

A year ago I gave you a discourse in favor of the religion of reason. To-day I give you another. That discourse, wherever it circulated, was severely criticised, and this will probably experience no more tender treatment than did that.

Were men but mere machines, they could reflect but little honor on their Maker. It is because they are free agents—free to choose to know God, and free to be ignorant of Him—free to grow either in likeness or unlikeness to Him—that they are capable of doing Him large honor. That day, if it shall ever come, in which all the intelligent creatures of His universe shall choose this divine knowledge, will realize our present conceptions of the highest possible glorification of God. For the power of this knowledge is to produce in all who choose it likeness to Him; and likeness to Him is the greatest honor that can be rendered to him. Indeed, so far as we can see, is not the making of this likeness perfect and universal, the one work of God and of all who through His renovating grace become sincere "workers together with him?" The prophet says: "And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver." A beautiful fancy conceived with these words is that as the silversmith has sufficiently purified the metal when it is brought to reflect his face perfectly, so God will be satisfied with the progress of a human character when He shall see in it his own.

As, then, our likeness to God is the highest honor we are capable of yielding Him, so, to grow in this likeness, should be our incessant and absorbing aim. That it is also our own highest enjoyment is manifest. Though of this we are to make comparatively trivial account. Since there is no other way in which we can so unequivocally and fully testify our regard for our earthly friends, as in studying his character, and copying his virtues, so the best praise we can offer God is that likeness to Him which results from our deep interest in his character through our knowledge and love of it.

That the one great duty of life is to grow resemblance to God, was deeply felt by the Psalmist, when he exclaimed, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." Nor less deeply was it felt by the Apostle, when prompted to say: "We know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." The law of our assimilation to the ruling interests of our hearts operates no less surely and rapidly in upward than in downward directions. All see how certain and swift is the miser's process for shrivelling his soul. All see that the sensualist sinks his whole nature to the level of his sensuality. All see that the character of the ambitious man derives its color from no higher objects than those which come within the range of his ambition. But no less true is it that he who makes God his study and desire becomes godlike. He discerns, comprehends and conforms to the divine principles. Thankfully and joyfully does he fall in with the divine methods and arrangements. Habitually and impressively does his life reflect much of the divine wisdom and beauty. Thus does he go forward, fulfilling the one grand purpose of his existence—assimilation to his heavenly Father—until, at length, his heart freed from all evil, and his intellect emerged from all darkness, he stands like the Angel of the Apocalypse in the sun.

That likeness to God results from knowing Him, is taught by the Apostle when he says: "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." To know God is to love Him; and we cannot love Him without being like Him. How, then, can we best study the Divine character to the end, that our own shall most resemble it, is the great problem which every man is to solve, and with the practical solutions of which he is to make beautiful and bless every day of his life.

The sun, moon and stars, and the globe we inhabit, are all witnesses for God. Innumerable other sources are there which flow with divine knowledge. The whole course of providence testifies that God is strong and wise and good. Very emphatic is such testimony through those men and women who, here and there in all ages, have by their large partaking and faithful illustration of the Divine Spirit taught the world the character and excellence of that Spirit. Prophets there have been whose mighty words and sublime lives were rich manifestations of God. High above them all is his "beloved Son," Jesus, "full of grace and truth," Jesus, "filled with all the fulness of God," Jesus, such an incarnation of the divine wisdom and goodness and loveliness, such a matchless exhibition of the divine character as made it no exaggeration in the Apostle to call him "God manifest in the flesh." "Looking unto Jesus," unto this brightest and fullest expression of God, is preeminently the means for increasing in the knowledge, love and likeness of God.

Thus abundant are the means for acquainting ourselves with God. We can not remain ignorant of Him if we are disposed to study Him. We may know Him, is to love Him, and be like Him. The diligent and honest student can learn by the things that are made, what is that perfect law that converts the soul. But in the words and lives of prophets, and above all in the words and life of

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Jesus, he can learn it more surely, comprehensively and accurately.

Such are the circumstances of men. Now, which in these circumstances is the religion best adapted to promote their likeness to God? There are but two religions in the world. One is that of nature or reason; and the ten thousand varieties of the other; all come properly under the name of the conventional or doctrinal religion.

I made prominent the "looking unto Jesus." I might with truth have said that it surpasses the sum total of all other means for producing likeness to God. But alas, the religious world, instead of "looking unto Jesus," is chiefly busy with the doctrinal systems and questions which sectaries and creed mongers have coupled with his name! Immeasurably more important do they count it to have orthodox views in regard to the trinity, the atonement, and the future life, than to imitate the spirit of Christ and to submit all the relations and departments and duties of life to the sway of his principles.

The prevalent idea is that Jesus introduced a new religion, and made essential to salvation faith in his Godship, the atonement, and in other doctrines peculiar to that religion. But he did not.

The religion which Jesus so perfectly illustrated with his lips and life was no other than the religion of reason—that one and only true religion which is adapted to all ages and all peoples, and which stands opposed to all those fabrications of the cunning, and all those superstitions of the credulous, which are called religion.

These fabrications and superstitions, and, in short, every other religion than that of reason, Jesus confronted. No cabalism or mysticism found any favor with him. The religion he taught was so obviously true as to make appeal to natural sense and universal intuition. So simple was it that he found no occasion for sending men to books and priests to acquire an understanding of it. On the contrary, he put them upon their own convictions for the solutions of its problems, and asked them: "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" He found reason outraged by monstrous claims; it the name of religion; and the one work of his ministry—the one work which, amid all the storms of passion and prejudice and bigotry he pursued so unflinching and calmly and sublimely—was to reestablish the dominion of reason. He found common sense reduced to a ruinous discount by its concessions to religious tricks and fooleries; and he undertook to restore it to par. Such was then and is now the whole of the religion of Jesus. It is a common-sense religion. Wide as its realm, it is but commensurate with common sense, and one with it. To bring the whole man and the whole life under the reign of reason is its sole office. The true religion is nothing more nor less than a "reasonable service; and wherever there is the most reasonable man, there is the most truly religious man.

We denied that Jesus made faith in certain doctrines essential to salvation. Nor is it true that he made faith in his literal self essential. What he means by faith in himself is faith in the Christ principle and Christ character. Hence, salvation may come to him who has never heard of Christ. Cordially to believe in that principle of divine goodness, and truly to possess the character which grows out of this cordial belief, is the sufficient, ay, and the sole salvation.

The church and priesthood will nevertheless long continue to hold that this faith in doctrines is essential. For, beside the force of habit in the case, they will hardly be insensible to the fact that their surrender of the necessity of this faith would involve the surrender of themselves. When the true religion shall prevail, and men shall be judged by their life and character rather than by their adoption or rejection of creeds, the church, in the common sense of the word, will have disappeared, and the priesthood have lost its vocation. When there shall be no more battles to fight concerning the doctrines, there will be no more occasion for sectarian churches; and when religion shall require only a good life and a good character, the learning peculiar to a priest will be as superfluous for the cure of souls as is that of a geologist to teach the farmer how to hold his plow, or that of a lawyer to negotiate the simple exchange of a bushel of wheat for a piece of meat. Every other religion must have its priesthood, for a scholastic training is necessary to unravel its knots. Every religion must have an order of men capable of exploring its mysteries. But in the religion of Jesus there are no knots and no mysteries. I admit that both heaven and earth are full of mysteries. Paul, in writing to Timothy, refers to some of them. But I deny that any of them come within the range of the true religion. All its essen-

tial teachings are intelligible to common sense. Nay, simple love is the fulfilling of its whole law. Hence, this religion needs no priesthood, unless it be that "royal Priesthood" in which there are no grades, and to which every disciple, however learned or unlearned, belongs. How different this religion, the disciples of which are each his own priest from those religions which require a sacerdotal taste to study their volumes, their legends, and mysticisms! How different from those religions which require a class of magicians because the religions themselves are magic!

Nothing can be more absurd than to make faith in the doctrines the pivot of salvation. For this is to make such faith the test of character, since it must turn exclusively upon our character whether we are saved or lost. But such faith is not absolutely subject to our control, and therefore cannot be a test of character. To the unqualified proposition that men cannot, and are not, bound to govern their beliefs, I confess I do not assent. Every man is bound to believe that goodness is goodness and wickedness is wickedness, that is, if his moral affections are right, and it is in his power to have them right. But when the question is one of the understanding rather than of the heart, then, owing to constitutional or educational differences, one man will believe and another disbelieve; one man will come to one conclusion and another to another. Hence, while a person must not be excused for saying he cannot believe its wrong to lie and steal, he may be for not seeing sufficient evidence to warrant the popular view of the Atonement or the trinity. Unbelief in the one case is necessarily connected with a wicked heart. In the other, it may exist in connection with the holiest heart.

The conventional or doctrinal religion is not adapted to make men good. It teaches that we must believe the doctrines in order to be good, and that it is illegitimate and vain to seek to become good in any other way. Hence they who receive this teaching instead of trying to be good, try to believe the doctrines. Hence, too, they are not expected to be good, and do not themselves expect to be good, until they have believed them. Again, many may never be able to believe them; and again many give abundant proof in their lives that the doctrines may be believed without making the believer good. Moreover, whatever the goodness of those who are so strenuous for the doctrines, there is generally coupled with their strenuousness the uncharitable condemnation of all who are unable to believe them; and this intolerance is, to say the least, a great blemish and drawback upon their type of goodness. Only here and there is it that the goodness of these excessively doctrinal religionists rises above this intolerance.

Absurd, indeed, is it to require men, on peril of perdition, to subscribe to certain explanations of certain facts in religion. The fact that Christ died for us, all agree to. But it is held that we are as much bound, and that it is as important, to agree to certain speculations about it, and to certain systems of faith built upon it, as to the fact itself. Again, we are agreed that Christ spoke the words of his Father. But it is held that we must perish unless we can bring ourselves to the conclusion that he was, in respect to all the essential attributes of Deity, one with his Father. The fact, too, that we shall in the next life find it well with the righteous and ill with the wicked, and that all should cherish a deep and abiding sense of their accountability, is denied by none of us. But in vain, too, is all this, unless we subscribe to certain views of heaven and hell.

As well may it be said that a man must not plow, nor sow, nor reap, until he can understand how his crops grow, as that he must not enter upon a religious life and expect to be good, until he can comprehend the doctrines and philosophy of religion. At many points in them the most learned, wise and holy differ widely. The masses, of course, do. Indeed, it is not expected that they should comprehend these things. Their faith in them, as all honest theologians will readily admit, is not expected to be comprehensive and intelligent, but only narrow, superstitious, blind.

I have not been arguing that the prevalent doctrines and philosophy of religion are false and worthless. There is much of truth and value in them. All insist on is that the importance of a full and precise knowledge of them is overrated; and that mistakes in regard to them are not necessarily fatal. For instance, a man may be good, and yet not see that he who "increased in wisdom" and "in favor with God," and who "learned by the things he suffered," and who confessed his ignorance of the times of future events, is the all-wise and unchangeable God. A man may be good, though he cannot see the reasonableness of the theory of the twofold

nature of Christ, and consequently cannot be able to reconcile with absolute divine perfection either this want or this growth of character. Again, a man may conceive that God can delegate to Jesus or another agent power enough to enable him to build a world; and he may acquiesce even in the giving of the name of God to him who wields this great power. Nevertheless he may shrink from admitting the agent to be the very God. So, too, he may feel it proper to worship Christ although unconvinced that Christ is the one God. For he may hold that truth, wherever it is, is worthy to be worshipped; and that in Christ is the perfect personification. Now I do not say that this man is right in all or even in any of this. But I do say that however wrong he may be in it, he may nevertheless be good. Another thing I would say is, a man may be good, yet not fall in with all the popular views of the atonement. He may see that suffering one for another, even to the laying down of life is altogether reasonable. But that God should be angry with his children, and should require an innocent victim to appease his wrath, may strike him as an exceedingly unreasonable part of the ecclesiastical machinery. It may strike him as turning the loving mother into a bloody pagan deity. A man may be good, and yet believe that the hearty repentance of the sinner is of itself sufficient ground for his forgiveness. He may even believe that Jesus teaches this in the parable of the prodigal son.

That early Christians interpreted the atonement as a majority of modern Christians do, is perhaps true; for such interpretation would be a very natural outgrowth of Jewish education. Beautiful and impressive to the Jew must have been the analogy, however real or fanciful, between the lamb slain for the sin of an individual or a family, and "the lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." The argument for receiving and relying on Christ derived from this analogy must have been very imposing to the Jewish mind.

But it is said that all this philosophy and these doctrines were taught by Jesus. If they were, it does not follow that our misapprehensions of them would make our salvation impossible. But how can we be sure that they were all taught by him? The Bible cannot make us entirely sure of it. For it is at the most a record of but the substance of what Jesus spoke—certainly not always of his precise words. He did not write them. Nor were they written as they fell from his lips; nor probably until many years after. Hence we may not have so much as the substance of what he said in every recorded instance. The ideas the authors of their respective parts of the Bible were moved by God to write, word by word, and that, by a perpetual miracle, every word has been preserved from all possible change in itself and in its connections, is quite too superstitious and absurd to be entertained by any reasonable mind. Another fact of great account in interpreting the Bible is that Jesus was a poet, and that few poets have ever spoken so figuratively and hyperbolically. They who mistake his picture language for words of philosophical precision will be liable to construe him very absurdly. Let me not be taken as underrating Jesus by calling him a poet. The poet is the superior being. He deals with the essence and soul of things—often minds with but their body and phenomena.

But to return to the chief duty inculcated in this discourse—growing in likeness to God. In saying that this is to be attained by "looking unto Jesus," I did not mean that superstitious looking, which expects in return the magic transformation of the looker, but that rational looking to his principles, virtues, spirit, life, which is accompanied by the deepest yearnings of the soul to make them all our own. It is in this wise that we become like Christ; and likeness to Christ is likeness to God. For notwithstanding his repeated acknowledgments of inferiority to the Father, he claimed that he is one with Him. If he is not the Father, nevertheless he has the spirit of the Father. That he is not the Father otherwise than in spirit and character, is perhaps, inferable from his prayer that his disciples may become one even as he and the Father are one. But the oneness of his disciples can be no father than in spirit and character.

How insulting to God and degrading to man is this sacred sorcery which is put in the place of the religion of reason! How false every view of the new birth, (which I admit whoever is saved must experience), that makes it either more or less than a new character! How foolish and fanatical every expectation of a salvation, which does not consist and prove itself in a new and good life! But that a new character and a new and good life are the mass of religionists understand by the salvation of which they profess themselves to be subjects, is manifest from the fact that in character and life they are "undistinguishable from others." They are no less enslaved to party than are others, and such enslavement is among the very strongest proofs that the subject of it moves upon a low plane of being, and is unfitted for a higher. It has often occurred to me that as the paleontologist has his Silurian and Old Red Sandstone periods, his Carboniferous and other formations in which

to pursue his study of fossil plants and animals so they, who thousands of years hence shall write the history of man, will also break up the past into large divisions. Instead of the petty distinction of a Greek or Roman age, they will grasp under one name ten thousand and twice ten thousand years. What name will they give to our times? What else can it be than the age of party? It promises to be a long age. It has already run through several thousand years; and judging from the present sway of party, there is a much longer race before it. How the paleontologists gloat over his discoveries! But far greater will be the joy of these historians when, in digging for their fossils, they shall strike upon a rich specimen of party architects and party magicians as a Van Buren, a Buchanan, or a Douglas! or upon an eminent Presbyterian or Methodist, or other sectarian leader!

Hasten, O God, the coming of the age of individualism—that age in which men shall scorn to work for party, and to be helped by party; in which they shall identify themselves with all mankind, and work for all mankind, and aspire to no better lot in life than their individual merits under Heaven's blessing can earn for them!

I said that our religionists are generally the slaves of party. Ask them, for instance, to help you put a stop to sectarianism; to help you overcome that monster who drags down and swallows so large a share of the whole human family—and you ask in vain. They prefer adhering to their religious parties, and remaining in their Baptist, Episcopal and other sectarian inclosures, to identifying themselves with all the friends of righteousness. In a word, they prefer gratifying a narrow and party spirit, to cultivating one that is broad and catholic. Entreat them to help you elect a lawmaker who will shut the dramshop, and thereby dry the tears of tens of thousands of wives and mothers, and make murder, and the blasphemies of drunken lips and other great crimes, comparatively rare, and in the face of your virtutes they will cling to their political party, and vote for rum-drinkers and gamblers and men-makers. Or if you entreat them to take pity on the fugitive slave, and wield their political power against kidnappers, you will find how much stronger is their attachment to party than to freedom and justice and mercy; and how much more ready they are in this case, as well as in others, to go with the majority against Christ, than with the minority for him. Those who are doctrinal rather than Christlike Christians, have a great horror of minorities. Their professed Master, when hanging on the cross, and deserted by all his disciples, was reduced to a minority of one. But these doctrinal Christians have no taste for this lonely condition. Indeed they will stare as wide as possible of all minorities, and for the surest majority: Christians bent on being in the majority! What a solace! The Bible says, "Thou shalt not follow a do to do evil." It might say more. In this world of obnoxious wickedness, the multitude cannot be followed without doing evil.

What a sad exhibition of party spirit among professing Christians was there at the late election! The religious press and the temperance press called on the people to vote for candidates who were willing to let the dram shop continue its work of death, and the kidnapper prowl after his prey through the hole's length and breadth of our State. I recollect that one of the religious newspapers made an especial and very urgent call on praying men to vote for them. The excuse of the religious conscience for voting for such candidates is, that they can be elected, and that candidates who stand up for God and humanity cannot be! Will Christians never learn that, instead of voting for candidates who are on the side of wrong, they are bound to co all they honestly can to cripple the power and reduce the influence of such candidates? Have I a bad neighbor? Then it should be as much my object to contract the sphere of his injuriousness, as to enlarge my good neighbor's sphere of usefulness. All this is obvious in the light of a reasonable religion. But, alas, the current religion is divorced from reason!

A sad spectacle, indeed, was that to which I have referred. So far as our State was concerned, all interest in freedom and temperance had nearly died out. Their professed friends had, with very few exceptions, gone into the political parties. They were no longer professing to abolish Slavery; but they were contenting themselves with idle talk against its extension. They no longer proposed to shut up the dramshop; and though they did not altogether cease to speak for temperance, yet were the words of most of them vague and heartless, and more fitted, and doubtless more intended to veil their apostasy, and mitigate their consciousness of it than to accomplish any good for the great reform. In these circumstances, a handful aroused themselves to save, if possible, these precious causes from utter extinction. They taxed themselves heavily to hire halls and presses in which to make their appeals to their old fellow laborers. But all in vain. The dramshop and kidnapping were never before so triumphant. The Christianity of the State took the side of these institutions. It went exultingly with the sweeping majority, and laughed at and despised the little minority. But, thanks to God, such a Christianity is a counterfit. If it were not, then would the real Christianity be as poor and detestable a religion as was ever imposed on human credulity.

I referred to the fact that these professed friends of temperance, even while stabbing it to the heart, had the effrontery to talk for it. They talk for it still; as much since the election as they did before it. They held meetings and resolve in favor of the suppression by Government of the sale of intoxicating drinks.

All this, too, with as much of an air of sincerity and solemnity as if their votes had always corresponded with those talks and resolutions.

I confess my alarm at these things. For, manifestly, this machinery of Temperance Societies and Temperance Agencies, by which these cunning men have served party purposes at the expense of corrupting the great body of temperance men and ruining the cause of temperance, is to be kept up. And, what is more, these cunning men, who understand the public mind, would not have dared to persevere in their impositions upon it, had they not been persuaded of its boundless credulity and deep degradation. How, for instance, could a gentleman, who spent his time last Fall in electioneering for a rum ticket, and in degrading the soundness of temperance, of the temperance ticket, be bold enough to go from town to town in our county with his proposition for shutting up the dramshop, unless he had first convinced himself, that the people are as ready to be duped as he is to duped them?

Whence comes it that these professedly religious men can behave so unreasonably and wickedly in an election? It is largely owing to the fact that they are misled by their religion. Among them are good men, who are really better than their religion—their adopted religion—for no man is better than his real religion. But in the case of all of them religion has been taken on trust; and is, therefore, an unreasoned and unreasonable thing, instead of being the precious product of their free and sovereign reason. Such persons are for the most part, enslaved to the Church instead of being "the Lord's freemen;" idolaters of the Bible rather than worshippers of God. With the Church leads they almost universally follow. What its authorized expounders of the Bible say is the Bible, is sufficient to satisfy their conscience.

Every man's religion, to be worth anything to him, must stand in his own judgment. By his own judgment must his life be regulated. The one standard by which he is to try his religion must be within and not without him. To that standard must he bring the Church—yes, and the Bible also. Gladly must he let them inform his judgment; but he must never let them over-ride it. Even the Bible was made for man, not man for the Bible. Even the Bible is the servant, and not the master, of human reason. I must receive nothing at the expense of my reason. To honor it, is at all times my highest religious duty. For reason is the voice of God within us, commanding what is right, and forbidding what is wrong. By my reason only can I know Him. I do not forget the plausible objections to making reason the standard in religion. They are only plausible, however.

First: The reason of many a man, if not of most men, and indeed of all men, is incompetent to be the standard. Then it is necessary to be incompetent to choose the standard. For, how, if not incompetent for itself what is religious truth, can it be capable of choosing the church, or creed, or man, or book, that shall decide? May I make the Bible the standard? Certainly not until after my reason has passed approvingly upon the claims of the book, and that too in the light of the book itself, and not merely on mainly in the light of what is said about it. But if after this process I make the Bible the standard, is it all due with making reason the standard? It is said that no man can be a Christian whose reason is inadequate to decide what is Christianity.

Second: Making reason the standard of religion would make as many religions as there are persons—reason living in every mind—a more or less different play from which it has in every other mind. I admit that there would be a great diversity of religious views, though the religion of all holy hearts would be substantially the same. But what of this diversity? Is not such a result of the workings of free intelligence infinitely preferable to a conformity which is arrived at by holding reason in abeyance? O, how much longer must men, for the sake of avoiding this diversity in religious faith, continue to "go it blind?" But, beside that this ecclesiastical policy results in the degradation of reason, and of the whole man there is but little harmony secured in return for all this expense. For, brimfull is the religious world of efforts to establish a common standard outside of reason, and to enforce conformity, it is also brimful of diversities and of relentless quarrels.

An error as great as common, is that we honor God by surrendering our judgment to the Church and the Bible. We deeply dishonor Him by it. Unswerving fidelity to our convictions is the highest service we are capable of rendering Him; for in our convictions is our highest possible present sense of God. The Bible or Church view of God may narrow our own immensurably. But we cannot claim the credit of it by simply adopting it; nor until it has become our own by being wrought into our convictions, and made a part of ourselves. We may adopt the religion of the Bible and the Church, and yet be atheists. For the adoption may simply prove our enslavement to authority, and that we are unwilling to be the subjects of an unquestioned and blind faith, than to do and say what is needful in order to become intelligently and truly religious. For this very reason, that their religion is not their own—it is adopted and superficial instead of wrought—the mass of religionists are atheists.

But I shall be asked if I do not believe the Bible. I do. I believe it to be incomparably the best of books.

Daily should it be read and commented on in every school. Daily should its pages be pondered in the closet. Every morning and every evening should its precious lessons be repeated to the assembled family. The purest and sublimest morality is that of the Bible. Abundant proof is there in many of its pages that they who spoke or recorded the great words had drunk deeper of divine inspiration than any other men. It is because they had that we always derive from this blessed book a deeper sense of wickedness than from any other source. What word so fire our hatred of oppression as some which prophets spoke? When, too, do we so much appreciate goodness, as while our hearts are melting over some of the lip, and life utterances of Jesus?

Nevertheless, there are portions of the Bible which are worth very little; and which were they found elsewhere, we should deem worth nothing. Moreover, we should not at the supposition that there are no more like and untruthful in it, only because of our

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their agent, Wyman, to our Bank, from time to time, with the same amount of notes, and he was invariably treated in the same apparent careless way, paying him on the next day after his arrival. The old man concluded to make some suggestions, for our special benefit. He informed Mr. Woodward of our danger in so carelessly neglecting so important a duty as to fully reverence and respect the power of the Suffolk Bank, and make immediately the necessary overtures to that Power, who he claimed held the reins of all the Banks of New England in her paternal hand, and could and would chasten, and if necessary annihilate, any of her wayward children. He factiously represented their power, and their ability to use it, in breaking up all institutions who had refused to comply with their askings, and that we had better comply at once, or such would be our unavoidable doom. He expressed his views as to the incompetency and inexperience of the President of our Bank. After hearing what the old gentleman had to say Mr. Woodward informed him that he thought it a doubtful whether he had become fully acquainted with him, which suggested what was more fully realized at a subsequent period. We soon received a line from the Suffolk Bank, stating that we must pay their agent when the notes were presented, or they should order them protested.

We paid no attention to this notice, as it was an assertion unconditional, without a complicity; and when their agent came again we treated him precisely as before, without even making an apology for so doing, except in the particular, we made him wait for the pay two days instead of one.

The old man started for Boston, and as soon as the trains could take him to the source of financial iniquity and petty tyranny, he was sent immediately back, with \$27,000 of our notes, with peremptory orders to present and protest them. On the arrival of the train he went immediately to the Bank, and presented his \$27,000, and then telegraphed to Norman Williams, of Woodstock, Vt., to come and of course as Notary Public, in protesting the bills.

However indifferent and careless I appeared about the matter, I was fully conscious of the consequences of the fight, as well as a full knowledge of what was going on by the other side. I may as well say here as anywhere, that knowing, as I did, in this beginning, that victory or death was the result, I made carefully, all preparatory evidence, as to the real object and intentions of the party. I had sent, by Express, to their counter, and offered to pay specie for our notes, and even offered a premium; the object I had in doing this, was to put myself in a position to be able to prove that they were not under the necessity of sending an agent to Vermont, to get their pay for the notes they might choose to take. I had three or four substantial witnesses to prove their refusal to accept specie at their counter for the amount of our notes. Having the preparatory steps provided, I proceeded to an Attorney for a writ. I selected Judge May as the most suitable man to prepare the papers. They were all prepared, and nearly ready, before this. The suit was, as the law calls it, for Barratry, which was in its nature very similar to a suit for vexation without good cause.

This matters stood when this rapid demand was made for the \$27,000, and knowing well that Williams could not reach our Bank until the next day at noon, to perform the desirable object of winding up our young institution.

However eventual I supposed the day to be I still, that evening, went to Chelsea on business and remained over night with ease and comfort. I returned the next morning, and went to Royalton and got the papers and put them into the hands of Minor Wheeler, Constable and Sheriff of Royalton, and had him come to our village. He let the matter stand quiet until noon, when agent Wyman went in to dinner. The old man had been unusually talkative all the forenoon, manifesting great pleasure in the bright prospects before him. He frequently asked what was the greatest news of the day, and with an air of wise secretiveness concealed from us, as he supposed, the work he was soon expecting to perform. But oh! how changed his bright prospects at the close of his meal, which he so gracefully enjoyed, while seated by the side of the President of the South Royalton Bank.

While he was thus regaling himself, Wheeler attached his satchel, containing the \$27,000 and seated himself in the sitting room, waiting an introduction to Wyman, who was informed that a gentleman desired to see him in the sitting room. Wyman immediately hastened as if to meet some friend, when lo! he found his satchel in the hands of Officer Wheeler, who informed him he had attached it, and that he must make further service by arresting his body and putting him under keepers.

How appalling are the events of human life! One hour we see men raised to the highest apex of human felicity, and the next thrust into the depths of human woe.

This was Wyman's condition, as he appeared to be a good deal convulsed, although he had flattered himself beyond molustation, by our young institution, conducted, as he thought, by inexperienced, incompetent men.

At this moment Norman Williams arrived on the train to protest the bills, but found Wyman had no bills to protest. In this sad condition the old gentleman asked permission

to telegraph to Boston, and inform his employers of his condition, his request was readily granted, as the So. Royalton Bank did not wish to exult over, or fast up petty tyranny over the Suffolk Bank, although they were well aware that they were the strongest institution of the two, if the facts could be presented to the world. Officer Wheeler carried the pile to Bethel, and locked it up in the Safe of the White River Bank, until some move might be made to liberate it. In this condition things remained until the next day, when the train arrived from Boston. Then we had the pleasure of an introduction to some of the Directors of the Suffolk Bank. Other wise men came at about the same time, so in all we had in our little humble village of South Royalton the assumed financial wisdom of the age.

They were all dressed in black, and in appearance would have done honor in the ranks of theologians. They assumed airs of dignity and wisdom, but did not, in our opinion, make an exhibition that would justify the conclusion that they dealt largely in that desirable commodity.

Among those thus assembled, were O. P. Chandler, the financial head of Windsor Co., and Gov. Convers, standing proudly at the head of his profession at the Bar, as legal adviser, and by the way a very gentlemanly man, and could do as much by way of his profession to relieve the Suffolk Bank from its annoyances, as could any other man. Mr. Williams, too, is a man of no small experience in matters of law, and perfectly competent to protest Bank notes, provided he could get the notes to protest. Other gentlemen were there, whose interests were, perhaps, more remote, but who were anxious to see the Suffolk Bank successful, in the attempt to break up these names will appear in their proper places, in the progress of this history.

To be continued.

KILLING, NO MURDER

We have heard of a piece upon the theatrical boards under the above caption, but whether or not it includes anything like the following specimen of modern legalized medical practice, we cannot say, never having seen or read the piece:

"So you have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another.

"Yes, poor little thing!" replied the disconsolate parent; "it was only five months old. We did all we could for it."

"We had four doctors."

"Blistered its little head and feet."

"Put mustard poultices all over it."

"Gave it nine calomel powders."

"Leeched its temples."

"Had it bled."

"Gave it all kinds of medicines!"

"And yet, after a week's illness, it died—died for want of attention, I suppose!"

—*Age of Freedom.*

We showed the above to an eminent friend of ours belonging to the healing art, muttering at the same time something about the war fabulous.

"Pooh!" said he, "nothing fabulous about it—an every-day occurrence. Such is the appalling ignorance of physiology and the laws of life, even among people whom, from their circumstances, you would think ought to know better—particularly mothers—that we physicians, upon being called in must make a show of doing something else we are nothing thought of. One would think that people not only paid us for our attendance, but voluntarily offered their own bodies, and those of their children, for us to experiment upon. If they die upon our hands—oh, well, 'tis no great matter; we have done our best (such as it is) and no corner's inquest is at all thought of nor would it be of any use if there were, from the prevalent universal ignorance. Did I not belong to the profession, and possess it of the same knowledge I now have, I would not, except in some extreme case, allow a doctor to enter my door, and then only for consultation. Be assured that the usual drugging and poisoning of medicine upon the afflicted does our profession no great degree of honor."

Spoke like an honest man, we thought, and faithfully recalled to mind the words of the celebrated Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, fifty years ago, which caused such a splutter in that great city of medical doctors at that time:

"Death and the Doctor, to destroy
All mankind have agreed;
But why should both their power employ,
When one can do the deed?"

"Then again," continues the doctor, "there is my friend, Mr. Trotter, of Prince's Street, the undertaker, whose door I have to pass each day on my way to the college. Every time that gentleman sees me, he pours forth his debt of gratitude in so many bows and scrapes and bland looks, as much as to say:—'Sir, you are my good friend and my very good customer, and I hope in time to have the pleasure of burying you and all your family!'"

But why so much ignorance upon a subject so important to the well-being of mankind as that of human physiology? Great care is taken, by the wise one of the world, about improving the breed of some of the lower animals, and why is man overlooked? That is a question yet to come up for discussion, if not already come; but when it does come up in earnest, we advise those who have been, in this regard, guilty of gross neglect of their duty, to stand firm under!—*Materia for Thinking.*

A safe has been invented which locks on the inside, and leaves no key-hole or other opening. A clock work within opens it at an hour regulated, by being set before the door is shut.

INTERESTING TO DRUG DOCTORS

[A friend, whose statement we know to be entirely reliable, sends us the following.]

I have many interesting cases which I will write soon. A friend insists that I shall write this one for him. My near neighbor, a staid, smart man, was taken down very sick. The doctor was sent for; the disease was pronounced inflammation of the lungs. The doctoring commenced, and, as a matter of course, the patient grew rapidly worse. Two doctors more were called, and three worse the patient grew. At last it was decided that the patient must be well dosed with strychnine. Well, that process was commenced and carried out. Of course the patient grew no better; the neighbors hourly expected his death. Finally a witcher, during the night, had the audacity to change the treatment. In this wise he acted; he took some tepid water, applied it to the cranium, face, shoulders, back, and so on, followed the bath with a good rubbing, and every once in a while gave a dose of strychnine to the store!

Next morning dawned, and oh, how much better was the patient, and how the wife and little ones rejoiced! and how the good, sensible witcher laughed in his sleeve! although he did know that the store had been badly injured!! The man steadily recovered, of course; but the neighbors have learned a thing or two, and some of them have taken the WATER-CURE JOURNAL ever since. A true believer in Water-Cure. M. V.

OUR GOD.

THERE lies at the base of all existence a Super-Sensuous, and Super-Intelligent Being of whom man is yet too ignorant to write or speak. The most that has been written in regard to such a Being seems but rude charcoal sketches to a soul that has arrived to any proper conception of the law of harmony and proportion. That a glorious Being does exist, not only some where, but every where; all reflective and thinking minds must acknowledge. That there is a cause (a unitary cause) adequate to the production of effects, so confessedly palpable to the conscious recognition of all, is a thesis not so easily expurgated from the annals of human thought.

What that cause manifests itself is, or where that cause lies, or exactly how that cause manifests itself is a question, as it were by common consent—let alone unless peculiar to the mind prefer to adopt some mythological theory, all of which are of themselves usually their own refutation; being too childish in matter, and manner, and too limited in scope, to apply to the earnest, honest and deathless demands of the human soul. When the anxious, yearning mind asks for the Intelligent Cause of all the intricate, and exquisite artizanship it beholds displayed within the sweep of its own comparatively diminutive and un-schooled perspective; and is pointed to the record said to have been written by Moses, as a faithful history of the connection of such Cause with the objects seen, it instinctively feels as if it had been listening to a story in mimicry of a "tempest in a teapot."

And in justice to itself the honest, unsatisfied soul, feels more willing to accept (as a choice between evils) its unnatural penalties than the Philosophy it presents—so disproportionate as a cause; and so dwarfing in its effects. To set that record down as a speculative conjecture of the human brain and for the most part fabulous, and yet not without its significance the world of facts; is to my mind the only method for a man of cool, and careful reflection, to repeat the First Great Principle of being. And the reason is simply here—The record there made transactions that it pleases to attribute to Deity, is entirely too childish, and the dealings of that controlling Power with the children of Israel bespeak him feeble, and utterly unworthy of the homage, and respect of the intelligence, and philosophy, of this age. He is represented as getting into a furious ferment, because of the impatience of the people, (a matter not surprising considering the sore, and repeated trials to which they were subjected) and of being persuaded from desperate purposes by Moses! Where, I humbly submit is the safety of universal existence in the keeping of such a being? Who tells us that at some future time he will not again get into an absurd passion when there is no Moses to advise him better? Will it be argued that because He was a Creator He had a right to do so. One such exhibition would shatter the empire of the Infinite; sending paleness to every Sun in being, and withering with the breath of the last untimely frost, every species of vegetation upon every Planet surrounding them—the order universal Nature would be frightened into worse than its primal chaos, and the last vestige of confidence be entombed in the hasty ruin.

Not only does the Theory attributed to Moses, insult the mind when it demands credit for the God it presents; but it asks us to justify in the presented character of that God, what we would fearlessly condemn elsewhere. But how do we explain? The speculations of the age when that record was written, were perfectly in keeping with their views in other respects. As the people were less philosophical than in ages long subsequent, their ideas respecting the cause of all they beheld, were of course tinged with their own habits of thinking, manner of acting and method of elucidating their conceptions. And any Nation, however bad their cause, or unilluminated their intellect, love to have the general tenor of their conduct approved by the God to whom they please to consider themselves responsible. And hence very frequently what has been written, merely to justify, illustrate in the history of a previous race, has artfully

ly crept into articles of the present, as a doctrinal dogma. What a previous race has written of God has undoubtedly been the highest conceptions it could cherish in regard to Him.

The thought appears not to be entertained that all that man can ever get concerning Deity, must come through the channel of the human brain. That the law by which God reveals himself to man, is man's capacity, and willingness to appropriate to himself. Consequently the knowledge that any intelligent being (man or angel) has of God, will be more or less belittled by the mind that attempts to grasp the lovely and immaculate, effluence of the Great Infinite. For if infinite, it can never explain itself to finite conception; except through the gradations of an infinite scale. And hence our conceptions of the Infinite, although unutterably glorious, will be forever comparatively limited. There will be room enough for the eternal expansion of the human soul—room for brimming thoughts of the Infinite to out-line its progressive path, encircled by the fondest ecstasies that can ever dance to the dulcet harmonies of a perfectly opening future.

Who will tell us that the theory has been yet unfolded to man presenting ideas of Deity so perfectly pure, so happily proportioned, and so musically harmonious that the soul would feel a painful restraint imposed upon it, if it could not flow out and adopt it as a whole. Partial history tells us that the Koran was a forgery! Who dare ever that Mahomedanism was not as essential for the Turk in his condition, as Christianity for those who have improved by it. But it has been the fate of every Theory yet promulgated to fall beneath some shade of exception taken by its adherents, some stipulation or condition, some mental reserve or significant emphasis, has among the mass of its own professors frittered it all away. And what does this teach, but that the soul need not ask what another understands, but pour out freely its libations to its own most exalted conceptions of Deity, or it is in idolatrous service worshipping *Proforma*.

Jesus of Nazareth had inspiring, and happily blebbed conceptions of the Father, and his soul flowed forth in them like water from the smitten rock, but for me to undertake to worship God by a formula drawn from his outward expressed ideas, without his interior development, would stamp me as a formalist only. No man worships God except he follows the highest intuitions of his own soul, irrespective of the traditions, or illuminations of others.

To say that God has given a law by which all things exist, is putting Him too far from us. He is the law. But I do not mean to say that God and Nature are one and the same! Nay; I say God is the soul of Nature. Nature could not exist without Deity; as my material body could not have existed without my human soul. What man sees of me is my outer form, but is not what he values of me. So in regard to Nature—It is the Wisdom breathed forth from out the inner depths of Nature; as perfectly manifested in an atom as in a universe; that will eternally attract mind. So peculiarly is the Father connected with every soul upon a scale graduated by the enlightened purity that shines forth through that soul, so that man is only responsible to his God in and through himself; not some Outer Being located in some far off, and indefinite space, that the soul can worship with conscious satisfaction; but that God who is essentially connected with itself through the *basic germ* of its own being. All Nature worships reverently in this way, realizing inborn influences in proportion to their classification, position, and maturity of their development. The worship of all extences being profitable, corresponding to the capacity of each to enjoy from the granite to the eldest Seraph. The further man goes from the object of his devotion, or the accomplishment of his purpose. That God whose beatific greatness is at an eternally unapproachable distance from the superficialist, as a superficialist, is imparadised lovingly within the heart of every unostentatious, and earnest soul; awaiting its devotion with inexhaustible patience, as an offering both acceptable, and reciprocal under all circumstances. Man will never "worship the Father under his own vine and figtree" until he ceases to map out his devotions by the conceptions of another; nor will any intelligence ever get any more clear and magnificent view of the Father than through the unfolding greatness of their own organism. Eternity will fail to disclose any more definite, and comprehensive views of Deity than will interblend with the human soul by a perpetual individual aspiration, and cultivation. The highest and most holy conceptions of the Infinite unfurled by appeals, threats are right, and fitting to the human soul. In the writings of almost every age there have been some pure and wholesome thoughts of Deity, like stars studing the firmament enough to render the night less a spectacle of gloom. But when we claim inspiration for the whole of any Book, or the contents of any Book as all inspiration, we feel more like simulating with God it shadows forth, than respecting the claim. Nevertheless as to inspiration some ages have their advantages over others; and this advantage depends more upon the exemption of an age from conservatism than perhaps any other cause. That the Father is less propitious to one age than another is not

true. That there are organisms better adapted for the Divine to shine through, at some periods more than others, is undoubtedly a fact, as much as it is, that some seasons are more productive than others. But that this can be attributed to His preference for one age over another cannot be made to appear; for "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, and in Him we live, move and have our being." Let it be ever borne in mind that man must develop to an elevation of great purity, before the unutterable glories of Deity, and unartificial beauties of Nature, can flow into his interior soul, and be unfolded to others through him.

E. W.

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.

By W. D.

Sigh, priests;—cry aloud;—hang your pulpits with black;—

Let sorrow bow down every head;
The good friend who bore all your sins on his back,
Your best friend, the Devil, is dead.

Your church is a corpse;—you are guarding its tomb;

The soul of your system has fled;
That death-knell is tolling your terrible doom;
It tells us the Devil is dead.

Twice knowledge gave Satan a terrible blow;
For fellow, he took to his bed;—
Alas! orphan'd priests! that such things should be so;

Your Father the Devil, is dead.

You're bid to the funeral ministers all,
We've dug the old gentleman's bed;
Your black coats will make a most excellent pall.

To cover your mournful who is dead.

Aye, lower him mournfully into the grave;
Let show-ers of tear drops be shed;
Your business is gone;—there are no souls to save;

Their tempter, the Devil, is dead.

Wee come upon woe; it is dreadful to think,
Hell's gone and the demons have fled;
The damned souls have broken their chains, ever-ly link;

The Father who bound them is dead.

THE WORLD'S PAPER.

SANDUSKY, VT. MAR. 19, 1859.

DANIEL TARBELL, JR., EDITOR.

Theology a Failure.

Who can take a fair, full and impartial view of theology as it has been practised for the last two thousand years, and not conclude it is a perfect failure. No fact is better established in modern history, than that the clergy of this country, as a class of men, are below the masses who make no profession, in point of practical goodness and morality. It has been ascertained by reliable statistics, that more crime is committed by this class of professional mediocrities between God and man, than by the same number of common sinners, and infidels. The transient and careless lives they live, have justly brought the profession into disrepute.

The changing and numerous creeds, and the various speculations about the character of God, and life of Christ, all go to reflect dishonor upon what is falsely called Christianity. Worshipping professions are adapted and offered, as practical Christianity. Theologians are clamorous about what Christ said, but seem to care but little to adopt his life in practice. These are facts that stand boldly forth to confront the profession of theology and say your teachings and churches have utterly failed to do for the human world what their needs demand. The character you give God is an impeachment of his high and elevating attributes that we must ascribe to him to make a being of love, wisdom and power, worthy of our reverence, or that mercy and goodness that should command our love.

Theology has made God a mere changeling weak in the extreme, and subject to passion of the basest kind. It has done more to bring Deity into disrepute than all infidelity, blasphemy and unbelief ever known. All these petty theological church schemes and fancy visionary sketches of God, Hell and the Devil, have at last so corrupted common sense and moral virtue, that they have no claims for the reverence or respect of the great body of mind.

The true object and mission of all theological teaching should be, to make men do better, live better practical lives. If this is not done then nothing is done to benefit the world, and the effort is a failure. To teach the world a faith that gives man a hopeful expectation that he is to receive in future, rewards of happiness for his membership in a church, or for his faith, is absurd and tends to injure and corrupt the morals of society. This has a long time been done, and now is the prevailing sentiment of society. They vainly hope, that by a hope they will find remission of sins without punishment. This is inconsistent with divine revelations, as demonstrated in all external nature, and contradicts all that man knows of himself or the great laws that govern him. We want a set of true preachers who will preach and pray with their hands, as well as their lips, humble enough to do religion as Christ did his, by relieving suffering humanity whenever an object was found.

The mediums who are now at work in the heart of society, will effect the end so desirable, if they remain humble enough to be doers of righteousness, instead of professors.

Should they become professors, at the neglect of the practicalities, they would be no better than the various classes of speculators, who have brought so much sadness upon the human heart, but we see to day they are doing

something to liberalize the human mind, and we see the old theological cathedral is beginning to shake and must eventually be seen as it is, and there is even now occasionally, an "ear to hear what the spirit says about the churches."

Bigotry is not religion, superstition is not religion, ignorance is not religion, a blind reverence to faith is not religion, an animal excitement is not religion that will benefit the world, but bring darkness and sadness upon it. Fear of endless hell is not religion and all sacrifices made of comfort on account of such an outward locality are no virtue. No act done through fear of punishment is, or can be a christian act. Cleanse the churches of today with all these and how much would then be left? But little. 'Tis truly and substantially a failure. Relieve the moral world of the false doctrines of the day, and thousands of poor slaves will leap forth, praising God for their deliverance from such a mental and spiritual bondage.

The Spheres.

It is quite usual for spiritualists, and investigators of spiritualism, to talk about Spheres in the next state of being, as showing the degree of enjoyment realized by their friends. This, we think, is well enough for those who profess to know nothing about the philosophy of life; but we think all reformers, who have obtained any instructions, or correct notions of the great unbending and unerring law of progressive life, ought abandon any such method of representing the inhabitants of the angel world.

There is no way to determine the degree of happiness by weight or measure or any numerical arrangement of spheres. The most that could be claimed in the arrangement, of from 1 to 7 spheres, as a means to indicate happiness, would amount to about the same things as to class off our inhabitants here, in this life, by the same method, or means of measure.

We now employ as a means to determine the condition, or degree, the terms Babyhood, Boyhood, Youth, Manhood, Middle age, Old age, &c., and by these expressions we get a glimpse that tends to indicate something, and after all it seems quite imperfect, too much so to justify the least idea of happiness, or exultation, save in point of age.

It does not appear, from all we know, that by such intimations, we learn anything of happiness. Suppose in our youth we parted with the society of a school-mate, by his or her going west, and we, after a long lapse of years, should wish to hear of their true condition, would it not be as proper for us to enquire of them through the mails to ascertain what sphere they were in, as it is to enquire what sphere our departed friend is in, through a medium? The fact is, we have no means to measure the happiness of our friends in this life, whether distant or present, as no language can be employed adequate to the proper understanding of human bliss, or human suffering; much less is it sufficient to convey to us the degree of happiness in the next, or higher existence.

There seems to be a corresponding measure of happiness for the inhabitants of this life, to their development or unfoldment, and it appears from the best knowledge we can gain of the future life, the same law holds good there.

It is obvious that in this life we cannot determine who are the most pure, or are the most progressed, for other reasons. Some persons will progress and acquire a good knowledge in some particular thing, or theory, and at the neglect of others, so as to render them quite ignorant, and another may become well advanced and measurably wise in those things, and by neglect may be ignorant of those things in which his neighbor had made such proficiency; so as a whole we are weak and ignorant, at best, when we see how much there is to learn, in all the various degrees and conditions of human existence, and as a whole we cannot with certainty determine the aggregate amount of knowledge possessed by any, and hence cannot determine their virtues, or the happiness of their lives.

As a general fact, controlling all minds, we hold that happiness is the natural result of obedience to the great laws of nature, which alone are the laws of God, and misery the unavoidable penalty for violation of these laws. We hold that life is never ending, and human progress over working in the human soul; and when we can see the end, then we can establish a scale of from one to seven, and count up the ratio each one has to travel to reach the end, but until then we cannot, and an attempt, in my opinion, is nought but folly.

Then let spiritualists and reformers be consistent with their faith, and abandon all attempts to measure by spheres, the

bliss of the Angels, who cannot possibly measure the happiness of one of the least minds in this life. Heaven and Hell are conditions of mind, and are not to be weighed by Fairbanks' Scales, or measured by the tailor's tape and square, but each human heart can best rest the dimensions of these two conditions.

We do not see the time when babies become boys, or boys become youth, or youth become men; we think it is a progressive work, and cannot be discovered by the human understanding. Same are always boys; others are little men when young, and all think they are men, especially if they are weak and foolish. It is no evidence that a spirit is high and elevated because he or she claims to be. At least, they only know how they enjoy their condition, and may think it high and elevated, when in fact another class might think they were low and dark.

So it is in this earthly life

The wise are happy God's works to extol,
The fool is happy that he knows no more.

For the World's Paper.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

Shall man presume on the long forbearance of justice? Shall he dare longer to insult his true monitor?

Or will he turn and listen to the voice which is so gently distilling truth, while love inspires the breast, and prompts the act? 'Tis wisdom asks the question; 'tis she that is striving to release the captive from his chains.

'Tis dark and blind madness, yea 'tis wild mockery to think of being freed in any other way.

Do you think you can suspend the law? As soon think to roll up on each side, the waters of the mighty deep, or by the voice of command to cause the sun or moon to stand still. As it ever has been so it will ever be, the sin of the transgressor will find him out. In vain he may strive to evade the law, justice will be done; according to his works shall he receive.

No compromise—Justice knows no compromise. True as Deity, she renders to all their due. What then will he do, who supposed he was building himself up, in laboring to ruin another?

He may call on rocks or mountains to fall and hide his sin, or cover his shame, but he will call in vain.

Firm in their position they remain,
While he bears his guilt and shame.

The history of the past confirms the fact Haman built a gallows on which to hang Mordecai, but in the height of glory himself was hung thereon.

See you see it at the present days those who labor in any way, to build for themselves a throne, or in other words to effect a selfish end, by setting aside Justice and Truth, the sin rolls back upon themselves, and they suffer that which they have prepared for another.

Will it not be well then, for those who premeditate mischief, or devise evil against their fellows, to stop and ask themselves the question, what will be the effect if I do this?

If all would adopt this course there would be less crime, and less suffering; and many hearts that are now wrung with anguish, would be made happy, and man would reflect the image of Deity.

CARVER.

For the World's Paper.

ARE YOU A SPIRITUALIST?

This question is often asked me. I answer, in the common acceptance of the word I am not.

So far as they act in harmony with justice and truth, I am with them. But when I hear them preach this, and practise something else, I am reminded of the remarks once made to a missionary. They are these: "ye preach well, but practice bad." So when I see a spiritualist, or class of spiritualists, laboring to build themselves up at the expense, or to the disadvantage of others, I am led to say, "ye preach well, but practice bad."

When I hear them declaiming against sects and creeds, and at the same time with their powers engaged in supporting their particular views, and faith, I say, not such a spiritualist.

But when I find the true reformer, who is ever ready to make sacrifices for the good of others, even at the expense of his reputation, and the honor the popular world might please to bestow on him, not fearing to enter the hovels of misery and woe, or the dens of vice and crime, if by so doing he may impart one ray of light to the dark mind, or hold out one inducement to help the unhappy inmate to reform, and as I see the spiritual principle unfolded in their works, I say I am in sympathy with the same. To such I extend the hand of fellowship, saying, my brother. It makes no difference whether he come under the name of spiritualist, or is termed an infidel by the popular world. Yea I seem to hear Christ say to him, "in as much as you have done it to these you have done it to me."

I am often made sorry, by the conduct of those whose names stand first in the ranks of the spiritualists, as I see in them the same spirit that was prevalent in the days of Christ, that which led them to say to the person who made his appearance in their assembly, clad in poor attire, "sit thou here under my foot-stool," when to another clad in rich attire, the

invitation is given to take the best seat in the house.

I often am impressed to ask the question, "How can you be a spiritualist while you receive honor one from another, and seek not the honor which comes from God alone?"

With many a mere belief that the spirits of the departed communicate with the children of Earth, is all to them.

But if their teachings do not reform the life, if by the same man is not made wiser and better, I want nothing of them. But as I understand, their mission to Earth, first is, to convince man of immortality; second, to teach him his duty as a practical being; in short to so explain the laws of life, as will enable him to live truly, righteously, and Godly, in the present, consequently saving him from all fear as regards the future, giving him the assurance that he can never die.

But as the germ of life is never unfolding within him, he becomes incapacitated to enjoy in higher degrees even forever.

Then as I understand it, the defect is not in the Spiritual Philosophy, nor is it in the spirits who communicate, but in man's neglecting to exercise the faculties which will germinate the good within himself. Here is where all religionists have failed. True 'tis they have theorized beautifully, but have neglected the weightier matters.

Then Spiritualists, and Spiritual Philosophers, be ye no longer like unto these, but by your works preach the everlasting gospel unto the dwellers on the Earth, and thereby be entitled to realize the peace, and good will, which is enjoyed, by the Angels, in the higher spheres.

M. A. CARVER BROWN.

For the World's Paper.

NOTES FROM MY DIARY.

M. D. P.

Sunday, Feb. 13, 1859. I find myself at a Methodist Quarterly meeting, in my native town, Randolph Vt., in the same house where I attended an Advent meeting, on the 15 day of Feb. 1843. How changed the scene! Then the house was crowded to its utmost capacity with excited human beings, who said they expected that day would be the last one they ever should enjoy on earth; they expected to be caught up to meet the Lord in the air before the sun should rise again to cheer the inhabitants of this old Earth, while the unconverted would be doomed to the fiery elements below.

To-day the house is about half-filled with different classes, Methodists, Congregationalists, Universalists, Spiritualists, and Nothingarians.

The forenoon's discourse was delivered by the resident priest. It was a hard, dry thing, delivered in a kind of forced manner; it was very tiresome to me. It was like being fed on husks after eating the grain. Even his own church members said it was the poorest discourse they ever heard him deliver, but spoke in flattering terms of what we might expect in the afternoon from "bro Kiddy," who is their presiding elder, and said to be very smart. I concluded to stop and hear for myself, being willing to hear all sides and then judge.

Afternoon Session. Br. K. remarked that his health was quite poor, but would try to say a few words. But it seemed hard for him to talk till he got warmed up, which he did after awhile, and while speaking of Progression, he brought up the figure of a child, just beginning to learn, and traced it along step by step, from one unfoldment to another, till he arrives to manhood and old age. He spoke well upon the subject, till it seemed to flash across his mind, that this figure was proving too much. He stopped short, and after surveying the congregation a moment, with a very impressive countenance, said, "and some people at the present day go so far as to think that this progression continues after death, but, my hearers, I like to have said I have only one reason why I do not believe this, but I have one very good reason for not believing that man is a progressive being after death, and that is, I find it no where in the bible."

Query—must men disbelieve every thing that is not found in the bible?

After the sermon, the priest invited all good Christians to join with them in the solemn ordinance called the Lord's Supper. About 90 came forward and while in kneeling posture the small bits of bread and the wine was passed them by the priests, who said "it is the body and blood of the Lord Jesus who died to save sinners." And to conclude this imposing ceremony, the presiding elder exhorted his brethren to be faithful to the end, and in winding up his remarks, told of a little incident that occurred in New Hampshire a short time before. He said he attended a quarterly meeting, and administered the Lord's Supper to his brethren, and remarked that perhaps it was the last time they all would meet on earth, for life was exceedingly uncertain. The congregation began to separate, and one brother who was at the time in good health, started with his wife to go home. He got into his carriage, and before they had gone twenty rods from the meeting house, he was a corpse, and we never could find out any cause for this sudden death.

The thought occurred to me, if this brother had been in his field tilling the soil on the first day of the week, when this sudden change came over him, the Rev. gentleman and all his flock would not be slow to raise their hands with holy horror and exclaim "it is a judgement from God on him for breaking the Sabbath." But as he had been to church, and partook of the Lord's Supper from the hands of the priests, and got his sins washed away by the blood of Jesus, of course it must all be a mysterious providence.

When will mankind learn to be consistent and use their reason instead of depending on the Priest to tell them what is right and what is wrong?

ROSTICKS wrote a letter to his love

And filled it full of warm and kind desire;
He hoped to raise a flame—and so he did;
The lady put his nonsense in the fire!

The Sermon published in this edition of our paper, delivered by Garret Smith, is, in our opinion, an excellent production, and will do much to liberalize the human mind. The Tribune need make no apology for having published it, as it is, in our opinion, much more valuable to the reading public than the reading matter usually is in that sheet.

How strange, and yet how true, that the Pulpit and the Press are in the rear, in all the great progressive movements of the age. Noble, liberal souls like Garret Smith's are obliged to go forward, and make personal sacrifices, to advance, liberalize and Christianize the world. In short they are obliged to do the work designed for the Pulpit and the Press, and receive from them no compensation—nought but censure and abuse. They are as dead weights on human progress, as they all wish to cater to public opinion for the sustenance they so much desire.

The weakly Age of March 5th has an article under the Editorial head, on "The Christian Resurrection."

The writer undertakes to maintain that the body of our Savior did actually ascend, and says he, Jesus did not die on the cross, but on the ascension mount. He says "The true Christian resurrection we have conceived to be substantially this—a gradual rising above, the animal, fleshly or natural plane of existence, into a higher grade of life, in which the spiritual and celestial departments of man's being, comes into ascendancy as a consequence of which he comes to realize the companionship of angels and beautified spirits, and dwells consciously in the Father, and the Father in him."

Then he goes on further and says, "And we have thought, were not the process retarded, interrupted and disordered by violations of law, both physical and moral, no reason appears why the form should not by gradual transformation, thus at length cease to be anchored to earth, ascending to the higher life without violence or pain, and leaving behind no loathsome, putrefying corpse."

Thus it will be seen that Brother Newton believes in a literal resurrection of the body, of at least the saints. This we conceive to be void of evidence, and in contradiction to the common laws of life as manifested through all nature. We do not, however, deny but what there is a process of change continually going on in the physical body. Particles of matter are continually being thrown off, and new ones are being deposited, until old age, then the fabric falls, and the spirit takes its exit from that frail tenement. It is absurd, in our view, to even maintain that the fleshly body of Jesus, or indeed of anybody else, ever was reanimated by the same spirit that inhabited it here, and it was arisen or ever would arise.

I had supposed before that leading reformers had abandoned this old heathenish idea, that has come up out of the dark ages. In this, however, I am, it seems, mistaken. I for one, do not believe in the resurrection of the body any more than I do in the resurrection of the old clothes worn in boyhood; and if our Bro. Newton should arise from the earth, it would not be from his superior purification, but because there would not be enough of him to keep him down.

NOTICE.

The Boston Editors of the Age, A. E. Newton, and Lewis Monroe, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston.

Sample speeches free.

Address A. E. Newton and L. B. Monroe, Office Weekly Age, Boston, Mass.

We should not have felt called upon to insert the above valuable notice, only we see it omitted, probably through mistake, in the Age of Mar. 2.

For the World's Paper.

What is Sin?

Ans. It is a violation of the Mental, the Moral, the Physical, the Social laws.

Every sin, however deep and damning, however obscure and complex in its relations, has its origin in the abuse of one or more of those departments of laws. Sometimes it so happens that one great and leading evil branches out and ramifies through all the fundamental departments, and apparently controls the entire destiny of human life. It gives direction and tone to the moral character, it gives a physiological structure and a phrenological development by the pallet of destiny which gives it prominence.

One of the great and leading evils which marks the destiny of age and race, and which demolishes the highest standard of virtue, before which the highest national grandeur crumbles into wasting desolation, and is only found where the wild winds of death howl in triumph over life, is Slavery—American Slavery! What a name of horrors is springing up, in the nineteenth century, on the Free Soil of young America! It is a wonder that a being can be found, who has a human soul in a human body, who would not detest chattel-slavery; and yet it is not to be wondered at, while a great number of clergymen prostrate themselves in the dust, and worship at its shrine.

To show how extensive those influences are, I take the liberty to quote one fact which not only applies to this place in particular, and to the country generally.

I received a notice that a colored girl by the name of Watkins, would speak at our place, on a week-day evening, for the relief of two millions of her own sex who were reaping the bitter fruits of the horrid system of American Chattelism. I accordingly forwarded a notice of the expected address, to the Methodist and Congregational clergymen, which was responded to, by the former but totally neglected by the latter.

Now what was the reason that this Congregational Clergyman, who claims to be the light of the world, would not read a simple notice to the people, that a colored girl would speak for her oppressed and suffering race? He was opposed to the lecture, and opposed to women

speaking in public, and hence would not read the notice. What business was it to this Congregational Clergyman, who God sends to call his people out of American Egypt? Such old fogies can never be made to keep up with the times, they are tied up to their circular treadmill, and enjoy a rich treat in picking their teeth with the tail of a Trilobite. They greatly fear that woman will transcend her sphere and speak with higher strains of eloquence, and nobler accents of sympathy, to the approval of the progressive age, and there by they shall loose some of their lordly dignity, and probably a parcel of salary.

What a valiant anti-slavery man he must be, who will not so much as read a notice for an address on Slavery, because, forsooth, his holiness could not condescend to stoop to such low business! What a shame it is, that such things are called ministers of Christ, while they are the most detestable enemies of the race that can be found. Who wonders that formal Christianity is becoming a disgrace to the name that gave it birth, while it approves of every popular crime, from national wars and fightings, to the poor culprit who swings on the gallows. More than one half of the Clergymen in Vermont are in favor of choking a man to death for murder. That is the way they forgive enemies. As the prophet says, They are greedy dogs that can never have enough.

SYLVESTER.

Randolph, Vt., Feb. 28, 1859.

Battles of the Revolution.

A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald has taken the pains to compile the following table, showing the comparative losses of life sustained in the Battles of the Revolution. He says he may have made some trifling errors, but that the statistics are mainly correct. The table should be preserved for future reference:

	British.	Amca
Lexington, April 19, 1775,	273	85
Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775,	1860	403
Platbush, Aug. 12, 1799,	400	200
Whiteplains, Aug. 15, 1776	600	400
Trenton, Dec. 25, 1776,	1900	50
Princeton, Jan. 5, 1777,	400	900
Hubbardstown, Aug. 17, 1777	800	800
Bennington, Aug. 16, 1777,	800	100
Brandywine, Sept. 11, 1777,	500	1100
Stillwater, Sept. 17, 1777,	600	350
Germantown, Oct. 4, 1777,	600	1200
Saratoga, Oct. 19, 1777, (sur.)	6572	
Red Hook, Oct. 22, 1777,	500	32
Monmouth, June, 26, 1778,	480	130
Rhode Island, Aug. 17, 1778,	270	211
Brier Creek, March 10, 1779,	13	400
Stony Point, July 16, 1779,	600	100
Camden, Aug. 16, 1780,	375	610
King's Mountain, Oct. 1, 1780,	910	96
Cowpens, Jan. 17, 1780,	809	72
Guilford Court House, 1780,	532	400
Hobkirk Hill, April 25, 1780,	400	400
Eutaw Springs, Sept. 8, 1780	1000	550
Yorktown, Oct. 17, 1780, (sur.)	7072	1200
Total,	27357	9789

To J. L. P.

Thy mission is to free the captive souls
Of men, by bigotry, long cast down,
And bring new light to darkened minds,
That ne'er the one true God hath known.

Far spread the glorious truth around,
Let men no longer sigh and sorrow,
Where sorrow is, let joy abound,
For a brighter day will dawn tomorrow.

There are many hearts of noble worth,
Who pine to day for truth, to set them free.
Go tell them of the noble birth,
Of Christian love and harmony!

Visit alike the high and low,
Nor shun the prisoner in his gloomy cell;
On the erring one a kind word or look bestow,
Who but his own sad tale of woe can tell.

Go on, dear friend, and faster not,
God speed thee on thy wending way,
Although alone, thou art not forgot,
One true heart prays for thee today.

Oh! may thy life a true example be;
Teach men the way to live aright,
No longer let one heart in sadness say,
To me, on earth, there is no light.

God speed thee, and when thy mission is through,
Return to thy home where true friends are waiting.
To welcome the loved one to hearts that are true,
Oh! haste thee, my friend, I am watching for you!

ELNORIA.

Bridgewater, Decr 26, 1858.

Bro. Tarbell:

There is one subject which at present agitates the public mind, to some extent, in which I take considerable interest, as you already know, viz., The Rights of Women; and I regret to see so many taking a wrong estimate of the subject. Some people treat it as if man must loose his rights by allowing woman hers; but I see it not so. Doubtless there are some who have usurped privileges and control not their own, but if this be taken from them, and women restored to liberty, I contend that man has lost no rights, but a source of sin and misery taken from him; for I consider home slavery more despicable than that of the blacks. All nature teaches me that man and woman should be equal, that one should not be subject to the other's tyranny but share equally of the blessings so bountifully bestowed by the hand of a loving Father, that the gifts of knowledge should be equally shared, in all their variety. I feel too sensibly the disadvantages arising from a deficiency of intellectual cultivation to stand idle and not

make one mark toward the improvement of woman's condition, though it may effect nothing.

I think the only sure way to remedy this evil, as well as all others, is for each one to begin at home, and not wait for a simultaneous movement to give all woman-kind their rights, but commence first to see the wrong and then apply the remedy.

What if man should loose some of his ill gained power, or his wife have equal time with himself to rest from her irksome cares, and cultivate and strengthen her mind for higher duties than kitchen labors, will he not, in the end, reap a rich reward for performing his duty, in seeking to establish her in her own God-given rights?

Some women I hear say, "why should we ask for more liberties than our mothers had, they were content—woman is the weaker vessel and should not seek to know herself;" and so pined along in the old muddy road without one aspiration for something higher.

This is not as it should be;

Let every woman seek a higher plane,
If she her freedom would maintain,
And take her rights, and boldly stand,
Knowing 'tis God's almighty plan,
That man and woman equal be,
Through the ages of eternity.

To-day, Dec. 26, Mrs. S. A. Wiley was a gain the instrument through which the kind spirits gave us instructions. Our house was filled, notwithstanding the intense cold, and I did not perceive a dissenting look upon any one's countenance. The lectures were very interesting, and beautifully interspersed with gems of poetry. She is one of our most useful mediums. She will be with us again in four weeks from to-day.

I send you another memento of my "wanderer's" affection for her mother, which proves the old adage true, that "love will hide a multitude of faults." EUSIE.

Precious Mother, gift divine,
In my soul thy image dwells;
And where'er my steps may go,
Love for thee forever swells.

Turning back to sunny youth,
Thou art nearest to my heart;
For my spirit born of thine,
Forming still of thine a part.

Though my love is spread abroad
Over all the earth below,
Still reflections turn to thee,
With a bright eternal glow.

How I love thee none can tell,
Save they have a mother dear,
Who like thee has taught them love,
And wiped off every rising tear.

If my heart is kind and true
To weary wandering sons of men,
It was thee my mother dear,
Who made my path of duty plain.

If sweet virtue crown my days,
And quiet rest is given me,
The lessons I from thee received,
Have brought to me this liberty.

If hearts are grateful unto me,
For words of kindness and love,
That gratitude is due to thee,
And came thro' thee from God above.

And O my mother! though again
We meet not in this earthly form,
My soul will form a part of thine,
To ride triumphant o'er life's storms.

If first my spirit soar on high,
I'll ever watch beside thee here,
And strive to smooth thy rugged way,
And bring thee hope and love and cheer.

I'll twine a wreath of fadeless flowers,
To rest upon thy aching brow,
And bring a cup of water pure,
And let it o'er thy spirit flow.

And if perchance thy flight is first,
I know a star will rise for me,
To guide my weary steps along,
To heavenly homes where all are free.

I know that thou wilt hover near,
And watch me when the night comes on,
And hush me brightly every gem,
To place within my spirit crown.

God bless thee Mother dearest, mine,
And give thee strength to go thy way,
I know that when thy spirit's borne
To higher homes, thou'll ne'er decay.

The more I love our Father's hand
The stronger is my love for thee;
And ever will my prayer ascend,
That God may give thee liberty.

Lord Byron made a comparison of divers languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle drum; the German like a bass-viol; French, as a wedding hymn; the Italian like an Abolian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, Heine gives the following. He says:—"Take a word into the mouth, turn it around therein, and spit it out; that's English!"

RELIGIOUS STARS OF AMERICA.—The Banner of Light—a weekly paper published in Boston, furnishes its readers every week with verbatim reports of Henry Ward Beecher's and E. H. Chapin's sermons. Terms \$2 per year, and in the same proportion for a shorter time. Sample copies sent free, with club terms.

That is a beautiful superstition of the Danes that they see the spirits of their friends playing in the beams of the northern lights.

TRAGEDY IN WASHINGTON.

An earthquake has shaken the moral world. The consequences to a few have been disastrous. A deep despair—an unspoken heart sorrow—has fallen, like a thunder bolt from a cloudless sky, upon human hearts. The home after has been torn to fragments by the destructive shock of this sad event has afforded a relief to the famishing carion eaters; the second advent is rejoicing that an event has occurred, whereby his stock in trade has been replenished; and editors no longer look in vain for a rare bit of news to give their readers.

The Washington tragedy has set some people to thinking. Mothers are beginning to look into the future, hoping to avert the doom that, perhaps, awaits their pure daughters; husbands are casting wistful glances at their household gods to see if all is well with them; the true philosopher is beginning to solve the social problem, beginning to ask if there is not a moral cancer eating out the real human heart?

Daniel E. Sickles, Member of Congress from New York, is a man of rather questionable character; but it is said he is a politician, and, by his pleasing address, has found his way to the hearts of the most fastidious women. In 1853 he married the daughter of Borgia, the celebrated music-teacher of Fourteen street, New York. Mr. Sickles had seen thirty-five frosty winters and the cold rough side of the world. The fair bride had seen but seventeen years. Raised like a hot house plant, she had seen only the sunny side of life. She knew nothing of the frost and mildew that blights the unfolding flower. Her beauty and child-like innocence won the heart of Mr. Sickles, while she was beset with glitter and tinsel—Beauty, power, gold and position may dazzle and charm while the wind is fair, but the gale and storm will sweep them away. The husband who will unhesitatingly repeat to his wife the "folies of his youth," must not wonder if she repeats the tragedy he has taught her. If a woman is too weak to lift a moral leper, healed and heart whole, to her platform she is very likely to endorse his philosophy and sink to his level. Mr. Sickles introduced his child-wife to his particular friends, to those whose hearts and lives were not unlike his own. No one was more cordially welcomed at his house than was Philip Barton Key, United States District Attorney for the District of Columbia, and with the knowledge, too, that his invited guest had never held sacredly the reputation of any woman.

Key was forty years of age; tall, commanding easy and dashing air. Just the man to win the heart of a fashionable woman; indeed, it is said he was not unpopular with the mothers of marriageable daughters. It is not unlikely that some disappointed maid or matron, instigated by jealousy, wrote the expurgating letter out of the purest revenge. The consequence of the secret meetings of the victim and of the victimized are well known to our readers. Mr. Key felt by the murderous hand of Sickles. He died while seeking an interview with the woman he had ruined and basely betrayed.

How was the seducer—the man who openly boasted of his infamous deeds—regarded? Was there any public demonstration of censure from the husband and fathers in the hall of Congress? None. Did words of rebuk fall from the lips of men in high places? No. Any sympathy for the poor fallen—betrayed woman? None. With pomp and display; amid tears, prayers and eulogies the murdered man was sepulchred.

Mr. Sickles is censured by a few for his rashness, lauded by many for his bravery, and pitied by the mass for his great misfortune. It is said "his honor has been stained." When was it stained? "He would come no more his dignity by forgiving his erring wife." Who, that knows Mr. Sickles, can remember when his married was without a blemish—when he did not ridicule the very ideas of virtue in man? "Mrs. Sickles has been false to her husband." It is she not been false to her own soul? One would think by a newspaper reports that no one had been wronged—"dishonored"—but Hon. Daniel E. Sickles. We will venture the prediction, that Mr. Sickles will not only be tried an acquittal, but applauded for avenging the great wrong done to himself. He will obtain a divorce from his wife and ask and obtain in marriage the hand of some woman as trusting and helpless as she who has "dishonored" Daniel Sickles.

Mrs. Sickles, the beautiful, human butterfly, will ask in vain for sympathy. She would rise but she is weak with none to give her the helping hand. No words of commiseration will reach her listening ear. No gentle Nazarine will say to her "Gee, up, more." And so she will sink still lower beneath the iron heel of Society or she will fold her wings and with the world's bitter curse upon her head and a withering blight upon her soul she will creep noiselessly to the grave. The Washington correspondent for the National Democrat (Cleveland) says:

As is usual in such cases, the fashionable of her own sex are the bitterest judges she has to encounter, and they speak of her late conduct in the severest terms of denunciation. Nothing, in their estimation, can be said in palliation of her wrong. If anything, their sympathy leans towards the deceased. Isn't this terrible, lamentable, truth? Women as flattering as this wretched Magdalen, and these too, whose fashionable, high and fortune-seeking daughters, are meaning, this abyss where a sister has been lost—are the first to condemn, the last to pity and save. "How long, Lord, how long will these things be?"

POETRY.

For the World's Paper.

WHO?

By W. B.

Who came to me when racked with pain,
And said I must from food abstain,
Or I should ne'er get well again?
The Doctor.

Who put a cord around my arm,
And said to bleed would do no harm,
Which did my friends so much alarm?
The Doctor.

Who told the nurse to watch me close,
And give me once an hour a dose,
Of calomel, which made me worse?
The Doctor.

Who, when he came on the next day,
Said he must try some other way
To heal me of my malady?
The Doctor.

Who put a blister on my side,
Twelve inches long, nine inches wide,
And said the pain would soon subside?
The Doctor.

Who, when I did of thirst complain,
And water craved to ease the pain,
Dealt out his poisonous drugs again?
The Doctor.

Who put a seton in my neck,
Likewise another in my back,
Which were as painful as the rack?
The Doctor.

Who opium gave to ease the pain,
That I might once my rest obtain,
Then dosed me off with cal. again?
The Doctor.

Who bled and leeches and cupped me too,
From time to time as worse I grew,
Saying "I think he'll soon get through!"
The Doctor.

Who made my mouth so dismal sore,
With poisonous drugs full out a score,
That all my teeth fell on the floor?
The Doctor.

Who caused me to be blind and lame,
So that I must through life remain,
Diseased and also full of pain?
The Doctor.

Who came to me when I was weak,
Before I scarce a word could speak,
And said his pay he came to seek?
The Doctor.

Who took from me ten pounds and more,
Whose bill was full another score,
And for it rashly cursed and swore?
The Doctor.

Who took from me my cow and horse,
Saying, "I'm sorry for your loss,
But thanks to me it is no worse?"
The Doctor.

These are the facts, so let us shun
Those quacks who thousands have undone,
And our just vengeance wreak upon
The Doctor.

Continued from the first page.

and superstitious education. We must look upon the Bible just as freely as upon any other book: and nothing in it that is repugnant to our reason must be allowed to come into our faith. We are not to reject whatever in it is above our present comprehension. That would be most unreasonable. But, whatever is clearly counter to reason, we owe it to reason, to ourselves, and to God to reject. If, for instance, there is any passage in the Bible, (I do not say there is one,) in which God is represented as being partial—as being guilty, it may be, of the monstrous partiality of loving one unborn child and hating another—we must not, for the sake of saving the reputation and authority of the book, acquiesce in a representation that outrages all our just conceptions of God. To save these conceptions is infinitely more important than to save the book. It, too, we find that Paul, (I do not say that we do,) represents woman as inferior to man, or as having lower and less rights than man, we must not, to save Paul, smother his wrong against woman. Justice must be accorded to her claims at whatever expense to his speculations.

I am not, in these remarks, denying ought of the value of the Bible. Incomputable is that value, if for no other reason than that it contains the life of Christ. But I may be asked how, since I am not confident that the Bible is all true, I can be confident that it gives the true life of Christ? My answer is, that such a life could not be fabricated. It must have been substantially what the Bible represents it to be. Such a reality transcends all the possibilities of fiction. It cannot be the coinage of the imagination. It cannot be a picture without an original. Besides, had I been within the compass of a godliness would have prevented his painting it on the world as reality. I scarcely need add that any approach to such a life lies wholly without the range of a bad man's conceptions, and can find no place among his possible inventions. And what if it were admitted that such a life could be written at this day by Charles Dickens or Mrs. Stowe, or other persons of their fertile genius, nevertheless it must not be forgotten that it would be written by the light of the actual life of Jesus, and would therefore be substantially but a copy.

Unspeakingly happy fact it is that men are outgrowing the religions which have afflicted and debased them. An ignorant age very naturally submits to a religion of authority; but an intelligent age, which demands and realizes progress in every other direction, will not be content to have the dead past continue to furnish the religion of the living present. Signs are rapidly multiplying that the time has come for every man to have his own religion: not to adopt it from his neighbor, his priest, his church; but to construct it for himself. In the province of reason, when pervaded by Divine influence and especially in the life of Jesus, who was the perfect impersonation of reason, because He was filled with those illuminating, holy, and sweet influences which can alone preserve the freest and fullest exercise of reason—there are abundant materials for such construction. Indeed, as in efforts to answer already said, what a man has to do to answer

the calls of the true religion, is to keep all his appetites, passions, and interests in subjection to his reason. I admit that he cannot do this without help—the help of that same spirit which dwelt in Jesus—and which, by the way, is as free to us as it was to Him. In a word, all he has to do is to keep his reason in the ascendant. Then he will be like God. For to obey reason is to obey God. To obey is to bring ourselves into harmony with Him, and to make ourselves partakers of His character. To disobey it is to prefer the character of rebels and atheists.

The religions, including even that called Christianity but which is not Christianity, have proved themselves false, by their failure to overcome the great crimes and abominations. War, slavery, drunkenness and the wrongs of woman still abound. Give, however, reason its full play—true reason, I mean, and not the mixture of passion and prejudice, which they who have stifled the voice of reason, are wont to confound with it—and these crimes and abominations would fast disappear. That they are still making hell on earth is chiefly because religions of authority put in pleas for them, and justify or apologise for them in the name of their sacred books and church. Exalt reason, however, to the place of religion, or rather religion to the place of reason, and these crimes and abominations will depart. But they will remain, and be as vile just as long as there is religious authority to keep them in countenance; just as long as men suffer others to decide religious questions for them; to be the keepers of their conscience and the molders of their minds. So long as rum-drinkers and slaveholders have a religion dictating, from reason, they will run to it for permission to continue to drink rum and to be slaveholders; and they will not fail to get it. But once cut them off from their doctrinal or conventional religion, and throw them back upon their reason, and they will find it difficult to remain rum-drinkers and slaveholders. The South is full of the common religion, and hence the impossibility of peacefully dislodging her slavery. It is true that the religion of France was not essentially different from that of our own country. But so slender was its hold on the public mind, that it could not prevent the reason of France from abolishing Slavery. The abolition of French Slavery was largely owing to French infidelity. Had that nation been more religious and less rational, her slavery would have continued this day.

It was the policy of Jesus to cut off the Jews from their spurious religion, and throw them back upon their convictions, and upon themselves. "And why," says he to them, "even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" The like policy should be pursued by the modern reformer. It is as indispensable now as it was then to get reason into the place of the current religion. Our likeness to God! The religion which has this God-honoring and man-ennobling aim is to be our religion. Never does a man's dignity appear so great as when seen in the light of his capacity for resembling his Maker. It is in this light that he is "the temple of God," and is never to be defiled by rum, tobacco, nor any sensuality. And who, viewing man in this light, can be guilty of degrading him in thought, word or deed? Who, having drunk in the spirit of this true religion, and, therefore, opened his eyes upon the grandeur of man, can put upon his brother's limbs the chains of slavery, or consent to see him sunk to the guilty slaves to which war sinks its hirelings? Or who, having, under the influence of this true religion, felt how great a man can look with patience on his bondage to a political or ecclesiastical party?

This religion, then, which recognizes man's capacity for resembling his God, and which inculcates the duties growing out of that capacity—this is the only religion that can rid the world of the crimes that crowd it and the vices that have conquered it. This alone can shut up the dramshop, and put an end to slavery and the other outrages upon the high nature of man. But I must proceed to notice some of the charges against these who hold the views taken in this discourse. We are accused of disparaging Christ because we refuse to be tested by certain mystic doctrines. Subscription to these doctrines is held to be essential to his honor. But they make most of Christ who, whatever their errors of doctrine, cherish his spirit and live his life. On the contrary they make least of him who war upon his spirit and life—free, however they may be, of doctrinal errors. The faith in Christ on which I most rely is not that intelligent and cordial faith in his principles which good men alone can possess. But it is a faith of which wicked as well as good men can be subjects—for it is superstitious, unintelligent, and blind. We hold that they most honor Christ who believe that the religion he taught is the religion of simple reason; and who also govern their lives by it. Let me add that I would have Christ honored in observing the rites and institutions as well as in espousing the comprehensive and essential principles of his religion. Let the principles be cordially adopted, and the rites and institutions carefully conformed to. For one, I would have the friends of Christ baptised with water, and in the manner in which he was. For one, I would have them partake of his appointed supper, and around a table, and with conversation as did he and his disciples. For one I would have them observe a Sabbath, and those for it the same day of the week which he and his disciples did. Even in things which are counted among the unessential, it is safer and happier to walk in his steps than to depart from them.

It is charged, too that we are not Bible men. I admit that we are not, any farther than we live according to its great and everlasting principles. They are Bible men whose lives are in harmony with those principles; not they who trample upon them, at the same time that they make great merit of their pretended or imagined faith in the Bible. Another complaint is, that we would abolish the ministry. But we would not. We would have the gospel preached tenfold more abundantly than now. To this end, however, no clerical order of men is needed. So simple is the true gospel that he who loves it is well able to preach it, even though he may have no more than common sense and honesty, and a common education. Here and there arises man of rare power for preaching it. Let such be encouraged and enabled to itinerate as did Paul and Barnabas among the churches. At the same time, let the members of every church feel that, however few or unlearned

they may be they are under the divine blessing, able through the proper exercise of their gifts to edify each other.

I admit that a cultivated intellect adds immensely to the power of the preacher. But it need not be cultivated in the theological school. On the contrary, far more power to preach the common-sense practical gospel of Jesus Christ is to be found in that general knowledge which the lawyer, or statesman, or enlightened merchant acquires in his intercourse with the world, than in the training of those institutions where religion is taught as a trade, and years of apprenticeship are spent to gain an understanding of its mysteries.

We are charged, too with being Spiritualists. Some of us are and some of us are not Spiritualists. But what if we all were—still might we not all be Christians? To be a Spiritualist—that is, to believe that spirits can communicate with us—is no proof that a man is or is not a Christian. His cordial reception, as evidenced in his life, of the great essential moral truths which come to him; whether in communications from spirits or from any other source, this and this alone proves that he is a Christian. If Spiritualism has been the occasion of harm to some, nevertheless there are others in whom it has wrought good. We have neighbors, whose religious life has been greatly improved by their interest in Spiritualism. I cannot deny that Spiritualism is fraught with evil to those who are foolish enough to welcome it as a new religion and a substitute for Christianity.

A favorite, and certainly very winning doctrine of the Spiritualists, is that a wicked man attracts wicked spirits and a good man good ones. How protective, purifying and every way happy must be its influence on him who truly believes it! How efficient the motive it furnishes to avoid a bad and pursue a good life.

I must not fail to add in this connection, that the Spiritualists I met in my tours through the State, last Fall, were nearly all reformers.

They had broken off from both political and ecclesiastical parties, and were earnestly and openly devoting themselves to the abolition of sectarianism, slavery, intemperance, and other wrongs. I have no doubt that, in proportion to their numbers, Spiritualists cast tenfold as many votes for the Abolition and Temperance ticket as did others. Surely such a fact is highly commendatory of the influence of Spiritualism.

It is also said that we are opposed to revivals. We believe in revivals of true religion, and rejoice with them. But we confess that of revivals in general we are very suspicious. And why should we not be? It is true that they serve to fill up the churches; but do they increase the sum total of humanity and holiness and happiness? The revival of last year was preeminent for extent and commendable character. But I am yet to be convinced that it has proved a public blessing. Survey the length and breadth of our State. Is not sectarian and party spirit, that power so mighty to shroud and sink the sun, as rampant as ever? Was there over a year in which the use of tobacco increased faster, or in which there was a more rapid multiplication of dramshops? In no year among the last thirty, has so little interest been taken in the cause of temperance. Indeed at the last election, his professed friends seemed to delight in pouring contempt upon it. They were as eager to vote for rum men as they were formerly to vote against them. And although there is still much talk (part sincere and part hypocritical) of a nearly all nonsensical against the extension of Slavery, yet has there never been a year since the dauntless young hero, William Lloyd Garrison, first summoned the nation to abolish it, in which has been evinced so little purpose to abolish it?

That there was a very unusual amount of religious tenderness and susceptibility the last year is not to be denied. Heaven be thanked for it; and may Heaven forgive the poor use made of it! Oh, had the right stamp been present for making the right impression upon the molten metal! Had but the religion of Christ and reason—the religion which in a land of slavery and dram-shops calls on its new-born disciples to make their first denunciation against the greatest enemies of God and man—had but that religion been offered to the tens of thousands of hearts that were open to receive it—what an array of practical Christians would have been the fruit of the revival! But, alas, instead of this priceless blessing, the revival was perverted to the propagation of that worthless doctrinal or conventional religion which keeps on good terms with Slavery, and flourishes among the dram-shops.

The City of New York was the great center of the revival. But when I was there, two or three years ago, I heard that the use of tobacco and strong drink was increasing rapidly; and several times I saw what I never see without sickness of soul, deep shame and sorrow and disgust, city cars labeled "Colored people allowed in this car." What an insult to our equal brethren! What an insult to our common Father! What a blasphemous denial of His right to color as He will the varieties of the human family!

Now, those abominations exist in that city, because her revived, augmented, multiplied churches acquiesce in them. Every one knows that were her pulpits and pews to speak, and vote as they should, all her cars would be opened as readily to people of one complexion as another. Every one knows that the dram-shops of New York could not withstand the combined testimony of her churches. But her churches are not churches of Jesus Christ any farther than they are actively against her dram-shops and her outrages upon the colored man.

Peterboro, as you remember, shared in last year's revival. But is she the better for it? Has she less sectarianism? Much more.

Has she proved herself more true to temperance and freedom? Much less. Have even her pastors, who were so active in the revivals, shown their own profiting by it? Of only one of them can I speak. I well remember how earnestly at former elections he called on the people to vote the abolition and temperance ticket; but I am told that he was never known to open his lips for it at the last election. It was a sad change in my old friend and pastor. Was it the revival or something else that wrought it? True he is of late much taken up with the doctrines of religion. But does he hold that he is, therefore, excused from its practice? True he is of late very busy in dealing damnation among those who dissent from his interpretation of those doctrines. But is the merit of this work so great

as to atone for the neglect at the ballot-box of the bleeding slave and the bleeding cause of temperance? Oh, when will these doctrinal religionists learn that the promise of heaven is to him that "worketh righteousness"—that "he that doeth righteousness is righteous," and that "whosoever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother!"

Finally, we are charged with being infidels. Now, although I would advise that this and all other false charges against us be borne with good temper, I am nevertheless, of the opinion that we should quit the defensive, and pursue our assailants. When they charge us with being infidels because of our defective creeds, let us charge them with being infidels because of their wicked deeds. And this we are to do, not in the spirit of revenge, but for the purpose of putting them upon juster thoughts of themselves, and, as may perhaps follow, upon a needed commendation of themselves.

A very large majority of those who have the impudence to bring this charge against us prove themselves atheists by their treatment of their fellowmen. All persons are atheists who do not honor God by honoring his children. Hence, all are atheists who refuse to eat with their colored brethren, or to sit by their side in the carriage or pew. And if there are Christians that vote for men who recognize the legality of Slavery, and wield the power of their office to perpetuate the bondage of the slave, none the less atheistic is such voting. And so, too, voting for those who recognize the sacred rights in intoxicating liquors, when offered for sale as a beverage, and are in favor of keeping up the dramshop, is none the less atheistic, because therefore Christians who are guilty of it.

But I must bring my too long discourse to a close. This an unsaved world. Superstitions have been employed to save it, and of course unsuccessfully. A misinterpreted and corrupted Christianity has been found inadequate. It will remain an unsaved world until truth shall be made of the true Christianity, of that religion of nature and reason which tests men not by their doctrines, but "by their fruits," and which makes it "the one great work of every person to elevate himself and all within his reach to the very highest resemblance of God that humanity is capable of attaining."

Shall we, my neighbors, have a part in bringing the world under the power of this only saving religion? Let us remember that we cannot have it, unless we bring ourselves under its power. We cannot be instrumental in spreading abroad this only true religion unless we have made it the treasure of our own hearts and the attraction and glory of our own lives.

(The following original hymns were sung in connection with Mr. Smith's Discourse, at Peterboro, N. Y.)

- For near two thousand years, have shone
The light and love of Jesus life:
Yet over all this world are known
Deep darkness and gloomy strife;
- Blind superstition holds its reign;
Ambition, war, and lust rage still;
And Slavery and greedy gain
The cup of human misery fill.
- Then has not Jesus' life the power
To save this world from sin and woe?
Where is the fault—that to this hour
The world does not salvation know?
- It is that faith in Jesus' life
Has given place to faith in creeds:
And doctrines and dogmatic strife
Are valued more than christianist deeds.
- Hasten, Oh God, the blessed time
When party walls shall be no more;
When Jesus' love and life sublime
Shall draw all hearts, the broad earth o'er.
- And when all hearts these magnets draw
To Jesus' heart and Jesus' deeds;
Then this "fulfilling of the law"
Will leave no work for sects and creeds.

- Oh what a holy happy place
Would Peterboro be
Were all her people by God's grace
From party spirit free!
- Nor Methodist, nor Baptist more
Nor Presbyterian name,
Nor bigot-hate and barred door
Our quarrels would proclaim!
- Nor shameless Democratic cheats
Could then affect our state,
Nor shy Republican deceits
Our bosoms penetrate.
- But then from demagogues set free
And evading priestly thrall,
In this great truth we'd quick agree—
That Christ is all in all.
- And then, if ask'd a sect to be;
And thus divide Christ's sheep;
We'd ask the question—Would not He
O'er such division weep?
- And then if ask'd to vote for men
Who dram-shops will maintain,
Or those who slave laws don't condemn,
We'd go to Christ again!
- And ask Him our poor souls to save
In this temptation's hour;
And let us not betray the slave,
Nor swell the huge rum power.
- Thrice happy they who've grace to throw
All party in the sea?
Thrice happy they whose hearts do know
The truth alone makes free.
- To love our God and all mankind
Is the religion which we preach:
The same religion that we find
Our Savior came on earth to teach.
- The heart in which this love resides
Is full of peace and blessedness;
The life which this religion guides
Is beautiful with righteousness.
- The man controlled by this true love
Finds in his soul this daily food;

- Is ever harmless as the dove;
Spends all his time in doing good.
- No sect his sympathies can bind;
No party spirit him can sway;
No tempter reach his heavenly mind;
No passion cloud his perfect day.
- He casts no votes for men who own
That rum for beverage may be sold:
Nor either those who are not known
"No LAW FOR SLAVERY" to hold.
- With priests who make their iron creeds
The test of every human heart,
And thus disparage Christ-like deeds,
His righteous soul can have no part.
- Oh when shall men the sure truth weigh
That reason is religion true?
And that our reason to obey
Is to obey the great God too?

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT, Passed May 2, 1848.

We again copy the act passed by Parliament, two hundred and ten years ago last May, fixing the penalty of death in case they did not believe as therein set forth. This we think accounts for much of the blind adherence to the doctrines set forth in this bill, and which would not be received by any enlightened mind of the present age.

We copy this to show that the book we call the Bible was legalized by the courts of England, and thereby claimed the reverence of generations down to the present.

"For punishing Blasphemies and Heresies.—For the preventing of the growth of heresy and blasphemy, be it ordained by the Lords and Commons in this present Parliament assembled, that all such persons as shall from and after the date of this present ordinance, willingly by writing, preaching, teaching or printing, maintain that there is no God, or that God is not present in all places, doth not know and foreknow all things, or that he is not Almighty, that he is not perfectly holy, or that he is not Eternal, or that the Father is not God, the Son is not God, or that the Holy Ghost is not God, or that they three are not one eternal God; or that shall in like manner maintain and publish, that Christ is not God equal with the Father, or shall deny the manhood of Christ, or that the humanity of Christ is pure and unspotted of all sin; or that shall maintain as aforesaid, that Christ did not die, nor rise from the dead, nor is ascended into heaven bodily, or that shall deny his death is meritorious in the behalf of believers; or that shall maintain and publish as aforesaid, that Jesus Christ is not the Son of God, or that the Holy Scripture (viz) of the Old Testament, Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, 1 Samuel, 2 Samuel, 1 Kings, 2 Kings, 1 Chronicles, 2 Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi. Of the New Testament, the Gospels according to Matthew, Mark, Luke, John. The Acts of the Apostles, Paul's Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians the first, Corinthians the second, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians the first, Thessalonians the second, Timothy the first, Timothy the second, Titus, to Philemon, the Epistle to the Hebrews, the Epistle of James, the first and second Epistle Peter, the first, second and third Epistles of John, the Epistle of Jude, the Revelation of John, is not the word of God, or that the bodies of men shall not rise again after they are dead, or that there is no day of judgement after death, all such maintaining and publishing of such error or errors, with obstinacy therein, shall by virtue hereof be adjudged felony, and all such persons upon complaint or proof made of the same in any of the cases aforesaid, before any two of the next justices of the peace for that place or county, by the oaths of two witnesses (which said justices of peace in such cases shall have power to administer) or confession of the party, the said party so accused shall be committed to prison, and there to be committed to prison without bail, or mainprize, until the next goal delivery to be held for that place or county, and the witnesses likewise shall be bound over to the said goal delivery to give in their evidence; and at the said goal delivery the party shall be indicted for feloniously publishing and maintaining such error, and in case the indictment be found, and the party upon his trial shall not abjure his said error, and defence and maintenance of the same, he shall suffer the pains of death, as in case of felony without benefit of clergy.

But in case he shall recant or renounce and abjure his said error or errors, and the maintenance and publishing the same, he shall nevertheless remain in prison until he shall find two sureties, being subsidy men, that shall be bound with him before two or more justices of the peace or goal delivery, that he shall not henceforth publish or maintain as aforesaid; the said errors any more; and the said justices shall have power hereby to take bail in such cases.

And be it further enacted, that in case any person formerly indicted for publishing and maintaining such erroneous opinion or opinions, as aforesaid, and renouncing and abjuring the same shall nevertheless again publish and maintain his said former error or errors, as aforesaid, and the same proved as aforesaid, the said party so offending shall be indicted as aforesaid. And in case the indictment be then found upon the trial, and it shall appear that formerly the party was convicted of the same error, and publishing and maintaining thereof, and renounced and abjured the same, the offender shall suffer death as in case of felony, without benefit of clergy.

Be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that all and every person or persons, that shall publish or maintain as aforesaid, any of the several errors hereafter ensuing, viz that all men are saved, or that man by nature is free from sin, or that God, or the God may be worshipped in or by pictures or images, or that the soul of any man after death goeth neither to heaven or hell, but to purgatory, or that the soul of man dieth or sleepeth when the body is dead, or that Revelations or the workings of the spirit are a rule of faith or Christian life, though diverse from or contrary to the written word of God; or that man is bound to believe no more than by his reason he can comprehend; or that the Moral Law of God contained in the ten commandments is no rule of Christian life; or that a believer need not repent or pray for the pardon of sins; or that the two Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper are not ordinances commanded by the word of God; or that the baptizing of infants is unlawful, or such baptism is void; and that such persons ought to be baptised again, and in pursuance thereof shall baptize any person formerly baptised; or that the observation of the Lord's Day as it is ordained by the laws and ordinances of this Realm, is not according, or is contrary to the word of God, or that it is not lawful to join in public prayer or family prayer, or to teach children to pray, or that the Churches of England are no true Churches, nor their ministers and ordinances true ministers and ordinances, or that the Church governed by presbytery is anti-christian or unlawful, or that Magistracy or the power of the civil magistrate by law established in England is unlawful, or that all use of arms though for the public defence (and be the cause never so just) is unlawful, and in case the party accused of such publishing and maintaining of any of the said

errors shall be thereof convicted to have published and maintained the same as aforesaid, by the testimony of two or more witnesses upon oath, or confession of the said party before two of the next justices of the peace for the said place or county, whereof one to be the quorum, (who are hereby required and authorized to send for witnesses and examine upon oath in such cases, in the presence of the party) the party so convicted shall be ordered by the said justices to renounce his said errors in the public congregation of the same parish from whence the complaint doth come, or where the offence was committed, and in case he refuseth or neglecteth to perform the same, at or upon the day, time and place appointed by the said justices, then he shall be committed to prison by the said justices, until he shall find two sufficient sureties before two justices of peace for the said place or county (whereof one shall be of the quorum) that he shall not publish or maintain the said error or errors any more.

Provided always, and be it ordained by the authority aforesaid, that no attainer by virtue hereof shall extend either to the forfeiture of the estate real or personal of such person attainted, or such person's blood.

SOUTH ROYALTON BANK.

Continued.

This was an eventful time for this young institution. Having at the time over \$80,000 in circulation, and every Bank in the country sending our bills to the Suffolk Bank, rendered it a matter of great doubt, in the minds of those connected with our bank, and a matter of great certainty, in the minds of the community, as to the final result. I was, for one, determined to sell ourselves as dear as possible, if we were to be crushed by this money monopoly and tyrant. I had looked the system of New England Banking through, in all its bearings, and could not comply with its terms. To see the pet Banks bow to this mother tyrant, in all their unreasonable askings, was too much for me to endure. The forty two Banks then in this State were sweating at every pore, at the rate of \$100,000 per annum, and they, the pet Banks, taking the same out of the community, and all to gratify the oppressive askings of the Suffolk Bank. With these convictions, based upon the most careful examination, I thought it a duty to withstand their claims, at whatever cost or peril. After making such preliminary arrangements as we could, we waited the movement of the Monster, who at this time had almost the entire circulation of our Bank. Very soon a tall, dark complexioned, full eyed stranger stepped off the cars, and booked his name at II. H. Woodward's Hotel, in our little village. This was in the after-noon, on the arrival of the mail train from Boston; but this visitor was from Charleston. So nothing was said or done to indicate his business. The night passed, and morning came as usual; nothing was said until 10 o'clock, when he entered our Bank, climbing the stairs with an elastic step, and placing himself in front of our counter demanded payment on \$10,000 of our notes. His manner indicated the assurance that he was well aware of his importance, or rather, I might say, the importance of his mission, and the apparent assurance of his success, in making us succumb to his wishes. He stripped the wrapper from the package of notes in a twinkling, slapped them on the counter, as though they were burning his financial fingers for want of approbation from the Suffolk to justify their issue. However all this parade did not particularly frighten us, more than had the threats of the Suffolk, which had sent him hither. I was then behind the counter, with Mr. Stowell, (our Cashier,) and quietly enquired of the gentleman, whose interests he represented. He immediately responded, with an air of assurance, that it was the Suffolk Bank. What may I call your name? I asked. "William Wyman," was the immediate reply. I then ran the seeming risk of enquiring if he was acquainted with the Free Banking Law of Vermont, when he had no hesitation in assuring us he was. Then, said I, it is unnecessary for me to state to you that these notes you present, are secured by a full and complete pledge with the Treasurer of the State, and therefore the law has given us ten days to redeem. This did not suit his convenience, and he demanded immediate payment, as he wished to return on the next train to Boston. I informed him that I was busy about my work with the men, but if he would be so kind as to wait over one day, we might pay the amount, or if he did not like that proposition he might leave his package, and we would send the amount to Boston. This he would have considered imposition and insult, were it not for the fact that he supposed we were, both, weak and green. So on the whole he concluded to stop over until the next day, when we paid him the coin for the amount of his notes, and he took the train for Boston, with but little, if any, information more than when he came, except he had had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance with the President of the South Royalton Bank, which became more interesting at subsequent visits.

We could have paid him the amount at presentation if we had chose to, but thought the time would soon come when we could not, and thought it wise and prudent to start with the right to any part, or all the ten day-givers by the law. I was satisfied that we had before us a financial fight, and however unequal it was, did not intend to falter or flinch, while Woodward's horses were able to walk, or the hearts of our associates beat with a throb or a thrill of the justice of our cause. As soon as this visitor was away, we took the bills that we had redeemed and exchanged them for the bills or notes of other Banks, and demanded of them the specie; in this way we replenished, from time to time, the drafts made upon us. The Suffolk Bank continued to send

Continued on the second page.