

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE SERMONS

OF REVS. HENRY WARD BEECHER AND EDWIN H. CHAPIN are reported for us by the best Phonographers of New York, and published verbatim every week in this paper. EIGHTH PAGE—REV. H. W. Beecher's sermon.

"BERTHA LEE,"

MARRIAGE.

To the Memory of my Husband this tale is dedicated.

BY ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

MY PRECIOUS LITTLE RETREAT.

How dear this garret corner has become to me—it has spread out into the large boarding-house, where so many bright-eyed, merry girls did congregate. I am living over again those days of sunshine and shadow—days when we are all young again; and Addie, with her laughter and fun, Miss Lincoln, with her sweet gravity, Anna, with her love and sympathy, Miss Crooks, with her everlasting black bow, and her aspirations for Mr. Calvin—and a great many others, are all with me now. They are here in this garret; some have passed from this world to another; but they return to me now. One laughing little Hebe peeps at me from behind that rough rafter; Miss Garland is sitting, in her quiet dignity, in that large, old-fashioned arm chair; Miss Lincoln is kneeling, with her hands clasped, and eyes upturned to heaven; a stray sunbeam has found its way through the little window on the west, and turns to gold her soft, brown hair; Miss Crooks—ah, Miss Crooks! I wish it were no vision, but a flesh and blood reality, that I see sitting on that old chest, and weeping as if her heart would break because Mr. Calvin is going to be a missionary to India, and as yet has not asked her to share his destiny! Poor, disappointed Miss Crooks! I wish, indeed, you were here. Your devotion was worthy a better reward than the neglect you received at his hands.

Anna, too, is here; she sits by my side, and leans her head on my lap, and whispers, "How dark seems the shadows on my future life! When I leave Rockford, whither shall I go?" And then we lay our plans to live, together, and be all in to each other, and never marry; and Addie hears the resolution, and laughs, and declares she'll make no such promise. She will marry somebody with dark-blue eyes and dark, wavy hair, and who is strong, and brave, and generous, and loving! That makes me think of Charlie Herbert, and already I am beginning to be jealous of Addie; but no, down with such a feeling—didn't she get my letter for me, and run great risk in so doing? It was in this wise: The Secret Club decided that I had been greatly wronged by mother, because she would deprive me of Charlie's letter, written under the express sanction of my father, and they passed a resolution that, if possible, my letter should be obtained. There were but three mails in a week in those days from Oldbury to Rockford. I was sure Charlie would write by Saturday. That was Miss Crooks's day for going to the post-office. Miss Crooks and Miss Lincoln took turns in going to the office for the letters, and no scholar was allowed to go, under the penalty of close confinement to her room for the day, and on the repetition of the second offence, to be reprimanded before the school. Addie had already suffered the first penalty, and shrunk from undergoing the second. But the letter must be had, she said, and she would see what could be done.

On Saturday evening, while Miss Crooks was busy in Miss Garland's room, Addie made her appearance in mine, so completely disguised that I did not recognize her. She had the black puffs, the bow, the mourning calico, and now came for bonnet and shawl. She was a wonderful mimic, and convulsed us with laughter to hear the sharp, quick, harsh tones of Miss Crooks coming from her little rose-bud mouth; then the gait was perfect—the heavy, decided tread, and bold, authoritative way of carrying the head. "Now I'm off!" she said, and glided out of the door, with eyes full and running over of fun. Not ten minutes afterwards she came, breathless with haste, and laid the little letter bag on the table. "Quick!" she said, "select yours, and come with me! There is one post marked Oldbury. I was not long in finding it—my father's precious, familiar hand-writing, a double letter, too. I seized it, and ran, while Addie hung Miss Crooks's bonnet and shawl in the usual place.

My father's letter was brief, but kind Charlie's was four pages long, and closely written, telling me all about the family at home, how Joe missed me, and had saved a box of the nicest apples for my use; how Willie had been ill, but was now better, but wanted to see me very much; the kittens were doing well and growing fat under Joe's care. But what interested me most was the fact that Charlie was going to Boston to be clerk in an importing store. Uncle Gomez had obtained him the place; the head of the firm had been in the West India trade for many years, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Gomez.

"I hope that I shall soon be able to help my mother," he said. "I would rather study law, but my purse is not long enough," he added.

It made me feel sad to have Charlie leave Oldbury, though I would not be at home myself for some years; but I loved to think of Mr. Herbert as there

in her pleasant little house; it seemed like taking part of our own family, to have them leave.

He would go, too, before our vacation, but then he should come through Rockford, and would stop and see me. This was pleasant to anticipate.

I was busy reading my letter in Anna's room, when Miss Crooks knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Lincoln here?" she said.

"No; she is with Miss Garland," was Anna's reply.

"Has she been to the Post-office?"

"I think not."

"Is that you, Bertha Lee?"

"I believe so," I said, blushing and trembling, lest my precious treasure should be discovered.

"Have you been to the Post-office?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, somebody has, for the bag is on my table, and I'll go right off and see about it; some trick or other of the girls, I know."

Off she marched that bleak, cold evening, full of zeal to detect the offender. The Postmaster himself had not been there, but his son and another young man were present. They assured Miss Crooks that they had given the letters to herself; and she angrily told them it was no such thing.

"Indeed, madam, I am too familiar with your voice not to recognize it," said one of them.

"And I am sure," said the other, "it is the same bonnet and cloak."

Poor Miss Crooks was angry with the boys, and a little puzzled, too.

"I say, boys, I have not been in this office before, during this evening, and I wish to know who came and received the letters."

The son of the Postmaster had had his suspicions roused somewhat; he knew Addie very well, and admired the bright face and pretty form—at a distance, only, as one admires a "bright, particular star." He had seen the little, white, plump hand, with its diamond ring on one of the fingers, stretched out for the letters; and he fancied a ruse. Now he was sure it was Addie, and tortures could not have drawn the secret from him.

"It is not strange, ma'am, that you should forget that you came; you have so much care, and are so absorbed in your studies and duties. Pardon me, if I insist upon it that that same shawl, bonnet, and I should think, dress, though I cannot swear that the same dress had been here; the hair was pulled in the same way, and altogether, ma'am, if it was a case in Court, and you wished, an 'alibi' could be proved for you."

Miss Crooks was silenced, but not convinced. I was in my own room when she came in.

"I declare, it is the strangest thing that ever happened to me," said she, "that I should go to that office and not know it. There's not another person dresses in mourning in this house, or I would n't believe it was myself."

(No other did dress in mourning; but she had given one of the servants a cast off calico dress, as pay for some service performed, and the girl had hung it in the garret, where Addie had procured it.)

"That is no stranger than Sir Isaac Newton's absence of mind," I said; "have you ever heard of it?"

"No—what was it?"

"His friends wished him to marry, and left a very lovely woman in the room beside him, that he might have the opportunity to make proposals. He sat, smoking his pipe, while he held her hand, and wishing to crowd the tobacco in, he used her finger for the purpose, which so much disturbed the lady, that she would have no more to say to such an absent-minded philosopher."

"And he, poor man, lived and died an old bachelor. I think she was a very foolish woman!"

"No, no," I said, "he could not have made an agreeable husband; but please look at the letters—they have been lying there all this time, while so many are eagerly waiting for them."

She took them out one by one very carefully, examined the postmark, writing and seal of each. I was standing at the glass, combing my hair, while she sat at the table opposite. One letter attracted her particular attention; she turned it over, looked at it a long time, laid it down; looked over the others, and then turned to this one again. I looked earnestly, hoping to see the name; a favorable turn of the letter gave me "Miss Mary Lincoln." Miss Crooks hesitated, held the letter a long while, and then put it into her own pocket; and sent me to distribute the others.

The next day she told me that she had mentioned to Miss Garland, that she had gone to the Post-office without knowing it.

"Why, my dear, that is not strange," said Miss Garland; "you have been very busy of late, and are faithful to your duties—you need rest, and when the classes are all arranged, Miss Farwell will take charge of the school on Saturday and Sunday, and you and I will take a short ride and rest."

This was a pleasant omen, and Miss Crooks never insisted upon it again, that "she knew she did n't go twice."

I watched her very closely after she pocketed the letter. I went to bed early; she waited awhile till she thought I was asleep, and then I saw her sit down at the table, evidently with the intention of reading it. But just as she was about to break the seal, conscience must have whispered, for she dropped the letter as if it burned her fingers, then rose hastily as if she dared not trust herself longer, and taking the letter with her, went out of the room in the direction of Miss Lincoln's. When she returned she was pale and agitated, and laying her

arms upon the table, and her head upon them, she wept. Poor Miss Crooks! I guessed your secret, child as I was; alas! your sorrow is common to woman.

Our life had little variety; it was a regular routine of study, with but little bodily exercise; nothing that might be called amusement, and a very small quantum of fresh air. The house was not well ventilated, the rooms were small and close, and the animal spirits most too thoroughly subdued for true health and vigor. But the system of instruction was thorough, and the mode of imparting knowledge most agreeable. There were no dry recitations from memory. In geography, for instance, we dwelt upon one country till its rivers and mountains, its towns and cities, its climate, soil and productions, were perfectly familiar to us, its government also; and we had in our mind's eye a correct picture of the country and its inhabitants. History was taught in the same way, till the characters stood out before us, real, living, flesh and blood people—not mere myths; and, while dates were firmly fixed in the memory, the pupil was taught to reflect upon the great historical events of the past, and draw an inference for the future. When tempted to admire false greatness and power, or when dazzled by the exploits of great conquerors, the distinction between goodness and greatness, between the moral heroism of such men as Washington, Luther, Howard, William Prince of Orange, and the worldly ambition of Caesar, Napoleon, and the warriors of the earth, were pointed to us, and we were insensibly led to see the beauty and dignity of a true, worthy life. Miss Lincoln delighted to trace God's hand in history; there was no dry, prosaic teaching with her. I shall never forget how her rich, exuberant fancy dwelt lovingly for many days in Athens, and how she delighted to tell us of the wonderful period when Pericles governed there, and made the stones of Greece beautiful for all time; how the almost divine Phidias wrought the statue of Minerva, and the more majestic Jupiter, so grand and glorious that all Greece was entranced at beholding it. Day after day we lived amid the glories of Ancient Greece, till we felt with Byron, willing almost to give our lives, if need be, to rescue the descendants of the whole race from the domination of the haughty Turk. But one day, when the works of Pericles had filled our youthful fancy with their wondrous beauty, she told us of St. Paul, standing many years after in that same city, and proclaiming the unknown God; and then she drew a parallel between the sensual, debasing mythology of this art-loving people, and the pure, elevating Christianity of the New Testament, till we turned from the imposing ceremonies of the heathen temples—from the Acropolis to the cross—from Mars Hill to Olivet—from the Parthenon to Gethsemane, and felt how much dearer to us were the footsteps of the Saviour than all the works of the philosophic Greek. We could see that our teacher spoke from the heart, with a true perception of beauty, loving it in the rare handwork of the true artist, lingering lovingly over it in the tiny flower, or the delicate moss, drinking it in from the sunset clouds, the starlit sky, and from the group of sweet young faces about her, yet deeply, reverently, above all things else, loving the holy dignity and beauty of the Saviour's life and teachings. And yet, save by those immediately under her care, and who were familiar with her daily life, Miss Lincoln was not appreciated. She was so loving and gentle that she could not denounce the erring as did Mr. Calvin and Miss Crooks; neither did she know anything about what Mr. Calvin called mountain views of the promised land, or plunges in the Slough of Despond. Her life was like a stream fed by a living spring, and, running through green meadows and quiet woods, always murmuring sweet music, soft and low, never rushing over precipices, or losing itself in marshy plains.

Anna and myself had become warm friends; of course all our little secrets were common property; and the next morning she was in possession of Miss Crooks's temptation, and her resistance of it.

"I only wish she had opened it, and then thrown it away," said Anna; "for poor Miss Lincoln shed so many tears over it. I had gone to bed, and was thinking how sweet and patient she looked, as she sat there, correcting some thirty or forty school exercises, (a terrible dull task, by the way,) when Miss Crooks handed the letter without any explanation, and walked away. It was three pages, closely written letter sheet; and as she read, tears blotted the paper till I could endure the silent suffering no longer, and springing out of bed, threw my arms around her neck."

"What is it, dearest?" I said; "let me see what troubles you so."

She resisted, and held her hands over the paper; but I begged so hard, that she said at last, as if from a breaking heart—

"Yes, Anna, you may see it. Why should n't I have one heart to trust in—one to sympathize with me? I have neither father nor mother, brother nor sister."

I read, eagerly, a long, bitter epistle from Mr. Calvin. She had rejected him because she could not love him, and he would not bear it like a man, but must need torment her with a letter full of epite and bitterness. He accused her of ingratitude and deception toward Miss Garland, upon whom, he said, she had been wholly dependent. It seems she had no means to educate herself, and Miss Garland had given her a year's tuition, on condition that she should repay her in the way she is now doing; you and I can judge whether she need feel any great sense of dependence.

But keener than all was the taunt flung upon her piety. "Alas!" he says; "your piety will not bear the test—you shrink from the sacrifice of your life to God—you prefer the inglorious ease of a life at home, to bearing the burden of the cross in foreign lands; but remember—no cross, no crown. Your answer to me, you say, was final—unchangeable—that you would perjure your soul, should you bind yourself to me for life. Then be it so; but settle your account with conscience and God, and judge if I had been surrounded by wealth and position, whether you would have feared this perjury?"

Now wasn't that cruel? Poor Miss Lincoln wept herself to sleep that night; but I tell her not to mind a fig about him. Miss Crooks will give him aid and comfort. Don't you wish he would marry Crooks, and done with it?"

The girls in Miss Lincoln's class were all in the secret, of course; but, wonderful to relate, it went no further, neither did she herself suspect that they knew; but every day she had some little token of affection—choice fruit, a rare flower, a new book, and I know from the springing tear, and the heightened color, that she appreciated these attentions, and that they soothed and comforted her.

A little incident that occurred to myself during this quarter made a life-long impression upon my mind. I was one day summoned to the parlor to see a stranger, when who should I find but my father, a great and unexpected pleasure, but like a school child, instead of expressing it in words and smiles I burst into tears. He took me on his lap and soothed me as he would an infant.

"Are you not happy here, my child?"

"Yes, yes, more so than I expected to be, for I love Miss Lincoln, and Anna and Addie."

"And Miss Garland?"

"Oh yes, I think those scholars, who are with her much, must love her; we younger girls are not in her classes at all."

"Are you wanting anything my child? Do you have good food and plenty of it?"

I expressed myself satisfied.

"What are you spending your money on?" he asked, and I told him of my business, and returned this way to see you for a few moments only. My chaise is at the door, and I must go soon."

At this I burst into tears again.

"What is it, my child,—tell me?"

"I want to go home and see Willie and Eddie and Joe—only for a day, I will come back."

He hesitated—I knew why—he dreaded the censure of my mother, but I plead till he gained permission from Miss Lincoln, and I was soon riding by his side over the pleasant road leading from Rockford to the north.

A slight snow had fallen, just enough to whiten the ground, and sprinkle the boughs of the now, almost leafless trees; but the sun was shining, the air was mild for the season, and my ride invigorated me. I chatted fast, telling him all about my studies and my companions, and was delighted to find that he was interested.

About six or eight miles from Rockford, there was formerly (alas! the steam engine has long since devoured it, as it has almost all the beautiful wood lots in the region) a fine grove of pines. I used to like to ride slowly through it and listen to the sweet, but sad music of its whispering boughs; and now my father slackened the horse's pace, and we sat in silent enjoyment and admiration, the slight snow just fringing the branches of the trees, while the setting sun touched the green with a brighter hue.

Suddenly there sprang from the thicket a man disguised with a mask, and seizing the reins, bade my father stop. The latter raised his whip, and was about to try the effects of it on man and horse, when the other raised a pistol and aimed it at me. I screamed of course, when I too was seized by another man who appeared on the instant, and lifted me out of the chaise. I struggled desperately, and in doing so, displaced the man's mask; he did not seem to care about the concealment, but threw the mask on the ground, and putting his hand on my mouth, told me if I would keep still he would n't hurt me. He certainly was not a rough or bad looking man, and handled me very gently, as he tied a white handkerchief over my mouth.

"There, my little one, keep still a moment and you shall not be harmed. I never rob ladies, and to pay you for the fright I have given you, here is a sovereign," and he handed me an English sovereign.

"There," said he, "keep that as a robber's gift." By this time my father was at my side; he had given up his money and watch, and we were permitted to go on in peace.

"Now, daughter, could you describe the man who attacked us?"

"I should know his face again, but I did not see his face—" We rode on to the next town, where we gave information of the robbery. In the haste with which my father had taken me from the robber, the handkerchief was left in my possession. It was of very fine linen cambric, and marked delicately in the corner with hair, "J.B." "A stolen article," said my father, "but must be carefully kept, as it may lead to the detection of the men."

Joe, and Willie and Eddie were of course delighted at my return, but my mother received me coldly, saying that it was very wrong in me to leave my studies in that way. I shed a few tears over her reproach; but Charlie Herbert laughed at me, and said that I must save them all for him when he went to Boston, which would be in a week.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROBBER.

It was a custom in Rockford Seminary to spend two hours a week in relating intelligence gleaned from newspapers. We were furnished with a few well selected papers, and required to read the foreign news, as well as a record of events in our own country. There was perhaps no exercise of the school more profitable, or interesting to scholars and teachers. Miss Lincoln, who had charge of our division, would mingle the history of the past with the present, and thus enable us to understand more clearly the causes which led to war and political changes.

But school girls always find something else in a newspaper beside politics, foreign news, and prices current; these usually come last in the programme. Now, it happened that the week after my short visit home, that the papers contained an account of a "Bold Robbery on the Rockford road," and my poor little self was quite a heroine, and the object of innumerable questions. My gold sovereign, and the fine cambric handkerchief, of the most delicate and silky linen, were the general wonder of the scholars. The interest did not decrease when news came that one of the robbers had been arrested. He was traced from Rockford turnpike to Springfield, Mass., where he was found, sleeping quietly in his room, and utterly unconscious of danger, till he awoke and found himself surrounded by men, who handcuffed him, and conveyed him to the jail at Lechmere Point, Cambridge.

This was the jailer who presented the pistol to us, and received the watch and money; and was identified as such by my father. His companion had escaped, and no confession could be drawn from the prisoner concerning him. "Have n't you heard," said he, "of the famous 'Thunderbolt,' known throughout England and Scotland as the gentleman robber, who took from the rich and gave to the poor, and who never robbed ladies? This is he; and he will never be taken as I have been, but die like a Christian man, in his bed!"

We had all read the story of Thunderbolt, and the old tales of Robin Hood, it had been a favorite of mine, and now that he had been taken, of our number, and his companion in prison not many miles from us, there was a daily increasing interest to know more. The semi-weekly papers (for there were no dailies sent to Rockford,) contained sketches of his romantic life—his high birth, of the great generosity which he displayed to the poor, and his gallantry to the fair. Martin Donahue, the prisoner, confessed that he was only a humble companion of Thunderbolt, and acted always under his direction.

One day Martin found in his cell some tools, placed there to aid him in making his escape; they were probably thrown into the window by Thunderbolt. He succeeded, by the aid of these—a case-knife and file—in severing his chain. He made the knife into a saw, concealing it in the crevices between the stones of his dungeon, covering the place with a paste which answered very well for mortar. When this was completed he sawed off the second link of his chain, selecting this, because, when they examined his chain, they usually confined the examination to the link nearest the bolt. He did his work so nicely, filling up the interstices with a paste, made of tallow and coal dust, that, though his chains were examined every evening, no one suspected their insecurity. He let them remain so for some days, and at last succeeded in knocking down his keeper, and making his escape through the jail yard; but, recollecting that he had not fastened the keeper into his cell, he returned for that purpose, and this gave time for alarm, and he was easily captured. Then came the account of the trial. A distinguished advocate of Boston, Mr. Knapp, defended him very ably, and with so much effect, that Martin himself said that he expected to be convicted of the crime charged against him, till he heard Mr. Knapp plead, and then he began to think he was an innocent man. But the testimony was so direct and clear, and the law so distinctly laid down by the Court, that there was no escape from the verdict of "guilty." He was condemned to be hung, as he probably no doubt deserved to be, if capital punishment should be inflicted on any man. But his connection with the noted Thunderbolt made him a sort of hero with the school girls, and they regretted much that he could not have been reprieved.

My father was inclined to laugh at me a little for my philanthropy—"For, indeed, my dear girl," said he, "you were so thoroughly frightened at Martin's looks, that you screamed lustily, and would have rejoiced could I have shot him on the instant."

"But not frightened after he spoke to me, for he was kind and gentle, and looked very sad for a moment when he lifted me into the chaise, asking pardon, meanwhile, for the fright and trouble he had given me. Oh, father! he was a gentleman, I know, his hands were so white, and on one of his fingers was a large, heavy gold ring, and then he had a fine figure, and was so graceful in his manner."

"All which qualities make a gentleman in my daughter's estimation; one thing is certain, however, he walked away with a decided limp."

"Oh, father!"

"I am sure of it, daughter."

Miss Lincoln did not join in our enthusiasm for a romantic robber, and gave us some lessons on learning, if possible, to judge of character in the light of God's law, and not be led astray by the false glare which wickedness throws around itself. Time passed, other subjects occupied our attention, and the incident of the robbery was referred to only at long intervals, as one of the reminiscences of school girl life. But now when I ride through a wood I involuntarily recall that scene, and the face comes up,

Before me, indistinct and shadowy—yet a face that I should certainly know again, though the voice sounded so long, and its tones I should certainly know could I have heard them again.

Miss Lincoln smiled at our interest in what she termed our robber romance, and pointed out to us the inconsistencies of character; but I do not know as this had as much influence in directing our attention from the subject, as the excitement of the Greek war, which occurred at this time. She entered into this with all the fervor of her warm, generous nature. Marco Bozaris had fallen, but Halleck's spirited poem had not then a hackneyed school exercise, and to hear her read it fresh, as it then was, and glowing with the ardor of the poet's soul, was true music.

She had a rich, full, well-modulated voice, and she delighted to read, as a bird likes to sing, pouring it out so freely, and entering so fully into the spirit of the writer, that the hearer forgot everything else, save the glorious death of the hero, and our whole heart responded to the poet's words—

"There is no prouder grave even in her own proud clime."

Our enthusiasm in the Greek cause rose to such a height, that it became necessary for our teacher to moderate it a little; and she refused to take all our offerings for the cause, wishing to save some from our pocket-money for other purposes. Miss Crooks said that we were very silly girls to think so much of the Greeks, when the poor mothers of India were throwing their little babies into the Ganges, and their widows were burned on the funeral pile. For her part, she should give all she had to spare to that mission. Poor Miss Crooks was growing yellower and crosser every day; it was difficult to please her in our room, for the least disorder or negligence annoyed her very much; and then she had most distressing headaches, that I think must have affected her nerves injuriously, for she would lie and weep for an hour or two at a time.

One evening I returned from Anna's room, and found Miss Crooks taking a cup of strong green tea, as a relief to her headache.

"I wish," said she, "that you could sometimes stay with me when I'm sick, and not spend all your time in Miss Lincoln's room—in it's nothing but Miss Lincoln, Miss Lincoln, all over the school—with her little baby face and soft ways, she works herself into the hearts of the scholars, and makes friends of 'em by blinding their faults from the Principal—perhaps I'll find out some day that her bread is buttered on the wrong side. I know that about her that will send her away from Rockford Seminary before this year is out."

"Send Miss Lincoln away?" I exclaimed, indignantly; "then you'll send all her class away—I, for one, won't stay another day after she goes!"

"That will not be as you say, Miss; your mother intends to keep you here three years, and I fancy she's a woman that has a will of her own."

"And I have felt of my own, and if Miss Lincoln is sent away, I shall use them and leave with her."

"Some of our girls have tried that to their sorrow. How would you like to be brought back here, and exposed before the whole school as a runaway?"

"I'd take care that should never happen; but I'm willing to stay if Miss Lincoln remains."

"I do not think you will be consulted on the subject of taking this tea-cup and plate to the kitchen, and then go to Miss Lincoln's room and get her, she will send me the book that she was reading last Sunday."

It was not so agreeable waiting upon Miss Crooks as upon the other teachers, for she generally required her favors, while the others asked for them to be performed.

I did not find Miss Lincoln in her room, and was told in the kitchen that she was at her uncle's—old Mudgett's.

"Is he her uncle?" I asked in astonishment.

"Well, I should have thought you would have known that," said one of the domestics; "she goes there most every day, and is as proud of him as if he were a born lord, instead of the cross-grained, crooked-backed old fellow that he is."

Thinking that the command of my teacher entitled me to the privilege of going to Mudgett's house, I was not long in finding my way there, through the garden. I had not been in the enclosure since the first day of school, and now the walks were covered with snow, and one narrow path led me to a small brown house, very old and time-worn.

I knocked at the door, which was opened by Miss Lincoln; she was surprised, but inquired if she was needed at the boarding-house. I told her my errand, though not until an old man on the bed had complained of the cold draft from the door, and I had stepped into the room.

"Molly," said the invalid, "is n't that the gal that hood the potatoes?"

"Yes, sir," I said, "I'm the girl, and I wanted to fulfill my promise, and come again; but Miss Crooks said I must not."

"Miss Crooks be d—," said he; "it was them potatoes that jest laid me up here; if I had had a slip of a gal to pick 'em up for me, I should have got along; our Molly used to pick 'em up when she was a gal; but she's above that now, since she's got to be a teacher in the big house."

I saw the blood mount into my teacher's cheek at these words, and I thought she seemed pained, but she said nothing, and hearing another voice from the opposite side of the room, I turned and saw an old woman, sitting in an old-fashioned, high-backed chair, mumbling over something which sounded like—

"Yo need n't say anything agin our Molly; we'd have died afore now if it had n't been for her."

"Well, and aint she bound to do for us, after all I did for her mother afore her?"

The old woman's head kept shaking, and I looked at her for a moment, thinking it would stop, but it shook on all the time. She was knitting, but handed her work to Miss Lincoln, saying—

"I can't knit only when you are here, for the stitches drop so fast."

"You do nicely, Auntie," was the reply. "I wonder how you can shape a stocking so well. Only see, Bertha, here is the mate to the stocking. Is n't that nicely done for an old lady most eighty years old?"

It looked very well, and I said so; at which the old lady seemed pleased, and said—

"I taught Molly to knit stockings, and I showed her her letters, too; maybe she'd never been teacher up to the big house if it had n't been for me."

"Yo need n't take all the praise to yourself," said the old man; "did n't I give her mother a home, when she would have had to found one in the poor-house; and did n't I teach her myself how to cipher? But come, Molly, and rub my arms; they ache like the d—!"

Miss Lincoln went to the bed, and telling me where to find the book, began to rub the old man.

"Hark," he said; "use all the strength you have, and see if you can't make me warm again."

There was no excuse for my staying, and I went away, wondering what this meant. Surely this beautiful girl, delicate, well-bred, so graceful and refined, could not belong to these people.

I found the book, "Heaven and Hell," by Emanuel Swedenborg, and carried it to Miss Crooks. Her black eyes snapped with a malicious pleasure.

"I thought so," she exclaimed; "this will do the business."

I wondered what she could mean, but was in too much haste to ask an explanation, so anxious was I to learn about Mudgett, the gardener.

"Why, Bertha, it is strange," said Anna, "that you have been here for weeks, and did not know that Miss Lincoln went every day to Mudgett's house."

Mudgett was formerly a fisherman, and lived two or three miles from the village, near the sea shore. A vessel was one day wrecked near his house, and nearly all the crew and passengers lost; among the two or three saved was a young woman with a babe. The name 'Mary Lincoln' was marked upon a blanket in which the child was wrapped; the mother was nearly dead with fright and exhaustion, and though she lived for some months, never had her reason clearly.

Old Mrs. Mudgett was a kind-hearted, though ignorant woman, and nursed the poor, sick stranger carefully; but like many persons who have lost their reason, she seemed to have a great deal of cunning, and often managed to get out of the house and wander around the village and through the woods. "I am after Robert," she would say; "I must find Robert."

One cold winter's night she went out in this way, and was found nearly frozen to death by the road side. She died soon afterwards. A few of the neighbors paid her funeral expenses and followed her to the grave, and one or two offered to take Mary and treat her as one of their own children. But she clung to Mrs. Mudgett, and the old lady having no other children, was unwilling to part from her. So she grew up with them in a little hut by the sea-side—a wild place with rocks and barren hills on the one side, and the sandy beach and ocean on the other. I supposed she learned to love the ocean by having no other music in her childhood than its roar, and no other playthings than the shells and pebbles from the beach. The only amusement she allows herself is walking to the old hut by the sea-side and sitting there to watch the waves.

When she was twelve or fourteen years old, she came to the boarding-house to wait upon the table; she did not remain here excepting at meal times, but I have heard say that everybody loved her, and that one of the teachers lent her books and gave her lessons. This gave her a desire to be educated, and she has struggled through difficulties that would prevent most girls from trying to learn. Miss Garland gave her the privilege of the school, on condition that she should teach two years when she had completed her studies. She is only eighteen now, and has assisted one year; but Miss Garland, with unusual liberality, has promised her a salary the next year. You cannot imagine how happy she is at the prospect of being one hundred and fifty dollars a year. "It will be a fortune," she says, "to my poor Uncle and Aunt."

You think she always looks so neatly and tastefully dressed—but her only nice dress is a black silk that the class gave her last year—this, with one gingham, and two calicoes, and a white muslin, are all she owns; but then her hair is so beautiful, and her face so lovely that she needs less aid from dress than most of the girls.

Everybody says that old Mudgett is the crossiest, roughest old fellow that ever lived; but Mary Lincoln is as kind to him as if he were an angel on this earth, and her first duty in the morning, and her last at night is to go there and see that they are made comfortable. The old man has been laid up with the rheumatism for a few days, and Miss Lincoln has remained there most of the time since, day and night, leaving only to hear her recitations. One hour she will be washing dishes, and rubbing old Mudgett's limbs, and the next explaining, as no other teacher in the school can, a sum in algebra, or talking us in imagination to Athens and Rome.

But with all her troubles and cares, I never heard her make one complaint, or shed a tear, till Mr. Calvin wrote that hateful letter.

There—the bell rings; you have seen Miss Lincoln at home—now see her in the Bible class. She loves to teach, when the lessons are in the New Testament. I thought I knew something about the life of Jesus Christ, for I had been to Sunday School ever since I could read; but when Miss Lincoln teaches me, I find how ignorant I am. She makes it seem as if we were in Judea, walking with Jesus and his followers by the sea of Galilee—going fishing with the disciples, sitting in Lazarus's house, and talking with Mary and Martha; and oh, Bertha! I never shall forget the day we studied about Gethsemane. We all wept together, and from that hour I have understood why our teacher could be so patient and loving, and so gentle to that cross old man. She said to day, that when her salary commenced, which would be on the first of January, she should repair his room, and make it warm and comfortable for the winter; she does not think of herself at all."

When I went to my room that evening, Miss Crooks was wrapped in a shawl, reading the book which I had brought to her, and marking passages with a pencil. Every once in awhile she would nod her head emphatically, as much as to say, "I have found it!"

"Do you like that book, Miss Crooks?" I asked.

"Like it! no indeed, it's all heresy, from beginning to end; we shall see what will come of reading this book," and she closed it with an emphatic gesture, and began to take off her false puffs.

January came, but old Mr. Mudgett's rheumatism grew worse, and his poor wife's head shook harder than ever. Our teacher was punctual to her recitations in the school room, but we seldom saw her at table or during study hours. Addie, whose warm, generous heart was full of sympathy, tried in various ways to aid Miss Lincoln. She bought all sorts of liniments and advertised medicines, for the old gardener, and declared again and again that she only wished mamma could write. Mamma knew what would cure the rheumatism, and take it all out of the bones. One thing was certain, mamma said; old folks ought to have plenty of flannel, and so a great roll of flannel was smuggled into Mudgett's house, unbeknown to Miss Lincoln. But the quality and quantity betrayed the giver, and Addie's heart was made happier by being assured that the old folks were truly grateful.

The holidays came, and scholars and teachers returned to their homes—all but a few who were too far distant from their relatives. Miss Lincoln welcomed them, because she could have the privilege of being with her aged friends, and adding to their comfort; and Addie, because she was going to the 'Astor House, to board with some Southern friends.

"Oh! girls," she said, as we were waiting all dressed for our journey, in the great hall, for the coaches, "you can't imagine what splendid desserts we have there! I shall come back with my pockets full."

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.
HEART BREATHINGS.

BY CHARLOTTE ALLEN.

Thou long-departed art watching o'er me,
And their spirit-forms methinks I see,
With their vapor-dress and pallid face,
Within whose lineaments I trace
Familiar features, to me still dear,
As they hover around and linger near.
Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Beckon me on, in their happy gleam,
And whisper, they are "waiting for me."

There's rest for all in the spirit-land,
A perfect home that our Father planned;
And oh, how strong is the cord of love,
Drawing us on to the Courts above,
Where, "in the fullness" of God's own time,
We shall re-unite in that holy clime.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Though parted below, we shall meet again,
Where nought can sever affection's chain.

Those whom I loved that have gone before,
Seem calling to me from that peaceful shore,
And they speak of that pure and blessed land,
Wherein are gathered a seraph-band,
Who once had lived on this earthly sphere,
But now have no visible dwelling here.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
Have passed away, and "by faith" I see,
And think I hear them calling for me.

And when the mandate to me shall come,
For my soul to find its better home,
When the weary heart and the closing eye
Shall tell that the parting hour is nigh,
May stronger hope and trust be given,
To guide my barque to yonder Heaven.

Father, Mother,
Sister, Brother,
I know that when life's journey is o'er,
You will welcome me to the spirit-shore.

Plymouth, Mass.

BILL HUTCHINS'S FIRST TRIP TO BOSTON.

A Fourth of July Sketch.

BY NICKSON.

It was Friday afternoon, and the day preceding the "Glorious Fourth," as we patriotic citizens of the United States are wont to term the anniversary of American Independence. A motley group of persons, of every imaginable size and age, were collected together upon the wharf at Gardiner, awaiting, with no slight degree of impatience, the near approach of the steamboat Charter Oak, as she gracefully ploughed her way along through the blue waters of the Kennebec, toward her accustomed stopping-place. Foremost among the crowd on shore stood a tall and gaunt-looking young man of some twenty-three or four summers, whose sunburnt, yet good-natured face, and toil-hardened hands, seemed to indicate him a farmer's son, of that exceedingly comprehensive region stigmatized as "Away Down East."

Dressed in his best, a russet brown suit, with standing dickey and a last year's Panama hat, which had recently been run through the bleachery for this particular occasion, our hero (for it was none other than Bill Hutchins), with carpet-bag in hand, hastily made his adieus to Sally Glidden, a fresh and buxom-looking girl of twenty summers, who had for some months past occupied quite an important place in the affections of the honest-hearted backwoodsman, preparatory to jumping on board the moment the plank was lowered from the side of the steamboat, which had already arrived at the wharf.

Sally Glidden (who, by the way, was the happy possessor of as warm and generous a heart as ever beat in the breast of woman), could not stand by and behold the idol of her soul torn from her embrace, without exhibiting some slight degree of feeling upon the subject. Silently raising the corner of her white apron to her tear-stained eyes, the devoted girl essayed to let drop from her ruddy lips some few words of tenderness and affection at parting with her lover; but the rise of powerful emotions choked her utterance, and to Bill Hutchins's rough but honest words, "Take care of yourself, Sally, until my return!" she could only weepingly bow a reply.

Upon the ringing of the second bell, and the loud cry of "all aboard!" the old Charter Oak, with its heavy freight of produce and human souls, slowly pushed away from the shore, where those persons whose misfortune or pleasure it was to be left behind, occupied themselves by following with their eyes the foamy track of the fast receding steamboat. Standing upon the upper deck, Bill Hutchins watched with feelings of deep delight the white kerchief of his lady-love, as it fluttered unceasingly upon the breeze, till both the wood-crowned shore and Sally's image were at last lost from sight.

William Hutchins, or Bill Hutchins, as he was more familiarly termed by his relatives and near neighbors, was the only son and child of Joshua Hutchins, an industrious and 'close shod' farmer, who resided some six miles out of what was then termed Gardiner Village—now a duly incorporated city. The only means of education allowed our young hero was some six or eight months' attendance out of every twelve, at the little district school, situated near the river, at a distance of some two miles from the well-known farm-house of Joshua Hutchins. For long years Bill Hutchins had toiled side by side with his hard-working father in the field, with no other compensation for his services than the victuals which he ate and drank, and the few articles of cheap clothing which went to make up his scanty wardrobe.

Upon reaching his majority, however, the mind of Bill Hutchins seemed suddenly fired with a spirit of ambition, united to a strong thirst for travel, which so alarmed the hearts of his parents, as to extort from them a willingness to yield to any reasonable sacrifice, provided their darling child would at once abandon his intention of visiting California—that far off land of gold and infamy.

All that Bill asked for was a few acres of land to till and cultivate as his own, that he might no longer feel himself dependant upon the bounty of his parents. After much deliberation and consultation upon a matter of such vital importance to both Joshua Hutchins and his kind-hearted wife, the former at last wisely concluded to divide the one hundred acres constituting his extensive farm, equally with his only son and heir, Bill. At this announcement, the hitherto restless and impatient boy became at once as submissive as a lamb, declared in the presence of his delighted mother and father that California no longer tempted him with her golden fancies, and forthwith commenced earning his own livelihood in earnest.

About this time, Elder Glidden, (a native of Hallowell,) was called to Gardiner, to preside over a small Methodist congregation, whose place of worship was an old school-house, situated in the outskirts of the town. Joshua Hutchins being one of the deacons of said society, used frequently to hold prayer meetings at his own house Sunday evenings, which Sally Glidden, the oldest daughter of Elder Glidden, used generally to attend, out of company's sake for her father.

The final result of these Sunday night gatherings was an exchange of hearts between Sally and Bill, who, from the moment of their first meeting, had, strange to say, fallen desperately in love with one another. Now that Sally Glidden had promised to become his wife at some future day, our hero very naturally considered himself the happiest man in the world, and would have immediately set about building a new house for the reception of his intended bride, had not old Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins resolutely declared that they would never give their consent to Bill's leaving the paternal roof, for a new home, so long as they lived.

Two years of pleasant and uninterrupted courtship had passed between the lovers, when, with the earliest approach of summer, Bill Hutchins firmly expressed his intention of spending the coming Fourth of July in Boston. This singular freak upon the part of their darling boy, was a signal for fresh alarm, to the hearts of old Mr. Hutchins and his wife, who never having been beyond the limits of their own native State themselves, looked upon the city of Boston as the abode of all earthly ills and wickedness. In vain the anxious mother cautioned her child against the dangers of traveling by boat, especially in the night-time. In vain, Deacon Hutchins reasoned with his son upon the vanities of the world, and of the numerous temptations to which, as a stranger, he would be exposed on his first entrance into a new and populous city.

The fact was, Bill was bent upon going to Boston, and being naturally rather set in his disposition, he was not to be daunted in an undertaking, the mere contemplation of which had cost him not a few sleepless nights. Resisting the combined entreaties of his parents and his adoring sweetheart, the opening of our story beholds Bill Hutchins just in the act of making his exit from the time-worn and familiar scenes of his native village.

As is customary in the summer season, the boat was on this eventful occasion, (the third of July,) actually crowded to excess with passengers, the larger proportion of whom were females. One of the first movements upon the part of the young farmer, on entering the boat, was to make a rush for the steward, whom he found to be a man of color and much politeness, in the gentlemen's cabin below. Upon requesting "the loan of a berth for the coming night," the highly amused steward laughingly informed our slightly verdant tourist, that every berth, with the exception of a top one at the extreme end of the cabin, was engaged; but that if he desired a state-room he could be furnished with one near the wheel-house. Bill, who was mightily tickled at the idea of having a room entirely to himself, was suddenly seized with a decided preference for cabin lodgings, on being requested to hand over to his sable complexioned companion, the modest sum of one dollar.

It is true that the long red and black silk purse, which Sally Glidden had netted as a present for her lover, and which he so proudly dangled about between his fingers, only for the sake of display, contained full twenty-five dollars in gold and silver. But what of that, Bill Hutchins had invested one dollar and a half for the purchase of a ticket, soon after leaving Gardiner, and he had no idea of expending an extra dollar, just for the privilege of being looked up in a little band box of an apartment called a state-room, where one might sicken and die of nightmare, without any person on board the boat being cognizant of the fact, amid the loud hum of machinery and the dashing of waves.

Having consoled himself with this last home manufactured argument, Bill Hutchins at once registered his name upon the book handed to him by the steward, as the rightful lessee of berth No. 33; after which the delighted youth, keeping tight hold of his well-stuffed carpet bag, walked majestically upon deck for the double purpose of enjoying the fine sea breeze and surrounding scenery.

Observing a vacant seat at one extremity of the boat, beside a handsome and somewhat showily dressed female, our youthful traveler hastened to avail himself of it. Whether the glorious prospect which bounded his vision on all sides had a socializing effect upon the senses of Bill Hutchins, I cannot say, but a conversation soon sprang up between the unknown lady and our unsophisticated hero, which, growing momentarily more and more interesting, bade fair to ripen into the closest intimacy. Poor, enamored Bill, he was fast forgetting Sally, while feeding upon the glowing charms of his fair companion. He did not know that the dotted black veil which the latter kept closely drawn over her face, was worn for the express purpose of neutralizing the effects of the thick coat of vermilion and white paint, which lay upon the surface of the naturally sallow countenance beneath. Even the dyed hair, darkly penciled eyebrows and pearly teeth, were thought to be real and natural to the possessor, by the ignorant youth who had never been let into the mysteries of a fashionable woman's toilette.

During the entire sail down the river, Bill noticed that the eyes of his numerous fellow passengers, (both male and female,) were often turned upon him and his gorgeously dressed companion. How to account for these peculiar and by no means timid glances, Bill did not know, unless on the score of jealousy, because it was his good fortune to win the especial favor of the beautiful stranger at his side.

Upon reaching Bath, where one first begins to feel the unpleasant effects of salt-water air and motion, the hitherto bright spirits of the lovely unknown began to droop perceptibly. Bill, who was growing quite lover like in his attentions to one whose paint-

ed image had already usurped that of Sally in the breast of the infatuated youth, ventured tenderly to inquire the cause of so sudden a change in the manner of his lovely innamorata, and was informed by the gentle Louise, (for such was the name the strange female had directed her companion to address her by,) that she was suffering from a bad headache.

Thinking that his beautiful partner was somewhat fatigued from the effects of her tedious stage ride, from Augusta to Hallowell, which she had accomplished under a broiling noon-day sun, the honest-hearted farmer proposed to her the idea of retiring to her state-room with the view of sleeping off the headache, from whose disagreeable effects she was evidently suffering not a little. At this moment the bell rang for supper, and in an instant the spacious deck was left nearly vacant by the exit of the numerous passengers there assembled to the dining-room below. Finding himself quite alone with the fair Louise, Bill Hutchins proceeded to extract from the capacious depths of his carpet bag a prodigious sheet of molasses gingerbread, together with half a dozen seed cakes which his thoughtful mother had kindly stowed away for him when packing his traveling bag, and, handing them to his astonished companion, bade her not to be afraid, but to eat as much as she liked, for he did not feel hungry at all after the hearty dinner he had devoured just before leaving home.

Louise smiled faintly at this rough exhibition of generosity upon the part of her assiduous and newly made friend, and thanking him kindly declined partaking of his home-made cakes, remarking at the same time that she fully believed a cup of tea and slice of toast would do her head more good than any other thing in the world.

Here was a new and unexpected trap laid for Bill, from which the poor fellow could not see any way to extricate himself without appearing mean and stingy in the eyes of his handsome companion, whose rich dress showed that she was a person who was accustomed to good living. That the lady probably had money of her own about her person, Bill Hutchins did not for a moment doubt, else, how could she afford to engage a state-room just for herself alone? Still he did not say anything about paying for the refreshments she so much desired.

Our patriotic traveler reflected a moment or two upon the subject. Upon arriving in Boston he would find himself a total stranger, with no one to welcome him or advise him where to look for a night's lodging. Louise, in the course of their lengthy conversation had told him that she not only resided in Boston, but that she expected her brother to meet her at the wharf upon the boat's arrival. She would doubtless befriend him, out of gratitude's sake, if nothing more, for the attention which he had shown to her during her journey. Consoling himself with this thought, our hopeful hero darted off without a moment's notice, in the direction of the stairs leading down to the supper room, and some ten minutes later re-appeared again on deck, followed by the stewardess, bearing a small waiter containing toast, tea and eggs for his fair companion's supper, and feeling not a little down-hearted, at the thought of having made a pretty good hole in a dollar bill at his own personal expense.

After rapidly disposing of the refreshments procured for her, Louise (to speak familiarly of a woman before mentioned,) requested Bill to lead her to her state-room, declaring that the violent and rocking motion of the boat made her slightly faint. The young man obeyed, and after wishing his lovely friend good-night, retired at once to the cabin below, with the idea of getting a good night's rest, before entering upon the exciting pleasures of the memorable Fourth.

Upon reaching No. 33, Bill found, to his horror, that the narrow berth allowed him as lodgings was already occupied by a drunken man, who had thrown himself upon the outside of the coverlid, without divesting himself of either Kossuth hat, coat or boots.

Upon arousing the deeply intoxicated fellow from his heavy slumber, and informing him that, owing to some mistake, he had got into the wrong berth, the enraged man began to show fight, which ended in Bill's calling the steward to the rescue, and the drunken man's sudden precipitation to the floor. After seeing the intruder safely disposed of for the night, our somewhat wrathful traveler proceeded to prepare for bed. In mounting to his lofty couch, whose extreme narrowness Bill contemplated with a feeling of alarm, the poor fellow had the misfortune to plant his by no means small foot firmly in the face of his neighbor, who was sleeping directly beneath him. A slight shriek, followed by a volley of curses, was now heard issuing from No. 32. Begging pardon, the pentitent Bill thrust his head, turtle-like, into his berth, and closing his eyes and ears, endeavored to compose himself to sleep.

It was a long time before the tired fellow could woe the presence of the drowsy god, Morpheus, for his aching limbs were so cramped for room that he found it impossible to lay quiet even for a moment's time. Besides, those pests to travelers, the bed-bug family, seemed to have taken up their summer quarters in No. 33, for the express purpose of biting and annoying our thoroughly victimized tourist.

About midnight, Bill Hutchinson was awakened from a light slumber by feeling a hand under his pillow, beneath which he had so carefully deposited his heavy old-fashioned silver watch and purse, before retiring. Raising himself quickly in his bed, he distinctly saw a pair of fierce black eyes glaring in at him through the half open window. His first impulse was to leap from his berth and alarm the whole cabin; but, finding that both his watch and purse were safe, he quietly closed the window, and getting down from his berth, hastily re-dressed himself, and proceeded to the upper saloon. Upon informing the steward of his narrow escape from robbery, he was coolly told that such instances of theft were not uncommon upon board steamboats, and that the wisest way for him to do was to make no mention of the affair while on board.

After walking and lounging about on deck till daylight, our enthusiastic traveler's eyes were at last rewarded by a sight of Boston, and the beautiful Louise, who emerged from her state room looking like a full blown rose. To her Bill at once related his troubles; and, finding that the interested girl really sympathized with him in his misfortunes, the warm-hearted fellow inwardly resolved to resign Sally, and make the fair Louise his bride before returning to Gardiner.

At precisely six o'clock in the morning, the "Charter Oak" reached the wharf, where were assembled a crowd of hackmen and people waiting to receive expected friends. Amid the booming of cannon, firing of crackers, ringing of bells and clamorous cries of coachmen, our young hero felt his brain fast turning. Keeping close to the side of Louise,

he calmly awaited the arrival of that lady's brother, for whom she was anxiously watching.

A small dark-voiced man, dressed in fine broad-cloth, at length elbowed his way through the crowd on shore, and approached the spot where stood Louise and her friend. Upon the young girl's introducing the latter to her brother, Bill Hutchins fancied that the wild black eyes, which were momentarily upraised to his own, were the very same that had glared in at him through the open window of his berth the night previous. The politeness of the stranger, however, soon succeeded in dispelling this illusion, and before two minutes more had elapsed, the delighted youth found himself whirling rapidly along the narrow streets of Boston in a carriage, accompanied by Louise and her brother, whom she fondly termed Charlie.

After some ten minutes hard driving, our trio were set down before the door of a humble looking tenement, situated in a miserable part of the city. Upon entering the house, Bill found to his astonishment that the inside adornments did not in the least degree correspond with the external shabbiness of the building. Louise and her brother at once led the way into a splendidly furnished parlor, where were assembled some five or six handsome looking girls, clad in costly silks, with curly hair and jeweled necks and arms. The warm reception which they gave to Louise and her brother, seemed to indicate that the latter were the associate proprietors of this mysterious establishment. A splendid breakfast was soon served, to which our innocent hero did ample justice. Later in the morning, several well-dressed gentlemen called, who laughed and chatted gaily with the young girls in the parlor, pausing occasionally in the midst of their conversation to refresh themselves with wine and fruit. How the rest of the day passed with our poor unsophisticated country wight, not even poor Bill himself could distinctly tell, for at a late hour that night, he was picked up by a watchman upon the steps of a notorious gambling saloon in Ann street, in a state of insensibility, and conducted to the Station House, where he passed the remainder of the night. Upon awakening to consciousness, Bill informed his official friends that he had started for the Common about nine o'clock the night before, with his newly-made acquaintance, Charlie, and another man; but that the only fire works he remembered to have seen, were stars, when he was knocked down upon the steps of a bar-room, into which his companions had enticed him to drink. Silver watch and purse were now gone in earnest, and Bill Hutchins found himself penniless and friendless in a strange city, without even the means of returning home. Through the kindness of a police man, who felt interested in his sad story, the disconsolate youth was permitted to remain in his family until he could receive from Gardiner a sufficient sum of money to defray his expenses home. Confessing his fault to Sally in a long letter, she generously sent him three dollars from her own little store of money, promising at the same time not to reveal the story of her lover's disgrace to his parents. Sally and Bill are married, but will not spend the coming Fourth in Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

BY MRS. L. M. WILLIS.

WE have made arrangements with Mrs. L. M. Willis (better known to Spiritualists as a writer for *Tiffany's Monthly*, under the name of "Lora M. Whitcomb") to furnish us with a series of stories for the young, which will hereafter be published in book form, suitable for Sabbath School Libraries. Two volumes have already been published in book form, after having run through *Tiffany's Monthly*, and are meeting with a ready sale among liberal denominations of Christians. From what we have seen of Mrs. Willis's writings, we are confident that our readers will welcome her as a writer for the *Banner of Light*.

INTRODUCTION.

To the children who may be readers of the *Banner* I have a few words to say. I wish to reach your thought, not merely your ears. We have all to learn from life its good and ill, each for ourselves; but the knowledge of the success and failure of others may sometimes help us, and that is the reason that stories may teach children. I do not wish merely to amuse you—I want to help you. When I write a simple illustration of some truth, in common words, I hope it will not seem too childish to those not called the "little ones"; and when I try to give more thought, I hope the children will not lose their measure of it. May we all—the older and younger—be fast friends, trying with the best of men and women to become each day in some way nobler and more worthy to live in a world so full of beauty. L. M. WILLIS.

LITTLE JANE'S TWO FACES.

"Take heed that ye do not your aims before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven."

To do aims, means to give to the poor and needy that which shall do them good; but Jesus meant also the doing of any act of kindness. Little girls and boys do not often have to help those that need food and clothes, but they can very often do acts of kindness and love.

Jesus always teaches us that we must be good, so that we can be blessed by our own peace. It is pleasant to have others think well of us, and if we do a kind deed we like to have others know of it, and sometimes it does them good; it makes them more ready to do the same. Some people need a good example. But when we do a good deed, merely that other people may think we are kind, we shall not be blessed in our own hearts. Jesus meant by being rewarded in secret, that we should be happy in ourselves, whether others knew what we had done or not; we should feel God's blessing in our own happiness.

It is just the same as telling a lie, to pretend to be what we are not. Some little girls and boys think if no one sees them do wrong that it is no matter; and if they are good before people, that it will answer instead of real goodness. Such children are hypocrites. I will tell you what is called a fairy story, to help you to understand this:—

Little Jane was not a truthful girl. She would do a good many wrong things, but she did them so slyly that few people knew that she did them. She would go into the garden and pick strawberries; and be very careful to wash the stains from her hands, that no one need suspect what she had been doing. She would slyly pick the rare flowers, and run and hide them, lest some one should know of it. She would do a great many little kindnesses to people that they might praise her, but she was cross and ill-natured when it would not be told of, or that she wished should think well of her. But, though people did not know that Jane did many naughty things, yet no one seemed to love her very much, for her goodness was not in the heart, but only an outside goodness. Jane felt sorry that others did not love her, but she did not understand that it was because she was not a truthful little girl, but pretended to be what she was not.

One day she was in her father's fine garden, and she fell asleep under the shade of a rose tree, and she dreamed that out of one of the pure blossoms of the white lily came a little lady, that looked as lovely as the blossom itself. She was so small that one would have thought her only the plait to a lily. She had on a dress that was all made from one rose-leaf, and her girle was a spider's thread, and her shoes were made of columbine seeds, and her fan was a fly's wing, and her sunshade was a daisy. But she looked very smiling and good, if she was so tiny, so that Jane thought she would speak to her.

"What is your name, and where do you live, and what have you come for?" said Jane.

"Not so fast, my little girl; I shall not fly away till you have asked me all the questions you choose. My name is Rosa Lily, and I live in the flowers, and I have come to make you happy."

"Oh, dear," said Jane, "I can't be happy—no one loves me, though I try to make them."

"But you do not try right," said Rosa Lily. "You think that people do not see all that you do, and do not know all that you are, and so you think they ought to love you. I do not wonder that people do not love you, for you bear about you all the bad things that you have ever done."

"Where?" said Jane; "I do not see them."

"But I can," said Rosa Lily.

"You have two faces."

"Two faces!" said Jane; "oh, dear me, I thought I had only one; people tell me I have beautiful eyes and fine hair, and that I am as fair as a lily."

"That is the face that they see with their eyes; but you have an ugly face, and it is as brown as a toad's back, and the eyes are as false as a spider's, and the hair is like so many little serpents."

"Oh, dear, dear," said Jane, "where did I get such a face as that?"

"I can tell you," said Rosa Lily. "Every time that you do a sly, naughty thing, a great brown spot comes; and every time you pretend to be good and to deceive people, the eyes grow cross more and more; and every time you tell a lie, a serpent grows in the place of a hair; and, though you have bright eyes and a fair skin and soft curls that people look at, yet with their spirits they can see the ugly face, and they cannot love you."

"Oh, how dreadful," said Jane; "what shall I do?"

"I can tell you," said the good little lady; "when you are truthful, and do no false thing, then the bad face disappears; it grows more and more like the real face every time you try to be sincere; every time you confess to any wrong, and are sorry for it, a spot fades out; and if you should become perfectly truthful, you would have but one face, and then every good action would shine out on it, making it more and more lovely every day. Now remember what I have told you."

Jane waked from her sleep, but she could not forget her dream. She thought of her ugly face, and it seemed to her every one must be looking at it. She thought she could see people turning away from her as if they could see nothing but the cross eyes and brown spots, and wriggling hair. Then Jane began carefully to strive to be in all things perfectly truthful. If she did wrong, she did not tell a lie about it, but owned to the wrong, and asked to be pardoned, that she might do better the next time. It was not long before she felt sure that people loved her better; and when she had become a sincere, truthful girl, she was no longer afraid of her double face, for she could see people smile on her, and she was sure they loved to look at her.

Now, little children, you must remember that it will do no good to try and hide your wrong actions, for they will leave a sign on your spirits; and you must not seek to seem good when you are not, but try to do good because you love the good. Remember about the two faces—keep but one open, frank face. You will find the reward of all your real goodness in your own souls, and that was what Jesus meant by saying, "That without that real goodness there could be no reward of your Father in Heaven."

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT MATTER?

BY PROF. SPENCE.

See that merry boy with a tobacco-pipe in one hand, and a cup of soap-suds in the other. He dips the bowl of the pipe into the suds, and brings up a stratum of the mixture, stretched across his mouth.

He puts the stem to his lips and blows a beautiful, transparent globe, lighter than the air, smoother than the polished diamond, and all over enameled with shifting colors, more gorgeous than the changeable lustres upon the breast of the humming bird. With a gentle twitch he turns it loose upon the air. To him it is a joy and a beauty. Moving slowly away, it has scarce commenced its career, when, in childish sport, he grasps it in his hand, and it is gone. What matter? He can make plenty more.

He blows another. He fills it well with his warm breath, and makes it thin, light, and buoyant. Like a thing of life it shoots gaily up above the house eaves and over the tree tops. A shout goes up from the boy. On it sails, exultingly, and seems too ethereal for earth, and is about to ascend to the clouds; but the treacherous air sips the moisture of its watery shell, and, suddenly, it bursts. What matter? The boy shouts again, as well pleased with the destruction as with the creation of his beautiful soap bubbles.

Thus is human life but a bubble and the sport of nature. She lends her breath to the bright-eyed babe. The loving mother bends over it, oh, how fondly! But nature has already got it by the throat. It is gone. The mother shrieks in agony. What matter? There is not a tear in nature's eye. Her face is as unruined as before.

See that splendid city, swarming with human beings—all alive with business, arts, science, literature. The trees wave around it in joy; the stars shine above, and the moon, rising over the hills-top, smiles upon the busy throng of life. But nature shakes her great sides and topples the splendid city to the ground, crushing in the falling ruins men, women and children. It is a terrible scene. One would think that the shrieks of agony, the cries for help, and the shuddering prayer of the mangled ones for death, must work some change upon the face of nature. No, no; not a wrinkle is there. The trees wave as before; the stars yet twinkle in the heavens; and the moon still smiles and burnishes the scene of death with her silvery rays. What matter? Life and death are to nature the same.

Painting is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

A Poem for Little Children.

BY H. CLAY FARRIS.

Oh, mother! dear mother! Why look you so wild? Does it grieve you to part From your poor, dying child? Dear mother, I'm going To my home in the sky. Where the fever no more Shall dim my bright eye. Last evening I dreamt A most beautiful dream: I was gilling 'bout flowers By a wild mountain stream; But methought, as I gathered Those flowers so gay, They dropped from my fingers And faded away.

And, gathering all day, I was caught by the night, When a form stood beside me Like a rainbow of light! 'Twas an angel from Heaven—When I looked in his face, I knew he had come From that bright happy place. His cheeks were like roses, And his bright angel-eyes—Oh, they shone in their splendor Like stars in the skies! His voice was as soft As strange music to sea; And he said, "Dearest Willy, Will you go home with me? The home where I live Is far in the sky. Where the wicked are not, And where none ever die. There the sun never sets In darkness and gloom, And the bright summer-flowers Are always in bloom. And thy sister, dear Willy, Thy sister is there, With stars gleaming bright In her dark raven hair. And oft does she ask, With almost a tear, 'Oh! when will you bring Little Willy up here? Then, Willy, dear Willy, If you'll go with me now, I'll kiss the cold dew-drops Of death from your brow.' Then he gave me two wings, And told me to fly: Then bore me aloft To my home in the sky.

Oh, mother! dear mother! Kiss me once more! I'm going where I'll never Come back any more. E'en now to my vision A bright scene is unfurled, And I feel very tired Of this sad, wicked world. Dear mother! don't cry—My sins are forgiven. And your poor, little Willy Will soon be in Heaven!

Washington, D. C.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"INFIDELITY," AND THE TRACT SOCIETIES.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

When an organization has past a series of years, and gone through with the various stages of primary growth, steady expansion, and comparative power, it becomes quite easy to draw the line when its downward career is commencing, from the fact that its name is then all it can rely on, its supporters are more zealous than ever to brand with their partisan stigmas all who venture to raise an objection to it. And this seems to be the case with the tract societies; unable to hold their iron sway over the intellect of man—cursing with dark pictures of endless torment and death the hour of repose from labor—harrowing up the tender sensibilities of childhood, till many even in after years remember wild moments when to their untutored imaginations it seemed, as with Eugene Aram:

"Guilt was my grim chamberlain Who liged me to bed, And drew my midnight curtains round, With fingers bloody red!"

unable longer to ride with triumphant power rough-shod over the holiest feelings of the soul, the adherents of the ancient creeds redouble their watchfulness, and stand more ready than ever to cry "Infidel!" when one dares express those honest convictions which, at sometime or other, rule even in the rudest breast.

If there is a sentiment which is Christian—which appeals to higher courts than the tribunal of social life—it is *Love*; love for our fellow-men—God's children—wherever found; desire for their advancement in purity and virtue. Hate and wrath are from another sphere—they hold no kindred with the sky. We see them blazoned forth among the animal creation; earth is their birth-place; and darker than the pestilential jungle of India, where the tiger, and the deadly cobra, and the unseen, venom laden reptiles wait their prey, must be his heart, who, looking abroad through the circle of his friends and neighbors, can truly say from the depths of his inmost soul: "The day cometh when the majority of these shall groan in unutterable darkness, for the glory of God—with unending pain and woe for their companions; and, while eternal ages roll, shall blasphem the Father who called them into being!" The publications of the tract societies, sown broad over the land, are fraught with woe and blight, and their tendency is ever to crush down the tender, upspringing shoots of devotional feeling; for surely the God who bids the lily rear its chalice of ivory and gold to drink in the morning dew, cannot be that awful tyrant who, according to them, will one day sit upon the Great White Throne, while the thunders roar, and the mountains sink crashing from their seats, and the sea and the islands flee, and the heavens roll away like a blazing parchment, and cry unto the greater part of the creatures of his hand: "Depart from me, all ye that do work iniquity—hence, to unending fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!"

No! this view of the Supreme Being is of the "earth—earthly!" It bears not the seal of divinity. It has no magnetic influence, before whose power man's nature bows. That faith alone can influence mankind which tends to ameliorate their condition, and shed over their lives the soothing light of love! Words and sentences may be marshalled fiercely—creeds and catechisms be multiplied and spread out like the embattled lines of Solferino—preachers may fume, and books, tracts, periodicals, threaten and rave, but this truth is self-evident, and is fast gaining ground in the human mind. Xerxes bade the waves of the Euxine roll backward from his pathway; but its tide yet sparkles in brightness 'neath the sun of the nineteenth century! The tract societies and

their upholders would stay the tide of true humanity to-day; but the eternal centuries are crowding behind, and the lettered profanations must flee before their waves!

These remarks were called forth by reading the following leading article in a late number of the *Chelsea Herald*, from the pen of its junior editor. For expressing these sentiments he has received his reward—"Infidel!" has been applied, and letters written warning him of his danger. If these thoughts be infidelity—if that we express the true overflows of our nature when we see the Father's works around us, be infidelity—if to be true to the Great Source of Light and Life we must prove recreant to benevolence, humanity and brotherly-love toward our fellow men—then welcome infidelity!

Nay, ye blind guides—ye are fettered and fangless now! Time was when your bigot fires curled round the quivering form of *Servetus* by Geneva's lake; time was when on our own shores ye scourged, branded, banished to the howling wilderness, the men who, like yourselves, dared the stormy Atlantic for the freedom of the soul! But that time has long since passed away. The chain of fear is sundered. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand; lay off, therefore, the works of darkness, and put ye on the armor of light!"

The various Tract Societies in this country spend annually hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the preparation and publication of tracts which but few people, comparatively speaking, read, and still fewer pay heed and attention to. In our humble opinion the tract societies do but little good. The result of their vast expenditure is almost infinitesimal, and not to be perceived unless viewed with the eye of sectarian prejudice.

Why is it that so few people read the tracts which are so beautifully printed upon such clear, white, firm paper, and are left at their door without cost or price? Because, fair as they may be to the eye, yet they contain nothing in common with most men's lives. The mother thinking how she can best oblige and please her children, and the father denying himself some little pleasure in order to minister to his family's happiness, have no inclination to read a didactic exposition of some theological point; and the children cannot conceive why they should so readily yield to their feelings of passion and envy, when little Annie So and so, as represented in the tract, never did anything wrong in her life—Annie So and so never wished to play in school time, never thought her playmates stingy, never was covetous of an apple, and read her Bible in preference to picture books. The children have no sympathy with such a prodigy, and the tracts read glance off from the heart of the family as rock from rock.

Most tracts start with the premises that every one is totally and utterly abandoned. Is this so? We do not believe there lives a single person upon the face of the earth, but who, in a greater or less degree, daily practices the religion of his Saviour in controlling his own desires and selfish feelings, or in ministering to the wants of others. The aim of all religious instruction ought to be to increase what good qualities man has, and thus create others, which will crowd out and extinguish the bad. Tract writers rarely do this. They assume to do their divine Master's bidding in fulminating their invectives against their fellow men, leaving to secular writers the task of portraying the trials, sorrows and temptations that clog every man's footsteps, and of laying bare the hidden springs of action which form "the story of our life from day to day." Most gloriously have some secular writers vindicated this task, and how pleasant it is to turn to such poems as *David Copperfield*, *The Caxtons*, and *John Halifax*, and learn how men who found life-lore constituted, stern struggle for household necessities and comforts, dignified their callings by the sanctity of the objects for which they labored, and acted in their lives a religion infinitely nobler than that whose aim is loud voiced profession. We feel as we read, that *David Copperfield*, *Trundles*, *Pisistratus Caxton*, *John Halifax* and *Phineas Fletcher* are but types of men who actually exist, and whom we daily meet; and we rise from the perusal of their lives, with a nobler view of, and a broader love for, mankind, and a determination, so far as in us lies, to claim the respect of our brother man.

Over and above all, they teach us that man never acts so noble a part as in his family, that by the domestic hearth his influence all powerful for good or evil, and as he values the household gods, so will his declining years be filled with happiness and peace.

When the tract societies publish such books as these, and scatter them broadcast over the land, then, and not till then, will they reap a reward.

IN THE GROVE.

Up the broad slopes of Nature's open church, Fescueed with living sculpture, canopied By that dim screen which shuts our longing gaze From Heaven, I make my joyous way. No stare Of crittling eyes dissects my form, No crash of art-made music falls upon My ear; no hush of false God-reverence; But perfumed breezes, fanned by the wings Of the clear throated child, which ever chants The anthems of the holy priestess, Love, Wait me a halm; and the sweet cadences Of songs that are begun but never end, Fill my rapt soul with holy joy.

Here at my feet A carpet, spread by hands not human, dyed With hues that wander from the sun; and here And there are strewn some buds of beauty, but To lavish fragrance on the wanton air, Or but to bloom and hold their open cups To catch the grateful tears of night, with no More thought than to have lived and borne, perchance, A soothing balm to some poor, tired heart.

SPIRITUALISM IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The circles are held in social halls, specially hired for and dedicated to that purpose; mostly, however, and they are the best manifestations, when gathered in private parlors. In speaking concerning this matter, recently, we have been surprised to find the strict confinement of those facts to the knowledge of those who, in one form or another participated in the ceremonies, and parties in the elicited communications.

A short time since a gentleman entered our office, and depositing a paper on the desk, inquired if the hieroglyphics it contained were intelligible to us. Upon examining the outlines, we saw that they were neatly executed Phenographic forms, and that the matter written purported to be a letter from no less a personage than Swedenborg. It read:—

Charity, in covering all things, may be said to cover intellect and self-conceit. The charitable man is not a simple-minded man in the outward sense of the term. The beauty of that great quality is expressed most forcibly, when it overleaps mental distinctions, and from the height of intellectual supremacy passes down with a brotherly feeling until it reaches *infancy*. So there is he, seeing more than the rest of the world-kindred, yet seeing all with affection and equal regard—not holding out his gifts with pity, but rather doing that which evinces a sense of identity on his part with the suffering to be alleviated. Now he is charity. He is clearly who, with capabilities for the most complete isolation and personal aggrandizement, despises and loses his highest possession for the good of the meanest. Beneath him and the ideal which he touches, there remain approximations.

We were informed that the communication was written by a boy not twelve years of age, and who had no acquaintance with the principles of the system, according to which the above was transcribed, while in an *imprisoned* condition. Notwithstanding the fact that our acquaintance with the gentleman who produced this spiritual fragment was such as to render a doubt of his integrity or sound sense an offence, we insisted upon seeing the youthful medium at a time when he was in working order, before we would publicly credit the assertions here recorded. The opportunity desired was readily vouchsafed us, and a few evenings since we witnessed not only a confirmation of this account, but, in addition, yet more marvelous exhibitions of an unknown and

supernatural agent of intelligence. The lad, whose mind and hand convey the Swedenborgian communications—presenting them in the most abbreviated form of phonetic reporting style—is certainly not over fourteen years of age, and utterly incapable, in an ordinary state, of making any consecutive marks intelligible under the rules which govern his pen when in the inspired mood.

The circle which we visited, consisted of six persons. The parties composing it have been in the habit of assembling for nearly a year, and receiving what they conscientiously believe to be genuine revelations from the spiritland. They have been unwilling to accept or allow any notoriety for their peculiar advantages over those who, in their conversation, are restricted to this mundane sphere.—*Evening Telegram*.

SELECTED SENTENCES

FROM THE LAST TWO UNPUBLISHED SERMONS OF

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

[From a Sermon of Hereditary Transmission of Qualities, Dec. 12th, 1853.]

Men may be divided, in regard to their reception of education, into three classes. The first receive knowledge as a year tree receives the rain; it is absorbed into the trunk and branches, goes into the life, and buds and blossoms and fruit attest its power. The second class receive it like a jug; they take and keep it. The third take it like slaves; it runs in and out and leaves them empty. With the first you can do very much; with the second, less; but even with the last you can do something, for even a tunnel will smell of the liquor that has run through it.

Thus our prayers go into our bones, and shape them to virtue.

What is a truth in your heart to-day, will be a beauty in your child's face.

In a certain village in New England, which shall be nameless, there is a family, the ancestor of which, four generations ago, was an ecclesiastical man. He gave the first bell to the meeting-house, and when he died left a portion of his property to the church. But he had a taint of dishonesty in his character; he drove rather too close bargains; and he was suspected of sometimes drinking a little more than was good for him. His son was likewise an ecclesiastical man, but he, also, had his father's faults, a little exaggerated. He was known occasionally to indulge in ardent liquors to excess; his cattle were very apt to find their way into his neighbors' pastures. The aggrieved neighbors called and remonstrated. He was sorry that the fence should have been broken, very sorry; he would repair the gap and pay the damage; but the fence was but slightly mended, and the damages were never paid. His son was a common drunkard—notoriously a common drunkard—and an entirely dishonest man. He beat and abused his wife, and when he died gave directions that he should be buried at right angles to his father, and his wife's grave made across at his feet, so that when he rose at the day of judgment he might be able to kick her. The son of this man was a desperate criminal, and died in the State Prison, under sentence of imprisonment for life.

[From a Sermon of Public Morals in America, Dec. 10th, 1853.]

After the keynote of conscientiousness is crumbled or broke, the whole human fabric topples gradually down—an arch no longer, only a ruin; made so not all at once, but made so step by step, crumble by crumble.

Excess is subtracted quantity, not additive; so much more excess, so much less welfare. The miser is the poorest of men; his gold does not enrich him, he is nothing but the leather bag which holds his dollars together.

The shrew's tongue cuts her own mouth worse than her neighbor's ears.

What good does it do such men as ——— to be put in high office? It only shows their littleness to larger multitudes.

After all, justice is the key-note of the world. It is clear that conscientiousness is the highest place on the human board, and God rates integrity higher than all besides. Mankind must face the music of justice, and not shrink. Human statutes are to be enforced by men. They are like sleeping dogs; and you and I wake them up now and then, and tell them to seize that man, or take down this man. But God's moral laws need no other sheriff. They are judge and jury both. They work like gravitation, always, everywhere, and they never slumber nor sleep. The moral law is not written on the world; it is ploughed in, sub-soiled into the world.

The water-works must not play on the Common, on Sunday; but the liquor-works run in every street, for the ruin of heedless youth.

The class of men grossly, miserably rich, are always, though I hope, unconsciously, selfish and cruel, and so also are the class of men grossly, miserably poor. There are honorable exceptions amongst both conscientious men, most humane men, brave men—I honor the exceptions—it is the rule I speak of.

Public crime grows as regularly as the *Upas* tree. There is no fact of history better established. You cannot jump from the top of Park street steeple and stop half-way down, nor the city government more than you.

In the United States there are some really good newspapers, conducted by faithful, conscientious, and high-minded men. But, taking them as a whole, it seems to me the American press is the most immoral newspaper press in the world. The law leaves it entirely free, as it ought; but the public opinion of low men controls and determines its character. It is without modesty, has no shame, no conscience. It fears not God, it regards not man. It has no religion—superstition instead; clearly no decorum.

Corruption lies in the nature of our government, at this stage of our progress. It has always been corrupt. Some of the worst acts of national legislation were put through the very first Congress, in the first administration of Washington.

The Genius of Humanity, stately and severely beautiful, stands on the Atlantic shore, and calls up before us her fairest sons, once secure in civil freedom, confident of welfare, sure of progress—there they go, Athens, Corinth, and many fair Ionian towns of the continent, Rome, the German Free Cities, the Hanse Towns, the States of Holland. She tells us how they fell; and then prophetically says, "And unless you repent, you shall all likewise perish, you thirty-two younglings, upstarts on a new soil! Slavery must be everywhere, if it is anywhere."

Give me truth and justice in my conscience; and in time I will rout all the armies of the aliens, and enthroned Righteousness as queen of all.

THE TRUE CHURCH.—The church is important only as it administers to purity of heart and life; every church which so ministers is a good one; no matter how, when, or where it grew up; no matter whether its worship on its knees or on its feet, or whether its ministers are ordained by pope, bishop, presbyter or people; these are secondary things, and of no comparative moment. The church which opens on heaven is that, and that only, in which the spirit of heaven dwells. The church where worship rises to God's ear, is that, and that only where the soul ascends. No matter whether it be gathered in cathedral or barn; whether the minister speak from carefully prepared notes, or from immediate, fervent, irrepressible suggestion.

For other things we make poetry; but the moral sentiments make poetry of us.

Paul Fry.

One of the Paul Fryes of our day has been looking into our paper, and reports thereon in three columns of the New York Sunday Atlas. Paul Frye is a literary character, and tells the truth in speaking as he does of our large circulation. But at "The Messenger," Paul's nose sticks; he cannot get beyond the surface with that protocol of his, and so he pokes considerable fun at the untruth outside. This exterior, Paul, is none of our work; it has been put on by the feeble knowledge which has come to man in the past, of a future life of spirit. Paul has evidently got no further than the idea that when man "sheds" off this mortal coil, no matter how ignorant or debased he may have been while in it, he immediately becomes a paragon of perfection and wisdom. No wonder, then, that his risibles are excited when he finds these people—who ought to be saints according to his notions—talking just as they used to do when standing from four to six feet high above the pavements. We expect a heap of just such criticism, and can enjoy it on our side of the house, just as well as Paul's friends can on their side. Our laugh, however, does not arise so much from his wit, as it does to see how "jolly green" he is upon the subject he is writing about.

The result of Paul's prying propensities has been to draw him to the conclusion that the spiritual phenomena are all the work of knavish people to dupe mankind, and that the spiritualists are about equally divided between deluders and deluded. Now that is an old story—it might have done to have told to the world ten years ago, and undoubtedly would have been received with sober faces by those who heard or read it. About that time the story of a real Fejo mermald, or Barnum's woolly horse, would also have been listened to with sober faces by many. The "Moon Hoax," too, took remarkably well when it was new; but either of these stories now, related with such sobriety as Paul tells his story, would raise a laugh in the reader's expense. Just so with Paul's conclusions about Spiritualism; they have been held up so long that all the virtue has gone—in other words, the wool has been shaved off that horse, Paul, and it won't go down any more than the Fejo mermald will. Barnum knew when to put the woolly horse in the stable, and Kimball has got the mermald carefully stowed away; but poor Paul trots out this spavined, knock-kneed nag as a first class demagogue. Paul's nose is getting a little dull; it needs an extra turn at the grind-stone before he can pry into matters closely enough to get at the true cause of all these things and enlighten the public.

There is one peculiarity about this Paul that we must notice, and then leave him. It seems to have a peculiar propensity to tarry a great while, and give a deal of room to what he calls vulgar, low and nonsensical; but when he catches a glimpse of what he is pleased to call refined and higher sort of matter, he contents himself with a very short stop. He would quote a quarter of a column of this vulgar and nonsense, as he calls it; but a simple, short paragraph suffices for a very good message of the "higher order," which ends with a prayer. Paul should reverse this (dis) order of things and pry lightly into men's faults, and dig deeper into their virtues. He will find, while he is in this world, that there is about as much honesty and kindness and sincerity and goodness among spiritualists, ourselves among the number, as he will find among the rest of man and woman kind. Let him remember that "Charity thinketh no ill" of a brother, and that this same charity is one of the choicest, and rarest, too, of the virtues of a true man.

When he prys aside the veil of mortality, and pokes his nose into the realities of the other state of life, we have little doubt, if we are still investigators of spiritual phenomena, and still have the pleasure of receiving messages from the dead through Mrs. Conant, that Paul will contrive to pry his fanny spirit into our circle, and enjoy a laugh at the witty ignorance of the Paul of other days.

Rev. H. W. Beecher's and Dr. E. H. Chapin's Sermons. Summer has ended, and with it has terminated the vacation of these liberal preachers. Our readers will find one of Mr. Beecher's sermons reported verbatim, and some of the gems extracted from another. Hereafter we shall report the Evening instead of the Morning discourses, Mr. B. having made arrangements with our reporter, Mr. T. J. Ellinwood, to report the morning sermons for THE INDEPENDENT, the organ of the denomination of Christians to which he belongs.

We feel no little satisfaction in the fact that we were the first to introduce Mr. B.'s sermons to the notice of his own denominational organs; and that we have established the fact that the public taste has somewhat changed as regards reading matter. We do not think that all publishers will find sermon-reporting to be a successful enterprise; yet there is a certain demand for this style of reading.

We are also pleased to see that Mr. Ellinwood, our reporter, has been selected by Mr. B. to report for the INDEPENDENT, as it signifies his confidence in him.

We expect shortly to introduce an improvement in this feature of our paper, which, we think, the public will appreciate.

We shall also give, as often as we can do, so, selections from the morning sermons of Mr. Beecher, not of sufficient length, however, to interfere with our brethren of the INDEPENDENT.

Dr. Chapin's morning discourses will be reported as usual; and to these prominent features we shall add well prepared abstracts of other Sabbath lectures, when occasion demands.

As Mr. Chapin did not occupy his pulpit last Sabbath, we are without a sermon this week. Next week we shall resume our full reports of Mr. C.

Renew Your Subscriptions.

This number closes our fifth volume, and with it ends a long list of subscriptions. As the names on our books are spread as soon as the term expires for which the parties have paid, prompt remittance alone will secure the continuance of our weekly visits.

The BANNER has attained a larger circulation than any religious weekly in this city; at the same time our expenses are far beyond any of them. The immense amount of reading matter we give, more than one half of which is paid for, renders the publication costly.

We wish our friends to bear this in mind, and be prompt with their remittances, and zealous in their endeavors to increase the circulation of what we intend to make a first-class "liberal journal"; open to the free discussion of all topics calculated to benefit the race, and to promote the reign of Love, Faith and Charity.

We have in contemplation many improvements, which we shall make as soon as success will warrant them. One of these is the enlargement of our paper, which we hope to realize at no far distant day.

Our success thus far has been unprecedented among the class of religious newspapers. We are gratified to know that our labors have been so well received; yet our ambition leads us somewhat higher. We desire to give a better paper, and with the aid of the liberal Christian minds who have thus far helped us on our way, we will do it. Our march must be in pace with the liberality of the friends of free thought, free speech, and free action.

Our three months trial subscribers can have the paper continued to them during the balance of the year for \$1.25, or for the next three months for 37 cents.

The Scientific American.

Each week finds on our table this neat, handy and well-arranged publication. It is devoted to art, science, agriculture, chemistry, etc., and we are free to say it is the best publication of the kind extant, and is conducted in a most able manner with entire regard to strict science. No new invention need remain unknown to the public, for if it be valuable and have any good qualities about it, our watchful friends are sure to have its claims clearly set forth in a well written explanatory article, and the object itself displayed in cuts, valuable both for correctness and artistic merit. We cannot say too much in praise of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, and heartily advise our friends who delight in scientific matters, to remember Munns & Co., at 37 Park Row, New York.

Zion's Herald.

A Wesleyan Methodist weekly newspaper, published in Boston at \$1.50 a year. We like this journal, for the reason that it is religious; minds its own business; is intensely devoted to the beauties of its own religion, and not to the faults of the religion of others; talks about the beauties of heaven, not the deformities of hell; invites to a true life by love and forgiveness, not by condemnation and curses. It is a good paper, for it teaches Christianity instead of war.

National Pharmaceutics.

This body of most useful men—as things go now—in society held their eighth anniversary meeting in Boston on the 13th. There was a large and most respectful assemblage present. About every State in the Union was duly represented.

Remarks of Dr. Child in the House of Correction at Plymouth, Sunday, August 7th.

Mr. BARNUM AND HIS SISTERS.—Duty is always with us. We need not ever turn aside to do the true work of life. Efforts in goodness and deeds of kindness, in all places and at all times, our hands and hearts can find to do. Let us ever do that which will add peace and happiness to our lives and to the lives of those around us.

If disease and pain afflict us, let us bear the suffering with resignation, remembering that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.

If our friends have turned against us and have forsaken us, have slandered us and injured us, have told wrong stories about us, and have caused us to suffer—duty is with us then. What is it? It is forgiveness; it is a desire to remember those who have injured us, with a heart of true and lasting friendship; with a feeling that can conquer the battles of insult and unkindness—that triumphs over hell and darkness. How beautiful is this duty—the duty we owe to those who injure us! How powerful is its influence, and how rich its rewards! Let us speak well of our enemies; be kind and affectionate to those who speak evil of us, and they will turn to be our warmest friends.

If some one says I did a deed of wickedness, when I am innocent, shall I, with feelings of revenge, deny the saying, and say my brother has told a lie. No, this is not my duty; but rather would I follow the example of Christ, and say, as he said when he was accused, "Thou sayest," and cherish a feeling of kindness and forgiveness toward my accuser.

If my brother strikes a severe blow in my face, is it my duty to strike him in return? No; if I do, he will strike me again; the fire of contention will be fanned and fed by so doing. I would not return a blow for a blow, an evil for an evil, for thereby evil is increased; while, if I strike not back again, my brother who struck me will cease to strike; he will feel the power of forgiveness; his evil intentions will cease; and his regret, his sympathy, and his kindness will be made manifest. When an offence is committed against me, let me do my duty as the beloved Nazarene has taught me—forgive once, twice, three times, and so on, and on, to seventy times seven, if so many offences should be committed.

The chastening hand of affliction makes us more willing to forgive. Your suffering from this prison chastisement has made your capacity for forgiveness greater. Should your brother steal your cloak now, I believe that you would give him your coat also, before you would send him to prison. You would forgive me sooner now, if I should commit an offence against you, than you would before you were chastened with prison bondage. This bondage, then, is a blessing to you, but perhaps it is yet, to you, in illegals. This will perhaps develop the most beautiful of all the Christian virtues in you, viz., forgiveness, which is charity.

Were this a Christian world—were charity the ruling virtue of every heart—how peaceful and happy would all our lives be! It is a want of this virtue, charity, in me, in you, in all, that supports prisons and fills them with men and women. Then, in this direction, it is my work, it is your work, to be charitable, kind, and forgiving. In health, in freedom, what work have we to do? Let us do that which our hands find to do. This is our work, whatever it may be; on sea, on land, at home, abroad, there is enough to do; and let us do it silently, quietly, industriously, faithfully, justly. If my brother has want, let me equalize my supplies with him; if he has less happiness than I have, let me share my happiness with him; if he has greater suffering than I have, let me share my compassion have a share in his sufferings; let me suffer with him in his poverty; let me feel with him in his afflictions; let me be bound with him in his bondage. Oh, let me, with the great tide of all nature, seek equilibrium and equality, and preclude no distinctions! Let the compassion, the precepts, the love and democracy of the beloved Christ, be my guiding star, in all my associations and relations to my brothers and sisters, in all places and at all times.

Let us do the work of life as it comes to us to do, whatever it may be. If it is hard labor, let us do it with willingness, and it becomes a pleasant duty; if it is ease and relaxation, let us share it with those who toil; if it is joyous and glad, let us share our joy and gladness with those who are sorrowful and sad. In every place there is work for us to do—a work of duty, which is never far away, but is always with us.

S. T. Munson's Bookstore.

We would say to our numerous readers who may wish to supply themselves with the current literature of Spiritualism, that S. T. Munson, formerly at 5 Great Jones street, is at present located in our New York office, 143 Fulton street, and that any orders for books, &c., will find immediate attention by addressing Banner of Light, New York.

We have felt it a duty on our part to afford to our readers an opportunity of sending direct to us orders for any books which they might desire, and are happy to inform them that we are now fully prepared to respond to them.

Hoping we may find their wants not all supplied, we again refer them to our New York office, from which place they may be supplied with the books of the day.

Message Verified.

Mrs. E. E. H. I saw a communication in the BANNER of June 2d, from Jerry Gordon, who was an uncle of my wife. He lived and died in Henniker, N. H.; his mother's name was Mehtable Gordon, and his nephew, Jacob Stewart, was my wife's brother. It is also true that he had fits, which commenced when he was ten years old, and affected him so much that he did not know anything for many years previous to his death. My wife lived near him seventeen years, and says the communication is correct; and, having seen him many times myself, I know the statements therein made to be true.

Yours with respect, MICHAEL TURNER.

San Francisco, Cal., August 18th, 1859.

The Fraternity Lectures.

The Fraternity of the Twenty-Eight Congregational Society's Second Course of Lectures will commence on Tuesday evening, Oct. 4, 1859, at the Tremont Temple, on which occasion a poem will be read by Rufus Lefington, Jr., followed by an address from Wendell Phillips. The succeeding exercises will consist of lectures by George Sumner, Edwin P. Whipple, George William Curtis, Frederick Douglass, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Sarah Jane Lippincott, (Grace Greenwood,) Henry Ward Beecher, Carl Schurz, Bayard Taylor, Thos. W. Higginson, William Lloyd Garrison, and Edwin H. Chapin. Tickets for the Course, admitting a gentleman and lady, \$2.00.

Mrs. H. M. Miller.

After concluding the six months arduous labors which Mrs. H. M. Miller has performed in Ohio, with the most satisfactory results, she proposes a tour eastward through Pennsylvania and New York. She is to lecture at Harbor Creek, Pa., 23d to 26th of September; at Erie City, and Columbus, Pa.; and wherever friends of reform are desirous of her labors as a trance speaker, and willing to give an equivalent or fair compensation for them, and will address her at the respective places and dates of her appointments. She contemplates passing by way of New York & Erie Railroad, and returning via New York Central Railroad, and will respond to her invitation to Oswego if required at the time of being in that vicinity.

Opportunity for Scepticism.

Edward Everett thus closes his address at the presentation of the Webster Statue to the State of Massachusetts, on Saturday, the 17th inst.:

Long may it guard the approach to these halls of council; long may it look out upon a prosperous country; and, if days of trial and disaster should come, and the arm of flesh should fail, doubt not that the monumental form would descend from its pedestal to stand in the front rank of the perit, and its bronze lips repeat the cry of the living voice: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Strange that men should utter such predictions who sneer at the movements of Animated Tables!

All for Twenty-Five Cents.

Benjamin B. Russell, who keeps a store for the sale of Books and Stationery, at No. 515 Washington street, Boston, has sent us an envelop containing twelve sheets of letter paper, twelve sheets of note paper, twelve buff envelopes, twelve white note envelopes, two steel pens, one pen-holder, one sheet of blotting-paper—all of which he sells for the amazingly low price of twenty-five cents. This is certainly an economical investment for those who use small quantities of stationery.

Pro and Con.

In the Saturday Reporter—a little sheet, published in Boston—is a queer notion on Spiritualism, of which we are not able to make head or tail. Evidently it is aimed at the philosophy of Spiritualism; but it falls far short of that, and before it is done, even offers valuable testimony to the spiritualistic theories and ideas. Such things only go to show that the matter is being discussed everywhere at the present time, which is very desirable.

The Two Judges.

Judge Black, the Attorney General of the United States, has published a carefully prepared reply to the article of Judge Douglas on Popular Sovereignty, which appeared last week in the New York Herald. Judge Douglas's article was published in the September number of Harper's Monthly Magazine. The canvass for the Presidency has begun earlier than usual, by more than a year.

Professor Brittan

Is now engaged in lecturing in the New England States. Those who require his services during the autumn, may address him at this office, or at Newark, N. J., where he still resides.

Meeting in behalf of the Indians.

We received a call, signed by many of our most respectable citizens, clergymen and reformers, for a meeting, to be held at Freeman Chapel, on Monday evening the 21st inst. As our paper is not issued until Tuesday morning, we can do no good by giving the notice in full.

Book Notices.

FINANCIOLOGY AND OTHER POEMS, by Daniel Parker. S. W. Huse & Co.: Lowell, 1859.

This pamphlet of 40 pages contains originality, presented in plain, common-sense language. It has some rich ideas that rap tellingly against the horns of the great individual advance in reformation that some believe they possess.

Cure for Potatoes Rot.

It is said, on good authority, that a pen inserted in every seed potato, when planted, is a sure remedy for the potato rot. A large yield of peas and a healthy crop of potatoes is the result. Let all farmers remember this till planting time next Spring.

Street Preaching.

The Home and School Journal, published at Chicago, says that a regular system of street preaching has been inaugurated in that city. It claims that by this system good will be done, and able men than pulpit ministers are required to do it.

Spiritual Convention.

We have been requested by Bro. Thomas H. Locke, to give notice that a Spiritual Convention will be held at Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., on the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th days of October next.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS WEEK'S PAPER.—First Page.—Continuation of Mrs. Ann E. Porter's brilliant story—Boritha Lee. Second Page.—Poetry—Heart Breathings, by Charlotte Allen; "Bill Huthorne's first trip to Boston," a humorous skit.

Third Page.—Commencement of a series of stories for the young, by Mrs. L. M. Willis, entitled "Little Jane's Two Faces;" "What Matter?" by Prof. Spence; "The Dying Child to His Mother," a poem by H. Jay Prouse, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "Infidelity and the Tract Societies," by J. W. Day; Selected Sentences from two of Rev. Theodore Parker's unpublished sermons, etc.

Fourth and Fifth Pages.—These are before the reader, and his own eyes will tell him what they contain. Sixth and Seventh Pages.—Two columns of Messages; Mrs. Hatch's lecture on the 11th inst.; "Our Systems of Education," by Prof. Spence; "Organization and Church Government," by Warren Chase; "Dealings with the Dead," fourth paper; Correspondence, Lecturers, etc.

Eighth Page.—Sermon by Henry Ward Beecher. "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS."—The last of the series upon this interesting subject did not come to hand in season for this issue. It will appear in our next.

"D. J. Mandell to Payton Spence, M. D.," is in type, and will appear in our next.

ILLUSTRATED SCRAP BOOK.—John J. Dyer & Co., No. 35 School street, Boston, have published a Scrap Book, containing nearly five hundred engravings of all classes—humorous, and descriptive of places, persons and events. In fact it is difficult to say what is not to be found represented. As everybody likes to look at engravings, which pleasure they can in this case enjoy for the trifling sum of twenty-five cents, it is fair to presume that the book will meet with a ready sale.

Messrs. Dyer & Co., are the most extensive wholesale dealers in magazines and newspapers in Boston; having by their urbanity and attention to the wants of retail dealers, drawn to their store an immense trade.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE is the title of a very neatly printed and well-edited weekly quarto sheet, "devoted to the investigation of the Spiritual Phenomena, and to Progress." It is published at San Francisco, Cal., by W. H. Manning & Co., at \$5.00 per annum; single copies 12 1/2 cts.

In a letter from St. Petersburg we find the following paragraph: "Russia has every year lost an immense number of sheep by disease. Vaccination being resorted to, has been attended with the most satisfactory results, as it has been found that out of ten animals on which that precaution has been practiced, nine are able to resist all attacks, whereas formerly more than two-fifths died."

Catherine de Medici, when told Scaliger knew twenty languages, said, "That is twenty words for one idea. I would rather have twenty ideas for one word."

Will some one inform us when the Harvard Committee are to make that Report?

Jo Coon desires to know the name of the tune which was played upon the feelings.

In silence mend what his deform thy mind; But all thy good impart to all thy kind.—Sterling.

A well primed lover of the bottle, who had lost his way, reeled into a tawdry grocery, and hiccuped:—"Mr. do you keep—nothing—good to take—here?" "Yes," replied the temperance shopkeeper, "we have excellent cold water—the best thing you could have." "Well, I know it," was the reply; "there is no one thing—that's done so much for navigation—as that."

One Spencer, anti-spiritual lecturer, is swindling the printers and hotel keepers in the western part of the State. If he feels disposed to try his game in this vicinity, he will probably be treated to a bath in the Potomac Bay, a remedy found very effective in a similar case.—Belfast Journal.

CROPS IN MINNESOTA.—A Western paper says:—"From every nook and corner, from every valley and prairie in the State, the word 'abundance' falls on our ears. The yield this season, without exception of any particular crop, is extraordinary in quantity and sound in quality."

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—Ohio has 93; Illinois 93; New York 77; Indiana 76; Pennsylvania 68; Iowa 46.

Why is a quick-tempered man like an honest physician? Because he is almost certain to be out of patients.

Rev. Thomas Hill, of Waltham, has been installed as President of Antioch College, in place of the late Horace Mann. The selection is excellent.

Single women will be allowed to vote in Kansas, should the Constitution made lately be accepted by the people and Congress endorse it; but when the fair voters shall marry, their voting will be at an end, and the husband and wife being one.

A bounty on single women.

Rev. A. L. Stone, Rev. Aaron Stone, and Rev. S. K. Lothrop, returned from Europe last week in steamship Europa.

AMUSEMENTS.—Miss Mary Vickery, the pretty little child actress, has been playing at the Museum during the past week, and will continue during the coming week. The new company at the Museum are fully up to the former standard. Patrons of the opera will be glad to learn that Mr. Max Strakosch is now in town, preparing for a brief season of Italian Opera, to commence on the 26th inst., with Maretzky's Havana troupe, at the Boston Theatre. Polito will be the first opera given, and during the season we are to have Sonnambula, Saffo, Ernani, Don Giovanni, Lucrezia Borgia, Norma, Traviata, and the Barber of Seville. They will be interpreted by such artists as Corbelli, Gasser, Brignoli, Amadio, Junca, Mme. Strakosch, etc.

The romantic legendary drama, "The Dream Specter," will be produced at the National Theatre this week.

Leigh Hunt, the celebrated author, died in London on the 28th ult., in his 75th year.

The Star of the West, from California, brought 450 passengers, and upwards of \$2,000,000 in specie.

At the Democratic State Convention, held at Worcester, Don J. Butler was nominated for Governor.

HOSPITALITY.—Bayard Taylor says:—"I must confess I have higher reverence for the virtue of hospitality than we seem to set upon it at present. When a Turk regales a Christian with ham (as it happened at Athens, last winter),—when a priest, in Lent, roasts his turkey for you,—when an advocate of the Maine Law gives his German friend a glass

of wine,—when some anti-tobacco friend allows me to smoke a cigar in the back parlor, with the windows open,—there is a sacrifice of self on the altar of common humanity. True hospitality involves a consideration for each other's habits—not our excesses, mind you, but our usual habits of life—even when they differ on such serious grounds as I have mentioned. But I have dined with vegetarians who said, 'Heat is unwholesome; so my conscience will not let me give it to you'; or with ventilators, who proclaim that 'dyes in bed-room are injurious';—and I was starved and frozen."

Oh, what is freedom? say, is that man free, Who wears no shackles on his outward frame; And knows no lord his weary toll to claim, Or force obediency on the bonded knee, Who yet is bound with bosom slavery, And dares not in the face of men to name His thoughts and feelings, lest they bring him shame? Call him not free, his cruel mockery! Let him only the name of freeman wear, Who herds forth the truth with curbed tongue, Who stands erect his fellow-men among, And scorns the coward's abject name to bear; His name with that of heroes shall be sung, And equal, he will deathless glory share.—J. H. Bacon.

Messrs. Seaver and Starkweather, the balloonists, who were denied the privilege of going up into the clouds on Saturday, by the rain, will make their ascension on Wednesday, 21st inst., should the weather be willing.

The Spiritualists of San Francisco, Cal., have established an Association in that city, the objects of which are set forth as follows:—"1. The investigation of the facts of Spiritualism. 2. The development of its members into a life in harmony with those facts, and in agreement with the highest happiness of man. 3. The instruction of others and of the children of the present generation in more enlightened views of the present and future life, and of the providence of God."

Happiness being an inward feeling derived through the spirit, must not be sought in the materials of the house in which the spirit liveth.

A grand National Horse Fair is to be held at the United States Agricultural Fair Grounds in this city, commencing on Thursday, October 4th, and to continue two weeks. The premiums to be awarded, it is said, will amount to upwards of \$10,000.

Who does not love a Flower? Its hues are taken from the light Which Summer's sun flings pure and bright, In scattered and prismatic hues, That shine and smile in drooping dews; Its fragrance from the sweetest air, Its form from all that's light and fair— Who does not love a Flower?

At the meeting of the Boston Printers' Union, the other evening, a discussion arose in reference to the prices paid journeymen in the weekly offices of the city, in the course of which it was stated that only two—the Banner of Light and the Investigator—paid the established rates; when a wagish member remarked, that he did not "believe Mr. Seaver, of the latter paper, would pay full prices much longer."

"Why so?" interrogated a member. "Because," rejoined the speaker, "I understand he has lately become pious; and as it is a well-known fact that our religious papers pay their operatives hardly enough to keep soul and body together, I concluded that Mr. B. would not hereafter be any more conscientious than they are in this respect."

The time was when people believed that "all the intelligence" came from within the walls of a collegiate institution—that men, to be qualified to hold offices of trust and emolument, must first "graduate." But that idea has exploded. The efficient men of to-day are those who never had a "liberal" education; but those who have are the most bigoted and illiberal among us, with a few honorable exceptions. The workshop produces the free mind, the potency of which is being everywhere felt, to the utter dismay of every grade of fogeyism.

Muse is the silver key to the fountain of tears, Which the soft dew of the brain runs wild; The softest grave of a thousand fears, Where their mother, Care, like a sleepy child, Is laid asleep on flowers.—Shelley.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue; and nothing more steadfast than faith.

Mahometans say that one hour of justice is worth seventy years of prayer. One act of charity, is worth a century of eloquence. True.

A dispute, relative to the affairs of the Middlesex Mills, arose at No. 13 Pearl street, Boston, on Saturday, between the treasurer, R. S. Fay, Jr., and one of the largest stockholders, Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, in which the former was stabbed by the latter, but not dangerously.

Prudence is a commendable virtue. It prevents a man from doing unwise actions. It is likewise a shackle on his generosity. But prudence in excess closely assimilates to meanness.

Extravagance and improvidence end at the prison door.

It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel. An Irish corporal, who now and then indulged in a noggin of right good poteen, was thus accosted by his captain, whilst standing at ease: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plase, yer honor," said Pat, "I always blush when I spakes to an officer."

New England Union University Association.

The subscribers to stock in the New England Union University, are requested to meet in Lowell, on the first Tuesday in October, at 10 1/2 o'clock, A. M., to hear and vote upon the Report of a Special Committee on revision of the Constitution of the Association; to locate said University; fill vacancies on boards of officers, and transact any business pertaining to the interests of the Association. All subscribers are requested to attend without further notice.

A. B. CHILDS, Secretary.

To Correspondents.

Matter sent to us for publication—whether prose or poetry— which we do not deem of importance enough to print, we wish it distinctly understood will not be returned.

Clairvoyant in Boston.

Madame Price, said to be a remarkably gifted Clairvoyant, has taken room No. 8 at the Hancock House, Court Square, where she will receive the visits of the public. Major Ben. Perley Poore, writing to the Washington States, April 17th, 1858, says of her:—

"I was persuaded by a friend, yesterday, to pay a visit to Madame Clinton Price, who resides at a quiet house on the north side of the Capitol, at No. 18 A street. She is a good-looking, agreeable lady, with a most wonderful clairvoyant power, which enables her to observe the complicated movements of the system, and to give medical advice which has relieved those whose cases have baffled the skill of professional men. Although entirely skeptical, I must confess that I was astonished at the knowledge which Madame Price communicated as to my idle life, and some of the revelations which she made would have done credit to an ancient physician of the States. Whether her circular predictions will ever equally correct, I cannot say, but she is really a most mysterious personage, and well worthy of a visit. I learn that she has a large number of patients, and the exhibitions of her clairvoyant powers have attracted numerous visitors."

CONANT AND ADAMS'S QUADRIELE BAND.—This Band, (formerly Hall's) is prepared at all times to furnish good music. Those who may require the services of this excellent Band, will be promptly served on application to either of the following named gentlemen.—S. K. Conant, 103 Court street; G. W. Adams, No. 6, North Grove street; J. M. Bullard, 80 Brighton street; or at the Music Store of White Brothers, Tremont Temple.

J. H. CONANT, Agent.

Lecturers.

Mrs. SPENCE will lecture at Philadelphia, Pa., the 4th Sunday in September; at Buffalo, N. Y., in October; at Worcester, Mass., in November; at Boston, Mass., in December; and at Providence, R. I., in February. She may be addressed at either of the above places, or at 634 Broadway, N. Y.

M. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Marlborough, Mass., Oct. 2d; Plymouth, Mass., Oct. 9th and 10th.

ment when removed from its sepulchre of ages in the midst of the life-giving elements. Now if of a grain of wheat to its full maturity is not upon time, and cannot be measured by any standard, with which it sustains no relation, so the march of mind to purer and nobler unfoldings, a thing to be measured by days, or seasons, or years, but by its own healthful development and

its own moral and intellectual action. And hence it is so important that we look well to our system of education, in other words, to the conditions and elements with which we are surrounded. Let us look about us, and see if most of our stupendous systems of education are not so many Egyptian catacombs, in which the young germs of latent powers and possibilities are entombed and shut out from the genial sun and life-giving elements, and compelled to lie dormant until accident shall draw them forth from their dark recesses, or until reformation and revolution shall sweep over the land like a tempest, and level to the ground those stupendous dormitories where the living and the dead slumber together.

The question which most deeply interests every progressive mind, is not so much as to what shall be taught, (for that is evidently a matter of secondary importance,) but how it shall be taught. It is a question as to the method; whether our system of education should cramp, or enlarge, bind or liberate the mind; whether it should pinion the young soul and chain it to earth, or invite it to leave its downy nest and launch out upon untiring wings, into the free and boundless elements of nature.

As we desire a truthful answer, let us put our questions neither to men, nor to books; neither to the past, nor to the present, but to nature. Then how shall we educate?

Behold the prismatic rainbow, with its bases resting upon the horizon, and its many-colored archways painted upon the fleecy canvas. Does nature inscribe, in universal characters, beneath its bending glories, a detailed description of its realities and its properties which the man, the child, the untutored savage and the enlightened sage may all equally read and comprehend? Does she, through fear that we may misinterpret the phenomenon, say to us, "This is light twice refracted and once reflected?" Not so. But she has so framed the rainbow, and so fashioned the human mind, that the former shall draw out the latter beyond the narrow limits of self, and the child, the savage, the saint and the sage, may each have his thoughts and affections, feelings and emotions called upon and awakened in exact proportion to the capacity and condition of each. Through one beholds in the rainbow a token of a covenant between God and earth,

"Not so the child; He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend Delightful o'er the radiant fields, and runs To catch the falling glory; but, amazed, Beholds the amusive arch before him fly, Then vanish quite away."

"Whist! There, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds Form fronting on the sun thy showery prism, And to the sage instructed eye unfold The various tints of light by thee disclosed From the white, mingling mazes."

The great book of nature and the human mind seem adapted the one to the other. Man is so formed, that what is exterior to him is continually lifting his aspirations upwards for truth, and drawing out the attractions and affinities of his mysterious nature, whilst his mind unceasingly puts forth its radicles in quest of that which alone can sustain and develop it. We are constantly struggling to comprehend the things which are about us, and yet, when we glance over the successive revolutions of the world's opinions in science, in morals, in philosophy and in religion, it would seem as though the race has only been travelling through error toward truth; and therefore it seems that the great object of nature's system of educating humanity, is not so much to store the mind with correct opinions, as it is to set the mind in motion, that it may put forth its energies naturally and healthfully in its efforts to attain truth. So far as individual development is concerned, it is the action—the effort to attain truth, which gives us, in the legitimate acceptance of the term, the power of wisdom when truth has been attained.

The obscurity which hangs over all departments of nature, as objects of scientific investigation, does not in the least render them less attractive than if they stood unveiled before us, radiant with truth and beauty; for it is strange, but true, that the human mind delights in the attempts which it makes to comprehend that which is mysterious—it delights in those efforts of the imagination by which we endeavor to fill up the hidden outlines in the great panorama of nature—it delights in that very expenditure of mental energy, in which we all indulge, when we endeavor to conceive of what lies behind the curtain, and comparing the invisible with the visible, the unknown with the known, strive to anticipate, through the analogies of nature, the actual revelations and the positive demonstrations of science. It is well that it is so. These struggles of the mind to conceive of the true and the beautiful, before they are actually within the reach of our mental vision, are the very means by which our intellectual being is strengthened and developed.

Let us now see if our system of education at all resembles the great model which nature has set before us.

We educate by means of books, and our books are things which are so constructed as to render their teachings as clear and as distinct as possible. Originality of thought is amplified until it is lost in the dilution of common places. Writers undertake to do all, and leave nothing to be done by their readers. Nothing is presented in such a shape as to be suggestive of thought to others; on the contrary, writers seem to fear that their readers may be compelled to think, and seem never to lose sight of the idea that they are preparing intellectual labor-saving machines, with which to infuse wisdom and intelligence into the minds of others by a kind of mechanical operation.

Look at the practical operation of our mechanical system of educating. It reasons and works thus: Man has a mathematical faculty, and therefore we must heap upon it arithmetical propositions, and algebraical equations, and geometrical problems, in order to bring it out in bold relief. He has the faculty of reason, and upon that we must pile, in regular succession, series of orderly and systematic syllogisms. He has a talent for music, and upon that organ we will place sheet after sheet, and layer after layer, of the splendid compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the great masters; and so, every faculty of man's nature is made the basis of a mechanical superstructure, and every latent power of the human mind is buried beneath the rubbish that is piled upon it; and thus the mind, from infancy to old age, is shut out from the light of nature and kept ignorant of its own powers, its own personality, its own selfhood.

As well might we attempt to build out the opening bud into the full-blown rose, by heaping around its unfolding petals the concentrated essences of the floral kingdom, as to endeavor to bring out mind in any other way than the natural one. Mind must grow. Mind, like the bud, must unfold itself, and deck itself in its own tints of coloring, slowly and gradually, and this can only be done by its own internal action. We want no artificial flowers, no painted lilies, but we want Nature's own beautiful, unimitable creations, wreathed in their own smiles, and enveloped in their own fragrance. We want natural minds—spontaneous beings. But where are they? Where is the soul that has bloomed and blossomed harmoniously, and fearlessly unrolled its tender petals to the sun, and spread out its delicate foliage to the zephyr and the breeze, and intertwined its loving tendrils with every congenial, inviting beauty that surrounds it? Where is the face that wears not the impress of artifice, the emblem of fear, and the seal of slavery—of slavery to the thoughts and opinions of others—of servitude to all the forms and ceremonies and superficialities of society?

The art of printing came upon the dark ages like the clarion notes of a resurrecting angel, and society arose from its lethargy of centuries. But we fear that the present age is fast enveloping itself in books, and preparing for the slumber of another night. It would seem as if society, like the silk-worm, were silently weaving its own encasement, within which, chrysalis-like, it may repose undisturbed, and, passing through another metamorphosis, issue forth, in due time, newly fledged, and adapted to a more elevated and ethereal existence.

That glorious discovery, the art of printing, in its application to the making of books, is now being rapidly pushed to the very furthest extreme of abuse to which it can be carried without arousing society to a full consciousness of the character and extent of the evil, and awakening men to their own judgment and their own condemnation. We wish not to be misunderstood. It is the abuse of books which we condemn, and not their legitimate use; for they have accomplished a mighty work, and we hope they will yet accomplish a still mightier one. The abuse of the art of printing is no trifling matter. It amounts to nothing more nor less than this: that books have become the manufacturers of men, and the arbiters of their destinies, instead of men being the manufacturers of books, and the judges of their value and importance. And what makes the evil still more aggravated is, that society perceives that such really is the case, but does not seem to think that such should not be the case. The evil is seen as clearly as the noonday sun; yet it is not looked upon as evil but as good. It is thought right and proper that books should mould and fashion individuals from the cradle to the grave. It is thought right and proper that, in our moral and intellectual conformation, we should all be shaped after one printed pattern—either all made flat heads, or round heads, or square heads, according to some prevailing type of moral and intellectual barbarity.

Our books should not control our system of educating, but our system should control and be superior to all books. The true system of education must be a universal one—one which will apply to all ages, to all tribes, and to all nations—to the Christian, the Jew, the Mahometan, the Infidel. One which will develop each individual naturally, according to the natural and inherent tendencies and peculiarities of each—one which will unfold the mind as fully and as perfectly with one set of books as with another, or without any.

The remarks which we have made respecting the abuse of books, of course, do not apply merely to their injurious predominance over minds during that early period of our life which is usually spent in acquiring what is called an education, but they apply, in an equal degree, to their tyranny and supremacy over us at all ages. But still the printed page, as a means of educating children, is much more injurious and objectionable than it is as a means of educating adults. Parents and teachers wonder that children do not love their books, and both parents and teachers, with an assumed authority, for which they can show no commission, endeavor to compel the young, spontaneous souls to love their books at the word of command. But love unveils not its countenance, except it be at the bidding of congenial affection. Love opens not its chambers, and illuminates not the recesses of our nature with its electric lights, except it hear the call of love—the well known voice of sympathy; and parent and teacher stand impatiently before the temple of the young soul, like the bewildered Cassim before the secret door of the mystic cavern, crying aloud, "open waken—open barley," to portals that obey no command but, "open ecstacy."

Books speak to children like the voices of the dead, and they do not love the frozen rigidity of death. With their faces buried in the printed page they see sought but the lifeless thoughts, embalmed there like mummies, to shock their sensibilities and repel their delicate natures. Books have no eyes, no mouth, no voice, no hands, no varied interpreters of the soul's full meaning, no spontaneous expounders of thought, such as light upon the human countenance with its electric halo before the thought emerges from the soul's depths, as dawn before the coming day, and wreath it in hugging smiles, when the thought has passed, and the gilded twilight follows the setting sun. Children are good interpreters of all these natural symbols. They delight in reading the language of nature, and in having others know and acknowledge that they read aright and interpret correctly. The young mind looks up intently into the face of its teacher and silently receives upon its delicate nature the impress of thought, like the daguerreotype plate before the sun, and, when the picture is taken it delights to see the workman gaze upon the image which he has there imprinted, and admire its truthfulness and its beauty. This the printed page cannot do, and hence they are not attracted to it. This is the philosophy of their distaste for books, and though they do not understand it, yet they feel it more delicately and acutely than any metaphysician can explain it.

We all, young and old, soon grow weary in giving expression to the workings of the mind, either by looks, gestures or in words, to the empty air, or to deaf, dumb and blind records of thought, or to another mind who is unwilling or incapable of entering into sympathy with us—whose celestial harp is not in unison with our own. On the other hand no joy on earth equals that which thrills each fibre of our being, trembles upon each nerve and glows in every atom when two congenial, sympathetic souls commune together in harmony, and each beholds, in the eye of each, every thought and emotion as it sparkles up in spontaneous beauty, mirrored back, true to the original in every softened shadow, and every mellow rainbow-tint, and every delicate, iridescent play of coloring.

Written for the Banner of Light. ORGANIZATION AND CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Much is said and something being done on this exciting and never settled subject, and of late, since our numbers are sufficient, and means abundant, it has agitated the ranks of Spiritualism, and given some ambitious minds a hope of leadership or fat churches, with high salaries, when the sifting and sorting should separate the respectable and religious elements from the "publicans and sinners," and organize them under the congregational form of ecclesiastical government. I have thus far been rejoiced to see every effort of this kind filled and debated by the spirits and the great body of Spiritualists here, who seem to understand this great movement as the end and ultimate of all church forms and governments, and the point where religion shall be diffused among the masses, and exhibited only in the common charities and every-day affairs of life, and no longer be recorded in creeds, and folded up in churches or Bibles, to be opened only on the Sabbath days or in prayer-meetings.

The address of H. V. Bellows before the Alumni of the Divinity School of Old Harvard, seems to have shaken the Protestant churches of our country like an earthquake; the warning sounds of them are yet heard from the pulpit and the press. It warned them of their danger, and informed them, from high authority, that they stood upon a brink from which they might be shaken into fragments by approaching convulsions or advancing steps, to escape which (to them great calamity,) they must at once stop short in their heretofore progressive march, and walk themselves in with new and stronger creeds, rituals, ceremonies and ordinances, or return at once to the mother church, and be folded in the canonical arms of the Catholic hierarchy, which he informs them might be safely beheaded, or have its Pope removed, to accommodate Unitarian democracy and Congregational church government.

The address bears a bold and plain testimony to the history and effects of Protestantism, showing that the first step of Luther's schism was one in the right of private judgment toward a denial and repudiation of all church authority and government, the ultimate effects of which are to be seen in this country, where Protestantism goes to seed, and scatters like thistle seeds in autumn, through Unitarianism, as in Parker, Emerson, Conway and others; through Quakerism, in Hixties, Friends of Human Progress, &c., to everybody; through Methodism into Wesleyan and other branches to popular assemblies and the masses, where it is diffused; through Presbyterianism, into the New School and the Beecher, where it becomes popular sovereignty, and scatters with the wind; through the close Baptists into Free Will and Disciples, and thus absorbed by the masses. Thus we behold in Protestantism Nature's law, as G. S. Burleigh beautifully describes it, in

"Leaves the dew pavilion make—
Dews the flowers' throbbing slake;
Flowers give color to the air—
Air divides it everywhere."

Thus the mission of Christianity ends at the end of religious organizations, where Spiritualism, with its key of science, unlocks the gate of death. We throw open our windows, and let the light into our homes; open our doors, and let our friends from the other life come in and "sup with us;" let the light and knowledge and wisdom and experience of the other life in upon this, and we no longer need the candles of the Catholic, the chandeliers of the Episcopal, nor the lamps of the Unitarian, to walk by, for we have a superior light, not made from old records or church canons, but from the living and passing revelations and experiences of the here and now.

It would be, indeed, a singular freak of folly for Spiritualists to organize and sectarianize, to follow through the mazes of superstition and church government the other sects to a seed-time and diffusion, when they would mingle again with the masses. Should any such partial or general move be made, I trust the friends will leave me outside with the spirits, (who, I conclude, will not be taken in as members,) and the publicans and sinners, as I prefer to take my chances, and spend my life with them. I do not yet feel myself to be better than Jews, nor so weak as to need the arms of a church to hold me up, nor its head to feed me.

I am sorry for those of us who feel that they must be bound in congregational bundles in order to stand erect in the wheat field. I would prefer to hold on to nature's law, and stand by my own strength, as Spiritualists can; but I pity those clergyman who, having qualified themselves for teaching theology to churches, see the rapidly approaching end of all Protestant churches, and no alternative for them but Spiritualism, which they have scorned and despised; or the opposite extreme of Catholicism, which they have abused and hated; yet such, and such only, is before them, however much they may attempt to blind the eyes of the people to the fact. These two extremes will soon meet and all parties and persons who are found between them will be pressed into the ranks of the one or the other, according to the condition and attraction of the party or person. Catholicism with absolute authority and power in religious affairs, forms, ceremonies, indulgences and prohibition, a strict but charitable church government, well adapted to the ignorant masses of its worshippers—and its extreme opposite, Spiritualism, with no church government or authority but

with religion diffused in the acts of life, sustained and encouraged by the good and pure of both worlds meeting and mingling, seeking the poor and needy, and everywhere calling sinners to repentance; recognizing in everything the word and work of God, and his presence and Fatherhood, and in every human being a brother or sister in nature and religion—all members of one family and church, and joint heirs with Christ of salvation and heaven.
Glens Falls, N. Y., August 23, 1859.

Written for the Banner of Light. DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD.

NUMBER FOUR.

Turn where we will, ask whom we may, for knowledge in these days, we are sure to be met with the stereotyped—"Know thyself." As well tell me to leap the salt ocean! I ask all mankind, the sea, the air, history—sacred and profane—to point me out one single human being who really knows himself, or indeed comes approximately near to self-knowledge. Where is the wondrous mortal, tell me where? And from hollow space echo mocks me—"Where?" To know oneself—the words are easily spoken or written—but to do it, is of all things the hardest and most perplexing. Our selfhood, our intimate personality, is, of all others, the special acquaintance of whom we know the least. "Know thyself," was written over the portico of an ancient temple. The man who placed it there must have had a large space of satire, or cynicism in his composition, else he certainly would have assigned man a task infinitely less arduous, a task, compared to which, the twelve labors of Hercules were mere child's play. Perhaps the feat has been accomplished—certainly I believe it possible to do it—actually dare announce it possible for man to comprehend himself; of course, in so declaring, I virtually deny the truth of the noted harmonical doctrine, that "It is impossible for man to explore the labyrinth of his own nature—a principle cannot comprehend itself." Now the logic of this is not good, for two reasons: first, God can certainly comprehend man; all that is of man is mind; mind thus comprehends itself, for all there is of God is mind. Man is God's image, and can do on a small scale, what he—God—does on a large, and can therefore exercise the same power. The only difference between God and a full man, simply is, that the former can comprehend each integer of the realm separately and together; the latter can only grasp each separate truth as it swims to him on the rolling billows of the mighty sea of Time.

Secondly, I maintain that no philosopher has a right to set limits to the expansive and perfecting power of anything within the realm—by which term I mean to convey the same meaning that others attach to the word universe. What do we know of this expanding, perfecting, completing power of the realm? Why that motion became life, life produced power, and sensation produced instinct, and instinct gone to fruition is reason, or intelligence—intelligence such as we behold in these times?

Well, sir, you are not far-seeing. You admit—I am talking to a philosopher—you admit that the order of things took place as I have noted them; but why stop at the point you do? Is there not another step for you to go? No! do you say? I reply, you are mistaken; there is another step; there is a higher faculty than intellect, and I can demonstrate it, and will, before I conclude this series of papers. As the world stands to-day, not one man in a million even suspects the existence of the great and mighty truth to which I here allude, and not one man in a million, take the world at large, has succeeded in defining God, or what is almost as rare—a human soul. Ere long, Davis, and two other men, will attempt to answer the question, "What and where is God?" I shall do the same for the *Banner*; and also, several philosophers, instigated by the present writings—for thus it comes to me—will devote themselves to the elucidation of the question, "What and where is Soul—the human soul?" the profoundest metaphysical difficulty—but difficult only because investigators have analyzed few of the faculties and properties of mind, all the while imagining that the soul itself was beneath their microscopes, whereas the soul was looking on most placidly at them, wondering why they were trying to dissect its garments and limbs—I repeat, the profoundest difficulty with which the human mind can grapple, for the reason that Faculty, Fancy and Dream-life are merely three of Soul's commonest and external manifestations. There's something more of Soul than all this—indeed, the investigations of our association, *Cercle de la croix rouge*, have demonstrated that they—Faculty, Fancy and Dream-life—are but three little rays, as we were, emitted with a thousand others, from one common source. It must be apparent to every thinker that nearly, if not all, that we know of soul, is not of soul, but its methods of display.

There is something more of man than life, limbs, affection, learning, feeling, and sex—something infinitely deeper than all this. Yet, man can dive even into these deeper depths, and bring up, now and then, a crystal sand from the foundations of his being—from out the silver seas of life, whose waters flow from just beneath the throne of the Great I Am. It is possible to know one's self, notwithstanding that, to ninety-nine persons in every hundred, there appears to be an impenetrable cloud of darkness circumscribing their being—an obscurity thick as night eternally hemming them in. Man can cut the gordian knot, and, triumphant, pass the Rubicon, but by no means popularly resorted to for that purpose—not by mesmerism agencies, study, or starvation, but by those golden methods hereafter to form the theme of another Rosencrucian letter.

I penned the above for the purpose of throwing a shade on the picture about to follow. As I rose in the atmosphere, I felt that there was a vast difference between my then present state and the condition in which I performed the passage from Hartford. In both cases I ascended to a great height; but during the first flight I was not over one-third part as awake as I was, during the second, but the movement in the last case was nothing like as rapid as in the former. The personage who called himself Thotmer was directly above me, and had been, doubtless, in the former instance. I now absolutely trembled with apprehension lest I should fall; besides which, a multitude of novel suggestions, feelings and questions presented themselves to my mind; but the prevailing emotion and sensation was such as I suppose balloons experience during their novitiate in the business of cloud-climbing. Amongst other queries I entertained, was the following: "Do I, as a spirit, actually ascend, or is all this an experience of the soul—a sort of episode of dream-life? Am I really present in form, or is this I an alter ego, another self—a pushing forth of faculty?" While the last question was fresh in my mind, it began to rain—a sunshiny, summer rain, such as happens when "the devil whips his wife!"—(I beg pardon—was to whip her; he's dead these eleven years, so say philosophers, and of course can't correct her after that manner any longer.) Here was an opportunity to solve a much mooted point. "Do spirits get wet in a rain-storm? Does the rain and wind pass through them, or does it bound off as from a solid body?" I attentively observed myself and the being above my head.

The rain passed through us, yet touched us not at all. So did the wind! Let me illustrate this point, even at the risk of having to carry the subject into a fifth paper, preferring as I do, to make things as clear as possible in order to teach. Now nothing less dense than water—save air in violent motion—will turn, stay or shed it, and the substance of a spirit being a great deal lighter than hydrogen gas, consequently must be porous, and is so, and not so, at the same time. Remember that spirit is not soul—that it is atomless, unparticled, homogeneous. "If so, how can it be true that the raindrops fall through Thotmer and yourself?" Reply: The nearest approach to spirit that presents itself is a large flame issuing from a jet. Suppose the supply of gas to be so great that the flame is three feet broad; now try to wet this flame, and what success will you have? Sprinkle water on it till you grow grey, and although the water will pass through and displace the flame for the myriads part of a second, yet it will neither wet nor touch it. Every drop of water has an envelop, so has every particle of flame; the respective envelopes may, and do, come in contact; their respective principles—never! The enveloping aura of a human spirit protects the spirit itself from contact, just as a pistol ball sometimes kills a man dressed in silk, by driving a hole in his body, yet never itself touching him by reason of the silk. Now this enveloping aura I saw with my own soul-sight—accompany itself mysteriously to the falling rain. The whole spiritual mass is not generally homogeneous, but particularly so; thus the respective organs are each absolutely unparticled, yet they do not for that reason hermetically blend with each other, but sustain the same relations after, as before death or trance, with the difference that in one case the connection is physical, in the other by means of their respective auras—which of course are still more sublime—in the scientific sense—than their respective primaries. The raindrops then, never approached the vital centre—or the sun of which I spoke—but passed through and from the body at the points of junction—themselves innumerable—of the respective organs, limbs and other spheres; just as the same

rain-drops would pass through a broad sheet of flame lighting without touching or wetting it.

But I see that my paper is full, therefore postpone what further followed till the next week. In the meantime let your readers propound all the questions that may arise; in due time they shall be answered by L. ROSENCROUCIUS.

Correspondence.

Special Hints to "Bomis" and "A. B. C."—T. J. Lewis Congratulated.

"Bomis," of Boston, thinks that Dr. Child's "ground is unbroken—his views original." But Dr. J. MANDELL, of Athol, begs leave to suggest that "the ideas of Dr. C. are not quite so 'new' and 'original' as some are inclined to think. In the very ancient time of King Solomon, that same old King remarked: 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' (See Prov. 14, 12 and 16, 25.) If the 'way' of evil was avowedly 'right' to the evil-doer thousands of years ago, how can the same idea, now, be justly lauded as original or new? The perverse disciples of evil have, from time immemorial, been the vindicators of evil. Even now, the mass of those who are the most devoted to the service of Hashish, Tobacco, Rum, Arsenic, &c., &c., are the most forward to speak in favor of their own vices. In some way or other, it 'seemeth right' unto them, as kindred perversities did to those of the olden time. In a multitude of cases they would style it just the thing! How, then, can the position of Dr. Child be justly denominated 'original,' or his ideas 'unbroken ground,' when (as I have, in previous articles, remarked,) the very priests, deacons, brothers, etc., do, and always have, agreed with him?

Again, "Bomis" says: "There is a deep truth underlying Dr. C.'s argument," and he suggests that "those who combat" the views of Dr. C., "do not see the truth he presents—do not comprehend or understand him." But the "deep truth" to which "Bomis" refers, that "evil" will "ultimately in good," was distinctly recognized by Mr. MANDELL, in the very outset of the present controversy, and was pointedly set aside from the controversy, as not at all involved in the dispute. It is not that idea against which we are striving, but it is against an entirely different set of ideas, which A. B. C. and others are just now laboring to render prominent. The idea that God will "overrule" evil for good, is one thing; the assertion that there is "no wrong, no evil"—that it is "foolish" to undertake to "put down" any given form of evil, etc., is entirely another thing. We are simply separating the chaff from the wheat in this discussion. Dr. Child, in his late essay on FAITH, substitutes the very essence of wickedness for true faith, where he says that "Opposition in anything is the absence of a recognition of God," etc. And even friend LOVELL, notwithstanding the laudations of "Bomis," will hardly stand secure in undertaking to thank God for his sins.

To T. J. Lewis, of Boston, Mr. MANDELL wishes to address a few words, complimenting him on the discovery of an important physiological and regenerative law, what he styles "forced kindness." In this, are, indeed, involved principles—not "more important than phrenology," as Mr. Lewis intimates—but principles which phrenologists, as well as others, have not sufficiently taken into account in their estimates of human nature, and its reformation, progress, etc. Mr. HANNEY has applied these elements efficiently to the training of animals, and they can, truly, be more fully applied "to the reformation of unfortunate human beings, in our insane hospitals, prisons," etc., as friend Lewis suggests. Mr. MANDELL has more than once alluded to his experience in this direction, both in the articles published, and in some not yet published, in these columns. And it is safe to say, that this very controversy on good and evil embodies this very question of the regulated will, in its true application to the suppression of wrong, and the defence and triumph of the right.

Answers to Questions Concerning the Spirit-Land.

In the *BANNER* of August 6th we published some questions sent us by "D. C. M.," concerning the Spirit-Land, to which we have received the following answers through the mediumship of Josephine C. Hinds, Brownville, N. Y.:

Question 1st. Where is the Spirit-Land located? and is it one world or many, as the material universe is one, but composed of many worlds?

Answer. The Spirit-Land has no particular locality or limit. It is boundless and diffused throughout all space. It is divided into many worlds, or spheres, each corresponding with the degree of development of its inhabitants.

2d. Do its dimensions seem equal to the material universe?

A. The Spirit-Land comprehends the material universe. It is the first sphere, or division of it. If, however, you wish to know concerning the other spheres, we will inform you that the second sphere is much larger in its dimensions, and each succeeding sphere is larger than the one preceding it.

3d. Has it poles and revolutions like this world, or any and what?

A. It has no poles, nor does it make revolutions. It is not sufficiently material for that.

4th. Is its surface diversified with land and water, continents, islands, mountains, shores and coasts, oceans and seas, lakes and rivers?

A. The second sphere is much more material than the others, and, therefore, more like the earth in its divisions.

5th. Does the Spirit-Land appear as firm and solid to its inhabitants as this world does to us?

A. Yes; it is just as tangible, and appears just as real to us as does earth to you.

6th. Do plants and trees grow and flowers bloom there?

A. Not in a literal sense. A rose upon earth and a rose in the Spirit-Land would not be the same, because your flowers would be much more material than our own. Still we have blooming flowers, but ours might be termed the spirit of the flowers, and although intangible and imperceptible to earthly eyes, are perfectly real and tangible to us.

8th. Are sky, cloud, sun and stars seen there?

A. We would reply, as we did to the other question—not literally. We do not possess a sun like yours to radiate light and warmth over our spiritual world. Indeed, the light we receive does not seem to proceed from any given object like a sun, but to fall softly and lightly over all; never varying nor ever fading.

9th. Do they eat, drink, and sleep there?

A. It is not necessary that the mind should partake of material food; but it requires a cessation of its labors. Repose is just as necessary to the mind here as it is upon earth.

10th. Does their food grow spontaneous, or is it acquired by labor, and prepared for use?

A. Their food, as you will now understand, being mental, and not to support a physical body, is certainly acquired by labor, but it is labor of the mind. The mind is ever laboring to gain a knowledge of light, truth and wisdom, and as it has instructors, the mental food which it obtains is all that is necessary for the support and maintenance of the spirit.

11th. Is constructiveness employed in similar occupations, as it is here on earth? If not, in what?

A. It is not employed in similar occupations. It is not necessary that it should be. We do not need to construct a habitation for the mind, as you do upon earth for the body. The mind must always remain free and unfettered, nor can it have any particular abiding place, being free to roam abroad over all parts of the sphere of which it is an inhabitant.

12th. What are their powers and means of locomotion?

A. We do not know that we can exactly explain the question, so that you may understand us. Indeed, it would be difficult for a mind which is still embodied to comprehend the manner in which we are enabled to travel from one place to another. For instance, we may be conversing with friends at London, or Paris, and you may desire our presence at New York or Boston. The moment that we become sensible of your desire, we but will that we be with you, and we are with you. It is but a mere exertion of the will-power, and will is capable of moving spirit.

13th. Do they have forms of government similar to earth's inhabitants. If not, what is their government?

A. We can give you no clear idea of four form or manner of government. It is not similar to that of earth's inhabitants. It is not governed as a whole country, but is divided into spheres, and each sphere is subdivided into sections. Each of these sections have a different government, as the intelligence and development of its inhabitants require.

14th. Do they have schools, churches and sects?

A. In the second sphere they have all three, because the mind cannot immediately be rid of the opinions it had entertained upon earth. It must first be indulged in them, even if erroneous, until they can be eradicated. Gradually, however, as the light begins to shine in upon them, or as they ascend to a higher sphere, churches and sects are merged into one great land, where only desire is to progress and obtain the truth and light for which they seek.

15th. Have they jails and penitentiaries?

A. No. They are institutions which the inhabitants of the

spirit-land regard as being more conducive to evil, than correctors of it. If a spirit transgresses a law, if at all developed, he is immediately sensible of it and has no power to continue in the same condition in which he was before he committed this error. He sinks into a lower condition, and he knows it, and has no power to avoid it. He has committed an error, and much labor and true repentance can alone atone for it.

16th. Do lawyers and doctors, politicians and priests have a calling there?

A. In the second sphere.

17th. Can a spirit come to the earth and view it, and walk upon its surface as it used to do while in the earth-form? Or can it not come nearer than the furthest limits of its atmosphere?

A. A spirit can come to the earth, but it cannot view it as it did while a resident of that sphere. The earth seems very gross and uncultivated, and appears like a huge mass of uncultivated and unrefined matter. This is probably owing to our residence in a sphere of much more refinement and purity.

18th. If it can come to the earth's surface, can it come through clouds and storms, and can it come through the air without displacing it?

A. Clouds and storms have no influence upon the mind, nor does it displace the air.

19th. Do spirits have the same form or appearance in every particular, as they had upon earth?

A. No spirit was ever visible to mortal eye while a resident of earth. If you wish to know if it resembles the earth-form, we answer that it does not. It is a light, ethereal object, capable of thought, and consequently of motion. Our answer has relation only to the higher spheres. In the second sphere spirits have a form much resembling that of earth's inhabitants.

Notes of Travel.

WARREN CHASE, NASHUA, N. H.—Once more I am on the banks of the river of splendour, the busy wheel-turning and cotton-weaving Merrimack. We left our home in the Penitentiary State, when July came out there, and were tossed on the waves of Erie, fed in the homes of Ohio, drank soda and zephirs in the hot July days of Buffalo, baptised in the spray of Niagara, walked through the splendid gardens of Rochester, "went to Rome," preached in Utica and practiced on the black rock of Trenton Falls, paraded with the show at Saratoga, and drank Congress water till one was sick and the other well, had a very pleasant visit at Glens Falls, rocked to sleep in the Rutland cradle of the Green Mountains, were pulled up the west side and slid down the east side on iron rails, took a breath from the bellows of Bellows Falls, and at last reached the Newport of New Hampshire, where Little found her ancestral home and went to view the rocks where the childhood days of her mother were spent, while I sought the cities of the Merrimack, and met in Lowell, last Sabbath, a large audience of intelligent faces, who greet me once more with a hearty welcome to the old Bay State.

In every place I have visited, the *BANNER* is a welcome visitor, eagerly sought and carefully read, and I am glad to be able to say to the editors and publishers that their efforts to make it an active and useful paper are highly and truly appreciated by the thousands of readers.

Along the whole line of my route, from St. Louis via Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Utica, Rutland and New Hampshire, our cause is rising and growing stronger daily. Every year brings in new families, and souls are constantly saved from the whirlpools of sectarianism and the broad road of scepticism and unbelief. Meetings are being organized and kept up in hundreds of places, where a few years or months ago only the prosy preaching of old creeds or the howlings of fanaticism could be heard. Churches are purchased or erected, halls built or hired, and speakers called for in every direction. Even within a few weeks I have had a call of the Penobscot, and several west of the Mississippi. The harvest is truly great and the laborers few. How necessary it is that we have schools established, in which teachers of the Harmonical Philosophy can be educated and prepared for the work by the aid and influence of both worlds. I have been waiting and watching long for some competent persons to move in this matter, and the foundation is already laid for one at Harmonia, (Battle Creek) Mich., but the means and minds to carry up the structure have not yet reached the

