

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

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NO. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light.
UNDER THE SYCAMORES.

BY PHRANQUE PHRANTIQUE.

Under the shade of the sycamore trees
A little brook gracefully waltzes along,
And green blades of grass curve their slender necks
down
And blend their soft kiss with its murmuring song.
Over the pebbles it laughingly skips,
And flirts with the roses that grow by its side,
And deepens the tint of their petals' red lips.
Like the cheek of my Annie—my darling, my pride.
Under the shade of the sycamore trees
A little brown cottage stands, near by the brook;
The woodbine trails over the porch by the door,
And I na'er saw a lovelier, cozier nook—
For my fingers taught the green tendrils to climb
Over the door and the window beside,
And they grow like the gushing of musical rhyme
From the heart of my Annie—my darling, my pride!
Under the shade of the sycamore trees,
When ether smiles in sunshine, and laughs out in
flowers,
I love to retreat from the noisy old world,
And mark time by heart-beats instead of by hours.
For all the world over, no spot can compare
With the cot 'neath the trees; and no happier bride
Shall ever twine the garland of love in her hair
Than my own blushing Annie—my darling, my pride!

Written for the Banner of Light.

JUDITH;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF
MORTON MARSH MANOR.

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

Notwithstanding the permission so many would have thought absurd to request, Sir Stephen held the weed as much concealed as possible, merely keeping it alight by an occasional puff.

"Are you fond of flowers, Miss Kennedy?" he inquired.

"Very much so," I answered, not desirous of a lengthy conversation, nor yet wishing to show consciousness or avoidance of one.

"Most ladies are; I can't say I care much for them except when they are well chosen and held in a bouquet-holder by some fair attraction."

As I made no comment, his knightship was forced to ask information concerning the names and habits of the plants, which I gravely communicated. In return I was favored with a long account of a hunt he once engaged in with a fellow student who was bitten with the botanical mania after some plant or other, as he expressed it. I was anxious to leave him, both on account of the time and a dislike to seem in conference with a male visitor; but when I had two or three times commenced some civil speech to terminate the story and interview, he had, in the most natural manner possible, appeared not to notice the intention, and gone on so, that I was obliged to await a fresh opportunity. In vain did I cease all occupation, and stand stiffly as possible, hoping he would perceive the attitude and stop—still on he held his course, till—

"Miss Kennedy," said a hard disapproving voice. So utterly unexpected was this intrusion, that I could not repress a slight start and access of color. There stood Mrs. Burleigh, looking severer than usual, and I could not conceal my vexation at the thought that my weapons were turned on myself.

Sir Stephen had infused a degree of earnestness, real or feigning into his account, as he stood leaning one arm on a flower-stand, while with the other he "pointed his moral" by sundry gestures, cigar in hand. And there, too, was I, facing him, evidently in a state of undivided attention, the formality of which was utterly destroyed by my blush and confusion.

"The hour for commencing lessons is past, Miss Kennedy," announced the measured tones. "I trust you will pardon my interruption of your *tele-a-tele* with Sir Stephen."

"Certainly, ma'am," replied the peer, with perfect coolness; "I was entertaining her with a college reminiscence."

A look of solemn horror crossed Mrs. Burleigh's face—the eldest Burleigh hopeful had rendered all college recollections "the abomination of desolation."

I quietly escaped, leaving the two together, and resolving that no mistimed civility, on my part, should place me in so equivocal a position again.

As usual, I was obliged to go into the music room that evening to be in readiness for the family when they chose to require my services. As I sat collecting my pieces for the occasion, the sound of loud laughter from the dining room, indicated that the ladies had withdrawn and with them all restraint. To drown the echo and quell the disgust which filled my mind at such coarseness, I began a song that I was not quite sure of, and which I knew would be called for.

A footstep approached, and Sir Stephen crossed the threshold. I resolved to take refuge in stolidity, and continued my piece. He approached the piano.

"Ah! that reminds me, Miss Kennedy, wont you be so good as to let me rehearse that trio Lady Canston is to sing with her cousin and myself to-night?"

To my relief his manner was indifferent and commonplace. Beside, there was a sort of guarantee in the mention of Lady Canston, so hoping he would leave as soon as I had complied with his request, I ran through the prelude. When the contralto joined, he said,

"Sing, Miss Kennedy."

"I would rather not if you please; I will play it, instead."

"Oh! I can't go on so—it puts me out—please now."

I acquiesced.

"By-the-by, Miss Kennedy," he remarked, when we had finished, "how long is your engagement with the Burleigh's to last. Excuse me," noting my look of astonishment, "I have my reasons for the seeming rudeness."

Bewildered ideas rushed through my mind. Was I to receive a dismissal, and was Sir Stephen about to hint it?

"Two months longer, sir; my year is out at Easter," I mechanically replied.

"Well, Miss Kennedy, the old lynx of a hostess has a decided spite against you, and I unintentionally brought you into trouble this morning, so I owe you reparation."

I was right, then, thought I, and this is a prelude to offering me a new situation in place of the one he has deprived me of.

"Yes," Sir Stephen continued, "you need not look so blank if Mrs. Burleigh did choose to misconstrue matters—I shall extend my protection, and make it up to you."

"Thank you," said I, ignorant of the sense in which these words were spoken; I—I am not unprovided for, and—"

"Of course I do not imagine you are reduced to my assistance," responded Sir Stephen, in a tone of slight surprise and relief that I did not understand—"only I hope you will permit me the pleasure of correcting my own mistakes. I had no idea I should find so few perplexities and obstacles."

"I fear, Sir Stephen," said I, not wishing to appear ungrateful for the hearty desire to make compensation, "I fear, that under the circumstances, your recommendation would prove hurtful rather than beneficial."

"You are certainly a woman of the world, Miss Kennedy, and I thank you for your frankness—but there is no necessity to anticipate unpleasant consequences—I do not intend you to fill a governess' situation."

"What then?" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"Since you will not abate one jot of a woman's privilege of being won, I freely offer to you, beautiful Judith, my love and protection for as long as you will accept them."

Amazement, distress, indignation, held me speechless and motionless for a moment. My face being turned from the light as I confronted Sir Stephen, he could not read the emotion depicted, and mistaking my silence, advanced a step and enfolded me with one arm. I immediately struggled to escape, perceiving what I had not before noticed that he had been helping himself freely to liquor.

"Ah, now, Judith, do not be prudish," he expostulated, retaining me with both arms; "the ladies are all in the drawing room, and the men have not got up from the table yet—I stole off first. Come now, reward me with one, just one kiss."

But I managed to free myself.

"Keep off!" I said trembling with anger; "you have misunderstood me, Sir Stephen, and I did you. Keep off, I say!" for he advanced again, "or I will ring for a servant."

With visible astonishment he answered—

"Can you not rely on my generosity and affection, sweet Judith? You shall make your own terms."

I fairly groaned. He considered this a *ruse* to enhance my value. I could have sunk to the earth with shame. Explanation seemed useless, so I turned to leave him.

"We do not part thus," he cried, seizing my hand resolutely; "if I have unhappily said something that has offended, I will efface the remembrance. Judith, you cannot measure my love for you; I absolutely doat on this little hand"—covering it with kisses as I wrenched it from him, and flying toward the open door, ran against Lady Canston and Mrs. Burleigh!

Half maddened by this encounter, I stayed not for further developments, but sought my own room to arrange my tumultuous thoughts.

Before many minutes there came a knock. I arose and admitted Mrs. Burleigh. She surveyed me an instant in silent wrath, then seating herself, commenced—

"Miss Kennedy, I can scarcely believe the scene I witnessed with my own eyes. I have been basely deceived in you. You have imposed on me with your quiet, modest ways, until I had confidence in your respectability and principle. Don't venture to defend yourself," she added, as I was about to interrupt her indignantly—"there is no occasion to make matters worse. Fortunately Lady Canston is willing to overlook this shamelessness in silence; but I can no longer retain you in my family."

"Mrs. Burleigh," I demanded, "how was I to protect myself from unexpected insult?"

"It was not unexpected insult, miss; I saw that flirtation in the green-house this morning, and this evening's disgraceful conduct is a natural result."

I saw that circumstances were against me; yet I had a lurking conviction that Mrs. Burleigh did not believe me guilty. No, it was an awkward *expose*; some expiation was necessary. Lady Canston did not faint or fall into hysterics, or abuse her husband; she simply, with excellent practical sense, termed me a bold hussy, and Mrs. Burleigh joined in, glad to escape some of the embarrassment attendant on blaming the recalcitrant Lothario, which he avoided by leaving them immediately.

"How could I have avoided this, madam?" I inquired.

"By a proper degree of self-respect—by repelling any advances in the first place. My former governess would never have invited this—Sir Stephen would never have addressed her in this manner."

In the midst of my distress, memory recalled the image of my predecessor—a grim, masculine maiden of forty—and for once I could not but agree in an opinion, though it was shared by Mrs. Burleigh.

"To think of my innocent Adelaide Augusta, and Helena Louise, having been exposed to such contamination!" continued my patroness. "I cannot conscientiously give you a recommendation, Miss Kennedy, so you will spare yourself the mortification of referring to me. I am willing to be charitable as I can consistently. I trust you will take warning and endeavor to retrace your ways, and I will not publish your disgrace."

With this Mrs. Burleigh swept from the room with a ridiculous assumption of offended majesty. A little later that night I received the amount due me. A letter which was brought me by Sir Stephen's valet, I returned unopened, as I was leaving the house next day. Thus terminated my governing phase of life.

NOTE.—We must ask the indulgence of our readers for the small portion of the story printed in this paper. The five pages of manuscript following that in type above, have been mislaid by mail. This was not known until just in season to order a duplicate, which the severe storm has probably delayed.

Written for the Banner of Light.

DESOLATE ST. CLAIR;

OR,

THE DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM.

BY MARY DUNNIBIN.

It was once a grand old place, but now the swallows built their nests in the crumbling chimneys, and in some places the house was falling. The walls were damp and moist, and dust gathered on the floor, and few remaining window panes. It was during a visit in the northern portion of North Carolina, that I formed one of a company of equestrians, who galloped past the ruins of the once princely residence of the St. Clairs. It was inclosed by a high fence, though many pallings were missing; from the outside, the appearance was gloomy looking enough, but as Mr. Mordant, the owner of the place, proposed going over the house and grounds, we accordingly dismounted, and leaving our horses within the inclosure, started for the house. Long gray moss hung from the tall old trees, swaying to and fro by every rustling breeze, seemingly a solemn spectral guard. We piled Edgar Mordant with more questions, in regard to the old decaying homestead, than he could answer. Why did he not improve, and repair the old place? It would be beautiful.

He laughingly replied, "The workmen were afraid of ghosts."

It was called "Oak Grove" by the St. Clairs, the former owners of the place—a noble wealthy family. The house was said to be haunted, and many years had passed since any one had lived there.

The old place was left in desolation to decay.

We paused in one gloomy room, in which Desolate St. Clair was said to have murdered her affianced husband. True, by the fire-place were blood stains, and we almost expected to see the ghost of Desolate St. Clair arise and face us. We passed on, echoes answering us through the deserted halls, and the old house shaking as we walked.

Now and then we were hailed by the hooting of an owl which we did not see, with "Who—who—who are you?" No doubt considering us intruders, it demanded our names.

If a window rattled, Edgar would say:

"Listen girls! There's a ghost."

We had begun retracing our steps, when brother Harry exclaimed:

"Here! Ed, we've overlooked this place."

It was a small door, and looked. The key was rusty, but after a while they forced the lock. There was a short flight of stairs, at the top of which was another door that Edgar declared opened when he unlocked the one we were at.

Mollie Gray, a sweet, nervous little fairy, whispered to me:

"O, Fannie, suppose Desolate opened that door."

"You little coward," said I, then laughingly continued, "I expect Desolate St. Clair did open that door."

Instantly the echoes replied: Desolate St. Clair *did* open that door! but so near like a human voice it sounded, that I started with a loud exclamation, and though they all laughed at me, it startled them also.

Brother Harry called to me:

"Sit, suppose you were to see her?" Echo answered, "See her!" and Mollie averred she saw some one pass the door. We knew that it was only her excited fears, and imagination; but we left the house, we girls starting and exclaiming at every sudden noise, much to the amusement of our escorts, who did not try very hard to lessen our fears, though I, being rather braver than the rest, did not suffer much from their teasing.

We had a gay ride home; and, as we parted, Edgar bantered me for being cowardly.

"Indeed, I replied, Mr. Edgar, I am not afraid to go alone to Oak Grove."

"At this Edgar said he 'would wager an elegant rosewood writing desk, against a ring on my finger, that I would not go.'

I was visiting a maiden aunt in the country; the Mordants lived about a quarter of a mile below us, and Oak Grove, or "Desolation," as the country people around designated it, was a mile above.

Aunt Polly was sitting in the back door, and with her was Eliza Timmons, a rustic beau.

As I rode, up she called out:

"Lor, Lias, go help the child git off that horse."

"No, thank you, Mr. Timmons," said I, for before he was through his awkward bow, I had dismounted.

"Where have you been, child?" queried Aunt Polly.

"Oh! aunt! Such a delightful ride! We went to Oak Grove, and I do believe, saw and heard a ghost."

"Do tell!" "Sakes alive!" exclaimed Aunt Polly and Eliza in one breath; but being tired when they

wished to hear "all about it," merely said, "I was jesting," but communicated my intention of visiting Oak Grove alone.

In vain Aunt Polly expostulated. She could not dissuade me from my intentions. In vain did Eliza narrate all the wondrous tales of ghosts that had been seen, and dreadful noises that had been heard there. They did not intimidate or frighten me in the least.

After tea, early, I retired to my room, and seated myself at an open window. It was a balmy summer evening, only a slight breeze gently passing through the room. The moonbeams fell in soft, bright ripples on the floor. Even the sky seemed blue, and the stars brighter, on that eve. I seemed more to feel and enjoy the serene beauty of the scene than heretofore. The landscape, viewed from my window, was always attractive to a poetic mind, and especially by moonlight.

I was musing of the haunted house, and smiling to myself at Aunt Polly's fears, and was surprised to find that night had passed swiftly, and it was day.

I determined to visit Oak Grove now. It was early morning, and I sauntered forth alone to the old house. It was soon reached, and rapidly passing over the grounds, I walked more leisurely up the steps leading to the house.

I did not pause in any of the rooms, but in passing through the room in which the blood-stains were, I fancied I heard a slight moan; but, smiling at my own fancies, ascended the narrow flight of steps at which we had all hesitated the day before, and entered the room at the top of the stairs. It was empty like the rest. I walked to a window and gazed out below; a kind of fascination held me chained, as it were, to the spot, and it was long ere I could move or speak. The ruined lawns, the briars and weeds in the gardens, were changed, and stately trees in the liver of green appeared. Fountains were playing, and flowers were blooming, a place of almost paradisaical beauty.

On turning round, I discovered the door was closed, yet I had not the power to move. The room was no longer empty, but heavy damask curtains, relieved by light lace ones, hung at the windows, and elegant furniture was arranged tastefully about the room. Pictures hung on the walls. There was a small table, with a choice collection of books on it, and all betokened delicacy and refinement. The room was a lady's boudoir, fitted with all the luxuries which wealth and art could produce.

Now for the first time I noticed a young lady, sitting by a partially opened window, as though musing. Hers was a rich, dark beauty. The waves of her black hair were combed smoothly back over the small ones in a simple knot behind, and those large lustrous black eyes reminded one of a clear, beautiful, moonless, starlit night. A smile wreathed her beautiful lips. Would that I were an artist, to portray but half the rare beauty of that face! But soon the smiles left her lips. She started, and a sudden pallor spread over her face. I gazed out, and saw a lovely girl, fair and fragile, with blue eyes, and a countenance of spiritual loveliness, far different from the dark beauty of the stately girl near me, in whom I recognised, it seemed, by instinct, Desolate St. Clair.

By the side of the pale girl stood a noble looking man of about eight and twenty. His arm was around her, and her brown, curly head rested on his shoulder. He pressed a kiss on the fair brow.

Desolate started from her seat, her countenance wearing a look of wretchedness, but as she flitted by a gleam of almost diabolical light flashed from her dark eyes; an irresistible influence drew me after her.

We passed down the handsomely carpeted stairs, through elegant halls to the porch, and now out among the shrubbery. The couple we saw were just entering a summer-house covered with green vines. Outside this we paused, and heard the low tones of a manly voice, murmuring, "Darling May, I have always felt near to you, and now it rejoices my heart to know my own loved one has no alternative but to choose me her rightful protector and—"

Here he was interrupted, and the angry, flashing eyes of Miss St. Clair glared on them. She was almost maddened by the demon Jealousy, for was not Albert Rivers her betrothed? And was he not now proving false to his vows?

It was more than her fiery nature could bear. Words of fierce, bitter invective poured from her lips, and catching the gentle, frightened May Willis, she hurried her from out the door, before the young man could prevent, and the gentle girl fell, fainting.

Desolate St. Clair commanded Albert to leave, and to never see her more. With this she left him, and, in passing out, placed her foot on the slender neck of May Willis.

It was some moments before Albert Rivers could recover himself sufficiently to act. He then raised his sister in his arms, and bore her away to a place of security. He had just discovered that May was his sister, and hastened to tell her the welcome news, for the maiden knew not of any kindred in the world, and was only the recipient of Desolate St. Clair's bounty. She had lost her parents when a little babe, while Albert was away at school; and on his return his only and infant sister was nowhere to be found, and it was mere accident that he had now discovered the relationship existing between them, and it was the witnessing of the brother's carresses which had fired the heart and maddened the brain of Desolate St. Clair.

After seeing his sister restored to consciousness and safety, Albert Rivers bethought himself of Miss St. Clair. He knew she was terribly excited, and instantly being hereditary in the St. Clair family, he had, from her wild manner and vindictive words, everything to fear. I seemed to read all this in his thoughts, as he hastened back to Oak Grove, for I had remained standing where they left me.

The day was fast waning, and I was still at Oak Grove, without the will or power of fleeing from the place.

Albert Rivers knocked at the door of Desolate's room but was unanswered. There he stood, nearly a half hour, pleading and remonstrating with the unhappy girl. No answer came to him but the distinct and measured tread of her feet, pacing to and fro the apartment.

Albert was just turning sadly away, when the door suddenly opened, and Desolate St. Clair confronted him. Now insanity's baleful light glistened from her large and once glorious eyes. She bade Rivers leave her, now and forever! He who could prove thus false to her, should neither remain within her sight nor rest beneath her roof!

Rivers left her, but not the mansion. Twilight shades were gathering, clouds were rising in the sky. Rivers had entered a kind of sitting room, and throwing himself wearily on a lounge, gradually his excited mind grew calm, and he slept.

Desolate St. Clair, an hour earlier, had feigned calmness, and pretending to wish to sleep, dismissed her faithful attendant, nurse Ellis.

As soon as alone, she opened a small door which I had not before noticed, and taking from a vial a small white powder, hastily arranged herself in walking attire. Sorely murder was in her heart, for it was plainly written on her countenance.

She left the house, and walked rapidly, till, coming to a neat white cottage, she paused, unlatched the gate, and very unceremoniously entered. There, on the bed covered with a snowy counterpane, lay sweet May Willis, looking more angelic and spiritual than ever before.

Desolate St. Clair's countenance had resumed its former beauty, and her manner was even tender, as she advanced and raised the young girl's hand, and said:

"Pardon me for my rashness, dear May, and for causing your gentle heart so much alarm this morning. I could not rest satisfied till I heard from your own sweet lips that you had forgiven me."

"O! Miss St. Clair, you are too good, too noble," said May earnestly, "for believing, as you did, you were certainly justifiable in all you said."

"Well, dear May, I cannot forgive myself," said Miss St. Clair, rising from her seat. "I have not long to stay; here is a powder, which will make you rest well to night, and calm your nerves. Nurse Ellis gave me one this morning, and I will prepare it for you."

Reaching a glass of water, she emptied the powder in it; then stirring a spoonful of sugar in, handed it to May; she being only too grateful for this unexpected kindness of Miss St. Clair, drank it all off.

Desolate then stooped and kissed her pale brow, bidding her playfully to be well enough to return home on the morrow.

Ah! that woman had a Judas's heart.

As we left the cottage, Desolate muttered, while the old fierce light gleamed forth from her eyes:

"Return home! You will never see another morning, if poison kills."

Heavens! could this be a woman, or a fiend? My veins almost congealed with horror.

She was at Oak Grove again; and, entering the house, was passing the room in which Rivers was sleeping, when she paused irresolute at the open door, then entered, and stood by his side, all the while incoherently muttering. She drew a small dirk from her bosom, and with force plunged it in his heart several times. The warm life-blood gushed out, and with a groan the dying man fell heavily forward on the floor.

Morning came. Albert Rivers was found cold and dead. Desolate St. Clair was missing, and nowhere to be found.

Now let us return to the cottage. In the night May awoke from a deep sleep; a severe pain was at her heart, and she seemed to be suffocating. Good Betsey Langford the gardener's wife, who had been watching through the night, hearing her moans, was soon beside her, and found her in great agony. Cold drops of sweat rolled from her brow, and spasms distorted her face. A physician was called, but before he came, sweet May Willis's spirit had flown to that bourn whence sickness and trouble can never enter.

Albert had imparted the knowledge of May being his sister to a few friends, and they were placed in one coffin. A long and mournful procession followed them to their last resting-place.

A gloomy darkness had fallen on Oak Grove. People knew not whence had gone Desolate St. Clair, sole mistress of that wealthy inheritance; and even curiosity desired not to enter there. The few domestics who remained were seldom seen, and these were so silent and taciturn that they were never questioned. Days, weeks, ay, months had passed, when suddenly Desolate St. Clair appeared. White as the dead—was her thin face, with its settled look of wretchedness speaking through her beautiful eyes. God knows she was sane now; but her past deeds rose looming before her, and drove her again to the verge of madness. She knows now that Albert Rivers and May Willis were brother and sister, and she wanders forth to their grave. The low winds moan through the trees, the little birds cease their songs at her approach. A feeling of desolation and gloom prevails. She stands beside the grave, she hears a voice call "Desolate," and, turning round, what does she see? Is it some dreadful phantasy of the brain? or is it Albert Rivers by her side? It is surely he. The warm, red blood seems now gushing from the wounds, as on the night she murdered him. A wild scream, and she had fainted.

The gardener passing saw her lying there, and raising her in his strong arms, bore her to the house, insensible. Nurse Ellis's restoratives proved efficacious, and tottering to her boudoir, Desolate St. Clair—

[CONTINUED ON THE EIGHTH PAGE.]

Written for the Banner of Light.
LOST FLOWER OF MINE.

BY H. CLAY BURCH.

Fair Eden-flower! thy fragrance has departed!
The love-tinged beauty of thy bloom is gone!
I roam along the flower-fields weedy hearted,
For Death has taken the enchanted one.

From Earth's sky-pointed hills I'm upward gazing,
Counting the night-buds, as they softly bloom;
And oh, I dream that one more star is blazing—
That one more heaven-flower shed its soul perfume.

The morn-pearls sparkle in their paly brightness;
The flower-voice murmurs in the midnight calm;
But thy soft soul-hush, winged with spirit lightness,
Shall come no more to flood my soul with balm.

Along the darksome paths of life's deep forest,
Death wandered forth, a-gathering his bouquet;
"I take the fair," he said; "life keeps the poorest!"
And then he bore my tender flower away.

The fragrant clouds that sweep o'er myrrh-billed islands
And burning incense of the pagan shrine
Are not so sweet, as this bloom of the Highlands;
Fair angel-blossom—bright, lost flower of mine.

Watch it, ye angels! let my flower not wither!
Celestial dew upon it there descend,
Soon shall I find it, for I wonder thither
As life's lone hours draw fast to the end.

Smith's Mill, 1861.

PARIS FROM AN INK-STAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER ONE.

INTRODUCTION.—GLIMPSE AT ANCIENT PARIS.—LUTETIA OF THE ROMANS.—THE CRADLE OF PARIS.—DIMENSIONS OF CITY, WALLS, FORTIFICATIONS, ETC.—ISLE DE LA CITE.—ISLE DE SAINT LOUIS.—ISLE DE CYGONES.—NOTRE DAME, ITS PAST AND PRESENT.—LA SAINT CHAPPELLE.—PALAIS DE JUSTICE.—OLD AS THE PALAIS DES THERMES OF THE ROMANS.—THE CONCIERGERIE, ITS SCENES.—NAPOLEON III. WORTHY OF THE NAME.—PORT NEUF.—LA MORGUE.—JACQUES DE MORAUX AND HIS FEARFUL SUMMONS.

There are few of our readers who have not heard the saying, which may now be said to be as good as a proverb, "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*!"—"See Naples, and die!" as if to convey the idea that, after Naples, no spot could interest or attract. We, however, say nothing to detract from the fanciful reveries which have found their way to paper, and the press, through the pen of the fair writer who has made this "*Vedi Napoli e poi mori*!" so world-renowned; but we do say, and not with unequal justice, "*Voir Paris et vivre*!"—"See Paris and live!" nor do we fear, that, to the hypochondriac, to the invalid, this advice will be found valueless. Its atmosphere is ever elastic, its dry soil is a perpetual fount, and, thanks to the general consumption of wood instead of coal, its clear sky sheds a cheeriness over the scene genial and elevating to the spirits.

It is true on a first arrival this constant glare, stir and joyousness somewhat oppress the new comer, and he is, at first, at loss to conceive what keeps the people around him so merry and so active about nothing. If an American, he is quicker to mingle and find enjoyment among them, especially if his travels at home have ever taken him out of New England to those other types of Paris, New York and New Orleans; if an Englishman, he wants to pause for breath and consideration, he wants time to make up his mind as to his own deliberate country, whether or not he is disposed to be amused.

But a few days are sufficient to irresistibly impel even the earliest of John Bulls to go gallily marching with the joyous crowd; and, in half a month he finds himself bearing his twinkling cap, and brandishing the bauble of folly, as giddily as the rest of the noisy throng. In most capitals, one is obliged to go in search of amusement. In Paris every step he takes brings him in contact with the clashing symbols of the tireless votaries of pleasure. Pleasure among the French is not an exclusive, nor is recreation an aristocratic monopoly. The people seem born with a knowledge of the how to bear life's burden graciously and gracefully—even, gratefully too; for it is not possible to be more sensitively alive to the enjoyments placed within their reach.

Instead of sighing after impossibilities, ambitioning after the splendours of the great, or the superfluous gauds of equipage and distinction, they are satisfied with the more common at able enjoyment of a sunny day in the Champs Elysees, the Bois de Boulogne, or the public gardens of the city, refreshed with lemonade or iced water, and diverted by the facilities of itinerant showmen; or they invest half a franc in a railway trip to Saint Cloud, or Versailles, to which delightful spots there is access at all times of the day.

The French are more addicted to pleasure, perhaps, than any other race—vastly more so than the English. They seldom amass colossal fortunes, but, contenting themselves with moderate gains, enjoy, even in their busiest days, their portions of the delectations of life. The gravest man among them is not ashamed to talk of the pleasures of a fete. Part of the business even of their public functionaries, indeed, is to give entertainments; not as in England, dinners only, to be devoured in solemn state among their solemn selves, but balls and weekly parties for the re-union of the order of society to which they belong, and the promotion of the interests of commerce.

The Carnival is a national observance, not alone as the epoch for masquerade or midnight balls, but for family enjoyment, for the expenditure of a portion set aside from every private income expressly for recreation—a filip given to the dullness of the year—a moral spring-time, producing the annual revivification of the social qualities. The carnival is of uncertain duration, as dependent upon movable feasts; commencing with Advent and terminating with the beginning of Lent. It is not, however, till after the first of January—the grand festival of the French year—that the public festivities of the carnival, such as masked balls and royal or ministerial fetes have their formal commencement. But the diversions of Paris do not expire on Shrove Tuesday with the carnival. It is "*fete*" always with the French! Some ever-recurring pretext of royal or imperial birthdays, and the feasts of the Church, sanctifies the assumption of holiday attire, concerts in the open air, or dancing at the *guinguette*. And, when these are wanting, the very boulevards, or the ordinary promenade of the Champs Elysees, present a semblance of pastime such as English people, at least in England, would call a fair. One of the most remarkable peculiarities connected with this tendency to enjoyment is the domesticity with which it is carried out. In humble life a whole family issues forth for diversion; the grey-headed grandfather and infant in his arms being fondly included in the party. In summer time they are to be seen in family groups, seated upon the grass among the broomy thickets of the Bois de Boulogne; in winter, in the *parais*, or upper gallery of some minor theatre. Even the meanest house having its porter or concierge in

charge of the door, their property can be left without danger. English people, on the contrary, though apt to profess themselves models of domestic affection, rarely engage in parties of pleasure without including more acquaintances in the scheme. Their first idea, when about to visit some public monument or place of diversion, is to "ask somebody" to join them. In order to repair to a theatre, or race, or country excursion, they must always "make a party," and this effort of making a party often destroys, or postpones the pleasure until too late. There is in fact a less genial spirit, a want of tendency to be amused—a lack of elasticity of nerve and muscle, among the denizens of mighty London.

The great concentration of the city and population of Paris is also the cause of bringing public places and the public buildings, which tend so greatly to its embellishment, within daily and hourly scope of admiration. The public edifices of London are scattered over so vast a surface, that people residing at the extremity of the West End are out of reach, if not often uncognizant of the public monuments of the city; and many persons live and die there without having seen the walls of the White Tower, or the beautiful church at Walbrook.

In Paris, on the contrary, the finest structures—palaces, churches, galleries, bridges, columns, arches of triumph—burst upon the eye at every turn. The beautiful Place de la Concorde (formerly called Place Louis XV.), unequalled in extent and decoration, is daily traversed on the way from the Boulevards to the Faubourg Saint Germain, or from the Tuilleries to the Champs Elysees, and it is impossible not to see and be struck by the impressive regularity of architecture in the Rue de Rivoli, the new Boulevards de Strasbourg and Sebastopol, the Place Vendome, and other noble streets, or the still more picturesque irregularity produced by the ancient houses of the islands, and the pointed towers of the Conciergerie, as viewed from the Pont Royal, or the Pont des Arts.

Owing to these numerous attractions, Paris has become more than ever the resort of foreign guests. It is not like Vienna, or Petersburg, a city which people visit once in their lives, and return to no more. Every year brings forth some new monument to be admired, some new wonder to be canvassed. Another and another still succeeds. Scarcely were the raptures of the public expended on the Arc de l'Etoile, when the Museum at Versailles attracted hundreds of thousands of visitors; and to the noble church of the Madeleine succeeds the Hotel de Ville, and the Hotel de Commerce on the Quai D'Orsay—two of the finest edifices of modern Europe.

The habits of Paris are fatal to reverie—here, then, the votary of seclusion may not hope to live in the continuance of his real or assumed peculiarities.

Paris is the city of to-day as Rome of the yesterday. Positive pleasures are too immediately within reach to allow of great scope for lofty musings, such as might arise from the storied aisles and towers of Westminster Abbey, or the sombre mysteries of the Tower of London. Yet Paris is not without its historical interest, and such as, when we walk where Kings have died and martyrs have suffered, arrests us with a flood of remembered annals. Yet all is sunshine, all is progress—all is life. Instead of exclaiming with the philosopher, "how many things are here which I do not want," you are tempted by the brightness of the exposition in the elegant and gay shops, to say, "how many things are here of which until now I was ignorant of the existence." It is not till the necessities of national activity. It is not till the necessities of life are fully satisfied that people begin to think of these adornments, and as regards their origin it must be admitted that the world is indebted to Paris for the creation of half the more attractive superfluities of life. One can understand how, residing in such a city, Voltaire was tempted to talk of "*le superflu, chose si necessaire*!"

These gay and brilliant creations of luxury are in fact the evidences of centuries of civilization. Personal refinement has long been carried to so high a point of perfection that the shops of Paris are required to keep and display a redundant choice of novelties in the various arts of decoration.

Their artisans have a wonderful faculty of invention, and half the designs adopted in Europe are composed in Paris, and, perhaps, there is scarcely a pattern of wearing apparel for woman, manufactured in America at least, which had not already been exhibited in the French capital.

They are indifferent copyists, and slow to adopt the habits of other nations, but their creative faculty is immense. It is probable on this account that the fickle goddess fashion has so permanently fixed her abode in the French metropolis as to have it recognized her birth-place: dating from its prismatic precincts those fluttering ukeases which give the law to London, St. Petersburg and New York.

It is our intention to present a few of the novelties of Paris to our readers, and if possible give a slight picture of the habits and manners of Paris under the reign of Louis Napoleon.

For this purpose we have resolved to make the largest possible use of anything which has been already said on the great subject; if requisite, quote page after page from those authors we most appreciate, and this without the superfluity of innumerable quotation marks—we claim, if it pleases the reader more, no originality in this labor. And for this, and to avoid anything like future and unjust accusation, we commence by thanking Mrs. Gore, Thomas Forester, Basil St. John, now no more, Durant and others, and every guide-book extant.

Historians, a class of people in whom, it must be supposed to begin with, the reader is to place the most unflinching, unquestioning confidence, tell us that the first authentic notice of this memorable and beautiful city by the Seine, is to be found in the commentaries of Cæsar. And if we may be permitted to recur to our school days, though a little uncertain, we believe there is something of the kind from the pen of the great Julius. The Roman conqueror found a collection of mud hovels occupying an island in the river, (now the Isle de la Cite). This miserable little village to which the Romans gave the probably characteristic name Lutetia, from *lutea*, muddy or dirty, was the metropolis of the Parisii, one of the tribes of the Gallic Confederation. Who, or what, the Parisii were, if they ever achieved anything worthy of remark in art or science, in the enjoyment of peace or feats of arms, beyond that reputation *lutea*, history does not say, for in its pages this primitive people has left no trace except the name of the most splendid city in the old world, which has in the course of ages sprung up around the marshy island where they dwelt.

But historians are never allowed their own way altogether, for theirs is a life of warfare against the strong arm of Tradition, and Tradition claims for the

city a far more ancient origin; and as some English chroniclers trace the origin of London to Brutus, son of Irlam of Troy, and that of Dublin (of course) to a still more remote epoch, so French legends assert that the real founder of Paris was Francus, son of Hector (possibly the same young gentleman who was frightened by his father's nodding plumes—vide Homer and Alexander Pope) who named his town after his uncle Paris, who presented the prize to the beautiful successful exhibitor on Mount Ida, and ran away with Helen of Greece, thereby causing (in those uncivilized days when divorces were not, and King Menelaus had no legal remedy) the great Trojan war. It is quite a pity that this charming story is not authenticated; for then would the captivating but unlucky Paris be associated in history with the most notable events of ancient and modern history—the Siege of Troy and the Great Revolution.

Other legends connect the name of Paris with an ancient Temple dedicated to Isis, some remains of which are said to have been discovered, and say that pilgrims to the sacred spot spoke of having journeyed "par Isis, whence the name. Which legend we immediately discard, for fear some fair reader just commencing the study of French should believe it, as superlatively ridiculous and unworthy of attention.

The name of Lutetia was exchanged for Paris about the beginning of the fifth century; and about 490 Clovis the Great chose it for his capital. Since then it has retained the metropolitan dignity, and gradually expanded into a beautiful city, to the most memorable parts of which I shall be most happy to be allowed to conduct the reader. A sketch of the growth of Paris, the very idea would "rob our weary eyes of sleep" for at least a week.

Henry IV., Louis XIV., the first Napoleon, Louis Philippe, and the present Emperor, each effected great alterations and improvements, erecting fine edifices, opening up new and spacious streets and greatly extending the limits of the town. Lo Grand Monarque threw down the old ramparts, replacing them by Boulevards, or wide roads planted with trees, and erected new walls and barriers some distance beyond. In 1787 Louis XVI. again extended the area of the city by a wall which is now partly standing; in 1800 Napoleon III. extended the city to the fortifications. This wall had seventy-eight barriers, where the local or *cetrai* taxes were collected. Fifty-six of these still remain. The suburbs enclosed by this new wall were called *faubourgs*, a name yet retained. During the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe, that astute monarch commenced the immense system of fortifications which now enclose old Paris, the faubourgs, and a broad belt of outlying districts, known as the *danses*, beyond the wall of 1787, which as we have said is now all known as Paris. The old King's desire was to guard Paris from attacks by a foreign foe; but he soon found that his strong walls enclosed a foe infinitely more to be feared than any without; and one fine morning in February, 1848, he stepped out of the Tuilleries by a subterranean passage (emerging, obviously enough, on the Place de la Concorde, where, nearly sixty years before, his uncle, Louis XVI. lost his head), and jumping into a cab, was no more heard of as King of the French; but a few days afterwards a poor, dilapidated old gentleman, who gave the name of Smith, renched the English shores, a refugee from a Revolution even more terrible than that which raised him to the throne. It was much better for him never to have left the office of schoolmaster in that ancient house in Green street, Boston, or the quiet shade of the stately peacan on the ridge of Louisiana, pointed out to the traveler as the tree that gave shade to Louis Philippe.

Louis Napoleon completed the fortifications which Louis Philippe began; and Paris is now enclosed by a continuous bastioned encircling thirty-five feet high and surrounded by a ditch which can be flooded from the Seine to the depth of eight feet in forty-eight hours. This enormous wall is calculated for an armament of two thousand heavy guns, and on the right or northern side of the Seine presents sixty-seven fronts, and on the south twenty-seven fronts to any adventurous foe. (But since the English cannon may, "if all be true I've heard," pelt the towers of the Tuilleries from Bourg la Reine or any other place within two leagues of Paris, another question of fortification has arisen.) One hundred gates give admission to the city. There are beside an exterior line of forts at a distance of from one to three miles, connected with the walls by strategic roads, and capable of mounting seven hundred heavy guns.

Some English readers will be surprised, perhaps, to read that the area thus enclosed is very little less than that of their metropolis. By way of comparison, we may say that the largest diameter of the nearly circular enclosure is about equal to the distance between Kensington Gardens and the western entrance to the East India Docks at Blackwall, nearly seven miles, almost the length of Broadway, the distance from the Revere to Spy Pond; while from the point where *le grand Chemin de Fer du Nord* passes the fortifications on the north, to Gentilly on the South, is, in the same manner, nearly equivalent to the distance between Kingsland Gate and Kensington Common, or about five miles—quite from Faneuil Hall to Mt. Auburn.

The Danlien is, of course, comparatively open ground, but not much more so than some of the suburbs of London, or the environs of Boston, which, it is true, compare well with the best English scenery, though perhaps not so extensively grand; and the Bois de Boulogne, and the Bois de Vincennes are beyond the walls. Within the old line of barriers, Paris is thickly built; and, although there are several large open spaces, as the Champ de Mars, the Champ Elysees, and the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg, yet their area is certainly inferior to that of the parks and squares of London included within the limits we have described.

Paris, then, besides being one of the most interesting and beautiful towns in the world, is also one of the largest and most densely populated; the inhabitants numbering, according to the quinquennial census of 1856, 1,774,346. During the previous five years the increase had been at the rate of nearly eleven per cent., so that we may not unfairly estimate the present population at about 1,800,000, considerably less than half that of the English capital.

The Seine, which receives the waters of the Marne before reaching the city, enters Paris on the southeast, and flows in a semicircular course through the centre, again reaching the line of fortifications at a nearly opposite point on the south-west, beyond which it makes a sudden turn northward, enclosing a long peninsula, in which are the Bois de Boulogne, Neuilly and Clichy. There are twenty-five bridges within the walls. The river is lined on each side with broad stone quays, affording agreeable promenades. It is worthy of notice that the stream is kept free from all impurities; the water is therefore beautifully clear and affords excellent bathing, and facilities for washing linen, there being numerous floating baths and lavatories. Near the centre of the city the stream

divides, forming two islands, St. Louis and La Cite, or Isle de la Palais. There was formerly a third island below the Port de la Concorde, the Isle Marquerelle, or Isle de Cygnes; but, in 1773, a small branch of the Seine forming the island was filled up. An awful interest attaches to the spot. After the massacre of St. Bartholomew one thousand two hundred corpses of the Huguenots were thrown into the river, being considered unworthy of Christian burial. But they collected at this point, and the stench was so appalling that the authorities fearing a plague had them interred on the island. This spot was, about two years since, the subject of an interesting lawsuit. The government and municipality each claimed it, and at last, after much raking up of dusty records, the Civil Tribunal decided against the government, and adjudged that the land belonged to the city of Paris. The Isle de la Cite, the cradle of the old town, the spot where Cæsar found the hordes of Lutetia, is in shape somewhat like a fish, about three-quarters of a mile long, and densely crowded. At the eastern end is the world-renowned cathedral of Notre Dame, one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture extant. The date of this church is variously given, or rather it has been achieved at difficulty. It was founded by Childbert in the sixth century, but like most ancient cathedrals it dates from the eleventh century when Pope Alexander III. laid the first stone. Three centuries were occupied in its completion. The high altar was consecrated in 1037, and in 1228 the western front was built by Bishop Maurice de Sully, the name of the architect being preserved on the walls as Maitre Jehan de Chelles. The last addition to the church is a small portal, erected in 1412 by Jean Sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, the assassin of the Duke of Orleans, in expiation of his crime. The length of the building is three hundred ninety feet, and the height of the western towers. That on the south side contains the famous bell, La Bourdon, which weighs thirty-two thousand pounds, and is only allowed to toll on certain occasions—a bell indeed worthy of the love of Lassimodo the Deformed. The architecture of the whole building is of the purest pointed order, and executed with the greatest care and delicacy. The three retiring *arches* of the magnificent western portals in the western front are singularly beautiful in design and rich in statuary. The rose windows, retaining their ancient stained glass, are also specimens of exquisite art; but perhaps the feature of Notre Dame, most striking, except the western front, is to be found in the vast flying buttresses, fronted by crocketed pinnacles which spring from the outward walls of the chapels. During the Revolution the high altar and many of the richest ornaments of the interior were utterly destroyed.

They were restored by Napoleon, and all the accessories that could be collected carefully replaced. Among these was a fine marble group by Conston, placed over the altar, representing the descent from the cross. The old sacristy, built by Loufflot, at the expense of Louis XV., contains many precious relics; but it was wantonly plundered by the populace after their attack on the archiepiscopal palace in 1801. Among other objects destroyed were the rich coronation robes of Napoleon, and the robes bestowed by him on that occasion on the clergy of the Chapter.

The beautiful western front of the cathedral, with its delicate tracery and exquisite carving, inevitably recalls Victor Hugo's wonderful romance, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," the descriptions contained in which are as accurate as they are striking and picturesque. To enter minutely into a descriptive history of Notre Dame would fill a volume. Michelet, the historian of France, and Gibert, author of "*Histoire de Napoleon*," have done a very great deal toward illustrating this metropolitan church, but Victor Hugo, with his lively and powerful pen has drawn attention to it in a far less prosy, though not in an over-exaggerated manner. His relations are not the less true and real because he has chosen the more striking points of its wonderful history. We accept as veritable history the novelist's thrilling narrative of the attack by night, the crowd swelling to and fro in the red glare of the torches, and Quasimodo clasping the lifeless body of Esmeralda, pouring molten lead on the heads of the assailants, or hurling Cloutier from the tower. Besides the immense works carried on for a series of years in the restoration and embellishment of Notre Dame, a new sacristy has been built, which was inaugurated in 1854, and cost one million francs. It is a spacious and lofty hall, highly decorated, and containing the valuable church utensils and rich ecclesiastical vestments belonging to the cathedral. The repairs of the interior of the cathedral are now going rapidly forward, and statues of the twenty-eight Christian kings, from Clovis to Philip Augustus, are nearly completed. By the gradual demolition of the buildings with which it was originally surrounded—the adjoining palace of the archbishop having been destroyed by the revolutionary mob of 1801—the cathedral, unlike most others, stands perfectly detached, and may be viewed to advantage on all sides. The beautiful Sainte Chapelle, one of the lions of Paris, also stands on the island. Though small, it is inconceivably rich in detail, a mass of gilding, color and stained glass, arranged with the most exquisite taste. The slender spire, seventy-five feet high, is gilt, and indescribably elaborate. This chapel, which was first built in the thirteenth century, to contain the veritable crown of thorns, a portion of the cross, the spear and other relics of the Crucifixion which St. Louis purchased of the Emperor Baldwin for three million francs, is connected with the Palais de Justice, the royal residence for more than three centuries, until the time of Charles V. The architect was Pierre de Montreuil; and the chapel remains now nearly in its original condition. It is impossible to conceive anything more elegant than the decorations or lighter than the design of this architectural gem, which, with its relics, is said to have cost St. Louis a sum equal to \$700,000 of the present time. At the first revolution it was converted into a record office, and thus escaped destruction, though its ornaments were mutilated.

The Sainte Chapelle has another claim to attention, as immortalized in the *Lutrin* of Boileau, for the litigious character of its college or chapter. The satirical poet was himself interred in the crypt beneath, where a tombstone of equivocal authenticity is pointed out as covering his remains.

A complete restoration of this exquisite bijou of decorative art has been made, at the cost of more than a million and a half of francs. The work was facilitated by old plans of the building, as originally designed, having been discovered during the progress of repairs. The law courts are now held in this old palace.

This vast edifice is nearly as old as the Palais des Thermes, the ruins of which are in the Rue de la Harpe. Palais des Thermes for three winters was the royal residence of the Emperor Julian after he was proclaimed. It was also the seat of the Roman government for a series of years, and is mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus in 360, and several

of the laws of the Emperor Valentinian are dated from ancient Lutetia. It was not until the third century that the gospel of Christ was introduced into the city, by Saint Denis, who suffered martyrdom at Montmartre, which is supposed to take its name from *Mons Martyrum*, because of the early Christians who suffered on the hill. Clovis was the first monarch, who, in the year 629, embraced Christianity, and by him a church was dedicated to Sainte Genevieve, and the city placed under her protection.

From this period till that of Hugh Capet, who was elected King in 987, the city underwent many vicissitudes. By Hugh Capet was laid the foundation of the Palais de Justice. It was used for public purposes long before the invasion of the Franks, as is testified by the discovery in 1784 of a bas-relief representing Mercury, apparently of the fourth century, in excavating the building at that point facing the Rue de la Barillerie. On the same stone was a ship, being the well known symbol of Paris.

The first public clock known in Paris was affixed to the tower of the Conciergerie, the prison of the old palace, suggestive of terrible associations; the clock was made in 1390, by a German, invited to Paris by Charles V., the tower thenceforth being known as La Tour de l'Horloge. This tower contains the bell from which is rung the "*tocsin*" on occasions of royal birth or marriage, but which is now sounded on less auspicious occasions, as when it united with that of St. Germain l'Auxerrois in giving the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or called to arms the Revolutionists of 1830. The associations connected with the Conciergerie are sad and melancholy. It takes its name from the Concierge, or keeper of the bailiwick of the palace, which enjoyed certain privileges and immunities, and the buildings retain all the characteristics of feudal times. Prisoners are usually removed from other prisons to the Conciergerie a short time previous to trial. It was from hence that, under the Bourbons, the Comte de La Fayette effected his escape by the connivance of his wife and several Englishmen of note; and dungeons are still shown untenanted as those of celebrated personages.

The room in which the present Emperor was confined after the affair of Boulogne, looks into the court where the prisoners exercise. It was here that the fantastic Ravallion, who assassinated Henry of Navarre, was confined and fearfully tortured before being led forth to execution. Marie Antoinette, the beautiful Queen, passed her last days of suffering in this prison, as did also the Princess Elizabeth, the King's devoted sister, and brave Charlotte Corday, who stabbed the monster Murat in his bath. Hitherto Robespierre was conveyed, with face livid with terror, and a broken jaw, with twenty-one of his companions, shortly to be dragged to a shameful death, on the very spot where his hellish edicts had split so much innocent blood. The cell occupied by Marie Antoinette was converted by the Bourbons into an expiatory chapel, adorned with pictures by Simon, Pajou and Drolling, representing the sufferings of the Queen. But during the terrors of 1830 these were removed, and a fine inscription on the altar, said to have been composed by Louis XVIII., was obliterated. During the massacre of prisoners on the 2d and 3d of September, 1792, over three hundred persons were butchered in the Conciergerie.

Closely adjoining Notre Dame, as if to afford a practical illustration of the union of faith and good works stands the ancient hospital of the Hotel Dieu, supposed to have been founded in the seventh century by Saint Landry, Bishop of Paris. Philip Augustus and St. Louis were among the early benefactors of this venerable institution, and two of the wards were added by Henry IV. It contains one thousand beds. The present entrance was constructed in 1804, after the designs of Claveran, by order of Napoleon, the hospital having assumed, during the Revolution, the name of Hospice d'Humanite, which was renounced under the Emperor for its old title of Hotel Dieu.

When we write simply *Napoleon* our readers will, of course understand that we allude to the first Napoleon, not because, like Henry Ward Beecher we regard him as alone worthy of the name, and the present Emperor, to quote his words, "a miserable impostor."

After the epoch of havoc and demolition, it is true, we can but regard with grateful sensations the progress of Paris under the mighty genius of Napoleon. His arches of triumph will live not only as monuments of glory, but they will suggest too many sad reflections of national suffering, and the depopulation of nations. But what of this age, this year, this hour? Under Napoleon III., the Empire has been renewed on a grand scale, and never has so much been done to render Paris ornamental and healthy, and that too without the cement of blood; and hereafter it will be affirmed that his reign and his genius made Paris and France fruitful in great and useful enterprises, and to him the commerce of France will owe its first great and glorious impetus.

The Isle de la Cite is approached by the Pont St. Michel, the Pont au Change (formerly occupied by the houses of goldsmiths and money changers), the renowned Pont Neuf, and several other bridges. On the Quai du Marche Neuf, on the southern shore of the Seine, near Pont St. Michel, rising from the bed of the river, stands a small stone mansion of simple form, yet never viewed without awe—La Morgue—in which are deposited the bodies of all persons found dead in the city or river, till claimed by their relatives. The bodies thus found are stripped and placed in a current of air on black marble slabs, with a small jet of water trickling over those found drowned, the clothes of each individual being suspended above to facilitate recognition. The public is admitted to view them through a grating, and if not claimed, the bodies are subjected to anatomical purposes and buried at the cost of government. It will be easily imagined that scenes of the most heart-rending nature are constantly occurring at "*La Morgue*."

The renowned Pont Neuf, which touches the extreme point of the island, traversing from the northern to the southern bank of the Seine, was commenced under Henry III., by Ducreaux, interrupted in its progress by the troubles of the Ligue, and finished in 1624, at the expense of Henry IV. It is 1020 feet long by 78 broad, having twelve circular arches, seven on its northern and five on its southern side. In the reign of Louis XIII., a bronze equestrian statue of his father was erected on the portion of the island which forms its junction with the bridge, a bronze horse having been presented to the widow of Henry IV. by her father, Cosmode Medicis, for the purpose. This was destroyed in 1792; and on the site, Napoleon was preparing to construct a granite obelisk, 200 feet high. The downfall of the Emperor caused its abandonment; and in 1817 a new statue of Henry IV. was erected on the spot by public subscription, modelled by Lemot, and formed of the metal of several statues of Napoleon and his generals demolished by order of government, notwithstanding which advantages

the cost of the statue amounted to upwards of \$80,000. The total height is, perhaps, 14 feet. The pedestal of white marble bears appropriate Latin inscriptions. Bas-relief in bronze adorn the sides of the pedestal. In one Henry IV. is seen commanding food to be distributed to the citizens of Paris who during the siege of the capital had taken refuge in his camp; in the other, the King, entering as a conqueror, stops at the Parvis de Notre Dame, and orders the Provost of Paris to bear his message of peace to the inhabitants. Underneath the pedestal, at its foundation, was placed a magnificent copy of the "Henriade" of Voltaire. Near the centre of the badge a raised terrace with garden and trees juts out into the river. It was on the bridge that Jacques de Molay, the Grand Master of the Knights Templars, was burnt in 1313, with his last breath summoning his persecutors, Pope Clement and Philip IV., to meet him at the judgment seat of Heaven, the one within forty days, the other within a year and a half. Pope and King died within the appointed time!

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO A. E. NEWTON.

Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
"Tis joy to see thee once again,
Send out thy bark across the main,
With "Banner" floating from her mast—
Thou standard-bearer of the past.
Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
Send out thy voice across the deep I
A thousand good ships lie
Half stranded where the breakers roll;
Is there no helper nigh?
Send out thy voice and speak thy thought
Like those rich gifts by Angels brought—
As fearless as the breakers roll.
Pour out the thought-waves of thy soul.
Thrice welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.
And some shall hear thee and be glad,
That but for one to save,
Had clung despairing for an hour
Then sunk beneath the wave;
Shall hear, and brave hearts grow more strong,
The weak take heart and crush the wrong.
The true, the tried, link hands with thine,
O'er darkened hearts like stars to shine.
Then welcome to the field again,
We reach our hands to thee—
"Tried, true and faithful" through these years—
With cordial grasp and free.

SOLITAIRE.

Acts of Kindness and Charity

Are the sweetness of one's life. It is through their potent power that many a poor heart is made to leap with gladness, many a dark and gloomy hovel to shine as a palace, many a heart frozen with selfishness to melt in tenderness and love, no matter how small the act of kindness may be. If our people paid more attention to and placed a higher estimation upon those little trifles, as they are frequently termed, life would be sweeter, friends nearer, dearer, truer, and more numerous in the community. To do an act of kindness costs but a trifle, sometimes nothing; and then how gratifying to the bestower and receiver, in almost every instance.

A few weeks ago, says the Herald, during one of the coldest mornings in the winter months, two poorly but neatly clad boys made their appearance at the counting-room of a coal and wood dealer in Chelsea, and asked the proprietor to sell them ten cents' worth of wood and ten cents' worth of coal. They stated that it was all the money their parents possessed, and that they were nearly freezing for want of fuel to keep them warm. The coal dealer at once gave them liberty to fill up their baskets. Another kind-hearted gentleman, who happened to be present at the time, followed the boys to the wharf and questioned them about their place of abode, parents, etc. He was satisfied that the statements they had made were true. After the boys had left the wharf with their little budget of fuel, the Good Samaritan returned to the coal dealer's counting-room, and ordered a quantity of coal and wood to be sent to their home. When the teamster arrived at the door with the treasure which would make the receiver leap with joy and gladness, and rapped, a tall and graceful woman, poorly clad, who by her appearance had seen better days, answered the call at the door, when the teamster informed her that he had brought some coal and wood. Her reply was—"It can't be for us; I have not one cent of money to pay for it. I wish to heaven that I could obtain a little fuel, as my children are suffering this bitter cold day, for the want of a fire." The teamster informed her that it was sent by a gentleman, and the bill had been paid. "Oh, how happy are we today," was her reply, as tears fell from her eyes. "Give me his name, that I may seek him out and bestow that gratitude and kindness due, as it may be the means of saving my little ones from freezing to death before morning."

A Good Speech.

At a recent Ball, given by the famous Amoskeag Veterans, of N. H., Judge Clark was called out in response to some sentiment offered, and proceeded to say, at the outset, that he "hated speeches." "I think," added he, "that speech-making is the curse of our country. Washington never made speeches, nor Jefferson. Gen. Jackson was a man of deeds, not words. The foremost man in Europe is the most silent man to-day. One day this week the evening papers contained speeches of the four most prominent people in the world—Napoleon, Victoria, Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. But they were only important as indicative of what they would do. In short, said he, if it were not for making a speech, I could prove that all the trouble in the country to-day is caused by the intolerable habit we have in this country of making speeches."

Very good for the Judge, and very true in point of fact. The young men of America have imbibed a notion, that unless they can get up and face a public assembly, showering down words on their heads as rain pours out of the sky, they can't amount to much. It's all a mistake. The single great mistake of our time is, that we talk too much. We both talk more than we reflect—which is wrong and, foremost—and we write even more than we read. Everybody seems trying to be as restless as possible.

Metaphysical writers, when they belong to a school, and draw their principles from their master's system, through conduit after conduit, instead of going to the well of Nature, are very apt to give us vapour water instead of fresh.

Spiritual Phenomena.

EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VIII.

TESTS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MY DAUGHTER CONTINUED—HOW SHE SAW—SAW AND DESCRIBED AN ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE IN HOLLISTON—DESCRIBED A HOUSE, AND THE CENTRE BURIAL GROUND IN HOLLISTON, WHICH SHE HAD NEVER BEFORE SEEN—HOW I AFTERWARDS TESTED HER—SAW AND DESCRIBED AN ACQUAINTANCE IN BOSTON, A PAINTER, AND THE INTERIOR OF A PRINTING OFFICE—SAW A MAN WHO DIED IN BRAINTREE, MASS. NEARLY TWENTY YEARS BEFORE SHE WAS BORN, ETC.

In relation to the mediumship of my daughter, there was nothing peculiar in her appearance that the casual observer would notice, different from her natural condition; and yet, those familiar with her, could tell the moment she was under influence. At these times, the pupil of the eye assumed a vacant look, and she appeared sober and abstracted; and while her vision was closed in a measure to outward and surrounding objects, her inward vision, or the eyes of the soul, opened clearly to the interior world, or the world of spirit. She always affirmed that she did not see with her natural eyes, but through the head—in parts removed from the eye. My impression is, that instead of the object being delineated upon the retina of the eye, and thence conveyed by the optic nerve to the soul, as is the case in common vision, they were daguerreotypes immediately, by spirit light, upon the soul; which, in reality, is true vision, whether the sight comes from earth or spirit objects; the pupil of the eye being the aperture through which light enters from external or earth objects, and in reality paints the image, not upon the retina but the soul; hence, it is the spirit or soul that sees, and not the eye, whether in or out of the form. Let this be as it may, when she saw, she seemed to see clear and distinct. I will relate two or three more instances of her seeing, which I regard as good tests, and then pass to other subjects. Concerning what she saw on these occasions, I know positively she could have had no previous knowledge.

In the winter of 1857, soon after I received the test related in my last chapter, I was in my room, (as on that occasion) busily engaged in writing. She and her mother were also in the room. All at once she spoke out, as before, saying:

"I see a man by father's side. He is not very tall, and is light complexioned—has light hair—blue eyes, and seems to know father."

I immediately thought of Josephus W. Rockwood, of Holliston; who, as in the case of Stephen W. Lewis, died before she was born. I then asked him to show her his father's house, where we lived together. She went on, and described the house and all its surroundings, clearly and accurately. She spoke of the embankment in front of the house—described the front door, and remarked: "They do not seem to use it much." She also described the ell of the house—which runs out from the upright part on the side, instead of the rear, the entrance to the kitchen and sitting room, the rooms in the ell, and said: "I should think some one slept there." She also described a chaise house under the ell—and some steps which lead down the embankment, and which communicated with the shop. The house was afterwards, (for aught I know) is now owned and occupied by Mr. Houghton, a comb manufacturer in Holliston.

I then asked him to show her his grave.

She went on, and described the centre burial ground in Holliston, minutely and correctly. She also described some alterations in the yard, which have been made since I lived there; of which I knew nothing. She described the front gate and a wide path which leads through the centre of the yard, and also a foot-path which used to lead from the corner of the old Town House, diagonally, through the yard—and the very spot where his remains lie buried. So minute was her description, an artist could have drawn a plan from it, and a stranger could have taken his plan and gone to the grave.

After this she was anxious to go to Holliston and view with her natural eyes what she had seen only with spirit vision. Accordingly, about a year after, we took the cars and got out at Holliston Centre. When we came to the yard, she said:

"I am going in there."

We entered by the side path and strolled about the yard till we came to the centre path. There are a large number of different families, by the name Rockwood, buried in lots in different parts of the yard. As we passed one after another, I would ask:

"Is this the place?"

And she would promptly answer:

"No!"

Seeing a couple of men seated on the bank, in a distant part of the yard, I left her to find the grave, and went to them. One of the men proved to be Major Hoffman, brother in law to the deceased, whose grave she was looking for. I told the Major our errand and how I wished to test her; but while we were talking she had reached the grave, and stood there reading the monument, which bore the names of all that had died out of the family. We went to her, and the first thing she uttered, was:

"This is the place."

We tried to make her think she was mistaken; but no, she knew that was the place.

Major Hoffman asked us to go home with him and we accepted the invitation. I said to him:

"We will now see if she can pick out the house."

His house is located nearly three fourths of a mile from the burying ground, and near to the house she had described. Nearly every house we passed, we would ask:

"Is that the house?"

"No."

"Is that the house?"

"No."

Until at length we came to the house, when she pointed to it, saying:

"That is the house!"

At another time she saw and described a tall man—light complexioned, and said that he was a printer, and that I was acquainted with him in Boston. And, although she was never inside of a printing office since she could remember, she saw and described the type, the printer's case, a form, and other materials about the office, and said:

"I should think it was a printing office."

Some of the particulars which she gave in relation to the man have passed from me, but at the time I could not think of any acquaintance of mine in Boston—a printer—who had died, that answered to the description. I tried to recall to memory every one I knew there, in any way connected with a printing office; but finally gave it up, and had forgotten all about the circumstance, when, one day about two months after, I was busy writing in the counting room. Mr. Hanchett and Mr. Elliott of the "True

Flag" were in the adjoining room conversing together. In the course of their conversation, Mr. Elliott alluded to the "Olive Branch." In an instant the name of Norris rushed into my mind; and I thought what Eleanor Frances had seen and described. I immediately left the desk and went into the room where they were, and addressing Mr. Elliott, said:

"Mr. Elliott, did you know Mr. Norris, one of the publishers of the Yankee Blade?"

"Perfectly well," he replied.

I then related what my daughter had seen, and her description of the man. Mr. Elliott replied:

"I could not have given a better description of the personal appearance of Mr. Norris."

The last instance that came under my observation of her seeing and describing, was at a circle at my house in the fall of 1858. There were present at this circle—besides my own family—Mr. Parlin, Mrs. Childs, and Mr. and Mrs. Straw.

At the commencement of the sitting Eleanor was not present, but came in during the evening and took her seat between Mr. Straw and myself. She had not been seated at the table long, before she said:

"I see an old man near Mr. Straw."

Among other peculiarities she described him as having a large nose. Mr. Straw thought the communication was for him, but could not call to mind any one that answered to the description among his personal acquaintances. She then went on, and said she saw a large two-story house—she should think it was painted yellow—and that it stood some distance from the road—that a lane led from the road to it. She also described the outbuildings, among which was a shoemaker's shop, and remarked:

"I should think they kept corn in one part of that building."

Up to this point, I had not the most distant idea that she was describing any person or place that I ever knew; but the name Spear came rushing into my mind, and I saw at a glance that she had been describing, not only the personal appearance of Mr. Jonathan Spear, an elderly gentleman with whom I had lived when a boy, but also his place of residence in Braintree, Mass. This, to me, was another good test of spirit presence and power. Mr. Spear had been dead, at the time, about twenty-eight years; and the description, as near as I can remember his personal appearance, was correct. The house where he resided is about half of a mile from Dr. Storrs's meeting house in Braintree; between there and South Braintree. A lane about an eighth of a mile in length leads from the main road to the house. The house—if standing—is an upright two-story one. There were other particulars about the place which she described, which I am not able to give at this time. In relation to the shop, I would say that one part of the building was occupied as a shoemaker's shop, and the other part was occupied as a corn-house. This test, coming as it did, I regarded as the best I had received through her mediumship.

This was about the last I have known of her seeing and describing. Why she does not enjoy this gift now, or that she does not in a higher degree, I am unable to say.

One would naturally suppose, with such evidence as I had already received, I should be satisfied as to the existence of my departed friends, without any further test. But such was not the case. I still desired them, and they came—came till I was satisfied; and in my future chapters I shall relate them in the order they occurred.

"Through several mediums, we have been told that spirits are waiting to develop her physical nature; and that she will see again, clearer than ever. That she is still aided and influenced, I am fully satisfied; but it seems to her so much like herself, that she does not take cognizance of spiritual control. When she sits down quietly by herself to write, her thoughts flow as fast as she can possibly move her hand; and I think I discover in what she writes evident marks of spirit aid. The reader may have some specimens from her pen."

"WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT."

The application of the above beautiful words of the inspired poet, which has recently become popular in some quarters, is a palpable perversion of the meaning designed by their gifted author, this misapplication rendering them equivalent to the pernicious and morally paralyzing dogma of Fatalism, which Pope emphatically repudiated.

Any careful reader of his Essay on Man, must perceive that his aim was to vindicate the wisdom and justice of God, in creating man imperfect and fallible, while leaving him free to throw off the bondage of sin by individual efforts. This is widely different from the assumption that those who persevere in sinful practices, notwithstanding such facilities for reformation, act rightly.

There is no valid reason for believing that Pope deemed any well-informed man—one capable of appreciating the criminality of willful sin, entitled to impunity for transgression, on the plea that "whatever is, is right." He evidently applied these words to the arrangements of the Creator concerning man—not to the individual acts of the latter. Portions of his Universal Prayer demonstrate his firm conviction that man was responsible for the right use of his faculties, and could not evade that responsibility by pleading Fatality. This view is amply corroborated by the following quotation therefrom:

"Thou great first-cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined,
To know but this—that thou art good,
And that myself am blind:
Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, blinding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will."

It seems to me unfair to render this poet responsible for a soul-contracting error—one that is clearly confronted by the foregoing sentiments from his pen—by selecting for its title a quotation from his works.

The broad definition thus given to his beautiful revelation, is said to be salutary, since it is calculated to inculcate Christian Charity. It is imprudent of that virtue, and if Charity for others was its only fruit, it should be hailed as the harbinger of that millennial era for which we all yearn. But, unfortunately, this salutary tendency is more than counteracted by a fearfully demoralizing one—that of rendering its votaries charitable to their own faults and deficiencies, thus removing the requisite stimulus to virtue. It is also assumed that this comprehensive definition is harmless, since it can be appreciated only by those advanced in virtue and refinement, and will be rejected as fallacious by the undeveloped and degraded. This position I emphatically deny as one contradicted by the experience of every intelligent student of human nature, it being notorious that those indulging sinful propensities eagerly avail themselves of all plausible excuses for their delinquencies. Hence those addicted to immoral practices will gladly excuse themselves by pretending that God compels them to be vicious. The only safe, and, in my opinion, the only true doctrine for such, is, that they possess the power to relieve themselves from the dominion of sin, and will therefore be held strictly accountable for every willful transgression. Such sentiments, if

fully appreciated, must inevitably so develop their will-power—their God-like attribute—as to produce reformation.

Christianism has for centuries been demoralized by the mischievous dogmas of "Fatal Depravity," "Eternal Torment," "Vicarious Atonement," etc., the tendency of which is to paralyze individual effort; and the broad construction of "whatever is, is right," has precisely the same tendency.

If one imagines that he is a liar, a drunkard, a robber, or a murderer in obedience to the behest of the Creator, and is therefore "right," what inducement has he to attempt reformation? Could he expect to succeed, should he make the attempt? Not unless he has the presumption to assume that he can defeat the designs of his Maker.

Immure a man, destitute of tools, in a dungeon, having granite walls two feet thick, and he will not attempt to escape; but give him the requisite tools, pointing out the most vulnerable portion of the wall, and he will labor ceaselessly for his deliverance from captivity. In like manner may we induce one surrounded by the loathsome walls of sin, to work his way to the cheering sunlight of virtue, by convincing him that our Almighty Father has mercifully furnished him, and him only in his individual case, the means of emancipation.

New Orleans, 27th Feb., 1861. LOUISIANA.

GLEANINGS FROM "FESTUS"—NO. 5.

COMPILED BY D. S. FRACKER.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,
Then is the time for study; when Heaven's light
Pours itself on the page, like prophecy
On time, unglorious all its mighty meanings;
It is then we feel the sweet strength of the stars,
And magic of the moon.

I can conceive a time when the world shall be
Much better visibly, and when, as far
As social life and its relations tend,
Men, morals and manners shall be lifted up
To a pure height we know not of, nor dream—
When all men's rights and duties shall be clear,
And charitably exercised and borne;
When education, conscience, and good deeds
Shall have just equal sway, and civil claims—
Great crimes shall be cast out, as were of old
Devils possessing madmen—Truth shall reign,
Nature shall be rethroned, and man sublimed.

It is not the hope,
Nor faith, nor fear, nor notions others have
Of God, can serve us, but the sense and soul
We have of Him within us; and, for men;
God loves us each individually.
And deals with us in order, soul by soul.

Men look on death as lightning, always far
Off, or in Heaven. They know not 'tis in
Themselves, a strong and inward tendency.
The soul of every atom; every hair—
That Nature's infinite electric life,
Escaping from each isolated frame,
Up out of earth, or down from Heaven, becomes
To each its proper death, and adds itself
Thus to the great reunion of the whole.

'Tis love which mostly destines our life.
The mind at one time grows
So fast it falls; and then its stretch is more
Than its strength; but as it opens, love fills it up.
Like to the stamen in the flower of life,
Till for a time we well nigh grow all love:
And soon we feel the want of one kind heart
To love what's well, and to forgive what's ill,
In us—that heart we play for at all risks.

As when an army, waking with the sun,
Starts to its feet all hope, afar after spear
And line on line reundulating light,
While night's dull watch-dress reek themselves away,
So feels the spirit when it first receives
The bright and mountainous mysteries of God.

There is a curse beyond the rack of death—
A pain past all mad wretchedness:
The curse of a high spirit famishing,
Because all earth but stinks it.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

JOSEPH L. V. HATCH AT DODWORTH'S
HALL, NEW YORK.

Sunday Morning, March 10, 1861.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

By particular request, we have devoted this morning and evening to a repetition of our ideas upon the subject treated of last Wednesday evening, viz: the respective characteristics, public and private, of Washington and Napoleon I., and in what points they differed.

Current history is always superficial in its accounts of individuals; it gives us little idea of their inward promptings, or of what truly constitutes their biographies. All great men are, to a certain extent, mere instruments in the hands of the Supreme disposing Power; and the historian is very liable to the error of supposing that he can penetrate their motives, instead of confining himself to his proper task of narrating their lives. Nor will the story of their actions furnish us with means of estimating rightly their characters, for in some cases they have really possessed few or no elements of innate superiority; their greatness having been "thrust upon them." But this cannot be said of the two men of whom we are about to speak. They both appear eminently great, not only from the place they occupy in the records of their age, but as individual men. Great in themselves, they were rendered more great by the circumstances in which they figured, and the choice of them as our theme was the happiest, from the fact that two characters more opposite to each other could not have been selected. Napoleon I., head of the imperial republic of France, (as it is often, but incorrectly, designated; "imperial" and "republic" being entirely inconsistent terms) ruled that country at the period of its greatest revolutionary excitement. The French, hereditarily devoted to revolution, had, from the expedition under Lafayette in aid of this country, imbibed the principles of American independence, which were really the cause of the great outbreak among them which followed so quickly. You all know what were the difficulties thus entailed on Napoleon, arising, first, from the corruption of the French court and government, during many generations, and the endeavors of the Bourbon sovereigns to enforce over their subjects an absolute authority, unendurable by such a people, in such an age. You know that the French, having become attached to an abstract political sentiment, could not stop short of its entire fulfillment. At the period when the destructive tendency of the movement had spent its greatest force, Napoleon entered on the stage of action. He was obliged, at the same time, to maintain the theory of a liberal government, while he repressed revolution and gave quiet and harmony to the country. In performing this work, he possessed one advantage over any native Frenchman, whether republican or royalist, in being a foreigner by blood and origin, and thereby enabled to take the position of an outside observer of the people, and more effectually to avail himself, as no man knew better how to do, of their prejudices and foibles. His success in this direction laid the foundation of his power, and, together with his alliance with a woman who possessed even more influence than himself over the popular heart, explains how he so completely concealed his ultimate purpose until it was fairly within his grasp.

In considering the character of such a man, it is his individual characteristics we are called on to respect, and not his actions on the public stage, to which he may have been impelled by the force of circumstances. He is, in truth, the representative of his epoch. Napoleon was ambitious, to a degree

which at last proved fatal to himself; he was unscrupulous, and his superstition also contributed to his ruin. He was discreet and sagacious in conference; surrounded himself with the ablest counselors, whose advice he weighed in the balance of his own acute discernment. As a statesman, diplomatist, intriguer and warrior, he stood in the foremost rank. Further than this, in the consideration of his character, we will not go at present. As a soldier, we need not repeat his eulogy; nor recount his invasions of surrounding dominions, in obedience to the promptings of that ambition which led him first to claim the right to be Emperor of the French, and then to attempt the conquest of all Europe. His arrogance caused him to maintain the idea that all France—the whole voice and power of her people, were centered in his single person; and thus his so-called imperial republic became nothing but an individual despotism, so suited to the fancy of the French people as to prevent their rebellion. They were flattered by the idea that their absolute ruler was merely the embodiment of their own will and power. This was the secret of his prosperity. He was the first to discover that the French are, in fact, incapable of self-government; and that, while flattered with the forms of freedom, they must be subjected to one strong head. His Bourbon predecessors had not sought the welfare of their subjects, nor encouraged liberal ideas. Napoleon, on the contrary, surrounded his throne with all the bright lights of his time, showed such a strong front to Europe, that no nation save Great Britain, Austria, and Russia, dared withhold their recognition of his imperial title, after acknowledging him as First Consul. They foresaw he would aim at the overthrow of their power—and, in fact, he eventually forced most of the European States to yield their power into his hands. But his most formidable and inveterate enemy was Great Britain; Russia and Austria professed friendship only while obliged to do so, with the sword at their throats. With such insatiable ambition, with such comprehensiveness and determinedness of action, and such love of power, the Emperor of the French had resolved not only to conquer the affections of his people, but to acquire for France an extent of territory which should make her the greatest power in Europe, and lead to the subjugation of the entire continent to his will and purposes. As a first step toward this consummation, it was necessary to be able to set at defiance the British power. It must be remembered that England, at that time, was without a commercial rival, and that from this situation arose her bitter hostility to Napoleon. Sorely well disposed, moreover, to the cause of the Bourbon dynasty, she could not safely, or consistently, hold friendly relations with a power which openly threatened the ruin of her most important interests. With Great Britain was secretly allied, through the commercial relations, the Emperor Alexander of Russia; who, by professions of friendship, had led Napoleon to delay too long his ill-fated invasion of that empire.

The career of Napoleon clearly showed that his power lay not so much in the force of his arms, as in his intellectual skill, readiness of thought, quickness and acuteness of comprehension and discernment. When he seemed rash to desperation, it was often in the exercise of his greatest skill and profoundest forethought. These qualities of policy and intrigue were shadowed forth in his terse and acute mode of expression. He never spoke without a meaning, and his clearness of perception was such that his most intimate counselors never ventured to oppose his decided opinions. As for the finer feelings of his nature, we can only say that the most dishonorable act of his life, and which most contributed to his downfall, was his divorce from Josephine, who was emphatically and really his Empress, and an important aid and safeguard to his power. Undoubtedly his star began to decline when, from motives of mingled superstition and policy, he espoused an Austrian archduchess. From that time, his warm friends began to be lukewarm, and his lukewarm friends to turn to enemies. To him, human life was of no more account than that of insects, when it answered his purpose to sacrifice it; and we may, therefore, say, at least, that the finer sentiments in him, could not have received much cultivation. His leading characteristics were, statesmanship, ambition, love of rule and perfect self-control in all emergencies.

It is with something of an awful reverence, arising, perhaps, in part, from national prepossessions, and from the fact that his name is enshrined in every American heart, that we turn to the character of WASHINGTON—reluctant to tear away the veil which hides the frailties, and expose to criticism the qualities and actions of such a man; but, as the greatest men are but men, after all, such treatment of them cannot be deemed improper.

George Washington, you are all aware was born in the middle ranks of life, in what is now the territory of the United States. As he advanced in life, he became aware that he was destined to perform an important part on the stage of affairs. The force of this conviction gave him his promptitude, clearness of thought, and made him a successful warrior, though greater in the character of a patriotic statesman. It must be remembered that the circumstances in which he was placed were enough to make almost any man great; for when freedom and the family altar are at stake, few are so solid and stone-like as not to rise with the emergency. Therefore, every man in our Revolutionary Army, even the common soldier, must be called great. Lafayette and Washington were equals in greatness; and these leaders, together with their companions in arms, of both hemispheres, commenced, respectively, the era of freedom in France and America. The two countries have since advanced, hand in hand, in their career. France, under her present Emperor, has attained to a prosperity which she could not have exceeded under the first Napoleon, and may be said to be something better than a republic—for the American experiment, perhaps, will prove a failure.

However this may be, Washington will always be remembered with reverence and awe. His leading characteristic was his strict and undeviating integrity of purpose; no concealed motive lurked under his language or his actions; even in war, he was the most honorable and the most humane of conquerors. He was not impelled to the conflict by ambition, as our remarkable passage of his life most clearly showed. Unlike the French Emperor, he had no personal aspirations to gratify. Love of country was his ruling motive. The greatness of his success is explained by the universal love for goodness and justice, and not by his power in arms and conquering sword.

Of these two great men, who flourished so nearly at the same time, in Europe and America, it may be prophesied that Washington will be remembered when the name of Napoleon shall be buried beneath the rubbish of ages. Napoleon was an ambitious conqueror; Washington, the very personification of freedom in America, will be remembered as the good, wise and patriotic hero of a great Revolution. We will not at present point out particular battles or exploits. His unyielding patriotism, firmness and perseverance, combined with the quality of geniality of his demeanor, were the characteristics, in public and private, of this truly great man, which made him universally beloved.

We now come to the greatest act in Washington's life. So intense at one period was the enthusiastic admiration which his character had called forth, that he might undoubtedly have worn a crown, had he not refused the offer. His unexampled magnanimity, on this occasion, has made his name the greatest among all heroes; for very few men, however attached to the theory of republicanism, would, at such a time, have sacrificed all personal ambition to the common welfare—in fact, we do not believe that another man in the world would have thus fulfilled the duty of a patriot. Napoleon, then, was a statesman; Washington a patriot; Napoleon a diplomatist, intriguer and demagogue; Washington a lover of the people. Napoleon not a little superstitious; Washington a sincere and humble Christian. Napoleon, tenacious of personal dominion; Washington, desirous only that his countrymen should rule themselves. Napoleon aimed at power such as was beyond the reach of honest exertion; Washington would have sunk all selfish considerations in his regard for truth.

Such, as we view them, are the public characteristics of the two individuals. This evening we shall proceed to contrast their private qualities.

Mrs. Macomber.

This well known and widely popular trance speaker will occupy the stand at Allston Hall the three next Sundays. Her appearance in this city a few months ago made a favorable impression upon the Spiritualists of Boston, and she has since been in the most successful manner; and the interest in her will revive on her reappearance next Sabbath.

The Ladies' Relief Society.

The last social dance of the course given by this society, will take place at Concord Hall next Tuesday evening, March 26th. This course has been successful, in a social point of view, at least, and our readers have, next Tuesday night, their last opportunity to testify their appreciation of the humane efforts of the ladies' band.

Notice.

The subscribers of "THE SPIRITUALIST," formerly published at Macon, Georgia, will receive four numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, commencing with our issue of March 23d, in lieu of numbers of the former paper due to them. We hope they will like the BANNER well enough to continue their patronage to it.

To Spiritual Mediums.

FRIENDS AND COLLABORERS.—Guided by an Unseen Power which has determined my movements and shaped my course ever since I became its subject, I addressed to the Mediums and Spiritualists of the United States, a letter, which appeared in the BANNER, of the 2nd of February, 1861. Since its publication, floods of letters have poured in upon me in answer to my call, all giving me the assurance that the address was well-timed, and that it sent a thrill of joy and hope through the heart of many a weary and lonely one, who was ready to sink in despair under the burdens and trials incidental to mediumship. With but few exceptions, all of my numerous correspondents begin their letters with the most heartfelt expressions of thanks and gratitude to myself, for tendering to them what seemed so completely to meet their present wants, and many supposed it was especially intended for themselves. Being but a medium between them and the interior, it afforded me pleasure to transmit to them what was given me for them; and it has also afforded me equal pleasure to transmit from them to the interior, their responses of thanks and gratitude; and although I appropriated none of it to myself, still, such hearty, unstinted expressions, on their way through me to the interior, have enriched me and encouraged me with the conviction that I am not engaged in an empty work; but, on the contrary, in one whose ripened fruits I am already permitted to enjoy, and whose luxuriant flowers spring up spontaneously along my pathway of labor, and perfume and freshen the air in my earthly wanderings.

To those who have written to me, I must be permitted to say, that I, too, have thanks and gratitude to return for the frank and confiding manner in which they have opened their hearts, and allowed me to behold those secret thoughts and workings, which they have not dared to trust to any other earthly being. I must also be permitted to thank them for so many truthful narratives of the dealings of the invisible world with mediums, giving me a clearer and deeper insight into the character and object of the relation of the interior with humanity. I am now better satisfied than ever, that we are pupils in the hands of cultivators, who understand all the secret springs of selfishness that flow forth from the human heart, tinging and giving tone and color to every thought, word and deed of those who are yet living in the humanity of their natures. This selfishness of the human heart, the interior cultivators are laboring to eradicate, with the assistance of their faithful workers; that is, with the assistance of a world of undeveloped spirits, who are as selfish and as human in their loves and attractions as those persons in the form upon whom they are set to work. Under the guidance and control of interior wisdom, those interior workers, those undeveloped spirits will do their work well; and when once they have been turned loose upon a medium who needs their renovating labors, they will not release him until they can hand him up to the sphere of Divine life, as a pure and regenerated soul, that has passed beyond their grasp, simply because he is pure, and regenerated from all the lusts, the ambitions, the selfish desires, and hopes, and loves, and affections of the rudimentary state of humanity.

As I have already stated, I have received a great many letters, in response to my call for the experiences of mediums. If any of my correspondents should get weary in waiting for an answer from me, let me assure them that I am responding to them as fast as my time will permit, and that the delay must, therefore, be charged to the great number of letters which preceded theirs, and to which I must reply in the regular order of their dates, without preference or partiality.

I take this opportunity to renew my invitation to mediums to write to me freely and unreservedly, assuring them that they can do so with as much safety and security as they can think it over to themselves. I also renew my sincere invitation to them to visit me at the various places where I am engaged to lecture, which may be ascertained by reference to my advertisement in the BANNER.

The principal object of this letter, however, is to inform mediums and others, that I will attend the Convention of Spiritual Lecturers, which meets at Worcester, Mass., on Tuesday, April 16, 1861, and which will continue four days. (See the announcement in the BANNER.) All mediums who can attend that Convention, will find it (judging from my experience with a similar one which was held at Quincy, not long ago,) one of the most profitable meetings which they ever attended. Particularly do I desire that all those who wish to consult me in reference to their mediumship and their mediumistic experiences, should meet me at the Worcester Convention, as I shall there have abundance of time and opportunity, during the four days of the Convention, to enter into the details and the spirit of their cases, in a manner that will be more profitable and more satisfactory to themselves, and to myself also.

It will be remembered that this department of my labor is entirely gratuitous; I make no pecuniary charge, either for my written replies to correspondents, or for the time occupied in such personal interviews as I may have with those who desire to consult me on any subject whatever connected with spiritualism, or any of its associated reformatory movements.

Hoping, friends, that I shall meet a large number of you at Worcester, and hoping that those of you who cannot meet me there, will either meet me elsewhere, or address me by letter,

I remain yours sincerely,

AMANDA M. SPENCE.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We commence in this number of the BANNER, a series of Sketches from Mr. Squire, entitled "Paris from an Ink-Stand." Mr. Squire's former sketches, "Glimpses in Ireland and England," have added much to the attraction of the BANNER, and his re-appearance will be greeted with pleasure by our readers.

One of our correspondents, writing from Oswego, N. Y., informs us that the Rev. Mr. Ludlow, a Presbyterian clergyman of that city, recently made some very severe remarks to his congregation in regard to our paper. The result was, that Mr. J. W. Pool, who keeps a bookstore in Oswego, and has the BANNER for sale, said that he sold more copies the week after the said notice, than he ever had before—and many that never saw or read the paper, have become very much interested in it. We hope the Reverend gentleman will do us the favor to notice the BANNER often. This is a capital way to introduce the "Light" among his parishioners.

The sounds of footsteps and voices are said to haunt a dwelling house in East Pownall, Conn. The neighbors disbelieving the story, have remained over night at the house, but found the statement so true that they are also anxious for an explanation of the strange visitations.

Several of our "moral and religious" journals do not hesitate to publish *bores* news—when it will sell their papers. Rather mean business, we think.

Rev. Thomas Whittemore died at his residence in Cambridge, on Friday evening, 22d, inst., after a lingering illness of several months. The Universalist Trumpet was commenced by him, and which he continued to edit and publish until within a few months of his death. He was born in this city, and after being an apprentice first with a morocco dresser, and then with a brass founder, he learned the trade of a shoemaker, and worked at the business several years. He began to preach before he was twenty-one years of age, and studied after that period with Rev. Hosea Ballou. He settled at Milford in 1820, where he soon after married Lucie, daughter of John Corbett. The next year he removed to Cambridgeport, and took charge of the Universalist Society there for nine years. He was sixty-one years of age.

Owing to the storm, our report of the New York Conference was detained, till too late to appear this week.

Printers ought to make good lawyers and doctors, for they are acquainted with all sorts of cases.

Peace is the evening star of the soul; and virtue is its sun; the two are never far apart.

BOUND TO SEE SEED, ANYHOW.—The Augusta Chronicle says that the seedling members of Congress have been furnished with their quotas of seeds, and it is to be hoped they will distribute them among their constituents, as it is probably the last favor of the kind they will ever receive from the United States Government. We hope not.

Much choice reading may be found in this week's BANNER.

The snow storm was very severe in this section of the country on Thursday and Friday last. Immense quantities of snow fell, trees were badly damaged thereby, vessels were wrecked on the coast, and we fear that loss of life will be reported.

There remains now not one foot of unorganized territory in the Republic. The whole number of Territories are seven.

Washington is swarming with office-seekers. Bureaus upon bureaus of "recommendations" have already been filed preparatory to inspection.

HOSPITALITY.—No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house lot; go into the house: if the proprietor is contented and deferential, "tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there, massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossus.—Emerson.

A good-hearted fellow may willingly lend a crutch to halting humility, and yet take delight in tripping up the stills of pretension.

The Spiritualists of Albion, Mich., have a good house, capable of seating three hundred persons, and would be glad to have traveling lecturers call and speak for them.

The Hon. Chas. Francis Adams is the sixth citizen of Massachusetts who has been selected as American Minister at the British Court.

TRANSFER OF LOUISIANA TROOPS.—The Governor has signed a bill transferring the troops, arms and possessions of Louisiana to the Confederate States government.

The Richmond Dispatch calls the tariff "the Bill of Abominations," and says: "The high tariff, destined to chain the South still closer in helpless vassalage to the manufacturing interests of New England, has become a law."

Polltiness is like an air-cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our joints wonderfully.

He who will take up another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of rewarding his merit toward him, is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up goods of a tradesman without intention or ability to pay him.

The rumors about the past week that a collision between the Houstonites and Secessionists in Texas had taken place, is proved to have been incorrect.

Misouri is not to secede in any event.

ANOTHER ASTEROID.—On the 10th of February, Gasparis discovered at Naples yet another asteroid, for which it is named, he has proposed the name of Garibaldi; but which will, perhaps, not be adopted by astronomers.

FROM CHARLESTON, S. C.—The steamer Massachusetts, Capt. Sampson, from Charleston, S. C., 10th, arrived here on the 21st with 2033 bales cotton, 46 tierces rice, and 30 packages merchandise, and 7 passengers. Among the passengers were three gentlemen of leisure, who went from Boston in her for the express purpose of "seeing with their own eyes and hearing with their own ears" the great commotion of the fire-eaters. They state that when they went to a hotel they booked their names "of Boston," and upon every occasion when they were introduced to distinguished citizens, they invariably spoke of themselves as Bostonians, yet their reception was all that they could have desired. They were not dogged, as they had reason to apprehend from the tenor of the news received here, nor did any one ask them impertinent questions. There was plenty of soldiering, marching and counter-marching, but they saw no rowdiness. Politicians spoke freely to them about the affairs of the country, but expressed no regret about secession; on the contrary, the people seemed determined to have nothing more to do with the United States.

An ignorant man who "stands upon his dignity" is like the fellow who tried to elevate himself by standing upon a piece of brown paper.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He must wait; not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady and cheerful endeavor, always willing to fulfill and accomplish his task, so that when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion.

RECIPES FOR THE CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.—Take of sulphate of iron, five grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm. Mix, and "take a drink" twice a day. This is said to be a sure cure for habitual drunkenness.

What's his name thinks that the Arctic regions must be a nice place (an ice place).

Mr. Harris, our minister at Yedo, represents the feelings of the government and people of Japan to be in the highest degree favorable to this country.

VOLUME FIVE.

The features of the BANNER OF LIGHT for the following year will be as follows:

Select Domestic Stories.
Essays on Reform Topics.
Progressive Editorials.
A. E. Newton's Contributions.
Spiritual Communications.
Mrs. Conant's Department.
Correspondence.
Reports of Boston Conference.
Reports of New York Conference.
Abstracts of Boston Spiritual Lectures.
Abstracts of New York Spiritual Lectures.
Poetry, Wit, News.

LATE FOREIGN ITEMS.—In the British House of Commons, on the 4th, Mr. Hennessy charged Lord Russell with deliberately concealing important despatches, relating to the trade with Tuscany and Naples, and reproached him with committing a breach of international law. Mr. Layard said the course of the Government was in accordance with the sentiments of the mass of the English people. Sir S. Bowyer said the policy of the Foreign Office would lead to war.

The Times says the new Tariff bill of the United States establishes protective duties on a most extravagant scale, and the result will be the almost absolute prohibition of imports from Europe, which will be more detrimental to the interests of America than of Europe.

In the French manufacturing districts, business was very dull.

Austria has sanctioned the re-establishment of the electoral law in Croatia.

The bombardment of Civitella and Tronto commenced on the 20th ult. Gen. Tergola notified Claidini that the works commenced against the Citadel were a violation of the Convention between him and Garibaldi, and he would bombard the city. Gen. Claidini responded, that for every inhabitant killed, he would order an officer of the garrison of the citadel shot, and that he considers Tergola a rebel.

Popular demonstrations were continually taking place at Rome.

Warsaw presents a gloomy appearance, everybody wearing mourning. The Citizens' Committee had issued a proclamation requesting the maintenance of order. Over 100,000 persons attended the funeral of those killed in the late disturbances. Troops were kept within the barracks, and everything was orderly. A petition was being signed for the re-establishment of the Polish Constitution.

It is said that the proclamation of the serfs will be formally proclaimed during Lent. The Czar will soon give the project of a constitution for Russia.

Dermatology.

We consider it to be the duty of journalists to take notice of that which most interests the public, and if there is any physiological subject that interests the young, the middle-aged and the old, it is the diseases of the scalp and their concomitant evils—loss of hair and premature greyness. The question asked is, what will remedy the evil? Certainly not the numerous hair nostrums in the market. Why? Because their compounders do not understand the nature of Capillary Diseases. In fact there seems to be a general lack of knowledge respecting the hair and its diseases. Even our best physicians know very little about the matter, simply because it forms no part of their education. There is nothing, as far as we know, in any standard medical work, to exceed a page, in reference to Capillary difficulties.

Now in order to treat successfully diseases of the head, loss of hair and premature whitening, a physician should thoroughly understand their nature and philosophy—make a specialty of their treatment. Dr. Perry claims to have made the treatment of scalp diseases a specialty. In proof of his claims he has written a scientific work on the Hair and its Diseases. We are told that it is the only book of its kind ever published in this country. It contains about two hundred pages, embracing much valuable information. The Doctor shows a familiarity with the subject which could only be acquired by years of patient research and practical experience. As to the philosophy and success of his system, he has reliable certificates from physicians and others in every city where he has practiced. Those who are interested can read the advertisement in another column.—Traveller.

Cough Lozenges.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.—At this season of the year, when so many are troubled with hoarseness, influenza and bronchial difficulties, these Troches afford a grateful relief. We have seen instances of their good effects in cases of inflammation of the bronchial tubes and of the hoarseness of children. They contain nothing which can injure the constitution, and have a soothing effect very efficacious in assisting expectoration, and prevent the accumulation of phlegm. For public speakers, singers, and all persons troubled with hoarseness, they are invaluable.—[Portland Transcript.]

Quarterly Meeting.

The Friends of Progress will hold their next quarterly meeting at Greenboro', Henry Co., Indiana, on Saturday and Sunday, April 6th and 7th. Dr. James Cooper has been engaged, and other speakers are expected. ["Herald of Progress," "Clarion," and "Sunbeam" please copy.]

OBITUARY.

DEPARTED FROM PHILADELPHIA on the 15th ult., NATHAN H. BOLLES, aged 68 years. He was brought up in the power of the most stringent Orthodoxy, in which, as usual, the fear of Hell was held, like a naked sword, continually over him. After suffering years of torture from the monstrous and unnatural fears generated by these teachings, he heard, for the first time, the preaching of a Universalist. The principles of Universal Salvation, being the exact opposite of Calvinism, opened his mind to a complete reaction. But he was not so fortunate as to become a member of the church, though he attended its ministry, and was, in fact, regarded as a Universalist.

Mr. Bolles was a native of Massachusetts; but on removing to Chicago, Illinois, he became one of the pioneer founders of that young and flourishing city. He was the first Tax-gatherer, and also held other important offices; and the civil institutions which he assisted to erect still bear the benefit of his labor.

His love of freedom asserted itself in the establishment of Public Schools, that were absolutely free from all sectarian influence.

As soon as the new Spiritual Light appeared, he received it gladly. He did not, however, run after the physical phenomena, but sought rather to understand its philosophy. Why? He became convinced of the truth of it, he found himself, religiously, on so much higher ground than he had ever had before, that he felt a great desire to illustrate the following men from sectarian bondage. Stimulated with this desire, and aided by the higher light, he commenced now the study of the Bible, carefully comparing the new manifestations with the old.

The principal fruit of this study is a pamphlet on the Character and Office of Christ, which exhibits not only careful and intelligent research, but close and cogent reasoning, which will satisfy the intellect of every reader. It is a work, which he believes from actual convictions in the Old Testament, must also believe the New, since they are in harmony with each other, having the same origin, character and power.

The pamphlets were distributed at his funeral; and while he was sitting in silence around his remains, many read the same. Thus he may be said to have preached his own funeral sermon; and how much better it was than any one could have preached for him! Can true eulogy, as well as our best monuments, are good works.

Ever and anon "the pale boatman" comes to carry some poor, weary one across the mystic stream, where pain comes to repose, leaving an infant and a truly kind and affectionate mother to the tranquility of the soul, and where rest is found for all the true-hearted.

The transporting angel came to Quincy on the 23d of Feb., and took the spirit of ANNA W. TRINSELL from the body, which had attained the age of 42 years and 7 months, leaving her husband, Quincy Tirrell, with two boys, to care for and love. It was her request that I should attend her funeral, and fortunately, as it seems, I was to speak in Q. on Sunday, after her departure on Friday before. The funeral was attended on Monday, Feb. 25th.

Brother Time, with him that's healing, Through the great wide world is stealing; And when wounded hearts he findeth, These, with precious balm he bindeth! Every wound his care receiveth, And forever it relieveth! So, as sure as time progresses, Will be soothed your sore distresses.

M. B. TOWNSEND.

Taunton, March 4, 1861.

Mrs. ELIZA R. ROBINSON, of West Newbury, Mass., Jan. 30th, wife of J. H. Robinson, aged 28 years, passed to her spirit home, leaving an infant and a truly kind and affectionate husband, ever devoting his time and attention to her every wish. She was reared under the teaching of theology, but notwithstanding that she had broken their chains and was free, she felt a great desire to illustrate the following men from sectarian bondage. Stimulated with this desire, and aided by the higher light, he commenced now the study of the Bible, carefully comparing the new manifestations with the old.

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALLSTON HALL, BUNSTADT PLACE, BOSTON.—Lectures are given here every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and at 7.15 in the evening. The following speakers are engaged: Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first two in April.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROWNFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Boston Spiritualists' Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7.12 o'clock. The proceedings are reported for the BANNER. The subject for discussion at the next meeting "The Bible."

MEETING TO BE HELD every Thursday evening, at 7.12 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. The following named speakers are engaged:—N. S. Greenleaf, March 31st; Mrs. Spence through April; Mrs. Fannie B. Felt, May 12th; Mrs. Fannie Davis, May 19th and 20th; Mrs. R. H. Burr, June 2d and 3d; Mrs. L. E. Lefferts, June 10th, 23d and 25th; Mrs. P. O. Hyzer during August; Leo Miller, Sept., during October; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall, they have engaged the following named speakers:—Miss Emma Harding the last Sunday in March; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during April; Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, during May; Miss Lizzie Doten in June; Mr. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLoucester.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall. The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. M. B. Kinney, March 31st; Mr. E. B. Sawyer, April 7th; Mrs. Elizabeth Clough, April 14th and 21st.

NEW BEDFORD.—Meetings have been held by the Spiritualists in Conference Hall, Sunday morning, and speaking by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny B. Felt, March 24th and 31st; Mrs. L. E. Lefferts, April 7th; Mrs. E. L. Rose, April 14th; Hon. F. Robinson, April 28th; Mrs. M. B. Kinney, May 6th and 12th. Forenoon meetings are held every Sunday of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1.12 and 7.14 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Susan M. Johnson, March 31st and April 7th; and Mr. N. B. Storor, April 21st.

PUTNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows: H. B. Storor, for March; Warren Chase, for May; Miss L. E. A. DeForest, Aug.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening at 2.14 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Stoddins, March 24th and 31st; Charles A. Haycox, first two, and Miss Fannie Davis last two Sabbaths in April and first two in May; Mrs. M. S. Townsend the last two Sundays in May and the first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura De Force during October; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook during November.

PROVIDENCE.—A list of the engagements of speakers:—Miss Lizzie Doten in March; H. B. Storor, two first, and Warren Chase, last, in April; Miss Emma Harding in May; Mrs. P. O. Hyzer in June; Laura E. De Force in July; Mrs. M. B. Kinney in September.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon and evening at 2 and 7.12 o'clock P. M. in the Universalist Church, (formerly Episcopal), State free. Speakers engaged:—Warren Chase for March; E. V. Wilson, April; H. B. Storor, May; N. E. White, June; Miss Emma Harding, July; Miss A. W. Sprague two first Sundays in August; Mrs. A. A. Currier, November.

NEW YORK.—Meetings are held at Dodworth's Hall regularly every Sabbath. Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak every Sabbath till further notice. Meetings are held at Lamartine Hall, on the corner of 29th street and 8th Avenue, every Sunday morning.

LYONS, MON.—Mrs. A. G. Stowe in March; Mattie F. Hubbard in April.

LEONISTON, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leoniston hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall, Services commence at 1.12 and 7.14 P. M.

WORCESTER.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regular Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.

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

NEWBURYPORT.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday at 2.12 and 7.12 P. M. at Essex Hall.

COLUMBUS, PA.—The Spiritualists of this place hold meetings the first Sunday in each month in their church.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Speakers who wish to make appointments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mrs. H. P. M. Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Pennsylvania," No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Meetings are held every Sunday at Good Temple Hall, at 1.12 and 7.12 o'clock P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library Hall every Sunday at 10.12 A. M. and 7.12 o'clock P. M.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

NEW SETTLEMENT!

Within One Hour's Ride of Philadelphia!

The subscribers having obtained a number of square miles of good land at

HAMMONTON,

Thirty miles South East of Philadelphia by railroad, in Atlantic County, New Jersey, now offer it for sale in small tracts, OR IN FARMS AND VILLAGES, TO ACTUAL SETTLERS.

The property offered, lying upon the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, is one of several Railroad Stations. The settlement only commenced three years ago, and the population now numbers Twenty-five Hundred.

The settlers who have cleared their land properly, and cultivated it, have made it a most fertile and profitable place. The soil produces excellent Wheat, Rye, Corn, Potatoes, Oats and Clover, and is particularly adapted to the cultivation of the

GRAPE,

and FINER FRUITS. The land is various in quality, from a light trucking soil to a heavy loam or clay soil. Some portions of the surface with a fine subsoil, and the water runs off in a most rapid and healthy manner, being a heavy loam land. It is called the very best soil for choice Fruits and Vegetables.

THE CLIMATE IS DELIGHTFUL, being located in the most temperate latitude in America. The winters are short and mild, the mercury being mostly above freezing point. The Summers are long, the air pure and invigorating. The country is unsurpassed for its healthfulness, favors being entirely unknown. Many pulmonary complaints have been cured by a change of climate. The water here is excellent, and runs freely, generally from ten to fifteen feet in depth to never-failing springs of pure soft water.

It will be seen by reference to the map, this locality possesses the

BEST MARKETS

for all kinds of produce of any place in the United States. Its markets are Philadelphia and New York, two of the largest cities in the Union.

LOCATION, PLAN OF SALES, AND OPERATIONS.

The course pursued heretofore has been to sell only to actual settlers, or those who would improve within a given time, and the result is, a

LARGE FLOURISHING SETTLEMENT;

And land has been known to rise in value four-fold in one year. These lands are divided into two districts: the Aston district, containing about thirty thousand acres; the Batsto district, containing between Hamonton and Pleasant Mills, containing ten thousand acres.

The land on the "Aston" will be sold in quantities to suit purchasers from

\$12 to \$20 per Acre.

\$12 to \$20 PER ACRE.

Village and Town Lots at Weymouth and Hamonton Stations at very low prices, and in sizes to suit purchasers.

An indisputable title will be given to purchasers.

In the State of New Jersey there is a

LIBERAL HOMESTEAD LAW,

which protects the Homestead to the extent of ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Under the

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner of Light* was written by a spirit whose name is given. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spiritual beings*. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Friday, Feb. 1.—Is the human soul finite or infinite? and how shall we know that the soul may be unfolded harmoniously? Joseph W. Lyon, Boston; Michael Brady; Charles Jackson; Master Peter Long.

Thursday, Feb. 7.—Is Spiritualism a Science or a Religion? Wm. H. Porter, Dorset, N. H.; John Morse; Mary Augusta Seward, Georgetown, D. C.; Mary L. Ware.

Friday, Feb. 14.—Why do not spirits assist in breaking up the Union? Major Christian, Montgomery, Ala.; Abigail Phillips; Mary Sweeney, New York.

Saturday, Feb. 9.—How may the African race be elevated to the standard of the Anglo-Saxon race? Jesse P. Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; Frances Almida Whortley, New York; William Murphy, Boston; Nancy Davidson.

Sunday, Feb. 12.—Is not American Slavery unconstitutional? Charles T. Wentworth, Worcester, Mass.; Alice D. Lucy, Montreal; Samuel Robbins, Salem; Anna Smith; Wm. Jones.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Have not religion and morality greatly degenerated in America? John O'Donnell, Margaret Elton Corbett, New Bedford; Billy Murry, East Cambridge; Joseph Astor.

Thursday, Feb. 14.—How may principles be there in the economy of nature? And does every soul in life give us a new principle? David Bartlett, Augusta, Me.; Josiah S. Parker; Mary Louisa Shaw; Juliet Hickey.

Our Circles.

Holding our Circles in public, necessitates the having a large room, at a cost which bears heavily upon a paper of limited circulation, the expenses of which are otherwise large. We have up to this time opened our doors free, and have hoped that our liberality would give us such a circulation as would enable us to continue in the same course. But we find it impossible, in the present state of the country, to enlarge our subscription list to that extent which will warrant us in continuing the system of *FREE CIRCLES*.

When we re-open our rooms, we shall charge the small fee of *TEN CENTS* for admission to each sitting.

We do not adopt this course from choice, but from an inability to support such rooms as are demanded by this branch of our enterprise. If we make our sittings public. Beside this, we limit our present establishment, which was once ample, too limited to accommodate the crowds that throng to witness the manifestations—so that, if we continued them on the free system, we should be obliged to engage a larger room than that we now occupy.

We trust our friends will not misunderstand us, or misinterpret our statement, but will cheerfully contribute the mite required to enable us to hold our sittings in public.

Many people have expressed a desire to pay a small fee, but we have heretofore declined, as it was our hope to make the circulation of the *Banner* pay all expenses, and enable us to keep open doors, that all might have the information which can be obtained at our sittings, without money or price.

Notice will be given in a subsequent number as to the time of re-opening our rooms. W. BARRY.

Electricity.

"How many kinds of electricity are there? and does electricity travel?"

The subject for this afternoon is one well filled with interest. At the outset of our remarks we will say we shall doubtless differ widely from the generally received definitions of the subject. There is but one kind of electricity. True, scientific men, or men of science, have divided it into two parts, positive and negative; and here they make a very wide mistake. Electricity is a distinct and positive element; but if you would understand it perfectly, you should consider it relatively; because, when positively considered, it is devoid of power, but when relatively considered, it contains vast power. Again, we say there is but one kind of electricity. We are not here much proof men of science have brought upon the subject to substantiate their ideas; all nature comes forward to substantiate ours.

That which is commonly termed magnetism is but the absence of electricity, or it is another and distinct element which you call magnetism. The electrical element is only wanted into action and power by being brought in contact with magnetism; hence life, motion, action, power. As magnetism possesses all the qualities of heat, and electricity possesses the qualities of cold, and though the two may seem to be at war with each other, yet they are internally connected. That which contains only the electrical element, may be in an inactive condition for ages upon ages, until it is called into action by magnetism, or heat, which begets motion, power, life. Electricity does not travel, for it has not the power to travel, when positively considered. It has not the power of motion, inasmuch as it has no heat; but when combined with magnetism, it is endowed with motion and can travel.

When we wish to possess ourselves of our mediums, or in other words, wish to use their external organisms, we first seek to concentrate the mental faculties, and by so doing we concentrate the powers of the physical, or we quiet them. There is less amount of motion, heat, or magnetism than exists in the human form; thus the extremities become cold, when acted upon for the purpose of foreign control. This is because we take away a great amount of the heat or magnetism of the medium, having nothing to do with the electrical forces. After we draw off a sufficient amount of heat, or motion, or magnetism, we then supply our own magnetism, and by virtue of that we speak, we move, we use the body as pleases us. Again, we say we draw off the magnetism of the body and supply our own, having nothing to do with the electrical force of the body. You have been told that when the spirit ceases to act upon the physical form, it has lost all its magnetic power. Here is a great mistake. If it had lost that power, decomposition could not take place, for it takes place by virtue of motion. Enough is left in the physical body to bring it under a new law. If only the electrical was left, it would remain forever and ever in the one condition, unless heat or magnetism were brought to bear upon it to change it.

What is it that confines you atoms of granite for ages to their primal conditions, but electricity? But when the magnetic law comes in contact with it, combustion takes place; heat and motion come of that, and those particles of granite are dissolved, and those inherent powers of theirs are brought into more perfect forms or life, and are enabled to work new and higher forms of existence, as seen in the vegetable creation.

Many wonder why we have more power after the sun goes down, or in darkness, than we have in light. Remember all seeds germinate in darkness—this is necessary; they are passing through a chemical process, that they may come forth into a new existence. But if you bring them in contact with light before passing through that process, the power is lost—for the time being, at least.

So it is with that we use to move your furniture, to control your mediums, and do all we may do aside from physical agencies.

When rays of light, natural or artificial, are brought to bear upon the chemical process, they are resolved into their primal elements, and are unfit for use.

Darkness contains a greater amount of magnetism or motion than is found in daylight, and thus it is far easier for us to overcome the elements after the shades of night have fallen, than before the rays of the sun or artificial light. Men of science have told you that the human body is endowed with life or motion, by virtue of two electrical forces. There is but one kind of electricity, whether applied to the

animal, the vegetable, the mineral or the spiritual. As there is but one soul element, there is but one electrical element, and those forces appearing to your sight are not the primaries, but only their unfoldments or manifestations.

When men or women are violently agitated, during that time, they throw off a great amount of their magnetic force, and thus become weak; the forces are not well balanced. Sometimes, in consequence of this, death, or change takes place, because the two laws are not in harmony. One or the other must rise superior, by the infringement of one upon the other.

Electricity is passive, is quiet, and when positively considered has no power at all; but when considered through the law magnetic, then it becomes invested with great power. Indeed it is sometimes called the king of the elemental world.

Thought has no power to travel, except it comes under the magnetic law for the time being. Light has no power to travel except it comes under this law. All light when positively considered is stationary and powerless, but when relatively considered, it becomes invested with great power.

If our questioner would know to a positive certainty that there is but one kind of electricity, he has but to study closely the change called death—only to make this a careful study and he will find from this, proof positive and sufficient to substantiate him in a new movement.

When the physical bodies of our mediums are more under the control of electricity than magnetism or heat, then they are open to foreign influences. When there is a lack of magnetism any one in the spirit life can see, and when they enter. When our mediums throw off their magnetic element by undue excitement, they must not wonder that they are controlled when they do not want to be.

Could a Franklin speak to you to-day, he would tell you there is but one kind of electricity—its opposite element is heat or magnetism, and nature manifests herself in all her works in extremes; and had Franklin known on earth, what we now understand, and what we now speak, he would have started on a more plain, highway to science or wisdom.

Jan. 30.

Stephen Whipple.

Who wants me here, and what do they want? I am Stephen Whipple. I understood there was a letter here for me, but I cannot look over so many letters as you have here.

Will you be so kind as to ask the individual who wrote me, to do so again, and in a more distinct way—that is, to leave his or her letter where I can get it?

I have been gone from here a little short of four years. I died in New Orleans. When one sends for me, I'd like to have him here to meet me. If there are any who want anything of me, I'd like the best to relieve them; but if they work wholly in the dark, they must expect I shall be a little in the dark, too.

You'll say I visited you, and inquired for my letter, but did not find it.

Suppose you get the friend or friends to write me again? Jan. 30.

Thomas Emery Stone.

I've got folks, but they are not here. My mother is at Blue Hill, Me.; she lives there. My name was Thomas Emery Stone. I was most eleven years old. I died of abscess in the throat, in 1859, in the winter.

I've got an uncle in Brighton—Thomas Stone. I was named for him. I haven't got any father to talk to—he's dead, too; but I've got a mother, and a sister who is married.

Mother thinks I'm dead, and don't know I can come. I thought my father said if either of us came here, you'd let us go home. I want first to get a chance to go home, and then I want as many chances afterward, as I have a mind to. Write to my mother and ask her to get me a medium like this, that I can have for my own, and I'll come back and forth, and tell her all about where I've been since I was sick, and a great many other things about folks she wants to know about. Tell her I guess I never write her again if she don't let me come home. I want, if I don't change my mind.

My father died at sea. His name was William. My mother's is Nancy West. My sister's name is Catharine—or Kate, we used to call her. I don't like to talk here; I want to go home, and have a medium of my own. Sometimes I can see my mother when she is asleep, and sometimes I can't see anything. I want to go to see her now I've got a body to go with, and talk with her. Jan. 28.

Anne Elizabeth Burgess.

I wish to speak with my father. My name was Anne Elizabeth Burgess. I died at South Boston, of consumption. It is now near four years since I died. I wish very much to speak with my father, and tell him about my brother's affairs, what he doesn't know about. I can come to him better than my brother can, if he will give me the privilege. As we can see what's being done by our friends sometimes, we see when we can make them happier by telling them what they should do, and what not. When my brother was living, my father had not much to trouble him; but since my brother died, he has a hard time, because my brother left before he thought he would. If my father would prefer to have my brother speak, he will try to; but I can speak better, because I have been here longer. My brother's name was James. My brother was in a place on Sudbury street.

Things are not going very straight with my father and youngest brother, since James died. I'd like to speak to them, because I think I could tell how to make things go better. I was sick a long time—confined a long time, and was very weak, and I'm not able to speak very loud. I've not learned how to speak any louder here than I did before I died.

Margaret is deceived, too, some about things of his. If he was thinking he would die, he should have made things more plain, and should have told father about his business, and then he would have no trouble; but he was not thinking about dying, and it's making us both unhappy, because our father is unhappy.

Jimmy was subject to disease of the throat ever since he was a little boy; and he would have hard work to breathe, when he had a cough. The doctors here say it brought on membranous croup; but because it was in an adult, the doctors here called it heart disease. He first had inflammation, and he got well of that, but the membrane was forming all the time in the throat, and because he died suddenly, they called it heart disease.

One of our parents was Irish, and one not. I do not wish to be mistaken for some one else. I was called Anne. I give you all these things, so I'll be known. Jan. 30.

Betsey Worthen.

You will say that Betsey Worthen, of Hampton Falls, comes to you, because she wishes to go to her niece, Polly Worthen. It is many years since I spoke this way, but duty calls me here. I wish to speak to her because I shall save her sorrow in the future life, and give her peace. I have been in the spirit world since 1816, as the record in the old church yard will show.

I expect her to find me some one to speak through; she's soon to come to me, and I want to go to her before she comes to me. Jan. 30.

Patrick Murphy.

It's myself that's turned up like a new moon. Just when they think I'm gone, I'm here—that's it. Faith, the prairie has played to lay me soul, and the more he prays, I'm prayed at all. Mary thinks I'm settled down, and she'll pay no more to the prairie. But I'm here again, just like a new moon, all ready to shine. I suppose you know me, Patrick Murphy. Send my compliments to Mary and tell her I'm round. I want to tell Mary I'll no use to pay her money to the prairie to lay me, and the more they want me not to come, the more I'll come.

What I come most for to-day is to tell Mary to mind no more what the prairie says. Begad, the sun will shine, and Patrick will come, and all the prairie side of Purgatory will not keep me away. Tell Mary I'm not because I was dead at all, or laid

at all. It's here you do what you don't like to do, and when you get where I am, we do what we want.

Tell Mary to pray that her medium powers be taken away. Mary has as much to do with my coming as I have myself. Let the prairie try its prayers at that. Faith, I could come as well when he is making his prayers. He calls me the devil, and says I had the devil to me before I died. Poor Mary has a hard time between Patrick and the prairie. Half of the time she has to go to the prairie to get him to lay Patrick, and half of the time to look on and see what Patrick does. The prairie better take Mary for chamber-maid, and I'll make sport.

Boss, send Mary my love, and tell her I want her to come out and tell of it, so I'll come when I want to. Tell Mary perhaps I'll stay away till Easter Sunday, as I did before. She's gone down to Dover again. Good by. Jan. 30.

"Do Disembodied Spirits know Disease and Recovery?"

Every physical disease has its corresponding spiritual, and all disease is a result of an inharmonious or imperfect soul-unfolding. Thus all disease, whether mental or physical, comes through the spiritual. It has its origin in that which seems all unreal to you, to your external senses. Again we say, every physical disease has its corresponding spiritual disease, or its counterpart, in the spiritual body. Disease may be called the result of sin. Sin is simply the absence of wisdom—nothing more. Seek to give it a different definition, and you cannot, when you consider it according to the law natural. Sin must be nothing more nor less than the absence of wisdom. In consequence of the violation of the law of your nature you partake of disease. Suffering, disease, death in their thousand forms, you bring upon yourselves in consequence of ignorance. And yet the law is not more lenient to one who sins in consequence of ignorance, than to one who sins understandingly. Yet we do not believe there are any who sin who do it in wisdom, but in consequence of ignorance.

A Theodor Parker comes to us religiously and intellectually diseased. What shall we do for him? Why, if we would cure him naturally, we must create action in those portions of his spiritual body which have not been called into action. Some of his powers be rendered sluggish, while he has thrown the greater portion into the scale of religion and intellect, robbing other portions of his spiritual body of their unfoldment.

A Webster comes to us morally and intellectually diseased. He has used nearly all the functions of his spiritual body to answer the demands of one portion. Or in other words he has thrown into one channel all the different functions he should have thrown into many. True he has brought in harmony to his spirit, and consequently disease.

A Franklin comes to us more healthy, because he had been more perfectly or more properly unfolded in the spiritual, and thus he comes more harmoniously. Instead of there being a powerful action going on in one portion of his spiritual body, and seemingly none at all in other portions, he has brought nearly all into action; and yet he does not come perfectly healthy. Nor is there one who has ever entered the spiritual sphere devoid of disease; even a Jesus of Nazareth comes with his disease, inasmuch as he did not thoroughly understand and obey the law of his being, he came so far from being perfect. Now if he, the Christ, does not deny this, dare we come forward and deny it. Lo, he saith, there is none good, no not one. None spiritually healthy, he might have said, no not one. But as the ages advance they gather wisdom to themselves, and every generation comes to us in a more healthy condition, each standing a little beyond that which came before, thus each giving a higher or more perfect unfoldment.

The drunkard comes to us Morally, Intellectually and Spiritually diseased, for he has wrapped a shroud of drunkenness around all his spiritual faculties. Not even one has had the power of perfect unfoldment. Not even one has had the power to follow its own course or law, but all have been enslaved, chained, imprisoned, and the consequences are, and must naturally be, spiritual, intellectual and moral disease. What shall we do for him? We shall bring into action those dormant faculties, each and every one of them, by giving him a knowledge of himself, his God, and the universe at large. This is all we can do for him; and, when we have done this, the soul will begin to unfold harmoniously, disease will pass away and health must ensue.

Think not by casting off the physical body you lose all disease, and enter at once into a state of rest and peace. This cannot be so. If you are always happy, if you have no dark shadows upon your spirit, you may believe you enter with joy into the spirit-world, and know no disease there; but while you are subject here to the lights and shades of humanity, believe you must be so in the higher condition of life. He who best understands the law of man's spiritual nature, best knows how to assist the soul in its recovery; best knows when and how to touch the hidden springs, that the soul may unfold properly and give back to its Creator a healthy aroma. Thus that portion of humanity who have a good understanding of the physical form and the laws that govern it, have a mighty work to do in the spiritual world, for here they have passed through the rudiments of that which is without end—here they took the first step in the great march of progress in the universe, which shall bring them a crown of rejoicing, when all Nature shall have become perfectly unfolded.

Inasmuch as a Webster, a Parker, or any of your intellectual men, did throw so vast an amount of their faculties, or soul-pecculiarities into one scale, so they must of necessity become so far diseased, for they throw seeds, which, if they do not spring up in the physical, must come up in the spiritual. They may pass three score years and ten without disease in the physical; but, believe us, the law cannot be violated, unless they engender disease. This is your reward; thus Nature gives it, and she does so that you may turn your thoughts to the cause of your suffering. You should seek to bring into action all your dead faculties, and thus you shall lessen the labors of those you have consigned brought forth while in the physical body. We will not ask Jehovah to give us no more diseased spirits, for by consequence of it they commence to analyze the cause of the suffering, and they take a higher stand. The Religionist ceases to think of that he thought so much of before. He will give to every organ of the spiritual body, its true amount of labor, and no more.

Now that it is wrong for any one to throw his power almost wholly in one direction, man will see in the hereafter, if not now. That it is wrong to throw all the faculties into the scale of Religion, man will see when he sees his spirit diseased, in the hereafter, if not now.

He who throws all his action in the scale of science, comes to us spiritually diseased, and will see it to be so in the future, if not in this life.

Each faculty of the soul has its peculiar power, and if you throw it into the wrong channel, you must suffer. If you enter the highest sphere, having thrown all the faculties of the soul in any one direction, you are diseased, and thus you must suffer.

Now one came to Jesus, asking what he should do to be saved. Jesus replied—"Sell all thou hast, and follow me." Why did he give this reply? Because he well knew the faculties of that man's nature had been directed to the gain of this world's goods. In consequence of this, he was diseased, he suffered, and his soul cried out—"What shall I do to be saved?" Did the inquirer follow the direction of the Master? No; and why not? Because he could not see the wisdom in the reply; he could not recognize the Great Physician then; and because he tread upon that dark highway, giving to the God of Manhood that which belonged to the God of the Universe.

There are as many laws governing the physical and spiritual organism of man, as there are spiritual and physical functions. Each one demands its own, and when man shall become wise in these things, he will not trespass upon any law of his nature. There shall cease to sin, to bring disease upon himself, and shall enter the spirit-world all harmoniously developed. Then he shall indeed be Lord and God of himself—for what need will there be of

any other intelligence interfering, when he knows the laws that govern him? For if he knows the law, he will obey it. Jan. 31.

Ebenezer Francis.

I have often wondered if there was any meaning at all, what that meaning was in the words that were said to have been used by Jesus: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter heaven." Since I have taken my pilgrimage in the spirit-world, I have begun to realize something in regard to things I did not understand in life here; and how true it is that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter heaven.

Now the rich man has so fastened his soul to his riches, according to the understanding of it that I have gained since I came here, that he has been terribly doomed in that respect, and terribly unhappy because of them; and of course you could not be in heaven while others are unhappy. We all believe we shall be happy when we get to heaven.

If I could live my poor, miserable life over again, and could have the same amount of knowledge I have got now—and that is very limited—I should be tempted to curse the man who will force riches upon me, or hold me to get rich. And I'd thank the man who would do what he could to take it away from me, if I had wealth.

I lived a pretty long life, but I did not learn much, and I am reaping the fruits of my labor now. I thought I was poor, though I was rich, and I never had enough. When a man has enough, he thinks he has enough; but when he has more than enough, he thinks he has not enough.

I'm miserable here, and miserable on account of the money I had. Instead of directing my attention to getting a passport to heaven, I spent the best portion of my life in getting me a safe transport to hell. That's God's truth! I know no more about my spirit than my horse did—know no more than the smallest thing that creeps the earth. I had so wound round my best faculties with cords of gold and silver, that I had so numbed them that they were of no use to me. I had reason to cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I had the blessed light of your new gospel offered me, and I refused it. One of your spiritual hands came to me before I died, and asked me for a few dollars to aid in a charitable way, and I said "I'm poor." I told him I had \$800,000 in the bank that did not draw me interest. I think it would be as impossible for me to go to heaven, as for a camel to go through a needle's eye.

I shall have to suffer for ages, for all the faculties of my soul are little children—not able to earn bread; and I've got to take care of these faculties. I struggled hard to bring up the little children, and it will take patience on the part of those who teach me, as well as myself. I'm so ignorant of the power of my spirit, I am constantly falling down and asking somebody to help me up. O, I wish I had begged my bread from door to door! If I have made myself sick I will ask God to heal me, but I'll try and bring up these weak children, my soul's faculties, the best I can; and when they get large and strong, they will help me, and I shall get into heaven. I not only sinned against my spirit, but I sinned against my poor old body. I did not treat it well. I gave it just as much as it could get along with, and no more; and I really believe, during the last part of my existence, I cheated it out of what it craved.

They have plenty of work for the doctors to do here. I would not employ them here, because I was too poor to pay them; I've got to employ them now, or stay in hell.

I've something to bequeath to the friends I have left. I forgot it in the body; I come back to bequeath it now. It's a prayer, and that is, that God will take away every cent from them before they leave earth. That's my prayer; and if God can answer it, it will be a tower to help me to heaven; and if there is anything I can do to take it from them, I shall do all I can.

This is Ebenezer Francis, the miser—the fool. It's three years he's been here. I tell you, charitable as they may be who have got my money, it is a millstone about their necks. They will not give away, I know they will not. I approve of every one having enough to take care of their bodies with. You have a right to do that, and when you have more, it's a millstone about your neck.

Rich men are all unhappy—we are all in different degrees of happiness, according to the love of money we have. There is nothing that goes right with my soul. The pendulum of my nature goes up and down, and never the right way.

I do not care who doubts that I come. I come to relieve myself. I do not care to talk to anybody—do not care whether they believe it or not. There is only one way in which I can benefit them, and that is, by doing all I can to take their money away. I may talk to them from now to the day of resurrection of the body, and they would cling to it. There is but one way, and that is, to take their money away by force; and I can do a great deal towards doing it. All spirits are playing upon each other, and the nearer I get to them, the sooner I can take their money away, and open the gate to heaven.

I've thrown off a little of the great weight on me, and I'll go. But one thing I want, and that is to gain a little material power from the medium and those present, by which I shall make some pretty hard knocks upon material things. Jan. 31.

Mary Elizabeth Cordiss.

For my part, I think the want of money brings as much disease, as too much of it. Our friend, while considering one side, has forgotten the other. While I was on the earth, my spirit was longing continually to do something it could not, I was so poor. I thought, if I had a few dollars, how much good I might do, and how I could benefit self. But I had not enough to keep soul and body together. I starved, and who is accountable? I suffered from it, but if I suffered, the whole universe suffered too. All spirits were starving, eye, can see a cord binding all spirits together. What is felt by one, is felt by all.

I was born in this city—Boston. My name was Mary Elizabeth Cordiss. My father died before my eyes were opened to the material world, and my mother left me when I was five years of age. How I passed through the intervening years up to twenty, I cannot tell. At that age, I became acquainted with an Englishman, by the name of Burns. I married him, and we started for his home—London. I had been in London but a few weeks, when he was taken sick with small pox, and died, leaving me a stranger in a strange land. For months I did what little I was able to do towards sustaining myself. Sometimes I have been two whole days without food. This condition of things developed a disease I inherited from my mother—consumption. I was left to the care of fate, and the angels, and they cannot always minister to our necessity, because they do not have the power to overcome the material. I suppose I should have entered the spirit-world in a few months by disease, if I had not died by starvation. I entered the spirit world far below human nature, as I thought, but they told me I was but a little child, and only needed rest, strength and wisdom, to revive. So I think money is filled with blessings to some, if dark to others.

I've no near relatives to speak words of peace and comfort to. I've none to call me back to communicate. But I've a word to say to the great world at large. When the stranger and the destitute are in your midst, care for them—minister to their necessities, for by so doing you obey the commands of your Master, Lay up treasure in Heaven, and build for yourselves mansions that time and change cannot tear down.

It is now seventeen years since I left my body, and became a free spirit. All those seventeen years have been passed in striving to gain what I should have gained here on earth—all spent striving to throw off the coverings the earth condition has cast upon my soul. Many years shall pass ere my spirit shall be free, and shall arrive at a proper standard of life. Jan. 31.

Thomas Boswell.

This is new to me, and if I don't do just like as I ought to, you must think it is because I don't know how to do. Fryeburg, Pa., is my native place. My name is Thomas Boswell. I was twenty-two years

old, and died of disease of the spine and brain. I've got friends scattered around, and I'd like to speak to or write to them as the case may be; but this thing is so new to me, I am afraid to move this way or that, because I fear to move in the wrong way. It is only a year and a half since I came here. I came without a bit of light on the subject, and I had not much of a belief in any life after death. I want to be identified by my friends, and I will say I was deprived of the sight of my left eye by accident, for many years. At the same time, I received an injury on my shoulder and the scar was left.

As I don't like to speak before people, I will wind up by saying that if they will let me, I'll come in whatever way they like. I'd like to speak, but will come in any other way they please.

My mother was from Maryland. Jan. 31.

Mary Burns.

I do not want them to move my body. I am buried in Brooklyn, and I'm to be moved to Greenwood. I came to my father last week about it, and he did not believe, and I come here about it, now. My name was Mary Burns, and I was thirteen years old, and I died a year ago, and my body is in Brooklyn, and my father wants to move it, to Greenwood. I died of typhoid fever. My body has been moved once. First, it was in the tomb, and then it was buried, and now he's going to move it to Greenwood. I went to my father with a medium, and he said he did not believe it was me, because the medium knew it. He is going to move my body by the last of April, so you will please to publish my letter before then. Jan. 31.

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO COUSIN D—.

I have two buds which would have bloomed red roses, Had you but left them on the fragile stem; But each faded cold, and alone reposes, As though I had grown tired of you and them.

And did I blast your hopes like you the blossom? Not willingly; you dare not, cannot say; And yet the love you nurtured in your bosom Was not so deep but that it fled away.

Yes, fled away! there's not a spark remaining Of what you thought would be a quenchless flame! And here I've kept these buds, the hope retaining, That there is more in friendship than a name.

I never wished to win the highest feeling; Which hearts congenial on earth bestow; It had been well if you that love concealing, Had given me the love you owe me now.

Then all these years of cold estrangement, glowing With the affection of a brother's heart, Which, waited for a sister's being, knowing The links cemented, Time could never part.

But friendship, like these poor neglected roses, Was not allowed to bloom a perfect flower; So neither our sympathy discloses, And the estrangement widens hour by hour.

Correspondence.

Thomas L. Harris.

In the early days of Spiritualism, when the "ministry of angels" came to us in the volume of treasures, called Nature's Divine Revelations, our brother Thomas was called out from the more liberal of his sect, the Universalists, and inspired from on high. Charged with new and startling truths for mortals, he became the poet medium, whose clairvoyant eyes looked into heaven, while his tongue dropped words of consolation into thirsting hearts, like welcome rain-drops on the parched earth. Thousands of hungry souls were fed through him with manna of consolation from friends in the other life, and wherever his footsteps marked the sands, from Maine to Missouri, from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, he illumined his path like the Aurora Borealis, with flashes of light from beyond the solid objects of earth. Thousands listened to his thrilling eloquence with a rapture of soul never felt before, and hundreds were made glad with truths which had never before reached their minds.

But, alas, how strange are the wandering ways of man! how mysterious the freaks of Nature! This medium, through whom we once could reach the golden fruits of the upper sphere, and sing the songs of angels, has seized on a branch of the heavenly tree, and swung off from earth, where, dangling between the two worlds, he is useless to either; like Absalom of old, he is caught by the hair, and unhorsed, while the battle goes on without him. In vain have we called for him, in vain have the spirits tried to loose him; he is fast in the theological branches of a Swedenborgian tree, and many of us fear he will dry up there, ere his feet shall again touch the solid earth. Spirits cannot draw him up. Mortals cannot draw him down, and then he is useless to either world or to himself; yet we know the treasure

[FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

Clair threw herself onto a large velvet rocking chair. Time passed. The sun had gathered round earth his mantle of rosy brightness, evening shadows had gathered; and now the hour was fast approaching midnight. Desolate suddenly aroused, unclasped a locket which she wore fastened to a chain around her neck. On one side was the miniature of Albert Rivers—on the other her own; and under each the initials of their names. A slight rustling was heard; the door opened.

"Albert, may, forgive me!" murmured the unhappy woman, pressing the picture to her lips.

"We will."

Within the door stood the two Rivers, and May smiling with happiness. A smile played o'er the even features of Desolate St. Clair's face. With outstretched arms she fell forward a corpse; and thus she was found next morning by Nurse Ellis.

I caught the locket from the floor, and walked to the window. The lawns and gardens, shrubbery, flowers and fountains had faded; and there were the old ruins, briars and weeds. And the lately handsome mansion, with its richly and elegantly furnished rooms, was now empty and deserted.

I was returning, filled with surprise and wonder at all I had seen, when what a pain seemed to shoot through my temples! I had been asleep, and was in my own little room. It was very late when I awoke with a start. A form flitted past me, and the features of Desolate St. Clair were plainly visible. When I became conscious again, I was in a darkened room, my own mother bending over me. The summer days had shortened into autumn, yet weeks elapsed ere my strength was sufficiently restored for me to return to my own home.

I had been dangerously ill with brain fever. They say I raved constantly of Oak Grove, and all I had seen and heard. I had been dreaming, yet it was not all a dream, for old people said, when I related the scenes I had passed through in my sleep, exactly as I had seen so everything had happened—so the place had been, when Desolate St. Clair was mistress of Oak Grove.

Riding through what had once been the garden of Oak Grove, I espied a grave on the spot where I dreamed Rivers and May were buried. On alighting, we found a marble slab almost down, with their names and ages inscribed thereon, and the date of their deaths. I left the place immediately, and have never visited it, or desired to do so, since.

The night of that strange eventful dream, when they found me in a swoon, I had clasped in my hand a golden locket, with the miniatures of a lady and gentleman, and beneath the picture of the man were the letters A. R. and under that of the lady D. St. C. When shown to me, I recognised the faces of those I had seen in my dream; but the locket disappeared as strangely as it came—how, when, or where, we have never known. It has always remained a mystery.

Edgar Mordant wrote me that he was having the old house torn down, and intended making a beautiful place of it. Perhaps, when the new edifice is completed, I may visit it, when every trace of the St. Clair abode has been swept away.

Pearls.

—Jingles.
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

O! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.
He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.
Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is almost lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.
Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.
O, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible!

Give to grief a little time, and it softens to regret,
and grows beautiful at last, and we cherish it as we do
some old dim picture of the dead.

THE FAMILY MEETING.

Gather the scattered band of pearls,
Tie up his broken string;
Gather the sundried family
In one unbroken ring.
Gather them home from sea and land,
Gather them home from far and near,
Gather them round the household hearth,
Gather them from the waning year.
Thanks to the blessed Father of all,
For the Spring with its buds and bloom,
Thanks, for the Summer's splendour,
For the fruitage and perfume;
Thanks for the Autumn harvestings,
For the yellow corn and grain,
Ripened through many a valley,
O'er hills and moor and plain.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure; and the
conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

LAST TO FADE OF ALL IS FANCY.

Day by day old sorrows leave us,
Leave us while new sorrows come;
Come like evening shadows length'ning,
Length'ning round the spirits' home.
Day by day fade Friendship's flowers—
Flowers that flourished in the past—
Past, oh, Past!—once bright and glowing;
Glowing once, but dimmed at last!
Last to fade of all is fancy—
Fancy, ever young and gay;
Gay as when young Love was dreaming,
Dreaming, dreaming, day by day.

The Coast Slave Trade.

Every day brings something new, which, however,
is an old affair, at best; and we only wonder it has
not been thought of before. There is a rumor now
that the European powers are urgently pressed to go
to work and establish forts all along the coast of Africa,
from which slaves have been deported in such
quantities for so many years, and to withdraw their
squadrons. The calculation is, that these forts, if
placed at proper distances along the coast, will
abundantly answer all the old purposes of the
squadron, and a good deal more. It is also said
that, while this mode of defending the African coast
will be more effectual than the former method, it
will likewise be more economical. This watching
or slavers by the armed vessels of England and
France has degenerated into a perfect piece of humbug;
slaves are allowed to sail for, and are even
invited out by well known stratagems, and then over-
hauled with an energetic impulse of virtuous abhor-
rence, for the sake of the certain prize money! Bet-
ter erect forts, and put a stop to the business
altogether.

Reported for the Banner of Light. MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT ALLSTON HALL, BOSTON, Sunday, March 17th, 1861.

Miss Emma Hardinge continued her discourses at Allston Hall, Boston, on Sunday, the 17th inst. The subject of her evening's lecture was "The Earth and its Destiny." She spoke substantially as follows:

"He doeth all things well!" Thus speaks the soul of this beautiful Earth and its Destiny. It belongs to all the race—man, woman, child. There is not a pulse that beats within her mighty veins, a throb of her great ocean heart, but finds a response within ourselves. It is not for the brief moment of mortal pilgrimage that earth is ours. Her destiny for weal or woe, time and eternity, is inseparably that of all her children. She takes her place high up in heaven's courts, amid the shining sisterhood of stars. Every sign that thrills the breast of humanity is echoed through all space. There glimmers not a grain of sand upon broad sea-shore, but bears indestructible stamped upon its tiny form. Not a mote that dances in the sunbeam, but is a globe of eternal life.

Strange! with such indefinite purpose and vague uncertainty has the open book of nature been read by men of science, that their very best theories of the origin and destiny of earth are, even now, fragmentary and unsatisfactory. The prevailing religious conceptions on this subject are little else than childish—regarding the illimitable system of creation as designed but to wait upon this little floating drop of earth, and predicting a day of utter ruin and destruction for all the divine harmony and beauty of the universe. Religion thus speaks concerning the destiny of earth, because, standing proudly aloof from science and reason, she claims to possess the one infallible revelation, albeit through the lips of finite man, which anticipates and governs all human research and discovery.

Religion, which professes to deal with the spirit, forgets that spirit is never manifested apart from matter. Science forgets that behind all the exhibitions of matter, spirit must be, before order, design, and law can reveal themselves in material forms. The body without the soul is meaningless; the soul without the body can never be demonstrated or known. Thus do religion and science stand apart; and until they link hands, the sublime truth remains unrecognized, that "He doeth all things well." Then, and then alone, can earth reveal her destiny, and speak directly to the spirit.

What are some of the theories of science for the solution of this great problem? For a long time the so-called *Aristotelian* theory was claimed, by the scientific world, to be rigidly demonstrated. It represents the earth as the result of a special manufacture by a personal God, and launched into space by a primitive impulse from the hand of its Creator. It assumes that the earth's motion is the result of momentum. By the law of inertia, the earth, once set in motion by momentum, would continue to move forever, without a resisting force; that is, its course must lie in a vacuum. To account for the circular path of the earth, the term *law of attraction* has been invented. The sun's attraction is assumed to be the power which prevents the earth from flying off into indefinite space. Now, in the first place, it has been proved that in all the infinite universe there is no such thing as a vacuum. Hence, this planet's motion must constantly encounter an opposing medium. The result is, that attraction, thus aided, must finally conquer, and the earth fall into the sun. This theory is highly satisfactory to the destructionists; but later discoveries have compelled the sages of this generation to abandon it, and it has quietly slid out of fashion.

Another is the *nebular* theory, which supposes the planets to have been produced by an emanation of gaseous matter from the sun, and its condensation, first into vast orbital rings, and then, as the process went on, into worlds. The formation of satellites, or moons, is accounted for in an analogous manner, by a secondary emanation, during the process of cooling, from the planets themselves. This is the most natural and plausible theory which science has yet given us. But here steps in gold, calm geology. She, too, looks upon the present only, and tells us the dry land gains upon the sea. Oceans are retreating, lakes and rivers disappearing, glittering fountain and murmuring brook soon to be no more; worst of all, that we are passing out of the sun's bright atmosphere. The day must, therefore, come, when earth shall cease to be the theatre for living, moving, thinking humanity; no light, no heat; the genial sunshine forever departed!

The latest hypothesis is termed the *electrical* theory. It assumes that upon matter two motions are imposed, so that all matter is the subject of two eternal forces, attraction and repulsion, between which it oscillates forever. By the law of repulsion worlds are thrown off, and scattered far and wide in space, and by the same law they themselves throw off new worlds—satellites—until, at last, the ultimate point of repulsion is reached, and then, the law of attraction prevailing, calls the satellites home—the moon is nearing the earth, every planet its sun, and at length all will fall into one motionless centre of ruin.

Such the fate these cold, heartless schoolmen assign, for this fair and useful thing, this "bride of God," this "sister of the elder spheres!" And thus widely they differ upon the most vital points, that belong to what is called "exact science."

Where shall be found a compromise? We everywhere find that creation starts from a germ. Progress is the genius of creation. And it may be assumed that the same law of growth and unfoldment prevails in the world, as exists in the microcosmic tree or flower. With this view we are ready to accept the nebular theory. And if it be true, what if this earth do pass from out the sun's influence? Other planets have done so. On the outermost rim of space stand countless worlds, their distance so immense as to defy comprehension. What may be the physical condition of those glittering satellites—Herschels and Jupiters—with their moons and belts, apparently glowing with light, splendid, large and radiant, and everywhere bearing the tokens of an older immortality than ours. Why should not the earth itself follow them? Because, say scientific men, it must then cease to be the abode of beings whose existence depends upon the presence of light and heat. They tell us that the density of some of these planets is no greater than that of cork—indeed, that they are little else than mere vapor; they are so magnificently luminous, and yet beyond the enlightening and cheering power of the solar ray. Since, then, heat is the only known agent in nature that acts with repulsive power, those far off worlds must have been repelled by internal heat—an amount vast enough to more than compensate for their distance from the sun. Volcanoes and earthquakes show that the earth's crust slightly bridges over an enormous interior world of fire, ever struggling to break through its prison of ribbed rock and fruitful soil. The housewife knows that when the radiant sun light is pouring on her fire, it is quenched, the greater heat extinguishing the lesser. But if our earth shall join her distant brethren, then will blaze up her housewife's fire, resplendent throughout the universe.

Ours is only one of numberless solar systems that dwell in the immensity of God's universe. Let earth, on her shining path, pass whithersoever she may. "He doeth all things well." In His hands we are safe. There is room enough for our world, and it shall never know destruction. The Judgment Day is perpetual. Death is but the breaking up of form. Though the earth perish, die to its material condition, its soul is immortal. All our thoughts are the thoughts of God. They are not created, but are reflections of the Infinite Mind, the source of all thought. All that we think has first a spiritual birth, and therefore can never die. So of our world, the thought of God, the child of His radiant mind. She may shake off the coarse, hard particles of matter, and, perhaps, become a sun, the centre of a system, the glorified spirit of the form she was.

Every age proclaims—Onward, onward forever! For every age, if it contain the lowest, contains also the highest; and He who "doeth all things well," in His eternal justice calls up the lowest thing to take

the place of the highest. There is no pause in His progressive scheme nor lack of justice. And on the black ground of death He has writ the shining star of immortality, the pure lily-white of angelic loveliness.

What are the elements of the world's progress? Before it came into the lordship of man, we had the Creative Mind, in goodness, wisdom, power, working ever: all motion—no rest. There is talk of the *vis inertia* of matter. But there is no such thing as rest. We cannot find it. Attraction had repulsion are the hands upon the dial-plate of time, pointing to eternal composition and recombination. Neither is there any destruction. Therefore, when we look forward to a world waiting for us, or fashioned for us, or talk of the *vis inertia* of matter, we are at fault, even in our science. The world was and is ever working; and whether the form in which it works be recognized, or not, we never find that form without the impress of a power that we call God. "My Father worketh hitherto," the Son of Man proclaims, "and when I come I work." And from the moment when man's hand stamps its sovereignty on earth, the hand of God, as a worker, is withdrawn. The world's means of progression, then, are the works of man, his intellect, his genius, his discoveries; and its means of power are his efforts and his thoughts.

But say no more, "Whatever is, is right." Whatever was, was right, when God held lordship of this world. Wherever the Perfect reigns, whatever is, is right. But man, the finite, cannot be the infinite; he part cannot be the whole; the imperfection cannot be the perfect. His work, then, is to perfect his own nature; instead of vegetating in satisfaction that his God is good, to strive to be like unto Him. It is by his faults and reformers, by the tears of the sorrowful and the sighs of the suffering, by the resignation of its martyrs, by the strength of its faith and its Stephen, by every good thought and every good wish—it is by all these that our world grows more beautiful.

Nature is progress, in all her parts. The air is finer now than in old days; the colors of the rainbow fairer. It matters not what may be the earth's ultimate destiny. The animals of "pre-Adamic" ages lived in conditions that would have been fatal to man; the radiant beings of better worlds exist in conditions that we cannot now attain unto. Life is everywhere, and is adapted to all possible circumstances.

Until you find out retrogression, and capture that point of existence where annihilation commences, tell us no more, O man, of the loss or perishing of earth. Tell us no more of the angel of destruction, and the dreadful trump of doom. Tell us no more of burning flames—or things no more fatal and potent, drawn from mere physical science—forgetful of that Infinite Soul on which the cottage child may rest with more assurance than your Hamblonds and your Cuviers. Unless the high priests of science feel the spirit of God vitalizing this glorious earth, and His hand upholding it—unless they trace His power sustaining it—unless they anchor these planets upon beauty and goodness at last, and confess that though the skies shut out their dew, their souls can follow Him in confidence and love through all eternity—they are no guides for us. They can only tell what is not what shall be, not what has been. But this we know, and shall evermore rejoice in; whatever befall, that He is, and "He doeth all things well!"

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 20, 1861.

SUBJECT—"Special Providences."

Dr. CHOWELL, Chairman.

Dr. GARDNER made the opening remarks, giving a short definition of what was meant by "Special Providences," and cited facts recorded in the Bible, such as the dividing of the waters of the Red Sea, the stoppage of the sun and moon in the heavens at the command of Joshua, the immaculate conception, and the death of Ananias, etc., which he said; in his opinion, there was no truth in; but as he had not had time to prepare himself to do justice to the subject, he proposed to spend his time in reading a portion of Andrew Jackson Davis's book, upon the subject of "Special Providences," believing it was as instructive on this subject as anything that could be.

Rev. Mr. THAYER remarked that he did not wish to ridicule the opposite to what he understood to be a Special Providence; which he would define as he understood it. Some Lexicographers had defined it as a divine manifestation, which was uncommon—not of frequent occurrence; and he said, let me give a few examples of what I consider "Special Providences." Take an incident in the history of Moses. Pharaoh had decreed to death all the male Hebrew children that were born. Now the mother of Moses had a desire to preserve him, and hid him among the bulrushes. After he had been kept some months, the daughter of Pharaoh, passing by, saw the child, and it wept, and she had compassion on it, and sent for some one to nurse the child, and the mother was near, and in condition, and was hired by the princess, and wages paid her. He grew up to be a special deliverer of his people. I am disposed, says the speaker, to consider this a special act of Providence. Had he not been preserved, what would have been the state of the Israelites, it is hard to conjecture. Take another case: Here he told the story of a woman who was poor and cold, and went out to steal some wood. Her conscience smote her, and she hesitated. An unseen observer had noticed her, and heard her self-conflict and decision of remaining honest and cold. The observer was moved with compassion, and looking her up, and inquiring into her condition, helped her, and put her in a comfortable state. He believed this was a special Providence, to reward this poor woman's honesty. He also told the story of a little boy who wanted an education, and was told to apply to Jesus Christ for aid, and he did so, by writing to him a letter; and the address, attracting, as it naturally would, attention in the office, was opened, and it led to a person interesting himself for the lad, and the education obtained for him. His (the speaker's) time being ended, he had no opportunity for remarks, save to mention these instances as proof of there being Special Providences.

Mrs. COOLEY did not like to see any one take the Bible and pick it to pieces. She thought it was mean business. She had something to say in favor of Special Providence. She was out seeking aid for a poor girl, and felt strongly inclined (she did not know why) to go down Commercial street. Now it was growing late; people had gone home; still she felt she must go in that direction. Pursuing her way, she met an intoxicated young woman, and a crowd of boys following and annoying her, no police being round—none to save her. She cared for the poor girl, got her comfortably housed, and when she was sober, prayed with her, and aided her, and she is now a good case, and doing well. She thinks her going in that direction, so fortunate for that poor girl, was God's Providence. She thought the star that arose and stood over the infant Jesus, which the wise men saw, must have been a Special Providence.

Mr. COVELAND, under influence, said man had always considered himself of great importance, and that the world, stars, plants, animals, were all made for him, and cast put in the ground to warm him. But there is no reason for thinking everything was made for man. Is not God a perfect God? and does he not make perfect laws? and can perfect laws be changed? Certainly not. If they can, then they are not perfect. Because man is a little better than the animals, and walks on two legs, like his great primal grandfather the monkey, should all things made, be made for him? Should one man's anxiety for rain be gratified, and another man, who wanted sunlight, be disappointed? No; we have each in their due proportion, without reference to any man, but under the action of God's perfect laws. He quoted from Mrs. Crow, and mentioned some premonitions, which appeared to be Special Providences, but were, in fact, the operation of laws. Spirit friends are always round, but cannot always impress you, but do when the conditions admit; and when they do, it seems like a Special Providence.

Mr. BURKE said, can it be possible that there are any among you who do not believe that man's life

est conception of God, is always his God? "The God of the Jews was a revengeful God—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Then, the Christian's God is a God of love—the same God who never changes; but man changes, and thus you have a clue to all the changes—of man's conception of God. Has man fallen so low as to worship himself? The reasonableness of Special Providence is sufficient to establish the fact, and you cannot drive away or blot out what is reasonable. Is the doctrine of Special Providence reasonable? Every one knows it is reasonable. The Bible ideas are always the best. He that made nature, must be nature's master. We read multitudes were fed, &c.; now God has arranged that grain should grow, and take a certain period, say three or four months, to produce the article in shape for food; but who will say he cannot, if he chooses, do it in a less time—yes, in an instant? No one. He then referred to Ananias and Sapphira, and commented thereon; said it was true because the Bible said so, and the Bible had God for its master. He then related the case of the blind man, who was healed of his blindness, and then asked the Conference to compare that with the trash offered and read by Dr. Gardiner, written by A. J. Davis on this subject.

Mr. WETHERBEE said, the brother who had just sat down, has called attention to the Bible story of the blind man healed, and the book by A. J. Davis. Now you should consider the fact that Mr. Davis had had no advantages of education, and he had produced some books which Theodore Parker, one of our greatest scholars, had pronounced wonderful and as miraculous, humanly speaking, as anything on record; but attribute it to the influence of spirits, and see no miracle in that or anywhere else. The brother assumes too much for the Bible. I have no wish to, and will not, say a word to disparage that book, but any one who takes it literally as a superhuman effort, or as unquestioned authority, will find it a lame affair. Spiritually, there were symbols and ideas, which will save it for all time, not its literal facts. I am not a believer in Special Providences, which I define to be a suspension of the laws of nature. We cannot comprehend the Infinite, nor fully his mode of operation. It is common to conceive that Deity, at a given time, (after waiting cycles of ages, which we know nothing of,) spoke the Word, and from nothing burst into life, this and all other worlds, and all the circumstances, minute and great, in connection, and therefore it is no tax on reason or logic to suppose he could unmake it, or any part of it—stop the action of a law for a minute, or forever; but there were many who had great learning, and reasoning and thinking powers, who doubted the theory at the start, of making something out of nothing; and that on the contrary, mind and matter, or God, which for aught we know may be the infinite of mind and matter, may be and are both eternal and self-existent; and to give the Infinite a special form, implied locomotion, and as we cannot claim the exclusive presence of this God of form to suspend a law, to drown a man or Sunday, which would fall on Monday; because we must suppose in some distant star, (as well as everywhere else) which takes years for a ray of light to pass from it to us, even at the rate of 200,000 miles a second, and being naturally there as here, acts for Special Providence to perform, our intellect sees the absurdity. The pious man falls back on the oft repeated quotation, "Great is the mystery of Godliness." The man with common sense says the idea is absurd, and Special Providence is not a reasonable fact. All the acts of Special Providence on record in the Bible, or anywhere else, not overlooking the case of sympathy related by sister Cooley, can all be accounted for by or through the influence of disembodied spirits. Those who have the ancient ideas of death, have some show to attribute them to the Special Providence of God; but we who are Spiritualists need not, and as a general thing do not, do so.

Dr. WOLFE said his remarks last week expressed about all he had to say now; and if he said anything more, he should, repeat himself. The several speakers last week and to-night occupy different standpoints. He was satisfied that the strongest advocates of Special Providences were those who knew least of nature's laws. Referring to Mr. Burke's illustration of Harold, King of England, with a debauched army, being conquered by William the Norman, whose army spent the night in prayer, he said it required no Special Providence to account for the conquest of England, under those circumstances. Napoleon had said that army was always the most victorious which had the most motto.

Dr. GARDNER then rose and would like to say a word himself, as at the opening he had read, and now wished to give an idea or two of his own, and in his own way. The reason, said he, why I ridiculed the Bible facts, was because people held them up without evidence, demanding our belief because they were in the Bible, and the only way to meet such nonsense was by ridicule. In reference to the book of A. J. Davis, that he had read from, he would like to hear the argument refuted—it has not and cannot be done. He made some remarks on psychological influences, and thought the death of Sapphira a clear case. Her husband just dead, and she guilty, and believing the apostle had superhuman power, and her dying as she did, was a natural consequence—and no Special Providence. The mind is very powerful, and the causes of death by the effort of the mind or imagination are very numerous.

Miss DORRIS said she rose in response to the call for her, and said she believed in Special Providences. There was, however, a cause behind every effect, and every cause is an effect of some other cause, and some go back and back, till we get to the infinite or primal cause—God, who has ever worked by agents, laws, controlling laws, ever blending and mixed, producing all the events of life and nature. Guardian spirits are his agents, and so are we his agents. Now when any act is produced, and the agent is visible, it is not so special; but when it is invisible, then we call it a Special Providence. Take most any event and reduce it to its final point, and we reach God as the author or the cause, but he ever works through agents, and in that way all events are Special Providences; but we should never lose sight of spirit agency, the influences of which appear more particularly special.

The subject next week for conference is "The Bible."

ASTROLOGY.

Many people believe that planets exercise an influence over the lives and fortune of people, and the destinies of cities and nations. In past ages the science of Astrology occupied as high a position among the inhabitants of the world, as any science or system of religion now does; the master minds of the world studied it and practiced according to its rules.

In later years it grew into disrepute, but still lives, and has its votaries, and its teachers in Europe and America. Attention has been called to the subject by several of our trance speakers, including Miss Hardinge, who endorses the science to a certain extent, by asserting its cardinal principle above stated. We may in future numbers give a brief history of the rise and progress of Astrological science, but in the present number have only room to say that it is worthy the attention of those who have time to devote to it—especially of those who are interested in the question of the Free Agency of Man. We have been much interested by certain experiments we have made through Thomas Lister, of Boston, who, by the way, is the only Astrologist we can recommend to any who may wish to experiment in the science. The following brief notice touching upon the influence of the planets upon this country, may be interesting to some of our readers. By *Mundane Astrology* is to be understood that part of the science treating upon the destinies of cities and nations.

MUNDANE ASTROLOGY.

Astrology is a science based upon the fabric of Creation, which has employed the minds of a Ptolemy, who is considered the greatest Astrologist who ever

lived, a Thales, a Plato, a Virgil, a Kepler and a Newton, besides hundreds of others whose names are immortalized by their learning in the arts and sciences.

Predictions as to occurrences likely to take place, are decreed according to a certain chain of causes which for ages have been found uniformly to produce a corresponding train of effects, the whole system being founded on the result of actual observation. Those who reject the claims of Astrology have never applied their minds to the study of it, and exhibit unfairness in their condemnation of what they know nothing about.

More generally understood, its tendency would be to purify those who came under its teachings, and to enable them to escape many perils which ignorance of the influences of the various planets, compels man to undergo. Crime would be diminished, for who would rob his fellow-man with a certainty before him of being found out? Who would set the hypocrite in religion or morals when he had the knowledge in his bosom that his fellow-man knew him?

As a general thing the world never did like prophets, especially in their life-time, and very few ever escaped some kind of persecution, no matter whether they were Bible prophets, or not. Why did they do this? Was it because they did not believe in prophets? No. They believed in them. How then? Why, because they "loved darkness rather than light; because their deeds were evil;" and so they took advantage of their fellow-men.

"Prophecy serveth not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." (1st Cor., chap. 14th, verse 22). "A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished." (Prov., chap. 22, verse 3). "Despise no prophesying; prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." (1st Thes., chap. 5, verses 20 and 21). If we believe in the Bible, we must believe in Astrology.

There is no doubt in the minds of all who have given the subject patient investigation, with the mind void of prejudice, that all territories, cities and places are governed by, or are in sympathy with certain parts of the Zodiac. We find the sign Gemini to sympathize with this country, for when Herschel enters that sign, we find important events have always taken place in it. The above rule will hold good ever since this country was discovered. Herschel is eighty-four years in passing through the twelve signs of the Zodiac.

In the year 1624, according to history, we find Francis I., of France, turned aside alike from his elegant and his warlike pursuits, and one year before his defeat at Pavia, he found for his service another Italian discoverer. This was John Verrazani, a Florentine, who reached the Continent in the latitude of Wilmington, North Carolina. He then sailed fifty leagues South, but finding no convenient harbor, he returned and cast anchor, being the first European who had afforded the astonished natives the spectacle of the white race. They were received with rude and barbarous hospitality. Is this not a very remarkable event in the history of our country?

We will next follow the planet Herschel through another revolution, which brings us to the eventful year 1608. On reference to history, you will find events taking place very uncommon. In 1609, the second year of Herschel's transit in Gemini, we find the Colony reduced by famine and distress. (Understand that Herschel remains seven years in one and the same sign of the Zodiac.)

The next period of Herschel brings us to the year 1692, when this State obtains a new Charter, with extended limits.

At another period of Herschel, we find ourselves in 1776, the year of independence or freedom from the mother country.

We are now passing the fifth revolution of Herschel. On December the 20th, 1 hour, 16 minutes, P. M., when South Carolina left the Union, as they thought, the position of the heavens was very unfortunate, so far as they were concerned, for Mars, their sign, was afflicted, and three superior planets were retrograde, denoting that they will never be able to make an independent State. We are of opinion that, gloomy as matters are, they will be settled without bloodshed. On the sixteenth of February, Herschel turns direct in motion, and on the fourteenth of April, Jupiter turns direct, and on the sixth of May, Saturn turns direct. We believe that by the last named date, all will be settled, and the Union saved.

The next period of Herschel will bring us to the year 1944, and to a period when slavery will be a matter of history only. We are led to this conclusion from effects produced by the planet Herschel, which are ever strange and out of the way in nature.

We must not expect to be on very good terms with our brother Charleston till Herschel leaves that sign, which will be in 1866.

At the time of the Independence, July 4th, 10 hours, 10 minutes, P. M., 1776, Saturn was the ruler of the people, forming good aspects with several good planets, denoting that the Union shall be permanent and durable, supported by those three grand pillars of State—wisdom, strength, and unanimity; that in place of disunion, brotherhood will ever be in the ascendant, and the Union will be a beacon light to the world, in point of commerce and civilization, and that other parts, now governed by other powers, will join in the ranks of the star-spangled banner, of their own free will. The Union will never be strengthened, or rather our States will never be augmented by bloodshed, but by free will on the part of those who seek to join us. We also find whenever the evil planet, Saturn, passes through the sign Virgo, that this country suffers very much from sickness, especially cholera. In September next, five planets will be in the sign Virgo, denoting great mortality in various localities. Gales will be prevalent, that will injure the harvests and fruit. On the twenty-first of October, Saturn and Jupiter will be in conjunction, causing a very unsettled state of the weather, with numerous shipwrecks and numerous deaths among men in high stations in life.

Jan. 21st, 1861.

25 Lowell street.

We will remark in conclusion that several mediums have predicted an extraordinary sickness to come upon us soon.]

About two years since John H. Cyphus was hung in Baltimore for the murder of a person named William King. A man by the name of George Over recently died at the same place, who previous to his decease confessed to several individuals that he was the murderer of King, and that the man hung for the crime was entirely innocent.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They show a handsome interest, and never dishonor a draft that is drawn on them by their humblest customers.