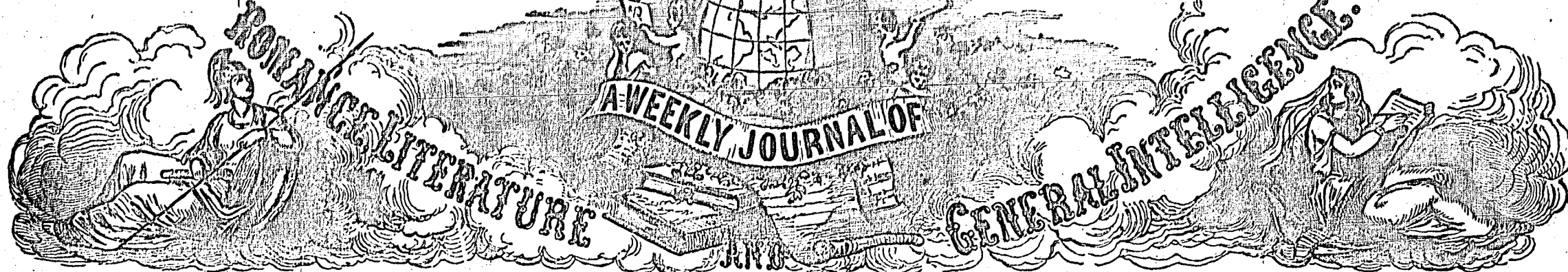


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. VIII. {BERRY, COLBY & COMPANY, Publishers.} NEW YORK AND BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860. {TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. Payable in Advance.} NO. 9.

## MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

BY CORA LIVINGSTON.

When Evening gray has closed the lips  
Of rosy-tinted day,  
And Twilight with her myriad host  
Comes stealing on her way—  
When from my window peering out,  
I watch the star-gemmed dome,  
Methinks I hear her calling me,  
From out her Spirit Home.  
Ah, yes—that voice, I know it yet—  
It cannot die away;  
No earthly strains can rival with  
My soul's seraphic lay.  
It runs my heart-strings gently o'er,  
No matter where I roam,  
The tones that cheered my childhood float  
From out her Spirit Home.  
And when the dark storm-cloud appears  
Upon life's rosy sky,  
And fairy dreams and cherished hopes  
In quick succession fly,  
I have a glorious harbor made  
For the wild thoughts that roam;  
I'll cast the anchor of my soul  
Within her Spirit Home.  
Thou roll along, thou tide of time,  
And bear upon thy stream  
Each rosy-tinted hue of joy,  
Or sorrow's darkening gleam.  
All, all I'll meet with steady aim,  
Till life's short race is run,  
And I can answer that sweet voice  
From yon bright Spirit Home.

## THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES. A TALE OF THE RHINE.

BY ELKANAH STRANDBERG.

[CONCLUSION.]  
CHAPTER XXI.

### STORMING A CASTLE.

As soon as it became known to all the inmates of Rosenheim that the Knight, who had been carrying within his walls so long was really dead, and, what was more, that he died at the hand of Wilhelm of Grossenberg, the excitement and the talk reached a higher point than it had ever been known to reach to that point before. The sorfs, both within and without, discussed the matter in all its shades and relations. It was not, to be sure, such a new thing, thereabouts to play a fellow in a fair field, nor even to take human life under circumstances much less defensible by any law; yet there were peculiar considerations connected with the present case, which took it out of the pale of similar transactions, and made it an isolated, if not rather a startling fact by itself.

Gertrude immediately knew all about it, of course. The dead body of the Knight was brought back to the Castle of Rosenheim, and interred with all due ceremony by its deeply wounded, not to say infuriated master. He collected all his vassals and serfs and dependents around him, for the occasion, and made a long and imposing procession to the grave of his dead friend and deliverer. It had a marked effect on the minds of all the serfs, and helped to inflame their passions to the same point with his own.

Gertrude, it need not be stated, was struck dumb with the intelligence that Wilhelm had in reality returned; but when she came to learn, as she soon did by the instrumentality of Bernard and Jenn, that it was Wilhelm who had entered the hall in the complete disguise of the palmer, and, on beholding the conduct of the Knight, had sent him a challenge at the earliest moment, she could find no depth to the profundity of her astonishment.

Now, for the first time, did she know that the villainous Knight had met Wilhelm in the East. Now she first learned that he had wormed himself into her lady's generous confidence, and taking advantage of his youth and comparative ignorance of the world, had possessed himself of his secrets, and afterward taken mean and dastardly advantage of what he had thus gained.

She acknowledged, in her heart, that he had but met with his just deserts. She said to herself that she had a secret premonition that his time would shortly come, when he would be exposed in his duplicity and punished as he deserved; and that fearful day at length had dawned.

But now, the next thing was to see Wilhelm herself, and talk long and confidentially with him. "Oh, when—she asked herself—when could she be permitted to do that? But neither bars nor bolts should hinder her long—no, nor all the bans of the most rigorous parent that ever kept daughter in hard durance. She had made her escape once; she knew she could do it again, let the obstacles even be many times multiplied.

But it became evident, within the walls of the castle that something unusual was fast brewing. What it was, none could tell just at that time. The lord was bustling about in all directions, issuing orders, summoning and marshaling men, counting up his roll of faithful dependents, and carefully examining the condition of each one of them.

Then it presently came out that he was making rapid preparations for a foray into some distant region. This duly betrayed itself from the quantity of weapons, as well as of stores, that was got ready; showing that he was about entering on a warlike expedition, for which the services of all his dependents would be required.

It was no uncommon matter, in those days, for any lord of a castle to sallie forth from the security of his own walls, with such a force as he could col-

lect about him, and descend with a fell swoop on the domains of some rival chieftain, against whom he had long entertained a feeling of hostility; and therefore little wonder was expressed by those whose lives depended upon the pleasure of the Lord of Rosenheim, at his preparations for a bloody raid in some locality yet unknown to them all. Their duty was simply to obey; with asking questions they had nothing whatever to do.

Not many days after the preparations had been begun, the Lord of the Castle called all his retainers about him in the yard of the castle. There were great numbers of them, when considered as the creatures of a single man, with no sort of wills of their own, either. He proceeded to arm them with the rude weapons of the age—pikes, and spears, and javelins, and heavy lances—all of which they received with manifestations of pride, grasping them with firm hands, and bringing them to their shoulders with a spirit that augured a great deal for their willingness to fight in the cause of their master.

Having distributed arms among them, the Lord of Rosenheim broke out in a loud harangue to them, in the following words:

"Men! I am going to lead you forth to storm the castle of my enemy! I am going to storm the Castle of Grossenberg! Its base master stole into my own halls, the other night, in a mean disguise, and played the part of the spy; and afterward he challenged the noble Knight who was our well-beloved guest, and slew him in combat! He is a foe to Rosenheim, and he always has been! His castle must be razed to the ground! The master of it must be dragged forth and cast out into the Rhine! It is a foul nest, and we must clear it away! Now are ye all ready, vassals, to follow me forth to the encounter?"

"We are! we are!" went up from all throats, simultaneously.

"Then I am satisfied. To-morrow, after sunrise, I shall summon you to this spot again, and here you will get fresh commands! Now separate, and get refreshment and rest; for the morrow will bring hard work for us all!"

From an upper window of the castle Gertrude saw and heard all.

It seemed as if she must faint and fall lifeless to the floor, as the real parent of her wicked father dashed upon her mind. She had not dared hitherto even to suspect him of such a design as this. But now that the whole of the terrible truth had dawned upon her, she first appeared to give way beneath its great wickedness, and, next, to come up to the mark of a vigorous resolution. On the instant she was like one inspired, such a strong hold did her new purpose obtain upon her. If she was changed when she took her former resolve not to remain any longer in the prison of the tower, she was twice changed now, and might be said to assume even a loftier stature as her purpose took possession of her.

The sun had mounted but a little way in the heavens, the next morning, when the now almost frenzied Lord of Rosenheim stepped forth from his mossy threshold, and began a loud and turbulent harangue to the vassals who crowded around him, with eager faces, on every side. He went over to them the same sentiments of the day before. Their passions he sought to arouse by a bold and stirring appeal to their attachment to his banner, and a rehearsal of the great insult and wrong done him by Wilhelm of Grossenberg. As before, he insisted that he and his race must now be exterminated from the face of the earth.

Knowing that the Knight had fallen, and that Gertrude would be still more set than ever in her attachment for Wilhelm, he confessed to himself that he saw no other way by which to break off the feeling than by exterminating Wilhelm altogether. And this was what he had set out to do, as well as to avenge the death of the Knight at his hand.

The whole company trooped out through the castle gate and across the bridge that spanned the moat, like a rabble, in motley, without either discipline or a leader. They would present any but a martial, much less a formidable appearance in these times. Some went without covering of any sort to their feet, and some with little enough about their persons. They scrambled, rather than marched, over the drawbridge, shouting as they went, and singing snatches of wild forest songs, or working off their superfluous animal spirits by laughing among themselves at the roystering joke of the day's ill-considered encounter. Such a little army of retainers was the legitimate property of every feudal lord. They employed them alike in services of defence and aggression.

Off they pushed into the dark forest, not yet penetrated with the rays of the morning sun. The Lord of Rosenheim was himself mounted on a trusty steed, and surrounded by a body-guard of faithful and valiant fighting-men. Ever and anon he looked back upon his noisy troop, giving them a glance of encouragement as they hurried on; and then to set his face forward again, and seemed impatient to reach the scene of the day's bloody work.

He was long in traversing the mile, or less, that lay between his own castle and that of Grossenberg. Its precipitous walls erected their frowning buttlements very soon in the face of his army. It was a strong structure, and most discreetly located. As he approached its confines, his eye ran up and down the defiant walls without finding a spot on which he thought a lightning could be effected. He looked with an eager haste for the key to the position; but it truly appeared to be impregnable.

As he drew nearer, after marshaling his followers into something like array, he observed that the drawbridge was up, and secured from their reach. The postern gate was shut, and all visible access to the castle was entirely cut off.

What was to be done now? Assuredly, nothing

remained but to storm the defiant castle walls, and attempt to take the works by a brilliant coup de main.

In a twinkling, therefore, the Lord of Rosenheim turned around upon his followers, rose in his stirrups, and shouted over the heads of all of them: "Vassals! scale the walls! No—make a charge at the gate! How away the chains that secure the bridge, and throw it down across the moat that you may pass over and assault the gate itself!"

On the word, they rushed forward pell-mell, a perfect rabble. After that spirited order, it would have been idle for him to attempt to govern or restrain them.

"On, there!" he called again, encouraging them. "Hurl drive at the bridge! Hurl your javelins at whoever may show their heads above the walls! Press on, my brave fellows! A large reward to the one who first crosses the moat!"

But there was little need of his exhortations. The yells and wild cries that went up from the lawless band were hideous enough to frighten ghosts. They shouted and ran, in the same moment.

Some plunged headlong into the moat, and took the chances for getting safely across. Some rushed around the walls, and let fly their javelins and other warlike missiles almost at random. And there were others with axes and spears, eager and impatient for the bridge to fall that would give them secure footing and a chance directly to assault the gates.

Nor, on the other hand, were the inmates of Grossenberg unapprised altogether of the coming of this enemy, sudden as it was. They had already, as the reader must see, raised their bridge and closed all their gates. And as soon as the shouts of the Rosenheim army were heard on the air, they had duly taken their position on the walls and the towers.

Every precaution was taken against the enemy's getting in upon them. All sorts of implements of warfare known to that rude age were put in the hands of the defenders. On being apprised of his danger, Wilhelm, like a prudent general, called in all his retainers, and serving-men, drilled them hastily in the service to which they were so suddenly summoned, harangued them with a generous and brave spirit on their duty to their feudal lord, and bestowed them, each and every one, in their places for the fight, and put all things in active readiness for the trial that he knew to be impending. So that when the Rosenheim rabble came on shouting and shrieking, as if they thought to frighten him with their cries, Wilhelm's dependents were everywhere distributed over the castle and the walls, ready to drive back the haughty invader. The walls were black with men, who ran to and fro, hurling down deadly missiles of every description on the foe, and taunting them with every insult possible to imagine or repeat.

Now the shouts and cries of the besiegers were returned by those upon and within the walls. So that, in a brief time, the din of human voices became fearful to contemplate. Cry answered to cry, and shout to shout.

The army of Rosenheim finally reached the chains that held the bridge, dropped the latter across the deep and wide ditch, and the whole force poured across with headlong vehemence and fury. Like a mighty wave of the ocean, having gathered up all its force and energy, they drove up with axes, and bars, and battering rams against the barred gates. From the walls they were in turn assailed with stones and molten lead, and javelins were shot down into their ranks with fatal effect. Men fell here and there, in the progress of the assault, and others rushed up and took their places. All was confusion, and shouting, and riot run wild.

The Lord of Rosenheim was to be seen at all points on his steed, cheering and encouraging his followers, and issuing his orders from his stentorian lungs. He rode up to one and another, directing them how to proceed in their assault to still greater advantage. The archers, and sharp-shooters among the bowmen on the wall kept directing their missiles at him, but as yet to little purpose. He would look up at them with scornful defiance, and dare them to aim their arrows and javelins and other deadly missiles at his head.

Presently an apparition presented itself to his eyes, that startled him beyond anything he had yet seen. As he looked up at the castle walls, and calculated even then how long it must be before he should have effected a breach and secured an entrance within the structure, he espied his daughter Gertrude standing upon the very top of the tower, encouraging the besieged with her words and gestures, and lending all her energies to the work of opposing her father!

The sight, so totally unexpected, threw him at once into a frenzy of rage. He raved, and ran to and fro, and gnashed his teeth. The volleys of curses that poured forth from his lips were indistinguishable for their heat and fierceness.

"On with you, fellows! Another drive at the gates! Here, let me take hold of the ram!" he shouted.

And the blows rained like hail upon the gate, so that those inside many times feared for the safety of their defences. And amid the blows were shouts as fierce as the cries themselves. They rose high above all the other confused sounds of the hour, and made, with the rest, a din that was almost deafening.

"Now through with us! Onward! Once more! Down with the villain's gate!" shouted the Lord of Rosenheim, who had already dismounted from his horse and taken his place at the head of the line. While he cried to his followers, he put forth the exertions of a giant, and the perspiration rolled in big drops from his forehead and chin.

Now came a wilder, fiercer cry than any that had

been given before; and, with the cry, a crash and a general plunge forward of the men who had been so perseveringly assailing the gate. The heavy defence yielded—slowly at first, then more and more, and at length sufficiently to admit the entrance of two of the invaders abreast!

The Lord of Rosenheim uttered one of his peculiar whoops, that rung like a fierce war-cry in the ears of all his vassals, and crowded through the aperture thus made with all the reckless impetuosity of his nature. Others followed him in the same headlong manner.

As soon as they saw what had been done, the retainers of Wilhelm scampered back to the stronghold of the castle itself, resolved there to take their last stand, and die, if it came to that, in its brave defence.

The Lord of Rosenheim threw up his maddened eyes at the place where he had first described Gertrude, and there beheld her in the same position as before.

"You shall very shortly come down from that place!" said he, cursing as he spoke, and brandishing his ponderous battle-axe by way of a fierce gesture.

Wilhelm had succeeded in calling all his retainers within his castle, and the defences were made as perfect as could be in so brief a notice. But several of them lay dead and wounded on the ground, though not as many as were slain and maimed on the other side.

The assault now began in good earnest. It was, comparatively, only a skirmish on the outside of the walls; now, against the castle's self, it was the last and deadliest encounter. All the passions of the hour were let loose, already inflamed as they were to the very highest pitch. The battering and hewing at the heavy and massive door was to be heard, by its threatening echoes, from the very top to the bottom of the structure.

Molten lead was poured down from the parapets upon the infuriated crowd of besiegers below, and even the heavy stones of the battlements were toppled over and sent with a fearful crash on the devoted heads of the Rosenheim party. Wherever the marksmen of the latter body could detect an exposed figure on the walls, or at any of the windows, they bent their stout bows with careful aim to pick them off. So that it was almost as dangerous work for the one side as the other—for the defenders as for the besiegers.

Inside, though the danger was indeed imminent, all were cool and collected. Wilhelm spared time enough to go up to Gertrude—for she it was whom her father had espied upon the dizzy turret—and persuaded her to remain right where she was, since she was likely to be the safest there, let what would occur. And she therefore remained at her post like a true heroine, ready for whatever fate pressed its heavy weight upon her.

There was a full force of men at the entrance, resolved to die in the defence of the castle to whose proud colors they had long ago pledged themselves. They were ready to repair all breaches, or mishaps, on the instant, or even to throw their bodies into the yawning danger, in order to protect the youthful lord to whom they were so deeply devoted. With pikes and spears and axes in their hands, no file of invaders could have passed them with the hope of going through unscathed. Their master had given them final directions, and these they stood there to obey.

In this way the assault was kept up, with shouting and whooping all the time, for nearly or quite two hours. The assailants were persevering, and their endurance was to be matched with nothing else their rude age produced. Every vulnerable point of the castle was vigorously assaulted, but the concentration of all the forces was made against the heavy door. And at this place they worked with a desperate energy, because they were subjected to the rapid crossfires of the men-at-arms from protected places all about the walls. The parapets fairly bristled with warlike men, who were raining down weapons of all possible description upon the heads and shoulders of their determined enemy. Between doling these, and hurling back missiles and defiance, and driving on against the aperture, the confusion produced below was indescribable.

"It yields! It yields!" called out the leader, as he saw symptoms of the heavy barred oaken-door giving way.

Those behind and around caught up the tidings, and sent forth cries of delight to which those already uttered were not to be compared.

It was true, The great door refused to stand against such a persistent assault, and actually gave way a trifle!

Upon this, the Lord of Rosenheim, whose excitement was now perfectly frantic, fixed his stalwart frame against the yielding spot, and, with the friendly aid of those behind him, was crowded clear through!

Five of his followers had the same good fortune; but at this juncture, the door shut as with the power of a clasp, or a spring, and thus this handful of invaders were surrounded in the great entrance, or hall, by their enemy!

Now the cries grew fiercer and louder. The fight within was hand to hand. Wilhelm ordered his vassals to take his old enemy alive, and not to cut him down with their weapons. As for the rest let them take the fearful chances they had chosen to incur.

Those on the outside were perfectly wild at their leader's having been caught in a trap of this sort, and returned to their charge with redoubled energy and fury. The word having been given to those within the castle and above, they immediately fell upon the headless remnant below with a greatly increased impetuosity, and gave them such a reception as they had not had even before. The stones and javelins and molten lead poured in showers down upon them, nor was there at any time a moment's

cessation. The party of outside assailants wavered under it, became confused, felt the loss of their well-known leader's voice, and altogether appeared to be struck with paralysis. The moment was a critical one, of which the besieged took all due advantage.

So hot and desperate had the fray become within the hall, and so many were the chances that the handful of men with the Lord of Rosenheim would be at last overpowered by greater numbers, that they finally made signs of withdrawing. Evidently they would have been glad to extricate themselves from the snare into which they had fallen.

Their leader bestowed a quick glance upon the door, and found it was again tightly closed! On the instant, he saw the imminent danger in which he stood.

There was no use in standing up any longer, and fighting against such fearful odds. As it was, they would long since have been surrounded and captured by the party of Wilhelm, had they not posted themselves against the firm wall at the foot of the stairs, and there been able so long to keep the foe at bay. But even that defence was rapidly becoming a feeble one.

With the leader it was almost one and the same thing to devise and to act. When he resolved, he had already begun to perform. Uttering the war-cry, therefore, peculiar to his feudal authority and state, he gave a tremendous leap, and clearing all impediments with a single bound, was speedily on his retreat up the stairs! It was but an escape into a snare imprisonment, but he would try every plan save that of immediate and open surrender.

On chased his five followers after him, throwing down their cumbersome weapons as they fled, and exerting themselves to the utmost to keep close to their leader. But in this they were disappointed; for the party of Wilhelm plunged after them with a frantic impetuosity, and were close behind them at every step. With their swords and axes they backed and bowed their legs, and with their lances and spears and javelins they ran at them in the back. One after another they fell in their flight, and met their merited death by the way.

Now Wilhelm himself was very close upon the Lord of Rosenheim. The latter evidently was intent on finding his daughter, and would doubtless have wreaked fearful and bloody vengeance upon her, in that moment of his terrible excitement. But he was too hotly pursued now to think of much else beside saving himself from the weapons of those behind him, and ran about almost blindly up stairs and along crooked passages, dark and apparently impenetrable, till he had at length reached an open door in the further end of the low-browed arch he had penetrated. Into this he went with the rapidity of thought, and sought on the instant to close the door behind him. What he might have done on finding himself even for a moment secure from his pursuers, there is no exact means of telling.

But the chase was too hot to permit him thus to secure his safety. Almost as soon as he rushed through the door into the dim lighted apartment, Wilhelm and his followers were in there with him! The Lord of Rosenheim retreated a few paces, and resolutely faced them all.

"Surrender!" shouted Wilhelm, brandishing his broad sword.

"Never!" returned the other. "I will die here in my tracks!"

"Charge upon him, men!" ordered Wilhelm; "but spare his life! Down with him! Capture and bind him! I have further need of this man!"

Upon which his vassals stepped forward with a simultaneous impulse, and rushed upon him to overwhelm him by a sudden movement. He continued to flourish his sword about his head, but they doctoriously caught his sword-arm when it was up-lifted, and held him where he stood, utterly powerless for harm.

"Now disarm him!" said Wilhelm, who had refused to lay a finger on his old enemy, from beginning to end.

Thus was he their close prisoner.

The men-at-arms and others had in the meantime made a desperate rally from the castle, having opened the same with great suddenness, and dashed in the faces of the clustering and cowed foe with their fearful weapons. There was an instantaneous rout, and the assailants—what were left of them—began to flee with all possible precipitancy in every direction. As they swept out, like frightened sheep, through the gate, many of their number were left dying and maimed under the castle walls, sad relics of their most unfortunate and ill-timed foray upon Grossenberg and its master.

CHAPTER XXII.  
THE LORDS OF THE CASTLES.

Finding it unnecessary to make any further resistance, the haughty and vindictive Lord of Rosenheim, at last surrendered; not by saying as much, but by silently acquiescing in what he could not help. From the moment his capture and humiliation was complete, he put on a sullen and dogged manner, refusing even to utter a syllable.

Wilhelm left him in charge of his attendants for a few minutes, and went out. When he returned, he walked directly up before his haughty captive, and spoke thus to him:—

"You have assailed me, sir, in my own castle, for no earthly reason, when I had in no way infringed on your rights or privileges, and are now my close prisoner by the act of your own folly! Think not, sir, to measure me by your own standard, and therefore expect me to seek for a mean and malicious revenge! I am going to show you, sir, that I can be generous, even when I would do justly! I have not gone through my recent experience in the wars, to learn only cruelty and vindictiveness—but charity and kindness, rather. You have wronged me always; but oh! how much more



deeply have you wronged one to whom my whole life has long been wedded, and in whose love and dutifulness you ought to feel always happy! The time has come when this must end! Your false-hearted Knight, who deceived you, and through whom you hoped to deceive and destroy your own daughter, I have settled my heavy reckoning with already! I could not, if I would, do the same by you, for amidst all the turns and windings of fortune, I cannot fail to remember that you are the father of the one I love! There is a punishment for you, and that shall you have; nor shall it be delayed a single instant longer. Vassals, bring along your prisoner! Follow me!"

Instantly they surrounded the prisoner and conducted him out of the apartment.

They all wound through the dark passage, or archway, up concealed flights of the rudest and most irregular steps that were sunken in the walls, Wilhelm leading the way, and at length reached open daylight once more.

They all stood on the roof of the tower, with only the canopy of the blue heavens above them.

On casting his eyes around him, the prisoner desisted the face of his daughter Gertrude! She had kept her position on this safe elevation by the restored requests of her lover, all the time since the battle between the two lords was going on.

The instant he caught sight of her, he made as if to break from the powerful hands of his guards and rush with full violence upon her! But they fortunately held him with too sure a grip, and foiled him in his plan.

"Here is Gertrude, now," began Wilhelm, "who has ever been tenderly beloved of me, and who, I have long been persuaded, loves me tenderly in return. She is willing and ready to marry me, and become the mistress of this proud castle that has to-day witnessed the disgrace of your party in arms. I have resolved to become her husband at this moment, and in your presence, for thus it appeared right and proper to me. But one privilege, therefore, remains to you: will you, as her father, bestow upon her, at this hour, a paternal blessing, giving your full consent to her marriage? That is all I ask, or ever shall ask of you!"

He paused here for an answer.

The prisoner, however, neither offered any reply, nor did he design so to do. He kept his red and fierce eyes firmly riveted on the roof whereon he stood, but refused utterly to say a word. His countenance wore as darkly and threatening an expression as a sudden thundercloud in the west, just at evening.

"You do not speak?" said Wilhelm. "Very well, then: You need not. I shall not try to force you. But you shall at least witness what you cannot any longer hinder, and what at last comes about as a proper consequence of your cruelty and crime: You shall stand there where you are, and behold the ceremony!"

Still not a word.

Wilhelm made a signal to the prior of a neighboring convent, who chanced to be paying him a call at his castle when the assault so unexpectedly burst upon him, and the latter stepped forth to do his bidding.

"Look around you, sir," exhorted Wilhelm, once more, "and see your own castle in the distance! Gertrude shall at least be married in sight of her home; if it is not permitted her to become a wife within its walls! For this purpose it is, that I have chosen this singular locality for the celebration of the ceremony. Prior, you may now proceed!"

The reverend man forthwith commenced and went through with the solemn ritual of the church, whereby brave Wilhelm and the long-suffering Gertrude were, much to their joy, made man and wife.

There was a strange picturesqueness about the affair as thus conducted, which fairly set off the mystery, the romance, and the malice that had followed the whole history along from beginning to end.

"Now," said Wilhelm, when the priest had well and truly performed his part, "there are two others, faithful servants both of them, whose marriage we should greatly wish to have occur on the same day with our own. Here, pretty Jean! here, Bernard! step forth and join your hands! I give the bride away, priest! I stand sponsor to the whole affair!"

And Bernard and Jean followed the example so happily set them, but a moment before, by their master and mistress.

When this was all ended, out burst a strange, wizard figure from the odd habilliments that had thus far, successfully furnished her disguise, and planted herself with a threatening aspect directly before the captive Lord of Rosenheim.

It was Old Mahala.

How she had got into the castle, to be present at that particular juncture, let no reader presume to inquire. She was accounted something superhuman at best, and believed capable of finding her way where no one else was looked for. But the subterranean passages leading to the Castle of Grossenburg, as indeed to almost every other castle of importance in those days, might furnish the needed key to so strange a mystery, and to so timely an appearance.

"Ha! ha! ha!" she shrieked forth one of her wild, sepulchral laughs. "Here you are, then, at last! I always thought so. I always knew it would come to this. Ha—ha! but your crime has overtaken you, hasn't it? I knew so. I always said so. And here you are! Ha—ha!"

The captive lord for the first time now lifted his eyes and rested them upon her. His passion rose with almost lightning rapidity. He gnashed his teeth and clenched his hands, and the next moment he spoke:—

"Hag! Fiend! I will murder you! Dearth! come not near me, or it may go hard with your wretched life!"

"Oh, you cowardly and criminal man! I laugh at you! I scorn you! I defy you! Your many crimes are now all heaped upon your head!"

Wilhelm would have silenced and persuaded her to take herself out of his prisoner's presence, at this particular time; but a single glance at her revealed the impossibility of such a thing. She stood, like an unchained tiger, glaring with her fierce eyes into the prisoner's, as if she would burn her very thoughts upon his brain. Every nerve of her system was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement. Her hands were extended, and her bony fingers clawing the air in every direction. The veins on her skinny temples were swollen to an enormous size, and looked like knotted whip cords. Now she advanced toward the prisoner, and now she retreated from him, flinging the harshest phrases into his face. There was no such thing as stopping her. She could not have been taken away by a force of armed men.

"Wretch!" she went on, "your time has come! I will keep your black secrets from you no longer! Wilhelm has long demanded to know why you have pursued him with such remorseless hate. You would

never tell him; now let me. Listen!" and she directed her remarks now as well to Wilhelm as to his old and persistent enemy.

"A great many years ago," she went on, "there lived in this same Rhine Valley as beautiful a maid—as sweet, so pure, so gentle, so entirely lovely—as ever lighted the face of the earth with her smiles. She was an angel from her birth. There was one young man who professed to love her, but, while she treated him with all possible gentleness, still she could not bring herself to confess that she loved him. He said that he would make her his wife, but she never would say that he should be her husband.

"Another, of about her own age, saw and loved her. It was love at first sight. She returned his affection, and esteemed herself happy. She plighted her heart to him. For this being a true love match, what was to be said against it? But the unsuccessful suitor became jealous of her; and his jealousy at last rose to passion, and he raved in his anger that he should never marry this lovely maiden if he could help it, or, if he did marry her, then that he—the jealous one—would pursue him to his grave with his vengeance!"

"The marriage did come off, and the two happy hearts were made still more happy in their union. And from that day began the revenge of the disappointed one, who could bring no charge against his rival except that the latter was beloved by one who had no love to lavish on himself!"

Here the Lord of Rosenheim bestowed such a look on the speaker, as would have sent a shudder of horror to any common person's heart. But she did not quail. His countenance wore an expression of fierceness it is impossible to portray, whether with pencil or pen.

"You know, sir," exclaimed the hag, pointing straight into his face—"you know, sir, who the man was that swore vengeance! And you know, too, how at length he obtained it!"

"Liar! Fiend! Hag!" he screamed at the top of his voice, stamping his foot with all violence.

"The young man who became the husband of that sweet maiden," went on the old woman, as she directed her talk now rather to Wilhelm, "was your own father!"

"What!" exclaimed the astonished youth.

"And of course the lovely maiden was your own mother," added she. "At your birth she died, leaving you as her legacy of love to the heart, that had cherished her with such truth. And this man," pointing to the maddened captive—"was the unsuccessful lover!"

Again Wilhelm started with speechless astonishment.

"This is the reason—you can see it all plain enough now—why he has always pursued you with such hatred and malice! Your face is your own dear mother's face, and this he would himself tell you, if he should speak nothing but the truth! But alas! all has not yet been told. It is a wicked story, but you, of all living men, should certainly know it. I said this man resolved to pursue your father with his vengeance, to the end of his days. So he did pursue him. No blood-thirsty robber ever set upon the track of a traveler any more fiercely, or perseveringly. I was made acquainted with nearly all his plans and intentions. I know everything. I know everything now. I mean to know everything!"

Let me tell you this, for you should know it; and he ought to be exposed, in a time like this, to your sight. One night he fell in with your father, who had been belated on his return home from a hunt in the forest. It was dark and threatening, much like this wicked man's heart. 'Ah,' said he, as he sprang upon him, 'now I have you safe! Now you are to die!' And with that, he commenced such a fearful attack upon your poor father, that he could not recover himself enough from his surprise even to turn and defend himself!"

Wilhelm groaned aloud at this horrible narration. But he could not stay it now.

"In a very few moments, your father lay upon the ground, a corpse! That bad man had beaten him about the head, and stabbed him in the body, till he fell from his horse dead! And there he was found on the next morning. Every one said he had been slain in a sudden encounter with some robber; and so he had; but there stands the robber—the one who took his life away from him! And to-day, before the face of your all, he cannot—he dares not deny what I have now dragged forth into the light! He stands before you a murderer! His hands are red with your father's own precious blood! He deserves the gibbet to-day! Heaven will lend him with its curses, and follow him through all the ages with its merited vengeance!"

At the close of her speech, Wilhelm appeared to be so perfectly paralyzed with astonishment as to have lost the power of expression. He stood mute in the face of them all.

Gertrude's face was paler than ever, and she looked as if she would swoon with terror.

The eyes of the old woman were for an instant fixed on those of the prisoner.

What would have been done next, especially if it had awaited Wilhelm's order, it is not easy to say. But an unexpected action on the part of the prisoner took the place of all their calculations.

In the midst of their astonishment, he broke away with a heavy bound from the relaxed grip of his guards, and made a wild dash at the old woman, as she began to move away. He just missed of seizing hold of her.

"Take him! take him!" shouted Wilhelm, at the top of his voice, roused from the stupor into which his sudden terror had plunged him.

"Never!" gave back the captive, with stentor lungs.

Gertrude shrieked with awakened alarm. All held up their hands in affright.

The attendants set forth in pursuit of him. He led them a dizzy chase all around the roof of the tower, and then, making a sudden dash, ran with indistinguishable haste and leaped upon the footing of a loophole in the tower curtain!

There, for a single instant only, he poised himself, and looked around on those who thought they held him prisoner.

He presented a frightful spectacle indeed. His hair was matted and tangled from the effects of the recent fray, and his eyes were blood-shot and glaring. He wore the appearance of a maniac let loose from confinement.

Stretching out his arms with the wildest conceivable gestures, he uttered a crazy and hideous cry, unlike any they had ever heard from him before, that seemed to pierce the very sky. Not a step nearer dare his pursuers approach him. His appearance, and above all, his position paralyzed them all with fear.

When he had uttered that unearthly cry, he gave a leap upward and outward, and was seen no more!

The distance down into the river below was fearful to contemplate! His form alone the air like an

arrow in its descent, and found its final repose beneath the waves of the turbid river!

On the top of the tower, in that little group of persons, a silence reigned as profound as that of death itself.

By so terrible a catastrophe—nay, by two such terrible catastrophes—were the fortunes and the domains of both Gertrude and Wilhelm at length united. The dear, dead mother of Wilhelm was at length vindicated in respect of her memory.

Wilhelm cared for Old Mahala while she lived, nor was either he or Gertrude forgetful of the comfort of Bernard and Jean.

And now, when the traveler who sails thoughtfully up the Rhine regards its castles and lofty keeps with musing mind, the tower of Grossenburg is pointed out to him from which the Lord of Rosenheim made his desperate and fatal leap into the river an hundred feet sheer below—and Rosenheim castle is likewise shown as the place, where so cruel a character had lived to imprison his daughter on account of her love.

Rosenheim has sadly fallen to decay. It was never inhabited after this event, and the rooks and wild birds of the dark forest have built their nests in its battlements and among its angles, unmolested for generation after generation. It is a solitary ruin—a melancholy landmark by the river!

Written for the Banner of Light.  
RAINBOW FANCIES.

Science may talk of the Rainbow.

And say 'tis but sunshine and rain;

It may tear down my airy castles

In its march, but I'll build them again;

For I turn a deaf ear to its prating,

And now, at the closing of day,

With this rainbow o'erarching the heavens,

I believe not a word that they say.

Earth has not grown old, or grown prosy;

Its beauty what soul cannot see?

All Ages are Classic and Golden—

All Gardens of Eden to me.

I believe in the elves and the fairies—

In gods, and in goddesses, too;

In dryads and naiads and witches

That charm you—what else could they do?

And I know that the spells are no fancies,

That haunt me through long summer hours;

All Nature has master-magicians

Whom I see in the evergreen bowers.

Away thou stern hand of the Ages!

This beautiful frost-work shall stay.

If to worship the earth makes a heathen,

I confess I'm a heathen to-day.

And see in this grand arch triumphal

A gateway to Isles of the Blest,

And pray, oh so wildly, to enter.

For I know that beyond there is rest;

Or like Mussulman praying at sunset,

I gaze on this brilliant Unknown.

And dream 'tis the path of the hours

That circle great Allah's high throne.

Or a Jew, I look upward, rejoicing

At this 'how of bright promise' in heaven.

Or enrolling some mountain in grandeur.

Behold a new Sinai is given;

Or when this broad circle of beauty

Beats out from a storm-bannered sky.

'Tis a wheel of Jehovah's great chariot

Of storm-clouds, now thundering by.

Or a Catholic, now I behold it

A halo around the pure head

Of the Virgin, its tints of deep crimson

The blood of her Matchless One shed.

Or a Protestant, deem it the radiance

Of the crown that in Heaven I'll wear.

(Who cares for the crown, if the loved ones—

The Angels and God, are but there?)

Or a Child of the Forest, I wonder

If those who have passed from my home,

With this bow, are the bold, fearless hunters,

O'er the Hunting Grounds over to roam.

Till I know the Great Spirit can only—

His Hand can alone draw the Bow.

With his quiver of arrows, the Sunbeams,

And I bless Him—the Good Manitou.

But I find there's no end to my fancies—

They gather like stars in the sky;

So I'll laugh at your wisdom, proud Science;

Do you think I'll believe you? Not I.

But I'll cling to my faith in the fairies;

There's heaven wherever they've trod;

And I'll never turn back to the Ancients,

To believe in the presence of God.

And oh, then bright Rainbow reading—

The angels are shutting the door—

Take with you one love-freighted message

To dear ones who've gone up before.

And to thy last time I'm beseeching

This prayer to the Father Most High:

Let my soul be a beautiful Rainbow,

Reaching back to the earth from the sky!

SOLITAIRE.

No Such Thing.

The old "Blue Laws" charged against Connecticut never had an existence. They were hatched in the malignant brain of Samuel Peters, a loyalist, and a refugee. Among them was one law—so said—that provided that "no one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath Day;" also, that "no woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath, or fasting day;" also, that "no one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint days, make mincepies, dance, play cards, or play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet and Jewsharp;" also, "every male shall have his hair cut round, according to a cap." In the same narrative in which these "blue laws" are recorded, Peters says of the river Connecticut—

"Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration that no iron row can be forced into it; here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight."

The Short Words.

We like them best. They are all soon understood. It is said that even the best German writers, Hermann Grimm amongst them, are adopting the sharp, short, direct and unambiguous English style, and abandoning the German classic style, whose sentences fill a whole page, with the key in the last word. Carl Schurz is another example of this successful change of style. It is, in other words, the talk of every-day life, in the simplest, shortest words. And our literature must copy after Shakespeare's Comedies in this respect, and adopt those words and phrases that touch the present, rather than a past style of life and manners.

An Australian says that cobwebs are a complete cure for dactylitis. He takes them in pills, four a day. They are also used for fever and ague. No doubt cobweb pills are as efficient in the cure of disease as the multifarious quack medicines advertised in the journals of the day. At any rate, the fact is self-evident that these pills will not send so many people to premature graves as quack compounds have done.

## Correspondence.

The Agitating Questions.

MY DEAR BROTHERS OF THE BANNER—Nearly two years have passed since through your paper I have reported to its readers (among whom I number many of my warmest and most personal friends) the condition to my view of the reformatory field in which I have been constantly toiling.

Now once more on the western shore of the Mississippi, so far away from the home of my childhood and my heart's living treasures, I find myself yearning to meet in a measure the desire so often expressed to me by my Eastern friends, namely, "Let us hear from you often through the BANNER,"—and who would not hear from me did I write through the BANNER! But I do not apply to personal friendship merely, the expression of this desire, for I am well aware that the cause in which I am laboring is of far more interest to all who make this appeal to me, than could be the announcement of my point of action. And this looking through personalities after Truth, instead of forgetting the Truth in devotion to personalities, seems rapidly gaining ascendancy in the progressive mind of the present age. In the past, it seems, we have been like little school-children, prizing our books, and disputing concerning the number and beauty of the pictures therein, thereby forgetting our lessons, and really deserving the chastisement which we are well aware we have in no case escaped.

True, this tendency of uncultured nature is quite visible, for there are a great number of young scholars in life's great school-room yet; but that many, very many, are healthfully graduating from the departments of this character, is a fact calculated to warm the gratitude, and quicken with encouragement, the heart of every lover of reform. Though we do not blame our children, because they are children, as loving, ambitious guardians, we do light in seeing them unfolding to the proportions of manhood and womanhood, spiritually, mentally and physically. And in the direction of this unfolding, my brothers, I feel that the Truth tributaries continually flowing through the columns of the BANNER, are doing a very great and tangible work. Two of these many invaluable channels I recognize in those prominent features of its weekly matter, known as "Whatever is, is right," and "Non-Immortality." That a fearless, truth-loving soul, with energy of will, clearness of brain and honesty of heart, hath at length been found to say and prove so much of the reality of that Central Idea in Nature, as hath blessed humanity and glorified Deity through the recent labors of Dr. Child, seems to present a fitting occasion for a world's thanksgiving.

In a world, so full of beauty, so bounteous in its revenges of blessing, one scarcely knows what can give one most joy; but if I were to choose of them all, one of the choicest, I am sure it would be to have another mind, in a more masterly, forcible and clearer manner than I could ever hope to express them, elaborate the thought-forms which had thrived and burned within my spirit-world for a life-time. From the hour of my earliest questionings of life's philosophy, "Whatever is, is right," as the unalterable conviction of my soul, hath been the sunlight of my existence, and in its radiance I have kept warm on the apex of icebergs, in its beams I have shaken out and dried my tempest-drenched mantle, and warmed and invigorated my benumbed limbs after shipwrecks. The spirit of the Idea has been the God of my worship, for all of which I could conceive concerning Love and Wisdom, the dual power of the universe, revealed its grandeur, its majesty and beauty therethrough.

In all my dealing with humanity, I have ever sought to impress it with the reality of this truth; but lacking, in language, constructiveness, or some other medium which it is evident our Brother Child possesses, I have shut myself up, in a measure, in the chambers of the interior to rest in the blessed consciousness that Infinite Truth could find fitting avenues for expression, in its own gravitation of uses, and that I, as far as this Idea and its thought-constructures were concerned, was like some musician, a far better conceiver than executer. Now the long looked-for medium has revealed itself, and I feel that I can, to a better and greater extent, appreciate the joy of our departed friends, whose souls are glowing with great light for earth's children, but who till to find a fitting channel or medium for its reflection. You know how joyful, how enraptured they seem to feel when at length they find one, and in the same manner I rejoice that in Dr. Child I behold a medium for the exposition of a truth which I so yearned to find a voice for: Soil of soul, sufficiently unfolded, will receive into its bosom the golden grains from the pages of his book, and bring forth rapidly the rich harvest of Charity, of which to weave warm, soft garments to wrap round the erring brother and sister, and protect them from the piercing blasts of Pharisaical condemnation and scorn, while those who fear that an appropriation of its smallest germ would lead them into an expression of unbridled lust, in the form of murder, robbery, theft and rapine, will, by an abhorrence and total rejection of the work, keep their infant orbs of vision from this too intense effulgence of God's love.

Of course I cannot presume to measure the entireness of good to result from the agitation of thought in any direction; but among the most conspicuous results of good at present resulting from the "non-immortality" agitation, are the beautiful evidences drawn forth from nature, in testimony of soul's immortality, and reflected upon the previously restless soul in such abundance, through the awakening of scientifically illuminated mind, by this startling announcement, bursting like a bombshell into the very midst of a class of mind all aglow with the joy of a newly discovered power of communion with immortals. At first I was disposed to make merry over the sentiment, as I did over one presented in your columns in the early flutterings of the BANNER, in which an old lady wrote you that she had just received a communication, through the mediumship of her daughter Sally, from George Washington, in which he declared that departed spirits never communicated with the children of earth. But when I saw how many mother's hearts were chilled with the agitation of their long cherished hope of meeting their precious little heart treasures again, notwithstanding I felt the agitation to be healthful, and saw how from it, in the nature of truth's unfolding power, they would again, from still greater abundance of testimony, rest in a still more beautiful and joy-giving confidence, I ceased to smile, and found my maternal sympathies leading me to appreciate their fears to a certain extent, though of course not wholly—for my organization makes immortality of soul identified in all its loves, hopes and worships, a reality to me; and I could no more tell

where to place the lines of my reason, so as to enable me to move the conviction, than could Archimedes a fulcrum for the raising of the earth from her orbit. I know that these not thus organized must receive the question differently, but have no answer for any; for those not thus organized have a fine, great workshop, in which to remodel their temples of reception, and I am in no wise made nervous by the sound of hammers, the filing of saws, the cutting of steel, or the crash of falling timbers. That many have been seriously disturbed by this new presentation of thought, is both natural and profitable in my view of the case. Even my little daughter has suffered a little on the subject; for one night, after we had retired to rest, she aroused me from my semi-unconsciousness, by pinning her tiny arm around my neck, and exclaiming, "Are you asleep mamma?"

"No," I replied; "why do you ask me?"

"I wanted to ask you if Mrs. Spence has any little children," said she.

I replied, "I believe she has; but why do you inquire?"

"Because," said she, "I was thinking I did not see how they could go to sleep after their mother tells them they're not immortal; for when I do not feel well some nights, I think I do not want to go to sleep, lest I should die before morning, and not see my mamma any more; and then I remember that I am immortal, and that I shall see you all the time if I do go into the spirit-world first, and then I can go right to sleep!" and are the last accents of her explanation had scarcely fallen from her lips, she was sweetly slumbering, perhaps dreaming of rambles by the side of her mother through the fragrant bowers and by the silvery, murmuring streams in the "beautiful hereafter." Thus, through commotions in the great sea of mind, we come more keenly to appreciate the rest of a voyage upon its unruffled bosom, and through these actions and reactions grow strong to meet the next tempest, from whatever point of the compass it may beat upon us. Thus fortified within, the music of our soul-lyres melodiously blends with that of the roaring storm-wind, the deep base of revolution's thunders, while we hail the lurid lightning as gleamings from the coronet of the great soul-purifier.

"And feel that every wave the storm-king on us hurle,

Leaves in our bounding barques a richer freight of pearls."

So from my inmost soul, to all the toiling brothers and sisters of this reformatory age, goeth forth a fervent "God speed." The labor of no one can be spared; for truly the harvest fields are white with the ungathered and ungarnished bounties of love and wisdom, and the laborers are few.

My public services are already engaged until August of 1861. I leave St. Louis for the east, on the 5th of Nov., lecturing during the remainder of that month, as well as through December, February and March, in western N. Y.; during January in Cleveland, O.; through April, in Vermont; through May, in Lowell, Mass.; through June, in Providence, R. I.; and in July, in Quincy, Mass. Until April, I can be addressed at Spencerport, N. Y.

Though my life is one of toil, so pleasant are my joys, so limitless the tributaries to my strength, that I faint not from weariness. A husband, child, mother, brothers and sisters, accompany me with deepest, purest sympathy and encouragement in all my labor; warm friends meet



Written for the Banner of Light.

# I AM WAITING.

BY ANNIE E. FIER.

I am thinking, I am thinking, all these long and bitter years,  
Of the blighted aspirations—of the hopes now dimmed  
With tears!

I am longing, I am longing for the bright, the well-  
come day,  
When each hope shall find fruition, and all tears be  
wiped away.

I am weary, I am weary of the folly, toll and strife,  
Which with ruthless hand are crushing all the bright-  
er joys of life.

I am praying, I am praying for the best, the coming  
time,  
When love shall rule triumphant, in every heart and  
clime.

I am waiting, I am waiting for the coming golden  
morn,  
Which shall dawn the night of Error, that the light  
of Truth may dawn!

## THEODORE PARKER.

A LECTURE BY MISS LIZZIE DOTEN,  
AT ALLSTON HALL, BOSTON,  
Sunday Evening, Nov. 4, 1860.

[Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1860, by  
Nathan, Carter & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District  
Court of the United States, for the District of Massachusetts.]

### INVOCATION.

Infinite and Mysterious Essence! by the Spirit of  
Worship, we would bring our souls into communion  
with thee. "We may not order our speech aright by  
reason of darkness," but oh! thou all-hearing ear!  
thou omniscient eye! thou omnipresent being! we  
know that the silent aspirations of the heart go up  
through the blue dome of the universe and pierce  
even to thine eternal throne—we know that when  
human speech fails us, that our souls plead for us, "as  
with the inarticulate sobbing of a dumb creature"—  
that the spirit which is so nearly allied to thee,  
"maketh intercession for us, with groanings that  
cannot be uttered." But while we recognize thy  
wisdom, while we tremble before the manifestations  
of thy power, we feel that we are drawn in holy  
confidence by thy love. Thou, who wast, and art,  
and ever more shalt be, the Eternal Word—thou who  
didst "become flesh and dwell in the midst of men,"  
we thank thee—we rejoice before thee, that thou art  
evermore incarnating thyself and speaking through  
human instrumentalities, both in the past and present  
unto the dull ears of men.

O thou who art beyond all finite comprehension, we  
know that thou dost take into thine infinite concep-  
tion—and consideration the weakness and limited  
capacity of man, and through thine inspired ones dost  
dwell out infinite wisdom drop by drop as man is able  
to receive. Therefore, O Lord! in the true spirit of  
reverence do we thank thee for the great and mighty  
names of the past. We thank thee for the sublime phi-  
losophy of Socrates, for the light and wisdom which  
thou didst grant unto thy servant Plato—for thy gifts  
of grace unto Virgil and Homer—for the eloquence of  
Demosthenes and the intellectual grandeur of Cicero  
—for the legislation of Solon, and the diviner dis-  
pensations of Moses—for the inspiration of David  
and Isaiah, and the wisdom of Solomon—for the love  
of John, the enthusiasm of Peter, and the heroism of  
Paul. For all these do we thank thee, and for every  
word of inspiration which has taken captive the  
hearts of men, or left a record on the page of time.

We thank thee, also, O Lord! that man can realize  
that thy presence is not yet withdrawn—that the  
great and glorious truths taught from the founda-  
tions of the world, are his eternal inheritance, and  
that every prophet, as he passed up over the bright  
and celestial way, left his mantle floating down to  
rest upon the shoulders of waiting humanity.

We rejoice in the assurance, O God! that thou  
reignest in the uttermost parts of the universe, and  
thy pathway is in the midst of the worlds—that  
thou dost write thy name of love and the teachings  
of thy wisdom in the bright array of the stars, and  
over the glorious canvas of the universe hast spread  
out visions of beauty whose divine significance man  
has not yet been able to realize or comprehend.

O thou great Fountain of Inspiration! we would  
that thine infinite wisdom might teach man this day  
—this night—that still the Pentecostal flame is  
glowing—that still the fountain of life is flowing,  
whose waters are without money and without price  
—that every humble heart, however lowly its estate,  
may lift up its little cup and catch some drops of  
divine grace. We would that man might realize that  
each and all may become Saviours to themselves and  
one another—that each and all, while wandering  
over the weary ways of time, may rest their heads  
upon thy pillows, even pillows of stone, and see  
angels descending and ascending with messages of  
love—that each and all may leave some glorious  
thought or deed recorded upon the page of time—that  
each and all may live in the love of a universal  
humanity, and as each comes to extend himself a  
willing sacrifice upon the cross of suffering, he shall  
thereby be lifted.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!  
Nearer to Thee!"

Mr. Parker's favorite hymn, entitled, "Nearer to  
Thee," was then sung by the choir.

### DISCOURSE.

"Ye Men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into  
Heaven?"

It has been said that "there'll which men do live  
after them; the good is oft interred with their  
bones." But the good which a man does is never  
lost. Though it exhibits itself in but one single word  
or deed, and like a dust atom, must be viewed by  
an intellectual microscope to be seen, yet, like a seed  
sown in the earth, it grows and increases, until, by  
the universal laws of progression and adaptation, it  
finds its proper place in the intellectual or moral  
world. And, in the economy of God's providence—  
although the truth is not recognized or understood  
by short-sighted mortals—all evil is finally to ulti-  
mate in good. Therefore, whatever Theodore Par-  
ker's mission to mankind might be, or seem, as his  
life now stands open to the criticism and judgment  
of the present generation, know, oh anxious defenders  
and expounders of the Truth, that at the least you  
have nothing to fear!

We do not propose to eulogize this man. If  
man's good deeds cannot speak his praise, it is use-  
less for his friends to lay laurels on his grave. In  
coming time, as one fact after another of Theodore  
Parker's philosophy is ultimately in good—as his  
best thoughts become clear and apparent, and are  
seen in their true light through the ripening experi-  
ence of the world—as each truth proclaimed assumes  
its proper place, and meets the wants of a progressed  
humanity—so, in the judgment of men, all that  
possessed weight and worth in his teachings will be

accepted, and that which was of no value will be  
forever rejected.

Human intellects accept food and nourishment as  
the stomach receives that which is appropriate to its  
need. That which is according to the nature of man,  
that which corresponds and assimilates with his  
physical being, will be received and expended in  
his growth. But if it is nauseous, unacceptible, it  
is cast forth as refuse and vile. Nature will not  
retain a foreign substance—it will come out at the  
pores, it will distribute itself over the physical being  
in festering humors, but it will not remain within.  
Thus is it intellectually. You receive a thought—it  
matters not from where it comes, whether from the  
Scriptures, from the teachings of Jesus or Paul, from  
the lips of Chapin, Beecher, Emerson or Theodore  
Parker, you may accept it at first—you may, indeed,  
to use a common phrase, "swallow it all down in  
good faith;" but if it does not belong to you, if it  
does not minister to your spiritual need, sooner or  
later in your experience you will find it is foreign to  
you, and your spirit will most assuredly eject it.  
Therefore it is that we will not eulogize the man;  
we will not call him great, or good, or wise, according  
to the common conception of those terms—we will  
not even repeat his words. In your ears. We will speak  
to you precisely the same as Theodore Parker would  
speak of himself were he present and using a mortal  
organism as best he might. We would present all  
his worth without false dexterity, and his faults we  
would articulate without partiality or false friendship.  
The truth shall be spoken as we perceive it, and you  
may then judge for yourselves. As anatomists or  
physiologists, we would bring the man Theodore  
Parker as he was and place him before you, and  
with scalpel and dissecting-knife would lay open his  
spiritual organism, and see how much and what he  
was worth to the world.

What is he worth? His dust now speaks from  
his grave in fair Florence! He speaks from the  
walls of Music Hall, where the might and power of  
his magnetism still reigns; speaks by the love he  
held for his thousands of hearers, and which they  
now hold for him; speaks from his books and  
writings—these effects of his untiring industry.  
What is his worth to you now? Why did he come,  
and what was his mission? We would look into  
his spiritual veins, and see how much of the "milk  
of human kindness" is to be found there; we would  
open his heart and see how much of humanity it  
took in; how far he wrought, independent of worldly  
honors, of self-interest, of nationality, of race or  
color; independent even of his own theological  
prejudices and opinions—for it often happens that  
a man has a cherished theory, in common parlance  
"a hobby," which he loves to ride, and it is so dear  
to him that he is unwilling, at times, to leave it.  
When he finds there is something greater and more  
glorious before which he is obliged to bow and  
acknowledge its superiority. We would trace all  
this, and then we would go up into the many mystic  
chambers of his brain, and see how it was ordered;  
see how he had arranged the truths which he had  
gleaned from the wisdom and theology of the past;  
how well he had gathered them in, and scanned,  
and judged, and criticized them; see if he had given  
them out to the world in just proportions; and when  
we have determined this according to our  
spiritual perceptions, and given you the fruits of  
our investigations, then we would say to you, Judge  
him for yourselves.

Theodore Parker never minced matters or tore  
great truths in pieces to suit limited capacities.  
We use plain phraseology, as he would. His words  
came forth, when his mighty soul was stirred, like  
an avalanche of trip-hammers and paving-stones.  
He knew they would never hurt, unless the man  
was morbidly sensitive—if they did so, there was a  
balm for the wounded in the love which he sent  
swiftly after them. He stood up in his majesty as  
an individual man; we speak that to his praise.  
He was a man who not only dared to think for him-  
self, but declared in the face of the world and all its  
time-honored institutions that he would not only  
think but speak for himself. He was a true Demo-  
crat, a true Catholic; he asserted his independence,  
his own personal authority, feeling that the God  
that stirred within the breast of Theodore Parker  
was the highest ideal of Deity he could ever know.  
As a young student, the theology of the sects and  
denominations, the creeds and doctrines of the day  
looked as cold and gloomy to him as old-fashioned  
gravestones. There were the ruins of humanity,  
but the living, acting, loving spirit had flown. He  
wanted a reality in religion—a soul!

It was no personal merit of his that he felt this  
aspiration. It was born with him. It was the  
outlet, the psychological element of his predecessors,  
coming down from generations. It found its proper com-  
bination in Theodore Parker's physiological and men-  
tal constitution. It was the God manifest in the  
flesh of that man. Inasmuch as he craved the truth,  
and could not find it at the old foundations, he sought  
it anew in the wilderness, in the unlighted mazes of  
truth and error. He went out with the battle-axe of  
intellectual culture and the sword of the spirit, and  
cutting his way through the dense wood, he tore the  
tough and tangled branches of the oak, and toiling  
patiently and alone in search of the altar to Nature's  
God; and when he found that altar, he laid the sacri-  
fice of his life upon it.

Here, then, is presented one ruling characteristic  
of Theodore Parker—devotion to one object. He had  
consecrated himself to the religious element in man;  
he desired to defend it from ecclesiastical authority;  
to bring out its highest truth, and therefore devoted  
to this work all his might and energy.

Believing that in the religious of the past there  
was nothing true, high or holy, but that he might  
discern it—with a fearless hand he turned the leaves  
of the time-worn records and industriously gleaned  
every great truth which he deemed needful for the  
spiritual development of man. He said, "I am to  
stand as a religious teacher before my fellow men;  
and it is of the utmost importance, in the first place,  
that I should know what I believe myself." But few  
are aware of the fact, that there are many, very many  
men and women, noble, intellectually and morally,  
who walk so closely in the track of their fathers,  
who hold so fondly to the old forms and creeds of  
the past, that they never know what they believe,  
or are capable of believing themselves. It was not  
the question with the subject of our discourse as to  
what Jesus, Peter or Paul believed—it was what does  
Theodore Parker believe? He emphasized every  
word he sent forth to mankind with his own heart-  
felt sincerity. This merit he claims for himself  
even now, without boasting, without pride. He says,  
"I consecrated myself to my work, in order that I  
might not only be found a faithful servant, but that  
my own soul might be satisfied." He possessed  
talents and powers superior to other men; he was sur-  
passed by no other man of his age in profound research  
and scholarly attainments—and he was aware of this.  
From that fact Theodore Parker became in some degree  
an intellectual bigot! Most uncon-

sciously at times did he assume the office of dictator  
or critic from an indefinable sense of his mental su-  
periority. From a more exalted point of spiritual  
observation he confessed this to you now. He confessed  
that at times his intellectual faith did not sufficiently  
honor the humble religion of the heart; and that he  
did not fully recognize the fact that divine wis-  
dom was a higher gift than the knowledge which  
comes through mental culture. He said, as he looked  
upon his audience, "this people who sit before me,  
these individuals have not sought so deeply in the  
wisdom of Truth as I, and I have therefore a right to  
stand upon vantage ground and speak as one having  
authority." Reasoning *a priori* from the cause to  
the effect, I have studied, first, into the religious na-  
ture of man; I have carefully analyzed its divine  
elements, and am now prepared to speak independ-  
ently without concession or apology to the pre-con-  
ceived opinions of others. This, however, was what  
made him most emphatically Theodore Parker, and  
no one else. He who stops in quarrel with another  
man's individuality, let him look well to it that he  
is first true in himself.

In relation to the Bible, as it has descended, gen-  
eration by generation, and lighted the way of faith  
for our fathers, over whose pages tears have been  
dropped in countless numbers, Theodore Parker felt  
that he could not conscientiously accept it as the  
infallible word of God. He considered it as he would  
any other good book. He turned its leaves as with  
a hand of fire, and brought to bear upon its pages  
all the keen criticism and mental acumen which he  
possessed. These writings did not correspond to the  
scripture of his soul. He says, after careful investi-  
gation, "I do not see that this book is superior to  
all others. I open another book wherein the finger  
of God has written, and when I have learned to  
translate its language, by gazing into human eyes;  
when I have explored the remotest confines of hu-  
man existence; when I have gone over the length of  
the ages, and read the truth as revealed in the hu-  
man heart, in nature, and in the combined elements  
of man, then I shall be able to tell my fellow-cen-  
turies who and what God is, and what the truth is  
as written in his word."

First, then, the religious element of man engaged  
his attention. With untiring zeal he went over all  
man's mental and moral developments; he read  
books much, but human hearts more. Are there not  
those here to-night, who have sat beneath his minis-  
trations, who have noticed the mild but searching  
glances of his eyes, that told how deep and profound,  
how interesting and dear to himself was his study?  
Never did he come into the presence of his people  
without receiving a new inspiration: from the multi-  
tude before him, which glowed in his heart of hearts.  
He was ready to take up the cross for, and with  
them—to call down blessings upon their heads—and  
by combining in himself the paternal and maternal  
elements which he had traced so clearly in the Deity,  
clasp them all, as loved children, to his bosom.

Theodore Parker possessed much of the milk of  
human kindness in his composition. Though his  
brain was so full of the wisdom of the world, it  
never so far overruled his heart but that his sym-  
pathies went out freely to all mankind. Yet at times  
there was that which stirred his soul so deeply; that  
he forgot "the charity which suffereth long," in his  
eagerness to do in behalf of humanity.

When an Anthony Burns was taken from your  
"halls of justice," as you term them—taken away  
from the midst of free-born men, his heart leaped  
up with all the energy of his outraged sense of jus-  
tice; he spoke, and his words were like two-edged  
swords; he poured forth the great thoughts that moved  
him, till Faneuil Hall, the old cradle of liberty,  
rocked with his energy and the fiery indignation he  
had aroused. He said, virtually, "I have waited  
for the Lord long enough; now it is time for Theodore  
Parker to be up and doing." He forgot, for the time  
being, that charity which scarce ever forsook him;  
and after the example of Peter, "he drew a sword  
to smite off the servant's right ear." But while this  
saw kindled his inspirations afresh, and burned in  
his heart, his spiritual perceptions were strengthened  
to behold man as the great representative of a Divine  
Idea, which was to be recorded as a law in his in-  
ward parts, and elaborated by the slow growth of  
centuries. When, therefore, he looked down into the  
internal construction of man—into the spiritual na-  
ture—there he found the true theology, and he said,  
"That is my Bible; it is worth more to me than all  
beside." Turning from thence to the records of the  
past, it was to accept more readily all of truth con-  
tained in these writings, because of the divine light  
within himself which glowed upon these pages.

And what more has he done for mankind? Not  
only did he trace these religious elements in man,  
and discern that they were written revelations from  
the infinite hand; not only did he find the true  
theology there, but he went still further. Man con-  
stituted his ideal of Deity.

He perceived that the religion of eighteen hun-  
dred years ago, yea more, the religion of the past  
from the foundation of the world, does not serve the  
wants of the present. Men have grown great, and  
the swaddling garments of infancy are not suffi-  
cient for them now. Their souls are mighty, and  
towering up giant like. "Let us," said Theodore  
Parker, "look at the idea of the past as man has  
exhibited it, and his conceptions of Deity; let us  
seek for the diamonds of truth among the rubbish  
of a age." There is deep significance even in the  
wording of his imagination of man; the inferences  
which he draws and sets forth according to his high-  
est light, contain more of soundness than one is at  
first inclined to allow. Theodore Parker's God must  
be a up of all other Gods, whether idols of clay,  
wood or stone, or idols of the flesh; whether they  
were incarnations of the Deity in the body or out of  
the body—whatever human hearts had worshiped,  
that constituted the Divine Ideal of man, and there-  
fore was holy to him. As, in his researches, he  
walked reverently along the dim and dusty gallery  
of the Past, the grotesque images and rude statu-  
ary which had been fashioned from stocks and  
stones, and had been worshiped by many earnest  
souls, as they were desirous of giving some out-  
ward form or impersonation to the Deity within  
them; he gazed thoughtfully upon their features,  
and all that was divinely beautiful he registered  
within his heart: "My God," he said, "grows within  
me; I can feel the quickening of his mighty spirit;  
I must have a God I can, consistently worship. He  
shall say to man, then, what he is; if he is indeed  
divinely beautiful, I have already studied enough of  
the heart of humanity to know that others will wor-  
ship also."

It is comparatively easy to think as others tell you;  
to allow others to be religious for you; to employ  
those who will pray your prayers, plunge deep  
into theological disquisitions and lay down your  
moral law for you; but it is a difficult matter for  
you to venture out by yourself, in your little shallop  
upon the broad waters of speculative philosophy,  
seeking for truth wherever you can find it—to go out

without a compass and steer for the stars of divine  
life, with only hope for your guiding star, to watch that  
dim light as it goes upward and onward, until you  
fear it will be lost in the distance and you lose a long  
mariner on the broad ocean of speculation. All  
these doubts and fears come to him who dares to  
think for himself; therefore he who has sufficient  
courage to go out single handed and alone, and grasp  
his way up over the rocks and precipices of time, un-  
til he can come to some clear point of observation,  
where he can look down upon the past and try his  
deductions and inferences, with a clear, logical se-  
quence—who does this performs a mighty work  
for mankind, and Theodore Parker did this in seek-  
ing out a high ideal of Deity. He saw God mani-  
fested in the past, he beheld him immanent in all  
things, he recognized his presence everywhere, and  
therefore the Hebrew Jehovah was no more sacred to  
him than the deities of heathen mythology.

At this philosophy the religious world started back  
in holy horror, and exclaimed, "Theodore Parker,  
great indeed is Deity in all his works, but great also  
is the God of nations, and the God of our time-hon-  
ored theology. Oh, thou profane babbling! if thou  
hast any mercy upon the waiting and waiting souls  
of humanity, if thou dost not desire to destroy their  
prospects of salvation for eternity, do not present so  
rashly and inconsiderately your atheistical ideas of  
Deity." They raised the cry of "Pantheism! Pan-  
theism!" a word of terror much used but little un-  
derstood. He folded his arms calmly and waited un-  
til the cry subsided, and then persistently presented  
his God; presented him particle by particle, as he  
had systematically combined him in his own soul;  
then pointing upward he said, "God is the supreme  
power of the universe; the great mind which reigns  
over all things; beyond all finite comprehension, be-  
yond us in all things. You may bow the head and  
bend the knee to the popular idol; but whatever is  
beautiful in man, nature, science, or art, this"—he  
adds most significantly—"is the most you will ever  
know of the true God. You will never know more  
of Deity than that which is manifested to you, and  
made apparent in your own devotional nature.  
Sanctify and purify the temple—go in and worship  
there, and the God whom thou seekest will appear  
to thee." Such was Theodore Parker's ideal of Deity.

But this bold theological adventurer did not stop  
here. In a solemn convocation of the ecclesiastical  
aristocracy—the Unitarian denomination—he de-  
clared to them his belief, that "Jesus of Nazareth,  
the son of Joseph and Mary, was a divine man, and  
that all men, if they followed in his footsteps and  
were equally true to the God within them, could be  
equally divine." Lo! what a scattering, what a  
mighty confusion, what a trembling and confusion  
there was in the midst of the dry bones when the  
breath of this prophetic man moved upon them! What  
a running to and fro! What a confusion of  
tongues! "Thrust him out, thrust him out from our  
midst," they cried, "that we bear not the responsi-  
bility of his heresies." But again he folded his arms  
calmly and waited his time.

His first step in theology had been to study the  
religious nature of man, and he knew that if he  
spoke what was true—that was in harmony with  
that nature—that hearts were waiting for it; and he  
also knew that although they were bound by "isms,"  
although they were subjects of ecclesiastical authority,  
that he had only to speak the simple truth and wait  
patiently for the fruits.

After the first outburst of indignation had sub-  
sided, he calmly continued, as he pointed them to  
Jesus dying upon the cross: "A more sublime specta-  
cle never was presented to mankind. All that was  
divine in him, I worship, I reverence, I adore. I love  
him as my brother, but I will not acknowledge him  
as a God; and though you may call this heresy and  
brand me as a heretic, no man shall exceed me in  
the reverence which I pay to that holy and beautiful  
one." He taught humanity something of the divine  
life while here, but his words were not finalities, and  
still must the nations seek. We have nothing to re-  
verence in the man Christ Jesus, but the precepts  
which he lived and taught, and he taught truly  
that only the God in man is to be revered. When,  
however, you take the man Christ Jesus, and, plac-  
ing him upon the altar, bow down before him  
to do him reverence, that idol will surely smite  
you in the face—that idol will turn to dust and ashes  
before your sight, for now, as in the olden time, from  
the Sluik of Truth comes the command, "Thou  
shalt love the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou  
serve."

Thus Theodore Parker took the idol—Jesus of  
Nazareth—which has been set up in the churches  
for more than eighteen hundred years, shook it,  
turned it over and over, and like the Northern God  
Thor, with his hammer, "which smote thunder out  
of everything," he crushed it in pieces, and gathered  
up every particle of it: true worth. Man, however,  
has not lost his Saviour through this ordeal. The  
blind reverence for the individual man vanishes, but  
the Divine principle incarnated is more apparent  
and beautiful than ever. Still worship that, and  
you worship God.

Again: Theodore Parker took this volume, (the  
Bible), as sacred to the heart of man, upon which so  
many had founded their faith and hopes of eternal  
salvation, and asked if all the contradictions and  
discrepancies, all the old mythology, traditions, his-  
tory, poetry and romance in that book were the  
infallible inspirations of God himself? Who had  
dared to think otherwise? Perhaps, indeed, the idea  
had passed as a faint vision through some hearts;  
but they had closed the veil over it, and said, "It  
shall not be known." It was difficult, very difficult,  
however, to remain faithful. Some, with broad heads  
and clear intellects, glanced secretly that way; but  
they said, "Great is the mystery of Godliness—we  
will not seek into it." Theodore Parker replied,  
stoutly, "If God cannot be analyzed and criticized, if  
his word cannot be tested by that clear analytical rea-  
soning to which other books are subjected, then there  
is something wrong, and I will find out the secret."  
He turned to the repositories of wisdom in the past,  
and stored his brain with their rich treasures; then  
he took this book, and subjected it to the fire of his  
intellect, to see how much of the tried gold remained.  
He said to that Unitarian Convention, "Behold this  
book. I see the errors of the translators, the false  
interpretations, the numerous interpolations by men  
of strong sectarian prejudices, and the marginal  
readings which have been so mingled in with the  
original text, that I cannot, indeed, pronounce it the  
word of God. You cannot force upon me, or any  
other reflecting mind, the pleasurable inspiration of  
the Scriptures; therefore, all that is worth receiving into  
man's heart, let that stand prominent; let this book  
be brought to the free criticism of the world, and  
so far as it agrees with the religious element in  
man's nature—it is enough. All that is great, good,  
and holy, will remain when you bring it to the  
proper test, and that which is worthless will be  
purged out."

Again was that honorable body shaken as by a

strong wind. "It is not well, by any means," said  
the chief priests and elders, that we retain him in  
our midst; let him be thrust out; the man is pos-  
sessed of a devil; let him wander among the tombs  
of the past, but we will not take the responsibility  
of his doings. We will remain as respectfully, as  
time-serving, as God-fearing, as man-pleasing as  
ever."

So they thrust him out. They meant it for evil.  
God meant it for good. It was like the rolling of  
Joseph into Egypt by his brethren, and demonstrates  
the fact that "Truth is mighty and will prevail."  
Men love truth wherever they find it—whether it  
come from the lips of Jesus Christ, Voltaire, or  
Thomas Paine—and they follow gladly after him  
who utters it. Theodore Parker was aware of that  
fact; he understood human nature, and knew he  
would sustain no loss.

Boston Music Hall would never have known his  
presence, or the eloquent utterances of his spirit, if  
he had not been ejected from that respectable  
body. It is a good thing to be driven out from old,  
fossilized institutions. When a great thinker has  
lost his position among old forms, and is not yet  
claimed by the new, he is apt to take a position of  
his own, and that a true one. So Theodore Parker  
stood firm, and spoke the truth to human hearts as  
God gave it to him. But how the old theology of this  
city shook and trembled in its gold and silver slip-  
pers! "What shall we do?" said they; "for mul-  
titudes have gone out after him, and they who wait  
upon his ministry are numbered by thousands!" They  
found that the old spirits of the past would not  
rally to their support. They could do nothing with  
the heretic but simply to let him alone, and pray to  
God to take him out of the way, to put a "hook in  
his jaws," to confuse and confound him, and remove  
him from the midst of men. But we wait to consider  
the answer to this prayer in the concluding portion  
of our discourse.

We pass on to other considerations. After Theo-  
dore Parker had traced out the religious element in  
man, criticized and analyzed Jesus of Nazareth, and  
completely riddled the Bible with shot from the  
battery of his own mental energy, he brought his  
annon to bear with all its force upon the strong-  
holds of old sectarianism. He told men there was  
a broad, free, comprehensive theology that could  
take them all in, make them comprehend their moral  
freedom, and teach them to think for themselves.

Theodore Parker would not accept Modern Spiritu-  
alism as it was then presented. The world misun-  
derstood him in that respect, and supposed because  
he did not accept, that he entirely rejected it; but he  
said, "I have my work to do. You may call this  
modern mystery a great and glorious revelation, and  
rejoice in its light; but I have my work to do. I  
am surrounded by mysteries, and I must exert all  
the energies of my being to preserve my position, to  
obtain all I can from my point of view." He was  
true to himself as an individual. He allowed  
nothing to turn him aside from his upward path  
of duty, nothing to make him depart from the plan of  
life he had laid out before him. And who shall  
blame the man? What rigid sectarian or receiver  
of new ideas would bring him into judgment for this  
fidelity to himself? He saw that he had a work to  
do, a mission to perform, and he must be about his  
business, as he understood it—"only that, and  
nothing more." He sent a few sharp arrows of  
sarcasm into the spiritual camp, and then left the  
work of proving direct communion with the  
spirit-world to others.

When, however, he directed his intellectual battery  
against the churches and their peculiar forms of  
faith, he did not deal at times as consistently and  
tenderly as he might; and many a weak and trem-  
bling soul, who would willingly have drank of the  
living waters which he furnished, shrank back  
afrighted from the dust which this giant in his  
work of demolition raised. He was short and pithy  
in his remarks, and his sentences went forth sharp  
and caustic, with an emphasis which none but he  
could give; and when he used the sword of the  
spirit, it was to the sundering of joints and marrow.  
They, however, who would pronounce Theodore Par-  
ker harsh and denunciatory, must remember, before  
they pass judgment, that a man is so constituted  
that he must be true to the intuitions of his being,  
and adopt his own form of expression, even though  
it be not acceptable to all. All men are sinners of a  
certain degree—sinners in their own sight—and no  
man will pass more rigid or extended judgment,  
intellectually, upon Theodore Parker than he will  
upon himself.

In his earnestness to do all the work he had plan-  
ned, he lost sight of the fact that he was mortal; his  
giant nerves, so greatly strained, were weakened by  
being overwrought—and in this, simple though it  
may seem, he confessed he was at fault. Whatever  
intellectual effort you extend, beyond the limits of  
harmony with the external and physical, loses its  
force. Had Theodore Parker paid proper regard to  
the physical and external man, or half as much as  
he did to the mental and interior, he would now  
have been in your midst to speak to you of a pure  
and natural religion. But he was intellectually ma-  
jestic. He swept the ground as best he might, and  
was in a hurry. He knew if he passed the whole  
allotted time of man's life upon this earth, if three  
score years and ten were granted him, yet still it  
would not be enough, nor half enough in which to  
consummate and complete the work he had laid out  
in his own heart. So he wrought earnestly. We  
have said that men prayed that he might be taken  
from their midst; that the pernicious doctrines that  
fell from his lips might no longer take effect on the  
hearts of men. Their prayers seem to be answered,  
and great peace reigns throughout the churches.  
Ah! the mortal tongue of Theodore Parker is sil-  
ent in the grave; but a Theodore Parker, double  
and triple in energy and moral might, is in your  
midst this day. Not incarnated, not impersonated,  
but a presence and a power—an active, moving  
spirit; moving upon the dark and turbulent waters  
of your Theology. It was necessary that he should  
go away, that "the Comforter," the spirit of Eternal  
Truth, might come to you—that ye might no longer  
be hearers but doers of his word. Then why stand  
ye gazing up after him? What was spoken by  
the angels concerning Christ Jesus in the past, we  
would repeat in your ears this night. Why, oh, ye  
men and women of Boston, do you stand gazing up  
into the heavens, lamenting the departure of your  
glorified one? He refuses to be canonized as a  
saint, or deified as a God. He says to you, "I am a  
man, I am your fellow servant, and of your brethren  
the prophets—see you do it not. But, oh! if there  
is a worthy precept in my teachings; if there was  
aught of weight or worth in my life, accept it; make  
it yours; let it no longer be considered mine. Let no  
truth be considered valid because it bears the au-  
thority of my name; accept nothing because it has  
my sanction." All that which—by his enlarged ca-  
pacity—he perceives in his Theology, and his Philo-  
sophy was at fault, through every possible agency



which he can command—either left or lowly—he will make it known to you. Take up the work, then, were he left it, and bear it on; bear it for the sake of all inquiring souls, for the sake of the generations that are to come after you.

Theodore Parker speaks not only from the shining hosts above you, but he speaks from the hearts of men; and his teachings shall be heard more and more distinctly as time rolls on, as men discern the energy with which he wrought among them, and the love for humanity which animated his soul. The love for that God which he sought in lonely and lowly places, and, finding, as a sanctifying presence in the temple of his being—that selfsame love nerves all his spiritual members now, and he dwells in the hearts of mankind to complete his work—with their co-operation, and through their instrumentality. He said, upon his dying bed—when the scenes of life were fading from his mortal vision, and eternally opened to his view—"There is one Theodore Parker here in Florence, and another in Boston." Even then his spirit had flown on the wings of thought to the place of his former labors. How dear to him all the associations which clustered around that loved spot! How dear to him all his triumphs over ignorance and superstition, and the judgments of men, and, still more dear, the abiding affection of his people!

But think not, of those who are thus taken up from your association, that the celestial spheres have sufficient attraction to retain them from the scenes of their earthly labors—think not his spirit has lost the power it possessed when imprisoned in the form; for it shall appear to you again in a clearer and diviner light. Ages on ages may roll by before men shall recognize his spirit again, but it shall make itself manifest in some new and clearer phase of a consistent Theology—a Theology which comes not to the intellectual development of man alone, but takes him captive at heart.

The mortal remains of Theodore Parker are slumbering in the fair land of Florence; that land which is yet to be red with the blood of patriots, and which is to become the theatre of a mighty struggle for freedom. Those sacred ashes shall spring up in grass and flowers, and refine the very elements around with the spirit which once animated and hallowed the temple of clay now mouldering beneath the sod in that land of poetry and classic lore—beautiful in herself, and beautiful, also, for the glorious memories which cluster around her honored name; but still more beautiful will she be when all the might and majesty of the great and glorious souls which have trodden her soil, and laid their bones to slumber in her dust, shall rise up and declare for freedom and right—for intellectual and moral liberty throughout the world. The spirit of Theodore Parker does not belong to this hemisphere, nor to that, but to all mankind—to common humanity. He belongs not to the few, not to the many, but to all.

He has gone to join the great and good who have gone before, but not to abide exclusively in their presence; he brings them to you, a great and glorious company, to clasp your hands, to speak words of peace to your hearts. And, as he comes to you, he points you to the higher intellectual and moral possibilities of the age. He says, "Stand not gazing upward to heaven for revelations of light;" but look to the divine life within you, which bids you be true, honorable, manly, and godlike in your souls, forevermore. Amen.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### SILENCE.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Oh, Silence, from thy sacred breast  
All glorious things to being start;  
The heavenly Muse I deem thee art!  
The rarest gifts to thee belong.  
Thy subjects are the great and strong,  
And thou art Queen of art and song.  
What lays old language o'er in vest  
Could match the lyrics unexpressed,  
That breathe and burn within thy breast?  
Sculptured Grace and pictured Saint  
Are images but pale and faint  
Of that which thou dost limn and paint.  
For thou in jeweled shrines dost set  
Fairer forms than e'er yet  
Gaze of work-day world hath met.  
When Luna pale and rosy Mars  
Glimmer through the lattice bars,  
And Science scans the regnant stars  
That flame their radiance intense  
Through purple distances immense,  
Like watch fires of Omnipotence,  
Thou dost the stellar lore translate  
In histories that ante-date  
All myths the ancient bards relate.  
In thy felicitous retreat  
Celestial salutations greet,  
And hearts to heavenly measures beat.  
Pure Aspiration's heights are thine,  
And Adoration's holiest shrine,  
And inmost bliss of Love Divine.  
Thine influence falls like nestled dews  
That all the buds of thought transfuse  
With choicest odors' richest hues.  
Sweet breathings through thy mute lips steal,  
And their rose-tinted curves reveal  
Secrets words may never reveal.  
Fathoms, Rapture and Surprise,  
Tragic glooms and mysteries  
Look through thy brooding, dreamy eyes.  
Impassioned miseries thou dost bear,  
Responding to Love's silent prayer,  
As sun-shafts thrill the Aurora air.  
Thy votaries thou dost oft requite  
With diamond beakers sparkling bright,  
And brimming o'er with pure delight.  
Weird and witching spells are thine,  
And with noiseless fingers fine  
Enchantment's garlands thou dost twine.  
Then aerial troops of sprites and fays  
Chant fairy madrigals and lays  
Chivalric, of the elder days.  
And robed in mellow love-light tender,  
On rose wreathed harp Romanes doth render  
Tales of the In-lilic's golden splendor.  
And misty nebulae of thought  
By thee to starry gems are wrought,  
And to Perfection's image brought.  
Meek hearts and quiet by thee are blest,  
And with thy chapters crowned, thy taste  
The wise of heaven with angel-guest.  
Thou shieldest them from Discord's harms,  
As clasped in thy maternal arms  
They drink the influence of thy charms.

Providence, R. I., Oct., 1860.

As a mad man who catcheth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that doeth his neighbor, and saith, "Am not I in sport?"—Proverbs xxvi, 18.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1860.

PUBLICATION OFFICE:  
51-2 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, . . . £0 12s  
Six months, . . . 0 6s  
Payable in Advance.

CLUB RATES.  
Clubs of four or more persons will be taken at the following rates:  
One year, . . . \$1 50  
Six months, . . . 0 75

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 to which it has been sent.

Business Letters must be addressed,  
"BANNER OF LIGHT," Boston, Mass.  
Berry, Colby & Co.

#### COSSACK OR REPUBLICAN.

The well-known prophecy of Napoleon the First, that Europe would, within fifty years, become all Cossack or all Republican, is clearly in the way of realization. The struggle has been steadily preparing since the opening of the first French Revolution. France went through a baptism of fire in discussing abstract ideas she was not yet ready to apply to the common affairs of life and man, and Bonaparte took these ideas, limited and infringed by the hard conditions of circumstance, or, rather, enmeshed in the shall of a protecting conservatism, and sowed them broadcast all over the continent. They were harrowed in on many a battle-field, and made productive by the blood of the million with which the soil was generously enriched. And although Bonaparte was set down by writers, who could neither forecast the future, nor discern the links that ever fold ead to effect, as an aimless enmeshment of forms and a frenzied despotism of whatever seemed to be established, he was nevertheless overruled to a great purpose, and the work he left behind him may indeed be esteemed colossal. All men have their uses; so have all events. Bonaparte had his; and, among them, the chief of all was that of giving an unparalleled impulse to the very struggle which he foresaw to be coming for Europe.

This very day, the nations of the continent appear to be arraying themselves on one side and the other of the great question that has been sounding ever since Napoleon's time. We see Austria, Prussia and Russia putting their heads together at Warsaw, and no body knows a syllable of what they have been talking about; yet it is undeniable that they have assembled at that most unfortunate capital for some thing, which will all make its appearance in good time. At any rate, we know well enough that this is the last effort Austria can make for retaining even the vestiges of her ancient authority. The Hapsburgs have abused their power too well not to expect, in this age of revolution and reconstruction, to be overtaken by the judgments they have so justly invoked.

It is rumored that Prussia is inclined to be timid, and to hold back, in regard to the propositions made by Austria; and that, while she will moderately protest against the course of things in Italy, she will hesitate long before proceeding to extreme action. Also, that Russia will lend the authority of her influence to a similar protest, and even recall her ambassador from Turin; but, that she will hesitate as long as Prussia, before resorting to that remedy called war, which injures the party proclaiming it as much as the one resisting its fury. Russia has, at present, too many internal interests at stake to hazard all by a fresh trial at the game of war; there is her recently released peasantry, the serfs who were suddenly made freemen, and their condition requires too careful attention, at present, to risk the welfare of that gigantic empire of seventy million souls, by a war with the newly consolidated powers of Southern Europe.

Yet it is not so easy to say always that a nation will consult prudence where prudence would better be consulted; frequently, the hopes of a nation go down beneath the seething waves of passion, though the prayers of patriots were never so many times repeated. In Southern Europe, the cause of Liberalism, or, as Napoleon termed it, Republicanism, has become so strong and taken such a consolidated shape, that it is questionable if it can now be met and overcome by any combination on the face of the earth. Napoleon III. has been made a party, perhaps not altogether according to his will; yet a most discreet and far-seeing Liberal he has certainly become. To him belongs the credit of having stirred up the Italian ideas and people, in which work he was eagerly joined by Victor Emmanuel; they together nationalized the northern portion of the Italian peninsula, and Garibaldi stepped forward at the right moment, himself a compound of wisdom and enthusiasm, and wrought in the southern part of the peninsula what they had wrought in the northern. Happily for Italy and the cause of constitutional liberty, they were all three judicious and wise men; they all knew how to hasten slowly; they are governed rather by ideas than ambition; they have all been taught by a previously severe discipline to discard the barbaric notions of glory and fame, but choose rather to ally themselves to a great sentiment and a great cause, in which men are but instruments, and mankind and its welfare are the great end and aspiration.

In this attitude stand the powers of Europe. England is disposed to act the part of a neutral, to lend the aid of her moral influence to the struggle, and offer assistance where it may be desirable to individuals. Her people will gain much, by simply witnessing such a struggle, of the knowledge of what belongs to constitutional liberty, and acquaint themselves with the best modes of securing and extending it. And the struggle will begin and go on. It is so written in the book of Fate, and, in due time, all Europe must become Republican.

#### Dickens and Thackeray.

These two English novelists are about commencing a new story each, to be published in their respective magazines. The title of Dickens' bantling is "Great Expectations," and it will be finished in about eight months. Mr. Thackeray has not yet announced the title of his, but it is said that some of the scenes will be laid in Holland, which will give him a fine chance to exhibit his own Dutch fidelity in sketching. The world on this side of the Atlantic will await the opening of this new pair of paper dramas with more than common interest.

#### OUR NATIONAL FUTURE.

We often find truly spiritual ideas where we are not looking for them. It is so, in fact, because all true life is spiritual, and no man can utter his own convictions and perceptions without unconsciously expressing what is generally true under the great spiritual law.

It gave us no special degree of surprise, therefore, to find that such a paper as the New York Herald, truthful in the very midst of its recklessness, should say in a recent editorial article, that, in the future of this nation, the old issues of bunk, tariff, currency, naturalization, and rivers and harbors, were no longer to be topics of general discussion, and that we were blind to what the times offered to the sight who chose so to suppose; but that on the contrary, the great questions in issue were those involving the issues of the free and last importance to the human race, such as self-government, toleration, and peaceful growth and development, both materially and spiritually. In this the Herald is correct, as any person of large sight can readily discern.

The past has received a pretty hard jog from the awakened present, so that whatever of good it has to offer may be handed along to us, and whatever is needless may be thrown away. The old topics are deceased; there is no life left in them. And although the discussion of the slavery question in this country may be accompanied by dangerous explosions of passion, and the temporary strengthening of prejudice on one side against the other, it is true, likewise, that good will come out of it in the end; because the very discussion, angry though it may be, compels people to probe deeper than they are wont for the secret causes of things, and to investigate laws with a more rigid scrutiny than before. They learn to see other circumstances than their own, and to enlarge their sympathies along with their observation. We never lose by throwing ourselves into rapport with those opposed to us. It is like inflation for the lungs; we have gained breath and greater ease of respiration.

Above all, says the Herald, the great and profound lesson of toleration is yet to be preached and learned. It has already had the beginning of a show in religion, or rather, in matters ecclesiastical, and henceforth it must make its way in matters political. Strange that a nation, the professed corner-stone of whose political edifice is announced to be Toleration alone, should now have to think seriously of the task of learning the principle all over again. But so it is; men are too apt to drift from their anchorages unless storms come up unawares and blow them back to the safe old ground again. America has given noble lessons to the world in the past, but she has lessons of her own to learn in the future. This very problem of self-government, seemingly so simple yet really so intricate, is to be raked over again for a clearer and more satisfactory solution; it is to be proved to involve the greater ulterior problem of individualism, which is, after all, the only problem for man to work out on this little planet; and our people are to play a leading part in its solution.

#### Home and no Home.

The differing experiences of two men like Lamb and Hood will show what value there is to the author, as well as to the man of active business, in a quiet and well-ordered Home. A recent writer in the Christian Examiner says of this point in the history of the two men: "But in one respect Hood was pre-eminently the most blessed. Lamb never had a home, in the full meaning of the word; Hood was never without one. Lamb had to resign 'the fair-haired girl'; it was only in 'Reveries' that he courted and called Alice W.—his; and his children were on the other hand, were fully met and satisfied. He could write: 'I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you, and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly, but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflows of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an afterthought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness, worth, excellence—all that is wisely or womanly—from my pen.'"

#### The Great Bakery.

Boston is to inaugurate another "notion," and we believe it will prove itself another of the many blessings of our modern civilization. It is styled the Mechanical Bakery. The building, located in Albany street, is six stories high, and furnished with all the machinery requisite for the successful operation of the original plan. The capital invested is \$50,000. A city contemporary, after describing the process of converting the flour into dough all ready for baking, says that after the dough has been prepared for the oven, two men, by working twelve hours each, in twenty-four hours, can bake 1,200,000 one pound loaves, consuming from 400 to 500 barrels of flour. The kneading machine, with the same amount of labor, will prepare a quantity of dough sufficient for the above. The machinery employed in the concern is Berdan's patent, the same which destroyed at the fire which consumed the Mechanical Bakery on Commercial street, on the 5th of February, 1859. This new Bakery can supply all the bread used in Boston, and starts with every prospect of success, as the public look with much favor upon the enterprise.

#### Fitness in Style.

When will the world learn not to overdo everything it touches? How many times is it to be told what is right and best, before it will finally take heed? About the matter of dress, for one thing; such notions as run riot in human hands! When will people see and understand that, as the French novelist Balzac declares, "in everything a multiplicity of colors is an evidence of bad taste. The toilette does not consist so much in the clothes as in a certain way of wearing them. Thus every fashion, the aim of which is a falsehood, is essentially fleeting and in bad taste. Everything which aims at effect is in bad taste, as also is everything which is noisy and loud. If people stage at you attentively, you are not well dressed; you are too well, too stiffly, or too carefully dressed."

#### Never Old.

Those of our friends who die in youth, never become old in our thoughts; they hold the age they had reached when they left us. This is a sweet and abiding consolation to the heart of every sorrowing person, the dead child is still a child, waiting on the pleasant plains of the other life for the mother and the father to come and join him again, and make the dear circle once more perfect.

#### A Fair Parallel.

The Hon. Mr. Spurgeon has given his views to the Watchman and Recorder, of this city, relative to preaching to the poor, and laboring personally with them for their spiritual good. And in speaking of the only mode by which the masses are to be reached, particularly in our large cities, he remarks—

"We need preachers who will study, not their shelves, but the streets and lanes; not paper and printing alone, but human nature in all its varied developments. The division between the ministry and the people is far too wide; they will never be moved by professional skill; the orator of the mass must be one of their bone and flesh of their flesh. My own success, under God, is due to a sympathy with humanity, and an observant eye which delights rather to view man than man's works. This is not attainable by any amount of research among our learned tomes. We must walk the hospitals if we would be surgeons, and we must mingle with the people if we would reach their hearts. The language of the classroom is not the speech of the people; and if we would be understood, we must leave our high stilt behind us, and walk on their level, thinking and speaking as one of themselves. We need converted prize fighters and regenerated burglars to reach their fellow criminals, and sweeps, cobblers, street sweepers, and such like, will be the right material for mighty preachers of the truth. Do not imagine that I deprecate a regular education; on the other hand, I own its utility; but for the vast mass, something else is needed, and I have tried to indicate it."

Now that is precisely what the undeveloped spirits who speak to their undeveloped earth-friends through our own pages, are doing week after week. There is no computing the influence that proceeds from the publication of these appeals from a low order of spirits, intellectually, to their brethren in this world. But Spurgeon would be the very first to ridicule these communications, which we know to work so profound an effect, and the Watchman and Recorder would eagerly egg him on. After all, nature takes good care of herself. What men deny to-day, they have to call to their aid to-morrow.

#### Drinking Fountains.

It is cause for general complaint in our large cities that strangers cannot obtain even a drink of cold water without going into a hotel office or a bar-room for it. Such an oversight, no doubt, tends to improprieties in the matter of drinking spirits, and finally leads to misery and ruin. A drinking fountain at every fair place is an absolute necessity. Strangers in our cities require an slight attentions as these, if it is expected of them to leave their dollars behind them. In London the plan has been carried into operation, and commanded the widest success. It is reliably ascertained that many a poor man is by this means saved from the ale-house and all its unhappy consequences. An association has been formed there, whose object is the erection, in suitable public thoroughfares, of neat and artistic fountains, supplied with pure water. One hundred have already been erected. Most of them are beautiful as works of art, and many of them have Scripture inscriptions, which are read by the million, and which, by God's blessing, may be a word in season to some weary soul. The inscriptions are such as the following: "Whoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "Whoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." These fountains are really a most admirable and benevolent device, and ought to be introduced into all our American cities without delay.

#### The New Museum.

Professor Agassiz has recently opened his new Museum of Comparative Zoology, the occasion having been observed with much ceremony and delight. This Museum building, as at present advanced, furnishes but a slight idea of what the structure is to be when completed, nor can a visitor now comprehend the vast range through which the collections of the indefatigable enthusiast is to run. The first donation to this Museum, which is destined to rank with the first in the world, was made by Mr. Wm. Gray, and amounted to fifty thousand dollars. This sum was added by further subscriptions to the amount of seventy-five thousand dollars, when the State of Massachusetts donated one hundred thousand dollars more, thus placing at its disposal a fund of quarter of a million dollars. The ground on which the Museum structure stands includes five acres. When the building shall be completed, it will be three hundred feet in length in its body, and two hundred feet in each wing—the width being sixty feet. It is to be two stories in height, the first story forming the working portion, and the second the collection. The Museum ranks third in the world, in respect to the number of different species in its collection of curiosities. The Jardin-des Plantes has five thousand; the British Museum, four thousand; Agassiz's Museum, three thousand five hundred.

#### American Furs.

Of late years, it has become quite the fashion to use native American furs for bundling up the delicate hands of the ladies and children. Why not American, as well as Russian? What should make the difference between the cold of northern Russia and the cold of our own America? Sure enough. Now, our minks and badgers, and other wild creatures, whose aquatic and land habits—the blessed old hermit!—are read about by boys with a tinge of delight that makes them restless on the benches of the schoolhouse, furnish some of the handsomest suits worn. We are glad it is so; and almost every time we meet a lady with a handsome mink sett, we look at the critter (the mink, of course,) with a feeling of certainly having visited him, or some of his family relatives, at his hole in the river-bank, years ago. Some of these native skins, when properly cared for in the dressing and making up, are not to be surpassed by any specimens of imported animal-jackets with which we meet. Give the natives as good a chance as you can.

#### Something Pretty.

How to look through a millstone, has long been a problem; how to see through your hand is a problem of modern solution. It is not every one who can see as far into a board as some other one can; hence, it would be well to pay a little deference to the man who can see further than his neighbor. Prof. Rogers told the Scientific Association at Newport, last summer, how a person could see a hole through his hand. This is the simple way of it:— "Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper; roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and the forefinger; place the large end to the right eye and look through it with both eyes, open to the light. You will see a hole through your hand. If you take it in your left hand, and hold it to your left eye, it will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand. The illusion is most complete."

#### Pay for Spiritual Things.

Means, Emerson—Will you be kind enough to inform the public if Dr. Child has ever derived anything from the sale of his work, *Whatever Is, Is Right*, or has he given it to the world free, as he claims all spiritual things should be given? He would have all mediums learn a trade, and support themselves by it during the week. He has a good trade—why does he not live a holl and speak Sunday-free? thus putting his principles in practice. He could then recommend them to others with a better grace.

U. S. MICHIGAN. Dr. Child has not received a dollar for the manuscript of the book, "Whatever Is, Is Right." The publishers, for the materials on which his thoughts are printed, for the book, which is a material thing, have made it an article of commerce, have set a price upon it, and have received what in their opinion is a reasonable amount of pay for it. This we do not believe it wrong for us to do.

We do not make it our business to defend Dr. Child's position in regard to the commerce in Spiritualism—neither do we go against him or his opponents; but it is our wish to give a fair hearing on both sides.

We would here say, in justice to Dr. Child, that his practice is in keeping with his preaching on this subject. He has lectured on the subjects of Spiritualism over two hundred times within the last three or four years, and has never received one cent for so doing. In a number of instances he has paid his own traveling expenses. Furthermore we would say, that all Dr. Child's contributions to the Spiritualist press, his aid in gathering and condensing facts, and his reporting—all these efforts have been given free of charge. Notwithstanding all that Dr. Child has written for the press, he has ever, during business hours, been industriously attentive to his profession.

#### Lizzie Doten's Lectures.

On our third page our readers will find the discourse delivered by Miss Doten, on Sunday evening, Nov. 4th, on "Theodore Parker." Many have been the priestly philippics on the life and character of this great and good man, and noble the tributes paid his memory by those who loved him best and could come nearest in rapport with his life and words; but we place this production, through the mediocrity of Miss Doten, beside any of them, for its candor and justice, counting as it did from a standpoint neither clouded in sectarian conceit, nor tainted with man-worship. That Theodore Parker had his faults, none will deny; but he would not have been so intensely human as he was without them; and they were just such faults as we can love him none the less for having. The lecture touches upon these points, with the delicacy and yet vividness which characterized Mr. Parker in his over-to-be-forgotten reviews of the lives of Washington, Jefferson and Webster.

Miss Doten's lectures on the 11th inst., were upon the following themes: "The Perseverance of the Saints," and "Christ and Christianity." We have reserved them for our next number.

#### The Winter.

All the weather-wise prophets say we are to have an early and severe winter. Perhaps so. If such indeed be the case, we can only say, in behalf of this particular locality, that the springs and streams are all filled up for freezing, and that skating may be gone into with more zeal than ever before. A northern resident can do one thing, if not another; if it is cold to excess, he can stir about the more; but if it happens to thaw a trifle in the middle of the wintry days, why, then he can stretch himself in the casual strip of sun, and call himself happy. But we expect cold weather this way, in any case; if we do not forget, we had a slight touch of that same no longer ago than last winter, and ought to be rather prepared for it now. New England, of all spots this side of Nova Zembla, ought never to be looked wistfully at as a land of balmy skies in the winter; bleak and stormy are our honest days, full of the blustering breath of Boreas, and but little seasoned with enough of the wind that waltzers from epic islands to make old home-owes drip at noonday.

#### Agriculture to Live By.

We are glad enough to see the topic of Agriculture properly brought forward and given the place that belongs to it. "It Marvels," one of our most popular authors, and a very good practical farmer on ancestral acres in Connecticut, has just published a fine article in the *New Englander*, entitled "Agriculture as a Profession." This is to the point. All that this avocation of avocations needs to impart dignity to it is intelligence and worth; let but these elements come more largely into play among farmers as an entire class, and they will stand forth indeed the top as well as the bottom of all our social arrangements. In this important calling, as in every other, the fault lies in the lack of interest taken in his own work by the farmer himself. It all comes of insufficient intelligence, the result of which is to make men mere machines. Intelligence always saves labor, because it tells a man how to employ that labor to the best advantage. The farmer's profession is before that even of Presidents and Princes.

#### Lectures on Pyrography.

Dr. J. H. W. Tooley, formerly editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, New York, and whose lectures throughout the country have been favorably received, and resulted in much good to the cause of truth, proposes to lecture in this vicinity, until the latter part of January, on "Pyrography," (examining character from hand-writing.) Instruction and profit may be derived from these lectures. Our friends will do well to secure his services. Address him at No. 14 Drownfield street, care of Bela Marsh Vestril.

#### New Music.

We have received from Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, the following pieces of music: "When the Silver Moon is Shining," song and chorus. "Remembrance Waltz," by Herman Von Benzon. "Hushed are the Winds, and still the Evening Gloom," song by H. Von Benzon. "Bird Waltz," arranged for the guitar. "Do they think of me at Home," ballad by C. W. Glover. "There's Danger, dear Child, in a Spark," ballad sung by Madam Vestril.

#### Mrs. Conant's Circles.

Will be resumed on Tuesday, the 20th instant. A life cannot live, nor a liar; for when honor is gone the man is dead—during game.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read the spirit messages on our sixth page. Several of them are very interesting.

We are enjoying delightful weather about this time.

We have published in our next issue an account of one of Mr. Hargrave's excursions to London recently, from the London Spiritual Magazine.

Dr. Crowell is in receipt of letters almost daily from his numerous patients abroad, who have been examined and prescribed for through his clairvoyant powers. In every case he has treated, beneficial results have followed. It is truly wonderful with what accuracy he describes the various diseases of those who have applied to him, by letter or otherwise. Those who desire his services will find his address in another column of this paper.

We call attention to the Card of Dr. P. D. Randolph, in another column. The class of ailments which constitutes his peculiar specialty, are so widespread as civilization; and who, or whatever will overcome them, and restore the normal state of health, must prove a blessing to the world. This great desideratum, Dr. R. and his friends, and patients, too, claim he has discovered. The subject is one well worthy the reader's consideration.

Digby pronounces the following an "all-fired good one": "If the B. putting; if the B. put;".

In Autumn, the country teaches us wisdom lessons; the whippers that are heard when the leaves are falling, seem sweet echoes from the angel world, telling that we, too, must soon fade and vanish like the leaves of the forest.

A man that cannot look another in the face while speaking with him, is unfit to be trusted. Mark that.

AT THE MUSEUM.—A beautiful panorama is on exhibition, illustrating Captain Williams' whaling voyage in the Pacific. The picture is got up in a fine style of art; and Capt. Williams, who accompanies the exhibition as lecturer, goes into the spirit of his subject with an enthusiasm which makes it intensely exciting to the audience. We speak not in the fashion of common newspaper puffing when we say this exhibition is one well worth a visit from those who know nothing of the delights and dangers of a seaman's life. The exhibition is rendered especially attractive by the songs sung with thrilling effect by Miss Murdoch, in the course of the lectures.

Rev. Henry Grattan Guinness, a sensation preacher from England, commenced a series of revival meetings in Boston on Sunday, Nov. 11th, preaching at Dr. Neal's and Dr. Kirk's churches.

Gen. Houston is down upon the panic-makers of Texas, who are a great injury to the State by their lawless proceedings in preventing immigration. He says if Lincoln is constitutionally elected he will be inaugurated, or he (Sam) will leave his dead body in the track of those who prevent it.

Although Lynn produces a great many ladies' boots and shoes, all the brogue-Anas come from Ireland.

In the "Whisperings to Correspondents" of the Herald of Progress we find the following:

"The indisputable existence of sin and evil—in a universe supposed to be animated and governed by a perfect Spirit—is a serious stumbling-block to many. But if you will go forward and higher, stand on the heaven-lighting mount of wisdom, and from thence contemplate the vale of human life below, the vexed question will quickly answer itself thus: 'Evil is but the shadow of substance.' Sin is man's voluntary abandonment to the subsidence of the shadows. Evil and sin are, therefore, the shadow side of pure truth and principles. Ignorant minds love the darkness and reject the light. Intelligent minds, on the contrary, love the light and reject the darkness."

TOLERANCE IN RELIGION.—The Young Men's Christian Union in Boston, invited Bishop Fitzpatrick, of the Catholic Church, to deliver a lecture before them. Pressed by other engagements he declined, and recommended Rev. Dr. Cummings (Catholic clergyman) of New York; who addressed their association on Sunday evening at the Hollis street Church, Rev. Dr. Gannett presiding, on "Peculiarities of the Catholic Church." The address was one of marked ability.

The common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide.

He who teaches the truth must carry a cross—*Exchanges*.

Digby says it is no wonder, such people are no cross, always.—*Exchanges*.

We hope Digby don't mean to be personal.—*Sunbeam*.

Of course not. Digby thinks the "cross" will be taken out of him when they see more Light, feel more the gentle rays of the Sunbeam, and hear more fully the harmonious notes of the Clarion. Then the Herald of Progress will shout for joy.

BRONCHITIS YOUNG TO HIS MISERABLENESS.—The Mormon leader tells his missionaries, among the Gentiles—*so says the Utah correspondent of the New York Times*—never to bring home any more silk and furs from their expeditions to their wives at Salt Lake, for their whole business abroad was to preach the Gospel, and when they got home they could go to making money as fast as they wanted to. He assured them, in plain English, that—

"The day would come when they could ride in first-class cars, and have as much gold and silver that they would almost regret to be parted with, while they should have their cozy kitchen and dinner service made of the glittering yellow ore, and even have their streets paved with it. Scolding Gentiles were grateful, only informed that in that golden age they would wish they were Mormon elders; but the best of them (the Gentiles) would be allowed to do the kitchen chores and wait on the washerwomen in the houses of the pulchritudinous Saints, who are to inherit the earth, and the fullness thereof."

He that dwells in prosperity will shrink in adversity.

Can we expect a church choir to be composed of Christians, when we know they rely so much upon chance?

Many a true heart that would come back like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the savage cruelty of an unloving boy.

LITTLE TOES OUT OF FASHION.—The Persian custom of amputating the fifth toe of the female infant, (to make the foot pointed and small,) is now becoming popular in Paris; a celebrated surgeon advertising, however, that he can perform the operation with equal effect, on grown-up females, and (by aid of chloroform) without pain.

It is a mighty thought, that after the progress of Christianity for these eighteen hundred years, the ultimate of the Christian's expectations in the advent of Christ's return to the world, and of the Resurrection, and the Judgment, should be realized through Spiritualism.—*Sunbeam*.

AN EARLY FROST.

An all-night frost, and the day dawned with a heavy frost. And in the day the golden sun had wrought True wonders; and the wings of morn and even have touched with music the changing leaves. And now, as wanders the drifting eye, Awaits the varied landscape clothing fair, Whose gorgeousness, what wisdom, what pomp Of colors burst upon the ravished sight.—*Gallagher*.

The seals at the Museum are "awfully" uncomfortable, they are so near together. Why don't friend Kimball enlarge his exhibition room to better accommodate his numerous patrons?

A GOOD MOVE.—A dispatch from Washington says Mr. McLean has been instructed to co-operate with the Spanish and French Ministers in Mexico in securing a suspension of hostilities and the establishment of a provisional government, until popular elections can be held.

DEXTER DANA'S two lectures, "Why am I a Spiritualist?" and "Objections to Spiritualism Answered," are capital lectures to meet the prejudices that exist in regard to Spiritualism. Such lectures are there should be delivered in every town. Mr. Dana's address is Roxbury, Mass.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light—Dear Friends—You will oblige me by acknowledging, in your paper, the receipt of the following sums, contributed toward the "Institution for Homeless and Outcast Females," and sent by me to the trusteeship of the Hon. John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State, Providence, R. I.:

Lyons Convention,	\$22 40
Collection at Lecture at Milwaukee,	10 00
Collection at Lecture at San Francisco,	10 00
Grants,	5 00
Mr. Barrett,	5 00
Mrs. Laura De Force,	5 00
Mr. Thomas, S. C.,	1 00
Mrs. Lewis, Ionia, Mich.,	1 00
Mrs. Woods, Milwaukee,	1 00
Small sums,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. Blinn, Rockford, Ill.,	10 00
J. M. Clark,	5 00
Small sums,	1 00

I would hereby add, whilst gratefully thanking the friends whose contributions, as above stated, have been received since I last appointed local trustees in Cleveland, that if the work goes on silently, and has suffered somewhat through the present era of political excitement, that, in effort at least, it is progressing; that my trustees in different cities are still in existence, and still able to receive and receipt the smallest donations—nor will the largest be declined; that the awful necessity which has sprung from me the effort to accomplish this great work, progresses, also.

The Christian world will not help me. Dear Spiritual friends, who so often express sympathy in my effort, will you put your kind wishes into a little more practical form? My first year of effort amongst the Christian community is fast wearing away. Will not my Spiritual friends, ere its conclusion, send in their little, to call this a purely "spiritual work."

The spirits have done much for us—illuminated our darkness, and opened up to us a kingdom of heaven upon earth. They have asked me, in return—and will ask every human creature who will listen to their dear, pleading tones—if we will not combine and raise our grand monument in evidence that poor Galleons and fishermen can accomplish, in dear love and pity to the most hapless and forlorn, the most oppressed and forsaken of all God's creatures, in ten short years, what Christians have failed to do in eighteen hundred. One model Institution, my Spiritual brothers and sisters, will but be the foot-stool to the throne on which we will seat the genius of universal reform for the people's morals and woman's elevation.

My own address is still in this paper. Dr. Gardner, of Boston; Edward Webster, Esq., of Salem; Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, and many others, constantly advertised in local papers as my Trustees, are still ready with full hearts, but empty treasuries, as yet, to receive contributions; and there is work for willing hands and willing hearts in every direction.

Permit me to add, that whilst almost ever secular paper whose aid I have sought, has most kindly responded with advertisements and laudatory notices to their utmost capacity, I am specially indebted to the pages of this generous white and wide-flowing standard of reform—the BANNER OF LIGHT—which has never denied me amidst its ever-overcrowded columns any space, large or small, for the promotion of my arduous undertaking. May its types be found in the printing-presses of eternity, in the grateful prayer of

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8, 1860.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

All persons having received Test Communications through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. MANFIELD, and who do not object to their publication in Book form, are requested to forward the copy of the same to Mr. J. V. Manfield, 123 Chestnut street, Chelsea, Mass. Nov. 17.

LECTURERS.

Mrs. S. B. WARREN will lecture in December in Elkhart, Indiana, in January in Olney, Illinois; and in February in Lyons, Michigan. Those who wish her services on week evenings, in the vicinity of these places, can secure them by making application. She may be addressed at either of the towns named above, or care of Ebenezer Warren, Norwalk, Ohio.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING will lecture in the West Hill March, Address up to December, A. Mittenberger, Esq., St. Louis in Cincinnati, Columbus, Terra Haute, etc., the following months; in Chicago in February; Boston and the East, next Spring and Summer. Post office address, 4 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Rev. JOHN FISKE, of Medford, will lecture in Tufts street, Somerville, on Sunday, Nov. 23d, at 7 and 7 P. M.

MARRIED.

In Athol, Mass., Nov. 1, 1860, by Rev. D. C. O'Donnell, Anne Warrick to SUBIE O'NEAL.

In Richmond, N. M., Nov. 2, 1860, by Rev. G. D. O'Donnell, Watson Wood to AUGUSTA HARRIS.

DIED.

Passed to the spirit-home, at Warwick, Oct. 20th, PAUL GILSON, aged seventy-one years.

Having been acquainted with Father Gilson for several years, and somewhat intimately for a few years past; as he was a full believer in spirit-communication. Although he did not believe all that I believe, yet I can honestly say that I have always found him an honest, frank and truly religious man. And during one of my visits to him, during his sickness, he gave me a synopsis of his faith, and the foundation of the spirit-communication. The most beautiful and touching letter he published after his departure, for the instruction of all others interested in the New Dispensation of Love and Wisdom. My friend and he had been a spiritual believer for many years. He was a friend of Oliver, and had been a full believer in the unity and perfection of God—one that knew all things from the beginning, and consequently has not been and cannot be disappointed in his works; that all his laws are perfect, and ultimately will bring about the desires for the best good of all intelligent beings, and that all his laws are perfect, and ultimately will bring about the desires for the best good of all intelligent beings, and that all his laws are perfect, and ultimately will bring about the desires for the best good of all intelligent beings.

Warwick, Nov. 4, 1860.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALBANY HALL, BURNHAM PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon, at 2 1/2, and at 7 1/2 o'clock in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Rev. Adin Ballou, North in Nov.; Mrs. E. A. Underhill, first time in Dec.; Miss Fanny Davis, last eve. in Dec.; Mrs. E. W. Sprague, four Sundays in January, 1861; Mrs. Anna M. Mittenberger, first time in Feb.; and Miss Emma Harding, each Sunday in March.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 13 BROADWAY, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the B. L. Subject for the next meeting: "What is Virtue?" What are its benefits to society?

CHAMBERLAIN.—Sundays meetings are held regularly at Chamberlain's hall, evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Mr. E. C. Clough will speak Nov. 25th; Mrs. K. Kenney, of Lawrence, the two first Sundays in Dec.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings in Cambridgeport are held every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 1/2 and 7 o'clock, in W. Williams Hall, Western Avenue. Seats free to all. The following named speakers are engaged: Miss Fanny Davis, Nov. 25th; Mrs. A. M. Sprague, Dec. 1st; Mrs. Fanny E. Nelson, Dec. 8th; Mrs. E. M. Mittenberger, Jan. 20th and 27th; Miss A. W. Sprague, Feb. 17th; Loo Miller, Esq., Feb. 24th and March 3d.

THE LOCK-STITCH MADE BY THESE MACHINES

is the only stitch that cannot be unraveled, and that presents the same appearance on both sides of the seam—the only stitch that is approved by families and manufacturers of sewed goods. This fact being borne in mind, every candid person must be convinced that the WHEELER & WILSON Machine is the only one to purchase, whether for private use, or for carrying a livelihood by sewing for others.

OFFICE NO. 503 BROADWAY, N. Y.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR.

Oct. 20.

A DISCOURSE ON

Faith, Hope and Love.

DELIVERED IN New York, Sunday, April 23, 1857

BY MRS. CORA L. V. HATCH.

To which is added

A REPORT OF A PHILOSOPHICAL INVESTIGATION

OF THE NATURE OF MEDIUMSHIP.

Photographically reported by M. A. Clancy Price 10 cts.

postage paid. BERRY, COLBY & CO., Publishers.

August 12.

FORGET.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings at 113 and 115 N. 2nd St. in Wall's Hall, every Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. Fanny Davis, Nov. 25th; Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Dec. 1st; Mrs. Fanny E. Nelson, Dec. 8th; Mrs. E. M. Mittenberger, Jan. 20th and 27th; Miss A. W. Sprague, Feb. 17th; Loo Miller, Esq., Feb. 24th and March 3d.

LYONS.—The Spiritualists of Lyons hold regular meetings at 113 and 115 N. 2nd St. in Wall's Hall, every Sunday evening, at 7 1/2 P. M. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. Fanny Davis, Nov. 25th; Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Dec. 1st; Mrs. Fanny E. Nelson, Dec. 8th; Mrs. E. M. Mittenberger, Jan. 20th and 27th; Miss A. W. Sprague, Feb. 17th; Loo Miller, Esq., Feb. 24th and March 3d.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 18th and 25th; Mrs. Fanny E. Nelson, Dec. 2d, 9th and 16th; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Dec. 23d and 30th.

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Just itself? Does he believe that one being is fortunate above another, by circumstances of birth and surroundings, or in any true sense?

To Dr. Child and the Conference, I would propose this question: "Is the greatest love the most manly?"

Adelphi, Mass., Sept. 23, 1860.

#### Adelphi, Mass.

This enterprising little town, situated one hundred miles east of Chicago, on the Northern Indiana Railroad, and on the St. Joseph river, where there is an excellent water-power, with mills for the use of the rich farming country that surrounds it, has opened its winter campaign of Spiritualist lectures with daring prospects, having good speakers engaged for several months, and endeavoring to fill out the remaining time till June next. I opened the course, with the two first Sundays of October, with excellent audiences from the best citizens of the village and surrounding country. In fact, most of the intelligent and enterprising families of the place are partly or wholly favorable to our philosophy, notwithstanding the most unflinching falsehoods and most wicked and malicious slanders have been privately circulated about nearly every speaker that visits the place, by some bold defenders of the Church, who cannot yet be detected and exposed, and a little four-cornered village newspaper, neutral in everything but scandal, which runs its veering sheet between the political parties and religious sects, bending to every temporary breeze, lends its aid, with a slight degree of religious zeal, to circulate, without responsibility, falsehoods for the cause of religion. But in these days of general thought and inquiry, the "mad-dog cry" has little effect. The people will see and hear for themselves, and every intelligent community will furnish hearers to listen to the new gospel.

Middlebury, a small town in this county, some miles from the railroad, also boasts an intelligent population, and proves it by its political and religious condition. Mrs. A. F. Pease, who is gaining a good reputation in this State as a speaker and medium, spoke there the first two Sundays of October, and will speak here the last two. I also go there to speak several evenings, as my Sundays were all engaged.

Goshen, the county seat of this county, has also some excellent and devoted Spiritualists; but they do not feel able, this winter, to keep up regular meetings. At least one good speaker would find an excellent field and good support in this county, and the increasing prospect, and prosperity of our cause here will soon demand more than one.

Where we are to look for the supply to meet the increasing demand for speakers, I do not know. The "gambler of slander and abuse which every defender of new truths in religion or science has to run, frightens many excellent and highly sensitive persons from their defense until they are popular; and well do the enemies know this fact, and use it to the best advantage. Only those who can walk on the turbulent waters of public opinion without sinking, dare try the storm; and hence thousands of good Spiritualists, good mediums and good speakers are quietly sleeping in their homes, while the winds and waves are dashing and beating against the travelers and the laborers, and there is great need of more hands and more help in the stormy field of battle and strife; and yet the shouts of victory, and "we conquer," are to be heard from every quarter.

#### Out West.

NEBRASKA. Everts—You may not be aware of the fact that there is such a place as Ozaukee in the West, located on the lake shore in Wisconsin. Such, however, is the fact; and among its mixed and motley population, there are found a few whose minds are open to receive the truth, although taught by unseen agents. We have a circle, and that circle is doing its work, like the little heaven in the lump. Bitter is the opposition it meets, and strange are the combinations arrayed against it. Catholicism, orthodoxy, and snobbery, are arrayed in one grand battalion to oppose the progress of the invader. Strange combinations Satan makes when he marshals his whole host in one combined army. Necessity brings together strange bed-fellows.

This army has been brought to rest upon its arms by a lecture recently delivered here by Mr. E. V. Wilson, wherein he arraigned, tried, convicted, and sentenced, all the various theological schools of ancient and modern times, for violations of the various commands of the decalogue, and for offenses against the good order of society. The speaker handled his subject in a masterly manner, sending each denomination howling to the wall, as fast as he touched them, and shaking the modesty of certain libertines and harlots, most egregiously, by recounting, in language as delicate as could possibly portray the facts delineated, the numerous debaucheries and licentiousness existing within ecclesiastical bodies.

Mr. Wilson seems to have in hand his own peculiar work, and performs it with an ability and boldness which is at once startling and convincing. In much he says there is a seasoning of bitterness—but it is the bitterness of truth, boldly uttered, and enforced by the facts of history. His mission seems to be more to tare down the old temples of bigotry and superstition, and open the anathemas of their corruptions to the action of pure air and sunlight, than to build up those of the new. He does it, too, with a strong hand, a clear logic, and a sweeping eloquence. Few speakers have greater power, although many have more sweetness and a softer beauty.

On Sunday afternoon, at Milwaukee, (Sept. 23) he delivered, in trance, an allegorical poem, portraying the rise, progress, and final development of the spiritual philosophy—in every respect equal to the best productions of Milton or Coleridge—holding the audience perfectly enthralled, by the eloquence and beauty of his description, for a full hour and a half. Were all his efforts of the character of that, no speaker could vie with him for the palm of popularity. Following it, in the evening, was one in which he hurled his burning bolts against theology built up by seartrians upon the Bible, more calculated, perhaps, to offend, than to convince of error. Altogether, he is a strong man, and is working vigorously in the great field of progress.

#### Spiritualism in Adams, N. Y.

Since Miss Emma Hardinge gave us three very interesting discourses, we have been making exertions to keep the subject of Spiritualism "before the people," in this beautiful, although extremely orthodox village; and with what help we get from the clergy by the way of gratuitous advertising, both in and out of their pulpits, we have succeeded in creating quite a sensation.

For a few Sabbaths past we have had in alternation two excellent mediums, from Watertown, in this county, whose abilities, each in their capacity, are of the first order, and whose services will one day be appreciated, even in their "own country."

Mr. H. V. Stoddard, as a medium for individual tests, has but few equals, and as a trance speaker, he has been of great use to us, and we can but think, should he devote more time to his mediumistic gifts, he certainly could not fail of making his mark in the world.

Mrs. J. L. Price, who has but just past her eightieth year, possesses that singular feature of mediumship through which "the invisibles" give us their initials, and even full names on her arm, and that too in such a manner as to confound skeptics, for they can see the letters form, thereby overthrowing their theory of "chirologies."

While in the trance state she gives her audience the privilege, at the close of each discourse, to ask questions upon any theological point, and will for hours argue, with divine or skeptic, upon the glorious truths of our philosophy; meeting their objections in such kindness of spirit, that no reasonable person can take offense, nor none confound her.

Were we not so selfish, we would recommend the public to try and secure their services; but as it is, who that knows them can blame us for wishing for a share at least of the blessings that cluster around the altars where they minister. J. G. Pease.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free. Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCER will lecture in Cambridgeport, 8 Sundays in Dec.—Philadelphia, 4, in Jan. Providence, 4, in Feb.—Taunton, 4, in May. Roxbury, Dec. 21st and 22nd.

Address, the above places, or New York City. Miss EMMA HARDING's visit to the South this winter being postponed, she has the month of January 1861, free, and will be happy to receive applications for that month from cities in the East. She lectures in Chicago and St. Louis during November. Address care of Russell Green, Esq., Chicago, and A. Nicholson, Esq., St. Louis. In December in New Haven, Conn.—The first Sunday in Jan., at Portland, Me.; two first Sundays in April at Providence, R. I.

Mrs. A. W. SPENCER will speak at Providence, R. I., through Dec. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, in Jan. at New Haven, Conn., and second Sunday in April. She will travel in the West next winter, commencing at Chicago, N. Y., first Sunday in August, and now making arrangements for Ohio and Michigan. Those wishing to be included in the route will please write as soon as convenient.

Mrs. P. F. HAZEN will lecture during the remainder of November, as well as through Dec., at New York, N. Y., during Jan.; during Jan., in Cleveland, Ohio; through April, in Vermont; during May, in Lowell, Mass.; during June in Providence, R. I.; July in Quincy, Mass. Address will April, Springfield, N. Y.

WARREN CHASE lectures from Nov. 20th to 25th, in Attica, Indiana. From Nov. 27th to Dec. 2d, in Bensenville, Ind. Second, third and fourth Sundays of Dec. in Dayton, Ohio. Address, as above. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER at Ohio prices.

J. B. BRONKH will fill the following engagements, and the intervening Sundays can be engaged at any place not too far distant from those announced, by application to him at New Haven, Conn.—The first Sunday in Jan., at Portland, Me.; two first Sundays in April at Providence, R. I.

JOHN H. RANDALL announces to the friends of reform and liberal sentiment, in the West, that he designs making a trip through the Western States and Territories, in the winter, and would be happy to communicate with the friends wherever there is an opening on railroad routes, to get ahead. Address, for the present, Carbondale, Pa.

Mrs. J. W. CANTRELL will lecture in Nov. at Cincinnati, O.; in Dec. at Milwaukee, Wis.; in Jan. at Chicago, Ill.; in Feb. at Elkhart, Ind.; in March at St. Louis. She will return to the East in April. Applications for engagements should be made early. Address Box 816, Lowell, Mass., or as above.

Miss ROSA R. ANDERSON will lecture in Troy, N. Y., during November, and will return to Bensenville, Ind., in December. Arrangements to be made, Miss A. would prefer passing most of the winter south. All letters addressed here will receive due attention.

CHAS. A. LATHAM, trance speaker, of Livermore Falls, Me. Will speak in Portsmouth, N. H., Nov. 18th; at Bangor, Nov. 23rd; during Dec. and Jan., in Bangor and vicinity; in Quincy, Mass., first two Sundays in Feb.; Cambridgeport, the third Sunday in Feb.

LEO MILLER will speak in Taunton, Nov. 18th and 25th; in Bangor, Me., Dec. 9th and 16th; in Waterville, Me., Dec. 23rd and 30th; Providence, four Sundays in Jan.; Lowell, three first Sundays in Feb. Mr. H. will travel to Bensenville, Ind., in March, and will return to Chicago, Ill., in April.

Mrs. S. B. WARREN will speak in Toledo, Ohio, the four Sundays of November; in Elkhart, Ind., five Sundays in Dec. Those who wish to secure her labors for the winter, are requested to send, with their names, to Bensenville, Ind., N. Y., FRANK WARREN will lecture in Lyons, Mich., through Nov.; Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2d and 9th; Detroit, Mich., 16th; Jacksonville, Wis., 23d and 30th; Milwaukee, Wis., through Jan. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be attended to.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FLETCHER will lecture in Leominster, Mass., Nov. 18th and 25th; in Putnam, Conn., Dec. 2d, 9th and 16th; and in Stamford, Conn., Dec. 23d and 30th. Address as above, or at Northampton, Mass.

E. V. WILSON's address is Detroit, Mich. He will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism, in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, and Canada West. Mr. Wilson is agent for the sale of the Miller and Grimes discussion; also that of Love and Grant.

MISS ESTHER LOW, trance speaker, of Leon, Ontario, Co., New York, lectures at Ellington and Rugg's Corners, (Ontario, Co.), every fourth Sabbath. She will answer calls to lecture in Ontario, Canada, and Ontario, Canada.

Mrs. ANNA M. MITCHELL will lecture in New Bedford, Mass., the two last Sundays in Dec. and the first Sunday in Jan. Mrs. M.'s engagements are made up to April 1, 1861.

CHAS. T. INGHAM intends to labor in New Hampshire and Vermont, this winter, and friends who desire his services as trance speaker call have them by addressing him at Grand, N. H.

Mrs. CHRISTIANA A. ROSSIE lectures in Hammonden, Atlantic County, New Jersey, every other Sunday, and will speak in the vicinity of the village of Hammonden, N. J., during Nov. and Dec. Mrs. R.'s engagements are made up to April 1, 1861.

MISS L. B. DEFENCE lectures at LaGrange, and Decatur, Iowa, during Nov. Will receive calls to lecture in the South during the winter. Address as above.

FRANK J. E. CUNNINGHAM will answer calls to speak, addressed to the Banner office, 143 Fulton street New York. Prof. makes no charge for his services.

Now, FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marblehead, has prepared a course of lectures on Spiritualism, which he is ready to repeat before societies of Spiritualists.

Mrs. J. B. SMITH of Manchester, N. H., through November and December will be in Bangor, Me. Address there care of J. P. Neville.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH speaks at Putnam, Oct. 20th; Geneva, Ohio, Dec. 16th; Cleveland, Dec. 23d and 30th. Address accordingly.

H. P. FAIRBANKS speaks in Plymouth, Nov. 16th and 23d; Portland, Me., three Sundays of Dec. Address, Dautonville, Conn.

Mrs. M. MUNRO, Clairvoyant Physician and Lecturer, San Francisco, Cal. Miss M. is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER.

L. K. COOKLEY will lecture in Mount Hope, Springfield, Me., Nov. 25th, and Dec. 2d.

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON will answer calls to lecture in the surrounding towns, addressed to her at West Campion, N. H. Mrs. M. J. CLARK will answer calls to lecture, addressed to the Banner office.

Rev. JOHN PIERCE may be addressed, as usual, at Westford, Mass.

Mrs. O. F. WORKS, trance speaker, will lecture in Ellsworth, Dec. 18th; Union, 23rd; Belfast, 30th.

Mrs. E. D. BROWN, trance speaker, will lecture in New Boston, Mass., Nov. 25th. Address, Bristol, Conn.

ALBERT B. CAMPBELL will answer calls to lecture in the tract state, addressed to him at Columbia, Licking Co., Ohio.

Mrs. ISAAC THOMAS, trance medium, will answer calls to lecture in the New England States. Address, Buckport, Me.

CHAS. HOLZ, trance speaker, may be addressed for the present at Berlin, Me., care of Dr. E. W. H. Beck.

MATTHEW F. BLUFF, Rockford, Ill. She will speak in Tennessee and Georgia, in November and December.

MARY MARTA MACAUBER may be addressed at the Banner of Light office, Boston, care of Chas. H. Crowell.

CHARLES C. FLAGG, trance speaker, 83 Warren St., Charleston, S. C.

WILLIAM STARR, healing medium, 143 South St., Boston, Mass.

GEORGE M. JACOBSON, trance speaker, West Waltham, N. Y.

Mrs. A. H. JACOBSON, trance speaker, 21 Broadway, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. F. A. HENNING, No. 103 Pine Street, Philadelphia.

Mrs. J. M. JACOBSON, trance speaker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. J. O. W. WILSON, No. 81 North Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. CLARA D. E. DAWSON, Westfield, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. VAN HANDEL, No. 149 North St., N. Y. City.

Mrs. J. M. JACOBSON, No. 149 North St., N. Y. City.

Mrs. W. E. WILSON, West Warren, Middlebury, Conn.

Mrs. H. H. VANDEL, No. 48 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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#### ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!!

DR. CHARLES STARR, No. 7, DAVIS STREET, Boston, Mass.

THIS is an institution having for its basis the alleviation of the sufferings of our common humanity. It claims no superiority over the establishments of the world. It claims no superiority over the world.

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## Pearls.

And quoted also, and jewels the world long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever."

The bright autumnal sunset, and the clouds are piled on high,  
The sunset and the purple, and some of crimson dye,  
Some edged with gold and silver, and flecked with little more  
Than artist ever painted, save illum who placed them there.

So lovely this sky picture, that we all have turned away  
From the busy cares and pleasures that have held us all the  
day,  
And with rapturous emotion, too deep for feeble words,  
Drink in the wondrous beauty of those ever-changing clouds.  
[Hesperian.]

Parity is stamped on Nature's form, and communion  
with her is sure to fill the soul with all that is lovely and of  
good report.

I love thee, Twilight for thy gleams impart  
Thy dear, half-dying influence to my heart,  
When for the lamp of thought thy pulsing wind  
Awakes all the music of the mind.  
And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns,  
And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns.  
[Montgomery.]

Contentment is truly a fortune to him who is the possessor  
of that rich jewel.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
WEDNESDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14.

QUESTION.—"What is Virtue? What are its demands upon humanity?"

DR. CHILD.—Take vice away from human life and virtue has no existence. Virtue is the cream that rises on the milk of human life, the larger part of which is vice. Virtue rises out of vice and floats upon its surface. Vice holds up virtue. Vice is the skim-milk of life, that tastes blue; virtue is the cream, that tastes rich. Everybody loves cream better than skim-milk; everybody loves virtue better than vice. Why then do not everybody have the cream of life, virtue? Because there is not enough for all. Everybody can't always have cream. The multitude take skim-milk of necessity. All take it sometimes. Spiritualism now comes and proposes, as a fair thing, to shake the cream and milk of human life together, so each may have an equal distribution of the good and the bad; may have fair play. It has been the case heretofore that some one would drink more than his share of the cream of virtue, and then go before the public and brag about it, and the people would applaud it and think well of it. This to me looks mean. If a man has been kept on the skim-milk of vice, he would tell a lie before he would own it, for fear of the scowls and frowns of the people. What a state of things! Natural enough, too. Spiritualism is a great stirring stick of justice, held by God's own hand, that stirs earth, hell and heaven all up to one level sea of life, one common brotherhood of equal, spontaneous right, where chances and luck fade out with distinctions, where each man of necessity has his share of the rich things as well as the poor things of existence. Good deeds and bad deeds, rewards and punishments, are mixed together, and become something else; a new compound. Virtue and vice are retired together and become the lawful product of physical existence—becomes an honest thing. The dispensary of Spiritualism don't give all the cream to a few and the skim-milk to the multitude. Spiritualism recognizes facts of existence; nothing is altered. This blending of earth, hell and heaven, is not new, historically; we have only come to the recognition of what has ever existed; by the light of Spiritualism we begin to see it. The "high-up" man and woman feel, or will feel, by sympathy the woes of the "low-down" and the down-trodden man and woman. Spiritualism brings to our view the chain of sympathy that connects all human hearts; a chain which vibrates from end to end, with every throb of agony and every thrill of joy. Sensitive souls feel all these vibrations. What is virtue? It is the rich and fragrant flower; the sweet and beautiful flower of our earthly sojourn, that springs forth luxuriant from the corruption and decay of vice. Vice is the soil and the topsoil that nourishes and feeds the production of virtue. How lovely is virtue! How unlovely is vice! And yet how necessary is vice to the production of virtue. God made and owns the garden soil where grows the lovely flower—virtue. God produced the soil and makes the flower grow there. He who plucks the flower of virtue from this earthly garden of our God, and thinks it grows without the laws of God in nature; without roots and dirt and nourishment; without the compost of vice, is not a scientific gardener in the garden where grows the flower of virtue. He may steal the flower of virtue when 'tis grown, but he can't produce it without the rich decay of vice to nourish it. Who don't love the fragrant flower better than staid manure that contributes to its luxuriance? The skillful gardener loves and appreciates both, and under stands the good of each; he recognizes the laws of God in nature that produce the flower of virtue.

What is virtue? It is the crowning excellence of the material world. It floats in the top stratum of human life. It is the leaves, the blossoms and the fruit of a beautiful tree whose roots seek nourishment from the damp, cold soil of vice. The tree of life from its beginning, is of natural growth; and in nature nothing is unnecessary or unlawful. Virtue cannot produce and support vice; while vice does produce and support virtue. Vice is from my Father's hand, and so is virtue. Vice comes first, and virtue after. What is virtue? It is the outside ornaments that beautify and embellish the great temple of human society. What we call evil makes the foundation walls of this superstructure, laid in a solid masonry by a master hand, in the dark and solid earth. Virtue rises above the earth into the light of heaven. But virtue which ornaments and adorns the temple of human society, will sometime crumble and fall, like all material things, to dust again; and to the common level with vice that supports it, and only the life which gave birth to both virtue and vice will rise to live still, and triumph over both. Virtue! What is it? A thing of time, not of eternity. It is the flower of an hour in the garden of the soul; it is as transient as the trunk of fruit; it is as ephemeral as the dew-drop; as frail as summer flowers. Virtue, like things of earth, is born to die. Virtue is not an attribute of the soul, but it is an attribute of time, made for time, used in time, and laid aside with all the paraphernalia of time. The soul's attributes are co-existent with itself. Virtue is too transient for the duration of eternity; it is only a product of the soul's attributes which in time falls off from the soul like all the scales its earthly life produces. Virtue is but the gilded products of the soul, to be scattered along the wayside of its progression, returning earth to earth, ashes to ashes. It is my desire, as it is the desire of all, to go for virtue. But, God only knows what our success shall be; how many

flowers of virtue we shall unfold; how many scales of virtue we shall shed. Virtue, certainly is delightful to our senses, while vice is damnable. We can all pray as did our beautiful Christ, to have the latter cup of vice pass from us. But if it be our Father's will that we must drink the latter cup of sin, which we begin to see is of absolute necessity, we may as well, in Christ-like submission, say, "thy will, not mine, oh God, be done!"

JACOB ANSON.—Morality is obedience to law; it is the correct deportment of the soul, in accordance with its highest or most interior perceptions of justice, mercy and truth. Virtue is the divine essence or spiritual substance that causes obedience, that chooses to do the truest, the purest, the best things of life. Virtue, in the best sense, is the divinely embodied essence or reason that permeates the child of God, bringing freedom to his affections, and enabling love—free-love—to personally and reflect itself. Virtue is the power within us to obey, to do, to be; to obey the most interior spiritual perceptions, and be guided into all truth; to do through human aspirational demands and Deific supplies, the work of life unto life, and come ultimately into the possession of perfect wisdom, which is the common inheritance of all mankind; to be the finite expression of absolute or infinite virtue, an unfolded product of our interior self, blended by an atoned love into an attuned at-one-ment with the eternal finality of cause and effect that is positively free. Here lies the soul's power to become more than mortal. Development, unfoldment, progression or soul-growth, is the divine antidote for all the moral or spiritual maladies of conscious life. This may be obtained in most cases without crucifying the flesh; without crushing out or conquering the lower or more external manifestations of love. The proper recognition of the Christ, or divine virtue, in the soul, prevents the individual from doing himself or others any "harm." It regenerates the love element; it renews the affectional nature, and brings the animal department of our being in harmony with its spiritual and divine, so that it abides, in accordance with the laws of nature, (God's mode of operation) the purposes of divine use. The passive soul that is in harmony with its interior self, leans toward the inner light of the rising sun of truth. It sees and feels its virtuous rays of love and good will springing up within its understanding. Such souls know that to them the spring-time of spiritual life has already come; that the summer of universal love, with its bursting buds, its growing fruit, and fragrant air, is close at hand. That the future autumn, with golden sheaves and delicious fruit, awaits to crown this night of life with eternal day. The virtuous, loving soul that walks the path of peace and notes its sphere of use "looks through nature up to nature's God" and receives through faith glorious foretastes of the coming day. To him the top of the mountain of the house of the Lord is radiant with the light of life; the hills and dales of human existence reflect its rays of love, and bespeak the day is dawning. The roaring beasts of the desert, the birds of prey, the pools of polluted love and demonic infestations, vibrantly respond to the truth that night must die; that mental darkness must be dispelled. Virtue, the substance of love, the essence of God, demands it and points the way. Virtue exists all about us. The worm that crawls at our feet is charged with it. It exists "in the herbs that the beast devours" and the chemist disdains to cull; in the elements from which matter, in its meanest and mightiest shapes, is deduced in the wide bosom of the air. In the black abysses of the earth everywhere are given to mortals the resources and libraries of immortal love. But, as the simplest problems in the simplest of all studies are obscure to one that braves not his mind to their comprehension, so, though all earth were carved over and inscribed with the letters of divine knowledge, the characters would be valueless to him that does not pause to inquire the language and meditate the truth." Except we contemplate the divine in our spiritual being, no true virtue is revealed. Except we listen receptively, the Christ within cannot express to our consciousness the many things that it desired to speak through the individual Jesus eighteen hundred years ago. Life is the manifestation of an eternal principle. All material forms of organic or soul life are external expressions of the divine, the absolute being. All are parts of the great whole whose indwelling regency connects each part to all other parts, embracing all within the sphere of law. Each soul receives from the indwelling regent, (the source or fountain of love or virtue) and contributes to all other parts in proportion to their receptivity, the spiritual substance, divine essence or virtue, that makes soul-growth, and the unfurling of the divine an inevitable necessity. The best of matter, with its myriads of organic or soul expressions of life, in which we, in individual eggs of divinity, are being hatched into existence, is an external instrumentation that contains within itself, in an undeveloped form or internal spiritual condition, the perfect life, the absolute being which we call God, love and virtue.

MR. DESSON.—I have a desire to know what good the doctrine taught by Dr. Child can produce? I felt glad when I saw, in a communication from a spirit, printed in the BANNER, Dr. Child denouncing the "champion of hell" for I see there is some good about that position. To redeem suffering souls is a noble mission. But when I hear him talk about virtue and vice emanating from the same source, it is repulsive and nonsensical. I admit that Dr. Child may have wisdom and talent more than I have, and that I am not able to understand him; I may not see as he sees; so when he talks about everything being right, the question rises, what good can such doctrine do?

RUFUS ELMER, of Springfield, who proposed this question, was called for. He stated that he "came to hear, not to speak," and was unprepared. Thought that the question was an important one, for it was in everybody's mouth. We have asked the question, what is Christianity? and we have failed to get an answer. Now we ask what is virtue? Can we have a definition given? Success in business commands respect, no matter how much the business man cheats. Now, if a merchant does a successful business, according to law, he is called a virtuous man. I cannot call this virtue. I pass a lady in the street who is a stranger; she may be called virtuous, and she may not, according to the common definition. Virtue may imply strength; and that man who imparts strength for others, to do good to others, is a virtuous man. To conform to a law laid down by a priest, or a council of priests, is not virtue, as I view virtue. Christ laid down a standard of virtue; but if a man acts up to Christ's standard of virtue, he is liable to be branded with infidelity. In the little things of life lie the greatest virtues. In carrying a cup of cold water is a mighty deed of virtue. A yearning heart for the good of those with whom we come in contact, is an evidence of virtue. Some of the best specimens of real virtue in the world are branded with vice.

DR. P. H. HANSEN.—Have words, meaning words, noble words have been spoken here to-night! My soul exults with joy, my soul leaps up in gladness, and hails this sight; because it presages the dawn of a day of rejoicing. I do not disagree with any speaker yet on the floor; albeit, my ideas of virtue differ somewhat. Man's body is greater than this ball, or the world of which it is a part. His spirit is greater than his body. A single faculty of his unmeasured soul is greater than his spirit. An archangel may not comprehend the full expansion, calibre and capacity of a single organ of faculty; yet the soul is a combination of untold, undreamed-of myriads of these, and therefore the Eternal God alone can fully know a soul. What, then, is a virtue, what is an accident, what is a vice, to this majestic being—the perfected work of the vestureless soul of infinite glory? 'Tis but a fleck upon the rose-leaf—an atom on a moonbeam! Great God! I cover before the awful majesty of the tiniest soul that ever He hath made; and I know that vice and virtue are but the precedents—the disciplines and experiences which, in time, fit it for its eternal being, Good and Use, on the hidden side of the impenetrable veil of Destiny; and I clap my hands, well knowing that one day all souls will be unfettered with vice, unconstrained by the so-called virtues. Sir, the soul is greater than any law, and virtue is measured by what we call law. The man or woman who goes about in the exercise of benevolent offices, is not to me the most virtuous. Those who heal the sick and give of their abundance, are not the most virtuous; but the man or woman who dares to not up, openly, to his or her highest convictions of human duty, even if these clash directly with all the laws man ever invented, is the man or woman whom my soul delights to honor. All hail! the glad and coming day, wherein we shall dare to be ourselves, in spite of custom, priest, potentate or king, with the understanding always that we be true to our highest sense of right, and are not the slaves of passion, precept or prejudice. Sir, that man (Dr. Child) I honor and respect. Why? Because in the teeth of the bitterest denunciation, abuse, or opposition, pouring in from the world about him, he has dared to announce his highest ideal of God Almighty's eternal truth. In doing this, he has proved himself a man—the most glorious title, save one, that human lips ever pronounced. That other more perfect one is—Woman! And when I see a woman who, in this age, dares to be meagre, and vindicate her conscience before the world, and in her daily life, I rejoice; I rejoice, and thank God for another happy hour. It is a great thing to be true to self—to stand forth the champion of your noblest thought, when all fingers point at you with scorn, all heads are upraised to crush the sweet life out of you, and when only God and your own stout heart are on your side. To do this—and I thank Heaven that some there be who dare it—is to be more than human—is to be divine; and this heart-wrought divinity allies us to the Immortal Gods. This is it that I call virtue!

DR. M. G. SMITH.—Virtue is not mere abstinence from sin, else Charles River is a virtuous river. There is no virtue where there is no temptation. It implies intelligence, justice, firmness. It is fidelity to one's highest aspiration—a desire to excel. There is an animal instinct in man, and, following out that instinct, it may result in evil, which one cannot blame. And again, emotions and actions of a higher type may, by transmission, reveal themselves gloriously and be without merit. The tiger, faithful to his nature, is savage, destructive. Who blames the tiger, yet who can love him? As a man reveals the tiger's disposition, he is hated; yet this nature is his as legitimately as the transferred nature of the animal. The virtue of the animal man is in changing the natural man by discipline, by the grace of God, and in resisting the lower nature, and aspiring to the higher Virtue. Naturally amiable, one man passes virtuously, but in the simple preservation of these less earthly qualities from the corrupting acids of humanity, he is so virtuous a man as one who, resisting all the seductions of the world, has cultivated a sterile desert into smiling fields? The poor sewing girl falls by temptation, growing out of her indigence. Her wealthy sister scorns her, and draws around her body her ermine robe, fearful of its contamination with pollution. Is not this scorn, in the eyes of God, more vicious than her sister's guilt? The history of woman's conduct is mysterious. It is natural for woman to love man—to trust him. She yearns for his affection; she leans trustingly upon his breast, and is betrayed. Naturally better than man, she is more believing, confiding, and, too late, she is wrecked upon his vows. She falls from the lofty eminence of virtue to the lowest hell at a single stride. The maternal door is closed upon her; sisters, brothers, friends, hate her, scorn her, drive her from their society, until driven helplessly against the rocks of life, and with no kind hands to rescue her from the surf to warm her chilled heart and soothe her crushed spirit, she is repelled from the shore of life, and is carried by the maelstrom of human existence into the sinks of hell, an abandoned, loathed outcast. Where is now her seducer? Admired, courted and caressed by these very women who frown upon her until another falls before his breath, and doomed, like her fallen sister, to shed bitter tears—to find refuge only in the asylum of despair with her sister, in whose sorrow she finds, if not relief, her only company. Tell me, in God's name, if this company of prudes, whose wealth would have kept her sister, but for want of temptation, opportunity and impurity, manifests her virtue by her esteem of the seducer and contempt of his victim? Thus is it virtue in man to slay the one who betrays wife or sister; jurors acquit him; the public honor, women adore him. But when some other one's sister falls by him, then she is hurled into outer darkness; while he who leads other sisters astray, and shoots him for doing the same to his sister, is carelessly adored. Is all the virtue in Beacon street, and all the vice in North street? What is virtue to-day is vice to-morrow, and what is vice to-day was virtue yesterday. Calvin thought himself eminently virtuous perhaps in roasting Survetus with greenwood, while to-day it is the most painful thought connecting him with earth.

In the British Academy of Fine Arts a young artist informed me that good women of noble forms, and Crimean soldiers of well developed muscles, came there for models. Was it virtuous for them thus to provide bread for their families? A lady goes to an artist and, for her self-love, has a beautiful nude bust transferred to canvas. Accompanied by their mothers, virtuous girls drop their robes, and, for the love they bear an aged father or helpless little ones, reveal, for the edification of junior artists, the divinest, the most beautiful piece of architecture ever made by the fingers of God—the white bust of a well-developed woman. Thus stood the most beautiful woman of her day, Pauline, of France; and her brother the Emperor said such acts were virtuous,

as God never weds a vulgar thing. The vice was only in the mind of him who libeled the Almighty, in daring what he had made. In what is the virtue of our country? Is it in her ships of war, her arsenals, her canals, her submarine batteries and military fortifications? No. It is in the virtue of her sons and daughters—their goodness of heart, their intelligence, their love of justice. Of what use is all the paraphernalia of war, if your men may be corrupted and their fidelity to their country forfeited by gold from abroad?

MR. VERMILION.—I agree with every speaker, that it is well that this question should come before us. Dr. Child has said many things that I want to read again to understand his meaning. My friend Beeson probably thinks that to be good to the poor Indian is the highest virtue. I think that a man cannot be too virtuous. Virtue is something inherent in the nature of the man that is distinct from morals. Good and bad morals, we may say, are the clear and muddy waters that flow from virtue. Between virtue and morality I think there is a difference. I think that a clear vision will see virtue in every man, even in the felon. The worst appearing man may be the most virtuous, really. All men are virtuous.

"Virtuous and virtuous every man must be." I have an intuitive impression that there is a power in the race to modify the virtue of the race, that is yet unborn. Virtue in the race to come will be affected by our actions. I see a difference between the external evidences of virtue and the real thing. What are the demands of virtue? Do to others as you would that they should do to you.

JUDGE LADD.—Upon a subject so comprehensive, with so many standpoints of view, there can be no standard definition arrived at or expected on this subject. It is not difficult to define matter, but it is difficult to define mind. The mind reduces up matter, and by the aid of mind we understand matter. It is still more difficult to give our definition of spiritual things, yet by the aid of spirit we may understand mind. Some seventy-five years ago, Paine says: "Virtue is the doing good to mankind in obedience to the command of God, for our everlasting happiness." This has been the definition in schools and colleges ever since; but this is not a definition that we can unanimously accept. Can there be a standard definition of virtue? Man has ideas of that which will constitute his highest blessedness. The holy, the just and the true are perceived by the virtue of his constitution. In this perception, religion, duty, philosophy, respect to God and self-respect are comprehended. We all look upon the same world. Each looks upon it at his own angle. Each one that looks upon the rainbow is in the centre of the arch, and so of the sky above, also, which is evidence that each, in justice, holds to his own view, for he forms the centre of his own world of perception; to himself. If a man lives to his own highest perceptions he is always right—he is virtuous. We seem to ourselves to always fall short of our desires. Our ideal is always above our action. Virtue is good-willing and good-doing, benevolent and beneficent action.

ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF THE  
TAKU FORTS, IN CHINA, BY THE  
ANGLO-FRENCH FORCES.

CAMP TANG-KOW,  
ON THE PIAO, AUG. 25.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the English column marched from camp at Tang-kow. In addition to the Royal Artillery and some Madras mountain guns, the force consisted of Major Graham's company, Royal Engineers, 215 Madras Sappers, the 44th and 67th Regiments, and 380 Royal Marines, amounting in all to upwards of 2,500 men. The French force—1,000 infantry and six 12-pounder cannons—under command of General Collicieux, had marched up to Tang-kow the previous evening, and arrived upon the ground soon afterwards. It was arranged that the artillery force should open on the upper Northern fort at 6 A. M., while four English and four French gunboats shelled the lower Northern fort. The English gunboats detailed for the purpose were the Janus, Clow, Drake, and Woodcock. The French sent four iron gunboats, one of which had arrived the day before the engagement.

Hardly had the head of the English column reached the advanced picket when the enemy opened fire, about 6 A. M. from both Northern forts, from the upper Southern fort, and from the river batteries. Millward's battery of Armstrongs immediately replied, and one wing of the 67th pushed up to the borders of a natural affording shelter at 450 yards from a ditch, a wing of the 44th rushing up to another point on their left. The French took up position on the English right. Their guns at once opened on the Southern fort, and soon after 6 A. M. all the batteries had opened fire. Gowan's and Desborough's howitzers came into action, and Millward's and Barry's Armstrongs were advanced. At half-past 6 A. M. a tremendous explosion took place in the upper Northern fort, and about ten minutes later another still more terrific in the lower Northern fort. Bombs of wood, earth, shells, splinters and bodies were hurled into the air, while the concussion shook the ground for miles around. Billed the Chinese stood at their guns, though their fire faded fainter and fainter as the shells of the allies became more intense. The whole of the English field artillery was now pushed up to 500 yards from the gateway, and kept up an incessant fire, under cover of which the skirmishers obtained a position near the counterpane of the outer ditch. One Lieutenant Gay, of Millward's battery, a most promising young officer, son of the director of the Royal Italian Opera, was shot through the thigh. A gunner was wounded almost at the same moment. A lad of 15, on the Indian medical establishment, a soldier's son, and Fitzgibbon by name, was on the field, as hospital apprentice, attached to the 67th. Without a moment's hesitation he rushed to the aid of the artilleryman and dressed his wounds under a tremendous fire. In so doing he was shot in the arm, but the bullet hit him below the wound and he is healing. A more gallant and never-lived. His character is excellent, and he well deserves some promotion.

At 8 A. M. the Chinese heavy guns having been nearly silenced, the ladder party was ordered to advance and throw a bridge over the outer ditch. Two had been prepared, made of Blanshard's light iron pontoons, under charge of Lieutenant Peichard, R. E. They were carried by 82 Royal Marines, accompanied by 12 sappers of the Royal Engineers. The scaling ladders and the powder-bags for blowing in the gates followed the pontoons. The first pontoon was, after much difficulty, carried up to the causeway over the water, leading to the main gate of the fort. Hence the road up to the ditch was narrow, and crowded with killed and wounded. The pontoons were heavy and unwieldy; one of them was shot through, and, despite the struggles and exertions of Marines and Sappers, who did all that brave men could, the pontoons could be advanced no farther. Major Graydon, Royal Engineers, was wounded while leading on his men. An officer and eleven men of the marines, and two of the sappers, were also wounded. One of the sappers has since died.

Meanwhile two companies of the 44th, one commanded by Captain Gregory, the other by Lieutenant Rogers, had rushed to the ditch to keep down the enemy's galling fire of shot and shrapnel. There was no cover against the bullets, spears, and arrows flying about in every direction, so Capt. Gregory placed his men up to their middle in water and commenced a fusillade against the Chinese on the parapets, himself seizing a rifle from a wounded soldier and using it with excellent effect for thirty rounds. Man after man of the 44th continued to

drop, and still there was no truce. Lieutenant Rogers rushed through the ditch, pulled out the sapper, and succeeded in reaching the berm under the parapet wall.

About the same time the storming companies of the 67th went at the ditches with a will. Being swain, some struggled through, and a few succeeded in reaching the berm. There they found the French, who had already crossed over light bamboo ladders carried by their Chinese. These ladders burnt when placed across the ditch. In jumped also bodies up to their necks in the ditch. The ladders were supported across their shoulders, and the French quickly crowded over. "There men should have a ribbon," said Col. Dupin, himself conspicuous in the front; "their gallantry is marvellous!"

A plank was now placed across the ditch in front of the main gate, over which very rickety bridge many soldiers passed one by one. The English ladder party was also sent to the salient angle of the fort near the spot where the French had crossed. Here their ladders were laid and the troops got over.

All this time the fire of the enemy continued incessant. Cold shot, hand-grenades, stick-pots and veses of lime were showered on the crowd of besiegers who stood upon the berm. The ladders placed against the wall were pulled into the fort or thrown over, and in vain did man after man attempt to swarm through the embrasures. If the defence was desperate, nothing could excite the gallantry of the assailants. Between English and French there was nothing to choose. A Frenchman climbed to the top of the parapet, where for some time he stood alone. One rifle after another was handed to him, which he fired against the enemy. But his courage was unavailing, and he fell back, spat out through the eye. Another, pikaxe in hand, attempted to cut away the top of the wall. He was shot, and Lieut. Burslem, of the 67th, caught hold of his pikaxe and continued the work. Lieut. Rogers attempted to force his way through an embrasure, but was driven back. He ran to another, but it was too high for him. Lieut. Lenon, of the 67th, came to his assistance, forced the point of his sword into the wall, and, placing one foot on the sword, Lieut. Rogers leaped through the embrasure just as Jean Fauchard, drummer of the French 102d, had got over at the right angle. Lieut. Rogers acted with conspicuous gallantry. He was the first Englishman in the place, and was afterwards of the greatest service in assailing others through the embrasures. He was wounded in the side by a musket ball, but is doing well. Jean Fauchard was followed by many of his own countrymen, and by Lieut. Burslem, R. E.; Lieut. Lenon and Burslem, 67th, who assisted him to men across the ditch, and were both wounded; Capt. Prynce, R. M., and Lieut. Hume, R. E. In addition to them, among the first in the fort were Col. Knox and Ensign Chaplin, 67th; Capt. Gregory, 44th; Brigadier Reeves, (wounded in three places); Lieut. K-mpson, 99th; Col. Mann, R. E., and Major Anson, Aid-de-Camp. Col. Mann and Major Anson cut the ropes, and lowered the drawbridge over the mass of the English crossed; and now, after half an hour's tremendous fighting under the parapet wall, the allies were in the fort. Still the Chinese made a desperate resistance under cover of their casemates. Ensign Chaplin ascended the ramp almost alone, racing against a French soldier. Half way up he was knocked over by a bullet, but, quickly recovering himself, he sprang up again, and won by a hair. A second shot struck him through the leg as he planted the Queen's colors of the 67th on the top of the cavalier, and private Thomas Lane, 67th, took his place by the flag. Lieut. Kempton, who had a couraquet in his pocket, bound up Mr. Chaplin's arm. Lieut. Rogers and Burslem and Ensign Chaplin have been recommended for the Victoria Cross, which they right well deserve.

And now the soldiers came rushing in, but still the Chinese fought. Captain Prynce shot the commanding officer with his revolver. The 67th caught the enemy on the left of the ramp, and bayoneted twenty-seven in one mass. The French rushed at them on the other side as they vainly endeavored to escape. At the proper left angle of the fort lay seventeen dead bodies, blown up by a shell from Gowan's howitzers, which General Napier had brought up in support of the French column as they stormed the fort. On the stakes outside were dozens of Chinese, "hoist with their own petard." One had fallen on his eyes, another was staked right before the body. "They lie in sections, sir," said the 44th man.

One hundred and thirty-seven were buried in the fort in one grave. For days the dead were floated from the ditch into the river, borne backward, and forwards with the tide. Their wounds were hurried off in a most ingenious manner. A rope passed under their arms let them down into the ditch. They were then towed to the river, and thence along the edge of the stream to the lower northern fort, where they passed across in junk. The Chinese loss in killed and wounded cannot have been less than fifty hundred men. The English had two hundred casualties—seventeen men killed, twenty-two officers and one hundred and sixty men wounded.

The 44th and 67th, having provided the storming parties, were naturally the greatest sufferers. The former had ten men killed, two officers and fifty men wounded; the 67th had six men killed, eight officers and sixty-two men wounded. I append a nominal return, and am happy to say that most of the wounded are doing well.

The French list of casualties was a little over one hundred. No man was hit on board the gunboats. Two shots fell harmless on the deck of the Woodcock. Sir Robert Napier had an extraordinary escape. During the thickest of the fight he was quietly surveying the enemy's position, when a ball hit the binocular in his hand without injuring him, Capt. Brooke, his aide-de-camp, was wounded in the leg, and Major Greenhead, on his staff, had his trousers torn up by a ball. Sir Hope Grant, as usual among the foremost, sent Colonel Wolsley to reconnoitre the lower Northern fort just as the storming party obtained an entrance into the upper. Off started Col. Wolsley with horse and man, and went as though he were riding in Rotterdam, and went right up to the ditch. The enemy "potted" at him with every species of missile, from 32-pounders to arrows, but he returned unscathed.

And now the fort was taken. It contained 42 guns, many of them large, and was the "key" of the position. The lower Northern fort, with its cavalier open in rear, lay at our mercy, and the whole of the Southern forts were enfiladed by that just captured. The passage up the river was barred by obstacles, showing the greatest ingenuity on the part of the Chinese. There were literally acres of impediments of one sort or other. First came sharp pointed iron stakes, their points turned down the stream. Each stake weighing several tons. In order to sink them, two junks laden with stones had been attached to the stakes at high water, when the points just touched the mud. The tide falling 10 or 12 feet, of course the junks fell with it. At low water they were out loose, and the iron stakes were so firmly imbedded that an eighty horse power gunboat at full speed could not draw them. Behind these barriers was a huge bomb floated by oil chafers, then iron stakes again, and then cannon moored across the stream, filled with oil and combustibles for use as a fire-rail; and lastly, a boom secured by two cables and two ten-inch iron bars anchored up and down, centre and sides. The wrecks of the Lee and Flower are still visible at the edge of the mud. I pulled round them and found the Chinese had cut away their masts, taken out their engines, and got out the greater part of their copper bolts. The Cormorant had disappeared.

On the 23d Admiral Hope, with four gunboats, and accompanied by Mr. Parkes, started for Tien-tan. There the people came out to meet them, and begged for more medicines. The town itself will not be occupied, but the 67th and the cavalry with Barry's battery were already encamped at its gate. The remainder of the army follows on Tuesday, and the next mail will probably infer from that all is arranged. The Tien-tan people say that Sang-ko-lin was positively in the south fort on the 21st, and that next day he passed through Tien-tan en route for Peking, with 100 draggetailed followers.—London Times.

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