth birth-day.

At this declaration, many eyes turned toward the handsome Spaniard, Don Enrico de Lovea, while others thought the American, Edgar Wilton, would get it.

"Nay," cried Valeria; "you must not think I will give it to Enrico, if he *is* my cousin!" As she spoke, her eyes wandered around the room, as if in search of one thing she did not see.

A little negro boy came stealing along cautiously until he reached her side, then, slipping a note into her hand, he fled from the room, regardless of ceremony.

A moment after, Valeria opened the note, and a joyful flush overspread her face as she recognized the well-known writing. Behold her, reader, gliding from the room!

As she entered the library, a young man rose before her, and, clasping her hand, exclaimed:

"I pray you pardon me, Valeria, for not accepting your invitation. However favorably you may regard the poor artist, others do not like him so well."

We would have known he was an artist, and a poet, reader, even if he had not told it. His light hair fell in wavy masses around his poet's brow, and his blue eyes were lighted up with intellect and love.

"Now, Claude," answered Valeria, earnestly, "no more of this—you are too sensitive."

She looked eagerly up into his face, and for the first time noticing his sad brow, she said:

"Why do you look so sad, dear Claude?"

"Valeria, darling," answered he, gently, "I must leave you for a time. I can never hope to call you mine until I win fame and fortune. To-morrow I leave for Rome."

"Oh, Claude!" It was all she said, but it spoke volumes. What an agony of grief trembled in her tones!

"And do you really feel very sad about it?" said he, in a half-questioning tone.

"Claude, I am very sorry that you must go; but it will be best. Yes; go, dear Claude, and when you return you will find that Valeria has been constant and true. Here—take this, and *never* part with it." She unclasped one of her splendid diamond ear-rings, and laid it in his hand. His arm encircled her waist, as he put the ear-ring to his lips and replied:

"Never will I part with it, darling. If you ever see it in other hands, you may call me a recreant lover. In three years I will be back to claim my bride!"

He pressed her to his bosom in one long, fervent embrace, gave her the farewell kiss, and darted from the room.

"Poor Valeria! She crushed back the rising tears, and, trying to force a smile, re-entered the drawing-room.

"Where is your ribbon?" questioned Don Enrico, as she passed him with a slow, languid step.

She started, laid her hand upon her bosom, but the ribbon was gone!

"I will replace it," she said, and ran lightly away. When she returned, a rich white satin ribbon fell over her shoulder, and pearl pendants were in her ears.

The evening wore on; and when at last the white ribbon adorned the bosom of Edgar Wilton, the old Don smiled approvingly upon his fair daughter.

It is with the ear-ring given to the care of Claude de Gonzalez that we have to do. He left *Castiglio el Deliente* with the ear-ring, ribbon and buckle pressed close to his heart. We will not follow him in all his travels, for I like it not, but visit him after he has been established some six months in Florence.

He has been to Rome, studied the "old masters," and is now painting in Florence.

It is just one year since he bade Valeria farewell, and of her he is thinking now. A lady is sitting for her portrait. Beautiful she certainly is, but oh, how widely different from Valeria! Zenaide Gazello was a Florentine lady of high birth and fortune—the firmest friend and most liberal patron of Claude. She was a tall, queenly lady, with eyes and hair of midnight hue, a low brow, and sweet, curling lips. She loved the artist-stranger, who was fast rising to eminence in his profession—for he possessed genius of a high order. She sought his friendship, and gained it.

But she saw that he was not thinking of the face before him, and when he had made the eyes of a heavenly blue instead of a jetty black, she spoke.

"Claude," said she, "of whom are you thinking?"

"Of one far away, lady," he answered sadly—"one who— But I will not trouble you with my confidence."

"Tell me!" cried she, eagerly. "Give me your confidence, Claude!"

He smiled lightly as he answered:

"I was thinking of a Cuban lady—one that I love, oh, so tenderly! She is very lovely—but you shall judge for yourself."

He lifted a curtain that hung before a picture, and disclosed the lovely face of Valeria. She was dressed as she was when he last saw her, and wore but one ear-ring.

"She is very beautiful," exclaimed Zenaide; "but why does she wear but one ring? Come, tell me all about it—her name, too. I am going to Cuba ere long, and if I meet your beautiful lady I will tell her of her faithful lover, and be her friend, also."

Had Claude seen the malignant flash of her black eye, as she uttered the last words, he would surely have paused ere he confided his secret to her; but he saw it not, and seating himself beside her, he told her all.

"See," said he; "here is the ribbon I took from her that last evening, and here is the ear-ring." He took them from a small case attached to a chain which he wore around his neck, and laid them in her hand.

"More precious to you than the mines of Golconda," said she, as she gave them back. "But see! I have already overstayed my time. I must away. Adieu!"

She hurried from the room, and, as she threw herself back in her carriage, muttered:

"I must get that ear-ring by some means; it matters not how. Yes, I will tell of the *faithful one*."

Some six or eight months after this, Claude was pacing his room with an almost bursting heart. His ear-ring and ribbon were gone! They had been taken from his bosom while he slept. He went to his friend Zenaide; she wept for his loss, sympathised with him in his distress, advised him what to do—and held the cherished prizes concealed in her bosom!

o o o o o o

Just two years from the time Claude bade Valeria the last farewell, her numerous friends crowded around her again. This is Valeria's eighteenth birth-day, and we see here some who did not grace the sixteenth. One there is with jet black eyes and hair, who moves a very queen among the fairy-like Havana ladies. She was dressed richly, and the plain white ribbon crossing her right shoulder, fastened with a tiny gold buckle, looked strangely out of place. The ribbon was dingy, too, as if with age. Valeria noticed the buckle, and drawing nearer to the dark lady she lightly touched the ribbon, and said:

"Your ribbon is very plain, compared with the rest of dress, Zenaide; where did you get it?"

It had been part of the crafty woman's policy to gain the friendship of Valeria before she wore the ribbon, that she might with seeming propriety tell her of her lover, and now she answered:

"Come out here, Valeria, and I will tell you; but you must promise secrecy. This ribbon," she continued, as soon as they reached the balcony, "was given to me by one of your countrymen. He exacted a promise from me that I would wear it. I gave the promise, and I wear the ribbon. I will tell you more, Valeria; I am betrothed to him, and we will marry when I go back to Italy. He gave me this, also,"—she drew a small velvet case from her bosom—"and told me, if I found the lady who had one like it, to remember what he said when he received it. You must assist me in my search for the lady, Valeria."

She turned to the light, and unclasped the case. There on its bed of snow-white velvet lay the ear-ring that two years ago Valeria had given to Claude!

Valeria grasped the glittering diamonds; and while an ashy paleness overspread her face, she gasped:

"His name!"

"Claude de Gonzalez," answered Zenaide, slowly.

A piercing shriek rang out upon the silent air, startling the guests of Donna Valeria into silence. Again and again it was heard. The ladies turned pale and trembled; the gentlemen rushed out upon the balcony. Valeria was reclining upon a soft lounge, pale and motionless, while the dark Zenaide hung over her like some spirit of evil. She snatched the fatal ear-ring from the almost lifeless hand and concealed it, as Don Juan lifted his child and bore her into the house. The guests quietly dispersed, wondering what the Italian had said to Valeria.

Valeria awoke to consciousness, but, alas, not to reason. Donna Valeria, the beautiful and gifted young Cuban, was a maniac!

One more year passed away on leaden wings, and the sorrowing father was still with his maniac child in *Castiglio el Deliente*. It was her nineteenth birth-day, but no friends were there to congratulate the fair Valeria. Don Juan had never been seen in company since that heavy sorrow fell upon his child, crushing her bright intellect with its weight.

The castle was all dark, save one room, and there sat Don Juan with his daughter. He was trying to read, while Valeria reclined upon a couch, holding a diamond ear-ring in her thin hands, and murmuring, "Claude, Claude." The door was suddenly opened, and a gentleman richly attired walked in, carefully closing the door behind him. Don Juan rose to receive him, and as the light fell full upon the stranger's face he almost shrieked, "*Claude Gonzalez!*" As the name passed his lips Valeria sprang to her feet and murmured "Claude!"

"Yes, Claude, Valeria; I am here as I promised," and once again he folded her to his bosom. As he bent over her with loving words upon his lips, he was suddenly startled by a wild scream, and Valeria tearing herself from his arms, cried—"Claude! Claude!" then shriek after shriek rent the air until at last she fell back exhausted.

In horror and amazement Claude looked from Valeria to her father, as if asking an explanation. The black eyes of the old Don flashed brightly, as he exclaimed in a voice trembling with passion:

"I have sworn to take your life, but not here!"

He glanced at Valeria, and grasping his light poignard, was leading the way from the room when the door was again opened, and Zenaide Gazzello entered. Claude looked at her in surprise, while the old Don frowned darkly. Drawing the folds of her crimson shawl closely around her, she threw back her long veil, and advancing to Claude's side, exclaimed—

"I am not a welcome visitor, it seems? Well, I care not. Dost thou know what it is to love, Signor Claude? Dost *thou* know what it is to desire revenge, Don Juan?"

He did not answer the question, but clutched his poignard in a firmer grasp, while his eyes glared furiously at Claude.

"Ha! ha!" she wildly laughed, "thou seem'st to know right well what it is, Don Juan, and so do I; I have loved, but the love I craved in return was lavished on another. I could not win it, and I sought revenge. I had it in my power to kill my rival, but *that* would have been poor revenge for *me*," her voice took a low, mocking tone. "I tried a finer, a more exquisite torture. I told her, her lover was false—I was revenged! Claude, behold my work! your bride is a maniac!"

Don Juan sprang forward, but Zenaide eluded his grasp, and with a wild laugh fled from the room.

Claude sank upon his knees beside Valeria's couch and gazed into her beautiful eyes—beautiful, notwithstanding the light of reason had fled from them. Ah! 'twas a mournful sight to see that strong man weep like a child, and call upon his love by every tender name to give him one glance. Day after day he sought her side, seeking by every means to call back the goddess who had fled from the beautiful temple. One evening he led her out upon the flower-encircled balcony, and seating himself upon a sofa, drew her down to a seat by his side, passing his arm around her. Her head sunk gently down upon his bosom and in a few moments she slept. It was a lovely night! The bright, silvery moon threw its soft, mellow beams over *Castiglio el Deliente*, bathing the dark walls in its sweet radiance. The beautiful flowers waved and nodded in the soft south breeze, shaking sweet odors from their lovely cups. The waters of the Gulf rippled with broken silver lines, and afar off reflected the moon in its bosom. The sweet, balmy air of the lovely island fanned the cheek of the sleeping Valeria, tossing her nut-brown curls over her face, giving Claude the pleasing task of holding them back. Suddenly sweet sounds of music were wafted to the ear; the tinkling sounds of a guitar, accompanied by a free, wild voice broke the stillness, as a tiny boat shot far out into the Gulf. As the sounds died away in the distance Valeria lifted her head, and slowly passing her hand over her forehead exclaimed—"What a fearful dream!" a shudder passed through her light form as she spoke.

Claude trembled with delight; for eighteen long months but one word, "Claude," had passed her lips. She looked up into his face: "Claude," she cried, "then it was all a dream, and you have n't been away at all!" Oh! the unspeakable joy that flooded Claude's heart, as he heard those low, familiar tones. He clasped her hands in his, and gently told her all; the past was to Valeria but a fearful dream. o o o

What life! what rejoicing! what gaiety, and *heart-felt thankfulness*, there was in *Castiglio el Deliente* on the evening of Valeria el Deliente's marriage with Claude de Gonzalez.

Once more Valeria and Claude stood upon the spot where Zenaide had told of Claude's faithlessness. For one instant a slight form glided before Valeria de Gonzalez, for an instant a shadow darkened her pathway, as a low voice hissed the word "Revenge!"

Impotent threat! A fearful storm arose during the night, and once above the howling of that storm a loud, wailing cry for help was heard. The next morning the lifeless form of Zenaide was found upon the pebbly beach, her tiny boat dashed to pieces. In one hand was grasped a small, pearl-hilted dagger, and in the other a "*diamond ear-ring*."

DELANCO, NEW JERSEY, 1858.

The great Dr. Johson, after his friend Garrick had taken him through the splendid apartments of his richly furnished house, and showed him his garden, blooming with rare and beautiful flowers, watered by playing fountains, said to him—"Ah! David, these are the things that make *hard death-beds*; we are loth to leave them."

As a pure spark may be stricken out by the rusty steel, so a thought of beauty may scintillate from a rough and angular soul.

Let not any passion drive thee to cruelty. Believe me, whoever acts cruelly, his heart is at that time hell, and the devil is in it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FAREWELL WORDS.

BY LILLA N. CUSHMAN.

Farewell! farewell! oh, word of mournful meaning!
The wave of sorrow surgeth o'er my heart,
For the last hopes on which my soul was leaning,
The mighty waves have torn them now apart.

Farewell! farewell! death enters now the portal,
From whence goes out the presence of thy love;
'T is as if thou indeed wert made immortal,
And took my weary soul with thee above!

Farewell! farewell! earth hath no greater sorrow—
No anguish deeper than rins one to me;
And what will be my heart upon the morrow!
Never again on EARTH to meet with thee!

Farewell! farewell! this is the last, LAST meeting;
Henceforth through coming years I walk alone—
And with a hope to still my heart's loud beating,
I summon "woman's pride" to guard each tone.

Farewell! farewell—my heart's first king—forever?
FOREVER—'tis a word so FULL of woe;
But though on earth we meet again—oh, never!
I calmly say "farewell," and bid thee go.

Life Eternal.

Communicated from the Spirit World, to a Lady of Boston.

[Through the Mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams.]

PART SEVENTH.

To what hopes, what aspirations, what works of magnitude, can the human soul aspire! According as ye now stand on the earth planet, working matter, framing and forming material, in a brighter ratio, and in the same proportion, shall the spirit of man go on, working on worlds beyond, moving great planets.

How mighty, how marvelous is this life, this power with which Divinity has endowed us. Look, mortals, on the earth planet, and see the progress going on under thy dictation; for God hath given all things into thy hands; he has given thee the power of replenishing and beautifying the earth; he hath made for thee the lower order of animal life, that it may be subservient to thy will; he has given thee this atom of thy universe, and he has told thee to go forth and labor, to multiply and replenish through time. And canst thou not make it a most sweet and comfortable abiding place? Thou canst, indeed, with the material which God has given, so soften the breezes that sweep around thy earth, that, in this age of progress, it shall be a spot where angels of love can tarry. And yet this is not in the *flowery* sense. It is by the strong muscle of man, and the still stronger intellect which God has given him, that he goes forth to work on this creation. But he goes battling in the great whirlpool of life. He goes forth hand in hand with Science. He goes with powerful motion, made from the great machinery of thought; and he whirls around the planet in rapid space, where the angel of progress writes, "time shall be no longer;" for all man's motions tend to velocity. Swiftly they bound on eagle pinions through the air. Are ye not bringing far distant lands, and the forms that dwell within them, into your bosom; into your lands of civilization; into your cities of art and refinement?

The age of progress is coming. The humble laborer, that toils among the mountains, that delves along the wayside, leveling the mighty hills, so that the plying cars of progress may run along, and take you round your planet—he labors for progression. The strong arm performs what the strong mind plans; and man, oh, mighty man, endowed with highest, noblest, brightest attributes, is making his earth a paradise. Every step of progress brings down the light of heaven. Look on his power now, and who shall say what it shall be, as he goes on and on, and rides upon the eternal waves, and floats along the stream of time, whose shores are all immortal? Who can tell what distant orb glimmers afar, that man may not some day control? Perhaps it will be to roam among the stars—to keep some glorious planet moving. Ah, how inadequate is the conception, to grasp the anticipated grandeur and power of man! See him as he walks unconscious of Divinity, through the lower world of intellect! See him struggling with inner vexations—see him passing by the life blossoms. Look on him in pity. He that has not grasped the immortal cord—he that has not stretched out his hand towards Divinity,—how slumbers the mighty powers within his soul! How dormant is the angel germ within him! He seems to be borne on in the age of progress, all unconscious of the mighty dashing waters—deaf and senseless to the great pulsations of life. Sleeping, and dreaming, and drawling soul! Thou, so sluggard, dost thou not know thou art in the temple of time? Activity calls thee to move. Vigorous life claims thee. The iron nerve of progression prompts thee to go forward. Make thyself a wide, wide boundary of duty. Fasten thy standard banner with life—eternal life. Let it float in the breeze, and go on—and on—and on, child of immortality—soul of undying powers; spirit that stays not in the tomb; child of celestial joys; seed of immortality, bloom for heaven! How rapidly we are floating! How fast the hours of life fly on! Eternity revolves, and all nature, mind and matter, is moving apace. Swiftly fly the arrows of thought; quickly come the breezes of wisdom. Fast is the chain of humanity gathering in its golden links, while the hand of time carries it unto God.

And thus we move, while life beams round us. Our bright dawn of existence ushered us into life; and we shall never find a setting sun, or even reach the noonday. Ah, no! It is all *morning*—bright and glorious morning,—heavenly sunrise,—no waning day—no fading hours—no swift decline—no passing away; but all standing with the Creator—children of one Father—flowers in one garden—*amaranthine* blossoms are we, shrouded in immortal robes—drinking from life's fountains—offsprings of eternity. We are not passing away—we are passing to life—we are budding in time. Ah, when, when, *when* shall we blossom? We will soar till the mind grows weary. We will try and taste infinity. What will our lives and occupations be, when thousands on thousands of years have rolled away, and carried us onward and upward to meet the gaze of some glorious orb, to stand amid the throng of some shining seraphs, to strike the golden lyres, to walk 'mid courts of pearly pavements, to stand in temples of golden walls, whose silvery arches are filled to the utmost with human devices and conceptions—to see the impress of poetry stamped—to gather round the crystal fount—to catch the golden plumaged birds, and talk with them in a language we shall understand! To sit in courts with mighty men, and gather in glorious amphitheatres of wisdom. To listen to the pearly drops of thoughts, which fall like sparkling diamonds. To roam in the bowers of love—sweetest, soft, congenial love. To feel no rude material breath come freezing round, but bask forever in the genial rays of the spiritual luminary of life. Soft, flowing love. In thy balmy atmosphere we can soar with spirits all refined and purified. We can sip the flowing nectars—pillow the head upon some loving form, and float on, grasping Divinity, and still have him not.

The great Omnipotent—that power which loves in advance of our being—floats down his rays of light, and sends them deep into our souls, so that on those beams our spirit flies into the centre of harmony. Then God rises higher, and spreads again his universal wings, and we soar again and fly through space, and live, and breathe forever. The varied emotions that are ours now, are the immortal emotions that will bear us there, further on in eternity. The heart of hope that glimmers now, is the same bright ray that will be hoping, shining on in that endless futurity, when millions on millions of years shall have floated far back into our past.

Each year of life is a mighty wave,—we the voyagers, floating thereon. Oh, that we could measure these powers! that man could know and feel what claims he has upon Omnipotence. But a little lower than the angels is he formed. But a brief space between him and the seraphs. And when he views the immensity of creation, and tries to scan the works of God; when he feels that he is but an offspring of Divinity, oh, must not his soul go out, and try and act a glorious part of life? Will he not struggle to keep a place in the great drama of existence? Will he not find his legitimate joys, and in confidence and living faith sail down the stream of life, float to the port of heaven, and anchor his vessel in the holy, holy stream of joy?

Write the thought—"*I am a child of eternity!*" Engrave it in the soul, and let thy actions be deeds for time immortal. Thou art filling up a mighty circle of influence; thou art sending out thy thoughts around thee, like so many flowers or thorns of life. Wilt thou make it a hedge of thorns, or a glorious surrounding of heavenly buds? Seek to know thy spiritual nature; let it be paramount, and keep material things subordinate to the mighty, heavenly influx that daily flows into thy spiritual nature.

The angel of time says, "Come." The ever-reigning king of Progress says, "Haste to my courts, for I will reign triumphant; I have purchased my right from the great kingdom of life; I will reign over you; and not a soul on earth, in heaven, or the universe, shall dare escape my power! I am the monarch of Progression; I bid you hasten. I bid you *move on*. I send my silvery, fairy wand upon the earth, and the bright electric sparks fly out, and light the pathway of man. I roam in the dark forest—the morning breeze takes me—I level the tall trees that grow up to heaven. Then I send out the angel of Art, who takes them, and, with magic power, transforms them into floating gondoliers, and they ride on your mighty tides, your moving, heaving waters.

I strike again my silvery wand upon the earth, over the deep buried ores; and I crown the angel of Labor with a magic wreath, and send him down into the bowels of his mother earth, and he brings forth different ores, and shining gems.

I pass again my wand—magnetized with celestial light and brilliancy. I touch the brow of Morn, and forth comes the gushing thought—the limped stream of Intellect—and it goes running through the wilderness of darkness, and levels mountains and fills up seas. I bind the earth with an iron cord, and Progression sweeps in golden cars, and Space is annihilated—distance flies away. I must reign and rove through eternal kingdoms. I must keep the children of life in obedience to God's high commands. I walk upon your earth; I stand with one foot on your planet, the other treading the shores of time. I will not leave it till it has revolved on its axis of eternal life—until the glorious luminary of God's countenance dawns over it. Then shall error melt away beneath its rays.

Oh, the glorious day of Millenium, that I am ushering in! The king of progress is welcome! I hear the shout go up with the multitude—"*Dwell thou with us, and be our king forever!*"

I see the canopy of love o'erspread, and angels looking out therefrom, to shine for you. I see unbelief goes up from the throng, forming clouds beneath those stars. As the moisture of earth spreads, and forms into clouds, and then comes down in raindrops, so shall this cloud of unbelief fall down upon the hearts, as tears from angel eyes. The drops shall melt away from hearts their saliness. They shall soften the dried flowers of a winter's parting, and the gentle spring-time of love shall be given to all. Soon will the happy summer float, which will bring the heavenly autumn of fruition, and joy and ripened happiness—for many souls shall bear their fruits, like the trees of autumn."

Thus saith the voice of the king, Progression—"I love my people; they are mighty and strong; their strength is mine; they are each a monarch of glory. My crown is mighty; I will share it with them; my throne is vast—there is a seat for all my people."

And thus his voice will ring—till all nations shall own him as a king of all tribes. Creation shall soon be clasped in his arms. He is the Universal Monarch. He brings the nations joy! Triumphal glory shines upon his brow! Archangels fill his diadem with pearls celestial! Seraphs each have dropped a gem thereon! Time has fastened his signet and his seal! The God of love hath appointed him to rule! The voice of the Universe has said—"Let him reign, king over all forever!" The angel of Time has given him the keys of heaven and of hell! He will unbolt the doors that lead to that blessed mansion, the mansion of love! He will unfasten that door, through which many souls have gone into the pit of error, and bid them come forth, and point them to the gate of everlasting life! He stands, the glorious mediator, between heaven and hell!

Dost thou not hear the wailing, the gnashing of teeth, and the howling of those midnight demons, groaning for life from the bright throne where progress reigns? Descend great golden steps, and from gold to silver, down to all the metals, and then to the wood, till they reach that low abyss. They are the steps of knowledge, and according to the capacity of the soul that mounts, so they are made brilliant and glowing! Angels stand on the golden steps! Demons are just entering—just mounting, with quivering, tottering gait, the iron step, whose hardened structure yields not, but bears them up. They will some day walk with the angels.

There! I see the king, Progression, has given back his keys to Time, for there is no more need. The door of agony is unbarred! We are floating with the life-throng down! The angels come to meet us; and behind they are grasping, grasping the souls from their darkened abodes, and leading them up!

There is wailing and sighing; there is music and joy; there is sorrow and grief; their is bliss and hope; all these are rising like incense; they are the clouds of life; they go up to make the tempest and the storm; and they float up and make the rainbow and the stars. There is light and shade. Oh, how deeply tinted! How delicately traced is the picture of immortality!

As long as joy and happiness live, so long there will be sorrow and sighing, for the bliss of eternity remains for the sorrowing to grasp.

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WHO AND WHAT ARE THE ANGELS?

Seen through the dim mists of traditionary superstition, they appear to be another and distinct order of beings; a race created expressly for the offices to which they have been assigned; something removed above the access of human sympathies and sentiments.

Viewed in the light of reason, history, sense, science, and straight-forward evidence, they are no other than our own friends and neighbors, who once participated with us in the joys and sorrows of life in this lower sphere, and are engaged in conveying to us a knowledge of the ineffable and transcendent delights of the world on which they have themselves entered.

And not engaged, either, in simply bearing to us tidings of what is done in that other land, but in impressing upon us by every means within their reach the heighth and depth and greatness of that immortal part of our natures, which it will be our occupation to purify and expand forever.

An Angel means no more than a Messenger. The original Greek—*angelos*—has just that signification, and no other. But for purposes and ends of its own, ecclesiasticism has succeeded in making people believe that angels are a separate order of beings, created expressly for God's service to mankind; a class above the capacities of men, not claiming the same origin, and of course in no true sense allied to us by that closest of bonds—the bond of silent sympathy. For where two classes dwell upon different planes, *having dwelt upon them from the beginning*, it is difficult to suppose that they can closely and hastily fraternize.

We have read with great pleasure an article on this subject in the June number of Tiffany's Monthly—a journal of a truly fearless and independent character, which has the rare merit also of discussing all these weighty questions in a temper of moderation and a spirit of charity. The points of the article in question are so well taken—not to speak of the able and thorough manner in which they are sustained—that we cannot resist the temptation of stating them briefly in the present place.

The writer discusses the topic both intellectually and biblically, showing that Reason and Scripture speak alike in reference to it.

It is self-evident, when we consider the nature of God, that neither can his *omniscience* be informed by any or all of the angels, nor can his *omnipotence* be aided. And as he is *omnipresent* by every faculty and attribute of Deity, he has no occasion, on his own account, to dispatch angelic beings to any part of his universe.

Hence angels are not ministers unto God, although they may be messengers *of* God, but not *to* God. And their mission must, in the nature of things, relate to other beings. They are only instrumentalities in the divine administration, through which certain needful ends and uses are to be accomplished. In other words, the Deity employs them as translators of higher truths into the understandings of those below them, which truths, when understood and received, become a means of inspiration, purifying the thoughts and the affections, and fitting us for advancement to a higher state.

It is satisfactorily shown that angels have ministered to men and women in times past, and shown, too, out of the very Scriptures which are so frequently quoted to disprove the facts of Spiritualism; and the proof is abundant and incontestible that like manifestations on the part of angels are continued to-day. The same evidences of their actuality and genuineness are given now as were given in former times; and the same positions which are necessary to disprove them to-day, were as applicable to former times as now.

The assumption that the angels of the Bible history were of a different class of beings from the human family, and sprung from a totally different origin, is *merely* an assumption. Let those who hurriedly assert this, make good their naked statement. Those angels were, 1st, *spiritual beings*—which no one will deny—since Scripture says that "He maketh his angels spirits," or, "He maketh spirits his angels." They were, 2d, *human beings*; because they appeared (according to the biblical record) *in the human form*—spoke the *human language*—exercised all the faculties of the *human spirit*, and no other—and were called *men*, when spoken of as individuals, and *angels* in respect to their office or mission.

All these points are well and ably substantiated in the article to which we refer by proofs drawn directly and entirely from the Scriptures.

Angels, then, are no more nor less than *finite beings*; they possess nothing of thought, feeling, or sentiment, which cannot flow into the *human* spirit, and thus become a resident living truth therein. Their mission is best adapted to the *necessities* and *uses* of the progressing and perfecting human spirit. And in order to fulfill this mission, they must be able in the first place to *perceive* the needs of man, and in the second place know how to administer to them. Hence they are obedient to the principles of *impartation* and *reception*; they must necessarily be subject to the laws of *responsiveness*, or likeness of state and condition. For if they had nothing, in respect of their consciousness, in common with us, they could hold no conscious communication. Even man can communicate with the lower order of conscious beings in nothing, except in that wherein they possess a common consciousness.

Considered from every point, the evidence demonstrates most absolutely that all angels, as spiritual beings, are *unfolded and unfolding human spirits*. They are those who have gone before us, individualizing their existence, and perfecting their characters. They are those who commenced *earlier than we* to investigate the works of their Father in Heaven; and who, having progressed farther than we in translating the truth, purity, and love of God into their own understandings and affections, have become our angelic guides and ministers, aiding and instructing us, that we may be begotten, more and more, into the image and likeness of God.

HANGING IN BOSTON JAIL.

On Friday last, the 25th inst., between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, one William McGee, who was convicted of murdering the Deputy Warden of the State Prison last October, was hung by the neck by the authority of the State of Massachusetts, and died. He was thus cruelly murdered, because he committed a cruel murder himself. Thus "an eye" has been given for "an eye," and "a tooth" been rendered for "a tooth." Christ gave us a higher law, but Christians, so called, crucified Christ again in Boston jail last Friday and trod under foot his precept. The next inquiry is—Has Justice been promoted by this process, and are we safe from the plots, and passions, and assaults of violent men, with arms in their hands to destroy human life, than we were before?

It would be a very satisfactory matter for us all to feel some *certainty* about this method of hanging people, and its legitimate influences; to know whether it works just the best results that society at large could ask, and if some more humane and less revengeful punishment might not be invented, by means of which criminals would be just as secure from doing further harm as they are after the act of hanging has been performed, and others, inclined the same way, might be struck just as dumb with terror as they are now.

But how shall it be known with any degree of certainty, unless the experiment is first tried of substituting some other punishment for this one of hanging—the relic of barbarity alone? What can be the objection to *a trial*, say for a term of five years, during which all who shall be proved guilty of murder shall be sentenced to close imprisonment during the remainder of their natural life, with the *certain knowledge* that no human hand can ever reach them to set them free? If our philanthropists are eager to begin upon an experiment of this character, by way of an entering wedge for further operations, why do they not *create* the opportunity?

WHAT POWER IS WORTH.

When the Emperor of the French, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Times, promenades in his little reserved garden of three hundred feet wide, in presence of crowds of his admiring subjects, a considerable number of secret policemen on service at the Palace distribute themselves in the crowd to watch suspicious persons. But, it seems, that the Palace is protected at all times, and on all sides, by these watchful guardians in citizen's dress, for a few days ago a couple of American students of my acquaintance were arrested in the garden by one of these gentlemen for the simplest of offences. One of the young men was explaining to the other, more newly arrived than himself, near the central pavilion of the Palace, the disposition of the building.

While thus engaged they observed a gentleman near them who seemed interested in their proceedings, and who, joining another, followed them as they started to leave the garden. Soon they were stopped by these men, who demanded to see their passports; but neither of them had these essential documents on their persons. It was useless for them to declare their names, nationality, residence and profession; they must be conducted to a place of security until their veracity could be established.

So they were thrown into the prison of the Prefecture of Police—it is politely called the "Depot of the Prefecture," although it is the most repulsive place of detention in Paris—and there they remained two hours, while agents were dispatched to the residences of the prisoners to investigate their respectability. They were liberated with what was to them a totally superfluous admotion, not to venture out hereafter without their passports, and to cease gesticulating around the Emperor's residence.

Such a privilege is it to be styled an Emperor. On such conditions may a man pretend to the empty honor and title of a sovereign. It is a falsehood and a delusion from the start. No man thus hedged in and bound about, so cramped and fettered, so much a creature of his guilty fears, can ever honestly say that he is an emperor, or ruler of any kind; he is the variest slave that ever crouched and trembled before the terrors of his unsteady and vaporous imagination.

We do not envy Louis Napoleon, whoever else does. No doubt, in the order of circumstances, he has his work to do, and it will be done as ordained; but *he* is not the master in all this seeming confusion of events; he is the creature, the tool, that is made to work out the ends of another and a higher power than himself.

Such a record of the fears that beleaguer men in station, ought to satisfy us all that nothing is more foolish than to be continually longing for what we have not, and what would only make us more wretched if we had it. There is no absolute power really worth possessing, but the power over ourselves.

"HISTORIES OF MEDIUMSHIPS."

We have ready for publication the histories of the mediumships of Cora L. V. Hatch and Miss Emma Hardinge, prepared for us by our valuable correspondent, Dr. Child, from authentic sources, and written under the sanction of those ladies. We shall publish the former in our next paper, and that of Miss Hardinge in our paper of two weeks from that time.

Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," styles Dorchester, our neighboring town, "a far off place, in which the fear of God was not."

WHY DO PEOPLE OPPOSE SPIRITUALISM?

What is there in the tangible evidence that man lives after death that is unpleasant? what is there in the fact that the spirits of our deceased friends still are with us, around us, and can and do communicate to us, and are constantly influencing our actions—what is there in this that is unpleasant? What is there unpleasant in the thought that God will extend his Fatherly care to *all* His children, and lead them home to happiness and heaven, to inhabit the mansions prepared for them? What is there unpleasant in the anticipation of eternal progression—in contemplating the endless journey of unending life, in which the soul shall pass from lesser to greater joys with ever-increasing light and new unfolding beauties forever and ever? What is there unpleasant in the recognition of spirit power? in the invocation of angel aid and guidance? in prayer and supplication to the unseen, ever-present spirit of the living God, existing in the spirits of seraphs, angels, and of the departed loved ones of earth, who are His agents of love to us?

In all these things exist the fundamental principles and teachings of Spiritualism; and in them *what is there* that is unpleasant and repulsive to the human soul? to its deep, unprejudiced, pure desires? Is there anything? No, no,—in them is what the soul naturally craves and longs for; in them is food that nourishes the soul forever; in them are found the waters of life, from which the soul can drink through time and in eternity, and thirst no more. Then why do men oppose Spiritualism, when within its bosom exists their real joy—their present and future happiness? Let men but be awakened to a vivid conception of immortality, and they must acknowledge the reality and beauty of Spiritualism. Let men become fully assured of the uncertainty and the unsubstantial nature of all earthly things, of the insufficiency of earth to satisfy the wants of the soul, then their affections will seek in joyful recognition the beauties and realities of Spiritualism.

THE MUSEUM IN A COUNTRY GROCERY.

We have, few of us, ever stopped to think of the matter, but if we gave a few moments to the consideration of the subject, we should be astonished at the discoveries to be made in it. We mean the country grocery store.

This common little institution is full of lessons, and most important ones, too. That lesson is, that all parts of the world are dependent on each other. Hon. Mr. Pettit, of Indiana, well describes it in an extract which we give from his address last year before the Wabash Agricultural Society.

"All parts of the earth," said he, "are dependent on each other. Step into so unpretending an institution as a country grocery store. Counters, and shelves, and boxes, and barrels, are redolent of odors from many climes, and the little merchandise, arranged with artistic adroitness, to allure the reluctant patronage of customers, has been wafted here from distant and different people, from almost every wind that blows from under heaven. Here is tea, 'the herb that soothes, but not intoxicates.' John Chinaman, living on the opposite side of the world from us, and standing feet to feet with us, has cultivated the little shrub for the sake of its fragrant leaves, through some of his long-tailed kinsmen, in the shadow of the Great Wall of China, taken it to market through the Grand Canal, older than any European monarchy, shipped it in sight of monstrous and grotesque heathen temples, exalted in honor of a religion older than Christianity, and at length it is brought here over many thousand miles of intervening ocean. Such is the article of tea.

In little compartments under the shelves are impounded spices and cinnamon from hot Sumatra and Celebes, the blessed island of bachelors. Near by is Mocha coffee, so-called, from Araby the Blessed. There are figs and raisins from Smyrna, and little currants from Zante. The captivating little invention, the fine tooth comb, once rioted in an elephant's mouth, on tropical herbage, in the midst of Africa, or was wielded in a sea fight by a walrus, against his traditional enemy, the bear, in the midst of fields of ice that are frozen to the north pole. Here are nails and glass from Pittsburg, a wooden comb from Connecticut, and cheese from Cheshire or Holland. There stands a customer, just ready to throw a rind of cheese on the floor. The red anatto with which it is colored has been gathered by Indian girls in the deep shades of tropical forests, far up the Madeira, or perhaps at the springs of the Amazon, and under the walls of ancient Cuzco."

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Some men think that relgion is a mere ecstatic experience, like a tune rarely played upon some faculty; living only while it is being performed, and then dying in silence. And indeed, many men carry their religion as a church carries its bell—high up in a belfry, to ring out on sacred days, to strike for funerals or to chime for weddings. All the rest of the time it hangs high above reach—voiceless, silent, dead. Religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping tune.—H. W. Beecher.

The above is a "life-thought" indeed. How beautifully the idea of a truly religious nature is illustrated, in the phrase, "Relgion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them." A bell in a tower is a fair simile of the emptiness and sounding character of too many men and women; they keep their bell ringing only on special occasions. "All the rest of the time, it hangs high above reach—voiceless, silent, dead." It is strange how many men think to delude themselves, and delude others, with such practices; their meaning is just as well understood as if their bells were inscribed, like the old bells of Catholic churches, with their true purpose and intent.

MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH.

Mrs. Hatch speaks in the Melodeon next Sunday, July 4th, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M. Subject: "Freedom—Political, Moral and Religious." This will be her last discourse in Boston the present season. Tuesday evening, June 29th she will speak in Quincy; Thursday, July 1st, in the Old Brick Church in Milford; Wednesday and Friday evenings, July 7th and 9th, in Newburyport and if proper arrangements can be made will visit Worcester and Springfield on her route to New York. She and her husband, Dr. Hatch, will spend the month of August at Saratoga Springs.

MISS MUNSON'S OFFICE REMOVED.

We call the attention of our readers to the card of Miss Munson, in another column, announcing her removal from No. 8 Winter street, to No. 13 La Grange Place.

Sabbath in Boston.

THEODORE PARKER AT MUSIC HALL.

Sunday Morning, June 27.

[ABSTRACT REPORT.]

The second of the series of sermons by the Rev. Theodore Parker, on the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth, was delivered before a large and very attentive congregation, at the Music Hall on Sunday last.

Mr. Parker selected as his text the thirty-third verse of the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. Luke: "And Joseph, and his mother, marveled at those things which were spoken of him."

After an allusion to his sermon on the preceding Sabbath, Mr. Parker proceeded as follows:

The man Jesus, of whom we are to speak to-day, was one of great genius and morality of life. He was the first to teach, as none else had taught, that mankind would be happy or miserable hereafter, according to the manner of their lives here on earth. His character was as noble as his end. He claimed to be the Messiah of the Jews, and when some of them doubted his pretensions, he promised to return to earth and found a new kingdom—the Millenium—when men would no longer need to work, but would be clothed and fed without labor or toil of any kind. His doctrines attracted, very naturally, thousands of the country people, and his followers soon began to endow him with miraculous attributes, and call him Christ. After his death, was founded what is now called the Christian Church, by whom Jesus, the poor carpenter's son, is called the Mediator, the Son of God, and God himself. But the ecclesiastical Christ is utterly unlike the man Jesus of Nazareth. He is called the Saviour of the world—and we may ask how was this ideal character made up?

If a man murders my friend, I first look upon him as a murderer, and hate him for it. It is natural for men to desire a realization of their hate, and this always destroys the ideal of Good. We go to one extreme as readily as to the other. The bad we soon convert into monsters, and the good into angels. If men do us a kindness, how we idealize upon their goodness. Some ministers are idealized until their worshipers believe that such men never before existed. We are just as ready to idealize patriots and warriors, of which Washington is an example. He is idealized in painting and sculpture, by poets and orators, until we have grown to believe that he was without a fault, and would spurn a man who gave a true moral portrait of the man as he lived. Only a few years ago an independent minister said that Washington told a great lie to gain the battle of Yorktown; also, that he sometimes swore, and made use of terrible oaths, and scoffed at religion. All over the country, editors attacked this minister for blaspheming the memory of Washington. They did not dispute the facts told, but objected to their exposure. We see the same inclination to hide the faults of the dead, and make them ideals of goodness, at funerals. In our graveyards we read epitaphs "as false as dicers' oaths." Every mother thinks that her son is a David; but this does not make him any better or worse than boys generally are. At home I have several large volumes filled with panygerics on the world's heroes, but I would give them all for one moral daguerreotype of Julius Cæsar or Alexander the Great. We do not want ideal characters, and the time is coming when mankind will want to see Christ as he was, and not the fancy sketches and ecclesiastical dreams about him, made from the time of Nicodemus down to the present.

Having discussed the propensity of mankind to raise up ideals of goodness and of sin, let us see how the noble Hebrew carpenter was gradually transferred into a God. In the first place, his followers ascribed to him a miraculous ability to set aside the world of matter and form; a power to heal diseases by his touch or words; to cast out devils, cure the palsied, and cause limbs to grow where limbs had never been. Secondly,—he had power to control the elements, walk on the water, and change a few barrels of water into wine. Thirdly,—he had power over animal and vegetable life; could blast a fig tree by his word, and cause droves of swine to drown themselves. Fourthly,—he knew the past and the future, and could tell the woman of Samaria, as soon as he saw her, her whole history. Fifthly,—he had the power to create things anew, which he did by increasing a few loaves and fishes into enough to feed four thousand people. Sixthly,—he had power to raise the dead. Here we see the progression of the ideal Christ, as painted by the writers of the New Testament; more especially do we see how the stories about his raising the dead were manufactured and enlarged. The first story is that he raised the daughter of Jairus, as she lay dead in her father's house. When Jesus was asked to raise her, he replied, "She is not dead, but sleepeth," and the people laughed at him. He then went into the chamber where she was lying, touched her, and said, "Maid, arise," and she sat up. The next was the son of the widow, whose body was being taken to its grave, when Jesus came up and touched the body, whereupon the child arose from the dead, and conversed with those around him. The third and last was Lazarus, who had been in his grave four days, before he was called back to life. Here we see that the first story did not satisfy the writer, the second was doubtful, and so the third was manufactured, by whom, we cannot tell.

There are those who say that the whole story of Christ's life on earth rests upon the same men, and if we throw out one part, the whole must be discarded. This is not so. If a boy comes home and tells his mother that there are strawberries in the market as big as Baldwin apples, the mother would believe that there were strawberries in the market, but, of course, would know that they could not be so large as the apples. If a man should tell us that the weathercock on the Second Church, in Hanover street, pointed north-east on a certain day last week, we would believe it; but if fifty men told us that on a certain day, as the last Governor of this State was passing this church, the weathercock rose up and flapped its wings thrice, we should not believe the story, even if it was styled a miracle. It is related of Cotton Mather, that in journeying on Horseback from Boston to Salem, to supply a pulpit one Sabbath, he lost the notes of his sermon, and when he got up before the congregation, he informed them that the devil had stolen his sermon from his pocket. Subsequently, the sermon was found in Lynn, a little ways out of the road, and returned to Mr. Mather. The pages were a little defiled by dirt, and Mr. Mather says, in his diary, that the devil could not read the manuscripts, thought they contained something dangerous, and, therefore dropped them where they were found. This is the way in which miracles are got up.

The divine character of Christ is made up from the Old Testament, while all of the falrest Christians and ecclesiastical scholars of the present day confess that there is not a line in the Old Testament that refers to Christ.

Mr. Parker next took up the "alleged fact that Jesus was raised from the dead and taken up into Heaven," and reviewed the several accounts of the Resurrection as related by Mark, Luke and Paul. The contradictions and palpable inconsistencies in the several accounts were pointed out with great clearness and conviction, and the conclusion arrived at was, that it is more than probable that these accounts were enlarged upon and filled up two centuries after the death of Christ. The alleged miraculous birth of Christ was next examined, and pronounced a pious fraud and failure.

Of the divine power of Christ, he said, in the Epistles of Peter it is stated that the spirit of Christ was in the Old Testament; that he died for the just and the unjust. This is not mentioned in the first three gospels. In Revelations, Christ is called the son of David, the first thing created, the spirit that followed the children of Israel through the wilderness and took them over the Red Sea, the new Adam who pays ransom for all that believe in him. He is also called the Redeemer, but this name was not given him until a century after his death. St. Paul calls God the ultimate cause, and Jesus the proximate. In the Epistles to the Hebrews, incorrectly ascribed to Paul, Christ is called the Word of God, the first born, superior to the angels, mediator and everlasting covenant, and yet he is also called a man, and one subject to the rules that govern the life and death of mankind.

The New Testament idea of Christ was one hundred and fifty years in being formed; but what a change, from a poor carpenter's son to the Son of God and God himself. It has taken over a thousand years to make the Christ of fiction out of the Jesus of fact; and now how many are there who believe that Christ is God, Jesus is Jehovah, the All in All, who, in a minute, suffered for all the world's sins, &c. They make God the sufferer, the appeaser, and the forgiver. Well is it said that Joseph and Mary marveled at what men said about their son while he was alive, but what would they say if they could now come back to earth and see what the American church is making of their son. The present ecclesiastical idea of Christ is the most fantastic theology ever created. Devout Jews very naturally took Jesus as their expected Messiah, which he claimed to be, and they twisted the Old Testament to make it conform to their theology. When such a man came, of such a noble nature, it is not surprising that they made him the ideal of their wish, the same as every mother idealizes her only child, as Romeo and Juliet idealized each other,—as we idealize Washington. The human race has built up various theologies with great labor, and now men say of Christ: we cannot match him, we cannot imitate him, so let us worship him. Most surely shall we rue the worship of a man in place of God, therefore let us not surrender our hearts to Moses, to Mohammed, to Jesus, nor to any other man, but give all our worship to the Maker, and so shall we receive the sweet benediction of God.

MRS. HATCH AT THE MELODEON.

Mrs. Hatch prefaced her discourse last Sunday morning, by repeating the Lord's prayer, as recorded in the book of Matthew, and then proceeded to her subject: "Moral Retributive Justice." The publication of the proceedings of the Rutland Convention forbids us giving an extensive report of Mrs. H.'s effort. She dwelt most at length on the sentence, "Forgive our debts, as we forgive our debtors," arguing that the debts man owes to himself, to his neighbors, and to his God, must inevitably be paid. Though they may be forgiven, they are forgiven only for that length of time during which the debtor is unable to pay.

If you have been condemned by malice, remember this noble truth. As you forgive the indebtedness of humanity, so will your Father forgive you. Jesus of Nazareth, upon Mount Calvary, bled, because of man's uncharitableness; yet he forgave his murderers, even while his heart's blood was flowing. How many of you, when deprived of all on earth dear to your heart, can turn and ask your Father to forgive your enemies, because they know not what they do? How many are there, who, when smitten on one cheek, will turn the other also? How many, when their coat is stolen, will give their cloak also? Spiritualists, you have not paid the debt you owe to your Father, by forgiving your enemies.

Men do degrade their moral nature, without making a treaty with God. There can be no compromise between truth and falsehood—between purity and crime—between man's highest convictions of duty and the lower appetites of his nature.

Debts of lands, or of money, can be covered by gold; but God cannot be bought by gold. If any man asks forgiveness for his debt, you may know he has not the money to pay the debt with, or has not the moral courage to pay it; and when you forgive him, it is only until he becomes possessed of one or the other of these qualifications.

If man has despised your claims to social position because you have not had his advantages, forgive him, and with that forgiveness will come the consciousness of duty done to your brother, which will be reciprocated by your Father.

There is no sin so deep as that against man's moral nature. Religion is the outgushing of man's moral and spiritual nature, and is the most exalted attribute of his soul. Regard your moral nature, and your religion will take care of itself.

We consider this law of equal justice so unalterable, that there is no salvation till, like Christ, we suffer on the cross or at the stake. It is not his body but his soul—not his death, but his life—that we are to imitate. Men are taught by the religion of Christianity, to crucify Christ every day, that they may receive salvation through his blood.

As you forgive your debts, so will God take you to his bosom; and as you make yourselves responsible for every action of your life, God will forgive your debts till you have time to pay them. You are to pray this prayer—the Lord's prayer—which has a deeper meaning than man ever knew of.

The medium offered up the following benediction: "May the beauty of all truth, and the purity of all love, be with you all forever."

MR. WHITING'S DISCOURSES.

Sunday afternoon, Mr. Whiting's lecture was devoted to an exposition of the subject—"Justice and Mercy." We give a summary of his points below:—

He said, Nothing in the universe was made in vain—no insect or reptile but has its use and its purpose—even if it be but to serve as a connecting link

between different spheres of life in nature. Mercy is often spoken of in contradistinction with justice, though it should not be. They are inseparably united. To be just, man must ever be merciful, even as God is both just and merciful. Though it is perhaps necessary that malignity and revenge should exist in the human soul, they will yet be replaced by love, hope, thought, and truth. The souls of all mankind are a mighty soil, harrowed by suffering and sorrow; and as this soil is tilled, man will become heavenly and angelic, and will develop from the external to the internal.

Men have built prisons, jails, and gibbets. We shall not say that they were needless, but we do say that under their reign, the day of justice and mercy will not come. Society must be developed through the individual, and not the individual through society.

It is neither justice nor mercy which teaches that the infidel, who has lived an honest life, and died professing no creed, shall go into everlasting torment, while the murderer shall, by making a profession of faith, finish a life of crime by an exit from earth into the highest heaven! Every soul must enter the world to come, just as it leaves this. There is one glad thought that may rest in the soul of every Spiritualist and every Christian, that the great God of love will cause strict justice to be carried out. Though individuals are low and depraved, yet humanity is noble and grand. The days of our nation are numbered, even as the days of the old nations of the earth were numbered. A people can never be free, except through virtue, truth and wisdom.

Justice will be done, and mercy, as the great Power causes all his works to be done. There is no mercy which can remove the effect which follows cause—justice and mercy, which man have for centuries supposed to be in conflict with each other, are but one, and the same.

"The Lord's Supper" was the theme of Mr. Whiting's improvisation, which closed the exercises of the afternoon.

In the evening, his subject was—"The Attributes of God."

He said: Though God is incomprehensible, the human mind is constantly searching for him. Wherever in the universe the mind may be directed, we find him living and breathing in some of his attributes or creations. The real atheist, we take to be an impossibility. No man can exist, without acknowledging a higher power. We need not allude to the different conceptions of God, by different peoples. History gives you the record of them. The highest idea of God is in those who regard him from a spiritual point of view. He pervades all things, as the human soul pervades the human body, and he holds the same relation to the universe of worlds, as the spirit does to the body which holds it.

When any conception of God levels him to the image of a man, that conception deprives him of his omnipresent power. If you limit his form, you deprive him of omnipotence. There is an idea of God in every soul, which is a spark from the great throne of truth, or else it would never have had an existence. We see God alike in the budding flowers of spring, in the mellow fruit of summer, in the rattling leaves, blown by the winds of autumn, and in the white shroud of winter. Not a single orb crosses the track of its neighbor, and all the universe of worlds are governed by his divine order and economy. This tells that in his power is harmony and intellect.

Persons in the past have always been deified as divinities—Juggernaut, Brahma, Mohammed and Christ. This is surely more elevated than worshiping images of wood or stone, but man can find something higher than either.

So perfect is everything in universe—all nature moves in such strict harmony—that we cannot admit the existence of a God of special providence; neither can we understand him as condemning any of his children to everlasting punishment, or as taking all to heaven with him at once.

When men believe that all God ever said or did is confined between the Bible-lids, and that he left off inspiring men hundreds of years ago, they have much to learn of him through nature.

Mankind have too much reverence for ancient lore and mysticism, and place too little value upon the philosophies and teachings of the present. But yet the present to day is better appreciated than the present was two thousand years ago. The teachings of Christ are just beginning to be understood in their truth and purity.

Many declaim against Spiritualism as being opposed to the Bible; but we ask in vain for proof in the Bible that the manifestations of spirit presence should ever cease.

Man's inventions of to-day, are but the carrying-out of principles which have always existed.

Let man strive to be true to himself, and he will be true to Divinity, and, in turn, God will be true to him.

The Committee to select a topic for the exercise of Mr. Whiting's metrical powers consisted of Jonathan Pierce, Esq., and Wm. M. Robinson, and from subjects proposed by them, "Gallileo" was selected by the controlling power, and made the theme of perhaps the best effort of the kind delivered during Mr. Whiting's present visit.

SINGULAR PROPHECY.

About the close of the last century, Dr. Girianger, a Professor of Chemistry at Gottingen, adventured the following prophecy:—

In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practiced. Every chemist and every artist will *make gold!* Kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even of gold, which will contribute more than anything else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead and iron, which we daily swallow with our food.

We say, God speed the time when chemists will possess the knowledge prophesied above, (i. e., if such thing be possible,) that mortals may live more in harmony with the laws of nature. There is no question but that many diseases to which we are subject, arise from partaking daily of the oxides referred to above.

PERSONAL.

We have received a note from Mrs. E. A. Marsh of Charlestown, stating the reasons why she was not present, as advertised, at the celebration of the 17th of June, at North Turner Bridge. She was not notified of her engagement till two days before the day of the picnic, and was then prevented from attending by another engagement in Boston. She hopes this explanation will be sufficient to satisfy her Eastern friends.

Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by these troublesome insects.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

The Death of Dr. Hare.—Singular Proceeding.—Mrs. Gourley.—Spirit-Warning.—Dr. Burdell.—More about Cornelius Winne.—Manifestations through Dr. Redman.—Lectures and Lecturers.

NEW YORK, June 26, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is with pain that I recur again to the last days of Dr. Hare; but there are reports in circulation in Philadelphia and elsewhere, which are believed by numbers, and which if untrue, it is incumbent on his family to contradict. It is alleged that during his illness he was held a prisoner; that the friends and persons he desired to see were denied admittance to him; that deceptions were practiced on him, leading him to believe that these friends had deserted him in his extremity; that the letters he insisted on dictating to them, urging their presence, were made to contain a private request that they *would not come*, under the plea that the Doctor was too ill to see any one, or that he would soon be about, etc. Ruggles, his favorite medium, a lad of some seventeen years, as I am informed by Dr. Gourley, states, that he was finally taken into the presence of Dr. Hare, but not until a pledge had been obtained from him to answer all questions in accordance with the dictation of a third party; that during the interview this third party was concealed behind a screen in the room, and signaled the replies he made; that among the questions put by Dr. Hare, was, whether the room was vacated and they were alone; to which the reply, according to the sign, was given, *that they were;* that the Doctor inquired if he should recover; to which answer was made according to the sign, *that he would die;* that by reason of an accidental noise, the Doctor became suspicious that they were not alone, when Ruggles was compelled by the signs to terminate the interview, and quit the room.

I do not feel disposed, at present, to indulge in any commentary on these statements. On the supposition that they are true, I can even sympathize with the family of Dr. Hare, who doubtless regard him as a brilliant star in the horizon of mind, which unfortunately became obscured, and set in a cloud; and it would be useless to say to them that it may yet be made to appear, that the period of his obscuration was in truth, that of his culmination; and that his later discoveries were fitting crowns to the other valuable discoveries of his useful life. And yet many, and myself among the number, sincerely believe this; and so believing, the very suggestion of a death-bed like that alleged of Dr. Hare, forces the question upon us, whether, in case of becoming physically disabled, it be possible for us to be subjected to such an inquisition, and be thus tortured out of life.

Certainly the persecutions for opinions' sake have not all died out yet. Mrs. Gourley has recently received a well-written letter from Philadelphia, threatening her with all manner of pains and penalties, not even excepting a broad hint at assassination, in case she ever couples her name again publicly with that of the late Dr. Hare; or publishes any more communications from him in the spirit-land. The letter is anonymous; and the word Philadelphia, is written over with that of Washington, leaving the place of its origin a little in doubt.

I had the pleasure, an evening or two since, of taking tea with our good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Gourley, at their beautiful residence in Hoboken. Mrs. G. is an intelligent and accomplished lady, and is the medium through whom Dr. Hare pursued his eighteen months' scientific investigations, the results of which are contained in his great work on Spiritualism; the copyright of which he presented to Mrs. G., who still holds it. The remarkable powers of this lady still remain, though somewhat changed in character. She has wholly retired from the public field, excepting as an examiner of disease; in which capacity she stands deservedly high. One or two little incidents were related by the Doctor and his lady which may interest your readers.

A few evenings since, in the absence of her husband, contrary to her usual custom, Mrs. G. retired to her chamber for the night, leaving it to others to close up the house. She was unable to sleep; and remained in a state of wakefulness until half-past twelve, without being able to discover the cause; when a voice spoke to her, and informed her, in so many words, that the parlor windows were open. She immediately went below and found them as stated. They open to the floor; and one of them she found raised to its utmost altitude; and in front of it was a man in the act of mounting the railing with the evident purpose of exploring the recesses within.

On another occasion, at about eleven o'clock at night, also in the absence of the Doctor, she found herself drawn to the window, and on raising it and putting out her head, she heard cries of distress on the river. Soon she distinguished the words, "For God's sake send us a boat; we've lost our oars!" Mrs. G. ran into the street and hailed the first man who presented himself, and the result was that four human beings—intoxicated to be sure, but still human—were rescued from what might otherwise proved a sudden and untimely exit to another world. Truly, of what use is Spiritualism? If we had such sentinels as Mrs. G. on the walls, many a bleeding heart would be able to reserve its tears.

Again: Dr. G. was, a few days since, in Philadelphia. Our beloved friend, Dr. Childs, informed him that he had recently had a conversation with Dr. Harvey Burdell, in which that individual expressed a deep sense of his present lost condition, and desire to amend. He requested Dr. C. to take him to the lectures, that he might learn something of the laws of life and reformation. Dr. Childs relied, that he could not hear if he went; but Dr. Burdell assured him that he could, *through his ears.* Dr. C. assented, with pleasure, and took the poor spirit to hear Miss Emma Hardinge.

And now comes a point which Dr. Gourley—as it is a single and singular item in his experience—felt some delicacy in allowing me to make public. As Dr. Childs gave him this relation, he suddenly found himself pervaded by a strange influence; tears poured from his eyes; his whole soul seemed melting with a feeling of gratitude; and, seizing Dr. Child by the hand, he impulsively said: "God bless you, my brother. I am truly grateful to you for your kindness."

The incidents related by Mrs. Gourley, remind me of some of the services and doings of Cornelius, made famous in connection with *the bones.* On a recent occasion, Drs. Orton and Redman retired together, and forgot to lock the door. Cornelius undertook to notify them of the oversight, and the result was a succession of sharp, loud raps, flying from one point to another, all about the room, and culminating in a sort of crash, nearest, perhaps, like the fall of shovel and tongs on a hearth, of anything. Dr. C. sprung out of bed, and relit the gas; when the raps, mellowed to a moderate gentleness, appeared on the door. The omission was discovered, the door locked, and all subsided into quietness.

Mr. H. B. Wilty, of Brooklyn, an intelligent and perfectly reliable man,—unless an exception of spiritual subjects is to be made—informed me a day or two since, that recently he had Dr. Redman at his house over night, and slept with him, for the purpose of seeing what would occur; and that they were both floated on the mattress in the air; the bedstead was moved about; a bureau near by was set in motion and propelled against the wall; and that the two articles came together with a force sufficient to knock a splint out of a solid piece of mahogony. He judged that the force employed was at least equal to that necessary to move a ton.

On one day last week, a party, consisting of the eminent Dr. H. and lady, of Philadelphia, Dr. Redman, and myself, were dining at Taylor's, when some inquiries were made about Cornelius. On being called by name, he at once announced his presence by a shower of raps, and suddenly tilting the marble table, one side of it, a half foot in the air. While we were convulsed with laughter at the exhibition of such a prank, in such a place, he gave the table a whirl of a foot or too; when we requested him to desist.

I was also present, on Tuesday evening, at Dr. Redman's public circle. The prettiest thing that occurred was the dancing of a heavy breakfast table, keeping time with a hand-organ in the street, without contact of any kind; which continued as long as the instrument played—probably some eight or ten minutes. Writing was also performed by some invisible being, with a pencil under the table. Every one in the circle was repeatedly touched; and two persons, one of whom was myself, were taken by the hand, and handkerchiefs in which the hand was wound, were pulled off. I also had my shoe pulled off at the heel by several strong tugs. All this occurred in a full light.

As the foreign news-writers say, the news is unimportant. Dodworth's, University Chapel, and Clinton and Lamartine Halls continue to be well attended. I mentioned in my last that Davis was about to commence a new course of lectures at Dodworth's. He makes his beginning on Sunday, the 4th of July. Miss Hardinge has gone North for a few weeks, to Troy and Burlington, Vt. Mrs. John F. Coles speaks at Clinton Hall, Brooklyn, to-morrow. I have not heard this lady, but she has been rapidly coming into notice of late, and is well spoken of. YORK.

OUR TROY CORRESPONDENT, TO MISS DOTEN.

WILLIAMSBURGH, N. Y., June 24, 1858.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

SIRS—Please allow me, through the columns of your excellent paper, to say one word in reference to Miss Doten's letter, which appeared in your issue of June 26, from which I learn what I did not before know, namely, that the premises upon which I formed an opinion, were false and incorrect, and, as a matter of course, *my opinions*, also. So far as such opinions are proven to have been based upon false grounds, just so far do I hold that they should be acknowledged and withdrawn. I supposed, from reading the article in the Troy Whig, that such an article, in all its parts, was true, namely, that Miss Doten had renounced her belief in Spiritualism, upon some light which appeared to manifest itself through the teachings of this Professor Grimes, and it was perfectly natural that I should desire to know in what way and manner he accomplished the remarkable feat of making Spiritualism appear a delusion, in her estimation. It was for this purpose that I wrote my first letter. I would not wish to be considered as unjust, or as exercising a spirit of intolerance—I hold that Miss Doten has the right to change or modify her belief in Spiritualism whenever the facts shall appear to warrant her in so doing.

The word "uncharitable," which I made use of in my first letter, she has seen fit to consider inappropriate in her case, and that it should not be used, except when the most convincing proofs exist that its use is warranted. Very far is it from me to desire to make it appear that Miss Doten would knowingly be unkind or uncharitable, either to spirits out of the body, or those in the body. I would say what I conceive would be uncharitable in myself. It would be uncharitable for me, as a trance medium, to say to a spirit, "You cannot use the temple of my body to convince your friends of your immortality. Just find some other method." It must be remembered that I formed the opinion from my own standpoint of observation, in reading the article which I mentioned. It now appears that Miss Doten would be charitable to some extent towards Angel Gabriel, for she says, "I will further add, by way of explanation, that if, without invading 'my form of clay,' he would 'whisper to my inward ear, however soft and low,' I would say to the people—'A being purporting to be the Angel Gabriel speaks to me thus and so. But on no other condition can Gabriel use me as an instrument."

I am willing to confess that I have been enlightened by Miss Doten's letter, and much good will no doubt result from her having written it, inasmuch as some of our opponents, who have thought that Miss D. had renounced Spiritualism, will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts in the case. I hope and trust she will credit me, when I say that I have had no desire to misrepresent her before the public.

If there be a doubt in her mind as to whether spirits control her, it is certainly commendable in standing outside of an influence which is not well-founded in her mind as to its origin. But if, on the contrary, the fact has become established in her mind that spirits can control her as a medium, either in the conscious or unconscious condition, it becomes certainly an act of charity and kindness to allow them to do so, and various reasons might be given why. Then is it not unkind and uncharitable to refuse spirits the use of our organism, when so much of good can be accomplished by the *willing medium?* My sister believes in spiritualism, but the most feasible and practicable methods by which its beautiful truths are to be presented, she condemns; without which Spiritualism would lose the power to bless. Who, then, are the willing mediums for the waiting spirits?

One who has received much light, but can bear a little more. Yours respectfully,

AMASA C. ROBINSON.

The Virginia Knights Templars left Boston Saturday, *en route* for home, well pleased with their visit.

The Busy World.

FUN AND FACT.

☞ SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER:—Country Neighbors, continued; Poetry, by C. F. Wyeth; The Duel, or, A Brave Coward; The Diamond Ear-ring, a beautiful story, by Agnes J. Carra; Poetry, by Lilla N. Cushman; Life Eternal, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams; Editorials; Correspondence; Sunday meetings in Boston; Miscellany and News; Spirit Messages; Poetry, by Cora Wilburn; What is Life? Letters from Franklin, N. H., Adrian, Mich., Worcester, and New Bedford; Supernatural Impressions; Free Convention at Rutland, Vt.

☞ Our Spiritualistic friends in East Boston will find the BANNER for sale at the counter of Brother Dana, No. 52 West Sumner street, as well as other spiritual periodicals. He also has a variety of goods—clocks, paper-hangings, &c. Give him a call.

☞ We learn from the New York Telegraph that the Spiritualists of Louisville, Ky., have succeeded in effecting an organization, having for its object mutual improvement and the dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMER ARIEL.—Four days later news from Europe has been received. The advices present no political feature of special interest. The screw steamer New York, of the New York and Glasgow line, was wrecked on the coast of Scotland on the 12th inst. Her passengers and crew were saved. Later dates have been received from China. It was rumored that the Chinese were preparing for a general attack on the Europeans, and that they intend to destroy the European dwellings on the Houay side of the river. It was further reported that the Imperial troops had taken possession of Nankin. The U. S. steam frigate Powhattan was at Hong Kong. The submarine cable between Reggio and Messina had been successfully laid. Ship Norfolk, from Australia, with £300,000 in gold dust, had been spoken outside the channel, and would arrive in a few days. About £1,000,000 in gold dust is known to be *en route* from Australia to England. The London Times, containing the recent article on the French armaments, was suppressed in France by the authorities. The Emperor of Russia has invited the French Ambassador at St. Petersburg to accompany him on the Imperial journey through the southern provinces. Brussels is being fortified at an enormous expense.

What is the difference between an attempted homicide and a Berkshire hog-butchery? One is an assault with intent to kill, and the other is a kill with intent to salt!

WASHINGTON, June 25—The subject of protecting the rights of citizens of the United States over the Nicaragua Transit Route, occupied the attention of the Administration to-day, and measures will doubtless be taken to prevent any improper interference with them by foreign powers.

The war department has received information from Gen. Johnson, but it gives nothing more of interest than what has recently appeared in the papers. The army at Camp Scott was waiting for supplies.

June 27.—Count Sartiges yesterday had an official interview with Secretary Cass, during which he tendered the fullest and most satisfactory disavowals of all complicity by the French Government in M. Belly's project in Nicaragua and Central America. The Union, in noticing the subject, says:—

"Involving, as the operations of this personage did, if they had been official, a clear violation of the well known policy of his government in regard to European colonization and the establishment of exclusive European jurisdiction on this continent, it was not to have been supposed that the French government could have authorized the action which has been taken by M. Belly in Nicaragua."

The Administration contemplates ordering a larger naval force than we have heretofore had in the waters of Central America and the Gulf, not on account of any new demonstrations of interference by foreign powers in that quarter, but with the general design of more effectually protecting the lawful rights of our citizens, and guarding our national interests from jeopardy.

DECLINE IN BEEF.—There was a reduction of one and a half cent per pound on beef cattle in New York last week, occasioned by an unusual supply. There was also a decline of fifty cents in the sheep and lamb market.

Ere our next issue, the "Glorious Fourth" will have come and gone, immense quantities of powder and patriotism exploded, the usual number of "fatal accidents" duly chronicled, and Universal Yankeedom once more settle down to its money-making pursuits.

That was a sweet *morceau* the school-girl wrote:

"I could na get my lesson,
With my book before my e'en,
For thoughts of cannie Willie
Came a-bobbin' in between."

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Steamer Moses Taylor, arrived at New York June 27th, with the California mails and passengers of June 5th. She left Aspinwall on the evening of the 9th, and brings $1,800,000 in treasure. She connected with the Golden Age from San Francisco and reports at Aspinwall the U. S. steamer Colorado, which arrived on the 17th from St. Domingo. The Colorado reports that President Baez, of the Dominican Republic, had capitulated to Santana, and was to leave San Domingo on the 13th for Curacao. Most of his adherents left the day previous. Gen. Santana had given to Com. McIntosh the strongest assurances of protection to American citizens, and desired him to express to his government his wish to maintain the most amicable relations with it. It is said the Commodore succeeded in obtaining from President Baez all documents for which he had been sent.

Greenleaf Plummer and A. Glasson, from Maine, were drowned on the 23d of May, in Tuolumne Co. Leonard Jarvis, of Claremont, Vt., committed suicide at Sacramento on the 27th of May. A fire at Nevada, on the 23d of May, destroyed nearly all the business portion of the city. Loss $130,000. Ten buildings were burned on Jackson street, in San Francisco, May 31st. Loss $40,000.

Advices from Oregon of May 24, announce a general Indian outbreak there. Col. Steptoe's command on Snake River, was attacked on the 16th of May, and forced to retreat, with a loss of fifty privates, three officers, two howitzers, baggage wagons, and nearly all his animals. Three companies of dragoons, and one of infantry, were engaged with 1500 Indians. Of the officers killed were Capt. Winder and Lieut. Gassen.

MEXICO.—The dates from the city of Mexico are to the 19th inst. The forced loan causes great excitement at the capital, and foreigners non-complying with its requirements have been ordered to leave the country. The goods of the American residents had been seized for non-compliance with the terms of the loan, and, in consequence, Minister Forsyth had demanded and received his passports.

OBITUARY.

Born into a higher life, June 22d, 1858, in Manchester, N. H., Mr. J. B. Smith, aged 31 years, after three weeks of severe suffering, although much relieved at times by angel-bands, who were almost constantly with him, laboring together with mortals for his relief. His exit was in consequence of an accident, he having been crushed between two cars. Many thanks to his employers for favors rendered. He leaves a wife and two small children, also a large circle of friends, not to mourn, but rejoice in a reunion, and daily communion with his translated spirit.

By special request of the deceased, the (benefit of) clergy and black garb of mourning were dispensed with.

The funeral was attended by a large number of people to witness this our first *Spiritual Funeral.*

MISS EMMA HOUSTON, a trance medium, spoke—a synopsis of whose remarks we subjoin from the Manchester Daily Mirror of June 24th. D. M.

The ceremonies wers commenced by the singing of an appropriate hymn by some of the ladies and friends in attendance, after which Miss Houston offered up a prayer, well suited to the occasion, the language being singularly chaste and beautiful. Without a text, (other than that before her,) she then commenced to speak of the departed, and to the friends:—

"Thy friend is not dead but arisen. After having endured much suffering and after being racked with pain, the spirit now finds rest. He has lain his armor down, to rest, until his wasted energies shall have time to recuperate; to rest, until the spirit shall receive its influx of light and strength from the spirit world; to rest as rested those of olden time.

Now, when the spirit could no longer cope with mortality, rest hath come unto this soul. Rest for the weary body, when materiality had done its work. Rest hath come tranquilly on. Rest cometh to the weary soul, but not the rest of death.

The curtain is drawn; the room is darkened, the form is cold; but let the mourner penetrate to the scene beyond. When the form has been consigned to earth, then the soul will receive its crown of immortality.

Loved ones, who are left here below, those who have loved him so dearly, know that, although not tangible to you now, yet he lives, and can roam at will beside the loved one, his companion.

Friends, you here behold the form stricken in death, soon to be consigned to the tomb. Think not you see the man there; it is but the mouldering clay. The spirit hath passed out, but still lingers near its former abode, until the body shall have been placed in the earth, when it will pass on into the beauteous spheres beyond, and upward, forever ascending toward the infinite. Drop not a tear upon the marble features, but rather say, in a higher life we know he exists; in a land of bliss, where forever he will roam. Then let this be an incentive to cause you to march on more steadily, and to hug more closely to your bosoms the spirit of truth.

Friends, all present—those who are nearly connected, all those within hearing of our voice—we would cheer you on, and bid you to feel thankful that so much of His goodness hath come unto you."

An appropriate prayer was then offered by the speaker, and a few remarks by one or two others were made, when the services closed, and the mourners and others had the privilege of viewing the corpse for the last time.

There were some peculiarities connected with this funeral, never before witnessed, perhaps, by our people. The wife of the deceased and her sister, instead of being clad in the sombrous hue of black, wore white shawls, with bonnets trimmed, with white, with veils of the same color. To some, this may have seemed an innovation not proper; but to us it appeared very much more in taste, and truly more appropriate than the dark and gloomy weeds generally worn in this country. And, besides, it was the earnest request of the departed that they should so dress.

The young lady, who officiated, was very affecting in many of her remarks, so much so that, during the services, nearly all were in tears. There seemed to be but one opinion, that she is a good speaker, using excellent language, effective and appropriate, and that which was well adapted to the occasion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T., BUFFALO, N. Y.—"The Pursuit of Happiness," and "A Simple Story," are not quite up to our standard of good poetry. We think, however, that with careful study, you may in time excel in this branch of literature.

W. A. S., CLEVELAND, O.—The ideas expressed in your poem are acceptable, but it does not possess sufficient literary merit to warrant its publication.

A. B., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Your letter was received just as we were about going to press—it will appear in our next issue. We are pleased to learn that our cause is flourishing so well in your section of the country. We have many patrons in the West, yet we hope, by the aid of our friends, to increase the circulation of the BANNER there, much more extensively than at present.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SUNDAY SERVICES AT THE MELODEON.—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak in the Trance-State, next Sunday, July 4th, at 10 1-2 o'clock A. M. Subject:—"The Social, Moral, and Religious Independence of America."

MRS. A. M. HENDERSON, will lecture at 3 and 8 3-4 o'clock P. M. The subject suggested for the evening discourse, is:—"Man's Individual, Inherent right to the full enjoyment of Civil, Political, Religious and Social Freedom."

MISS H. F. HUNTLEY will lecture in Taunton on Sunday, July 4th, and on the subsequent Sabbaths of the month in Quincy. Afterwards she will be ready to receive calls from other friends. Address, Paper Mill Village, N. H.

MISS ROSA T. AMEDY will speak in Quincy, Sunday, 4th inst., —East Bridgewater, Thursday, 8th inst.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Troy, N. Y., on the 11th and 18th instst.; at Burlington, on the 6th, 7th and 8th.

BRO. JOHN H. CUNNIER, trance-speaking medium, will lecture in Newburyport, Sunday, 4th inst.; Franklin, N. H., Sunday, 11th inst.; Orange, Mass., 18th and 25th insts.

LORINO MOODY will lecture as follows:—In Portland, Me., Sunday, 4th inst.; Bath, Sunday, 11th inst.; Brunswick, Sunday, 18th inst.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. MOODY will act as Agent for the "Banner of Light."

SPIRITUALISTS' MEETINGS will be held every Sunday afternoon, at No. 14 Bromfield street. Admission free.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Winnisimmet street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Well's Hall. Speaking, by mediums and others.

QUINCY.—Spiritualists' meetings are held in Mariposa Hall every Sunday morning and afternoon.

SALEM.—Meetings are held in Salem every Sunday at the Spiritualists' Church, Sowall street. The best trance-speakers engaged. Circle in the morning free.

J. N. KNAPP, Supt.

Meetings at Lyceum Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock. The best Lecturers and Trance-speakers engaged.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

NEWBURYPORT.—Spiritual meetings at Concert Hall—entrance, No. 14 State street. Trance-speaking every Sunday, afternoon and evening; public circles for development in the morning. All are invited. Admission, 5 cents.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

THE LADIES' HARMONIAL BAND, will hold their monthly meeting on Thursday, July 1st, at the house of Mrs. Fossenden, No. 1, Oak street, at 3 o'clock P. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

As the breeze upon the mountains, or music o'er the sea—
As the gush of rippling fountains, is this loved theme to me;
When the dew is gently falling, and the moon with silver sheen,
Is smiling sweetly o'er us, it mingles with my dream.

This life would be a wilderness, a song without a tune,
A picture void of coloring, a rose without perfume—
If this beautiful emotion, this passion of the soul,
Did not with radiant glory illuminate the whole.

I have found this gem so precious, I know its virtue well;
And for the wealth of India, the treasure would not sell;
I cherish it at morning, through the day, and still at even—
Oh, may it never leave me, till I am safe in heaven.

The Messenger.

ADMISSION TO OUR CIRCLES.—A desire, on the part of our readers, to make themselves acquainted with the manner in which our communications are received, induces us to admit a few persons to our sessions.

Visitors will not receive communications from their friends, as we do not publish in these columns any message, which could, so far as we know, have for its origin, the mind of visitor or medium.

Visitors will not be admitted, except on application at our office, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 1 P. M., each day. No charge is exacted, but ALL applications for admissions must be made at this office.

HINTS TO THE READER.—Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. CONANT, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. They are spoken while she is in what is usually denominated "The Trance State," the language being written down by us.

They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends to whom they are addressed.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are anything more than FINITE beings.

We believe the public should see the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives,—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely relative to things not experienced.

The Spirit governing these manifestations does not pretend to infallibility; but only engages to use his power and knowledge to have truth come through this channel. Perfection is not claimed.

Lucy Hale, Ann Louisa Smith, Giles Hammond, John Shelly, Thos. Payne Olive to her Father, Wm. Holland, Anonymous, Elizabeth Hook, Charles Dex, John Cartwright, John E. Thayer, John Darling, Patrick Casey.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

We wish the friends of Spiritualism, when they read a message which they can verify, to write us to that effect. We also request to state, as soon after publication as practicable, that we have received assurance of its truth, without mentioning the name of the party who has written us. Do not wait for some one else to write us, but take the labor on your own shoulders. Thus you will enable us to place information of facts before the public.

Capt. Richard Chase, Chas. H. Saunders, John Moore, Susan Lewis, Isaac Lindsley, Geo. M. Perry, Mary, Charles French, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Harwich, Francisco Hood, Emanuel Swedenborg, Mary, to Wm. Lyon, John Jameson, Cordelia, Fletcher Lewis, Colonel Gideon Foster, King, Sally Parker, Sam'l MacIntyre, Dr. John Williams, Abraham Potts, George Brown, Louisa Curtis, Mary Ann Green, E. Adams, Mary Slater, John L. Cromwell, Henry Barker, Jacob Richardson, John Cardington, N. Bowditch.

Thomas Potter, Thomas Hobart, (Eng.), Benj. Frye, Elizabeth Reed, —— Williams, of Warren, R. I., Patrick Casey, Jane, of N. Y., Wm. Gardner, Rosalie Smith, John Goodwin, James Lewis, Dan Rogers, Galveston, William Woodard, William Gibbs, James Pogue, Jacob Gilbert, Lizzie Cass, T. Sabine, Betsey Fuge.

Thomas Gilbert, William Harris, (N. H.) William Sanborn, Charles Lee, W. E. Channing, A Father to his Daughter, Greenbush, Brooklyn, N. Y., Elizabeth Pettigrew, Betsey Hatch, John Anderson, Joseph Walker, Pandeen, (of N. Y.) Wm. Ainsworth, Solomon Curtis, John Leathers, Elizabeth Dexter, Charles Kenney, John Jackson, George Sheldon, Mary Grant, Capt. Lot, Priscilla Bickner, James Flynn, Wm. Hardy Hezekiah, Capt. John Carroll.

Jonathan Wattles, Charles H. Keeley, Chas. Plummer, Pete, (a slave), Lydia Chase, Mary Barnet, —— to Dr. Bowen, John Gardner, Wm. Gay, Wm. Stuart, Helen Reed, Larkin Morse, Mary Edmonds, Abner Morse.

Lafayette.

Our Washington friend will find a letter directed to J. R. Cleveland, explanatory of the message he refers to. We have lost his correct address.

John Carr.

There was a time when I could not believe that which is now apparent unto me. Four years ago I closed my eyes upon all earthly things, and opened them upon the spirit-life. Kind friends stood around my bed, and they prayed that I might find a welcome at the gates of heaven; and as their prayers were sincere, coming from the fountain of the spirit, they were answered, and many loving hands were outstretched to welcome me, as I entered my new home. But, on looking around, I missed one from the company whom I had thought would be the first to meet me. I questioned the friend, who seemed to be near me, and he told me that "She who had passed from my mortal sight, years before, had gone on, on, on—and could not descend far enough to meet me; but as I ascended, she would descend, and then I should understand why she, who was so good, so kind to me in my earthly life, could not meet me when I became a spirit." Since my earth departure I have been ascending, slowly casting off the cumbrous load I placed upon me in that life, and she has met me, and I, to day, come to tell those dear friends that she has done so.

They cannot feel as some of you can, yet I feel confident I shall not be neglected; I feel confident that the hands which were ever raised to support me in earth-life, will not desert me now, and it seems to be my duty to be the first to return and give them light in spiritual matters. I was an old man, upwards of seventy years of age—I had no enemies, and a large circle of friends—friends to whom I shall ever be bound, and I shall never cease to think kindly of those who were so kind to me when in a body of flesh. Do not wonder that I return to give them light. I can give them little wisdom, but even if I prove my presence to them, I shall give them a pearl of great value.

In childhood I was bereft of my parents, and I found many hard hearts as I journeyed along the rough path of life; but as I grew on to manhood I found many loving hearts. In earthly life I made an attempt to study for the ministry, but felt myself incompetent to fulfill so mighty a mission. I sat down, folded my hands, and said, "God, give me something else to do." My path was plain, and my duty constantly before me, but my will was strong—and I was continually battling with my duty. I undertook many adventures, and when I got a vessel moulded, it broke to atoms—and thus it was always, because I failed to do my duty in what God gave me to do. When I became an old man a happy family clustered around me, and I experienced great joy—great for a mortal to feel,—but that I knew might have been greater had I followed the dictates of the God within, in early life. The spirit of whom I have spoken was a companion of earlier years; she to whom my soul was wedded. One whom the Father was pleased to give me, in after years, still remains upon earth. Now I feel that a great part of the work I left undone on earth I have to do at the present time. I am told that man commences in spirit-life just where he left the earth-life; but if he has made any mistake in his earthly life, he is obliged to go back and take up what he failed to do in earth-life. This was a strange duty to me, but it seems that God is not satisfied with an imperfect sacrifice; but that as man knows his duty in earth-life, he must perform it there, or return and perform it after he has left the form, for God will not be mocked.

The Spirit that governs the Universe, I have not seen, except I have seen him in his works; yet I expect to see a perfect spirit, and I am looking forward to receive great peace in future. Although we have no time in spirit spheres, I speak of years and days and hours, that you may understand me better.

Now, as I have been roaming far and wide, let me travel back to the little few I have on earth.

They cannot find happiness in the church; they cannot find it out of the church; but they must seek it from the sure thing, God, and they must not expect to receive it in their own way, but in the way the Lord sees fit to give it; and now if the Lord has seen fit to send me hither, I feel that these friends will not reject me.

If my friends receive my message, I trust they will invite me to their homes, that I may meet them in private.

I lived in a place in the western part of New York called Cherry Valley; I died there, and my friends are there. My name was John Carr—spell it with two r's, if you please. May 5.

John Barron.

Really, I can't understand what you want of me. Some one has called me—I know not whether it is you, or not. My name was John Barron. I have friends on earth, and I will communicate to *them*. They know I am dead, and what more do they want? I know it, too. What place am I in?

I died in a place somewhere about twenty-three or twenty-four miles from Boston, and I have been dead something in the vicinity of eight years. I judge I have been here about that time—they know that; why call upon me for it? I am an Englishman by birth. I do n't know whether they believed I could come back or not, but I did not. I will answer your question. I have friends in Lowell. (A guest asked him if he was any relation to Lord Barron.) Yes, Lord Barron is a relation of mine. What of it—what of it? I do n't know what I came here for—I should think it was a court-martial. I'll stay, and answer all the questions you ask me, if I think they are proper. I do n't know but it is right for you to ask me all these questions; but I do n't know about it. I have n't said whether I knew any one in this room, or not. I said I had no friend here. I do n't know you, though.

Oh, I do n't know as it's anything to you whether I know anybody here, or not. If you will convince me that I am doing right in answering your questions, I will come and do so. I can't appear myself to-day—I am excited—I do n't know why I am called here at this time. You will publish this in a paper, will you? You take a great deal of responsibility upon yourself, without any permission to do so.

I want to know who has called for me, and then I will come again. Suppose somebody, who was a friend, called me—I should talk different from what I do; if an enemy, perhaps I should talk harshly.

I tell you what it is, young man, be careful how you trifle with me. I have not given you permission to publish this. Do I know Capt. Marston? There you go again. You are a long way ahead of me, or I am of you. It seems as though I had got into a hot-bed of questioners.

I came here because I seemed to be drawn here. Of course I came of my own accord; but where one's will is bound by a higher will, it may hardly be called coming of his own accord. I want to know what I am here for, before I say anything to my friends. When those who have called for me will stand out in broad daylight, I will come and talk to them. I never fight any man behind a cloud.

I came here to this meeting. There seemed to be a spirit here who had control of this meeting. I told him I was called, but I did not know who had called me, or why I was called. May 5.

There was a lady visitor who knew this party, but he persisted in not recognising her, as will be seen by reference to the three last lines in the second paragraph. His manner was exceedingly crisp; he appeared to be a petulant person.

James Tykendahl.

I passed from earth in New York State; my name was James Tykendahl. I am of Dutch extraction; I have friends living in various parts of New York and the Western States—relatives—and I feel very anxious to approach them, and speak to them, that they may understand something about this new light. I was between twenty and thirty years of age when last I walked the earth. For a short time after my death, I was unconscious, and was also brought to a realising sense of my condition by being carried to view my body. I was told that the connection between the spirit and body was severed, and that I was to find new joys in the spirit home. For a time I mourned my situation, and daily went to view my body; and my friends mourned, and their tears seemed like so many chains binding me to earth.

But when the body began to show signs of decay, I began to loathe it. I said, it is no longer mine, but belongs to dust, and I will no longer visit it, and I never have. I have heard that some of my friends believe in Spiritualism, but I have not conversed with them. I sometimes stand by their side, but I cannot manifest to them. There seems to be a veil between me and them, I do not know how to raise.

I do not understand how to produce physical manifestations. I am told if I did, I should be able to converse with them. I understand that it is well for me to be here, that I may learn to control physical forces better, and thus get control to make sounds.

Some of them are destined to come very soon to spirit life. Nature tells me so, and she is never mistaken. I know it is very hard for a man to cease to rely upon the faith that has clung to him through life; yet I know the spirit should have something tangible to grasp, that it should not only have a belief, but a knowledge; and thus I come here to-day, that I may give it to them, and set them traveling to *certain* joys.

You are all strangers to me, but one must learn to overcome this obstacle. I sometimes think I can make myself manifest to my friends, but when I get to them, I find I have not the power to control matter, in order to manifest in the way I should then. As spirit is always controlling matter, and superior to it, it seems to me that the spirit power that is being exerted on earth should render it easy for us to manifest to our friends. But I do not yet understand the power that bids you tarry on earth, or calls you to the spirit sphere. When I do, I shall not question the reason or the inability on my part to overcome matter. I was ever inclined to love the beautiful on earth; and I would tell my friends that I would not leave the beauties I am enjoying, were it not that I think I can benefit the friends I have. I am surrounded by such beauty, I sometimes feel loath to wander from my spirit home to visit those friends, yet love draws me to them.

I think I have said enough to call the attention of my friends to this—if they receive me well, I will, mayhap, call this way again, and give you some knowledge of it, if you are kind enough to publish my message. May 5.

Mary Gardner.

I am very unhappy—very unhappy! I was murdered. I am just as confident of it as I am that I am here. 'T was cruel. I came back to see what 's to be done with my murderer. I want to know. I want you to tell me all you can. Did you know my son? He was murdered before I was; his name was Hosea. Oh, I am unhappy! Can't you tell me about them? Can't you see me? Do n't you know me? I was old—most seventy. I 'm just dead. May 6.

George Corbett.

Strange circumstances bring me to you to-day. I find myself situated in a very unpleasant way. I have been from home since 1849. My friends do not know whether I am dead or living, and if you have no objection, I should like to tell them.

The circumstances of my death are these, as nigh as I remember. If I make any mistake, I do so unintentionally. I left home for California in 1849. I was lost off Cape Horn. My name was George Corbett. I have a mother, I suppose, living in Boston. She mourns for me sadly. She thinks I am dead, or have forgotten her. I want you to tell her I am neither dead, nor have I forgotten her, but happen to be in a place where I cannot assist her just now. I think I should be happy if not for that. I was always pretty jolly on earth, and when the time came that we saw we were going, I was. "Well, I'm going happy."

Almost the last words my mother said to me were, "George, I fear you will never come back again," and she went into such a fit of excitement that I almost wondered at it. I think some spirit must have told her of it. She thinks I am dead; but some of the friends think I am away to some foreign port.

I don't see how it is that so many spirits reach their friends by coming here. The most I came here for is to let my people know that I am here. I was lost in the brig Mary—sailed from New York. We encountered a heavy gale, she sprung aleak, and all hands were drowned. The Captain's name was Wallace. We were bound for San Francisco. We had a good many passengers on board. Every one of us were lost, and the vessel was never heard from, to my knowledge.

My mother lived at the West End the last time I heard from her. At the time I last saw her on earth she lived on Oneida street. My mother is sick, and has no one to take care of her. May 6.

James Ferguson.

I have been free from mortal life two years; I left my mortal form in the city of New Orleans, April 15, 1856. I was a believer in Spiritualism, so-called, and I had hoped to dwell long enough in a mortal form to witness something like what you are witnessing at the present day. But the old tenement was too far gone, and the call was issued for me to come up higher, and I do not regret that I was called at the time I was, from earth.

For many years previous to my death, and prior to my becoming a believer in the doctrine of Spiritualism, I was an Infidel; and an Infidel, because I found no true religion. The Christian's God was not mine. He could not satisfy me—I was not willing to bow before him. But when the great light of the present age first burst upon my vision, I received such unmistakeable proof of an existence beyond the grave, a life beyond the present life, that I at once put down my infidelity armor, and put on one which fitted me better. But I have great reason to-day to bless God that I was an Infidel, for had I been fettered by creeds, and the vile dogmas which bind many souls, I should have been in darkness to this time, and should have had no proof of a life beyond the grave.

Many of my friends were Christians—churchmen—and a few Infidels. My Infidel friends were rather inclined to favor my belief; my Christian friends rebuked me, and said they would much rather see me an Infidel than a Spiritualist. Yes, even to the last day I spent in an earthly form, two of my friends—Christian friends—told me, in kindness, too, that they feared for my future happiness, although they wished me happy.

I told them to go pray for themselves—that whatever God was, he would do right. Yes, Spiritualism told me there was a Superior Intelligence who governed all things in this life. As I investigated the phenomena, my soul was satisfied, and I went home with my hands full of blessings. What mattered it if I performed my work at the eleventh hour? I received my penny. I was always inclined to respect other men's opinions. When one said to me, "become a Christian," I said, "if you like it, be one,—I see no pleasure in the road you travel."

It seems that some of the Christian friends have secretly commenced to investigate Spiritualism, and have said they would like to have me return, if it be true. Now I do not expect to make Spiritualists of them, by coming, because I come; but I do expect to do my duty, and to take one step toward progression. I am well aware they are standing upon a cold platform, and it will take many fires from heaven to warm it.

Some of my Infidel friends have become investigators, and, though they have not called for me, perhaps my message will be received in kindness, if they cannot realize it, or believe it.

I told my Christian friends, a short time before my death, that the new light had made me happy, and had introduced me to my God. I could recognize him in that light, whereas I could not in anything before. They said that was well; but tell us, said they, how it can benefit you hereafter, if you do not place your trust in Christ?

I came to the spirit land with knowledge; I knew just what kind of a land I was coming to. To be sure, I found some things different from what I anticipated, but when I look at things in a general sense, I found all as I supposed I should, when I was on earth.

I failed to inform myself, when in earth life, upon religious points, for I could not bring my reason in near connection with it. I saw it as a man sees a building; he first scans the exterior; and so I looked at religion, and I saw it so completely deformed, that I turned away in disgust, and would not look at the interior. I regret that I did not investigate it,—not that it would have made me happier, but that I might have been lead to other things by it, and been able to have taken up some points which I cannot now do.

All men must seek truth for themselves, and if the kingdom of heaven is not worth seeking for, you cannot have it. I sometimes go among my friends, and I see them wondering about this, that, and the other thing, and often asking,—do you think we had better go this way? and another says—had we better go the other? No one seems disposed to go from the old track to lead the other; if there were one, he would find plenty to follow, and a kind and loving Father to bless. James Ferguson, of New Orleans. May 6.

Betsey Davis.

Oh, I am far from the scenes of my earthly life, and I do certainly rejoice; but I cannot find perfect happiness until I return to earth and give my dear friends a few of my thoughts in spirit-life. And I must wander here to a stranger to open the door that leads to my spiritual mansion.

Oh, my husband—oh, my friends, one and all! I am happy; and although I have been here only six months, yet I can appreciate heaven and my home. Oh, that I had made myself acquainted with the great light that lights me back to earth, ere I left. But it is well. I feel to thank my God that it is even so well with me, and can only wish as good for all my dear friends in mortal form.

Oh, my husband, will you turn coldly away, and say it is not your spirit-wife? I feel you will not—you cannot. Oh, may all those I love open their arms to me, and may you, my dear companion, see that the buds I left to your care, blossom well under your guidance. I will stand by your side to aid. Oh, forgive all that may have passed between us in harshness, and remember only my virtues. I will meet you again. BETSEY DAVIS, in spirit-life. May 6.

I am requested to say that the spirit lived and died at the South part of your city.

John H. Cranfield.

I'm afraid I must tell you, in the beginning, that I do not well understand the work I have undertaken, and if I fail to acquit myself honorably, you may not attribute it to my good judgment. If I have been informed aright it is your custom to receive such communications, from all who prove their identity to those to whom they come. Will you permit me to ask you a few questions? I wish to ask, first—are there any particular rules by which the spirit must act, as he has control of the form of the medium? Second—suppose the spirit has what you term a very poor memory and cannot give many facts to prove himself, what is your judgment?

Well, if memory serves me well, it is seven years since I died in Mobile, and I have friends and acquaintances there who might deem it a privilege to hear from me. Some might like to satisfy their curiosity upon that point, but I do n't come to satisfy curiosity, or to please friends; but I come because I want to—because it seems to be the most direct channel to peace. I have wandered enough in spirit-life, and have found nothing to satisfy me; and I believe by returning to that I once called home and casting off that I carried with me, I shall, in time, recover my peace and receive true happiness.

I am a native, or was when in the body, of Boston, Mass. I was born in 1811. I think if I could have the privilege of walking out with your medium, I could place her feet upon the precise spot where the house was, where I was born. I know where it is, but shall not probably be permitted to do so. I resided in Boston until I was between eighteen and nineteen years of age. My father was a tallow chandler, by trade; he died about seven years previous to my leaving Boston. For a time I made an attempt to carry on his little business, but as I was not content with such a small job, I pushed away from Boston with the determination to make or break myself, and as I go on you will see which I did. I left a mother in Boston. I never saw her after I left. She died about one year after, I think, but am not sure. I was an only son. I set sail, as the mariner would say, for New York city and stopped there nigh unto two years, and was engaged in no particular occupation. After that time I obtained a berth on board a merchantman, bound for New Orleans, and from thence to Europe—the port, I think, Liverpool; but I am not quite sure. I stopped in Europe until I felt it was no place for me. I probably did not stop in a place more than ten days at a time, and at length found myself longing to step foot upon my native shore again; and thus I left, after having stayed a year and a half from home. I came to New York, found most of my friends dead, and that others had forgotten me. Thus, again, I found myself discontented and unhappy.

I had just made up my mind to travel to some other place, when a friend approached me, whom I had met in Europe, and asked me how I would like to go into business with him. I said I would like to if I could find sufficient capital. He said he would advance me the capital required, and without asking what the business was I accepted. After having done so, he told me he intended to open a place in New Orleans where men might congregate to spend their money and make fools of themselves. I said I would not back down, though I did not like the business. I went into it, and continued in it until I lost every farthing I had, and came nigh losing myself. About two years prior to my departure from earth, I went to Mobile, opened a place there, and for a few weeks had a good run; but business seemed to decline rapidly, and with it my character. At last I found I was distrustful of everybody and everybody was mistrusting me. I though I had better go hence. I had friends, such as most of earth's people have, but I do not know as I fully understand True Friendship. I cannot here say that I left one true friend on earth. They all belonged to a class of people that perjure themselves at any moment. I was married some five years before I died. I left a wife and child. The child has since come to me, or not exactly to me, for it has gone higher in spirit-life. My wife has, I believe, gone to her friends in Pennsylvania, and I am very much inclined to think it was well for her that I was inclined to cut short the thread of my natural life, for I committed suicide because I was tired of life; and like one who wished to get rid of himself. But I found, on arriving at spirit-life, I was no better off, but on the contrary worse off. I found I was ranked among cowards—those who had not courage enough to stem the temptations of earth-life and keep themselves pure. I thought I had courage on earth, for I dared death in any form—I would not bend the knee to spirit or mortal. But I found, when I got here, that I was not only ranked as a coward, but felt I was a coward, and from that time Shame has been above me, around me and below me. Yes, I have been ashamed that I did not battle the tempter and come off victor—ashamed that I hid behind the screen of Death to rid myself of trouble. There are many cowards on earth; but I know of none so degraded as the Suicide. He who fears to walk in earth-life, because of its clouds and its shadows, is not fit to live at all; and if he could annihilate himself by committing suicide, we might find some reason in the act. But, as that cannot be, as man must exist to all eternity, he might as well buffet the cares of life as to come here as I did, twenty-five years before my time—looking at himself as a deformed man, ashamed to be seen by the passer-by.

I had talents, but they were uncultivated. I took the lower elements of my nature, and cultivated them, when man, as I understand him, should take the spiritual and cultivate them, so that he may not be ashamed to stand in spirit life.

A word to the companions who once knew me, who said I died by reason of disappointment. I would have them know I died because I was a coward—because I did not dare to brave the battle-axe of Human existence. And to my wife; she who stands far above me, spiritually and morally,—what can I say to her? Nothing, except to beg of her to forget my follies and remember my virtues, for I suppose I had virtues, as all men have, although they were all cramped in wickedness and crime, and although I steeped my hands in the blood—shall I say of my brethren? No; but I was the cause of others doing it, and therefore I was the cause of much misery.

Well, I'll not continually regret I ever lived, but go forward, facing all the punishment I deserve, and when I shall have outlived the past, I am confident my future will be pleasant.

My earth name was John H. Cranfield. May 7.

Patrick Murphy.

Faith, I thought I would n't get here at all, I made such a mistake. I do n't know why I have not so good a chance as the rest. I stuck myself right up here, and asked how if I might come, and she said No. Faith, said I, but I will come, and I did. I 'm here myself, and she 's away. I tell you, sir, I never was bate at anything. In the first place, to begin with, my name was Murphy, and I was living in a place called Dover when I died. It 's short of three years since. I was born in Kearney, Glanmire County, Ireland—yes, there 's where I came from. I 've only been in this country—now let me see; I was here 7 years when I died, and I have been dead near three years—that makes ten years. Now I have a word for to say to the friends that 's here. I was one of these devilish things myself; my hands would shake, and I could n't work. I thought it was because I had a spat with the Priest, and I thought the devil had me. He said I owed him money, and I said I did n't, and I wa' n't to be bate by him. After that I took to shaking, and died in consequence after a while. When I died, my friends buried me without giving me a wake, and I do n't like it at all.

Now, sir, I want to know if I can't go back and find somebody what has the same power, that I can talk to my folks. There 's a priest here, says, "Go back and make yourself known through this body, and your friends will think of it much, and will call for you in time."

"Yes, sir; it was a long time that I could not do anything—I could not ate, sometimes. I found out I was one of these things you call mediums, and spirits used to come to me. Oh, I 'm in purgatory. I know I am, as well as that you are sitting there and scratching what I say. But I have not seen any devil, and that 's what puzzles me. I find everything all so much different from what I thought. I find I can see the folks, and if I could only touch them hard enough, I could make them know I was there.

I was looking at my body after I died, and at the one I had. I wanted to know if I could use this body as well as the other, and I found I could take hold of things, and that I could use it as well as the other, only it was air. Friends came to me and said, "Patrick, you must look at these things." Then I found out I was a medium, and that I could come back. By aid by I found a priest who lived in Kearney a long time back, and he finally knew me; and I asked him if we could go back, and he told me we could. He took me to a medium, and I made sounds, but she cleared me out because I was Irish. Then he carried me to another place, and I tipped things over, and they cleared me out after I gave my name as Patrick—she told me I was an Irishman, and cleared me out. Then he brought me here to the medium some six times, and showed me how to do it, and to day the old fellow told me my time had come; and I was in such a divil of a hurry, I walked right up and asked her if I could come, and she said No.

The spirit of the medium has first to be appealed to by a spirit wishing to take possession of her mental organs. If the medium's spirit dislikes the party applying, she resists, as in this case; then the stronger will succeeds. This spirit made a mistake when he shew himself to her spiritual vision, for, being an uncouth Irishman, she objected to leaving her body to have it occupied by him. The "old fellow" alluded to is the guide of the circle.

Sometimes I worked for the masons, and did what I could get to do. Before I came to this country I made clogs; but I found things so different here, that I made up my mind to have that business and seek other work. The priest told me that what I said would be published, and I asked him what I would do to get it to my folks, and he told me he would show me how to do that after I came here.

A person asked where the spirit of the medium was while he was in possession of the body.

Gods, I do n't know where is the medium! I have got the body; where the divil the other part is I don't know. I'll have to get the old fellow to help me out of this, and get that snarler back.

Oh, there she is. She looks as sober as a church-mouse in the daytime—and I'll have to go now. Good bye. May 7.

I came, sir, to see did I make a mistake or did you. Did I understand you to say that you would publish it right away? I made no mistake this time. I jumped like a cat at a mouse this time, and sure she thinks I 'm the best man in the world. She don't know who I am. Can't you say that you 've got a communication from Patrick Murphy, Kearney, Ireland, died in Dover, New Hampshire?

Well, then I 'll go; and I think it very likely I 'll make a divil of a mistake, and have to come back again. May 11.

Charles Hill.

I want to tell my friends that I am dead; but that I cannot now give them what they have asked for. I will do so as soon as I can; but I must make my acquaintance with certain facts, else my coming would be of no avail. My name was Charles Hill. I died in your city. May 7th.

Harvey S. Paige.

Will you give my mother a communication from me? I died in New Jersey, and I must talk to my mother. I was seventeen years old—was made deaf and dumb at one year of age by fever; died by consumption; am very happy. My name was Harvey S. Paige; will call again. May 7th.

(The above was spelled by the alphabet for the dumb.)

Oliver Bacon.

Every true Christian, it seems to me, should be willing to subject themselves to the dissecting knife of truth, whether in the hand of the disembodied spirit, or the embodied one. In ancient days some of our good friends prophesied of a time which was to come, when the secrets of all hearts should be open for the inspection of the multitude—when all things secret should be brought forth, and that done in the night, proclaimed upon the house-top. It seems to me that time is here, even now. But if men are only found in the way of their duty, they will not be afraid to let their neighbors see what is written. All men should sweep clean the temple of the soul, and whatever their exteriors be, rough or comely, the soul should be pure. No evil thoughts should find a resting-place, no hate should remain there, but purity and holiness be written therein; so that when the angels look within to visit it, there should be no impurity.

God dwells in every human soul, and his dwelling-place should be an holy one.

I have thrown myself upon your notice somewhat unceremoniously, to-day. It is but a short time since I was with you, participating in some of the joys you are now enjoying. A few years ago I hoped to see some more joys on earth, but man proposes, and God disposes. I have some regrets, for I did not do all the good I might have done, and have reared upon my spirit some stains which I wish were not there. But, blessed be the God of love, we always have an opportunity of taking up our work we have laid down in earth life, and making those things straight that we left crooked on earth.

I have many friends in your vicinity, many whom I dearly love, and it is but right I return and tell them of my existence. I find the spirit land somewhat different from what I expected. I thought I should remain for a time in a state of unconsciousness, but I find that I have my faculties in possession, and can use them as well as I ever could.

I have some blessed opportunities of approaching my friends, but there are some I am attached to I cannot approach, and it seems to me they are wanting in something—faith. For they say, go to a stranger and manifest there, and I'll believe. Thus clearly showing that they are not willing to admit me with open arms to the family circle. I do not complain of this, but exhort them to keep the wheels moving, that the temple may be finished on earth.

Man does not know how much he loses by not doing his whole duty. The great spirit of love requires nothing hard of his children, nothing that they cannot easily perform; and it is better that they perform the work faithfully.

Christ, the good medium of ancient times, was an example for all, and all will do well to follow him; but he was not infallible; he was frail—he was poor human nature after all, subject to all the temptations of an earthly life; yet the spirit of God was more plainly manifested in him than in any of his times, or of the present time.

All believers in the new light, are as it were in a primary school, and the angels are their teachers, God the Superior; and every one that comes forth from this school to spirit life, is required to give an account of himself, and is questioned much more closely than he who has not had this light. So consider, my dear friends, you who have this light of the nineteenth century, that you will be called to account for every act and every thought that shall pass through the mental organism. And you yourself shall be the judge. You are not to be arraigned before the tribunal of an angry God, for as every man will be best capable of judging himself, God has imposed that duty upon him. I reviewed all my past life, and I could readily see where I had made a good mark, and where a bad one, and I passed my own sentence. I was told I could dwell higher in the spheres than I was located, but Judgment said—"You had better remain on this plane, until you can go higher with freedom, and mingle with its inhabitants with right." And I assure you, my dear friends, it was hard for me to feel that I could not go higher, because of errors in life. But I saw that it was better for me to remain where I was, till I had cast off the errors of earth, than to mingle in society I was not prepared for.

I have seen around me, since I have been an inhabitant of spirit-life, many who passed on before me; and, strange as it may appear, they are beneath me in point of happiness. They are not so near the Father, or perfect Love, as I am, and yet my spirit has hardly freed itself from its clay garment. But the laws that pervade the Universe cannot be infringed upon, and if man passes out of this sphere without light, or knowledge of the future, he will find himself in an unhappy state, not knowing what his situation is to be, nor where his God is.

Ah, you have little conception of the realities in store for all in spirit-life. The wisdom of the Father is everlasting, and his mercy is everlasting, and his love is everlasting, and his children are all destined to become perfectly happy; but who would not be happy at this time—who would lay down perhaps an hundred years in misery? Therefore do not, dear friends, by word, act, or deed, seek to infringe upon the rights of your God. Walk steadily in the way of wisdom, and when you have laid off your mortal form, open arms will be waiting to receive you—kind friends be ready to welcome you.

Remember me to all the kind friends I left on earth, and tell them I shall come back from time to time, as I gather gems of wisdom, and cast them at their feet; and thus I bid you good-day. Ah, my name you want. I was called Oliver Bacon—lived in Woburn. May 10th.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SONG OF NATURE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Hark! the whispering winds are telling,
Gentle tales of long ago;
Music from earth's depths is welling,
Floating from the mountain's brow.

From the streamlet, low it gusheth,
Liquid as a fairy strain;
From the headlong cascade rusheth—
Patters in the summer rain.

From the ocean's stirring measure,
From the burning mountain's height,
From earth's scenes of rural pleasure,
Comes the music of delight.

Ringing now, with tones of sadness,
Comes a strain of wild regret;
For the fresh, upspringing gladness,
Care has bid the soul forget.

Hark! the angel song is pealing,
From the earth and from the sky;
Love and happiness revealing
To the careless passer-by.

To the hearts that feel no glory
In the thronging, worldly mart,
Comes the loving, olden story,
With its strange and mystic art.

Whispers to the spirit, yearning
For a love to earth unknown;
Of the loved and lost returning
With their youth's familiar tone.

With their golden tresses streaming—
Bathed in consciousness divine;
With illumined knowledge gleaming,
Gathered at the inner shrine

Of the spirit's pure unfolding;
With the love-lit eyes of yore—
Lily-wands of power upholding,
Guiding to the spirit shore.

List! the hymn of Life is pealing,
Joy and victory in its song!
Angel-touched, the fount of feeling
Flows in melody along.

Whispering winds, and sweet flowers blowing,
Syllable the olden tale;
And the river's sun-kissed flowing,
Still o'erhangs eve's misty veil.

Still the voice of Nature utters
Oracles sublime and grand;
Still the lingering breezes mutter,
Ocean's treasures line the strand.

From the depths of earth come welling
Strains that soar to heaven above;
Earth, and sea, and sky are telling
The eternity of love!

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14th, 1858.

Correspondence.

WHAT IS LIFE?

"Our life is like the track of feet
Left upon some desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their works shall vanish from the sand."

A seed sown in the earth, germinates, springs forth and grows through the various degrees of unfolding, and comes to ripened maturity; it then dies, and is dissolved, the simple elements of its composition are set free to be attracted to its kindred particles.

Man's physical body is governed by the same laws; he has a beginning, growth, development and maturity; he then dies, and his form is dissolved and returns to the earth and its surrounding elements—"dust to dust, ashes to ashes."

Again, what is life?

It is an endless progress of existence, in which the soul, the intelligence of man shall forever be awakened to a consciousness of unknown scenes; strange and untried emotions that through infinite duration shall ever be new and fresh to satisfy his longings.

The plant has life; that life departs; and we know not but with its emanations of beauty, fragrance, buds and blossoms, it rises to live in freshness and new life forever. The unseen principle that gives life and vigor, expansion and beauty to the plant, departs; we know not where it goes; but there is a consciousness within the soul of man that whispers in silence, telling him that he shall never die; this earthly life is but the germination of the soul buried in the physical body for a little time; and death is but the bursting forth of the germ of the spirit through the envelopments of the material earth, the physical body; that "The body is dust—the soul a bud of eternity." "Time is the stream we go a-fishing in; we drink at it; but while we drink we see the sandy bottom and detect how shallow it is. Its thin currents slide away, and eternity remains; we would drink deeper; we would fish in the sky, whose bottom is pebbly with stars."

The products of the earth feed, clothe and protect the physical body. The body craves physical food, which, in its nature, is adapted only to its fleeting existence; the soul is eternal, and it craves that food which is adapted to its nature,—food that endures forever; error does not feed the soul,—truth is eternal and alone satisfies its longings.

What is our earthly life? It is footprints on the sands of time; soon as the rising tide flows over them they are washed away and lost forever.

What are these tracks upon the sandy shore of time? They are tracks of poverty, and in them are tears and sighs; tracks of riches, in them are glittering bubbles; tracks of arrogance and pride; tracks of weakness and humility; tracks of youth and tracks of age; tracks of beauty and tracks of deformity; tracks of kings and tracks of subjects; tracks of Papists and tracks of Mahometans; tracks of Jews, Protestants, Calvinists and Mormons; tracks of love and tracks of hate; tracks of war and tracks of peace; tracks of every vice and every virtue. The rising tide sweeps over them and they are gone,—not one remains. Such is our earthly life. And what advantage shall it be to us, to study and learn these tracks, to measure and compare one with another, when the next tide shall wash them away? The history of humanity, with all its inventions and intelligence, is comprehended in these tracks; and the great tide of time shall wash them with their memory clear away forever. All these tracks are nought to the soul. The philosophy of man, of our schools and colleges, is as unlike the philosophy that shall govern the soul as the thin currents of the muddy stream that we go a-fishing in are unlike the unmeasured depths of ether above us, pregnant with latent truths that fill the universe; these truths are food for the soul.

It is the pure, unprejudiced desire of the soul to fish in the sky whose bottom is pebbly with stars; to go forth in a shoreless world of unlimited beauty and gather truths from its eternal fountains of wisdom; to study the footprints of angels, which the rising tides of earth cannot wash away.

And what is death? 'Tis but a change upon the stage of life; as Homer says:

"Then death so-called, is but old matter drest
In some new figure, and varied vest;
Thus all things are but altered, nothing dies,
And here and there the immortal spirit flies."

Death awaits us all. He will speedily come and calmly lay us in his shroud. And what is death? 'Twill only be "a little shade, a quicker breath, the dampening dew upon the brow, and all is over." 'Tis but the refining process of nature's laws; the soul is born; it comes up in beauty anew and blooms again; the throbbing heart of angels quicken it by the breath of love, "*and death is life.*" The new-born spirit is a bud of eternity, and when it is freed of its earthly tenement it shall forever "wander and gaze, and gazing, love; and drink, and drinking quench the thirsty soul." It shall come up "all radiant with glowing hope, with heavenly truth, with thrilling confidence to the mansions that await it."

Our souls shall then gather new truths; we shall "gaze on greener buds; we shall look on brighter stars than we now behold; we shall see worlds opening to our wondering sight, planets in their courses; we shall be clothed in a new mantle of beauty; and new perceptions of the Great Eternal One shall flow into our being; and larger shall our boundary of love grow, and brighter our horizon of beauty." These joys shall be ours when our loving spirits burst these feeble, fluttering bodies and rise on the wings of ecstacy to the world above.

And what is our life?

"Our life is but the track of feet
Left upon some desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
Their marks shall vanish from the sand."

And "Time is the stream we go a-fishing in; we drink at it, and while we drink we see the sandy bottom; how shallow it is; we would drink deeper; would fish in the skies, whose bottom is pebbly with stars."

"The body is dust, the soul is a bud of eternity."

A. B. C.

FRANKLIN, N. H.

New Advocate of the Great Movement.—The Devil said to be in the field!—Synopsis of First Lecture and Prayer.—Truth, Righteousness, Freedom and Love proclaimed.—Sectarianism repudiated.—Christianity endorsed.—The people flocking to hear.—Challenge offered.—Declined!

A historical fact or two are necessary, properly to introduce the present subject to the reader.

The Rev. J. Elliott, who has been for about eighteen years, and still is, a member in regular standing of the Merrimac County Christian Conference, seven years ago, as opportunity presented, began to investigate the spiritual phenomena. The evidence, about eight months since, met his mental condition, since which time he has announced his conclusions, both in public and in private.

Bro. J. H. Currier has been with us several times, and spoken in the trance-state, examined and prescribed for the sick, to the great satisfaction of many of our citizens. The cause of TRUTH is onward—and still onward.

A few weeks since, the Rev. Samuel Nutt—more than three score and ten,—who has traveled extensively as a Christian minister, was requested at the close of a meeting of his to give notice that Mr. Elliott would lecture at the same place the following Sabbath. He then made the following announcement: "The Devil will have a meeting at this place next Sunday at half-past four o'clock!" and gave it as his advice that the people had better stay away.

At the appointed hour the speaker appeared, and lo, the people from hill and vale had filled the house to overflowing! He then said:

Fellow citizens, I appear before you on this auspicious occasion, as the advocate of no sect living or dead—not even as an authorized exponent of the spiritual movement, which in a greater or less degree agitates nearly every community in our great and growing Republic, as well as other nations and tribes; but to speak forth, as an individual, the deep and well-matured convictions of my own interior being. Ours shall yet be the home of civil and religious freedom—freedom of speech and of the press shall yet solve the great problems of human life and human government.

If the views presented accord with your mental and spiritual development, receive them—if not, reject them. Throw them into the crucible of reason—separate the gold from the dross—dread no authority of the past—fear no light of the present. *Truth* is the altar before which all should bow, whether found in Jewish, Pagan or Christian antiquity, among the two thousand four hundred millions of worlds which fill up the already discovered fields of etherial space. In the towering Alps, in the sunny vale, in Niagara's mighty fall and roar, in the wild mountain stream, in the opening flower of spring, in the depths of the human spirit, or in the present unfolding from the immortal realm—in each and all we see our Father's laws and read his changeless love.

Before the era of true harmony reaches the unfolding spirit, it gains harmonious views of the relations and immutability of nature's laws. Within is planted a deep, yearning desire for the good, the beautiful, the true—for immortal existance and endless progression therein. It struggles long and hard to break the bands and pierce the clouds which error has imposed. It rises far above the pestilential miasma engendered by the strife of conflicting parties, where the air is most pure, cool and exhilarating.

Our position is, 'Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.' When persons in the trance-state speak eloquently on themes with which in their normal condition they are not conversant, it is a call to investigate. When musical Instruments are played in air without human hands, it says, examine. When the internal organization of the human system becomes transparent to the vision of another, we ought to know how this insight is obtained. When ponderable material substances move without human agency, we should not ignore the cause which produces these effects. When the sick are healed by the laying on of hands, we should not treat the subject in a trifling manner. Perhaps the time may arrive when we would gladly avail ourselves of this mysterious power. If sealed letters, written in Chinese characters, are answered by the same characters, when the medium knows not their significance, is it not a subject of sufficient importance to attract the attention of the most profound philosopher? If there are laws connected with mind in the material form adequate to the production of these results, is it not of the highest importance that they should be known? If we have reached that point in the development of the race, when intelligences of the higher and lower spheres under proper conditions can blend, will not both combined produce greater results than either alone?

Whenever a new subject, or an old one, under a new phase, comes up for investigation, many people, as in Paul's day, suppose the world is about to be turned "upside down." We may rest assured, however, that all truth and facts of the present age are in harmony with those of all former ages, and we may say also with those which exist in all parts of the Universe. Paul, Jesus, Moses, Socrates, Confucius, nor the teachings of science, have ever yet found one truth antagonistic to any other truth. Source of all wisdom, power and love, unite our souls to thee and all thy truth!

The speaker then ascended from the smallest members of the human system through a series of causes and effects, till he reached a Great First Cause, "Being whom we call God, and know no more!" Descended from the divine in God to the divine in man. Laid open his inherent powers and rights—love of truth—tendency to worship—to society—desire for immortality, and hope of endless progres ion in knowledge and happiness, as exemplified by all nations and clans in every part of the world.

Attention was then called to the fact that about a thousand religions exist on our planet, all of whose worshipers may be regarded as equally sincere in the homage which they pay to the Universal Father; and how many millions there may be on the other orbs, the speaker did not attempt to disclose, though *his* acquaintance in that direction, we suppose, must have been somewhat extensive! That part of the religious world called Christian, as now organized into sects, each having its separate interest, was strongly contrasted with the great and universal brotherhood which Jesus came to establish. Sectarianism and Christology were shown to be altogether different institutions. The former introducing into families an element of discord which did not exist before; the latter unfolding the Fatherhood of God, and pointing to the ultimate brotherhood of the race.

Various phenomena, mostly occurring in our vicinity, was then presented. The speaker gave a panoramic view of the Spiritual movement, which was caused to pass before his interior perception, blending the spirit harmoniously with man and all the works of the vast Universe and the Universal Father, which caused the silent tear to fall from many an eye. Death was shown to be a beautiful and most desirable process, a birth into the realm of spirits, when the material body has done all it can for the spirit. For the spirit to depart then is far better than to remain longer in its frail, worn-out casket. Bright angels are its convoy to the celestial home. Their music falls sweetly on the ear, and we say to the body, farewell for awhile—perhaps forever!"

He then offered, in a calm and fervant manner, the following prayer:—

"Father of all, in every age,
In every clime adored;
By saint, by savage, and by sage;
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!"

We thank thee for all the manifestations of thy love to us, thy earthly children; the millions of worlds which roll through the etherial blue; the myriads of beings who dwell upon their surface; the hills and vales with which thou hast diversified them; every tree, plant and blooming flower; every chemical change in the internal structure of our earth; every noble pulsation of the human heart, which seeks to assuage human suffering and wrong; every aspiration which seeks to rise into the calm, clear sunlight of Truth, Wisdom and Love; every inspiration, whether it be that of poet, prophet, or apostle; every precept and example of Jesus; every angelic influence, whether in the past or present age; these are but the manifestations of thy love to thy children. *May we love man universally, but thee supremely.* May our spirits inhale the divine aroma which flows from every object with which we are surrounded. May the Godlike within us be attracted nearer and nearer to the Source from whence it sprang!

"To thee whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all beings raise,
All nature's incense rise!"

The following question was then read and an invitation given to the Rev. S. Nutt, or any member of the Merrimac County Christian Conference, to meet the speaker at some future time and place, and maintain the negative:—"Does the spirit of man, after leaving the body, under proper conditions, manifest itself to its earthly friends?" The Rev. Mr. Nutt has been called upon but declines discussing the question! This aged champion of the Lord dares not meet him whom he would stigmatize as the devil!

REPORTER.

THE CAUSE IN MICHIGAN.

ADRIAN, MICH., JUNE 18th, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—For two months past I have been transported over the rail and plank roads of this State, stopping over to preach at the stations where I had a call; and as I now leave, to spend the next six weeks in Ohio, I may as well sum up and "report progress," asking leave to come again. I reached this point April 23d, from Ohio and Indiana, where I have been busily engaged for three months, giving thirty-one lectures in February, and not slackening much in January. The demand for good speakers in that region has increased at least fifty per cent. in the last year. Since arriving in Michigan, (in which is my home, at Battle Creek,) I have lectured thirty-nine times at seventeen places. In Kent, Iowa and Oakdale counties, I gave twenty-one lectures in sixteen consecutive days, to a population almost starving for spiritual food. I can truly say in this region "the harvest is great, and the laborers few." In Grand Rapids and Iowa an able and philosophical speaker could be well employed for a year, and well paid. On the central and southern railroads two or three more are needed to spend a year, at least; and double the number would then no doubt be wanted. Four of us lecturers live at Battle Creek, on the Central road—Mr. Peebles, Mr. Averil, Mr. Howitt and myself—but Mr. Averil does not devote his time all to lecturing. Mr. Peebles works very hard in the field, and is doing a good work in the region round about his home. Mr. Hewett and myself have such wide and long circuits, that Michigan does not get much from us. Mr. Tiffany holds up the banner at Coldwater, on the southern road, once in two weeks, and several other good speakers and workers are busy in other localities; among them several gentlemen that were clerical, and several ladies that are excellent mediums. On the whole, Michigan may be set down as a State in the very front rank of education and reform, and, of course, also in Spiritualism—for such is the soil where the seed of the new gospel takes root most readily. The prospect and progress of rational Spiritualism is truly cheering in our State. There has been an awakening and quickening the past winter and spring, far exceeding the religious and sectarian revival movement, at least in intellectual, if not in passional, demonstration.

The religious revivals have caught many of the Sunday School scholars, who thought it would be so fine to be church members, and have their names registered and carried from place to place. (I have seen children equally anxious to sign petitions.) They have also hooked up a few backsliders, who, on sliding out of the churches, slipped back and down below the sectarian level, instead of going out above it, as those who go to Spiritualism, and many others do. The churches have no doubt gained in names, or numbers, but, I believe, have actually lost in power and intellect in our State during the past winter.

Our friends have places for meetings, and regular meetings, in many towns of this State. In some they have singing on Sundays. The sectarians are still trying to build churches to be used by us, or not at all, in a few years; many already built have no other use, and others are fast coming to us, or to decay, when they may stand for a time as monuments to the memory of the dead societies that put them up. We shall soon need a Volney to write a history over the ruins of sectarian churches, to run with that excellent work of his on "The Ruins of Empires." The few live members of a church in this little city have dug up that old fossil of the Oolite strata in geology, and the od-force in theology—Ex-President Mahan—and have stationed him under the steeple in their holy temple, where he exhibits, or is exhibited, on each holy day of the seven. He will no doubt run it into the ground in a year or two, as that is the tendency of his od-force and his theology, as of electricity, when it seeks an equilibrium. He throws at Spiritualism occasionally, as spitefully, and with about the same effect as Luther hurled the inkstand at the Devil.

I shall probably reach New England in August or September, and hope to greet you and other friends, and learn that your excellent paper is as well sustained as it deserves, and that is well enough.

WARREN CHASE.

PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

WORCESTER, June 22, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—If any one of my most intimate friends had told me one week ago that I should write you an article in favor of Spiritualism, I should have laughed him to scorn, for it is not quite a week since I was one of the most bitter opposers of your belief, especially so of the physical manifestations—and allow me to say, that I was honest in my opinion, for I had never witnessed aught but what might be accounted for through natural laws. But I must now say, with equal honesty, that my skepticism has been swept away by a deluge of facts and tests, which have put to rest all doubt, and established on a sure foundation, (in my mind,) the fact that the spiritual and material worlds are in rapport with each other, and that spirits do manifest their presence physically by moving inert matter, as well as mentally, by controlling the organism of media. And as I supposed it might be interesting to you and your readers to know how I have been converted, I will relate my experience.

Not quite one week ago, a friend called on me, (I shall ever bless him for it,) and invited me to accompany him to Mr. Paine's circle for physical manifestations, where he thought I might witness that which would interest me. Having heard much of the wonders seen at Mr. Paine's, (not the gas man, but his brother, George P. Paine,) I very readily consented. On arriving at Mr. P.'s residence—a very pleasant little cottage—we found the house crowded, not as I had anticipated, with the credulous and ignorant, but with the refined and intelligent; and, on remarking to my friend that this must be some special occasion, he said I was mistaken—that Mr. Paine had no special occasions, that his house was open, free to all, rich and poor—and the beggar, in his rags, was treated with as much consideration as he who owned his thousands; and, although depending on his occupation as a mechanic for his livelihood, he has never charged or taken a dollar for the trouble it must put himself and family to, as he keeps open house every night except Sunday. I hope you will excuse this digression, as I consider it but just to give Mr. P. credit for his disinterestedness, as it shines forth in bright contrast to the exorbitant charges made by some of our media.

Having satisfied myself with examining the company present, I turned my attention to the table—an ordinary four foot pine one—which was placed in the centre of the room. On the entrance of Mr. P., the company was seated in a circle round the room, (the table being in the centre,) in accordance with the direction of the spirits, who manifested their presence by repeated loud knocks on the table, floor, walls and ceiling. After the formation of the circle, Mr. P. stated that he desired that all persons present would abstain from any discussion of what might occur, until after ten o'clock, when the manifestations would cease for the evening, and every facility be granted to investigate and discuss whatever might occur—to which request there were loud knocks of approval, proceeding from the table, which was very satisfactory to me, as there was no person in contact with it, not even the medium; neither was there during the whole evening; the room was well lighted. After the company had sung some beautiful pieces, the table was lifted up from the floor repeatedly, and questions answered by tipping itself three times for an affirmative, and once for a negative. The table was lifted so high, that I repeatedly put my hands under the legs, between it and the floor, without coming in contact with it. I was so well satisfied with what I was witnessing, that I said, "Mr. Paine, I must investigate." He replied, "That is what I desire." I then asked if my little son was present, and the table responded that he was—gave his name through the alphabet, age, where born, and where his body lies. I then asked him if he would move the table up to me. It was immediately taken up in mid-air, and tipped over into my lap. I not only conversed with my little boy, but with others who were and are near and dear to me.

Now, Messrs. Editors, this actually occurred, and is nightly occurring in the presence of as many as can obtain admittance to his house. God bless him as the instrument of doing much good, is the sincere prayer of

ALEXANDER CAPEN.

LECTURES BY EDWARD S. WEEELER, OF NORWICH.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 21, 1858.

To the Editors of the Banner: DEAR SIRS—Yesterday we had the pleasure of listening to two fine discourses, given through the mediumship of Mr. Edward Wheeler, of Norwich, a young medium—having been in the field as a public lecturer but about six months—through whom the intelligences allow the audience to choose the subject upon which they shall speak—answer what questions may be propounded at the close of each lecture, and also improvise poems upon subjects requested by the audience. In the afternoon the discourse was upon "Practicality," which it would have done every Spiritualist good to have heard—ending with a beautiful poem upon the same theme. Questions were also asked and answered most satisfactorily.

In the evening the subject selected was "Religion," which was treated upon in a masterly manner. At the close of the lecture some one requested the spirits to improvise a poem, the subject to be, "The occupations of the Celestial spheres," which was taken up in an instant, and continued for some time, in a most beautiful strain.

Yours truly, R. P.

MISS M. MUNSON, NO. 3 WINTER ST., BOSTON, AS A TRANCE SPEAKER.

NEW BEDFORD, June 21, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS—It is not perhaps generally known that this lady, highly gifted as she is in the art of spirit-healing, ever attempts to speak in trance to the public; indeed, it is but lately that she has done so. On Sunday, 13th inst., she gave her first public lecture in this city. The audience were so much delighted, both with the matter and manner, that they engaged her to speak to them again on the succeeding Sabbath, which she accordingly did. It is of this her second lecture that I wish to allude.

The subject in the afternoon was, "Man: his origin, his present condition, and future tendency." In the evening she spoke more particularly of man's development, as a moral and religious being. The lecture was full of beauty and sound reasoning, and, as a literary production, would have done credit to the best minds in the country. But leaving the medium out of the account, so far as we may, and looking at the discourse as a spirit production, through the organism of another, I at once pronounce it the most beautiful I ever listened to. This I know is saying a great deal, after having heard many of the best trance-speakers, both here and in Boston. And I would take pleasure in saying to those who are desirous of securing a speaker who can interest any audience, however intelligent, that they cannot do better than secure the services of Miss M.

The cause of Spiritualism is rapidly increasing here, and many of the best minds accept the doctrine as being in harmony with reason and common sense, who yet have some doubt of its spirit origin; but I think they will ultimately come to the conclusion that it is the most reasonable and only solution that can be given to the phenomena.

H. K.

SUPERNATURAL IMPRESSIONS.

We clip the following from the Sacramento (Cal.) Age, of a late date:—

EDITORS SACRAMENTO AGE:—I am directed by an impression which I can neither understand or explain, to give to the public the following statement, and as I leave with you certified evidences of the truth of the principal portion of my story, I shall offer no apology for asking for it a place in your columns. On Wednesday evening last, amid the whirlwind of storm and rain which prevailed at the time, I was walking up K street, near Ninth, when I was met by a gentleman who spoke to me as I approached, but from whose presence I recoiled for the moment, and who remarked: "I have come to meet you." I should have retreated at once, had I not recognized his voice as that of a well known spiritualist or medium, with whom I had some slight acquaintance. He handed me a small paper package, and in a moment had turned the corner of the street and disappeared amid the almost impenetrable darkness. I thought at once that he was suffering under a temporary alienation of mind, and placing the paper in my pocket, started with the intention of reaching my room as soon as possible. In a moment, however, I found myself semi unconscious of the surrounding world, and I retain but a dim recollection of passing rapidly up K street, far beyond the thickly settled portion of the city, of directing my course northward; of climbing fences, of traveling swamps and lowlands, and of feeling the effect of the storm which every moment increased in violence, as the night did in darkness. I continued on until I reached the margin of the American River, some distance above Lisle's Bridge, as I afterwards ascertained, when, instinctively, I approached a skiff, which I could never have discovered had my senses been in their normal condition. Driven by an impulse, which is as mysterious to myself as to my readers, I launched the boat into the stream, and by the aid of a small paddle, although driven rapidly down by the continual rising current, I effected a landing on the north bank, about a quarter of a mile below the bridge. Before the skiff struck the shore, I distinguished the groan of a human being, and the full control of my senses suddenly returned to me. You can imagine my feelings, surrounded by a raging storm, an impenetrable forest and a roaring river, with no human being near me, except one whose moanings would have been frightful, even in more agreeable localities than that in which I found myself. I then perceived, for the first time, that a dimly lighted lantern was lying on the ground, amid the bushes, a short distance from me, and as I approached it, the form of a man, writhing in agony, was faintly discernable. I was nervous, excited and frightened, but I drew nearer and spoke, although my own voice sounded like a voice from the sepulchre. The sufferer turned his wild eyes upon me and, as the storm beat upon his blanched countenance, exclaimed: "The package—let me have it for God's sake!" I had forgotten that I had been entrusted with anything until his earnest solicitations reminded me of the fact, when I hastily gave him that which had been given into my charge. He hurriedly opened it and swallowed its contents, and implored me to give him some water to drink, which I was enabled to do by the aid of a small gourd found in the bottom of the skiff. As soon as he had drank it he sunk back and, as I thought, expired. I stood horrified for an instant, and then started to leave what I believed to be accursed ground, but he slightly moved at that moment and I perceived that life was not extinct. He murmured: "Do not desert me." I reapproached and seated myself on the damp ground beside him, and used all the means within my power to alleviate his miseries. He soon became so much better that I was enabled to get him into the skiff and float down to the mouth of the river, when we disembarked at Wilson's Ferry, the storm having slightly abated as morning was approaching. I accompanied him to the Station House, where he was properly provided for by the officers in attendance, and where he remained for two days. For the truth of this portion of the story the reader can make inquiry of the City Marshal or any members of the police department. The person whom I relieved subsequently informed me that he had been disheartened by misfortune, and that he had started with a lantern, amid the storm, to seek some desolate spot in which to die, and that he had taken a slow poison, but that I, an unconscious agent, had supplied him with an antidote. I have always had but slight faith in what are known as "impressions," but it is needless to say that this experience is to me more potent than the logic of learned metaphysicians, or the popular disbelief in things supernatural.

C. B. P.

Consider not so much what thou hast, as what others want. What thou hast, take care thou lose not; what thou hast not, take care that thou covet not.

Be content to be known by leisure, and by degrees; and so the esteem that shall be conceived of thee will be better grounded and more lasting.

FREE CONVENTION AT RUTLAND, VERMONT.

ABBREVIATED REPORT.

The Convention opened Friday forenoon, June 25th, as per announcement, in a large tent, having the capacity to seat about two thousand people, and capacity of being enlarged to any extent, as occasion might require.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS PRESENT:—A. J. Davis, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, S. B. Brittan, Joel Tiffany, A. E. Newton, Geo. Sennot, Esq., Henry C. Wright, Mrs. Emestine L. Rose, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Julia Branch, Mrs. Frances Gage, F. W. Evans, J. F. Walker, H. Elkins, Elder Miles Grant, Rev. Mr. Loveland, S. C. Chandler, Wm. Goodale, Horace Seaver.

PUBLIC TRANCE SPEAKERS:—Miss A. W. Sprague, H. B. Storer, Mrs. H. F. Huntley, Sarah Horton, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, A. E. Simmons, Flora Temple.

Among others present are Mr. J. V. Mansfield, the great writing medium; J. W. Greenwood, healing medium; Mr. Calvin Hall, of Connecticut; John M. Kenney, of Wareham; H. B. Nichols; S. T. Munson, of New York; Wm. Weston, of Burlington; and L. G. Bigelow, and many intelligent and liberal souls are here from all parts of the country.

Reporters are here for the New York Tribune, New York Times, and New York Evening Post, Spiritual Age, and one paper published in Burlington, Vt., and a Boston reporter is here, employed by Mr. Hovey, to report *verbatim* the full proceedings and speeches of the Convention.

The Convention will close Sunday evening. During Saturday and Sunday it promises to be deeply interesting.

The Convention was organized on the first day by the choice of the following officers:—

President—Rev. J. F. Walker; Vice Presidents—Dr. H. Koon, Rev. Gibson Smith, Thomas Middleton, H. C. Wright, E. L. Rose, Sherman Thomas, Joseph Adams, A. Kilborn, Mary L. Sweetser, P. P. Clarke, G. F. Kelley, E. B. Holden, Miss A. W. Sprague, Joshua Young, Mrs. Sarah A. Huston, R. R. Fay, G. F. Hendee, Wm. Weston, L. Ammidown; Secretaries—Wm. H. Root, A. B. Armstrong, J. R. Forrest, N. Weeks, L. Clark; Committee of Finance—Jno. Landon, N. Weeks; Business Committee—John F. Walker, J. R. Forrest, N. Weeks, H. P. Cutting, Albert Landon; Committee of Entertainment—B. F. French, R. T. Aldrich, L. Russell.

FRIDAY.

The forenoon was occupied by introductory remarks from the President, reading of resolutions, and brief incidental remarks by Dr. Gardner, Henry C. Wright, J. W. H. Toohey, Mr. Beeson, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Landon, and Mr. Clapp. There were present in the forenoon about three hundred persons. In the afternoon session the congregation numbered about twelve hundred.

The Resolutions presented are too lengthy for publication, but may be summed up as follows:—The first relates to the authority of each individual soul in deciding for itself, and condemns the individual, church, or state, which attempts to control that right. The second relates to the subject of Slavery. The third is on Spiritualism, endorsing its spiritual origin, the morality and humanity of its teachings, and its province in demonstrating the immortality of the soul. The fourth condemns the shedding of blood, by war, or the taking of human life in obedience to the death penalty. The fifth relates to Marriage. The sixth embraces Maternity, and woman's rights in regard to it, and her rights politically, educationally, industrially and socially. The seventh resolution calls for the abolition of all tariffs, and a general Free Trade system. The eighth denounces monopoly in land, and calls for its suppression. The ninth resolve is on the observance of the Sabbath, and takes the ground that, as the Jewish Sabbath is confessedly abolished by the Gospel Dispensation, and no other day is set apart by the same authority, all efforts to enforce an observance of the day, as of Divine appointment, are a violation of individual rights, and must be prosecuted in a dishonest and positive disregard of the spirit and teachings of the New Testament. The tenth is, that nothing is true or right, and nothing is false or wrong, because it is sanctioned or condemned by the Bible; therefore the Bible is powerless to prove any doctrine to be true or any practice to be right, and it should never be quoted for that purpose. The eleventh is on Man—his duties to his fellows and to himself, and his obligations to society. Also, that no system or creed can be useful that does not tend to remove ignorance, poverty, vice, and suffering, and to promote freedom, intelligence and happiness; that the time and devotion spent on religious services can confer no benefit on an infinite and independent power, and can, therefore, be no virtue.

Henry C. Wright spoke on the first resolution. He said:—

I am a man of one idea, and expect to be, so as long as I have a being—that idea is this: the happiness and chief end of man. The chief end of my existence is to glorify God in my own person, and in the person of every human being, black, red and white. To do this, I must do the thing that I think is right. You must be obedient to what your soul thinks is right, not to what some other soul thinks is right. If your soul rejects the Bible, as unreliable, and the soul of another accepts it, which is it your duty to obey, your own or another's authority?

Our Government is based on the principle to decide by the majority what is law and what is right. Mohammed is the authority for his followers; Confucius is authority for his followers; and Christ for the Christian. Nothing is *true*, because the Bible sustains or rejects it—because the government of the United States approves or condemns. There is no authority for me except my soul—that authority to me is supreme.

This obedience to external authority underlies many and most of the evils of the world. You cannot mutilate or injure my soul. Incarcerate it in prison, suspend it upon the gallows, do anything with it, but you cannot injure it. I cannot respect my own soul while it bows to external authority. If I respect and profit by the life of Jesus, his teachings must become a part of my life and be my own authority.

The Mohammedan, the Christian, the Brahmin, has no right to hold another amenable to each of their respective laws as they do. You can never teach men to respect life by killing men—to respect liberty by teaching men to hold other men in slavery. The only way to teach men to respect life and liberty is to teach them first to respect themselves. The multitude hold that it is perfectly right to take life under certain circumstances. The government approves this. I trample beneath my feet all men who enslave and kill their brothers; I scorn the authority that enslaves and kills; I scorn this external authority, outside the human soul. If I want to obey your thought, let me first make your thought mine by practice; then I will obey it, and not before.

Mr. Wright said his speech was written (though it thus far was spoken without notes) and would be given to the committee for publication. He continued:—

Speak and act from your own soul, not from that of another. Speak not from Church or State. Think your own thoughts, not the thoughts of Jesus, except the thoughts of Jesus become a part of your own life. Never try to think or feel as somebody else thinks and feels.

The spirit of Jesus is pure; just so far as my soul approves this spirit, so far it becomes authority for me. So far as authority is concerned, Jesus is just as much obliged to accept authority from me, as I from him. The reason I refer to Jesus is because he is authority for Christendom.

To all who are in or out of the body, I say, I am speaking and living in your presence; but I am speaking and acting for myself—H. C. Wright—wielding a sceptre over my eternal destiny. My prayer to God is—thy kingdom come, thy will be done, not as in Mohammed or Moses, or any other one, but in *me*. In his firm grasp he holds the sceptre of my eternal destiny; his eye is ever on me. In H. C. Wright my soul lives, moves, and has its being. Thus can I be blamed for rejecting all external authority, and accepting my own individual sovereignty as my authority?

Churches and governments have no souls. God does not deal with men by organizations, but by individual souls. Help me to know myself, and present to me motives for obedience to that law. Help my soul to a right decision in all the laws of human life, and then help me to obey them; then I shall be all that my God wants me to be, and all that I can be.

After Mr. Wright had concluded his remarks, the audience were entertained by very beautiful singing by the "Troy Quartette Club."

Mr. S. B. Brittan spoke on "The Natural Evidences of Immortality," in response to the third resolution. He said:—

Nothing is more evident to the careful observer than the fact that there has been a growing tendency to scepticism and an increasing disposition to accept a material philosophy. Thousands have been unable to come to any conclusion in regard to this great question of immortality; men have called on all things visible and invisible for a solution of this question. Before the commencement of the Spiritual Reformation materialism made rapid progress and left the repulsive image of its rigid features and darkening influence on the minds and hearts of thousands; but, within a few years, this tide of popular scepticism has been somewhat arrested, and the principles and proofs of Immortality, and the force of the natural evidences of our Spiritual nature have been presented in a more lucid and irresistible manner.

The argument to prove the immortality of the soul may be based in the great principles of nature and human nature. The great laws of motion, organic formation and life, pervade all matter in the Universe, and in these laws of matter we find the evidence of a ruling and all-embracing Intelligence. If it be true that matter is indestructible, it is also true that the life-principle and the intelligence manifested in Universal law and order, are immortal.

Some forms of matter are visible to the outer senses, while others are invisible. Thus the senses afford no true criterion whereby we may determine the limits of existence. The atmosphere and the more imponderable forms of matter are all invisible; and if such matter be subject to the law of organic formation, their must be an ethereal or spiritual world—a world of organic forms, which the outward senses can never perceive. The existence of the infusoria proves that the law of organization is not restricted to visible forms. The material elements must be rarified or attenuated in a good degree before they can be organized at all. Seeds will not germinate on granite rocks, nor take root in the beds of iron that underlie these everlasting hills. As many conditions and forms of matter are invisible, and all the great forces of Nature are unseen, save in their effects—as gravitation, which holds all worlds in their orbits, while God improvises the great harmony of the spheres, is wholly imperceptible by the organs of physical sensation, it is unsafe and preposterous to restrict the sphere of organized existence to the narrow limits of mortal vision. There must be a great realm of Spiritual existence—a sphere of organic life and intelligent action, or the analogies of Nature are false, and the Universe is forever incomplete.

The matter which enters into the composition of our bodies is thrown off once in seven years—each physical form is thus disorganized and effectually destroyed. A new body is formed by the assimilation of other elements—the new body being organized by the same in-dwelling spirit that fashioned the old one. Yet the man does not lose his *identity*—he is the same individual as before, and the men who have had a dozen bodies, have preserved their identity through all these changes. This proves that the individuality does not belong essentially to the *body*, but to the internal and spiritual man, which survives these and all similar transformations.

But this species of natural evidence is not limited by the imperfect statement already made. If you amputate a limb, the man still feels a consciousness that he is perfect. Take one after another of the members of the body, until all are gone, and if man could survive so many shocks, his consciousness would be complete and his identity in no way disturbed to the last. If then, the *trunk* be demolished, the consciousness may not be destroyed, but all the powers of feeling and of thought may still remain. The truth is, the implements of war, and the surgeon's knife, cannot reach *the real man*. The natural elements and the agents of destruction are all limited in their action to the body, while the conscious spirit is unimpaired in the exercise of its faculties, and indestructible in its organization.

There are still other natural evidences of our immortality. The somnambule and the magnetic clairvoyant see, without the use of the external eye, in darkness, and through the most opaque substances. In the dream-life, we have all some evidence of this state of independent perception. We see, hear, and feel, without the organs and the nerves of sense, and hence it is obvious that our powers of perception do not necessarily depend on the body, either for their existence or their manifestation.

I stand here to-day on this great globe, which, seen through the obscurity and gloom of a material philosophy, is but a mighty sepulchre, filled with the moldering remains of the innumerable millions who have gone before us; and I proclaim to you the resurrection and the life. No soul of man has ever perished. Immortality is the common inheritance of all who bear the Divine image.

"I feel my immortality o'erswell
All pains, all groans, all griefs, all fears,
And peal like the eternal thunders of the deep
Into mine ears this truth—thou liv'st forever."

Mrs. E. L. Rose thought Mr. Brittan's argument was not an argument to prove the immortality of the soul, which is the fundamental principle of Spiritualism; that the time was not ours to discuss the life hereafter, but to do the work of life here. Wipe the tears from the eyes of sorrow, open and destroy State-prisons, alleviate suffering, and, instead of prison-houses, sorrow and suffering, make happy, peaceful homes for men and women to live in.

Elder Miles Grant, second adventist, said:—

I am an uninterested individual in this convention. I am a friend to all here, but am an opposer to Spiritualism. I am a professor of religion, and a believer in the Bible. I do not believe man is immortal, but I do believe the Bible. I have searched the Bible through, and I find no proof of immortality. I have searched nature through, and I find no proof of immortality, and if proof there be of immortality, that proof I want. But lest some get a wrong impression, I will tell you I believe in the resurrection—believe we shall be raised, to eternal life. You may believe the Devil, and I will believe the Lord.

Rev. Mr. Loveland said, Mr. Grant had said that he had searched the Bible and nature through, and found no evidence of immortality. Millions of men have searched that same Bible, and they have found immortality; and millions of men have looked into nature, and there has come one harmony of voices vibrating the soul in ravishing strains of immortality.

Mr. Goodale said that we must first learn the immortality of the soul, before we can learn and do our duties here.

Mr. S. C. Chandler said:—

If we believe in the immortality of man, we must believe in the laws that govern the spirit. The real man is his mind, and that mind is a real organism—as real as the body itself. The eye is the only part that gives you vision, the ear the hearing, the nerves the feeling—mind is the result of the spirit of life. The machinery in the factory produces cloth, the same as the mind is produced by the action of the spirit.

All nature has existed from eternity; so it is with man. He never had a beginning no more than God. Whoever preaches the immortality of the soul, preaches the pre-existence of man. Before mind can produce hearing, it must have an ear to do it; it must have an eye to see, and nerves to feel; and only in the development of a perfect organization can we have a perfect manifestation of the spirit, and a better understanding of the immortality of man.

Mr. C. was followed by another song by the Troy Quartette Club.

Mr. Joel Tiffany spoke of the use and necessity of organizations. Mr. Tiffany's remarks were very excellent and interesting, and we regret our inability to present them.

At the evening session, there were about fifteen hundred persons present.

Rev. A. D. Mayo spoke on the subject of the Bible:—

I am a free preacher of Christianity. I am not here to speak in favor of, or against, any resolution of this Convention. The most important religious development is the authority of the Bible. There never was a time when there was so much Bible skepticism as the present. One hundred and twenty millions of earth's inhabitants teach that the Bible is authentic and infallible—that the word of God is infallibly inspired—the complete and final authority. The church says, read the Bible, and accept its teaching; but each sect says, if you interpret its meaning different from their own peculiar interpretation, that you are an infidel—though you accept it as fully as they, by your own standard of interpretation.

It is right that man should accept what is good and true in the Bible until better light appears. The idea that the Bible is the infallible word of God, is dead forever. Swedenborg foresaw this coming infidelity in the world, and he sought refuge in a double interpretation of the Bible. Much of the world's best thought and time is now spent on this great subject—the authority of the Bible. No one can tell what position the Bible will hold in the future. On this subject men should obtain the best helps of modern criticism; should not dogmatize, but investigate. The Bible has been a blessing, and it may be still. Religion derives its authority from no book. I believe that God dwells in every human soul, and inspires every soul according to that soul's capacities. It is more eminent in some souls than in others. All nations, and all men, are inspired by the indwelling spirit of God, and the more and higher this inspiration, the more enlightened, and refined, and civilized.

The book we call the Bible, is the history of the best religion of the human race. The Bible contains the best history extant of the Hebrew nation, and the life of Jesus Christ. It contains the only history of the Christian religion, which is the best religion the world has ever received. After making all critical extractions from the Bible, it is still full of instruction—it is inspired, and full of lofty and beautiful and useful ideas, and more piety and good examples than all the literature of equal ancient origin.

To cut the Bible all up to support sects—to erect a Christian church with the idea of supporting religious sectarianism, not only stultifies the reason, but outrages the conscience of men who love light, life, and liberty. The New Testament contains the best religious ideas thrown up in the two first centuries of the Christian era. These records contain the only written evidences of the Christian religion that has converted our two hundred millions of people. That the Bible is a finality—a complete and authentic record—is a pure assumption, unsupported by the book itself, or any other proof. The New Testament is not responsible for that half-pagan idea, that God and Satan govern rival provinces. This idea is enshrined in the bosom of Protestant churches. By them the sun and Deity are both seen in a bloody and lurid eclipse.

The omnipotence of love, we shall find in the character of Jesus—the greatest teacher of the race, and the highest man known of. The New Testament is the best history of the best religion that the world knows. Civilization is bound up in the law of human love, in Jesus—a character ages ahead of the present. The more I study his character, I see in it the problem of the highest and the saddest in human experience—the brightest and the noblest.

Again the exercises were enlivened by singing by the "Troy Quartette Club."

Miss Flora Temple, of Bennington, Vt., in a trance, though to all appearance in a normal state, and with eyes wide open, was the next speaker. She is a young medium, fourteen years of age. She is said to be a very able speaker, taking into consideration her extreme youth. She is engaged by Dr. Gardner to speak in Boston in a few weeks. After reciting some verses of poetry, she said:—

Every man must worship some God. Man is termed a breath of God, and is an everlasting principle of Deity, that can never die or decay; he is an emanation from God. Men are parts, offshoots, branches of God; and we are here to fill a mission, and help him to ascend higher. The mind is everlasting, rolling upward, ever and forever. Every man judges of God as he judges of his brother man, and as he is himself. Has God the petty passions, the anger and revenge, that excite mankind? has he the darkness of sin? No, no. Sin has been in the world, and has influenced minds; but from what does it spring? From ignorance, alone. Man has covered the breath of God with the smoke of fire and brimstone. Man, who has looked upon Christ for example, has grown in knowledge and love; but how far is humanity to-day behind his teachings and example! We hear in the churches the clanking chains of superstition and ignorance. Angels come to you to break these chains and shackles—to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of spiritual death. Ministers say, do not reason, for if you do, you will draw around you the devil and his angels. In the church, you are taught that you are a depraved being, clad in darkness. Angels come to tell you that your soul is immortal—that in your life is the breath of a good and loving God; and they bring flowers, and make for you garments of freshness and beauty. Darkness shall flee away, and the light of God's breath shall illumine the world, and man shall rise in the horizon, stars of God, to shine in his firmament forever, and to unfold in brightness and beauty through all eternity. Nature is the best Bible for humanity. The Bible is but a prelude, while nature is a grand concert, full of harmony and of the sweetest sounds.

Miss A. W. Sprague next followed, in the trance condition. She said:—

Freedom is God-given—is God-acting; though it may have been arrested and given in lesser power to humanity in its earlier stages of progress, still it is the legitimate right of man; and as he grows in truth and harmony, he will grow in the possession of freedom. Bondage is the fruit of error. Sin is bondage. Out of the grave of darkness and error, truth shall spring forth, and freedom with it. Learn what is great, what is good, and freedom shall follow. Truth comes not from pomp and pageantry, but from humility; and it comes with power—it decends with an almighty power from a source of infinite knowledge.

Man may not call on God, or Christ, or angels, but go on doing his work, on his own responsibility, faithfully and well, and doing all he can to make the pang and sting of sorrow grow less. Let him use his powers nobly, though a hell await him. Let him do his work nobly, though no heaven await him. When man can work for the love of others, without the expectation of a final reward for self in heaven, he shall become free. Though man's tendencies seem to be downward, he has noble and God-like tendencies in him. What can be done that will appeal to the nobleness that lies within man, to arouse the God-life that is sleeping within him? Angels come to appeal to this faculty—to lead man away from the idea of doing anything because it is a duty to do it; they lead him by a holy influence to do his work, because he loves to do it.

When a man claims that God is angry with the wicked every day, how can he be less to his neighbor than God is to him? When man shall become free, he shall see a good God, and loving Father—he will love his neighbor, and forgive him seventy times seven. Then he shall ask and receive. The true reformer lays his hand upon the human soul in suffering—goes to the prison-house, to the places of misery; pain and suffering, and recognizes every man as his brother.

Our report of the Convention will be continued next week.