

BANNER OF LIGHT.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF

VOL. VIII. { BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR} NO. 8.
Payable in Advance.

Written for the Banner of Light.
IN THE COUNTRY.

BY ENOLA.

There's a house in the beautiful country,
With a porch that is old and low,
Where heavily fruited vine stems
In their rich luxuriance grow.
I can see the well in the door-yard;
I fancy I hear the sweep,
As it dips the iron-bound bucket down
Through the water cool and deep.
There are grand old apple-trees, laden
With branches that reach the ground,
Where east in the early spring sunshine
The snow-petaled blossoms are found;
There are flowers that no hand hath planted—
That have need of no green house to shield;
And the graceful golden rod bends low
Or daubed that gom the field.

Wild asters of royal purple,
Fringed gentians with deepest blue eyes,
White silver-green shaking her golden-tipped balls,
And cardinal's gorgeous dyes.
They grow by the ruggedest roadside,
They peep from the meadow grass.
They tell us, o'er forest and field and sea,
Where the footsteps of beauty pass.

The Autumn is yielding her harvests,
October's abundance is here,
November will soon quench the harvest moon
With her bountiful Thanksgiving cheer.
And deeply and truly I love thee,
Oh, beautiful country home,

And still will my thoughts turn back to thee,
Wherever my feet may roam.

October, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELIZABETH STRANGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Gertrude had hard work to keep her impetuous and haughty spirit from uttering the defiant scorn with which it was filled for this vile and worthless hypocrite. But she had passed through severe school and learned how to keep her impulsive feelings completely under. She therefore resolved to hide her time. It would surely come, and that she knew and felt.

"Humph, Sir Knight," returned the minstrel, for he comprehended at a glance that such he was, "there is no use in thinking to deify such a lance as that which Wilhelm of Grossenberg is worthy to carry!"

"You are impudent, slave!" answered the Knight, incensed to find that the minstrel's response pleased Gertrude so well.

"Nay," said the other, "with all the deference which your Order inspires, I will still assert with all sincerity and truth that the lance from which flutters the plume of Wilhelm of Grossenberg is worthy to compare even with your own; and I doubt not the whole army would lay a gage on his dealing you superior blows in a fair and equal combat."

"Silence!" thundered forth the Lord of Rosenheim, thinking his duty to his guest required that he should protect him in case he was likely to be worsted in an encounter of this sort, with the minstrel. "And now I will tell you, to conclude with you, that you have sold enough of Palestine and of this young upstart who is dazzling everybody there, according to your own account! Let it stop where it is!" I, for myself, will hear nothing better!"

Gertrude alone seemed to be pleased with what she had just heard. For the first time in many weary days and nights her heart beat more lightly. Now she felt she could dream once more of brighter and better days. A perfect revolution seemed to have brought within her heart.

"The feast broke up, after a proper time, by the withdrawal of Gertrude from the hall with her waiting-winds.

The minstrel was shown to an humble apartment, that was situated away by itself in a remote part of the castle, by a waiting-man, who bore a lighted torch before him; and finally none were left at the board save the Knight and the Lord of Rosenheim alone, who thereupon began comparing notes on the various occurrences of the day, and more particularly of the evening. They sat over their great flagons of liquor, and drank and drank, till the room went round and round to their vision, and their brains were muddled like the thick talk that betrayed them.

The minstrel had but just reached the door of the distant apartment allotted him, when one of the maid-servants attending upon Gertrude came forward to enter about the castle yard like any boy just freed from school.

There was remarkable noise all about the castle then, for the master's wish was absolute law. It consumed but very little time to place the steeds before their riders; and, while the thrushes stood silent at a horse's head and held him for the riders to mount, the latter vaulted into the saddle with all possible grace and agility.

And they swept out of the castle yard, a long and imposing train of them, amid shouts and cries like battle-cries, and snatches of roistering songs, and noisy laughter.

While they were gone, busy notes of preparation were sounded in the kitchen, in anticipation of what the night was to bring forth. After such a day, it was the master's wish to have a famous gathering in the hall at evening, where the events of the day's chase might be talked over in a social, if not a boasting spirit, and the results of the day's work might be brought in and laid upon the board before them and the floor around them.

land, and him who wore her heart in that distant region along with his own. The day of his triumph was not—could not be far off. He had suffered, and she along with him had suffered enough, to deserve the vindication which she secretly felt time had in store for both of them. Her haughty frown might be cruel and inhuman; but she could afford now to be patient.

The Knight staggered and reeled out of the dining-hall to his bed, leaving the Lord of Rosenheim sitting asleep and insensible in his great chair. They had plotted and conspired together over this Wilhelm, and the lord had, in one of his madmim impulses, professed such a tender regard for the Knight as to promise him his daughter and his castle if he would, by any means whatever, overthrow this youthful Wilhelm and bring his career to an end. It was devised, to this end, that he should depart for Palestine again as soon as he should be able, and there find some pretext for challenging Wilhelm, confident that he could disgrace, if not destroy him.

And with so ill-digested a plot in their brains, the one reeled off to bed, and the other fell soundly asleep in his chair.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEAST IN THE HALL.

Old Mahala imparted none of her information to the Lord of Rosenheim, for that was not at all to her purpose. Neither did Gertrude whisper a syllable. Had the Knight departed himself only as a gallant and true Knight should, there could not have been in so sense an unsuccessful one.

At he rode up through the massy gate and came into the area of the castle grounds, he gave another look of alarm and confusion to his host.

"There, Sir Knight!" exclaimed he. "I would challenge ye to say that the day has not turned out a right royal one. I am not a whit more weary, though I am a triffo hungry, than I was when I started on this morning; and, as true as my words came from my own lips, I declare, to ye that I could, if the sun would rise this minute in the East, start off as brisk as ever I did in the mornin'. What say ye to that, friend?"

"I say that you are a noble example of endurance and prowess," answered the Knight; "and, did I not already know better myself, I should count your years a great many less than my own."

The lord accepted this flattery with manifestations of acutest pleasure; and both went into the castle, almost side by side.

It would link the reader to hear particularly of what transpired in the interval between their return and the spreading of the board. Suffice it that every inhabitant of the castle, having been made aware of what the night was to bring forth, was prompt and ready with his and her preparations for the feast.

It would link the reader to hear particularly of what transpired in the interval between their return and the spreading of the board. Suffice it that every inhabitant of the castle, having been made aware of what the night was to bring forth, was prompt and ready with his and her preparations for the feast.

The Lord of Rosenheim had already taken his seat at the head of the table, whence his eye could command every person who sat either above or below "the suit." On his left sat the Knight, all costumed in his gayest, evidently determined both to put the best face possible on dubious matters, and to strike a sense rather of awe on the mind of friendless Gertrude. The servants had ranged themselves along on the bairn end of the board, and were carefully watching their master and awaiting his nod. For himself he sat rather impudently on the seat usually occupied by him, for he was compelled, by every law of courtesy, to delay for the entrance of his daughter.

"Tell Gertrude," said he, with ill-concealed irritation, to an attendant, "that the feast awaits thee, and thou should be more considerate than to keep our arrangements back in this style!"

"Are you ready yourself, Sir Knight?"

"Quite ready."

"Then we all of us are ready. Come! Ho! Warde, summon the men together! Bring out the horses! We must be off in a hurry, for nothing is gained by waiting after the preparations are all finished. Hillo! ho! ha ro!" he called again.

"By my faith," answered the Knight, "but I should judge that was doing remarkably well!"

"M!" murmured the lord, musingly, and so I think it is, too—remarkably well, even for an old hunter like myself!"

"How long now?" asked the Knight, finding his dress all comfortably adjusted, "before we shall mount and be off?"

"Are you ready yourself, Sir Knight?"

"Quite ready."

"Then we all of us are ready. Come! Ho! Warde, summon the men together! Bring out the horses! We must be off in a hurry, for nothing is gained by waiting after the preparations are all finished. Hillo! ho! ha ro!" he called again.

"Bring forth the horses! Here we are! Whoop! whoop!"

And the excited Lord of Rosenheim jumped from the threshold down upon the ground, and began to prance about the castle yard like any boy just freed from school.

There was remarkable noise all about the castle then, for the master's wish was absolute law. It consumed but very little time to place the steeds before their riders; and, while the thrushes stood silent at a horse's head and held him for the riders to mount, the latter vaulted into the saddle with all possible grace and agility.

And they swept out of the castle yard, a long and imposing train of them, amid shouts and cries like battle-cries, and snatches of roistering songs, and noisy laughter.

While they were gone, busy notes of preparation were sounded in the kitchen, in anticipation of what the night was to bring forth. After such a day, it was the master's wish to have a famous gathering in the hall at evening, where the events of the day's chase might be talked over in a social, if not a boasting spirit, and the results of the day's work might be brought in and laid upon the board before them and the floor around them.

It was fully an hour, and might have been even more, when he desisted, and even then at her own request. She feared lest he might become weary, and insisted that she ought not to detain him any longer from his rest.

"But what a well of delight had not suddenly been opened to her by this evening's adventure! She pillow'd her head in its accustomed resting-place, and all her dreams that night were of the Holy

In larder and kitchen, therefore, as great activity prevailed as had been seen in the morning, in the stables. Cook and butler bustled about under the weight of their many responsibilities. If the signs were to be believed, such another feast as was to be spread that night on the generous board of the Lord of Rosenheim, had not often before been given by the both Lord and Knight was suddenly loosened. The latter answered to the remarks of his host with such alacrity as he could, but bent his attention chiefly upon Gertrude, at his side.

When the ale was poured for the churls at the lower end of the table, and the wine sparkled in the drinking-cups, and choice and beautiful Bohemian glasses at the upper end of the same, the tongue of both Lord and Knight was suddenly loosened. The latter answered to the remarks of his host with such alacrity as he could, but bent his attention chiefly upon Gertrude, at his side.

He had begun and put her a number of questions, and seemed resolved to recover, so far as he could do so in a single interview like this, his former position in her regard. Gertrude bore it with composure, nor, in fact, did she take the pains at any period of the conversation, to insinuate to him that his attentions were disagreeable.

There was a secret in her conduct. It was this: She felt assured now that Wilhelm would ere long return covered with glory, and vindicate his claim to her perverse father's favor and her own hand in a manner not to be resisted. So she could well afford to be placid, even under the infliction of disagreeable society like that of the Knight.

The drinking went on till it began to assume the form almost of carousal. Several times already, Gertrude had looked about her in a questioning manner, and had even motioned to take her departure from a place where she felt her society was hardly prudent and proper; just at that juncture, however, the door of the hall, at the further end, opened, and a man-at-arms stepped forth into the view of the Lord of Rosenheim, and called out:

"A palmer, he? Another of those wandering houses vagabonds! He should know that it is an unseasonable hour for him to be out wandering, and that he ought to have found friendly shelter long ago. Yes, bring him in. We have enough left yet from what we have taken during the day, and he shall be welcome. The Lord of Rosenheim will never turn away the beggar from his gates. Order him without delay. He shall assuredly have the best of what now remains, both meat and wine; for his master, perchance, sorely needs a new living, after so long wandering and fasting since nightfall."

The man departed from the door to obey the summons.

Gertrude's interest having become a little excited with what she heard, she resolved to tarry a little while longer; and epithet back in her seat.

"These palmers are a wretched race, remarked the Knight, as well to Gertrude as to her father. "This one, now, must have been many a mile a foot to-day, not to have found shelter 'till he reached here. I wonder how he missed the Castle of Grossenberg?"

It would link the reader to hear particularly of what transpired in the interval between their return and the spreading of the board. Suffice it that every inhabitant of the castle, having been made aware of what the night was to bring forth, was prompt and ready with his and her preparations for the feast.

At the ordinary summons from the master, who transmitted the same through the butler, the men-at-arms, the torch-bearers, and the servants, the party began to assemble in the great hall where all these feasts were wont to be celebrated. The master has, no doubt, an idea of what this hall is, already. It was long, with a low ceiling of oak and timbers, and had a dais, or raised platform at its upper end, where the master and his family and invited guests were wont to seat themselves; while beyond, and still further down, the table stood on a lower floor, and there sat the humble portion of the assembly, together with such strutters and alms-gatherers as chanced to happen along at such times.

The Lord of Rosenheim had already taken his seat at the head of the table, whence his eye could command every person who sat either above or below "the suit." On his left sat the Knight, all costumed in his gayest, evidently determined both to put the best face possible on dubious matters, and to strike a sense rather of awe on the mind of friendless Gertrude. The servants had ranged themselves along on the bairn end of the board, and were carefully watching their master and awaiting his nod.

"All the boggars do," promptly answered the Lord of Rosenheim. "But they somehow find their bairns still, they are all welcome; the more, the merrier."

At the conclusion of this speech the door of the hall opened once more, and the mendicant stranger was ushered in.

"You must find such pickings as you can," said the master to him from his seat at the further end of the table. "Sit down anywhere there, and charge upon the roast and the pastry with all the feasible heart there is left to you; and then proceed to wash down the meal with such generous draughts of ale and strong liquor as you may choose to pour into your drinking horn. You are a poor palmer, I know; but I give ye hearty welcome all the same."

The stranger, still keeping his standing posture, returned the welcome of the lord with a bow of profound thanks, and then took a seat almost out of observation near the foot of the board.

The avidity with which, for a few moments, he proceeded to satisfy his hunger, and then his thirst, most strikingly attested his opinion of the bounty of the board. And when he had finished his meal, he sat back with perfect composure and satisfaction, employing his eyes in studying the guests, the hall, and all the separate features of the feast.

The Lord of Rosenheim was not disposed to put him any questions, but rather bestowed his attention upon the wine for which he had so marked an attachment. He was coming under its influence very rapidly.

He, chiefly, did the palmer at first seem to regard out of all the rest.

As for the Knight, he had drawn as close as he dared, under the circumstances, to the side of Gertrude; and thus he was plying her with questions of every sort, by means of which he hoped to draw her out in conversation with him. He seemed rather in a dalliant mood, though she certainly gave him visible cause for making so peculiar a manifestation. His face was all smiles, his gestures were emphatically those of a trained gallant, and his enigma was calculated to arrest, and hold the attention of any casual observer.

He, too, did the weary and humble palmer regard with close scrutiny. There was something about him that caught his interest, and after once looking at him, he could scarcely keep his eyes from his face or figure.

Had any other person present at the board watched this stranger with anything like care, he would have found reason to question the peculiarity of his conduct; but as he was of little or no importance there in the eyes of any one, it so chanced that he went almost entirely unnoticed.

How his features suddenly changed their expression, at what they saw! How his eyes first sparkled, and then glowed like living coals, as they took in the picture; for well did he seem to know that this Knight was but a recreant and unworthy son of

demenor, and ascribed it to anything but the true cause. It gave him encouragement to continue his former address.

When the ale was poured for the churls at the lower end of the table, and the wine sparkled in the drinking-cups, and choice and beautiful Bohemian glasses at the upper end of the same, the tongue of both Lord and Knight was suddenly loosened. The latter answered to the remarks of his host with such alacrity as he could, but bent his attention chiefly upon Gertrude, at his side.

He had begun and put her a number of questions, and seemed resolved to recover, so far as he could do so in a single interview like this, his former position in her regard.

Gertrude, after a time, rose and withdrew by the side door through which she had entered. The eyes of the palmer, still sparkling and glaring as before, were upon her. She stirred not, but he saw every movement, and gave it a meaning.

After her departure, his interest in what he saw appeared to subside rapidly.

The lord of the castle proposed a flowing bowl, for the dozenth time at least, with his knightly guest. The latter accepted the challenge, and they raised their courage to a still higher pitch with the copious draughts they tossed off.

"Now, then, for the palmer's story!" exclaimed the Knight. "Let us hear him; for if he be indeed come from the seat of the foreign war, I warrant ye he can tell a tale, if he list, that shall throw the story of that ragged minstrel into the shade altogether; come, call up the palmer, and let us hear what he will have to say."

The lord of the castle thereupon shouted for the length of the table, commanding the stranger who had just been fed by his bounty to approach.

There was a bustle in the neighborhood of where the palmer sat; but immediately answer was returned to the astonishment of all, that he had taken on his departure from the hall.

No one perceived when he withdrew; but he was gone.

The lord gave rein to his passion and disappointment. "What! after sharing with him at my own table, too! I never was so sourly imposed upon by mortal. Faith! whip me all my retainers; but they shall hunt over the castle till they find him!"

Forsooth there was haste and hurry on the part of the attendants to go out and learn whether

But his false heart sank within him, when he thought of his own inexcusable guilt, and of the base betrayal of the tenderest and truest feelings of the youthful challenger.

His excitement became still greater, when the Lord of Rosenheim began to put him those searching questions:

" You never knew this hair-brained Wilhelm, did you? At least, you told me you did not. Then how comes it that he throws down the gage at your feet, challenging you to mortal combat? And how comes it, too, that he makes these charges against you, such as, if true, would forbid any man to keep your company? Explain this to me, Sir Knight, for I confess I do not understand it!"

" We will first go out and make answer to this haughty young lord," replied the Knight, evading his host's pointed questions, and then will see whether, if at all, it is best to make an explanation. Possibly the Lord of Rosenheim will agree with me that there is none to be made."

The roteon the Knight went forth from the castle, and wounding his way through the spacious yard, the eyes of the master still following him, approached near enough to the messenger, who still sat on his steed, to make his answer heard.

" Tell your haughty young master," said the Knight, " that his insolent challenge is accepted on the instant that I make no scruple whatever to meet him on any pretext, and on any field he chooses! Tell him that, being the challenged party, I offer to meet him this very afternoon, without further preparation, in the open hollow that stretches between this castle and his own! and that, for weapons, I ask for nothing but my trusty lance and a good broadsword; and may he get good deliverance from all bodily harm, if he can! As for his insolent charges, assure him that they go for nothing with me, and will have no weight in the trial that is so speedily to come off. If he be successful in such a contest, he may with good reason think he has put them to the proof and carried his point. Tell your young master that I fling back all such charges in his teeth, with scorn and contempt unspeakable! This very afternoon, with the sun an hour in the heavens, I will try a lance and a sword with him; and, I warrant ye, he will be certain to get the worst of it!"

Receiving this warlike message, the horseman made a respectful inclination of his head, wheeled his steed, and rode rapidly away.

" Now my hour has come!" muttered the terror-stricken Knight. " I feel it! There is no use in denying it to myself, at any rate! I have abused his generous confidence, and he has come to hold me to account for it! But how should he know that I was here at Rosenheim Castle? Who could have told him that? Besides, who knew that he had returned? Nobody. He came like a thunderbolt upon me! I had no warning of it at all! He was right—yes, he was right. But a truce to these weak reflections! I must nerve myself up, keep all in concealment from the Lord of Rosenheim, and, after I have put an end to this haughty young swain, then I can impart to him such a story as I choose. Yes, that will be the way of it!"

He crossed the drawbridge again, and returned to the castle.

Gertrude saw him from a high window, but as yet scarce knew what it all meant.

The Knight evaded the multiplied and searching inquiries of his host, who still remained where he had left him, anxious to understand the meaning of this sudden occurrence. He merely assured him that the youthful Lord of Grossenburg had, of a truth, retired from his foayre war, and that some artful spy had poisoned his mind in relation to himself, so that this insolent challenge was the result. As a true and trusty Knight, he said, with no single thing in the wide world to sustain him but his character, he could not refuse to join combat with such a hair-brained challenger, and teach him, once for all, his real position.

" I am so positive, too," added the Knight, " that I shall give him this day the coup de grace, that I feel really light of heart, and can gaily drink a glass in confession to him and all his haughty airs."

" And that we will do straightforward," said the Lord of Rosenheim, as he led the way for his knightly guest into the hall, and pledged him in a flowing glass success in the approaching encounter, and the overthrow of his youthful enemy.

From that moment forward, the preparation for the afternoon fray went on with uninterrupted zeal and energy. The Lord of Rosenheim was assiduous beyond description in his personal attentions to his challenged guest, and refrained not from offering him shelter up to the last moment of his remaining in the castle walls.

But his intended inquiries were cut short by the speech of Wilhelm, who said in a strong and defiant tone:

" I have explained for the present enough. The rest must needs explain itself. You say, Sir Knight, that you came here only to fight, and I pledge you that you shall have all you want of it. Now prepare yourself! Place your lance in rest. Let our attendant esquires give their signals duly, and I will take care that you are satisfied with my first meeting with you!"

Nothing more was to be said. The men thereupon took their positions according to the regular rules of the tourney, and their attendant squires played the part of heralds, posting themselves at opposite sides of the imaginary lists.

The latter sounded the charge—not with the trumpet exactly, but by the sound of their voices.

At the instant the word was given, both the Knight and his youthful opponent set spurs to their champing steeds, and rushed at one another with all possible impetuosity. Their onset was truly terrible to contemplate. Each drove on with the whole strength of their passions, now exalted to the point of inflammability.

The shock of their meeting was like the crash of a thunderbolt. They shook the ground with the thunder of the charge.

The Knight had originally aimed the point of his lance at the helmet of Wilhelm, but changed his purpose before he reached him, and intended to drive it with all his force against his breast. But a correspondingly dexterous movement on the part of the latter foiled his design, and deprived his aim of every chance of harm.

Nor did the work of Wilhelm by any means stop here. He did not lose his effort, either. But thrusting his lance upward and forward with all possible force, he made an unexpected entrance for it, as by a miracle, between the bars of the Knight's visor, and penetrated his eye-ball to the very brain!

It was an awful sight to contemplate. The lancing of the Knight's visor snapped with the sudden thrust like the mostresilient whip-cord. His helmet was thus unloosed, and, but for being plucked to his head with the aid of his opponent's spear, must have fallen off entirely.

As it was, the whole of the dreadful sight was revealed.

He fell from his horse, and rolled and groaned upon the ground. His anguish surpassed all attempts at description. He not only groaned with

his pain, he bellowed and roared, likewise. He kiled and plunged upon the grass, in the extremity of his intense suffering. He cursed Wilhelm, and in the same breath implored the Lord of Rosenheim to come and save him.

Wilhelm withdrew a few paces of his horse, and sat thoro viewing the spectacle for which he felt that the guilty Knight was alone responsible.

Presently he spoke to the Lord of Rosenheim, the squires doing both of them engaged in attending to the wounded man:

" He has betrayed me and my dearest secret!" said he. " If this is a fatal day for him, let him know that he dies by the hand of Justice, as well as of vengeance! If he dies, so dies a traitor and a coward!"

" Liar!" exclaimed the enraged Lord of Rosenheim,

raising his hand as if to strike Wilhelm, although quite beyond his reach.

The latter sat like a statue, and regarded him without a syllable.

" He is a guest, and an honored guest, of mine own!" said the Lord of Rosenheim.

" He is a cowardly and treacherous villain!" retorted Wilhelm, " and that I came here prepared to prove. Have I not done so?"

" And you," said the other, " you are an impudent! You sneak into other men's halls in disguise! You smut mischief and scandal wherever you go. You thought, villain, to possess yourself, too, of my daughter; but—ha! ha! I have so far thwarted you there, and you may depend upon it that I ever shall!"

" Madam!" returned Wilhelm, in as calm a voice as he could command; " would you rush blindly on to your own doom, too? See there—that dying villain is a fit warning for yourself! Do not fail to regard it with due care, for it may save you much in the future!"

And as he finished, he wheeled his horse and rode away from the place.

His attendants all followed him, leaving the Lord of Rosenheim and his single servant to take such care of the fallen Knight as they were able.

They bent over him with all assiduity, and hastened to relieve him of the oppressive weight of his armor.

When they had managed to completely uncover his head and face, he was just gasping his last!

He had paid with his life the forfeit of his treachery! It was a heavy payment indeed.

PRE-REQUISITES TO UNITY AND CO-OPERATION.
Address of A. M. Newton, at the Quincy Convocation, Nov. 1st, 1860.

Mr. President and Friends.—In claiming your attention at this late hour, I owe it to myself to say that I do so only at the urgent desire of your Committee. Indeed, so slightly did I consider myself identified with the class for whom this Convention was specially called—namely, public speakers—that it was with reluctance I consented to the use of my name on the call, or to intrude my presence on your deliberations. I have refrained thus far from any effort to give direction to your proceedings, lest I should assume responsibilities not properly belonging to me.

But I have not been an uninterested spectator, nor devoid of thoughts which have seemed to me pertinent and important to the occasion. Yet so fully have these thoughts been expressed by others—so remarkably have even those truths which I least expected would find welcome, been enunciated from other lips—that I find little remaining for me to do but to gather up and reiterate in a concise form, and with such added force as I may command, suggestions which have already been spoken in your hearing.

To proceed, then, to the grand purpose of this Convocation:

It is evident on all hands that a great work has been done in our land, within the past seven years. Numbers of us who are hero to-day have been called out of private and humble life—some through strange and before unheard of experiences—and put before the world as teachers of a new faith.

Thought has been aroused—novel theories have been advanced—old opinions have been called in question—inquiry and discussion have been started throughout the land—the despotic sway of the church in theological matters, has been effectually broken—in short, a mighty mental revolution, probably without a parallel in the history of the world, has taken place.

But there is a want yet unsatisfied. There is a call for something more, and better. Man is a religious and social being. Hence if you demolish the old forms and formalities of religion and of worship, he of necessity seeks for now. His religious nature and spiritual yearnings will have expression in some social form. It is a significant fact, often remarked, that just so fast as individual Spiritualists have got beyond the stages of wonderment and disputation, and have begun to experience a quieting of their deeper natures, they have been disposed to withdraw from the ordinary public meetings of Spiritualists. What is offered there by the majority of popular speakers is but husks and chaff to their hungry souls. Their religious wants are not met. Their profounder and often perplexing interior experiences are utterly ignored.

Moreover, it is becoming painfully evident that mere intellectual quickenings and improved theories are inadequate to produce radical reform, and truly spiritual lives. Petty rivalries, jealousies, backbitings, and scandal-mongering, are confessedly quite common, even among those who claim to be mouth-pieces for the highest angels.

There is hence a call for a deeper, more religious and more vital Spiritualism than has thus far prevailed—for the influx of a mightier and divine power, to renovate the hearts as well as quicken the intellects of those who receive it.

There is also a yearning for more fraternal and kindly relations among lecturers, as indeed among the whole body of Spiritualists—recognition of heart and sympathy in labors, as well as in those deep interior struggles and conflicts of soul which many are beginning to experience.

This gathering, unquestionably, is in some measure an expression of these wants; and indicates a reaching forth for the supply. This is ready at our hands, whenever we are ready to receive it. Ministering angels, redeemed from the love of self, burning with the love of God and Humanity, are waiting to pour a higher inspiration into our souls, and to lead us on to greater conquests.

Permit me, then, to invite your serious attention to what seem to me to be essential requisites to that unity of purpose which we all desire as the first step toward a higher position.

1st. Broad views of the great work to be done. Ours is a field of many departments—almost equally important, and all inter-dependent. I will not enlarge upon this, since it has been already broadly outlined.

2d. Recognition of the different capacities of individuals, adapting them to different departments of labor—each being freely allowed to determine his own work by his interior leadings.

3d. A recognition of the inability of all minds to think or see alike, however honest. Each must see through his or her own peculiar organism. Hence all truthful and honest expressions of opinion are to be respected.

4th. A clear understanding of the great law of spiritual perception—namely, that our views of truth depend on the degrees of our internal unfoldment, and vary with every varying and deepening phase of experience. This is illustrated by the different grades or kinds of obliqueness with which most Spiritualists are familiar. Some clairvoyants see material objects without the use of the external eye; others see spiritual objects alone. One sees the more forms of spirits, another their thoughts and qualities, penetrating any disguise they may assume. The deeper one has penetrated into himself, the deeper his insight into others. There are degrees or stratifications of our internal natures, in a sense corresponding to those of the earth. We know nothing of what we shall experience or feel to be true, when in a particular stage of development, until we arrive at it. And while there is a general likeness of experience in the same stage of growth, yet there are endless diversifications according to the type or genius of each individual. Nothing is more common than for one religious sect to ridicule the spiritual or religious experiences and views of another sect; nor than for some Spiritualists to treat all religious experiences and beliefs differing from their own, as superstitions and fancies. But nothing is more unphilosophical than such ridicule. Making a large allowance for mere cant and pretence, there has doubtless been much genuine and sincere experience of a profoundly instructive character among all sects; and this has imparted tone and coloring to their various theories. No philosophic mind can regard such persons as Edwards, Whitfield, Wesley, John Fox, Bunyan, Fenlon, Madam Guyon, Ignatius Loyola, Martin Luther, Thomas a Kempis, Augustine, Paul the Apostle, and others, as mere victims of hallucination. None of us can say, that as we go deeper into the unexplored mysteries of our own natures, or ascend higher into the pure realms of spiritual discernment, we may not go over substantially the same paths of experience which one or another of these has trod. Most assuredly we shall, if we possess the same type of mind. Let us then learn to respect all genuine

and experienced; as each a page in the great book of Divine Unfolding. Never can we know all of God, until we seriously study every line He inscribes on every human soul. And never can we have unity until we have mutual reverence.

5th. But a most indispensable prerequisite to unity and co-operation, is a sincere, conscientious, and unselfish devotion to one's own convictions of truth and right. Where this evidently exists, it is easy to overlook mere differences of opinion and of method. Then our hearts can beat in union, though our tongues may speak a various language. Then we can confide and repose in each other, feeling that our labors must tend to a common end, though of diverse kinds. But where sincerity and unselfishness do not exist—where chaster and selfish ends of any kind are manifest—whether in the form of mercenary desire, or the love of ease and self-indulgence, or of show and homage, or of prominence and flattery—not to mention still baser motives often charged, at least, upon professed teachers of reform—where anything of this nature is manifest or believed to exist, there can be neither confidence, respect, nor unity. These are impossible in the nature of things. It is not in our power, even if we will it, to respect and confide in those whose sincerity or unselfish devotion we doubt. And it is out of our selfishness and self-conceit—our desire to elevate ourselves at another's expense—that all our mutual jealousies, with their miserable train of unkind criticisms, and petty scandals, and whispered suspicions, and thoughtless words of detraction, spring. Oh, could we only lose sight of self, and to wholly absorbed in God's eternal truth and the welfare of humanity, all these things would soon disappear. We should feel our hearts blended into one—a band of brothers and sisters, each jealously guarding and defending the other's good name and interests, rather than our own.

True, we have had, many of us at least, great temptations to vanity and self-conceit, in the flattery and almost worship which persons, more enthusiastic than discreet, have sometimes lavished upon us; to say nothing of the extravagant conceits with which tempting spirits have sometimes blown up our vanity. And perhaps the wonder is that any have been able to withstand such temptations, and preserve at all their balance. But it becomes us all now to rise into a manhood and womanhood that is superior to such weaknesses—to rid ourselves of all such inflations, and come to more modest estimates of our importance. If we have not already committed blunders and follies enough to let the wind out of our self-conceit, we may be sure that those wise guardians who have in charge our discipline will yet leave us to them when we least expect it.

Plainly, it is our self-love that hedges us about with walls of separation, breeding jealousies, suspicions and contempt of each other. Only then as we get rid of this, by dying to self and rising into a new life in the higher and diviner departments of our being—in other words, only as we are truly regenerated—can there be any unity of heart, purpose, or action; and only thus can we become possessed of that mighty regenerative power which will enable us to become instruments in redeeming others.

6th. It follows, then, that self-renunciation, humility, touchableness, mutual deference, and confession of faults, are the lessons for the present occasion.

These may be promoted by mutual acquaintance. Old prejudices and misconceptions exist—having their origin in some baseless calumny, or lightly spoken word of detraction, circulated from mouth to mouth, without any effort to ascertain its truth, much less, to restore the supposed fallen one—which prejudices a personal interview of five minutes would forever dispel. More than once have I seen persons who have been led by floating calumnies to entertain most contemptuous and revolting opinions of another, when thrown into that other's presence, fall on their knees with tears of penitence and shame that they had ever given a moment's credence to such slanders. And where such prejudices have had a basis in fact, a kind word, spoken in the right spirit, may reclaim a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins. There can be no bleeding of souls in the great work before us, until all such obstacles are removed by mutual confessions, penitence and forgiveness.

7th. Lastly, and above all we need to experience an outpouring and baptism of the Holy Spirit, to cleanse us from selfish loves, and to quicken all that is gentle and pure, lovely and Divine within us.

Whatever theory we may hold in relation to the nature or personality of the Holy Spirit, we all know from experience that there is a silent yet mighty influence that comes upon us in our best moments of humble receptivity, which depresses all pride and passion, makes us ashamed of our jealousies and unkindness, and elevates us to higher and purer spheres of life. And we all know, too, that there are other influences which sometimes come upon us, or come up within us, whose action is to stimulate our baser and selfish loves, our conceit and vanity. Instinctively we feel that the one is holy and the other unholy.

Let us, then, in this closing hour of our convention, in sweet humility, open ourselves respectively to a baptism of the Holy Spirit of love and peace, and a pentecostal season will surely be ours. A new, deeper and diviner life may be quickened in every soul. A heart of love and a tongue of flame may be given to each one of us, and we may go forth and proclaim henceforth a gospel of power, which shall move not only the heads but the hearts and the pockets of men—arouse them from the slumbers of sensuality, selfishness, and materialism—quicken to a new and spiritual life—and set in motion a mightier wave of redemptive power, which in due time shall encircle the whole earth!

A Farewell.

The Boston Herald is very facetious in its parting words to the young Prince. It offers him some peculiar advice, on leaving our shores. The other papers have not dealt so frankly with his Highness. Says our contemporary, in a rather familiar way:

" You have been very much squeezed, Albert Edward, and it will be good for you. You have been rubbed against, and it will make you bright. A great many stories have been told about you, Mr. Wales, some of which are true, and some false. You have worn very good clothes, but not a handsome hat. You have ridden about with some very good horses, and you have received some of our choicest varieties of mud turtles to take home. You have visited institutions which you didn't care a snap about, and you have danced with some of the best dressed old ladies to be found in America. You like to dance, but you don't dance the Lancers very well. Still you are a pretty clever fellow. If you lived in this country you would stand a chance to be ruined, Albert Edward. You would certainly join a fire company, and then you would be seated to the Common Council, and then you might be elected to Congress, and then you would lose all your self-respect, and you would be done."

New Orleans, Sept. 23, 1860.

On the Same String.

This is what we get out of the Boston Transcript. It is from a brief leading editorial, and will be thought "beautiful," and all right, coming from the Transcript, while, from the BANNER, it might be deemed rank heresy. Says the editor:

" What mystic chords there are in the heart of our spiritual being. How we are surprised and startled by unexpected revelations of the world within us; by sudden upheavals of the crust of the soil of an earlier life through the opening of which we get a momentary glimpse of fathomless depths in our being, that we know not of before."

" And now faces and forms and scenes come up, and pass before us silently and swiftly—we seem to know them, or feel as if we did know them sometimes. A strange, confused bewilderment oppresses us—we strain every nerve of thought to bring the broken links of memory's chain together, but in vain. Suddenly from that spectra crowd, still sweeping past us swiftly and noiselessly, a pale

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

T O V I L E D' T.

A Violet-Child.

By E. LOUISA MATHER.

Violet, dearest! sweet and mild,
Pure and gentle angel-child!
With the blue of thy bright eyes,
Deep as where the violet lies
On its southern bank of green,
Near the brooklet's dancing sheen—

Violet! from thy hour of love
Comest thou with pure, sweet dove—
With the lays of sweetly climbs,
And their ever-murmuring chimes,
Messages with love are fraught,
And the starry gems of thought.

Violet! when I think of thee,
Then my spirit rises, free,
To the realm where thou art gone
In the early morning dawn,
Like a dew-drop from the flower,
By the sun's resistless power.

Violet, dearest! come to me;
Bid each darksome shadow flee!
Breathe around me words of song,
Gathered from the heavenly throng
Of the saints and martyrs old—
Words of truth and courage bold.

Violet! when I enter there,
In thy home of peace and prayer,
Then I'll see thy joyous face,
Hold thee in a warm embrace;
Meantime, do me forget;
Darling, beauteous Violet!

Rox Haddam, Conn.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

THE SPEAKERS' CONVENTION

AT QUINCY;

October 30th, 31st, and November 1st, 1860.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

THURSDAY A. M.

The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock, and the resolution last offered on the preceding evening, affirming the need of a higher spiritual life on the part of lecturers and teachers, was re-read.

Dr. Lyon said that he had had many years' experience in Spiritualism, and witnessed every variety of manifestation. He believed that all tended to good. Even those influences and temptations which were attributed to evil spirits and devils are needed for our discipline. He had been made to suffer much, in various ways; but he had needed it all—and hoped he had come nearly to the end. He had been called a devil, and had been a devil; but thought he has come to a higher state of existence. He would condemn no one, but take the whole world in his arms and do them good, if in his power. No one should condemn his brother; it would require an infinity of wisdom to do it. Give the world the time and they will come out right. The resolution advises that mediums seek to put themselves in proper spiritual conditions. Free-agency is a farce. No one is free in his acts. We must take our brothers and sisters as we find them. We are great and small in the spiritual phalanx, but each has his own work in reform. We should learn how to ward off or conquer disease. Inharmony is what causes disease; as also it produces volcanoes, and tornadoes, in the outer world. We have been bound up in human bonds so long, that now the tide has burst its banks and will foam along its way, until the great principles of God and Nature be developed. He remarked at some length on the importance of physical culture, and the need of healthy bodies for healthy manifestations of the spirit.

Mr. Butts made a few remarks on the treatment of so-called outcasts; and presented the following resolution as expressive of his views:

Resolved, That Phariseism, or the popular doctrine that by nature or grace "I am holier than thou," is the great stumbling-block to the most permanent amelioration of the condition of the outcasts and prostitutes of human society; in other words, that we, as Spiritualists, recognize no outcasts in the divine universe; that all are children of one Heavenly Father and Mother, and as such entitled to equal reverence and fraternity.

Father Beeson made an urgent plea in behalf of that class of outcasts consisting of the Indians of our western frontiers. He related his recent experience in advocating their cause in the State of Rhode Island, as going to show that with Spiritualists and other liberal minds rested the only hope of effective action. He stated that by dint of earnest labor he had succeeded in so far interesting the prominent clergy of different sects in that State, that in Conference they had adopted resolutions expressive of a deep sense of the importance of the Indian Aid Movement, and recommending the preaching of a sermon and taking a collection in its behalf in all the churches of the State on a certain Sabbath in October. But before the day arrived, some of the Doctors of Divinity made the alarming discovery that he (Mr. Beeson) was a Spiritualist! This at once dissipated their sense of the importance of the cause, and they set themselves at work privately to counteract all that had been done. The result was that not a single sermon was preached, or contribution taken, so far as he could learn, in the State!

Mr. Wadsworth here called up the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That in the special work of our esteemed friend, Father Beeson, in behalf of the Indians of our western frontier, we see a purpose worthy of deep sympathy and hearty support; and that we assure him of our endeavors so far as in our power to help it forward.

Mr. Greenleaf, of Lowell, remarked that the statements of Father Beeson showed the uselessness of adopting resolutions on paper, which were not inscribed down deep in our hearts. If really written there, there is little need of formally voting upon them. Let then our effort be, not to send forth a code of excellent resolves, but to have the truths which are affirmed a well-spring of life within us, to flow forth as a living power wherever we go. All speakers owe it as a duty to themselves, and to their hearers, to be in the best and most harmonic conditions of body, mind and spirit, for the influx of inspiration. He deprecated the use of tobacco, spirituous liquors, coffee, etc. Spoken words needed to come nearer to each other, to talk from the heart, instead of shooting across the ball as at a target. We want unity of soul; not agreement on paper.

Some affirmed that they saw no high—no low. But there is a principle of our nature which makes us look with more admiration and satisfaction upon that which is beautiful and lovely, than upon that which is not. While he would despise and hate none, yet it was his strongest aspiration that he might love beauty and right more and more.

Mr. Parsons deprecated the use of animal food.

Mr. Barnes urged the importance of purifying our bodies from all grossness.

Mrs. Butt spoke of the importance of mediums

and speakers understanding the laws of the spirit's growth and action. These are fixed and as devoid of caprice, as are the laws of the natural world. The forces of the spirit tend to growth. It is a magnet, attracting to it the elements by which it grows. According to the quality of its aspirations, and the nature of its surroundings, will be the rapidity of its development in beauty and perfection. These principles should be regarded in the education of children. Referring to those who are called outcast and fallen, she said that all exist within the consciousness, and hence the fatherly care of God, and will be disciplined only for their good. We should not dare to pity any one.

Mr. Charles A. Hayden, of Melins, made an eloquent and forcible speech on the necessity of giving our first attention to the causes which produce outcasts and criminals. The proper parentage and education of children is of paramount importance.

APMNOON.

The closing session of the Convention was held in Lyceum Hall, which was closely filled by an interested audience.

The chairman, Hon. Frederick Robinson, addressed the Convention at some length.

The Christian world, he said, has met its opponents with malice, slander and ridicule. The Catholic Church opposed the Protestant; the Protestants opposed the Puritans, and drove them here; they had no sooner settled themselves than they drove away the Quakers, and all who differed from them. Now all the sects of the day, even while fighting with each other, are united to put down Spiritualism.

We see the same manifestations now as when Christ was in rapport with the angel-world; our medium go from city to city, and perform, as Christ said, greater miracles than he. We have all different talents, showing that man is made for society, where he may exercise his different faculties for the good of all. We should tolerate each other. Spiritualism is but in its infancy; but the conception of Swedenborg shall yet be accomplished, and the human race become one Grand Man.

Its nervous system is being formed, and nerves of iron will stretch out to the circumference, like the rays of thought from the centre of existence. While each is laboring for all, we should feel that each is laboring also for his own individual good. In such a state of harmonic action, do the progressed beings of the spiritual world exist, and for such a state are we to pray, when we say, "Thy kingdom come." We shall have spirit-gifts then; but in apathy we shall receive nothing. If we but ask, we shall find an evidence in Spiritualism that shall break down the skepticism of disbelief. But the dormant faculties of the soul can be but slowly developed. Nature works silently; buds and blossoms slowly appear. Now a few have begun to hold communion with the spirit-world, and this is a promise that all shall awake; and then will humanity bloom like the rose, and cover themselves with its fragrance. The Christian church has degenerated into a place for show and dress; a God is worshiped who is merciful to his friends and vindictive to his enemies, pouring mercy upon some, and wrath on others; and the further we go, back, the more we sink into barbarism.

The God of Motion exists within everything from suns and systems to the least particles of matter. Father God, and Mother Nature, and Man, the result of the two, are the true God. Nature was always pregnant with Man, and all manifestations of animal were but fetal germs of the man. This unity in trinity, and triunity in unity, was seen and described before Christ was born. We are all trine; material, soul and spirit. The soul is the body of the spirit, as the material is the body of both. The soul is intangible to us, but tangible to spirit-perception. Why take exceptions to this? Are we not accustomed to realize that there are invisible objects, as electricity, etc.? Thus the descriptions and visions of the Bible may not be inconsistent with the investigations of sense. The spirit is of God, and grows like to him. All things tend upward. God the Infinite is forever vitalizing the visible; He is all good, loving and wise, so that in the spirit-life each will have his wishes gratified.

God will deal with every one as he needs. If we have got to go through hell, it is the best place for us. If we gratify merely our material existences here, we shall be on a low plane there; but if our delight is in truth, goodness and mercy, we shall lay up treasures where neither moth nor rust can corrupt."

Mr. Wadsworth raised the question as to how far the objects of the Convention had been met. This would be answered differently by different persons, according to their idea of what those objects were. For himself, as one of its movers, he could say that far more had been accomplished than he had dared to hope. Much more of unity of purpose and harmony of sentiment, in the recognition of vital and fundamental principles, had been developed, than he had anticipated. But the work contemplated is not to be done in a day nor a year. This meeting has been only preliminary to others which will be held.

He gave a history of this movement from its first inception, declaring that we did not come together for the purpose of constituting an organization, nor to devise any plan with regard to pay; but to see and to understand each other, and to make a starting point for future gatherings of the same kind.

He then presented letters just received from N. Frank White and Laura DeForce; and offered the following recommendation from the Business Committee:

Your Committee would recommend a careful consideration of the suggestions made by Brothers Storer and Jackson, in their letters to this Convention, relative to the arrangement of lecturing circuits to be supplied by speakers in rotation. In these suggestions, it is believed, are embodied a method for the economic employment of means worthy of attention on the part of both lecturers and societies.

Mr. Cooley called attention to the registration of the names, addresses, etc., of lecturers. He wished it might be complete, as he desired a copy for reference.

On motion of Mr. Wadsworth, all the resolves which had been previously submitted to the Convention, were taken from the table and re-read for final disposition. The whole, with the exception of those offered by Mr. E. Hutchinson and Dr. A. B. Child, were adopted.

The Business Committee, through Mr. Wadsworth, submitted the following:

We see in the signs of the times a growing need of co-operative feeling and united strength—a blending of the hearts and heads of all true Reformers; and,

Whereas, We believe this Convention has accomplished great good in this direction, and that a future one will be productive of still greater good; therefore,

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed

by this Convention, whose duty it shall be to call a similar one, to convene at such place as shall be deemed practicable, at some time during the summer of 1861—the immediate purpose of such Convention to be determined by the exigencies of the time.

Adopted, and the following persons were chosen to constitute this committee: A. E. Newton, H. D. Storer, Leo Miller, Mrs. A. M. Spencer, Miss A. W. Sprague, P. L. Wadsworth, Mrs. M. S. Townsend. The Committee also recommended the adoption of the following address, which was agreed to:

To our absent brother and sister laborers, Greeting:

Our Convention of Lecturers is about to close its sessions—prior to which we cannot forego the pleasant duty of greeting you as present with us in spirit. The words of sympathy received from many of you have indicated to us a "unity of purpose" and feeling for which we had hardly dared to hope. Our sessions have been characterized by unusual harmony. No serious jar has been felt—few discordant sounds heard—and thus far we have proved that harmony can coexist with variety.

Our Convention has accomplished its purpose. That is, by association, acquaintance, and interchange of views; we have been drawn nearer to each other, and formed a nucleus of future, broader, and more harmonious action. This meeting is not—was not intended as—a finality. We shall separate to meet again—when we hope to meet more; and to do more, and feel more in reference to the great wants of human kind.

In the meantime, we must all work. We send you, each and all, our God speed in all earnest and sincere labor, and assure you all of our deepest sympathy in the particular work to which you are called, and of our interest in your individual welfare and progress.

Mr. J. H. W. Toohey was now introduced, and favored the Convention with an address on the importance of physical health and the value of mirthfulness—submitting the following resolvs as embodying his leading thoughts:

Whereas, Spirit is the pivotal fact in nature, it being the soul and essence of all things that move and have a being; and whereas woman and man are the highest expressions and the most perfect representatives of the grand central and eternal Spirit—they having a spiritual and a natural body; therefore,

Resolved, That any and all "gospels," theories or philosophies, that do not accept the natural as well as the spiritual, the better to know the authority of facts, the limitation of laws, and the universality of principles, is defective in method, injurious in example, and the fruitful cause of favoritism and fragmentary progress.

Resolved, That in all conflicts of opinion facts must mediate, until science becomes the universal mediator between nature and man—reconciling each to each and both to the Infinite.

Resolved, That physiology, temperamental physiology, and vital chemistry, should be studied by all who wish to know themselves, educate the age, construct healthy, happy marriages, wisely develop childhood, and comprehend the mixed and conflicting conditions of man, women, families, and society.

Resolved, That, while we recognize the phenomenon of trance, and feel thankful for the work it has done while agitating thought, and aiding forward the progress of popular reform, the experience of the past ten years warrants the opinion that trance, as known among us, is a mixed phenomenon, made up of mesmeric conditions, psychical influences, spirit prompts and automatic manifestations; all of which should arrest the attention of the thoughtful and conscientious mind, that spirits may not be made responsible for the defects and idiosyncrasies of mediums.

Resolved, That since it is in accordance with the laws of nature and the order of development for organic life to be of the earth, and subject to the conditions of the earth, thereby making men and women suffer in proportion as they are in ignorance violating the harmony of law; therefore, Spiritualism, in growing to be the everlasting truth-teller, must become the full and harmonious exponent of nature—actual, practical and daily—in order to make life in fact, as it is in truth, a science, and the true exponent of the "Grand Man."

Resolved, That mirthfulness and cheerfulness of spirit are not only consistent with a natural and sincere religious experience, but necessary for health of body and peace of mind.

Resolved, That singing, dancing and love of recreation should have a place in education the catholic mind, as they give ease and grace of manner, and take nothing from the dignity of the true and practical reformer.

Mr. A. E. Newton followed with an address on the Pre-requisites to Unity of Purpose and Action among Speakers and Mediums, with some suggestions as to the duty of the present occasion.

At April last, Bro. Leo Miller lectured for us one Sabbath and two evenings, and our Town Hall, large enough to accommodate seven or eight hundred persons, was well filled, and what was better yet, all seemed more or less deeply interested in the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism, as set forth by popular exponents of the true faith. The seed he sowed fell mostly on good ground, and to-day is bearing fruit in fact, as it is in truth, a science, and the true exponent of the "Grand Man."

Resolved, That mirthfulness and cheerfulness of spirit are not only consistent with a natural and sincere religious experience, but necessary for health of body and peace of mind.

Resolved, That singing, dancing and love of recreation should have a place in education the catholic mind, as they give ease and grace of manner, and take nothing from the dignity of the true and practical reformer.

Mr. Cooley moved to amend the motion so as to include all the other speakers, and a publication in pamphlet form of the entire proceedings.

The amendment was negatived, and the original motion adopted by a unanimous vote.

On motion of Leo Miller, it was

Resolved, That we tender our unreserved thanks to the Spiritualists of Quincy, for their kindness and hospitable attention to our wants while their guests. Also, to the Quincy Committee of Arrangements for their invaluable services; to the Chair for its contributions to the harmony of our meetings; and, lastly, to the President of the Convention for the kind and efficient manner in which he has discharged the duties devolving upon him.

Dr. Gardner occupied a few minutes in detailing some remarkable cases of healing which had come under his own observation, performed through the instrumentality of Dr. J. R. Newton, now, of Boston—proving that this ancient spiritual gift may be exercised as effectually now as in any former age.

The Convention then adjourned to such time and place as the Committee chosen for that purpose shall designate.

The foregoing report affords but a meagre outline of one of the most important and significant gatherings ever held under the auspices of Spiritualism. It was important in that it consisted mainly of speakers actively in contact with the public mind; and significant, not only in the general prevalence of a higher moral tone than has marked some previous gatherings, but also in the general concession that the disintegrative and merely marvelous phase of Spiritualism is passing away, and that something more constructive, religious, and vitalizing to the moral nature, must succeed.

In what form this will be developed remains for the future to show—this conference having been avowedly preliminary. It is to be hoped that the Committee who are charged with carrying forward the movement thus begun, will have wisdom to avoid the obvious dangers which beset their path, and lead the way to a valuable issue.

One word is due to the Spiritualists of Quincy. The vote of "unreserved thanks" passed by the Convention was no mere matter of form. The generous and hearty hospitality with which they opened their doors on the occasion, will be long and gratefully remembered by the many partakers of their bounty. May the benedictions of the angels rest upon them, and upon all!

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed

Written for the Banner of Light.

CORPORATION.

Affectionately Dedicated to Mrs. J. V. Mansfield.

BY CORA WILSON.

I oftentimes see a shade of sorrow resting
On the fair face that should be lit with mirth;
And then I know that thou alone art breathing
The adverse billows and the storms of earth.

I know then, by the sad thought shadows sitting
Over thy brow and lip, that o'er the sea
Thy spirit seeks the lonely one thou art sitting
Immersed in lovesick thoughts and dreams of thee.

And thou art because the days are passing,
The dreary months that keep high far from thee;
And visions of the bygone are repassing.
Clouding the day-dreams of the bright To Be.

And earthly fears and daily cares invading,
Sadden the loving heart that would be free;
Turns to the Autumn landscape's dreary feeling,
The yearning spirit's once undaunted glo.

Be hopeful of the future I see the glory
Of our Good Father shed o'er hill and plain;
The love-song and the angels' wisdom story
Triumphant o'er the life of life shall reign;

And human foes beneath all conquering power.
Of Truth Eternal, and of Love Divine;

Shall be forgot, when the Illumined hour
Of recognition o'er thy path shall shine.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 17, 1860.

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
312 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON.TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Single copies, one year, \$2.00
" six months, 1.00
" three months, 0.50

Mailed to Europe.

One year, £1.2s
Six months, 6s
Payable in Advance.

CLUB RATES.

Club of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:

One year, \$1.00
Six months, 0.50

All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on New York can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid loss.

Subscribers wishing the direction of their paper changed from one town to another, must always state the name of the town in which it has been sent.

Business Letters must be addressed,

"BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass.

Barry, Colby & Co.

AFFAIRS ABROAD.

Almost every arrival from Europe brings intelligence of still new moves, either by the people or the monarchs, on the political board. It is not so difficult, apparently, to understand the tendency of things as it is to comprehend the exact motives that are forcing matters, this way and that, into such a tendency. Evidently the rulers desire to retain the power they hold, and to secure as much as they can; and the great popular leaders and workers labor for the independence of the people, and, of course, for the curtailment of the power so long held by the absolutists.

Italy, just now, is the central spot where all interests focalize. Garibaldi has been put to the test very severely, of late, but his faith, his will, and his good genius have rescued him, finally. He is virtually master of Italy, though he gracefully surrenders all mere personal claims to distinction of power, that the whole of Italy may be saved to gather. He is content with the achievement of his lofty aims, and willing to let the empty rewards that belong to place and titles go. Already he has been made the General of the Southern States of Italy, but that neither elevates nor depresses him; a man, inspired like him with one noble and truly human idea, sinking everything like ambition in his single desire for the freedom of the land he best loves, could not be affected by the petty gifts and places and titles that serve as measures and gauges for smaller natures; he knows and feels nothing but the heavy responsibility that is laid on him, and obeys no voice but the divine one that speaks through his inspiration.

Victor Emmanuel has gone and taken possession of the lower States of Italy, on behalf of Sardinia; they having voted, as far as the vote at this time has been taken, with great unanimity for annexation to Sardinia. The legions of the deposed Francis II. of Naples have again and again been defeated, though he has commanded them in person against Garibaldi, and infused into their hearts all the courage a leader is capable of doing in adversity. He chose his position for the final battle, and lost the fight. Henceforth his physical power is sapped and destroyed, because there is nothing left of the moral.

The Pope has not vacated Rome, and declares it is not his intention to do so; yet he knows no better than any other mortal what may yet be necessary in the face of circumstances; no man, be he Pope or peasant, is quite master of them. He protests, raves, threatens, and finally entreats; and even when he retreats from his position, he does it with an angry and very unchristian refusal to consider his temporal power mutilated or crippled in the least. But facts and fancies are different things; a man may fancy himself a ruler, yet be so very much reduced that there shall be none so poor to do him reverence. Vainly does the Pope call on the Catholic powers of Europe to come to his aid. They have no power over events that he cannot control, head of the church though he be, but in silence watch for the storm to roll on its threatening course till its terrible power is all spent. Franco comes not at his call; neither does Austria, nor Russia. Poor Pius has fallen on evil times. There was a day when he might easily have mastered the storm by yielding to it, just as Bacon says, in his inimitable way, that "We command Nature by obeying her;" but that day has gone by, never to return. The very defection of the Pope to liberal principles, twelve years ago, has unquestionably had the most potent influence to foment dissatisfaction in the minds of his people; having raised their hopes only to dash them down again, it was worse for him than if he had never given them any reason to trust in him. And this is the season of his reward; he is punished with nothing more sharp than the curse of his own reflections.

The Catholic clergy of France are uttering bold words against the criminality of a policy that first assisted to lead the Sardinians into the Pope's dominions and then left His Holiness to his fate; and it is surmised that their language, which clearly enough, is aimed at Napoleon only, may cause a formal breaking out of unmistakable sentiment on the part of the people who are so largely under their control. But Napoleon is statesman enough, and politician enough, to hold a steady hand upon the clergy, while he also makes a show of the most liberal sentiments Italy-ward, to the people; indeed, we do not see how, in his present somewhat critical position, he could well do otherwise. If, of course, will be accused of serving two interests at the same time, but that is a charge to which almost all public characters, wise and unwise, are continually open. Napoleon has a hard game to play with the despots of Europe, spiritual and temporal; but it is patent that he has a still harder one to play with the popular leaders, who do not as yet seem to put faith in his pledges or proclamations. He acts a greater part than that of the mere warrior, if he succeeds in staying the heavy arm of allied power from its threatened blow against popular liberty, and does not outrage the sentiment of freedom, either. Very few men can successfully play a part that seems, from the very circumstances surrounding it, so fraught with danger and doubtful good.

The late convention of western sovereigns at Warsaw was intended to operate as a sort of threat, or terror, against Napoleon and the powers whose sympathies he expresses; but it has failed utterly of its end. Warsaw can conjure no ghosts that will

frighten him, whatever Palmerston may be led to think about that meeting. England and France were not present at the imperial meeting, but their liberal principles, it is safe enough to say, overshadowed all others there. The prediction of Napoleon I. may not be so far off the way, after all—that, within fifty years, Europe would become all Cossack or all Republican. It looks as if the first great trial of strength between these forces was not so very far off. Which will ultimately conquer, the history of man does not permit any reflecting mind long to doubt.

What Poetry is Good For.

The Rev. Mr. Alger, of this city, recently read a lecture before the "Fraternity," on the origin and uses of poetry; and, in treating the latter branch of his subject, he remarked with apparent beauty and truth, that the first use of Poetry "is to give pleasure, power and relief to the soul by fixing expression, Poets are men of more affluent and susceptible influence than other men, and the pleasure in reading their works is the clear and regular expression of the thought. Poetry would be amply justified if it only gave vent to the experience of the human soul. Another use of poetry is to reproduce in the soul of the reader the experience expressed by the author. The poetic temperament most profoundly feels, and the utterer of beautiful sentiments awakens sublime echoes in the minds of his hearers. Homer was not more listened to than the shepherd poets of the nomadic tribes in the northern parts of Europe. The poet enriches and enlarges the ideal world of the soul. Another use is to embolden thoughts of joy and pleasure into forms which can be realized. Another use is to recall to duller minds the objects of nature, to illustrate the wholesome pleasure of it, and to carry despair to its proper place. Millions of men are so absorbed as to be quite insensible to the feelings of awe or pleasure which crowd the universe. It is the office of the poet to be alive to these things, and to quicken others by inoculating them with the feelings of hotness, peace and joy. The poet is a priest to other men, who feel through his heart and feel glad."

Tendencies.

In the last instalment of the "Professor's Story," occurs a fine passage between the old Doctor and Minister, on their ecclesiastical doubts and differences. The old Doctor says of himself and his profession—"We see all kinds of monomaniac and insanity. We learn from them to recognize all sorts of queer tendencies supposed to be save, so that we have nothing but compassion for a large class of persons condemned as sinners by theologians, but considered by us as Invalids. We have constant reasons for noticing the transmission of qualities from parents to offspring, and we find it hard to hold a child accountable, in any moral point of view, for inherited bad temper or tendency to drunkenness—as hard as we should blame him for inheriting gout or asthma. I suppose we are more lenient with human nature than theologians generally are. We know that the spirits of men, and their views of the present and future, go up and down with the barometer, and that a permanent depression of one inch in the mercurial column would affect the whole theology of Christendom!"

The London Times on America.

In the course of an article, somewhat patronizing, perhaps, but certainly not full of friendly feeling towards us, the London *Times* says that "there is not a sane man in the British Isles who would wish to see the United States once more ours, and governed by Queen Victoria, Lord Palmerston, and the British Parliament." We have enough and too much already, with India added to our fifty dependencies. What then, is the gain to be hoped for in these days? It is much indeed. The English gentleman has his mission as well as the English Prince, and, when the American citizen sees the first gentleman of his race, he may feel a reverence, an admiration, and a loyalty beyond the province of laws. All that we wish for the citizens of the United States is that they may become as much like ourselves as possible, but with a few improvements which might be suggested. An unaccountable cross has crept into the American breed, and we hardly know ourselves when we look at our second cousin. They have clearly another ideal, toward which they develop an their own law of growth and progress."

Hanging Gardens.

In Babylon of old, the famous hanging gardens were a great feature in the beauty of the city. They are described by all writers who spoke of the city and its imposing appearance, and might, we imagine, be introduced into the cities of the present time, by the aid of modern ingenuity and invention, with great success. The New York *Evening Post* has been entertaining its readers with a long, elaborate dissertation on the propriety of turning the upper stories of dwellings into hanging gardens. It states that as glass roofs are but little dearer than the other kinds, every upper story might, without much expense, be turned into a hot-house, where all the vegetable luxuries of the season could be produced, without the least resistance—in the way of weeding, pruning, or thinning out—from the boys of the neighborhood. The idea is to cover the garret floor with concrete to prevent water from leaking through to the floor below. If the plan be carried out, we shall have all the enviable delights of Babylonian mansions in our midst.

Rage for Statistics.

It is reported that the existing rage in Paris is for statistics; all classes of men are puzzling their brains with calculations and figures. It appears that an enthusiast proficient in that study lately calculated that 10 millions of men have perished in the various wars which have been waged since the creation of the world. Carrying his calculations still further, he estimated the blood shed in these wars at 3,600,000 barrels; and, taking the weight of each man at an average of 100 pounds, he concludes that 1,500,000 pounds of human flesh have been cut to pieces by hostile weapons. Now we would like to have news by an early steamer—and as direct from France as possible—of how many grains there are in a pound of powder—how many pounds were burned at Solferino—and, of course, what is the exact number of gruel consumed in that battle. Also, if there is time, how many grains were devoted to each man.

Broderick's Will.

Since S. B. Norton Broderick's death, his property in San Francisco has become very valuable. The bulk of the same was left to George Wilkes, Esq., of New York, which gives him a fortune—it is said—approaching \$300,000. He is to be considered, in one respect, a lucky man. Yet it is not always the best fortune for a man to have gold and stocks left him. Poverty is sometimes the best friend we can have.

Coming Winter.

Not all persons look forward with equal pleasure to the coming of Winter. To some it is but a season of gloom, through which they go silently and against their will, not seeming to move into the being of cheerfulness and health again until the returning Spring calls them forth. Much of this is chargeable to temperament, for which no man can be found fault with, but which all are capable of modifying and controlling to a certain extent.

Now, for us, Winter has secret joys not to be compared to those even of the Summer and Spring. They are the more permanent and abiding, because they proceed from the heart alone, unaided by the delightful influences of the outward world. Snow and sleet without does but make it more cosy and contemplative within; and we hold that in the act of contemplation lies all the real, actual life and development for which human souls struggle. The heart can call on no little brooks, or green leaves, beautiful skies, to help it to enjoyment, but is launched on a sea on which it must sail almost without the aid of an oar.

It is in Winter that domestic life gives forth its sweetest fragrance. So many human souls brought under one roof, into one single circle, where all circumstances tend to make the spirituality perfect, cannot but experience an improvement unknown to those that go along through life mere solitaires. Then the heart becomes a sacred place, and the centre-table a delight; and the voices that live around them are repeated in the chambers of the heart as long as the heart beats with life. There is nothing but beauty in the home-life, in Winter, because that life is then compact and isolated; no extraneous considerations force themselves in and steal away the flavor that comes of a ripened and ripening love alone. There is no cold plucking the fingers, while the warmth of the home-love thaws and cheers every heart. We are of those who welcome the coming of Winter with the ardor of an old and true friend.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR FATHER!

BY PHRANQUE PHRANTIQUE.

Oh, God! in the blindness,
The torrent of sin,
When whispers of kindness
Are drowned in the din
Of passions which seize on
The throne of the soul,
And broken-winged Reason
Dispairs of its goal—
When Hope that should save,
Is beggared in mire,
And Love but a slave is
To burning Desire—
When Life's sweetest pleasures
Are poisoned with pain;
And Intellect's treasures
Seem worthless and vain—
And we, like a seaman
Of Help out of reach,
Seen urged by a tempest
To strand on the beach—
Oh, God! when Disaster
Stares us in the face;
And Death runs fast factor
Than Life in the race;
Though we may have taken
Thy great name in vain,
And madly forsaken
All truth for its stain,
With anguish we've pondered,
And dreaded to be,
When we have squandered
Is called for by thee!
Yet not with dispairing
We own Thy control!
We know Thou art caring
For each human soul;
The flock that now glories
In wealth of Thy love,
Know well where the store is,
In pasture above.
While one that was feeding,
And strayed from the rest,
Thou bringest back, bleeding,
But warmed in Thy breast
Thou seekst the spirit
That wanders away.
That all may inherit
The light of Thy day!

"The Elysie," 9th Oct., 1860.

About Human Feet.

A celebrated chiropodist has said, in the course of some observations, professionally and artistically, upon feet, that the French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish foot is small and elegantly curved—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab foot is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of his foot," is a description of its form. The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish, flat and square; the English, short and fleathy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the individual. It should have a delicate spring to it, as if it did not quite belong to the earth, and touching it daintily, if not disdainfully. The ankle should express tenderness, should be round, firm, and not too small. Let our ladies and gentlemen make a note of this, for there is a good deal more in it than is ordinarily thought for. Feet and hands, they say, evidence "blood," or the want of it; and there is a saying, likewise, that "blood tells," which we are not inclined in this place, either to affirm or deny. But if it tells, it tells as much on the manners and morals as on the hands and feet.

Wishing and Doing.

Portia says, in the "Merchant of Venice," "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, obsequies had been churches, and poor men's cottages prince's palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easily teach twenty what were good to do than be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching." Why is it so? Poor human nature, so quick to see what is right and good, is so slow to pursue its perceptions! We are riddles even to ourselves; and it does not seem so strange that we should be objects of inquisitiveness to one another.

The Feast Day.

The day of the great national feast—our Thanksgiving—is at hand. Many of the Governors have appointed the festival for the same date, the 29th. It would be a fine moral spectacle, that of a nation like ours devoting a single day to the glad emotions that break over the soul on the recurrence of this annual festivity. We have abundant cause of gratitude for all our blessings.

The Quincy Convention.

We publish on our third page the conclusion of the report of the Speakers' Convention at Quincy. This comprehensive synopsis of the proceedings is the joint labor of Mr. A. E. Norton and Miss Lila H. Barney, the secretaries of the Convention, and to whose executive ability the Convention owed much of its success. The last day's proceedings closed with a social levee and dance, in which nearly all of the attendants upon the Convention participated. Short addresses of a harmonious character were made by Mrs. M. S. Townsend and Dr. J. W. H. Toohey, and afterwards the happiest hearted mingled in the dance, till the levee adjourned, in early morning.

This Convention has truly done much in accomplishing a great work—that of teaching mediums their mutual dependence; making them better educated, and so love each other better, and filling them with a laudable ambition, not to be loudest sounded in the voice of praise and fame, but more and more worthy of their high calling.

Everything was done by the people of Quincy to make the stay of their visitors a pleasant one, and a whole-souled disinterestedness seemed to characterize them throughout. Much praise is due Mr. F. L. Wadsworth, for his efficient services, for to him belongs the credit of doing the most and hardest work to make the Convention successful.

Mrs. Macumber.

This remarkable lady, under Dr. Gardner's supervision, occupies the desk at Alston Hall next Sunday. Mrs. Macumber has none of the accomplishments of education without the trance; but when entranced she has them all, and more. She is eloquent, clear and forcible in her utterances. She dives deep into the mysteries of spirit-truth, and deals off fresh thought, mighty thought, that triumphs over the finest scholarship of our age, in clearness and in beauty of expression. And yet here is a woman that has had but a limited chance at the most ordinary school education, comprehending at a glance all that the long, up-hill road of science unfolds, and from the interior perception of the nature of things grasping truth, undimmed, unarnished, and sending it forth to the people from the illimitable fountain to which her soul, when entranced, has full access. The manifestations given through this lady are living, incontrovertible tests of unseen intellects that control human organisms. We have heard of Mrs. M. from various sources where she has been controlled to speak, and there appears to be no speaker that has given greater evidence of the absolute and perfect control of the spirit of the departed.

Well said.

The critics of the *Atlantic Monthly* remarks, in connection with a review of the latest volume of poetry from Whittier, that "there is true fire in the heart of the man, and his eye is the eye of a poet. A more juicy soil might have made him a Burns or a Barranger for us. New England is dry and hard, though she have a warm nook in her, here and there, where the magnolia grows after a fashion. Nature is not the same here, and perhaps never will be, as in lands where man has mingled his being with hers for countless centuries, where every field is steeped in history, every crag is wild with legend, and the whole atmosphere of thought is hazy with the Indian summer of tradition. Nature, without an ideal background is nothing. We may claim whatever merits we like, we may be as free and enlightened as we choose, we are certainly not interesting or picturesque. The Puritans left us a fine estate in conscience, energy, and respect for learning; but they disinherit us of the past. Not a single page of poetry did they bring with them but the good old Devil, with his grimacious attributes, and even he could not stand the climate. He is as dead as the goat-footed Pan, whom he succeeded, and we tenderly regret him."

Simple Language.

There is no surer proof of poverty of thought than is furnished by the use of inflated phrases. Language, to be sure, has its complications and modulations, like the notes of a musical instrument; but that does not prove that these are all which is to be considered. What is wanted is to get at expression; and unless something is to be expressed, how is the instrument of expression to be employed? A knowing writer says with eminent truth, that "pure English, so far as such is possible, is the most convenient and expressive. Saxon words cannot be used too plentifully. They abridge and condense, and smack of life and experience, and form the nerve and sinew of the best writing of our day; while the Latin is the fat. The Saxon puts small and convenient handles to things, handles that are easy to grasp. The language of life, and of men who speak to be understood, should be used more in our books. A great principle anchored to a common word or a familiar illustration never loses its hold upon the mind."

Prof. Brittan's Lectures.

S. B. Brittan having removed to Lancaster, Mass., (which will hereafter be his residence) will spend the ensuing winter and spring in Lecturing, chiefly in New England. On Sundays he will speak on Spiritualism and other kindred subjects wherever his services may be required. He will lecture through the week before Lyceum and other Associations, on Literary, Scientific, and popular themes; and also deliver his course of lectures on the Relations of the Human Mind to the Body and to the External World, wherever the friends may be pleased to make the necessary arrangements and to engage his services. Address him at New York until Dec. 1st, and thereafter at Lancaster, Mass.

Old Adams.

"Grizzly" Adams died in this State a few weeks ago, from a wound in his scalp that never healed. In his encounters with bears in California, he received many frightful wounds. He was several times scalped by the brutes, and while he was in New York was suffering severely from the effects of his wounds. He consulted the College of Physicians and Surgeons, but was told that his case was beyond remedy, and we presume that he has at last succumbed under these scratches and bites. He was a very courageous man, and had an unaccountable fancy for grizzly bears.

Windsor, Conn.

In a private note from Bro. Wadsworth, we find the following item concerning the progress of Spiritualism in this place:

Quite an interest is kept up here in Spiritualism. Of late, a Mr. Nelson Bowes has been powerfully influenced. He was made to deliver some two or three lectures before he could be satisfied as to its origin. I judge, by what has happened, that if he takes proper care of himself he will be able to do much good as a public advocate of our philosophy.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We call especial attention to the report of the excellent and timely address of Dr. Newton, delivered at the late Quincy Convention. It may be found on our second page.

WHICH CREEK IS THE WIDEST?—The *World's Crisis* says:

"We are aware of the rapid spread of the sentiments of Spiritualists, and of their deep and gigantic plan for revolutionizing that government of America and the whole world. The demons are devising measures to govern our planet through their medium, and when successful, they wish us to believe that we are under a true 'Theocracy,' or a government direct from God."

The *Crisis* thinks that Spiritualists are governed by devils and demons, and that themselves are governed by God himself. Spiritualists think that Second Adventists, and everybody else, Spiritualists and anti-Spiritualists, are created, directed and governed by God himself. God lays plans, not Spiritualists.

Why is a wild Indian like a native of a certain country of Africa? Because he dwells in A-shan-tea, (a shanty.)

THE FRIENDLESS.

A friendless heart is like a hollow shell.

That sighs over its own emptiness.—*John Hood.*

"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah, but, my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

DIDN'T KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.—One of our "naturalized" citizens, whose name was placed upon two distinct tickets for representative, desired to know, after his election, whether he was to take his seat in the U. S. House of Representatives, or the Massachusetts House.

THE VISIONARY.

Hard is the life who builds his peace of mind

On the presentiment of misery.

Who keeps for wild and visionary things,

And mounts o'er unknown seas with venture wings.

[Oracle.]

A young monkey, and the only one ever known to be born in America, was born at Goodwin's Zoological Garden, 117 Court street, last Saturday evening. And on Monday following three baby lions were added to the already extensive collection.

An English paper gives the following recipe for curing rheumatism: Bathe the parts affected in water which potatoes with their skins on have been boiled as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed. By next morning the pain will be much relieved, if not removed. One application of this simple remedy has cured the most obstinate pains.

"If a civil word or two will render a man happy," said a Frenchman, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give it. It is like lighting another man's candle with your own, which loses none of its brilliancy by what the other gains." If all men acted upon this principle, the world would be much happier than it is.

By the great name you inherit,
By the suffering you recall,
O friend, the friend of all,
Let me now answer for all.
Listen not to idle questions,
How its bairns may be tried;
Doubt not the patriot whose suggestions
Whisper that he props may slide!—[Holmes.]

Governor Brown, of Georgia, in his message to the Legislature, is pointedly severe on Massachusetts laws, and says if the laws of Massachusetts cause the plunder of Georgia citizens, that State must be compelled to compensate them, and advises reprisals. He says, let us meet no just aggressions and unconstitutional legislation with just retaliation. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the seizure of such amount of the money or property of any citizen of such offending or faithless State as will indemnify losses. He recommends such legislation as will drive the manufactured articles of offending States from Georgia. He says Georgia has the right as soon as Northern goods are brought there to tax them as she deems proper.

A Law which Nature contravenes,
A rule of Rank and Blasphemy,
Forbids our Princes, Kings, and Queens,
With British spouse to mate,
The safety of the realm commands
That we should be wed;
And therefore it's choice of hands
Extremely limited.

Their Cousins are our Royal race
Confined, almost, to us;
Who, by the nature of the case,
Are German Cousins too;

New German Cousins far removed
Are very well may be;
Our Cousins, though, have proved
Too near the parent tree.

Near cousins o'er the German side;
What need romane to seek,
Now steamer's cross the Atlantic side,
Or travel with a w'k?

Of Yankee land the beauty panelles
Might not a bride be found for Wales,
A distant Cousin, thoro'—Punch.

TRUE CONVERSATIONAL WEATONS.—Arrah! From OUR SPECIAL COVENANT.—Good for a Cataput, high water.

FOR THE SOLITARY.—Why was Thackery's last literary quarrel quite a闹ade? Because it roused a great *Sod-ain*.—Vandy Fair.

Members of the South Carolina Legislature say that there is little doubt of a Convention being called, and that State secede, thus dissolving the Union.

Thank God the Presidential election is over. The torches are laid aside—the wind instruments have ceased—the extra amount of oratorial gas has exploded—and people are quietly resuming their usual avocations. "Old Abe" is to be our next President. The people's fat has gone forth to this effect, and the appointed office-holders might as well retire from the field decently, and await patiently till 1864 for another contest.

FIRE IN NORTH BRIDGEWATER.—Baker & Kingman's Hall, used Sunday by the Universalists Society, and sometimes by the Spiritualists, was entirely consumed by fire on the evening of Nov. 7th, supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The Rev. Mr. Cleverly, the Universalist minister, is a Spiritualist and incendiary.

Among the Americans in Paris last month were the following persons from Boston and its vicinity: A. W. Thayer, Stephen Bowles, Albert W. Hastings, Augustus De Peyster, Theodore Chase, W. L. Farnsworth, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thayer, T. B. Curtis, J. R. M. Squier, Wm. E. Baker, and George E. Maguire.—Transcript.

A NEW PAMPHLET.—An interesting document is announced as forthcoming from the pen of our ex-Rev. Bro. J. D. Mandell, to be entitled, "Mandell's Messenger," first issue. It will contain a new spiritual melody, to departed friends; close questions to Dr. A. B. Child, A. J. Davis and others; friendly epistles to Emma Hardinge on the Christian peculiarities of herself and others; hints toward the spiritual California, etc. Three cents, single; ten copies, twenty-five cents; fifty for one dollar. Address J. D. Mandell, Athol, Mass.—Clarion.

Mr. Ellis Thayer, of Hallowell, Mass., is said to have shot twenty wild geese out of a flock. We wish we had been there (Thayer).—*Tarantula Gazette*.

A secular paper, referring to a recent theological work, inquiring how sin came into the world, says: "There are matters of more importance than that in query. If there is a pig in your garden, you had better busy yourself in driving it out, than in speculating as to how it got it."

An English Friend in a recent work says:—In 1638 there was not a Quaker living who did not believe Quakerism to be the only true church of the living God. In 1838 there is not a Quaker living who does not believe it."

The following is an exact copy of a printed notice which is at present posted in a Jersey stage:—"Lost—a calf red. He had a white spot on one of his hind legs. He was a she calf. I will give three dollars to everybody what will bring him home."

Front Warren Chase.

Comfortably resting in a cushioned seat, I rode after the snoring horse, with a wooden tail, over the Burlington Road, to Mendota; where the prairie farmer—a liberal brother of that very liberal man, Calvin Blanchard, of N. Y., so long known as an author and publisher, of books so rational and liberal, that few persons dare read them—met us, with his little grey pony, which soon drew us over twelve miles of prairie road, to his cabin, on the top of the highest hill of a rolling prairie. And when we had mounted to the house-top, my eye could stretch its vision over his fourteen hundred acres, and several times as much more, nearly all of which has this year been burdened with heavy crops of corn or grain. It was one of the most magnificent views of my life. And when the eye had watched the slowly departing sun, far, far, away over the prairie land, and the fading rays were withdrawing their last tinge from the clouds that skirted the border of heaven and earth—then, in the opposite direction, in full orbid glory and queenly splendor, arose the red man's "night sun," silvered Luna, to try her power in beautifying earth and cloud. Ten thousand little insects were clapping their wings and singing her praises from grass plot and weeds or garden, and in the beautiful orchard in front of the house, more than one thousand flourishing apple trees have already proved that this soil is adapted to fruit as well as grain. But there is no use trying to describe a prairie farm to a Yankee who never saw one, and I will give it up, and only say, it is all outdoors covered with grain and grass. Three miles in some directions over fields of corn and grain, would not reach a fence. The roads are fenced up—I suppose to keep us travelers in the right place and course, for really we should not know where to go or where the road is, were it not for the fence which forces the travel in one path makes it a road. Stretched away in the miles are to be seen many of the cottages of the prairie farms, and when night comes they look like light-houses on the ocean-coast. Little clumps of trees, protected from the fire and the plow, show plainly that timber would have a luxuriant growth here in this rich soil; but rocks and boulders do not grow here, at least, are not indigenous. Do you wonder where they get fuel? Excellent coal costs three dollars per ton, and has to be drawn from ten to twenty miles. Where can we warm cheaper? Fence—would you like to know how they fence? The roads are mostly fenced with pine boards and oak or cedar posts, and hedges are growing between the logs, or by the way side. The stock is fenced in, not out of the lots; corn and grain runs at large; cattle and travelers are fenced up. Swine are not here, for this is not a hoggy section of country—it is wheat, wheat, and twenty bushels per acre, and eighty cents per bushel; and corn, corn, corn, forty bushels per acre, and forty cents per bushel; so dollars and dimes come in as the grain goes out. I saw several miles of teams going to and from the station at Mendota yesterday. To look over this vast region makes one think the song of the poet must now be realized:

"And wine and corn, to all men born,
Be free as warm, in summer weather."

A magnetic cord that binds me to a sick friend, has brought me here, where the magnificent scenery of prairie life expands my thoughts and feelings over humanity, as it does my vision over the landscape; then, I wish, oh, how earnestly I wish we could have a common interest, and seek the common welfare of the race, so all could feed on the bounties and blessings of nature, peace and plenty sit with us at the log-side, "then we should be the better for it." Why should we war upon and worry each other? Why should we feed upon each other's necessities, and ever strive to increase those necessities, and extort from the demands of nature in the poor, to bear the burdens of the rich? Is there not a better way for man? If not, the signs fall again.

Subscite, Ill., Oct. 3, 1860. — *WARRIOR CHASE.*

Emma Hardinge in *Front du Lac*, Wis.

Miss Emma Hardinge delivered four lectures at this place during the last week. She had most appreciating and intellectual audiences, though not as large as they would have been but for the near approach of the Presidential election. There was a political meeting on the evening of every lecture, which generally drew off many who would otherwise have gladly attended and listened to her eloquence. Her first three lectures were on Spiritualism. The methodical arrangement of the subject, and the manner of presenting it, could not be surpassed. She commenced with the nature and origin of spirit, and brought it down through all its phases to the spiritual manifestations of the present time. She then showed the mission of Spiritualism, and contrasted its religion with the obsolete dogmas and worn-out theologies of bygone ages. Her choice of language, her fluent but deliberate utterance, her accurate pronunciation, her perfect accent and emphasis, her beauty of gesticulation, her grace of attitude, her dignity of manner, and withal the *total ensemble* of her appearance on the platform, all combined to present the highest order of elocution; and the rapt and enchain'd audience listened to strains of eloquence such as they had never heard before from human lips.

The last lecture was on her plan of a "Self-training Institution for Homeless and Outcast Females." Never were the wrongs of these fallen creatures so vividly portrayed—never were the causes of their fall so scathingly set forth—never was the want of effort or inclination to restore them, on the part of professed Christian communities, more severely and feelingly rebuked—and never was a plan of restoration more fully developed and more thoroughly demonstrated than the one so powerfully presented by herself. Every one felt that the enterpri

se was one of the greatest and most humanitarian reforms of the age; and that woman could not be entrusted with a nobler, higher, or holier mission. Every one felt too, that no other woman could be so peculiarly fitted for that high office. With an eloquence unsurpassed to support its claims—with a moral courage that knows no fear—with a heart feelingly alive to every noble deed and every exalted charity—with a soul imbued with every Christian virtue—with a reputation untarnished, and a character as pure and

—chaste as the lotus.

That's cured by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Diana's temple."

she goes forth on her mission of duty and of love, conquering and to conquer. Bigotry and superstition quail before her—hypocrisy and cant shrink into their native nothingness—self-righteousness is pierced by the polished Toledo, and assumed sanctity is routed by the lance of the Cossack!

The clergy were respectfully requested to give notice of this lecture to their respective congregations, and to contribute their aid to carry out this great moral and humanitarian reform to a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." But no one an-

sented to the call, except the Rev. Mr. Baldwin, who is a progressive man, and joined most heartily in the enterprise. The others, I suppose, like certain *Revolvers* at Ossego, refused their aid and counsel because Miss Hardinge is a Spiritualist, and therefore unworthy to lead so great an enterprise. They did nothing themselves, nor lend their countenance to a cause in which their great Master was so conspicuous, lest it should thereby be discredited of a sectarian character. Christ mingled with the Magdalene of his day and reformed them, and bade them go and sin no more. But his example is unworthy of imitation in this enlightened age!

Miss Hardinge's life is devoted to this cause, and under the guidance of the high and pure spirit that controls her, no human power can resist it.

Respectfully yours, N. P. TALLHEDGE.

Front du Lac, Wis., Oct. 29, 1860.

Mediums wanted in England.

Messrs. Editors—Our friends in England are crying to us for help. A letter received by me to-day from London says there is a great stir in Spiritualism going on there, both among the press and the people, which is likely to continue to increase, at all events, for some months. Both Hume and Squire are in France, where they will be for some time. In the meantime, there are constant requests for sittings with mediums, and I have therefore been writing to send them some good medium, etc. It is a physical medium they want; for they are in the A B C of the matter in England, and require the primary manifestations, addressed to the senses, and calculated by appeal to the senses to prove them to the realities of Spiritual intercourse. If you know or can hear of any such one, who is sufficiently intelligent and honest to be reliable abroad, I wish you would let me know it, and I could give him such passports to the confidence of our friends there as would at once open to him a wide field of usefulness.

Yours, &c., J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, Oct. 30, 1860.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLEGRA HALL, BURKEFIELD PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2 P.M. and at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. M. MacCormac, Third Sunday in Nov.; Rev. Adin Ballou, Dec. 1st; Mrs. Anna M. Miller, Dec. 2nd; Mrs. Fanny Davis, last Sunday in Dec.; Mrs. Anna M. Miller, first in Feb.; and Miss Emma Hardinge, first Sunday in March.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Virtue? What are the duties of man?"

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BURKEFIELD ST., BOSTON.—Boston Reform Conference meets every Monday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. Subject for next meeting: "Resolved.—That

the Boston Spiritualists be not connected with any religious body."

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7:30 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the Boston. Subjects for the next meeting: "

The Messenger.

Each meeting in this department of the Banner was given over to the discussion of the spiritual condition of man, and the salvation of his soul through Christ. This was not published on account of literary merit, but a taste of spiritual communion with those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that spirit-world, and leave with the crowd out there more than seven stars living.

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

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

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone who may desire a séance. They are held at our office, No. 619 Brattle street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at half-past two o'clock; after which time they will be no admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGE TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will these who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Thursday, Oct. 4.—What evidence have we that God made all things?—*James D. Good, Hartford, Conn.*

Friday, Oct. 5.—Is the change of death attended with as much physical suffering as mortals generally suppose? *James D. Good, Hartford, Conn.; Hannah Cummins; Mary D. Wilson, Springfield; Peter J. Murray.*

Tuesday, Oct. 9.—Why do spirits seek to destroy the reputation of the fast? *Alice Fisher, Boston; Frances Kimball, New Haven; Sarah H. Hall; Anna Elizabeth Burge, London, Eng.; David Howe.*

Wednesday, Oct. 10.—Is there any end that will justify the means of Capital Punishment?—*John C. Kinsley.*

Thursday, Oct. 11.—Of what advantage is any system of Religion to humanity? *Eleanor Sawyer, Boston; Edwin W. Winslow; Billy Gage; Mehitable Chase, Yarmouth; Samuel Stevens.*

Friday, Oct. 12.—Should now be the accepted time—the day of salvation? *Charles J. Chase, Eastport; Amelia Graville; Susan C. Parkes, Boston; Michael Kennedy, Boston.*

Wednesday, Oct. 17.—Is not the doctrine that "Whatever is right" in the Devil's to lead men astray? *Joseph L. Kinney, Hardwick; James Johnson, New France; Anna Thompson, New York.*

Discordant Elements in Spiritualism.

If Modern Spiritualism is of Divine origin, why do we see so much confusion and discord among its followers?

Modern Spiritualism has not come to bring peace on the earth. Modern Spiritualism is a sword in the hands of Justice and Wisdom; and this sword shall hew down the old and bring forth the new. We are told that Jesus of Nazareth uttered these words: "Think not I come to bring peace on earth, but a sword." I come to divide, not to unite—to make war with the nations of earth.

Our questioner believes that Jesus was the especial son of God, endowed with a superior intelligence from spirit-life. He believes he stood above all others; that he was especially blessed by God the Creator. If the religion given through Jesus was given to make war, to divide, can you expect parts of Modern Spiritualism? If that was of Divine origin, cannot Modern Spiritualism be like it?

This is a star that hath been sent among the old to resurrect to newness of life. We are not to suppose that the new religion can dwell in harmony with the old—one of the two must depart. All believers in Modern Spiritualism have not as yet wholly surrendered themselves from the old. They have all come up from an old religious theory, and you cannot expect they can throw off this yet—in a month, a year, or many years. This must come by the way of nature, and it would not be in accordance with nature for the individual to rise immediately. The change must be gradual; and while the change is going on, there can be no peace—not even within the holy sanctuary of man's being. There comes of necessity discord, and yet out of the mouth of contention come the flowers of peace and joy. Yes, the flower of peace is always born of the flower of discord.

You are told it would be unwise to put new wine into old bottles, because the two cannot dwell together in harmony. Now do not suppose the new religion can be transplanted in a year or a thousand. While you see discord, know that peace shall come of it, and though a thousand foxes run upon the walls of the new religious temples, they shall not shake them.

God doeth all things well. He was never known to make a mistake. The book tells you that you live by this God—you move by his power. Now this comprehendeth all things, and if it be true, every act of yours is of God. Every thought, word and deed is of God, and therefore modern Spiritualism is of divine origin.

In order to understand divinity, you must understand self, and you will know that all that is divine is constantly rising in the scale of being. We contend that no thought in heaven, earth, or hell, exists without the will of God. And no matter how low the thought, who can tell but it is a step to something higher?

Would you of to-day be willing to sacrifice your religious opinions upon the altar of olden time? Now you have outgrown that, and the new religion has come up, that you may war with it, until you understand it. If, according with your opinion, you will be at peace; but mark us—there will always be a certain something in your nature that will war with it.

Why do we find so much discord in Modern Spiritualism? It is because the believers are striving to cast out the old. It is doing a mighty work. Notwithstanding husbands are separated from wives, parents from children, brothers from brothers—a seed is being sown that will spring up and yield glory to the God of Israel. All nature will prove this, if you study her. Go not to any other, but enter into your own soul and analyze all you find there, and you will see our words true.

You must not expect this work will be perfected in your day or generation. Eternity is written upon it; and although it shall lose its present name, it will not die, but will ever war with the old and bring forth the new.

Within your soul you have enough to enable you to understand all things in nature. Modern Spiritualism, we affirm, is of Divinity origin. Every religion on earth, in the present or the past, is Divine. The religion of the Heathen is no less divine than that of yours. God approved of it as well as yours.

We come not among you to bid you to lie down in peace. It is necessary to throw firebrands among you, to rouse you into action. A deep sleep had settled upon your nature, and it was high time that your souls were called into action. A death was upon them, and as around them war raged, and there is no peace in the elements, we are to suppose that a bright sun is to be given us, that all things are leaving the olden temples and coming forth into new and brighter light.

Know that Modern Spiritualism is of God, for all things are of and from him. He toucheth with his might and power all things; nothing can live without him. Even the darkest wave in the ocean of time bears the unmistakable image of Jehovah. It may be blander than night to you, but to another it is light. Call nothing common or mundane, for perhaps an angel may be enveloped in the cloud.

They who see with eyes undivided, who have charity and purity are, are alone able to penetrate the cloud, and see Jehovah sitting in its centre.

Look, and yo shall find, and ye shall see Modern Spiritualism as a star, calling you from death, and wrapping you in a mantle of righteousness.

Oct. 2.

John C. Kinsley.

My name was John C. Kinsley. I was thirty seven years old at the time of my death. My place of birth was Boston. I died at St. Charles, Texas, seven months since. I had a difficulty of the si-

oh and bowels. I was sick some months, but confined to my bed only a few days. I believe my physician called it chronic bowel complaint. I never had a fancy for trade, so I didn't move that way. I suppose you must have the occupation, as call me a gambler. The gentleman who just left said everything was honorable, so I suppose that is.

I have a wife and two children at St. Charles. I believe they hardly know which way to turn—which to come North, or remain where they are. My wife has friends in New Orleans. If I was to go in the matter, I should tell her to leave St. Charles, and go to New Orleans. I believe I should better off to see my friends better situated.

I have many things I'd like to say, but I don't care to speak about them here. Are there any messages at St. Charles? I never took much account of it, but sometimes happens that such are the things we have most to do with after death. Suppose I tell my wife to go to New Orleans, and when there to seek a medium and let me talk to her.

My mother died when I was quite young, and my father married again. Shortly after, they separated, and I was taken charge of by some of my relatives. I thus lived a sort of a cross life, and never got settled into any religion here. When I got on this side, I thought I'd get religion, and asked what to follow. But I was told to follow out my own inclinations. Tell my wife for me that I am dead in one sense, and alive in another; have borrowed a body that do't fit very well; but I have to put up with it for the time.

I own a little property. Nashville, Tenn., and I think my wife's brother had better look up the matter, and sell it outright. Unless it is well looked after, it will not be worth much as it is now, and that they will be bitter off with its proceeds.

I feel just as I left. I have not lost any of my faculties; and though the money will not do me any good personally, it will indirectly, for if my friends are made happy I shall be so.

This uncle of my wife's, if I judge him correctly, would rather go to a medium of the other sex. Perhaps he would like to go with my wife to a medium. He will, I will give him all particulars, so he will have but little trouble in doing it. His name is Samuel Stevens. He was in the manufacturing of combs, knife-handles, &c.

Adaline Bartell.

I want to tell you—to tell everybody—that I was murdered! I want to tell who killed me. I lived at Brown's Crossing, Michigan. On the 16th day of January last, I was killed. Run it down; —was drunk; he killed me. I don't want my neighbor or my children to think I killed myself. I want justice to find him. I was born here in Cambridge; my maiden name was Adaline Pinkhurst.

I want you to tell the world that ——— killed me. I want him hung. I'd feel better about it. I looked all round to find a medium there, and could n't. He was a Missourian—all bad. I thought he was good. I went west to my brother, at Waukegan, Mich. His name was Benjamin, —worked for him. I married ——— and moved to Brown's Crossing. I had two children by my husband. What a bad thing to have it go that I killed myself; to have my children think so. I would n't have come here if I had n't thought I'd get him hung. Let my son James watch him, and he'll do something else. I want you to publish this. My throat was cut, and somebody must have done it; and if it was done, I must have known who did it, and ought to tell. I'll give you a description of the man who murdered me, which will clear you, as you object to giving the name. He was forty-eight years old, the month before I died. I would think he was about five feet six inches tall, straight, full round form, red face. His hair a mixture of dark auburn and grey, a little inclined to curl—not much on the crown; whiskers running from the ear to the chin—none on the chin. High forehead, small eyes of light hazel color. When he gets excited, he stammers. He'll stammer when anybody asks him if he know a man of this description, if he knows about this letter.

This comes from Adaline Bartell. I was most thirty-nine. I did n't live many minutes; but I saw him as well as I ever did. I don't think I can make him better where he is. Oh, I'll be satisfied to have him shut up, if he would own that he killed me; but I want people to understand that I did n't kill myself. I can't rest when he says, "I don't see why poor Adaline killed herself."

He wasn't so drunk that he didn't know what he was about; but he was drunk enough to be ugly. Don't you see how terribly he violated my law by murdering me, and ought I not to avenge it? This won't be the direct means of his being hung, but it will leave people to watch him, and he'll be brought up. I think it is right for the man to be hung. I can't rest when he says, "I don't see why poor Adaline killed herself."

He was so drunk that he didn't know what he was about; but he was drunk enough to be ugly. Don't you see how terribly he violated my law by murdering me, and ought I not to avenge it? This won't be the direct means of his being hung, but it will leave people to watch him, and he'll be brought up. I think it is right for the man to be hung. I can't rest when he says, "I don't see why poor Adaline killed herself."

Father Fitzpatrick wanted me to come here. If I would tell all about myself, and not make one mistake, he was going to believe it is me.

First, I am to tell how old I was. I was fifteen years old a little better than two months. Then I am to tell what I died of. I had some kind of a trouble in my stomach. I was also most four months. I was house-boy for Father Fitzpatrick most three years. I did whatever he liked to have me do. I was born in Glenoe, Killarney Co., Ireland. I was to tell what happened the same night. I died in the morning. All the doors in the room where I was got shut to, and nobody in the house could open them for me. I don't know how long. I am to tell what is the last thing that was given to me. I do n't know whether it was medicine, or water—it was a drink, any way. I'm to tell who gave it to me. It was Mary, the girl who waits on the house-keeper. Then I am to say here just what I say to Father Fitzpatrick. I died it a dream; but it was no dream, for I was wide awake, and bear and see. I see my mother come into the room, and she said I was shortly to come to her. She told me, too, that my brother Patrick was dead. He told me I must tell no one in the house about it, and I told no one but himself. I want to tell him now it was no dream at all. I hear, I see, I was awake, and it was not a dream at all.

I was to tell, who doctor me. It was himself that gave me all the medicine. I had no other doctor at all.

Father Fitzpatrick was in Cincinnati. I was never here. It was the Church of the Holy Cross. I will tell what was said to me the first day I came to the house. Father Fitzpatrick say, "You are going to be a good boy, and do whatever I tell you to, and we will get along in peace." If I lived, I was to go away in a year after I died. I have been dead about five years. My father and mother are dead. I have a sister; I don't know where at all she is. She was to come to this country, and she got a good place in Liverpool, and I believe she stays there.

My name was James Keltory. My mother's name was Catharine; my father's, Patrick. Good morning, sir.

Oct. 2.

Nathaniel Staniford.

I have no wish to be considered ungrateful for the kind remembrance of friends here in the body. I have been desired to come to your place and give certain information regarding an estate I once owned in Boston. I wish here to inform my dear friends who are living on earth that I have done with those things. Others may find pleasure in giving advice in material objects, but when I laid off my material body, I said, I have done with material things. If I can benefit their souls, I am ready and willing to do it; but to minister to their avarice, so help me God, I never will. I know I am exalted; but though I wish to have them understand that I have the power to communicate with them, I will not do so to fill their pockets with gold and silver. They have got too much now. I would to God they had n't a cent.

I have been quite happy since I have been a spirit. If I can aid my friends in any other way, I shall answer their call at any time when I can find a medium through whom to make myself known. I wish them well, and if it was in my power to pour into their purses the riches of heaven I never will.

If I am in error, God forgive me; if I am right, God prosper me.

NATHANIEL STANIFORD.

Invocation.

Almighty Giver and Guide of Life, we will not forget that thou hast taught us to pray, and to pray continually. We will not forget, oh, our Father, to offer our gifts to thee from out the altar of mortality, knowing that thou wilt write with the finger of thy divine love upon our petition, and answer the same. We thank thee for all thou hast given us, for all thou art ready to give us. We praise thee for the midnight of sorrow and sin, and will not forget to praise thee for the sunlight also.

We will not forget to praise thee for the darkness of times, for out from the darkest cloud may be seen the brightest sunbeam. We praise thee for everything, casting no censure upon thee for any wrong, for thou art our Saviour.

May thy children feel that while darkness hovers about them, in thine own time thou wilt make known thy presence in the cloud.

Oh, Father, with whom receive us as we leave mortality. May we feel that our visit here has not been in vain. May we feel that all thou hast given us has been occupied upon for thy honor and glory.

Oct. 2.

Sin.

"By what power are men actuated when they sin again?"

We are to understand by the question given us, that our questioner believes that men can sin against God. We cannot understand our God by the light of materiality. We cannot conceive of two kingdoms in the spiritual world—one as governed by God, and the other by the devil. But the Christian world believes in such a theory. We are not disposed to consider our Christian brother for his opinions.

We say, as we have said a thousand times before, there is no such thing as sin; no such thing as evil; but that God calls sin another condition of good.

If God controls all things, he has as much power over the evil man, as you call him, as upon the good, and he will in no case permit any one to sin against him.

If it would further my object any, I would give my occupation; but it won't do any good, so I will keep it to myself. Good by to you.

Oct. 2.

Sin.

"By what power are men actuated when they sin again?"

We are to understand by the question given us,

that our questioner believes that men can sin against God. We cannot understand our God by the light of materiality. We cannot conceive of two kingdoms in the spiritual world—one as governed by God, and the other by the devil. But the Christian world believes in such a theory. We are not disposed to consider our Christian brother for his opinions.

We say, as we have said a thousand times before, there is no such thing as sin; no such thing as evil;

but that God calls sin another condition of good.

If God controls all things, he has as much power over the evil man, as you call him, as upon the good, and he will in no case permit any one to sin against him.

If it would further my object any, I would give my occupation; but it won't do any good, so I will keep it to myself. Good by to you.

Oct. 2.

Sin.

"By what power are men actuated when they sin again?"

We are to understand by the question given us,

that our questioner believes that men can sin against God. We cannot understand our God by the light of materiality. We cannot conceive of two kingdoms in the spiritual world—one as governed by God, and the other by the devil. But the Christian world believes in such a theory. We are not disposed to consider our Christian brother for his opinions.

We say, as we have said a thousand times before, there is no such thing as sin; no such thing as evil;

but that God calls sin another condition of good.

If God controls all

BANNER OF LIGHT.

Merle.

And quoted edes, and jewels the wondrous,
Tak on the stricken foot finger of all time,
Sparkle forever!

The royal sage—the Master of the Ring,
Solomon—once upon a mourn in epiphany,
By Edredon, in his garb's rustless walk,
Was lolling, with a pleasant gaudy smile,
A man of awful presence, but with face
Yet unscorched, was seen within the place.
The stranger seemed to judge him by his dress,
One of mean sort, a duster with distress,
Or some poor pilgrim; but the sage he took
Despise an inward greatness, and his look
Opened a page in a tremendous book.
How he got there—what wanted—who could be
That ventured thus to board such privacy;
Whether some mighty Spirit of the Ring,
And if so why thus should daunt the King?
All these the courtier would have asked, but fear
Palid his visage as the man drew near,
And the King's Master, after one brief gaze,
Looked on with more of trouble than amaze.

“Oh, Solomon! Oh, friend! Lord of the Ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing!
Hold with thy mighty pow’! I Wish me, I pray,
On the remotest mountains of Cathay.”
Solomon wished, and the man vanished—Straight
On came the stranger with his orbs of fate;
And looking harshly on the King, said he—
“What meant that man here wasting time with thee?
I was to fetch him ere the close of day
From the remotest mountain of Cathay.”
Solomon said, bowing him to the ground—
“Angel of Death, there shall the man be found.”

[Leigh Hunt.]

Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no abiding void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

Be thou lowly, friend and brother!
In the strife of mind with mind,
Not too proud to yield, but only;
Just too proud to wrong thy kind;
Never let the world adorn you
With its baubles—it is blind;
And I fiofy people score you.
Never mind.

Never mind how much desired,
Still hale Glory, Station, Gold;
Keep your whole heart undivided
And your spotless Soul undim'd;
On high-reaching Thought, if tender,
Is more wealth than earth can find—
If you thus outshine her splendor—
Never mind.

Hedonism, or the regulation of our desires and passions, enables us to enjoy pleasure without suffering any consequent inconveniences.—Epicurus.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY-EVENING, NOVEMBER 7.

QUESTION.—“What effects can intoxicating agents have upon the spirit or soul of man?”

DR. P. B. RANDOLPH.—At the last session of this body, there was a general deoyal of all stimulants, and that too, by some persons who at the time practically ignored their own philosophy by the use of one of these identical stimulants—Tobacco. Verily, consistency, thou art indeed a jewel. How strange it is, that the individual who has the most to say about “the divine,” “celestial” and “angelic” in part human nature, and who continually pitches in “the animal” part of man, should at this very instant have a quid of “Fine Cut” rolling about as a sweet morsel under his tongue—the very same tongue too, that utters such fine things about “the divine man.” If this philosopher, to whom I allude, really believes his own philosophy, about narcotics being so injurious to the species, why in God’s name do not he eschew the weed, and practically carry out his own “sublime” teachings? I am silly enough to ask this foolish, simple question. I defend the moderate use of all that God has planted in the earth, and given us intelligence enough to prepare for our own use, and that He intended we should use stimulants to a nominal extent, for the purpose of subserving some great end of His own, I am as certain as that God Himself reigns upon the everlasting throne of the starry skies. As for myself, I am a firm believer in my own philosophy. I practice what I preach, and am therefore consistent with myself. God understood His business well, nor can we better His handiwork, try as we may. Then let us speak of things as we find them. We see stimulants in universal use by every people under Heaven, and assuredly this fact implies a something deeper than mere surface want, or a depraved appetite. The fact illustrates the existence of a principle underlying it. All stimulants are means toward an end—and that end is human development. Their use is a transient one, and is the direct agency toward a higher state. I maintain that so long as a man’s heart is not filled with the love of some woman—not boy love, but a deep, full, manly, human love—that man will compensate his absence by the use of stimuli of some sort. A man whose soul yearns for sympathy, will use them; and God ordains that they shall serve as a solace, and imperfect substitutes just so long as we are creeping out of dogmas and aims, and merging into Common Sense. If a man’s heart and soul is full of love to woman and to God, there’s no room therein for tobacco. Narcotics directly affect the great nervous centers, and apparatus; they draw off the superabundant vitality, and in a degree supply a natural demand—magnetic ebb and flow. It won’t be so when Love reigns supreme below! No perfectly healthy man craves these stimulants, and if he is healthy, he is capable of inspiring woman with a feeling as pure and noble, as his own is manly and vigorous. In such a state he will naturally reject all merely physical stimuli. Sir, I tell you that man is full naturally of the Holy Ghost—of love! He draws it down from the spanned Heaven, and up from the deep blue sea; draws it in from forest, sea and brake, and from food and drink, and air and light, and all things; draws it in, till every reservoir of his being is filled therewith and a thousand voices within him cry “Take! Take!” but often there is no human being to respond, and so he resorts to exhilarants, and in working off their effects, partly also with a modicum of that beautiful element, which I have called and demonstrated, to be physical love. For take notice, O ye philosophers, that we suffer from too much, as well as too little love. Of course, the habitual use of narcotics and similar agents is detrimental, but their occasional use is often the safety-valve for both soul and body. The occasional use of a dram of Buttry’s wine will do any man good, and will save many a victim of self abuse, yet a gill a day for a year would transform the same man into a sensual debauchee. So of wine, brandy, opium, truce, ha-hush, Spiritualism, and all other narcotics and stimulants, properly used, they are all good; absurd, they bring misery and horror. The Hon. Judge (Ladd) deprecated the use of all stimulants, so did my friend Dr. Gardner, and

Jacob Wilson, Esquire. The former gentleman has a just and not condemnatory. I do believe that alcohol is right to do so, because he is strong and pure and dangerous, used moderately and habitually. Wilson is the best friend I have, and I expect a man’s habits and practices shall accord with his public teachings, at least a part of the time; and as the two gentlemen named are fond of an occasional taste of “good tobacco,” there can be no doubt, either that they derive a positive solace and benefit therefrom, or else that they are not equal in strength to a little weed which lords it over them with a high hand. I care not which horn they get astride of, yet prefer to believe that they think they derive a positive benefit from its use, rather than that they are either slaves or victims to this little plant. The Judge thinks that the use of stimulants renders us world. So they do, to a certain extent, perhaps, yet I beg to remind him that nearly all great thoughts have been born of morbid minds, and that, too, in every branch of human research. Clairvoyance is a forced plant, and hence is ever a morbid growth, yet what priceless treasures it has given to a startled world! Mesmerism traces is a morbid condition, yet what blessing it has proved to poor groping mortals. I do not believe that intoxication is good for a man’s morals, while I do believe that it develops new light in his intellect. I hold that God never intended man to become a slave to narcotics in a form of habitual and excessive use; yet by their occasional and proper use, a man may become a giant in mind. There is a normal use of all these intoxicating agents, and this normal use develops and benefits the soul. Banish the use of tobacco from the civilized world, and thereby a means is removed by which mind is developed.

JOHN BEEZON.—I do not believe in the wisdom of growing hot and cold—of preching temperance and intemperance in the same breath. I do not believe that stimuli and narcotics are necessary for the development of the soul in any form or under any circumstances. Tobacco is a poison, and it is absurd to think that poison can develop the soul by its influence upon the body. Such teachings are bewildering and mystifying to the public mind. The public looks up to this Conference for truth. Tobacco gives us no strength, no health, no energy, no benefit, no good, but it perverts the energies of the soul. Let us take in our system that which builds the soul up, that which will do us good and make us better.

DR. CURRY.—The human body is the child of the soul. My animal life is the emanation of my soul life, sent out through matter. My reason, my intelligence, my morals, my virtues, are attributes of the products of the soul, that belong to external physical existence. Desire is nearer to the soul than any product of its perceptible manifestations. Desire is as natural that many do not recognize it; it is the house-servant of the soul. Every other attribute of animal life is subservient to desire, and desire is subservient to the soul. The soul dictates desire, and desire commands intoxication, and controls the use of its agents. Intoxicating agents feed and fan the fires of animal life, and make it burn out sooner. The use of intoxicating agents wars with reason; but reason in this war does not even gain the victory; for reason is subservient to desire; intelligence is subservient to desire, too, and comes under; virtue and morals are subservient, too, to the desire that prompts the use of intoxicating agents. The human body and its animal life, with all its attributes, is weakened, debilitated, is broken and destroyed, by the use of intoxicating agents. All this devastating work to animal life is done by the dictation of the soul to and through its house-servant, desire. Now we ask the question, for what is this premature destruction of the attributes of our earthly existence? We think that by darkened reason the problem may be solved! We say we cannot see the good that can come forth from the use of drugs, but we can see the most damnable pictures of evil. Sensuous eyes cannot see the good of drunkenness, but soul-consciousness can. The soul is always ruled by wisdom that lies behind it; animal life and all its attributes are ruled by the soul through the soul’s servant, desire. I cannot question that every manifestation of the soul through desire is a manifestation of wisdom, the ultimate of which we may not see in a moment; we do not see with our earthly eyes. Desire is superior to reason, superior to philosophy, superior to morals, and superior to virtue; it is nearer to the soul; its power and its life are greater, and it will, and it does, and it has always held the mastery over philosophy, reason and virtue. When it becomes necessary for the habituums of earthly love that clothe the soul, to be broken, desire in obedience to wisdom, performs its mission and does this work. The soul is not always to wear the striped garments of virtue and vice, nor lug this physical body around, nor have its vision restrained to physical things by the fumes of animal life, its philosophies and its religions, and its morals. It may be, and I think it is so, that when the soul has grown to a condition of greater freedom, which is its lawful heritage, it sends forth its servant, desire, to cut away the tangled web that it has produced and worn, made of the attributes of animal life; and intoxicating agents are lawful means, are knives in the hand of desire that cut the threads of philosophy, morality and virtue to pieces; it is a consuming fire that desire kindles and fans to burn up earthly love and the earthly body, so that the soul may wing its flight away in freedom, sooner. The soul holds the reins of its own physical government; it is the ruler of its own productions. Our consciousness may not, it does not, recognize the unseen wisdom that lies beneath, and produces all physical existence, and that in turn causes all physical forms to dissolve and perish. The use of all intoxicating drugs tends to break and destroy human forms, and all the appurtenances of human forms, while upon the soul itself they have no influence, nor can they have.

“God over worketh, everywhere,
And everywhere, from old Delos, where,
Urging the world to work, he did create,
Other and still more in wisdom from his will—
And oh, how can he work’s! and oh, how still!
And works from centres outward to extremes,
Diffusing through all, across the tempestuous beams
Of love and wisdom, perfect and divine,
Through these works, working through space and time,
An order and a law, that is the same—
Great purpose into fulz. His true name
Is Maker, for he works with master hand
In every sun and every globe of sand
With perfect skill. His work is never done,
Or, being ended, is known again.”

JACOB ENSON.—It is better to preach well than to practice bad—and it is well to practice what we preach. I do believe that alcohol, as a medicine, may be a great blessing—and so of tobacco, while the abuse of both we may look upon with feelings of sympathy and pity. I know that I have gathered advantage from mingling with temperance societies, I conclude that the moderate use of all narcotics and stimulants may be good, and are good. I think that there is an inclination being developed in this age for the use of some new stimulants that I believe are dangerous and injurious to our beings, and that should be avoided. Let us follow Jesus, who went with the lowly and benefited them. He was neither radi-

bright to set upon the body. My mind has been improved by injuries done my body. Experience is necessary to go through with, to get knowledge. Mr. Child is the best friend I have, and I will not keep up a warfare with him. I will try to be peaceful with myself. Let us be good and abstain from these dangerous things, that, like the ripe shock of corn, we may be gathered at last into the heavenly home that awaits us all.

MR. WERTHENDER.—We know what effect alcohol has upon the body, but to tell what effect it has on the soul, we should first know what the soul is. Thus has not been told here. Dr. Child is all soul—he talks about what is far off; but Dr. Child, it seems to me, is somewhat contradictory to his statements. The nearest I can get to my soul is the recognition of consciousness, my recognition of mind. I do not think that alcohol is always injurious. I believe it is necessary in some cases; but used as an intoxicating agent it is considered injurious. Yet I believe that by the use of stimulating agents there has been more good than evil resulting. I claim that millions of things have been said and written under the influence of stimulus, that push the world ahead. Coffee is a stimulant narcotic that produces bright thought. This I may call a good effect. Some of the brightest thoughts that are said and written today, are said to be produced under the influence of stimulants. I would not recommend the use of strong drinks; but I must claim that their use has done, and is doing, good in the world.

DR. LEWIS.—If we are to judge correctly of the question before this Conference, we must, as true Spiritualists, having faith in spirits/communications accept in full their evidence, which has always been

against the use of all stimulants or narcotics of every kind; because they undermine and retard the natural, healthy growth of the physical body, and thereby prevent the soul’s natural and spiritual progress on the terrestrial, as well as in the celestial spheres. Why is it that all persons upon their first use of alcohol, tobacco, or other stimulants, always suffer more or less pain, unless such are absolutely poisonous to both body and soul? In harmony with nature’s infallible law that “like produces like,” we may always notice that those parents who have indulged in the use of alcohol, hashish, opium, green tea, coffee and tobacco, always have diseased offspring, and these offspring always inherit their parents’ perverted appetites? Narcotics or stimulants being always repulsive to our natural or unperverted natures, is to me infallible evidence that the physical body is injured, and the spirit element that governs it, perverted from its true course of action.

MR. LEXORD.—I have lived many years and have seen, much drunkenness, and I must declare that the use of ardent spirits, if an evil, is an evil of necessity that works out good. So it is of all other things that we see as being evil. All evils are of nature—are necessities, in creation for good. One tells you that war is the greatest evil in the world; another tells you that intemperance is the greatest evil, etc.; but I must declare that all these evils, so-called, are to be great blessings to the human race.

MR. BEEZON.—There has recently been thrown out by the world the doctrine “Whatever is, is right.” There is a sense in which this assertion is true; and there is a sense in which it is not true. I believe that the pronunciation of it in the present manner is bad—is dangerous.

QUESTION.—Is the devil right in any sense?

No.

QUESTION.—Is God wrong in any sense?

No.

QUESTION.—Is every attribute of God right?

Yes.

QUESTION.—Can right in any sense be wrong?

No.

QUESTION.—Then how can you say that whatever is, is right, in one sense, and wrong in another?

[The answer was long, but was to the end that in God’s sight everything was right—while the short-sightedness of man alone could see wrong.]

JUDGE LAND.—Our knowledge depends upon two sources—our perception and our consciousness; and these form the basis of all other knowledge upon which we reason. It is fair for us to have a position, and reason from our own standpoint. If we look upon the heads of the inhabitants of New England, we see that the large end is up, like an egg standing on its small end; while with some foregoings, the small end is up. There is a great development in New England of the superior portion of the brain. This indicates soul, activity. Evil may abound, but where sin abounds grace much more abundantly. Nowhere has civilization and intellectual development exceeded that of New England. There are more inventors in New England than in all the world besides. Morals, religion, reforms and new ideas have culminated in New England, more than in any place on the globe; consequently the organization is finer, and there is greater demand for intensified stimulants to supply the wants of what the soul fails to obtain in more lawful channels. I do not think it is in accordance with history that alcohol is necessary, as some have claimed, to produce new and brilliant thought. The power of perception gives birth to science, and we must judge of the power of stimulants by our perception of their effects. I do not see what right a man has to say that the soul is not influenced in the future of its acts in time. I should like to know on what ground it is said that man is not made unhappy hereafter by the transgressions he commits in this life.

MISS M. A. BALL.—The soul is the thought of God. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was the eternal principle of mind, and the eternal element of matter. That Word when spoken into existence by the Creator, Love, forms the soul or unit of existence; thus the soul is related to every element in existence. Each element has its voice within the soul, and no element can injure the organism outright through this life-principle, that is received in the proportion of its representatives, natural relationship, to other elements inherent in its constitution. Harmony is the condition of good; inharmony of evil. The soul-nature is the true standard of our own needs; and when the soul is made superior in all respects to the body, when it is allowed to speak its nature, when it is freed from the slavery of conditions, when aspiration, which is the voice of the soul, is obeyed, rather than desire, which is the consequence of conditions and relations, then the soul will witness of its true needs. To make the soul a slave to any appetite or habit, is to rob it of its power.

MR. SPOONER.—If the soul is not matter, I don’t see how it can be injured by matter. The soul cannot be frozen, or burst or broken. One material object may be used to the injury of another material object. Ardent spirit is material, and can only injure the material. By the use of ardent spirits, you only injure the instrument that the mind uses. I think that the mind can be influenced by agents

brought to act upon the body. My mind has been improved by injuries done my body. Experience is necessary to go through with, to get knowledge. Mr. Child was injured by the use of ardent spirits, and he goes round to tell the world of that injury, and the knowledge thereby given is useful. The use of ardent spirits is not injurious to the soul, but may be to the body. I use coffee, and think it is necessary; but I would not recommend it to my child. We have no evidence that great men have been under intoxicating influences when they have produced their greatest thoughts.

DR. H. F. GANTZEN.—The gentleman who has just

said down has taken the ground that the soul is not injured by that which is material. The spirit of life in the vegetable depends upon the external influences that surround it. So it is of the soul. The seed of corn contains in itself the germ, the elements of the plant—the stalk and ripe ear that it is to produce. But these germs might remain forever unexpanded were there no external influences brought to bear upon it. I claim that the external world influences the soul. I can produce by psychological influence the same results as is produced by some drugs. Yet some of our speakers on Wednesday evening last claimed the wonderful and beautiful visions of the spirit world, which they had experienced, to be the result of highly unfolded spiritual perceptions, induced by the action of narcotic stimulants upon the human organism. I believe that all these psychological impressions are produced by abnormal excited conditions of the external senses, and not by highly unfolded spiritual conditions. It has been said here that I preach more than I practice. All men do this. Coffee to me is injurious. It confuses my intellect, and so does smoking. I conclude that from the effect that drugs have bore on the organism of the human body, that they must be injurious to the soul hereafter.

The following subject, sent to the Conference by Rufus Elmer, Esq., of Springfield, will be discussed next week:

“What is virtue? what are its demands on humanity?”

Reported for the Banner of Light.

MISS LIZZIE DOTEN, AT ALLSTON HALL,

Sunday, Nov. 4, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir sang, the medium improvised a prayer, the choir sang again, and the medium gave her subject as “Politics and Religion.” Her text was:

“Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar’s, and unto God the things which are God’s.”

She said: To-day we are not to be heard for our much speaking. If what we have to say is appropriate and answers to your needs, if we are brief it will be easier remembered, and if it is destitute of these qualities, the shorter it is the better.

We have nothing to do with men or parties when we claim that the ground of politics is covered by Spiritualism, the same as it covers everything else. We claim that the spirits of the departed hover around you; the arena of their busy life was here, and as their interests centered here, they still linger about the scenes of their former active life. The arms which were once stretched forth to guide the helm of state are with you now. They have been enshrouded from the bondage of party feeling and interest, and are appealing to you at this time to stand up for principle instead of policy—to render unto Caesar those things which belong to Caesar, and unto God those things which are God’s. Who renders tribute unto Caesar when it should be rendered to God, is disloyal to his high trust. The demagogue cannot wear his mask long. He must stand, sometime for just what he is. The great man, with overhanging brow, whose deep-set eyes seemed over looking into the future of America, tasted the bitter disappointment when he forfeited honor for ambition. But he has had time to thank God for the bitter lesson which led him to redemption, and now stands by the side of the celestial spirit who first gave utterance to our text.

Man knows not always when he bows to policy that he does obsequience to Moloch instead of God. But all must learn the lesson. In the past there were a few noble, God-anointed souls, who knew these lessons were deep and significant. Man was not only an individual taught to govern himself, but was taught lessons of life in an absolute capacity, and taught to work out events which will tend to the redemption of all. Damocles and Cleopatra were not guided by self-interest, but left their names and reputations for future generations to make holy centuries, perhaps after they had lived and died. Solon, the lawgiver, sought into the interests of government, forgetting himself, and stood up not for one man, but for all men—not for one nation but for all nations. Shall we not name Moses, the lawgiver, and Joshua, the exemplar of law, and Jesus, the fulfilling of a higher law? Then we come down to later days—a your own noble Washington, so firm and true in the hour of danger—the patriot who threw his whole life and energy into the struggle, that his country might be saved. He was born for the time, and he stands in the highest bleue of fame. There is not one, of humanity so dead to patriotism that at his name a thrill goes not through his heart. There were those rare old patriots, Franklin, Jefferson and Adams, and firm old Jackson, with his iron will. While we present these names to you, we do not touch