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THE LADY AND LOVER.

A REAL ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XI.

"And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical. Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews, and harlequins and clowns."

The appointed day had dawned. On that clear morning the massive bell of the Campanile, that was not rung except on great occasions, gave notice to the inhabitants of Venice that a new Doge was to be set upon the throne in the ducal palace. Strangely enough sounded its tones in many ears, sending chilling thoughts through many hearts, for it was still fresh in their memory of the violent death of the Doge whose vacancy was now to be filled.

People were gathered by thousands—the streets, and public buildings and squares, and the streets of water that crossed and recrossed the city in all directions were flaunting gaily with flags and streamers, and dotted with light gondolas. There was a blaze of joy on every face. The very atmosphere seemed full of a glorious spirit, exhilarating and inspiring all.

On the Rialto bridge a large procession was already forming, intending to march to the square of St. Mark, and there publicly offer their congratulations to the newly elected Doge. There were huge banners erected above their heads, bearing suitable inscriptions. Ever and anon, the moving people sent up loud and prolonged shouts. Above all streamed the strains of exultant music, and they were wafted through every street of the city, sweet and tenderly subdued.

The peal of the massive bell was still kept up. The people still continued their talking, laughing, and loyal shouts. The gondoliers joined still more merrily in their loud songs. In the glad sunlight the flags flaunted still more gaily, and the dense crowds hurried on to the marble stairs that led to the ducal palace.

The newly elected Doge—Count Cesario—not long afterwards stepped forth to the brink of the high stairs of the palace, and looked steadily down on the crowds below him. San Marco was packed with human beings. For a vast distance, the housetops were loaded with eager spectators. And the gondolas, quietly reposing on the bosom of the water, could not well have been made to contain more.

The moment the new Doge made his appearance on the top of the stairs, the thousands assembled sent up a shout that rent the air, and reached to the very empyrean. The Doge graciously acknowledged this spontaneous act of loyalty and devotion by a low bow, many times repeated; and then the acclamation from the populace was sent up to the sky again and again. The Doge was arrayed in his robes of office, and looked the personation of nobility itself.

Very soon the ceremony of taking the ducal bonnet—as a badge of office—and of putting on the ducal ring, was performed in the presence of the people, and then it was all over.

It was understood by all the people present that this was a new holiday for them, and it was their intention to make the most of it. The whole city was alive with rejoicings and demonstrations of delight.

Then followed on the same evening, the masquerade—that offering of the social feelings of the people about the Adriatic and the blue Mediterranean.

"The monk, the nun, the holy legate masked, And all the madness of the carnival."

In the pleasure-hall were assembled crowds without name or number. Every one determined to enjoy himself to the utmost limit. The Doge himself was present, with all his pompous retinue. He was surrounded by fair ladies and proud men, who, by their presence and their speeches, did what they could to add to the happiness of the new head of the state.

The hall was a large one, high and long, and it was thronged with the gay company. Nuns and Jews, in disguise, mingled freely with the proudest Venetian dames and nobles. Poor men, in decent rags, were by the side of haughty and over-dressed lords, yet both concealed from recognition by the screen of the domino. The robber and bandit came up and conversed with high-born ladies, with wives and daughters of noblemen, of councillors, and, above all, of the secret Counsellors of the Ten. In the midst of that gay and tumultuous scene, intrigues without number were planned by those who had the taste for them.

Even Marina was there, too—the daughter of the deceased Doge; but the honor she was doing the occasion was only nominal, by simply gliding through the crowded halls in her mask. Very few knew, or suspected, who she was in her disguise.

While she was walking musingly along through the hall, her eyes chanced to alight upon another pair, belonging to a face that appeared to be closely masked. The other pair of eyes met hers, likewise, at the same moment, and their possessor took the liberty to move nearer to her.

"Most gracious lady!" saluted the voice beneath the mask.

"You honor me, sir," responded the lady.

"I am happy that you are well," said the voice.

"Strange! What can that be to thee?"

"It ever gratifies me to know that beauty is not wretched. You have had sufficient cause to be miserable."

"By the holy angel! But, sir, how know you that your congratulations belong to me? Dost think me a beauty, then?"

"I am satisfied of it."

"But how can that be? You know me not!"

"Be not too positive, fair lady."

"Fair lady! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I amuse you, it seems."

"You do, really, sir."

"But I have spoken only what I know—no more."

"How do you know it?"

"Shall I prove it to you, then?"

"Certainly; if you can do so."

"Then let me tell you your name, lady!"

"Do so! What is it? Tell if you can!"

"Marina."

"Farwell!" was her only response.

She turned abruptly, and even rudely, away. Could any one have looked under that light mask of hers, and seen the countenance—burning red as it was—he would have been satisfied for himself that this was indeed Marina. The stranger had rightly said.

Again the disguised one passed another stranger. He judged the voice to be that of a man.

"Whence comest thou?" demanded the strange voice.

"From the side of a pretty domino. What news bring you?"

"None as yet; but I trust it will not be long before we shall have some."

"What, in particular, do you expect?"

"Alas! we are hoping to hear of the capture of the great robber and bandit, Bando!"

"Do you so? I am glad to hear of it. I trust he may be captured."

"The Doge intends to fit out, as soon as the ceremonies are over fairly over, an expedition against some famous robber and all his band. It has lately been reported, by means of vigilant spies, that the place has been discovered where they find shelter, and the Doge hopes soon to attack and capture or kill them every one."

"But does he seriously believe he can accomplish so desirable a plan?"

"Do it! Why not? What may not the Doge do? Bando's hand cannot be more than three score strong, for so has the Doge learned no longer ago than this very day."

"Pray, how did he hear that? I am glad even that much has been learned."

"It was ascertained through a youthful page who belongs to this bandit. He was captured only today."

"What! Is it true?"

"Too true. He was this very day taken."

"And he told all? He made a clean breast of it?"

"No, not all; but quite enough to make the Doge believe he could, if he would, tell more."

"And did he refuse to tell more?"

"He did. He made an oath that neither rack, nor torture, nor prison itself, however administered, should ever avail to start his secrets from him. He swore to die with it."

"Courageous little villain! What, pray, is his name?"

"He calls himself Fedore; but it is not known whether it be his own name, or an assumed one."

"Assumed, without a doubt. But can you tell me where the fellow is now, with his most important secret?"

"Safely immured in a dungeon."

"When will he come to trial?"

"Just as soon as the festivities are all over; not before. The Doge has too much regard for the people to be willing to interrupt their timely rejoicings by announcing, or hastening, such a trial. It would throw gloom over everything."

"Certainly it would, and therefore the trial is well deferred. But I am glad enough to know that he has been captured, and, above all, that Bando himself must now soon be in their power. How many are the scores that are marked against him?"

"Of a truth, indeed."

The two masks then nodded to one another, and passed on.

The one who had so frankly told Marina who she was, and had likewise just received the intelligence respecting the capture of Fedore, next walked up composedly to the side of a third person, and spoke in a low tone, that could not have been overheard by any:

"Viola!"

Instantly the domino thus addressed quivered from her head to her feet.

"Who calls me Viola?" demanded the mask, taking courage and raising herself to her proudest height.

"It was I, fair lady," calmly replied the other.

"Pray do not be angry with me for it."

"But first tell me why it is you think I am Viola."

"I cannot tell you now. Yet I should not know, fair lady, had I not many times gazed into the dreamy depths of those beautiful blue eyes."

"You are mistaken, sir," said the lady.

"Often, lady, have I looked into them."

"Where?"

"At the garden gate of Count Cesario, the new Doge."

"But who, then, are you, sir?"

"Do you truly desire to know?"

"I would be satisfied at once."

"Then know that I am Bando!"

"Bando!"

"Hush! Speak it not aloud! Eager ears and eyes are everywhere about us! Ah, Viola! my darling Viola!"

"It is Viola!" responded the voice of the female, suddenly changed in its tone. How didst thou know me, Bando?"

"Be cautious how you speak that word! Pronounce not that dreaded name aloud, or it may be too late for me to make my escape. We do not altogether know who may be about us. But tell me one thing, Viola: how did thy father, the new Doge, receive thee, the other night?"

"With surprise and astonishment."

"With passion, too?"

"No, not once: he was strangely perplexed what to do, and so he told me. From his own lips I first learned that he had been elected Doge, and was very soon to be invested with authority. Afterwards, he informed me that he should perform his duty toward thee."

"Didst thou acquaint him with thy strange escape from death?"

"Not that; but I told him of the manner in which you rescued me from a fearful death. Therein I told what was true."

"And what said he to that?"

"At first, he was lost in wonder. Again he asked me, and yet again, if I could say that I loved you as, before. To this I made answer by asking him if he would have me hate you. This only served to puzzle him the more. He began at once and named over your many crimes—as he chose to call them—which I readily offset with thy virtues, and thy generous and noble deeds."

"Thou makest a right valiant defender, Viola."

"But why should I not be ready and willing to risk everything for thee, when it was by thy hand alone that I was saved, and still owe thee my existence?"

"But tell me, Viola, how camest thou to—"

"By my own father's wish. He declared that no child of his should be prevented, or prohibited from entering into the festivities of this joyful occasion. He has taken the dual honors."

"But does he say no more of the convent?"

"No, not as yet. I have repeated to him everything you told me of that."

"He will be likely to heed you."

"I pray sincerely that he may; but I am resolved to take my own life, before I will go into a nunnery now!"

"Do not speak thus, Viola. You will never go there again. It is I who have said it."

"And what thou sayest shall be even so."

"But another thing, Viola: I have just learned that my pretty young page, Fedore, is a close prisoner."

"Fedore!"

"The Doge declares that he will have him brought to open trial, as soon as these festivities are over; and then he expects to learn from his lips where he may be found Bando and his trusty followers!"

"Do you think he will learn that?"

"On the contrary, I know he will not. Never fear for Fedore. They shall pull his very limbs apart, tender and fair as they are, ere they succeed in wrenching any secret of me from his sealed lips."

"Grant it be so!"

"Be careful, Viola! Thou art uttering treason! We do not know who may overhear!"

"Then I repeat my words again, from a fuller and more resolute heart!"

"Farewell, my dear Viola! I cannot tarry here a moment longer. I must away."

"Farewell, my love! May angels watch over thee, whether on land or sea, sleeping or waking! Farewell!"

Bando took her hand and raised it to his lips. Impressing on it a kiss, he had, in another moment, turned away and passed out of her sight.

The scene changes. Bando is once more among his lawless band of freebooters. His handsome countenance expressed intense sadness, for he could not drive it out of his thoughts where he had so recently been.

The instant he made his appearance among his men, a score or more of voices shouted forth:

"Hurrah for our brave leader! Hurrah!"

And off came full three score caps simultaneously, with flowing plumes of snow and glistening jewels upon them, and up they went above their heads, while the entire cavern in all its compartments and windings reverberated with their lofty cheer.

"My comrades!" at length addressed Bando to them, as he took his position in their midst.

"Hush! Hush!" the elder ones now cried out.

"Our brave master calls! Attention and silence, comrades!"

Immediately a dead silence reigned through the cavern.

"Comrades!" a second time called out Bando. All eyes were fixed intently on the speaker.

"I am just from Venice. To-day the new Doge has been enthroned in office. He has put the ducal crown upon his head—the head of a weak man—and has already made an exhibition of his power."

"What!" cried out several voices together.

"What!"

"Fedore is at this moment a captive in Venice," said Bando.

"Fedore! Captive!" all exclaimed in surprise and alarm.

"Yes; my brave young page is even at this moment immured in a dungeon. Escape is for him impossible. As soon as the festivities are over, he will be brought out for public trial. This very night I have heard such news from living lips in Venice. Therefore I shall be ready to return once more, when the tournament is held in St. Marks, and after that I shall attend closely upon the trial."

"You!" exclaimed a score of voices.

"Yes, I! What have I to fear?"

"But if you are captured, too!"

"Then with Fedore I shall die!" He spoke with resolute calm. "But they will never take me prisoner! I am safe from that; my time has not yet come!"

His comrades exchanged significant glances, but nothing was said in reply. It was evident that they deemed this undertaking one of the most rash and hazardous ones on the part of their leader, yet none ventured so to inform him. They much doubted their own judgment, by the side of his.

"So fill up your goblets, comrades!" said Bando. "Fill high your goblets, to-night; for this may be our very last meeting!"

The thought cast a shade of momentary sadness over all faces. The goblets were filled, and round went the generous wine. Every man present stood and looked at his leader, as if he thought indeed that this meeting was their last one.

"Now drink," said he, "to the cause of the oppressed!"

"The cause of the oppressed!" echoed the rest, raising their brimming goblets to their lips.

In no time at all they had drained their beakers, and, setting them down again, fell to counting over their recent games, or to discussing new plans for plunder, or to commenting on the surprising capture of young Fedore, and what it would probably lead to—for Fedore was a general favorite, and his loss would be sensibly felt.

There was no more quiet for Bando. Up and down he went toward the ground, and his face expressing unwonted anxiety, if not outright sorrow. He exchanged no more words with any present, for some time, and the rest appeared to understand very well that he was not to be interrupted in his thoughts.

Becoming weary of this monotonous exercise, he at length threw himself down upon the couch standing in one of the cavern recesses, and gave himself up entirely to the control of his feelings. In this position, however, he had not remained a great while, before one of his oldest and bravest followers came and ventured to sit down beside him, and enter into conversation.

"My good master Bando," began the man, whose name was Guiseppe, "at what time does this famous tournament in the place of St. Mark's come off?"

"Only to-morrow," was the answer.

"Do you mean, master, certainly to be there?"

"I certainly do. Events are to be watched just now very closely, since it is given out, rather publicly, that the new Doge has discovered the hiding-place of Bando and his men, and that he is making preparations to meet us here. We must hear, and see, and know everything now."

"But, master, how many of our enemies, do you think, would be able to enter this cavern alive?"

"Not one, I am persuaded, while my men live," was the proud answer.

"You have spoken only the truth, master. The grave does not hold its victims more tenaciously within its hungry jaws, than would this very cave those who inhabit it. I only speak what I know, when I say that this cave would never, never disgorge us alive!"

"I am persuaded it never would, Guiseppe."

"Do you intend to enter the lists at the tournament, master?"

"That must of course depend upon the challenges."

"But your barb? Where will you procure that?"

"In Venice I shall find one. Never fear for that, Guiseppe!"

"Is it, then, your fixed determination to go to-morrow?"

"It is; at early dawn."

"But who is to accompany you on this dangerous expedition, master?"

"Guiseppe, would you like to?"

"Nothing would suit me better."

"Then early in the morning, while they are all still asleep, we will be up and away. Venice is having a three days' intoxication, and the spies will be less vigilant. Good-night, then, comrade. Early in the morning, remember!"

The other left his side, and in a short time Bando fell off into an easy slumber.

CHAPTER XII.

"Who is this? Who truly looketh like a demi-god. Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and stature, If not more high than mortal, yet immortal. In all that nameless bearing of his limbs, Which he wears as the sun his rays?"

Bando arose from his couch very early the next morning, before even one of his comrades in the cavern were awake. Going on tiptoe over to the place where Guiseppe slept, he proceeded with all possible gentleness to rouse him. The latter raised his head with a sudden start, apparently much chagrined that his master was thus before him; but he quickly sprang up from his couch, and made what amends he could by his greater despatch in getting ready for his journey.

Out from the low-browed mouth of the cavern they went stealthily, and stole off to a little boat that was rooking on the tiny waves beneath the cliff, into which they hurried themselves and sailed away. Toward the queen of the sea they sailed, skimming the dancing waters like a bird of the air. The waves were but little excited. Scarce a breath of wind winged its way over the broad and free Adriatic, that could ruffle the water that sparkled and gleamed from the prow of their craft.

It was a quick sail they made, and they reached the stone quay almost before they were aware of it. The bark grazed against the stair, and the two men landed at once.

Venice was still asleep. Few, besides the watch, were stirring along the streets and canals. The excitement of the day before had wearied the people more than common, and they were now buried in a deeper sleep than ordinary.

The two adventurers waited for nothing, but pushed rapidly forward. Through darkened archway, and gloomy recess and alley, beneath overshadowing pillar and column, they went, carefully shunning contact with any person whose approaching footsteps gave them sufficient warning. At last they came to a place of comparative safety, out of observation entirely; and here they remained unseen, till the actual day of the proud city came on.

Venice was brilliant indeed, on that morning. Orders had been issued by the Doge beforehand, that preparations for the celebration of the approaching tournament should be made on a scale of unparalleled splendor; and therefore, at an early hour, notwithstanding the pleasures that were crowded into the hours of the previous day, the gondolas, all laden with living freight, were to be seen gliding up and down the streets of water, and the walks and doors were crowded with people. It was no common matter for the citizens to witness a tournament, and every one who had it in his power, made it a point to attend in person.

The hour was to take place in the spacious square of San Marco. The entire place had been admirably, and very magnificently, fitted up for the occasion, above the other, and calculated to hold several thousands of spectators. The arena, or tilting-ground, was fenced in with ropes and chains, by the aid of which every one was excluded up to the time when the several knights, who were ambitious of the prize offered by the new Doge, should enter at the blast of the bugle.

In dense, dark masses, the people collected all around the spot; and still they kept gathering, wave upon wave, till the whole square was black, so jammed was it with the assemblage. Every bridge, every house-top, and all the marble stairs to all the mansions, from which a sight might be obtained of the exciting events of the day, were literally covered thick with human beings. Such a gala day had not been enjoyed in Venice for many and many a day before.

Presently, the hour that was to open the ceremonies drew nigh, and its near approach was publicly proclaimed to the city by the tolling of the great bells in the towers of St. Mark and St. Paul. The very prisoners in the subterranean dungeons caught the sound, and wondered what it might mean. Simultaneously with the peal of the bells a trumpet within the arena brayed forth its sonorous voice, and a thousand pairs of eyes were directed to the entrance of the enclosure, through which the combatants were to come upon the ground.

At once a cavalcade of horsemen variously mounted and equipped with armor, poured in a stream into the arena through this entrance, and, riding around the same at great speed, did courtesy to the Doge as they passed the place where he sat, and then retired, in a double column, to the side of the enclosure quite opposite that on which was the entrance.

In a few moments the Doge rose from the high, tapestried chair which he occupied, with stately pride. Over this chair was stretched a canopy of blue velvet, ornamented with stripes and stars of gold, the effect of which was very striking upon the beholder. Next, a herald rode forth into the centre of the ring, in a loud and clear voice commanding perfect silence. In a moment all voices were hushed, so still that the temporary silence became even oppressive.

"In the name of Venice, hear!" exclaimed the Doge. "I do hereby name Viola, the daughter of your Doge, the Queen of Youth and Beauty! Let him who chooses, enter the lists to vindicate her claim to that seat! The competitor who shall be declared victorious, shall place on her head a wreath of laurel wreaths, and have the privilege of kissing her fair hand. Let the ambitious hear!"

The moment he resumed his seat, a buzz of voices arose around the entire arena. The confusion, for a time, was greater than it had been at any period before. Everybody turned to the one next him, to discuss the appearance of the Doge's daughter, the promise of the different combatants, and above all, the glorious character of the scene. Well might they think it was glorious, too. Rows upon rows of human heads were ranged above and above the enclosed space, from which place itself the view was well calculated to invite even the cowardly to deeds of valor, or to inspire the most listless hearts with a deep and strong ambition. The proud Doge himself sat down nearly at the base of those temporary stairs, and, lower still, even at his feet, was the beautiful and gentle Viola, reclining gracefully on a half-couch, and awaiting the opening of the matches. The daughters of the nobles seated beside their proud

and stately mothers, whose jewels gleamed all over their persons in great profusion, and daisied the eyes of all who glanced in that direction, sat arranged in long lines on either side of the peerless form of the Queen of Youth and Beauty, standing with minute attentiveness the unsurpassed perfection of her form and features, and surveying with delight the magnificent and truly bewildering scene spread out before them.

The trumpet gave another sound; and another troop of heralds came sweeping in through the entrance, and galloped fiercely around the entire enclosure. Their dresses were of the most fantastic description imaginable. As they swept the circuit in such a dashing group, their snow-white plumes trailing after them, and the curious embroideries on their garments showing off to a strange advantage as they went, the bright sunlight fell upon them with a bewildering effect. After this manoeuvre was performed, they proceeded to take their station at the opposite part of the amphitheatre from where the lances were poised, and awaited their orders.

There followed a profound silence, for several minutes. Heads were thrust forward, and hearts were all anxious, to know who were to compete for the honor of crowning the daughter of the Doge the queen of youth and beauty. The very silence was eloquent.

A very youthful looking knight at length rode forth with an air of quiet gracefulness, after an interval, and continued his slow course quite around the arena. When he came opposite to where Viola was seated, together with the Doge and his retinue of nobles, he suddenly reined in his steed, and gracefully saluted the noble personages who had favored the scene with their presence. Then he rode away again to the further part of the arena.

The assembled multitude studied his strange equipment with the deepest curiosity. He was mounted on a steed that was not a whit above medium size—a milk-white barb, substantially encased in armor. The animal was certainly one of surpassing beauty. Its housings were of the deepest crimson color, that formed a striking and elegant contrast with his own pure white. The shield and breastplate that protected his snowy breast, glistened and clanked with wonderful effect.

But if the steed was a marvel, his rider was more marked still. He was of fine proportion, not too tall, and with most graceful moulded limbs. He wore an armor of the brightest shining steel upon his limbs, and gauntlets of the same highly polished material protected his wrists and arms. His helmet shone like a burning light in the sun, whose high crest was crowned with a long scarlet plume, that draped with extreme grace over one of his shoulders. But on examining his furnishing a little more closely still, all the spectators were greatly astonished to discover, that, instead of being suitably protected about his body by the same coat of mail that was worn by combatants generally, he was merely clad in a light silk tunic, which, like his other adornments and equipments, was of the brightest crimson.

As soon as this fact became generally known to the spectators, a murmur of subdued applause ran around the outside of the arena.

"What insanity!" all were ready to exclaim, on beholding his hazard.

"He must certainly seek death!" said a lady to her neighbor, "remember the Doge to one of the nobles near him."

Viola shuddered, and feared that some terrible deed must follow such rashness. Her surprise was so great, that for some moments her breath was quite suspended. Her face was ashy pale, for the fear was already awakened within her that the strange knight was intending rashly to throw away his life.

While she was laboring under the influence of her fears, up rode the knight, with all conceivable grace and gallantry, directly before her, and with extreme courtesy, saluted, first, herself, and afterwards, the Doge and his nobles that were grouped around him. Then he majestically wheeled on his horse, and slowly passed over to where the heralds were posted, awaiting their orders. Riding closely up to one of their number, he bent over towards him and dropped a remark in his ear in a low voice, which made him still more mysterious in the eyes of the spectators. In another moment, however, the whole mystery was explained; for the herald addressed, rode forth into the middle of the arena, blowing a shrill blast from his brazen trumpet, and thus cried aloud:

"Hear ye, Knights and proud Gentlemen of Venice: Don Calderon, the son of Spain, and Knight of the Glistening Shield, challenges any who will, to break a lance with him, for the honor of crowning the Queen of Youth and Beauty!"

Instantly upon delivering this courteous challenge, he wheeled and retired to his station on the further side again.

A trumpet very soon rang in clarion tones from the opposite side of the amphitheatre, and a stately and elegantly formed knight rode forth at once, who, having proceeded to salute in due form the youthful queen, together with her father and the nobles—as Don Calderon had just done before him, retired to a position in the amphitheatre opposite his challenger.

It was a study to watch those two combatants. There they sat upon their chargers, as fixed and firm as two marble statues, waiting only for the wanted signal, to dash forward to the hazardous, and probably, fatal, encounter. The one who had just, by his act, silently accepted the challenge of Don Calderon, was named Signor Lioni. As soon as this announcement of his name, too, was made, great applause followed from the spectators, for it was well known that Signor Lioni was no ordinary lance, and it was not thought that even the most daring and gallant knight could safely withstand the strength and dexterity of his brave right arm. They continued for some time to sit like rigid statues, in their saddles, with their right hands holding their lances in rest, and, with their left, bearing their upraised shields, from whose polished surfaces, as from polished mirrors, the sun's rays were thrown back dazzlingly. Their eyes glanced at one another across the arena from between the bars of their helmets, with the expression almost of basilisks.

Pretty soon the herald again raised his trumpet to his lips, and blew a blast that started the whole assembly out of their reverie, and made the very welkin ring. The combatants were now the objects of the universal gaze. Simultaneously, each of them drove the wheels deep into his horse's side, and they rushed forward with lightning-like speed, to the exciting encounter. The shock of so sudden a meeting was as if several shields together had rung. It was tremendous, and the earth fairly trembled beneath their feet.

Wickedly indeed, the spear of his taller opponent

was aimed directly at the unprotected portion of Don Calderon's body, as if it had been his intent to despatch him at a single vigorous thrust. Fortunately, however, Don Calderon saw the malicious design in sufficient time to avert it by a most rapid and dexterous parry of his shield, and the point of his spear glanced off us harmlessly as would a light arrow from a tower of stone. He determined to punish his enemy for the cowardly advantage he sought to take of the defenseless portion of his body, and, skillfully directing his lance, he drove it completely through the bars of Lioni's helmet, destroying his left eye with the powerful thrust! At once the casque lacings broke from their fastenings, and, as their wearer was driven back by the blow until he nearly fell upon his horse's crupper, the dreadful spectacle was clearly revealed to the horror-stricken spectators.

A couple of heralds hastened to support him, and bore him, insensible from his wounds, from the field. Once more the herald of the stranger knight rode forward before the assembly, and challenged any other one who listed to enter the field against him, who aspired to the honor of crowning the Queen of Youth and Beauty.

There was no response whatever to this second challenge, for some time; and it was thought among the spectators that the stranger knight would, at the cost of but this single encounter, bear off all the honors of the day with him.

Not quite willing to have the contest terminate at this point, the Doge himself at last arose from his cushioned seat, and stepping forth from beneath the velvet canopy that protected him, demanded, in a voice that rose clearly above the heads of all in the deep silence that followed, to know if the palm was thus to be borne away from Venice by a stranger; and that, too, when the Doge's daughter was the one to be crowned!

This was a very adroit and timely appeal to patriotic pride, and the hearts of the other knights, who had hesitated to meet such a champion, were sensibly pricked; for, very soon afterwards, the trumpet of the herald was again heard, braying forth its defiance.

In answer to this announcement of the trumpet, young Count Bertram then rode forth to salute the Queen and the Doge, and instantly afterward retired to his proper position opposite the brave challenger. Of all the assembled knights, he was the youngest and most diminutive. He rode a little palfrey, which none but a fair lady should have ridden, and both rider and horse were clothed in a perfect suit of armor. The youthful and ambitious Bertram held his lance in rest most gracefully, impatiently waiting for the fray.

The trumpet sounded the signal, and the combatants rushed at each other. Bertram directed his lance at the same unprotected mark at which his unfortunate predecessor had aimed, intent on doing serious and speedy work. But what was the surprise of all, at seeing that Don Calderon did not once raise his lance from its poised, but only rose up to meet the thrust of his adversary's weapon! It was regarded by all the spectators as an act of noble, though exceeding rash, magnanimity. The lance of young Bertram glanced harmlessly from the shield of his challenger, as had likewise that of Lioni before him. A murmur of approbation broke forth from the assembled knights, and the combatants, who had been armed and sitting on his horse, and ran contagiously around the amphitheatre.

The two combatants then retired again to their respective positions.

The trumpet sounded its signal for the third time, and all were deathly silent. The plumed herald rode forth and announced that Signor Papilio would now venture to tilt a lance with the challenger, Don Calderon. The knight thus announced made his appearance in the arena, and, after doing obeisance to the queen and Doge, retired to his proper station.

He deserves special description. He was of a stalwart frame, and was powerfully made, and very tall. The armor of his horse, like his own, was complete; yet there was no attempt at show about it, no furbish, or unusual glitter. It was, in general, dark and rough looking. Not a single glittering boss was to be seen erected upon its surface. He poised a huge and heavy lance in his right hand, that looked as if it might go through his opponent's shield like paper. In his left, he bore a massive shield, against which almost any lance would seem as powerless as the feeblest reed.

The signal having been given, the two combatants eagerly spurred forward their steeds. Their rush over the ground was like the rumble of distant thunder. In another instant they had met, and the concussion was truly terrible. The lance of Signor Papilio just glanced against the edge of his opponent's shield, bending it like paste-board. But no harm came to Don Calderon himself. On the other hand, the lance of Don Calderon was driven against the helmet of his adversary with such energy and with such unerring precision, that the latter was driven back upon the crupper of his steed, completely out of the saddle!

This was decisive. The knight Papilio had been fairly put hors du combat, and most courteously did he acknowledge his vanquishment. Immediately he retired from the arena.

The stranger knight, Don Calderon, sat still in his position. In very wonder, all eyes were turned upon him. For a time, he commanded more admiration even than the Doge himself, or any of the nobles that surrounded him; for they themselves admired his noble and brilliant conduct the best.

The herald once more spurred his steed around the arena, calling on any others who chose to enter the lists against the victorious Don Calderon, son of Spain; but there was not a single one remaining who was willing to make response to the challenge. The amphitheatre was thus left free to the possession of the victorious and valiant knight, whom all united in honoring as he deserved.

Soon after this termination of the tilting, a consultation of the judges that had been duly appointed took place, by whom it was decided without hesitation that Don Calderon, son of Spain, was the victor of the tourney, and the one alone who was worthy to place the laurel wreath upon the brow of the fair Viola, and, on bended knee, to press his lips to her lily hand. How many knights there present envied him his joy!

First, however, refreshments were partaken of by the ladies and the nobles, during which interval Don Calderon sat perfectly motionless in his saddle, in the position he had first taken. After this was over, the voice of the herald was heard, announcing, in loud accents that the act of formally crowning the queen would now be performed by the victor knight. The plaudits of the entire amphitheatre greeted the announcement. Two heralds forthwith rode up to Don

Calderon, and ordered him into the immediate presence of the Doge. At once he rode gracefully and with a measured pace of his steed up toward him, and made proper obeisance.

"Don Calderon, son of Spain!" said the Doge. "You have this day right valorously proved your knightly prowess. I do now pronounce you victor of the tourney, and to you belongs the envied privilege of placing a laurel wreath upon the brow of the Queen of Youth and Beauty, and of receiving her fair hand to kiss! For your gallantry this day, in the presence of the Doge and these nobles, I hereby reward you with a cross of honor, circled about with this laurel wreath. By this token, you are constituted forever a trusty member of the Doge's select Guard of Honor; and all thy faults heretofore, how many soever they may be, and all thy misdeeds heretofore, are hereby remitted to thee."

As the Doge uttered these words, he tossed the circlet of honor toward the victorious knight, which the latter dexterously caught within his highly furnished shield, and acknowledged by a low inclination of his head, even to the flowing mane of his milk-white barb.

Then he proceeded to ride proudly up to the feet of the youthful Viola; and, taking the laurel wreath within his mailed hand, reached it out toward her. She gracefully bent down to receive it, and he placed it upon her head. Extending her hand for him to receive and kiss, he drew off, in an instant, the gauntlet from the hand and wrist of his right arm, and gently pressing the proffered hand upon the tips of his fingers, raised it respectfully to his lips.

A moment afterwards he wheeled upon his horse, and rode back again to his former position in the arena at as measured a pace as he had come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY BELLE BUSH.

On a lone rock of the ocean,
Where the harpe of Nature thrill
With the deepest soul-emotion,
And her voice is never still,
Sad and fearful, feeling sorrow,
Waiting for the coming morn,
Sat I there and inly questioned,
Questioned of the waves and stars,
What is Life?

"What is Life?" a voice repeated,
And the waves took up the sound,
Where the heavy surge retreated,
Passed the solemn chorus round,
Till from many a planet beaming
Through the purple cloud-rift gleaming,
Came a sound, a sob or sighing,
That unto the waves kept crying,
"What is Life?"

"What is Life?" Through night's dominion,
Through the star-streets of the sky,
Fled a bird with raven pinion,
Bearing on the mournful cry,
Then I stilled my heart and listened,
Hoping, while the dew still glistened,
In the star-light silver ray,
Soon to hear the wanderer bring
Pleasant answer in his singing,
To my ship a deep'n'g lay.

But with solemn and stately marches,
Passed the Night Queen to her rest,
Ere along the dusky arches
Came the bird with panting breast,
Joy was not amid his singing,
Pleasure came not with his winging,
For the only note he uttered,
Was the echo faintly muttered,
"What is Life?"

"Ah! I said, 'hath night no voices,
But the echo of my lay?
Let me turn where earth rejoices
At the footprints of the Day;
She hath myriad voices swelling,
Sounding through her ancient dwelling;
She in solemn tones will tell me
What the mystery shined within me,
What is Life?"

Morn comes laughing o'er the mountains,
Putting up her golden bars,
And the light that kissed the fountains
Shut the eyelids of the stars,
Then I thought to ease my sadness,
Putting on the light of gladness,
But just then the mournful quiver
Of a voice that made me shiver,
Hoarse and hallow, whispered near me,
"What is Life?"

Then a dark abyss, wide yawning,
Like the gloomy gulf of care,
Without sign or word of warning,
Opened to my vision there;
And I saw below me reeling,
Tortured, lashed with murderous feeling,
Belongs on whose brows were graven
Fiery marks of fiend or craven,
And their only cry was "Gold!
Ha! more Gold!"

Fed with mortal pain and anguish,
Gorged with human tears and sighs,
Clothed in flames that never languish,
Lo! I saw great Mammon rise,
Like a giant, old and hoary;
Chanting still his ancient story,
Pointing to his shining palace,
Holding high the promised chalice,
While the tempting ore was ringing,
To his slaves he heard him singing,
"Gold! more Gold!"

Long and loud on echoes pinions,
Wandered on the cry of gold,
Till, by Fortune's pampered minions,
Human rights were bought and sold;
With a hideous worship stealing
From their hearts each generous feeling
Low before his gilded altar,
Breathing vows that never falter,
Checking every holy passion,
Kneelt the blinded slaves of fashion,
Bought with Gold.

"Sordid souls!" I cried, recalling,
While my soul felt pity's thrills,
"Will the wealth for which you're toiling
Guide you to the heavenly rills?
Heard ye o'er the pleasant singing
Of that fount forever springing,
In whose sweetly flowing numbers
Life's undying music slumbers?
Saw ye o'er a distant gleaming
Of that star whose silver beaming,
O'er the dusky brow of Vesper,
Trembles like the light of Heaper?
While from sphere to sphere of glory,
Sing the stars their ancient story,
Of a fountain filled with bliss,

Of a happier clime than this?
Can ye tell me restless mortals,
Where my steps shall find its portals?
Oh! I then to my heart give answer,
"What is Life?"

Not a word to me they uttered.
All their hearts seemed dead and cold,
While the fiend beside them, muttered,
In their ears the song of gold:
Cloud-like, then, the scene departed,
Darker shades o'erhung the skies,
And on every gale that started,
Came the sound of human sighs;
Then I looked, and lo! Oppression,
Followed by a long procession,
O'er a pantomimic stage,
Wandered on from age to age.

In her train walked care and sadness,
Waiting grief and crime and madness,
And where e'er her darts were sent,
Those with woe and darkness went.
Oh! the sorrow—oh! the anguish
Of the millions here who languish,
Feeling scarce one ray of heaven's
To their longing spirits given,
Hark ye, soul, and hear them sighing,
See them struggling, toiling, dying,
Daily wasting heart and brain,
All to ease "their hunger pain."

"Is this Life?" I faintly muttered;
"No!" my inmost soul replied,
And a sweet response was uttered,
By an angel at my side.
Softly o'er my senses stealing,
Came the sound this truth revealing,
And the solemn chimes of ocean
Thrilled as with a new emotion,
While like dreams to childhood slumbers,
To me came these mystic numbers:
"When the air is chill and cold,
When the frost lies on the mould,
How can summer flowers unfold?
When a dark and cheerless doom
Sabled o'er the spirit world,
Hanging all its walls in gloom,
How can Life immortal bloom?
Life hath lovefulness and beauty,
Pleasure should be wed to duty,
Gladness in the soul should dwell
As music in the ocean shell;
And love-flowers sweet to every heart
Their heavenly influence should impart,
And peace and joy and hope fill up,
With rounded bliss life's curious cup;
Thus would mankind in triumph rise,
And talk with angels from the skies."

Life in Heaven is Love and Wisdom,
Harmony rules in the Angel Kingdom,
From the highest star in the Father's crown,
Through infinite circles winding down
To the nearest planet where sapphire blaze,
Looks through your atmosphere of haze,
Coming and going in ceaseless waves,
Wanders the sound of its full octaves;
And the richest chord and the sweetest strain
Of angel music is Love's refrain:
"Mortals of earth, as ye hope to win
A draught from the fountain that flows within,
As ye hope on your vesture wings to rise
To the stary realms of the upper skies,
You must leave your worship of senseless dross,
And the constant counting of gain or loss,
And turn from the bygone faith in creeds,
To the daily doing of kindly deeds,
And strive, ere ye pass to the spirit shore,
For the nearest lesson of Love's sweet lore!
For the nearest to you man can never attain
Are the souls who have triumphed o'er earthly ill,
They who have borne through the world's dull mart,
The hero gifts of a Christ-like heart—
Tolling and hoping, and loving all,
Over such shall the life-lights fall,
Holy and pure as the first bright ray,
At the early dawn of an Eden day,
While calmly onward o'er seas of strife,
Their frail bark wanders. This, is Life!"

THE MOTHER'S DREAM.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

A mother sat by the bedside of her dying child.
It was night, dark and tempestuous. The icy garb
of Winter was wrapped round the cheerless earth.
Nature seemed dead, all but the wild wind. How
that roared through the sounding darkness! Oft
there would be a pause, dull and sullen, in which
the distant booming of the far-off forest could be
heard like the sounding of the ocean. Then the
next blast came on, gathering strength to dash in
one terrific burst over the frail tenement, pass on
and die in a long, fiendish wail. To the young
mother, holding the hand of her dying child, it
seemed like the revel of legions of troubled spirits.
Closely she bent over the little pale face. She
wrapped the clothing around the cold form, and
clasped it with her arms. If there was any calm,
it was out in the mad night, rather than in her
breast.

Juline was a fond and devoted mother. So far
her life had been one of unalloyed bliss. She, in
youth, had been the idol of her parents. She was
loved, and loved in return the husband now sharing
her grief beside her. Their darling boy was the
great light of their hearts. He was the first mortal
representative of their unchanging love, the only
and on him they poured out without measure their
parental affection. Never had a thought of separa-
tion occurred to them. They never dreamed of his
dying. They lived in the enjoyment of the present
and hope of the glorious future. How many pa-
rents live thus; and who can blame them? When
they see their child before them, blending the char-
acter, the lineaments of both, in a manner, their
dream in love their own spiritual natures are
blended, and think how he is to grow to manhood
perpetuating these, perhaps—and hope always sec-
onds this—to become a bright star in the galaxy
of the world, how can they do otherwise than antici-
pate? Their child is to bear their united beings to
remote generations, and, if noble, how can the pa-
rents' souls be prevented from worship?

That fearful january of death, diphtheria, was
abroad. Here it had broken an idol; there torn a
beautiful vine rudely from its trellis. But Juline
was not alarmed: her boy was too healthy to be in
danger. "It is only the frail which are taken," she
said, "or those who have not proper care." She was
not fearful of its approach. Oh, mortal! how easily
allured by the phantasma of Hope! How duped by
a wish which becomes—not a reality!

October's haze had fallen on the mantle of Novem-
ber. Day after day came down to the dreary earth
mild and beautiful. The frost yet spared the late
flowers of Autumn, and the hills were yet green as
when moistened by April showers. Suddenly the
Snow-King rode down from the North, faster than

the fleet reindeer can travel. Around him rolled
black clouds, and beneath him gathered the white
snow. All the lingering souvenirs of Summer were
buried in a common grave. Many a bird of passage,
beguiled into tarrying by the warm smiles of the
Autumn, was buried with them.

Far more dreadful, the Snow-King brought the
fearful malady to many hearths, and only manifest-
ed his sympathy for the sufferers in walls. At
night Juline discovered that her Alphon was unwell.
His little frame felt the first scorch of fever. The
next day he grew hoarse, and refused to swallow his
food. At night the physician pronounced him be-
yond hope, so rapid, so inevitable, was the course of
the malady.

Juline spoke not a word when she heard his doom.
She only took his little hand in hers. An hour
passed. Oh, it was too much for so young a crea-
ture to combat with death! Death, old as time,
strong, as omnipotence. The little sufferer threw
his hands upward, and a smile so pure that none
but a child's face could frame such an one flashed
over the features, and it kept staying after the lips
cried, "Grandma! Grandma!" and he fell back on
the pillow inanimate.

Juline uttered no wild cry, but burying her head
in her husband's bosom, she said:
"I will not yield him to the grave! He shall not
die and grow cold!"

In vain her husband tried to reason with and con-
sole her. Deeper and thicker grew the night of her
soul. Like one in a horrid nightmare she was
crushed by the Atlas weight—crushed beyond en-
durance. She strove to free herself, but could not.
She strove to see, but the darkness was impenetra-
ble. She tried to shriek, but her voice had no power.

In the last moment of agony, when she seemed
suffering a thousand deaths, a blinding light broke
around her. With astonished vision she looked
through a torn rent in the clouds, and saw her boy
at play; he appeared just as he did a week before—
beautiful, innocent, and full of life and love. A lit-
tle beyond, she saw him as a youth at school. He
was wild and reckless. A little way on, she saw
him a care-worn man of the world, grasping eagerly
by every art at gain. She saw his soul calloused
and debased by crime. He reaches forth his hand
against his brother. Then is seized by the hounds
of civil law, and that passes him over to the gallows.
Oh! oh! Shuddering she pressed her eyes, trying
to shut out the dreadful scene. A bright angel ap-
pears, saying:

"Such would have been the earth-life of thy child.
He is thine; wilt thou take him back, and trust thy
arm to avert such a doom? He has been snatched
from the burning! Here, surrounded by the good
angels, he will grow wise, and good, and become a
joy to himself."

Juline looked, and saw the angel. It was her
mother—the spirit the child saw while passing
through the agony of death.

"And thy mission here, oh mother?"

"To bear this bright germ to the land of purity
and immortality."

Conscious that all was well, though the scornful
laugh of Fate grated on her brain, she awoke to the
stern reality smiling, weeping, sighing:
"It is best—it is best. I resign him without a
murmur to the care of those who are better than I."
The neighbors who kindly came in to do the last
offices of the living to the dead, were astonished at
her cheerfulness, and many a near-spoke of in-
difference. Ah, they knew not that an angel had
been with her, and opened her soul to a knowledge
of heavenly things.

Walnut Grove Farm.

"Lead us not into Temptation."

The following incident which is related by one who
was a witness of it, is worthy of preservation:

During one of the days of the muster held at Con-
cord, a year or two since, after a long and tedious
march, the troops were halted for rest, a portion of
them being in front of an ancient, but comfortable
looking mansion, everything about which bespoke
thrift and happiness. In front of the house was a
pump and the old-fashioned watering trough. Several
of the soldiers stepped to the pump to slake their
thirst. There they were joined by the owner of the
place, an old gentleman who had seen more than the
"three-score years and ten" allotted to man, and
who had witnessed the muster of the "Minute Men"
on Concord Green, on the memorable 17th of April.
The sight of the troops seemed to stir his inmost
soul, and he rubbed his hands in glee, congratulat-
ing the troops meanwhile upon their soldierly ap-
pearance, and relating incidents of the times which
"tried men's souls." One of the young men pres-
ently drew from his pocket a flask, and after taking
a draught, presented it to the old man, with an in-
vitation to imbibe. He respectfully, but firmly de-
clined.

"O, take some; it will do you good," said the
young man.

"No, I guess not," responded the old man. "It
is now twenty years since I have tasted a drop of
intoxicating liquor, and I guess I won't begin again."

"If you have not taken any for so long, it's time
you took a little. It will warm your blood," urged
the young man.

"No, I guess not," responded the old man, in a
voice which plainly showed that he was half inclined
to drink.
After a little more urging he took the flask, and
raising it to his lips was about to swallow the
poison, when a daughter, who had been a witness of
the scene from a door of the house, and heard the
conversation, uttered the single word "Father," in a
voice which thrilled every hearer, and caused every
limb in the old man to tremble. The flask dropped,
and in its contact with the ground was broken, and
the liquid it contained was drunk by the thirsty
earth.

"Thank God, I am saved," exclaimed the old man.
The tears which started to the eyes of those who
witnessed the incident testified to the impression
which it made upon their hearts, and which will
probably never be effaced.

THE MOTHER'S FATAL MISTAKE.—Who among the
children of men requires so much wisdom as the
mother of a family? The statesman requires wis-
dom that he may so advise or direct as to secure the
happiness or prosperity of the nation; but should
one statesman act unwisely, another may step in to
repair the evil, and so his country may be saved from
impending ruin. The merchant needs wisdom and
skill, foresight and tact, that he may guide his af-
fairs with discretion; but should his plans be all
frustrated, and riches make themselves wings and
fly away at one period of his life, he may have them
restored at another, so that at the close of his life,
he may leave his family in ease and comfort.

The farmer needs wisdom in cultivating his land
and arranging his stock so as to bring him the best
return for his labor and toil; but should he fail one
year to realize his hopes, the next may make up for
deficiency. The navigator needs wisdom to guide
his frail bark over the trackless deep, so that he may
escape the rocks and quicksands, and whirlpools,
which may lie in his way; but should he be unfor-
tunate, and become a wreck, he has a chance of being
saved by holding on to the rigging or in his boat,
and in this painful situation he may and timely
help from another voyager.

But the Mother! Who makes a mistake in her

mighty work, the probability is that it will be fatal. Her little bark, which has just been launched upon the ocean of life, will find many rocks and quicksands and whirlpools in its way; she, the mother, is to be the pilot for the most important part of the voyage, and if she fails to guide it right, dreadful will be the wreck. When it dashes over the precipice of time into eternity. There will be no kind hand to help, no returning seasons to repair the injury; the work is done, and done badly; and eternity will echo and re-echo the dreadful tale of a child lost through a mother's neglect.

Original Essays.

THE OFFICE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FREELAND.

C. B. FOSTER, M. D., PHILADELPHIA:

In an article in the BANNER of February 15, you refer to an essay of mine on the "Office of Spiritualism." As I did not make myself clearly understood in that article, permit me to say a few words to you through the BANNER, so as to speak, at the same time, to others, who may also have not clearly comprehended my real meaning.

You say, "The term Spiritualism is not sufficiently specific in its meaning to justify the use Mr. F. and others make of it, either as regards what it teaches, what it has done, or what it proposes to do for the world."

By the term Spiritualism, I include all influences of every kind, which are spiritual in their nature, as opposed to those which are material. These influences are, to my mind, mainly from the spirit-world, and perhaps wholly so. The human mundane race has always felt these influences, more or less, in all ages. In our own time, the efflux from the spirit-world has marvellously increased, and is rapidly becoming, for the first time in the world's history, openly paramount over material influences. Spiritualism is, therefore, in my meaning, the whole scope of effect, of whatever kind, which is produced by the spirit-world upon this, upon the supposition that all spiritual influences emanate from that source.

The "Office" of these influences, or forces, is, in my judgment, to refine the perceptions, to broaden and deepen the higher nature of the individual, to effect a preponderance of the mental, moral and religious nature of man over that which we denominate the physical, or material; in short, to do that which we technically call, *spiritualizing*. When I speak, therefore, of Spiritualism, as a "new gospel," I mean the gospel of "good tidings," of man's higher and loftier nature, now more especially developed through Spiritualism, as distinguished from that of man's depraved or baser nature, which has hitherto been the prominent side of contemplation.

In other words, Spiritualism is unfolding to men to-day, as it did to Jesus, eighteen hundred years ago, their own inherent divinity and relationship to God, and their right to consider themselves the equals of God, in contradistinction to that opposite gospel, which, as the majority of its adherents claim, is based upon the inherent depravity and wickedness of man, and his affinity to the Devil.

Spiritualism is "creating a new world" in this same sense. It is creating new material out of human beings, wherewith to create a new world of institutions fitted for and adapted to them. In the language of Philosophy, it is forming a new subjective world, in the interiors of individuals, in order to prepare them for the formation of a new objective world. And in this sense it is precisely and legitimately a "John the Baptist," having the same "office" as was his; the preparation of the world for a new order of things.

Such I regard as especially, and I might almost say exclusively, the "office of Spiritualism." Its legitimate and natural function is to produce a right state of the individual, an expansion and harmonization of the whole being, a lifting of the spirit into a higher and clearer atmosphere. There are those who believe in the superior wisdom of the spirit-world, and who think that they are especially the instructors of this world. I am not one of those. I know that in certain kinds of knowledge, the spirits, as a class, are far in advance of us, and we must listen lovingly to their teachings. But in certain other kinds, we are far in advance of them, and they have to be taught of us. They are wiser than we are, as the woman is wiser than the man; and we are the head of the spirit-world, as the man is the head of the woman. I have, as yet, seen no evidence to believe that spirits, as a class, are wiser than the inhabitants of earth. I do see evidence sufficient to convince me that the wisest minds are to-day in this earth, and not among the spirits, and that the true leaders, in the new order of things now speedily to be inaugurated, are here and not there. The function of the spirit-world is predominantly that of the woman—inspirational, advisory, religiousizing. This, I know, not Orthodox Spiritualism. It is, nevertheless, mine.

Since your article was written, I have given my views upon the subject of religious organization, in the BANNER. I need not, therefore, repeat them here. They will sufficiently correct the impression you received formerly, that I proposed an organization among Spiritualists solely, or upon the basis of Spiritualism alone.

You say very truly that the tendency of spirit teachings thus far "has been to produce variety, instead of uniformity of opinion." Has it not been the tendency of all democratic teachings? Is it not now the tendency of our governmental policy, our religious teachings and of all our peculiar institutions? And has not this tendency been wonderfully accelerated in the last ten years, and especially by Spiritualism? Is there any reason to believe that this tendency will suddenly or speedily check itself? Do you see any signs of such a change? Yet if no such change takes place, whether we are tending? The institutions of the present are swiftly dissolving. The people of this country are becoming daily more and more individualized, are drawing further and further apart. And when this "isolation" is complete, and our institutions tumble about our ears, as they must inevitably do, unless this process of disintegration ceases, what then is to become of us if we have not some basis or principles of re-organization? There already exists in this country a large, and by no means unimportant class, called Individualists, who boldly take the ground that the right to civil liberty is as full and complete as the right to religious liberty, and is, in fact, included in it, and that all coercive government is, therefore, as tyrannical and as much opposed to individual right as coercive religion. Logic can find no refuting answer to this claim, and yet we can all see that it is only the scientific statement of the right of anarchy, or of complete individual isolation and the consequent destruction of all that is great and noble in society.

In view of these facts, your inquiry, "Then what teachings or influences are to do so much," (create a new world,) is extremely pertinent. My reply shall be, at least, explicit. I see no principles now abroad in the world competent to save us from utter desolation. We are rushing forward to individualization, and consequent disintegration, with a velocity, that within ten years, at the furthest, must reproduce in America the English Rebellion and the French Revolution, unless, by some means, this tendency be counteracted. I know of no method known to the world of doing this. And unless some science of organization be discovered, yet unannounced, any expectation of a harmonious future, is, in my view, hopeless.

But the wisdom that guides the world always provides for its crises. Such a science is discovered; the triumphant reward of twenty years arduous, laborious, anxious toil. That science is now about to be given to the world. It was my good fortune to be admitted to its study and master some of its most important principles, while it was in a state of preparation. In the light of this new science and of its comprehensive principles, I saw the possibility of an organization upon lasting and enduring bases, securing, at once, individual freedom and powerful government, and supplying by its newly discovered methods, institutions adequate to the harmonious development of every human faculty. It is my intention to give the true laws of organization, in every department, as shown by this science, in a series of articles entitled "Principles of Organization," the first of which has already appeared, in the BANNER. I shall elaborate them as fast as my already over-occupied time will allow me, and trust they will prove of more than usual interest, as the embodiment of new scientific principles of social order and harmony.

WAR.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

For three months, and more, I have been where war rages, or, at least, where the preparations for war were the chief business of man. It has been my business to learn the conditions in reference to war of over twenty five thousand men—of their clothing, their food, their health, and the causes which have impaired it. I have learned pretty thoroughly what war is, though I have inspected, comparatively, but a small field. Who could have thought, a year ago, that in so short a time the Free States would send into the field seven hundred thousand men? I told Warren Chase a year ago that we should have war. He smiled at incredulous men often do at what they deem an absurdity, and said: "I'm going to Baltimore, Doctor, and if I smell gunpowder I will let you know." He must have kept a precious ways out of the ordinary channels, or else he would have smelled it ere this. Many have smiled when I have repeated the old words: "Old things shall pass away, and all things shall become new." The history of the old world closed with the downfall of Rome, and with the triumph of a new creed. Jerusalem was sacked and burned. This is not yet the most eventful era of history, but it will be when it is finished.

I have often said that physical power is not an element of progress. The world has grown strong and made bonds that enslave and crush the human soul. These must be broken, for it is an almighty power that moves onward. Man boasts of his strength, and then falls. The same is true of nations. The more power is given a man, the further he is from heaven. With the growth and power of a nation, the greater the departure from righteousness. The world moves onward and heavenward, hence the proud nation that boasts of its power must fall.

The bare earth and man will be about all that remains as this country when war is ended. Politicians are fighting for the Union, at least they say so. They prefer to have a whole goose to pluck. Many are only concerned about the Constitution, feeling that without it the nation would fall. There are plenty of men who would write a better one for five dollars. Like the dog in the fable, they lose the substance in grasping at the shadow. War is the sublimation of human passion, and takes in all the vices of human nature: ambition, selfishness, pride, vanity, arrogance, oppression, and many others too numerous to mention. We hear much of patriotism, but it expects good pay in current treasury notes, or hard cash. There are many exceptions, but few in the field. When men fight to preserve their country, the present army will mostly be displaced. The people of the Free States will never be conquered; but the army is another matter altogether. The President does not rule! The army is in the hands of contractors. They will rule while Secretary Chase can furnish money. When the Government suspends payment, then honest men will come into the administration of public affairs. The sooner this comes the better.

The worst characteristics of human nature are uppermost just now. They are necessary to carry on the war. It is not that man is worse than he has been, but that he may tear down what he has built up, and look to God for power, and not in his own creations. We are struggling for freedom, but we cannot gain it until the bonds that bind us are broken. What are these bonds? Religious bigotry, individual wealth, all that magnifies man on earth, may be counted as bonds; and all these war is breaking asunder and scattering to the four winds of heaven.

Divest man of the spirit and he becomes inanimate matter; ergo, spirit is greater than substance. The sick man grows more spiritual in one day, than in a year of perfect health. Material prosperity, power and glory, are gained only at the expense of the spiritual. The same is true of nations. As spiritual development is the invariable law of man's being, hence material power must subside. To enter the kingdom of heaven we must become as little children. Jesus chose the spiritual at the sacrifice of the honor, and glory and power of the world. In him the spirit culminated to an almost almighty power—a power that changed the condition of the world. Few who worship Jesus follow his example, or comprehend the principles which he lived.

War for the Union, is a misnomer. It is a bait held out to lead hungry, grasping politicians on to the work of destruction—for destruction of the Union, of the Government, of church power, of money power, of slavery, and every other system of bondage and oppression, is the end of war. The poorest beggar may be richer than the millionaire in a few years, for substance constantly changes, while spirit endures forever.

How few Christians believe the story of Lazarus and Dives. If wealth and power are elements of durability, and essential to human good, how happens it that the older and richest nations of the earth have fallen, and that Jesus was one of the poorest and weakest of men? Man has cultivated the powers that destroy, unwisely thinking that he was gaining strength—witness the army in the field. Time will close over the scenes of to-day; the power and glory of the world will pass away as it has in times past; the material will yield to the spiritual, and then man will come uppermost and his glory will be the glory of God, which endureth forever.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO MRS. F. O. HYZER.

As in silent marbles slumber
Forms of beauty undefined,
So great thoughts in untold number
Teem within thy pregnant mind!

Let those thoughts be boldly spoken,
Though few hearts seem to accord,
Though the world give thee no token,
Or the cross be thy reward.

If in love and hope is given
All that God to thee has shown,
Thou shalt point some souls to heaven,
And bring heaven into thine own.

For each wave by thee pulsated,
To creation's verge shall roll,
Thrilling minds to thee related,
With magnitude of soul.

Turn from out the secret chamber,
The adytum of the soul,
Bring thy gifts—no stinted number—
Purer than refined gold.

Lay them on the world's cold altar,
Ask of heaven the quickening fire,
Let not heart nor hand e'er falter,
Though it prove thy funeral pyre.

New York, 1862.

M. E. D.

THE MOTHERS OF THE REPUBLIC, ITS FOUNDERS;

THE DAUGHTERS, ITS DEFENDERS!

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening (Feb. 9, 1862).

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father God—Infinite in Majesty—we approach Thee with thankfulness and praise, to lay upon Thy shrine our offerings of adoration. We ask for enlightenment, that we may know more of Thee and Thine, and we praise Thee without ceasing for the blessings bestowed upon us—for Thy beautiful Creation—for Harmony, truth and peace—Order out of Confusion; for all intelligence which flows from Thee alone. We thank Thee, even though storms of sorrow oppress the soul, though darkness comes upon the spirit, and the heart is filled with heaviness. Even though, throughout all the earth there may be grief and suffering, still we praise Thee, knowing Thou hast created and fashioned all things, by Thy Supreme and Perfect Will. Father, let Thy presence be with Thy children, may it visit every household, and descend upon every altar, and may we draw nearer unto Thee. Be with this nation—the expounder of Thy truth—the harbinger of freedom—and let not darkness rest permanently upon it. O God, we would come to Thee as the Sovereign of all things—the Controller of the destinies of Humanity and the Arbitrator of the fate of nations, and ask Thee to receive our praise; for we know that, though kingdoms and principalities pass away, though thrones and empires fall, still Thou wilt do wisdom and justice by the hand of Love, and unto Thy name shall be ascribing thanks and praises, forever.

During our series of political discourses, we have attempted to portray the dangers of this country, their causes and origin, from which have grown your present unhappy difficulties. We have also portrayed, from every point of view, the relation of subjects, such as slavery, republican institutions, and every influence which has been supposed to bear upon the present war. We propose now to discourse upon a branch of human politics which has been very little ventured upon. It is a delicate and difficult theme, yet it demands as much attention at the present day as it called for at any period in the past.

The influence of woman in social and general history is acknowledged as paramount for good or evil, and whatever means she employs, and whatever may be considered her legitimate sphere according to the laws of nature, and the relations of man and woman, can hardly be over-rated. From the first (supposed) Fall of Man, down to the period of his (non-) redemption, we find her usually in the foreground, whether as the scapegoat of man's folly, or the divinely appointed medium of his restoration. We venture to affirm, that, in the political affairs of every nation, the influence of woman has ever been prominent, so much in ordinary circumstances, or from legitimate causes, as in some crises, like that of the present day, when at the bidding of innate heroism; or the prompting of inspiration, she has thrown aside the restraints of sex and assumed an influence in the political field not usually accorded her.

We have in history bright instances of the power of woman's will and affections, and the political annals of every nation on the Old Continent show, that where supreme authority has been entrusted to her hands, it has, with rare exceptions, been wielded on the side of freedom, and in the political arena of the world, it may be attributed to the malign influence of the opposite sex, where too great confidence has been placed in unworthy favorites. For example, we have but to refer you to the place which Queen Despotism occupies in English history; to Catherine II. of Russia, in her public character; and to the various ladies of Spain, through whose influence your continent was brought to light, and to whom, therefore, indirectly, its present greatness is attributable, as well as to the various revolutions in politics, during which women have been conspicuous, either for courageous virtue, or unblinking infamy.

Without crumpling a Russian by birth, but a French intriguer by character and position, may be said to have exercised a vast influence, not only over France, but the world; and was even said to have been the secret means of bringing about the Holy Alliance of European sovereigns. This country, so prolific in every kind of vice, and from her earliest history so productive of ideas, individuals, and even deeds, that to other nations would have lent immortal fame, is not deficient in this respect. In this Republic, it is apparent that the true secret of much of its greatness and its liberty, its general morality and diffused intelligence, is the good influence of woman. In all other countries, woman's lot is generally one of obscurity; in this, she is favored to the full extent. In other countries, she has attained political power only through hereditary sovereign descent, or else she has only emerged from the shades of private life in times of revolution. As, for instance, in France; and there, under the first Napoleon, her obscurity speedily commenced again, for the lords of Creation, it may be remarked, always desire to engross the credit of great events, even though their secret impulses have been woman's tongue, or woman's gentle will. The history of your own country, in connection with our theme, especially demands attention, from the fact that its institutions are the most humane, and its endeavors to promote the cause of human enlightenment, most conspicuous. And how much woman had to do with this!

Without dwelling on the trials of the early emigrants, nor even on the struggles of the Revolution, which brought out more active heroism, as well as fortitude and patience, and even more of political energy, on the part of woman, than perhaps she had ever before displayed, we may refer, especially, to Mrs. Adams, Washington, Adams, Madison, and in fact, to the wives of all the earlier Presidents, as having contributed, in no mean degree to the establishment of the Republic. Their earnest appeals against British aggression, made more powerful by the freedom and familiarity of intercourse, contributed more than any other means, to the stronger feelings and deeper voices of the opposite sex.

Even Patrick Henry was not ashamed to acknowledge that much of the fire and fervor of his eloquence during the successful struggle for independence, was attributable to the promptings of her ingenious mind; as when in Westchester country, a woman who had been plundered and threatened by British soldiers, made her escape by rowing herself in a boat several miles, and gave information which caused their capture. Through her means arms and food were frequently conveyed. Her heroism was also shown in terrible Indian massacres, amid scenes whose horrors defy description.

Many of these instances were left unrevealed, and have since been obliterated. But of these, as of similar exploits on the part of woman in general, it is to be remarked, that they were never called forth by the influence of example. While men will study history to find encouragement and precedents, woman's loftier attributes are never so elicited. They are either prompted by the immediate objects she has in view, and by that disinterested affection, which, in itself sufficiently precludes the influences of personal ambition. She resorts not to the pages of history for her clue—she does not, like man, predicate her actions on the recorded examples of some great statesman, orator or politician of the past.

If a woman's name is famous, it is solely of her own creation; her heroic springs from the secret motives of her own mind, and you never find a woman, however great, trying to imitate another great woman; each one presents a new phase of character and manifestations. They exert influence over each other, by means of emulation, only in the petty sphere of personal vanity—in matters relating to the external splendors of dress and equipage; but when she comes to personal exertions and self-sacrifice in a lofty cause, woman's spirit travels out of this narrow range, and shows itself immortal.

We find that of the women of the Revolution, the wives and sisters of such as those who signed the Declaration of Independence, were sometimes joined in action, and always in council, with their heroic companions. We may instance the names of Mrs. Harrison Gray, the famous for grace and powers of persuasion; Mrs. Rush, Mrs. Mifflin, Mrs. Plimckney, of Baltimore, and there were hundreds besides, whose names are not remembered, only because it might be said that every household hearth, in those days, could furnish some equally striking illustration of our theme.

We find that to a great extent the principle cause of the ease, intelligence and morality, which distinguish American society, is laid in the freedom with which women here exercise the mind and control which they exert over the opinions of the other sex. For, the daughters of America, to-day, are not unworthy of their mothers, who, unlettered in political science, versed in the affairs of no nation, but understanding the establishment of this country on a free political basis were the surest and safest for humanity, thought no sacrifice too great, no personal suffering too keen, to be made and endured in such a cause, and whose gentle and dependent hearts devoted fathers, brothers, husbands, on the altar of patriotism.

The women of America are so intent upon the exercise of the rights of citizenship, that they are not content that they sometimes wantonly trifle it away; and, to-day, while thousands of hearts are palpitating with love of country, there is not one woman in a hundred who cares to understand the great question at issue; or who more than catch the vagaries that the nation must be saved, yet she has exhibited such heroism, as is worthy to be shining on the page of history. Not one of them has been called on to peril her life, or to incur any great personal hazard; but, throughout the land, nearly a million of hearts have been made ready and willing to bleed in defence of their country, through the influence, direct or indirect, of woman. Mothers have sent forth their sons; wives have been content to sit by the fading embers of their hearths, and witness the departure of their only protectors; sisters and lovers have cheered to the conflict the object of their fondest affection, and their hands have been busy in preparing unnumbered comforts for the defenders of their country.

This spirit of devotion has not confined itself to one portion of our country. Throughout all the cities of the North we hear voices of anxious prayer ascending from these yearning yet patient hearts, which, though nearly dead with grief, almost cease to feel, since their firebrands were deserted, yet give way to no murmur of complaint. The poor work-woman still toils on, content; the wife and the maiden still abide the return of husband and of lover; and all for what? For America's liberties! We ask you, where can the comparison to this picture be found in the recorded experience of mankind? When have so many strong hands and brave hearts mustered in defence of any political institution? The empty rewards of fame would not suffice to support them under such sacrifices, and we assert that were not your women here, our country would long ago have been pale and their souls left without hope.

We have nearly six hundred thousand households deserted, by any one cause, during the last year, and forever in the prosecution of this war. Some great moral spirit there must be, some unexampled intensity of patriotism, which can endure this without a murmur—for the sacrifice is purely voluntary—no tyrannical conscription has been laid upon the people, and even so, men, women and children, the whole of the nation, is such as that of wife, of sister and of mother, and is such as any woman who will glance at her own position will be able to understand.

Such is the power which inheres to woman in this country. She has an influence, in every department, which no other sex can possess, and which is destined to lead to victory, or leads to the inevitable destruction. It extends in every direction, and there is not a woman in the land who may not exert it over the destinies of her country. As in ancient Judea, each mother thought that her new-born infant might be the expected Messiah, even so, we may say, but with more of certainty, does the woman of America see in her babe the future citizen, legislator, soldier, the possible saviour of his native land. She trains him to occupy such a position; and who knows from what his modest sanctuary of home affections there may come forth a great Alexander, who, better and more fortunate than he of old, may reign forever in the hearts of his compatriots? What mother, as she thinks of her son on the far-off battle-field, does not thrill with the thought that he may perform some act which shall benefit his country? What woman who cherishes such an idea, will not aid the cause, at home or abroad, to the utmost of her countenance and contributions? Everywhere, whether in the Executive mansion or in the humblest cottage, there is this all-pervading voice and influence of woman. Do not be mindful of your duty, daughters of America—do not shrink from responding to the appeal which a hourly addressed to every wife, sister and mother, to take heed of her responsibilities. Your native powers have been educated, enlightened and cultivated, and they may all be bent to the rescue of your country from her present unhappy position.

Have you father, brother, or friend who is able to do his part? Then express your sentiments. Do you consider the influence which one pure heart, one disinterested mind may exercise even over the administration of the Government? A power like yours cannot long be repressed—it must be active, for good or for evil, as in every other department, so also in that of politics. It is for you to sustain the hearts of those who go forth to fight their country's battles, to lead them by gentle persuasion into the path of duty, and point out to them the way of wisdom and security—to train up your sons as citizens, to exert their proper influence on society, and, perhaps, save it by their aid and counsel. We know this capability on your part always exists, and only requires the stimulus of some strong motive, such as is supplied by a crisis like the present, to be called forth in all its energy.

We know that to-day, in the long-extended line of battle, many hearts have been nerved and prompted to strife and victory by the influence and power of woman. Whoever may be the objections to one of the most prominent of our military leaders, we know that his wife has had as much to do with his attainment of his dearly-bought distinction, as his own unaided ability or zeal. And in every rank and division of the army, it is some woman who prompts the soldier to lead him by gentle persuasion into the path of duty, and point out to them the way of wisdom and security—to train up your sons as citizens, to exert their proper influence on society, and, perhaps, save it by their aid and counsel. We know this capability on your part always exists, and only requires the stimulus of some strong motive, such as is supplied by a crisis like the present, to be called forth in all its energy.

In conclusion, we would say to you, that while it is not always well to consider the legitimate part of woman to mingle with brawling politicians, still intelligent and disinterested subjects of public interest are not incompatible with any class of people, and for women to study the history of their country—to understand the political bearings of the present conflict, and be prepared for any emergency; for a time

may yet come when women, if not called on to take up arms in aggressive warfare, may be required to protect their own firesides, in the absence of their protectors. For, we venture to say, that the difficulties of this country have but just begun, and it seems in no small measure with women whether it shall come forth from its trials like gold from the furnace, or be broken up and trodden under foot as dross, and sink into infamy and shame with the other once glorious republics of the past.

Everywhere at home and abroad, upon the battle-field, or in the halls of legislation, where man faces man in controversy, and is prone to give up his better thoughts and nature—at one prompting word; or one tender remembrance of woman, his ferocious and depraved impulses are softened and subdued. And we may add, it were well if this power were more frequently taxed, for the gentleness of woman's love could be made to prevail instead of the spirit of man's revenge. Let those who fight or legislate at home, remember it is for the preservation of existing laws and privileges they are fighting and legislating; that there are many millions of women, intelligent and virtuous, who have espoused the cause of American freedom, as one dearer to them than life, and for which they are ready to give husband, child and friend; and that it is for these, and not for political or commercial objects alone, that this war is being waged. It is to shield these precious pledges from harm, to save this precious freedom, to protect all that makes American society preferable to any other on earth, as well as to preserve the integrity of the nation from foreign invasion and from corruption and mismanagement at home. But the struggle must, therefore, be sharp, final and decisive—no long and devastating war must be allowed to creep over the land and lay waste the temples of civilization.

Woman I have but one word to say in conclusion. It is not for you to gird on the sword and wield the bayonet, and range the bloody battle-field; but to deal with the subject kindly, justly, and firmly, and to understand it thoroughly. Make yourselves equal, in information respecting the cause and objects of the war, to your male companions; and then exercise, as you alone can do, the power entrusted to your hands. Your peculiar endowments were not bestowed upon you by any human laws, they were vouchsafed by Divine Providence.

There is far more real power in the gentle, firm and constant influence of woman, than in the fiery impulse and passion of the sterner sex. When the former is called forth by a desire to promote the welfare of your country, it is as unswerving, as consistent, as when displayed in private life, toward the objects of individual attachment; and it is to render this equality more enabling, to have it wielded in every direction where it can have a bearing on the present difficulty, that we have called your attention to this subject to-night. It may be that in future dangers and complications, not now foreseen by your wisest statesmen, more will depend upon the fortitude of women, than the arms of those who fight for them, for the latter are restrained by military law, and must await the mandate of the Executive. Let your influence be used for good, and with unflinching constancy, and the sun of the night with its radiance dispels the mists of the future, as shall that influence dawn on the political world.

But let it not be said that the women of America proved unequal to their trust. Hither let history record that, throughout the length and breadth of the land, and even in that part of the country where our difficulties took their rise, the influence of woman, called for justice; that not an act of ignominy, falsehood or recalcitancy can be laid to her charge; but that she rose up and sent her dear ones to fight for their country; and was ready in her turn to die in the same sacred cause. We pray that the country, whose propitiation, and that neither the gentleness of woman, nor the fortitude and bravery of man may be subjected to so severe a test as seems to be upon them.

In any event, you may be sure that, whether the country lives or dies, there will be no lack of integrity, and that the noblest and purest of the virtues which we inherit and preserve the virtues and memory of the Mothers of the Republic.

[From the Washington Intelligencer.]
TO THE PUBLIC.

My name having appeared in a recent publication in the New York Tribune, accompanied with some very vague and indefinite charges of disloyalty, I deem it a duty to myself to respectfully submit the following statement to the public, how the said charges are to be thus obtruded upon their attention. For several years past it has been my earnest study to comprehend, as far as my humble capacity might enable me, the great leading principles of our national civilization and development. With this end in view, and occupying as I did a subordinate position under my Government, I have studiously avoided contact with the popular agitations of the day—never during this period having intruded myself into the arena of politics, until politics became subjugated into anarchy. Those who have known me best from my early life, whether personally or through the medium of the public press, can testify that my devotion to the Union has been almost a religion. With the broad, basic idea of national unity firmly fixed in my mind, I have never for a moment lost hold of the great bond of our national brotherhood. I have deplored the errors, grieved at the defects, and deplored the mistakes of all sections of my country. History taught me that the true secret of England's greatness was the grafting of the Norman flower upon the Anglo-Saxon stock; and I have long been convinced that the grand problem of American nationality can be successfully solved only by the blending of the said granite temperament of the North with the more pliable, mercurial temperament of the South. I beheld with painful anxiety the antagonism between our great elemental interests of agriculture in the South, and commerce and manufactures in the North; but I hailed with joy the advent of the young giant of the West, whose rapid growth I foresaw would cause the North and South to fraternize against the Western interest, and thus restore a perfect balance and the old harmony of our fathers. Feeling in my inmost soul that God has formed us of "one flesh and one blood," and bound us with his everlasting bonds of love, and that I believe that if all this glorious framework of external government were to fall into fragments to-day, and its Constitution and laws pass into dead parchment, yet the indestructible soul of this Union, buried deep in the human heart, would soon find its resurrection day, when it would burst from its thralling sentence, and reunite the elements of its old body in more perfect harmony, strength and beauty!

Such is my faith in the Union. And as a man, while loving his family first and most dearly, has yet room enough in his heart for his friends, so an American citizen, while regarding the Union as a paramount *shole*, need never devour his affection for his native State as a part of that whole. I confess I love my home and kindred; I love the old fireside, with all the associations of childhood that cluster around it—I have always felt it was *human* to do so—but, so help me God, I love my country more; and I have never hesitated to subordinate all mere personal or local predilections to the higher law of loyalty to my Government. At the opening of this rebellion I honestly believed that the masses of the Southern people had been misled, to a great extent, by designing politicians; and, while I reprobated their delusion, I pitied their blindness, even as the judge pities the unhappy criminal, when, after sentence of death, he adds, "and may God have mercy on your soul!" And this pity, recognized and sanctioned by the stern letter of our criminal law, has been tortured into "sympathy for the Southern movement." However honest others may have been in entertaining more vindictive sentiments, for my own rule of conduct in life I have adopted this formula, which I derived from the law of the Great Teacher of Galilee: *Everything for justice, and nothing for revenge!* And by this formula I am determined to live and die.

In conclusion, I would add that, however desirous I was of a peaceful solution of the vexed questions of the day, the very moment that the constituted ruler of my country was compelled, by the solemn obligations of his official oath, to take measures to enforce the laws and protect the public property, that moment I took my decided stand against rebellion; and, as I am prepared to prove by unimpeachable testimony, I publicly declared my readiness, whenever called upon, to offer my life in defence of the Government, and have labored unceasingly from that time to the present moment in disseminating through the public press the soundest and most unequivocal sentiments of loyalty to my country. A tree is known by its fruits and a man by his works; and I here respectfully refer the public to a printed collection, soon to be issued from the press, of my patriotic contributions to the loyal papers of the day.

H. CLAY PAXSON.

An old bachelor seeing the words "families supplied" over the door of a shop stepped in and said that he would take a wife and three children.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

SPIRITUALISM IN NEW YORK.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

GOOD FRIENDS OF THE BANNER.—The sight of your welcome sheet filled with matters of interest for many weeks, without any aid on my part, would form a subject of reproach to me, but a physique severely overtaxed by long-continued exertion, compelled me to relax all efforts during my New York lectures, save the usual Sunday exercises. These I have now conducted for the last seven weeks, and instead of the incessant round of mental and bodily labor, to which my mediatic career has usually subjected me, I have spent my time partly in efforts to recruit my health, and partly in noting the (spiritual) signs of the times. The conclusions derived from the latter exercise, paradoxical as the assertion may appear, are equally encouraging both to the advocates and antagonists of the spiritual philosophy, for whilst the recognition and even acknowledgment of its basic facts has enlisted thousands in this city, and is daily gaining converts in a way equally silent and irresistible, its public advocacy and clamorous street-corner opposition seem utterly to have ceased, and, with the exception of the meetings which I have myself undertaken here, I know of few openly avowed SPIRITUALISTS who care thus boldly to advertise themselves as such, hereabouts.

Of course, this defalcation, and the cessation of the well-lighted, fully thronged, and orderly meetings, once conducted in Dolworth's handsome hall, by some of the most substantial and respected of New York's citizens, and the occasional visits of an itinerant, like myself, standing literally alone, with few of the old, familiar faces to smile upon me, none to help me, even to the extent of giving a notice, or sharing the heavy burden of the expenses of dark, mournful Clinton Hall, is a contrast whose force has expanded the long visions of many a pious church-member into chery and unwonted smiles, and yet Spiritualism flourishes even in New York city, and Emma Hardinge's meetings, despite the worst political and atmospheric influences that ever Sabbath meeting goes had to contend with, have been blessed and blessing in happy, holy feeling, constantly growing interest, and an anticipated parting next Sabbath, which saddens many a heart beside my own to think of.

As I have no biographer to herald forth my doings, I can only say, if earnest appeals for my continued presence, and, at this last moment, floods of tendered aid are evidences of sympathy, my audiences (although nearly all strangers) have not outgrown their love for Spiritualism and its teachings, and my chief regret in reviewing my New York engagement, is the suspension of our happy meetings, which it seems my departure involves.

It may be asked, Why does not some one else follow my example in personally conducting these meetings? To this I answer, that a small admittance fee (always objectionable in itself) was never able to sustain spiritual meetings in New York, even in the most triumphant and crowded of our gatherings, and a large surplus of the expenses was invariably shouldered by a committee whose means and numbers doubtless enabled them to meet the demand. As the expenses remain the same, but "committees" find Spiritualism more agreeable and less expensive in genteel seclusion than public gatherings, so I have not only had to give freely of the inspiration I have received, but to pay out the money I have not received, and having come to the end of that necessary commodity, I am compelled to suspend labors which, however agreeable in performance, cannot continue under the heavy pressure which one person in such circumstances is obliged to sustain.

I find two causes for this suspension of effort to sustain public spiritual meetings in New York. The first is, unquestionably, the total absence of any associative effort to collect the necessary funds for this purpose—referring to an article on this subject which I wrote about three months ago, in this paper, I remind our friends that two hundred subscribers at ten, or four hundred at five dollars a year would handsomely provide for the weekly nutriment, cheer, and improvement which free reformatory and well-selected lecturers would afford a public eager to listen and willing to profit by the stirring and progressive teaching; to be found outside the dungeon walls of creeds. I am sure an active, zealous canvasser could find with ease four thousand, instead of the required hundreds, were the effort systematically prosecuted. That it is not attempted, however, and that those who were our leaders of this great cause, and who, having found their own happiness in Spiritualism, labored for a while zealously to bestow the great joy on others have now retired, is perfectly obvious, and this is one cause of the present dearth of spiritual food here, not the lack of appetite, which I again repeat appears to me to be so eager, so earnest in seeking, that it pains me inexorably to be compelled by absolute necessity to pass on my way, for the very purposes of food and shelter—go I must, however, whilst the cry of, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," is still ringing in my ears and heart.

For the second cause, read the sweeping denunciations with which the professors in the faith are being visited from out of their own ranks. I am sure I need not add my tone of censure, to the cry—it is enough that if so-called Spiritualists are guilty of all the misdeeds under the sun, they have full lately been informed of it, and that in plain terms, and though I do not therefore feel myself called upon to add one stripe to already bleeding characters, I must say there is sufficient foundation in some of the charges recently printed in the columns of the BANNER, as Mrs. Hatch's discourses on Spiritualists, to show us why those who are chary of character decline the obnoxious name.

I believe we can none of us afford to condemn each other too loudly, lest we should be inviting a criticism we cannot endure; but the attempt to fasten every species of libertinism on "the spirits" to ignore self-hood in fanatic obedience to fallible fellow mortals simply because their souls have become disembodied, and out loose from all law in the renunciation of church membership, has without doubt connected the simple believers in the communion of departed spirits with fools, madmen, and sensualists, and disgusted those who have not strength enough to stand alone and live out a truth, instead of merely talking it out.

Recognizing as I do, however, that those I loved and obeyed on earth, are yet wiser and kinder in the sphere of higher love and wisdom, I am at last contented to do my best, and leave the issue in their hands, as ministers of the highest, wisest and most loving spirit of all. As far as public mediums are

concerned, there seems to be a great lack, and great demand for the all-convinced "test."

Mrs. French still continues to produce her wonderful drawings, oil paintings, and prints, the beauty, design and finish of which are only excelled by the marvel of their superhuman execution. The only novelty in which we can rejoice here, is the advent of Mr. James Neal, late of Cincinnati, beneath whose healing hands disease seems to wage war on frail human nature in vain. Many stimulated by Mr. A. J. Davis's testimony of Mr. Neal's skill and reliability, have sought his aid in all manner of difficult cases, and I have myself conversed with several strangers who gratefully own their perfect restoration to health, by the laying on of his hands. Mr. Neal's address is 371 Fourth street, and I am happy to be able to bear this testimony for the sake of the afflicted.

With cordial good wishes for the long and prosperous reign of truth and light as diffused in the wide folds of the BANNER, I am good friends,

Yours for the truth,
EMMA HARDINGE.

SIR,

What is this that we call Sin? In the dictionary this word means *to wander*. To-day we ask, to wander from what? The old answer is, to wander from a standard of rectitude, of morality. And we ask, also, by whom is this standard of rectitude and morality set up, and what is its basis? The answer is virtually, it is a standard set up by the clamor of external showy life; and the basis is the natural desire that weak mortals have to support the pretence of self-holiness and self-purity that gives utterance to this clamor. A man sins, so says somebody else, not himself, (except he say it for a pretence of humility.) What does he really do? Does he wander away from himself, wherein lies his own standard of right, rectitude and morality? No, he does not.

A man's own self is the standard of his own creed; so says the liberal, broad church of to-day; so says the modern church of the ancient Jesus. A man wanders; what does he wander from? He can never wander from himself. He ever acts and goes true to the innate causes that move him to action, and move him onward. What, then, does he wander from? Only from the pretentious claims of another; only from the pretentious purity and holiness that others set up for themselves, and have to tell the world that they go by it, or else the world would never know how pure and holy they are.

What is Sin? It is to do what some one or many profess a freedom from, and think to be wrong. Take the pretensions and professions of self-excellence and self-righteousness out of the world—let men and women speak honestly of themselves and others, and sin is buried in the grave of eternal oblivion. Every one has an innate consciousness of self-rectitude that has discovered the cause of human actions to emanate from interior promptings, from the developments of God-given human nature.

To the sensuous world, to sensuous love, and sensuous perception, sin holds a conspicuous place. But the sensuous world only sees the surface of things; the effects of life, not the causes; not the spirit that produces these effects. And thus it is, to this surface sensuous perception, sin is lawfully a large, real monster; but when our perception comes to actually see spirits, it discerns a lawful cause for sin, and it is then that a use will be discovered therein—then it will be rendered to our perception a necessary and useful ingredient in the compound of created things. Spirit produces the causes that make us wander, that make us sin. Our spirits produce our physical bodies, and also our physical death. Sin is only a means by which our spirit effects the death of our physical bodies. And who would carry a corruptible, decaying body around forever?

"Who would live away?"

in flesh that is ever changing and perishing?

"Who, who would live away, away from this home?" There is sin to sensuous perception and to physical love, and with this perception self-righteousness or self-excellence is indispensable—both go hand in hand together; but to the beautiful soul of man—to man's real true spiritual perception, there is no intrinsic abiding sin; there is nothing without a spiritual cause; there is no wrong that is not greater in goodness than in badness; there are no wanderings of the children, created by an infinite, wise and good God who is the substance of the spiritual universe.

A. B. C.

Written for the Banner of Light.

S. B. BRITTON, JR.

BY ENA.

Sudden and swift the deadly stroke
That snatched the silver cord.
And broke the golden casket where
Love's precious things were stored.
Through the fond hearts where erst bright Hope
Did Fear's pale squadrons spurn.
The troops of grief are tramping now,
And fires of anguish burn.
Oh, tender hearts whose finest chords
Are smote by sorrow's hand,
Not rayless is the gloom that shrouds
Your stricken household band.
While his young life was yet undimmed,
And bright with morning blush,
He found a soldier's honored grave,
'Mid victory's radiant flush.
Time's fleeting sands count not the hours
Of things of loftier birth;
Though few his years, his days were full
Of nobleness and worth.

And his sweet thoughts to you shall come
From the immortal world,
Like fadeless flowers of fairest bloom,
With dew of Heaven impregnated.

Our Father calls his children home—
And when we trust His love,
We, too, arise to purer day,
As they ascend above.

Though wrapped in clouds of outward woe,
The spirit truly sings,
And gathers gladness where the Fount
Of Life Eternal springs.

And in the blest supernal calm
All jarring conflicts cease,
While one Divine pours healing balm,
And whispers inmost Peace.

Feb. 9, 1862.

Notice.

Our friends in New York will find the BANNER for sale at the office of the HAZARD OF PROGRESS, 274 Canal street, New York.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

Room No. 3, 2d FLOOR.

LUTHER COLBY.

EDITOR.

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ISAAC B. RICH,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

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REAL RICHES.

Dollars are not the only things that count. There are better possessions in the world than money, useful and influential as that is everywhere conceded to be. In gaining wealth, a country does not necessarily gain men. The lever is not to be confounded with the power placed at the end of it, nor the end sought with the means employed. These terms—rich and poor—are relative, at best, and may mean to-morrow, just the opposite of what they mean to-day.

Hurl a great crisis upon the country, confound and confuse ordinary social limitations, make temporary chaos of all the old definitions and judgments and standards, put every man upon the sole resources of his highest inspiration, and his true individual instincts, and on a sudden the rich man, at whom all are so ready to smile and nod to-day, is lost sight of entirely, unless he possesses something more valuable than his mere riches, and the poor man, if he have what happens to be the universal want of the hour, comes up above the other, not simply his rival and peer, but his superior.

We see it, just as we have in these few words depicted it, in the course of this present war. We see the truth most strikingly illustrated in politics and in war. The men who lead and command and direct to-day, and who were born for the country, to lead and command and direct in the immediate future, were comparatively unknown but a short time ago; and they are to be sustained, agreeably to the operation of certain fixed laws of nature, which is fate, by others still, of like attributes and character. Nature keeps in the shade, and out of notice, her chosen children, until the times are right for them and they are ripe for the times. Not a day too soon does she make her disclosures, but just at the moment when it is right that they should be made. To suppose, either, that these affairs work by accident, and not by law, to lend the least countenance to the supposition that they are not carefully planned, and slowly and wisely matured, is to turn one's back obstinately on all genuine faith, and confess before all men that there are no powers and influences that rule continually above our heads.

Speaking in his usual manner of calm and comprehensive thoughtfulness, about the distinction between the rich man and poor man which we have just alluded to, the late saintly Dr. Channing remarked, that "a poor man, living on bread and water, because he will not ask for more than bare sustenance requires, and leading a quiet, cheerful life through his benevolent sympathies, his joy in duty, his trust in God, is one of the true heroes of the race, and understands better the meaning of happiness than we, who cannot be at ease unless we clothe ourselves 'in purple, and fare sumptuously every day,' unless we surround, defend, and adorn ourselves, with all the products of Nature and Art. His scantiness of outward means is a sign of inward fullness; whilst the slavery, in which most of us live, to luxuries and accommodations, shows the poverty within."

There is exactly where real poverty begins and betrays itself; it is not to be seen chiefly in the outward garb, but in the inward man; not so much in the circumstance and accommodation of the life, as in the realness and truth of the action. This is the only lasting standard for the judgment. The equipment and furnishing of the nature—in other words, the character—not so much what a man is said to be as what he is, not so much what he professes as what he can do, not so much what he has as what he really is, it is this, which makes the individual rich above others, and insures for him wide and permanent respect.

Beyond the necessity of securing sufficient for the needs and ordinary uses of life, how almost childish, not to say foolish, seem the long continued efforts of many men to secure wealth, and be ranked among those who are said to possess property! Said one man to another, seeing a third pass, who chanced to have sufficient to keep him out of the almshouse—"there goes a man who is worth a hundred thousand dollars." "Yes," quickly returned his friend, "and that is all he is worth!" What a cur, yet fine, satire on the deference so long paid in this country to the trappings and gewgaws of wealth! What a proper, yet humiliating, commentary on the insane chase, from all sides alike, after mere riches, to the abandonment of all substantial things in the pursuit!

And yet, it was but yesterday that this running about under the bubble had to be seen wherever one

turned one's eyes—a bubble that has burst now in the blowing of the powerful, the tempestuous winds of civil war and threatened anarchy. Then, equipage and general tomfoolery seemed to rule the hour; and, even in the first agonies of our beloved country, the same spirit was visible and actively about its work. But the tide has begun to turn, and promises at some time to set, perhaps, as strongly the other way. We can but hope to see the dawning of that day which shall usher in the influence, if not the reign, of ideas and influences just the reverse of those which had held sway over the minds of our fellow countrymen so long. It is high time a people professedly so free as we are should better understand what is meant by character and worth, and how insufficient are riches, unsupported by sterling qualities and virtues, for the development of the man or the amelioration of the world.

WONDERS AND PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

In a lecture recently delivered before the Dows Institute, by Professor Agassiz, he made many statements of a scientific nature, which would not cease to be of great interest to readers, if repeated a hundred times. He said, with other things, that the peninsula of Florida, south of Lake Okechobee, has required a hundred thousand years for its formation. The chronology of geological times is measured by hundreds of thousands of years. The crust of the earth, with its beds of rocks, is miles in thickness. By an examination of the different layers that form this crust, we know to a certainty, where vegetable and animal creations had their relative beginning, and in what order they were introduced.

He then asks—What is the origin of the diversity which exists among living beings? Are these beings the result of causes, having one starting point? or were they called into existence at different periods by an intelligent Being, by direct agency, or only by laws imparted to Nature? It is a most important question; since, if these forms of life sprang forth at different periods from an all-creative hand, according to His design and wisdom in their adaptation to the changes of the earth, then there is room for Providence ruling the events of the world, and guiding and controlling its occurrences and its destiny. He asserts and insists that the naturalist must submit himself to the teaching of facts, in his investigations, and not allow himself to be influenced even by his deepest religious convictions regarding the Creator.

They who assume that only a few and simple forms were originally created, and that they gradually developed into many and higher, and more complicated, deduce all this from physical agency. Will the facts bear out the assumption?

Does corn ever spring from oats? Does the acorn bear any tree but the oak? Does the hen ever produce anything but chickens? Certainly, in the lifetime of a man, not the slightest perceptible change takes place in the natural succession of production. Hence it follows, that, allowing the development theory to be true, myriads and myriads of years must be required for the changes assumed to take place. There must also be a gradual succession, from the simplest forms to the highest, and therefore the simplest must be found in the lowest beds. Besides plants and animals, there is a whole world of insects, crustacea, worms, shell-fish, star-fishes, scurroids, jelly-fishes and corals, which exist now and have existed from earliest times.

Cuvier, fifty years ago, came to the conclusion that there are four different plans on which all animals are built. These four plans contain the whole diversity of animals, amounting to many hundred thousands. As a skillful architect produces a great diversity of forms from a single structural idea, so the Great Architect produces from these four plans, so simple that every school-boy should be familiar with them, the whole immense diversity of his creation.

These four plans, or ideas—structurally speaking—of creation, go by the scientific names of Radiates, Mollusks, Articulates, and Mammalia. There is no possible transition from one of these plans to another. The idea of each is different. Their mathematical character precludes all possibility of such change. The whole plan of structure would have to be altered.

Professor Agassiz remarked that there was a particular significance in the order of introduction of the types of the last plan: fishes, reptiles, birds, mammalia. They are similar in structure: their limbs, and bones, and the arrangement of them correspond so nearly, that one who knows can draw them one into another as readily as a mathematician one formula into another. There is but one thought in all of them. We see that Man was meant from the beginning. We see that he is no chance formation, but the work of design, the crowning work of creation, intended from the very commencement.

When we compare the classes, we find the order as it should be. Fish move horizontally, with the head on a level; reptiles have the head lifted, the body creeping; birds and quadrupeds show further freedom and progress; till man comes—the highest, free, erect, looking heavenward. The brain of man, successively in its first stages, resembles that of a fish, a reptile, a bird, a mammiferous quadruped, and finally becomes a human brain, with a vertical position on its basis and to the spinal marrow. There could be no change, other than a retrograde process.

And this complicated and wonderful plan shows that man is the head of created things, by evidence traced through nature. Let these facts, then—adds the learned and progressive Professor—inspire us to follow the destiny of our nature and condition, by a greater and higher spiritual and moral development.

How palpably do all the revelations of Nature prove to our minds that there is a great Divine Power—above us, around us, within us—and that we shall but pass the eternities in studying, and praising, and worshipping, and finding it out!

James G. Clark, the Poet-Singer.

We are informed that this gentleman will be present at the Binghamton (N. Y.) Spiritual Convention, March 7th, 8th and 9th, and sing at its sessions. Few vocalists in the country have that magnetic spiritualizing power over an audience that Mr. Clark has. His songs are mostly of his own composing, and he is one of the few poets, as well as musicians, who know how to finger the delicate keys of human hearts, and make them beat responsive to his melody. Mr. Clark is now giving concerts in Western New York and Canada. In the coming Autumn, Mr. Clark proposes to renew his engagement with Ossian E. Dodge, who is now giving concerts in the East.

Timeless Workers.

We like the sort of men who love to work as boys love to play; who are never out of sorts with the demands duty makes upon them; who do not go to their occupations moping and grudgingly, but cheerfully and with their whole souls in it. A great share of the difference between men, in this matter is to be laid to difference in native temperaments, certainly; but much more is due to the fact that the hearty and everlasting workers are engaged about that which they love. Love is the best stimulus to labor that a man can pour into his heart. If this man loves farming, then by all means let him pursue farming as an occupation, and nothing but farming; for all his labor, even the very hardest of it, will be but the working—that is, the play—of his spiritual forces, and so will prove but continual relaxation.

So with whatever occupation may be named. To be sure, the mere habit of working in a certain channel or field, if long continued, will tend to make that labor comparatively easier than it was at first; but if we can suppose that habit to be informed and inspired with love for the work performed—if we can suppose that the man labors, not merely for the support and gratification of some object of his love, but likewise out of the love he bears, and runs over with, toward the pursuit itself—as Galileo worked upon his problems of the heavens, and Michael Angelo wrought among statues and paintings, and Dickens and Bulwer work in the field of literary art—then there is no measuring the results that may be reached by the devoted laborer, for he is already an inspired man, and may not be set aside or put down either by obstacles or temptations.

Such are the men whom we like to see at their work; and because they have chosen the work which they indeed love. They do more to lift labor up than all others. They are the men who dignify their callings, and make them attractive to all who observe them. Life is a whole holiday to them, and they are all men's envy. No complaints escape them of the irksomeness of their lot; they go out to meet the calls of life half way, and in that single act is the original "curse" of labor taken away, and a blessing steps in to take its place.

A Good Deed.

A gentleman of large heart and quick sympathies, coming over to Boston from Chelsea, recently, in the cars, found himself, with his fellow-passengers, detained by the ferry-boat. While looking out of the window, he saw a little girl, perhaps ten or twelve years old, very thinly clad, and with bare toes peeping through her worn-out shoes, sitting down upon an icy door-step near by, the picture of sadness, if not of despair. He presently began a conversation respecting her pitiful appearance with a lady who sat next to him, and both were sympathetically engaged in examining the outward aspects of her forlorn case, when a gentleman was seen to approach her, put her some questions in a kind and gentle manner, and immediately to put his hand in his pocket, and take out a bank note, which he quietly gave her, little thinking that the act was observed by any one but the recipient. Our informant tells us it is entirely beyond the power of pen or tongue to describe the radiance of gratitude and surprise that suddenly broke over the face of the little girl. It was worth the price of many bank notes, of the largest denomination, to witness the accession of such perfect joy. After inquiry supplied the fact, obtained from the lips of the child herself, that she had a father, but that he was unable to work for the family, because he had both his hands off at the wrists! And the statement was a true one.

Though her benefactor would not care to have his deed of love published to the world, and though he will not know that it is to be done until he sees it in print for the first time himself, it gives us peculiar pleasure and satisfaction to be able to say that he was no other than our friend and the friend of thousands of our readers, Mr. J. V. MANSFIELD, the well-known Writing Medium.

War Intelligence.

We find, on looking around among our weekly exchanges, that the greater number are given up, more or less, to the publication of war intelligence—a matter that cannot fail to be rather stale by the time they set about compiling it from the more nimble daily press, which aims to give news chiefly. We have uniformly refrained from falling into this habit of our contemporaries, because, in the first place, we do not pretend to publish a news paper, and, in the second place, we presume that our readers get all the news from the daily papers, long before ours could reach them. Yet we cannot resist the temptation, now in this era of general good feeling over the promise of a restored Union, to allude to the recent avalanche of glorious intelligence from the battle-fields of the country, so far as to extend our hearty congratulations to our friends and readers all over the land, and to unite with them in the sincere prayer that these victories of our arms over insurrection and the spirit of anarchy; may result in a peace for these United States that will take them on to a greatness never yet paralleled in the history of nations.

Lecturers.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, afternoon and evening, and also on the following Sabbath, March 9th.

Prof. Clarence Butler, the "young man eloquent," is to address the Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., each Sabbath in March.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in Marblehead, the two first Sundays of the present month.

Miss Emma Hardinge, who has been dispensing the gospel of truth to the New Yorkers, for the last two months, goes next to Philadelphia, where she will continue her labors during the present month.

Hon. Warren Chase is on a lecturing tour through the great west—Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, &c.

Statistical Pocket Manual of the Army, Navy, and Census.

D. P. Butler, the distinguished phrenologist, at No. 142 Washington street, has just issued this valuable text-book. It gives the pay of all officers in the army and navy, statistics of salutes, funeral escorts, badges of rank, rations, clothing; list of forfeitures, military terms, army telegraph lines, army appropriation bill, fortification appropriation bill; list of United States vessels of war; population of cities and towns in 1860; population of the United States; slave population; routes and distances; list of governors; vessels in the European navies. It is, our readers will see, a valuable work. Price 25 cents.

