

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Heine, by Cora Wilbarn, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Conversation with a Court Clergyman.

Several days elapsed and still our travelers continued their inquiries. They had formed many acquaintances at the table of their hotel, and in the coffee houses, but no one could give them an account of the remarkable portrait, as no one had seen, or even heard of it. And no tidings were to be obtained of Cecilia. Even the innkeeper of Binsenger, to whom Lyonel had promised a handsome reward, was unheard from. And the Herr Von Goldtwig, writing from Vienna, Hamburg, and Berlin, was still vainly expected home.

Our young friend found it difficult to maintain his self-control and patience amid so many disappointments. He endeavored to divert his mind as best he could. He read and wrote, philosophized and made verses, looked over his diaries and accounts, visited billiards, museums, public gardens and places of resort, until there remained nothing to be seen in the city and its environs.

One day, as he was sauntering along the walls of the so-called "interior palace garden," he found the iron trellis gate that was usually closed, wide open, and he passed within, never having had the opportunity before. He had soon wandered through the broad, straight walks that extended between abundant flower beds, and that were adorned with fragrant orange trees, with myrtle, lemon, and other rare fruit trees of other lands, and with hedges of the jew, clipped and trimmed according to the old French style.

But he found little pleasure in the contemplation of these beauties, or in that of the images of gods and muses, who kept there the post of sentinels. Nor was he gladdened by the decorations of the fountain, whose crowds of nymphs threw aloft the diamond spray; nor by the aspect of the waterfall that dropped muscally over moss-green stones. He threw himself upon a garden bench, before a Chinese Kiosk, in the shade of a wide spreading tree, with whose leaves the wind was toying. He would have fallen asleep, had he not been disturbed by the sound of human footsteps.

A man of venerable appearance, of strong built frame, already somewhat bent by the burden of years, approached with a firm tread. The imposing figure was clad in a large, wide, black overcoat, that reached from the shoulders to the ankle; beneath the broad rim of his black straw hat, several locks of snow-white hair were visible, and a full and florid countenance. The expression of the features denoted good nature, but a seriousness, also, such as is assumed by those in office, in order to manifest their dignity, or, as might be occasioned by the impress of thought and study.

The old gentleman, with a careless salutation, remained standing before the traveler, who respectfully arose from his seat. Regarding him with a keen glance, from head to foot, he asked him rapidly:

"Who are you? What is your name? Who led you into this garden?"

Not embarrassed in the least, Lyonel apologized for having entered there, as he had taken it for a public resort. He then named his distant home.

"A stranger?" queried the old gentleman in the priestly garb, in a tone that betokened that he was satisfied, but desired to hear more.

"From America, Alabama—a State yet in its first youth."

"Is it long since you left your country?"

"With whom have I the honor of speaking?" inquired Lyonel, who was somewhat displeased with the importunity of the question; "I have probably the pleasure of speaking to one of the clerical gentlemen of the Court?"

With a slight bow, he seemed to acknowledge the supposition, and with a friendly gesture, he pointed to the garden bench, inviting Lyonel to be seated.

He followed the example, and the American was soon engaged in animated conversation with the unexpected companion, who evinced a cultivated mind, and a vast fund of varying experience. He hoped to obtain from him some information regarding the portrait that had so strangely moved his heart, in the cabinet of the Duke.

But the Court clergyman did not permit him to attain his aim, for he puffed him with questions concerning a hundred things that the far-traveled Alabamian had seen in different lands.

"And where, in all the four parts of the world, did you like it best?—where the least?" inquired the talkative old gentleman.

"Where do I like it best? In America, in my own Colony. Where least?—that is difficult to answer."

"Well, yes, I thought so. It is natural to love one's Fatherland. You are a Republican, unacquainted to the monarchical order and repose, in which, since the fall of Buonaparte, we live together in uninterrupted peace. We too, have a sort of morsel of a Republic in our Old World, but unfortunately, I have just read the papers—undoubtedly, you have visited that beautiful Switzerland. Poor country?"

"I found matters no worse there than in other places, reverend sir. Perhaps that land is judged, notwithstanding its name, and its title, to be a poor country."

as our United States are, merely from the gossip of party newspapers."

"You are, I well discern it, a true Republican who would not forsake his colleagues."

"At least, I have found in the greater portion of Switzerland, not only as much order and repose, but even more contentment than in other lands."

"Where then, sir traveler, the incessant quarrels, uprisings, and overthrow of the Constitution and Government?"

"Reverend sir, in Republics, as in Monarchies, when the sovereign is dissatisfied with his Ministers, he deposes them. If they seek to use force against him, he uses force in return. They fight in Switzerland, sometimes, for political and churchly ideas, as they do sometimes for the dear bread and beer, in Ireland and England, in Gallia and Bohemia, in Silesia, Bavaria, and other places."

"But the surging and uprisings of the Swiss have no end. Political and Church parties uninterruptedly continue their savage animosities."

"As everywhere, every process of development causes fermentation. It appears that Europe is thus conditioned from one end to the other: from Portugal and Spain to Russia, from Italy to the North. Everywhere, Whigs and Tories, Bureaucrats and Democrats, Conservatives and Radicals, Communists and Monopolists, old and new Protestants, Romish and Christian Catholics."

"You are not quite wrong, young sir. Unfortunately this confusion would take hold of some of our German lands, for I believe you allude to them. But with us there is no danger."

"Certainly not anywhere where the Government goes hand in hand with the majority of its subjects—that is, with the middle classes. They have elevated them for centuries by the aids of art and science, industry, inventions and discoveries, to a higher standpoint. The governments must not lag behind, and still less must they seek to rejuvenate the conditions of the past."

"None desire that. But even in the so-called middle stations, half-knowledge, pride and self-conceit, lead to the utmost party spirit. That must not be endured. Every State must be a firmly membered body, without dissension of its elements—a united whole, in church and politics. Without this, it must sink."

"Agreed, reverend sir, but I do not understand by a firmer membership, the application of political and ecclesiastical compulsion. In England, and in our American United States, free speech, and free press, and liberty of the conscience are awarded to the people, and England and North America are fast in their roots, strong in the stem, and great in their advancing growth."

"Spoken like a true American, but not a European!" cried the clergyman, laughing. "Do not compare your America—that new land—with its people formed of various nations, that are thinly outspread over a vast domain, with European conditions; with the rights of descent; the customs and habits of the Old World. America is yet but a seed and planting school. Europe is a finished park of trees that have unfolded in accordance with nature, and so continue to live."

But here, as there, are valued the rights of man in the State and Church—the right to unfold spiritually, as does another, be he baron or Baron, layman or Pope; here as there, the eternal truths of reason cannot be condemned, much less annihilated; it cannot be done, despite of censorship, prisons, cabinet orders, and Jesuit mandates."

"The truths of reason, my dear philosopher, are in themselves something unlimited and undefined in our spirit. But in the reality of the earthly world, all things are bounded and fixed by conditions. Therefore, State and Church freedom are limited to the view of the people. Our world-reformers do not believe in this; they are, and remain, incorrigible manufacturers of systems, dizzy theorists, faith and Church-brooding fanatics, hungry Socialists, who covet the bread of others. It is such who form sects and parties; who poison all religions and moral feeling; who continually insole and root up; who would trample all human and divine ordinances under foot, so that they might occupy the foremost place."

"Lyonel did not deem it advisable to reply, 'for,' thought he, 'I cannot instruct this man, and he cannot convert me.' He sought to turn the conversation to another channel."

But the old clergyman continued:

"I am not averse to hearing your opinion of our affairs, and how these appear measured by the American scale. Speak openly, with me. I love candor."

"I also; therefore I candidly acknowledge that I place but little value upon the correctness of my opinions, that I have only imperfectly gained in passing from land to land. It is not the most pleasant sound to a stranger on entering a house to be obliged to listen to domestic quarrels. I preferred turning my eyes to that in which Europe excels, and for which she will forever remain our teacher."

"In what did you find this?"

"I visited the fine institutions, the venerable monuments of past times, the cabinets of art, the collections of natural wonders, the picture galleries. I saw the portraits in the palace."

"You will not have found anything remarkable there."

"Only one picture, for which, or even for a copy, no price would be too high for me; perhaps you know it? It is—"

The clergyman arose from his seat, and made a sign with his hand to a servant, who approached, and who immediately disappeared.

"You see," he said, "I am called and must obey. I regret leaving your entertaining company. I hope and desire that we may meet again. The garden shall be open to you at all times. I will seek you to-morrow at this time. Will you come? I beg of you, do. And now farewell, my dear Republican!"

With those words, he left the spot, and for his companion at the most inopportune moment; for Lyonel was on the point of questioning him with regard to the portrait suspended near the Duke's writing table. In utter vexation he looked after the old gentleman; he was no longer visible, and Lyonel retraced his way, fully resolved to return on the following morning at the same hour.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Evil Tidings.

But in this also he was doomed to disappointment. For, on entering his apartment in the Hotel du Monde, he found there a stranger engaged in loud conversation with Arnold Jackson. When the latter beheld his employer, he cried out:

"Verdadero! O my dear sir, all is lost. And now inquisitions, tribunals, processes for murder, and so forth, come upon us! High time that we get out of the scrape."

"Why so noisy, Arnold? Are you plagued again with your European weariness?"

"Guero de Dios! You'll soon feel it in all your bones. Look here, sir. Do you know the gentleman here? It is our postmaster's own self, that in Binsenger waited upon us, with naked arms and a white apron. You remember, sir?"

"Ah, welcome," cried Lyonel, joyfully. "You have, perhaps, found out for me, the dwelling place of the invalid sergeant? Bravo! my good man, if I guess aright."

"Your lordship, my much-honored Herr Von Harrington, will deign to permit that I am as innocent as a child, in not having had the honor of finding you before; have been twice to the city; asked up street and down street after you. Well, not a living soul knew anything of the Herr Von Harrington and the Herr Cheekon here."

"Diable n'importe!" interrupted Arnold. "I am no Cheekon; my name is Jackson, and this is Mr. Harrington."

"Yes, of course. But permit me, my wife wrote your names in the book, and she unfortunately writes so unorthographically. But your honors know as well as myself, there were so many people in the house, when we had the honor—"

"Let us come to the main point, said Lyonel. 'You have probably seen and spoken with the Sergeant Thork. Tell me where? How did you find him? Speak, I beg of you!'"

"Yes, very well, of course!" began mine host. "I was, according to your lordship's commands, not indolent; ran day after day, heard right and left, and heard nothing and again nothing. At last, an unexpected chance brings to me the driver Postinacker. You know him perhaps; he has more copper on the nose than my wife has in the kitchen; for the rest, an honest fellow. I can swear to that. He came from Kahlenfelde, and took his schnapps at my place. Excellent! I ask him, he answers, and behold, it all comes out. Your honor's runaway Thork, namely the one-legged or one-armed Hussar, had stayed awhile in the miserable village of Kahlenfelde. Postinacker had seen him with his own two living eyes. Do not doubt what I am telling you."

"Thunder! Who is doubting?" cried Arnold, impatiently.

"How far from here is Kahlenfelde? how long ago was this?" eagerly inquired Lyonel.

"I know exactly," replied the narrator, as he turned over the leaves of a soiled pocket-book. It was, if you will graciously permit, on the twenty-fifth of the present. I, the next day, on both my legs, off to the village and to the old tavern hostess. Well, he had lodged there."

"Had lodged? Then he was gone from there. Did you go after him?" cried Lyonel.

"Your lordship is pleased to jest. Do you know? The old fellow had been dead and buried ten days before. What say you to that? I, not indolent, take myself—"

"Dead!" exclaimed Harrington, with a face of pallid alarm—"dead—have you heard right? Did you see correctly?"

"Most humbly beg your pardon," responded the man, "he had been ten days in his grave, if you will permit. There was nothing more to see. Taken with a rupture of a blood vessel on the road, he arrived half dead in Kahlenfelde; and the second attack finished him, and—Amen. What say you to that? An unhappy misfortune in this world, is always a misfortune. So, I, not indolent."

"Hold!" cried Lyonel, with visible sorrow and hesitation. "And the young girl with him—what has become of the young girl? I told you plainly the name of the girl? Is she yet in Kahlenfelde? Do speak?"

"Well, all in order, your honor. To speak of the girl—Sollice, is she called? Right! It fell from one fainting spell to another, and noted like crazy. The old woman, the inn-keeper, had no peace, till the creature was taken out of the house. Off with it! Amen! But the truth is, the female, so the inn-keeper herself confesses, paid honestly for old Thork and herself; board and lodging, washing, attendance, coffin, if you will permit; grave-digger, parson, funeral expenses, sexton, *curm'd* *summarum*, all. Well! but what say you to this? When I returned—"

"Where did the young girl go from there?" asked the deeply agitated listener.

"Where to? The hostess is a silly woman. Do you know! I am quite different! She asks no passenger, where from? Where to? What for? What with? Of course, her's is a beggarly inn. The girl your honor wants to know about, Miss Sollice? Good. It sat down with its seven worldly effects upon a farmer's wagon, and drove out into the dear wide world; the blue heavens know where to? When I returned home, what do you think, how I—"

Lyonel sprang from his seat, pale, with quivering lips; he seized his faithful servant by the breast, and cried in a hollow voice:

"Arnold, Arnold, have you heard? She is gone, the poor unhappy one! No one knows whither. To-morrow, at the first break of day, we depart from this. Do you hear?"

"I was just going to say the same thing, with your most gracious permission, your honor! Yes, yes, it is the highest time!" began anew the postmaster. "I came now to the most distinguished and principal point. Leave here, sir; to-day, rather than to-morrow. You are threatened with a heavy thunder-storm, a ton heavy one, if you permit."

"How so? Wherefore?" demanded Lyonel, indifferently.

"Grant me the honor of listening to me, but do not betray my humble self," said the polite narrator in a lower voice. "When I returned, and entered my room, there approached me, the Lord be with us, a Commissary of Justice, with my own stranger's book in his hand. He, without saying a word, examines me, do you know, from all sides. I shall confess who the Messieurs Harrington and Cheekon in the book are; what say you to this? I, not indolent, reply; 'how shall I know the like? What my wife has written, is written, enough!'"

The commissary requests the description of your lordship's valuable persons, from head to foot, from right to left. My heavens, wife and I had taken no notice. Your honors had arrived in the twilight; had left in the twilight; besides, the rooms, kitchen, and every place filled with market people and guests. Do you know one of us has no ears or hands enough? All want room and stable, eating and drinking in their empty stomachs, especially at night. All the world looks differently in the lamplight, to what they do in the sunshine. In short, if your lordships had stood bodily before me, I should have had the honor not to recognize you."

"Why did they ask for us? What did they want?" inquired Lyonel.

"Oh, because of the confounded fight of that evening. Do you know? If they had beaten each other by candle-light, I would let it pass. But in the dark, where one looks like blind into a sack! There is no sense in it. I have not made up for the loss yet. Fourteen Payance plates, five dishes, oil and vinegar cruets, nineteen bottles—all in pieces! It was a pitiful sight! Many went away without paying—that was the fault of the others. They shall be punished for it; they all are well cared for, and will not be let loose till the high Judicature finds out who gave the Herr Von Kaltback—you know? I mean the high lieutenant—the stab in the thigh."

"What is this to us?" cried Harrington, impatiently.

"But the high Judicature is in search for your lordships, because you were present at the confounded game of fisticuffs. I myself have twice been called up for a hearing. What say you to that? Good! I have nothing to say but what I have said; and with that, hallo! The others, I have well observed, want to wash themselves clear, and they lay the stabbing at your door. I have declared that was not true; and that is the truth."

"We? Chancharras! Chancharras!" angrily thundered Mr. Jackson. "That, indeed, is wanting! Where are the fellows that dare to do this, hey?"

"In prison, please your honor. Bad affair, I said from the beginning. Stabbing with a knife! A nobleman, unfortunately; that will not easily pass over. Do you know? Ten, twenty years imprisonment; then the costs; then compensation for my running and walking, and my wife—"

"Your talk, Mr. Postmaster, causes me some astonishment," said Lyonel, as he for a moment stemmed the torrent of his speech. "You will comprehend that I cannot allow any suspicion or accusation of any kind to rest upon me. Can you maintain your words, that I and my companion are thought guilty of banditti deeds?—that the justice of the place is in pursuit of us? I can hardly believe it. We do not keep ourselves concealed; we walk abroad openly; our passports are in the hands of the Police. I am not without acquaintances in the Capital. As yet, no one has sought nor detained us."

"Well, probably your lordships have to thank the geographical error of my wife for that, and that, at the Fair, your honors were not known, and are dressed always differently from the rest—I mean according to the fashion, elegant. But follow good advice, your lordship. I do not say this to get thanks and reward. I am, by all means and throughout, the most disinterested person. You must, of course, seek the distance. Do you know? I am an honest man. They whisper all this and that, besides, of the gentlemen with whom you deigned to take dinner with us."

"Whisper what? Diabolo! Whimper! What does that mean?" broke forth Arnold. "Please to speak clearly, sir!"

"They speak, with your gracious permission, of conspiracies, free-masons, demagogues, secret societies and *et cetera*, as the custom is. You are strangers, from afar, only by chance, therefore, naturally innocent. Well, but I wanted to warn you all the

same. Fortunate that Mr. Shackson recognized me in the market better than I did him, and brought me here. Herr Lieutenant Kaltbach is nearly well upon his legs; limps upon a stick. What say you to that? If you are discovered—then—why—of course—"

"You mean well in your way, but not according to my views," replied Lyonel, coldly, and he put several pieces of money in the hand of the inn-keeper, who politely restated the gift for awhile. "I am obliged to you for the attention shown me in regard to the invalid. As to the quarrel in your house, I have nothing to do with it."

With that the postmaster was dismissed, and he left the room still rubbing the pieces of money in his hands, as if to ascertain their value by his practiced touch.

"Demand our bill of the 'World's' host, Arnold, and pack up. At daylight we go to Kahlenfelde," said Lyonel. "We will not return till we have found the poor girl; but at all events, we must return here once more."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Criminal Case.

Preparations were made for the departure, or, as Arnold termed it, for the love-chase. When their trunks had been looked and their supper eaten, they waited only for the return of their passports to retire early. The tidings of the death of old Tobias Thork, and the thoughts of Cecilia's uncertain fate, left Lyonel but little hope of obtaining forgetfulness in sleep. He took no heed of the Binsenger inn-keeper's account of the results of the noble and citizen guests, on the Fair day.

There was a knock at the door. Arnold advanced to the two police officials that entered, and cried eagerly:

"Bon, Messieurs, the passports! Out with them!"

"You are Mr. Lyonel Harrington, from the State of Alabama, in America?" asked one of them.

"Not at all," replied Arnold, as he pointed to the one referred to. "I am his companion, or friend, or servant, what you please. But no matter; give us the passports."

One of the new-comers remained standing at the door, while the other, approaching the younger traveler, repeated his question, and requested him to follow to the police office, and to take his attendant with him; also to produce his assembled effects and papers.

"Que Diabolo quiere este loco?" cried Arnold, savagely. "Do they take us for swindlers or vagabonds? What have we to do with y: or police?"

Lyonel besought him to be tranquil, gave up the trunks, and took his hat to accompany the summoning spirits, that the affair might be settled at once. The officers of the law, however, without evincing any haste, drew forth paper, sealing wax and seals; searched in bureau drawers, closets and writing desk; then placed their seal upon the trunks and valises, and then politely made a sign to the astonished Americans to follow them. Arnold swore in all European languages; Lyonel, although vexed, could not refrain from laughing at the comic exhibition of his trusty follower's anger. The servants of the house had gathered together in alarm; after a few words with the upper waiter, they proceeded on their way. When they reached the street they saw in the darkness two *gendarmes* with their muskets, who, at a discreet distance, followed the unwilling wanderers of the night."

At the Ballif's house master and servant were separated, and each one had a hearing in a room by himself. One, as well as the other, was questioned concerning the object of their travel; particularly and minutely examined in regard to the places they had frequented for the past months; the reasons of their stay; the acquaintances they had formed; especially as to their interest in the Binsenger fight, even to the conversation held at the table that evening; and lastly, in what connection Lyonel and Arnold stood to the persons there assembled.

Although both answered with sincerity and without the slightest hesitation, it still appeared as if the ends of justice were not attained, and the astonished Lyonel was informed that he would, for the present, be held a prisoner. Arnold, as his servant, who, as it seemed, knew but little of the secret business and enterprises of the suspected master, was remanded back to the Hotel du Monde. It was in vain that the indignant man protested against this decision; he was commandingly shown to the door, unless he preferred narrow quarters to his usual sleeping place. Lyonel kindly advised him to be silent; the sorrowful Arnold pressed the hand of the young man in farewell, and left with drooping head, murmuring between his teeth: "Scabs! wretches! soundrels!"

The prisoner was led into a small, dusty, poorly furnished room in the third story, that was guarded with barred windows and double-bolted doors. He was shown a straw bed upon the floor, and left in the darkness. It was then midnight.

We may be assured that our friend, thus disappointed in his most cherished plans, did not pass a night of happy dreams. But he resigned himself, in due calmness, to the inevitable fate, assured that his entire innocence would soon obtain his release. The next day he felt quite reconciled when the superintendent of the prison informed him that he could, for pay, be made somewhat more comfortable in that place.

He then forth looked upon the strange condition in which he found himself as upon a singular and amusing adventure, such as had not occurred to him in all his life of travel. And when, upon application, he received permission to entertain himself with paper, writing materials and books; when

linen and clothes were sent to him from his trunk, he felt almost contented. He wrote a note to Arnold, requesting him to send what he needed, and added at the close: "Do not forget Cecilia Angel and her dwelling place. If you find her anywhere, do for her all you can; aid her without restriction. Adieu, my good old friend; I hope soon to see you again."

But the hope of a speedy meeting died out after a few weeks. The continual examinations seemed to take no end. Peculiar grounds of suspicion were raised against him, and enigmatical questions presented. His replies were sometimes called evasions. A lively, neat, quietly smiling, little man, with a cunning face, appeared to have assumed the part of public accuser before the tribunal. This personage, seated behind a mass of papers, seemed to have a thorough knowledge of the business, and all other affairs of the prisoner. Not only was he in possession of the words he had used in reference to the prayers offered up for the English nobility, but he knew of the conversation held with the Baron von Urmung on the first day of their acquaintance, even to the most confidential remarks that had not been overheard by a third person. All this was placed before Lyonel, in testimony against him.

It was inexplicable how they came to know of even his visits to the old hussar and his niece; even to relating the exact sums he had given to the invalid at different times. When he was questioned concerning the object he had in view in being thus generous, he spoke of his compassion for the privations and poverty of the old man and the young girl; but the honorable tribunal made a wry face, and smiled sarcastically. One of the younger members expressed his opinion, to the no small alarm and amazement of the American, that so pretty a maid, with hair that seemed formed of the beams of the evening sun, well merited the most Christian compassion. There was no doubt the nursing of justice must have seen Cecilia, and Lyonel would have given much to have cross-examined that Christian lawyer.

It appeared at the end of the proceedings that he was accused on two points: first, of demagogic efforts and revolutionary enterprises; secondly, the wounding of an officer in the duke's service.

On the first of these accusations great stress was laid, because he had not refrained from holding insulting and even seditious speeches toward certain persons in high position, of which the police ministry had been fully apprised. It was thought highly probable that he was not only a member, but an emissary of a dangerous, anti-monarchical association of young France, or young Europe, they were not certain which; perhaps he was the agent of young Germany, or the Carbonari. He was promised grace, if he would honor the truth and denounce his accomplices.

He defended himself with a proud security that was the witness of a quiet conscience; acknowledged without reserve the expressions he had used in social intercourse upon the public conditions of Europe; but declared that the insulting remarks against princes, the seditious language imputed to him, to be rank calumnies; and called upon the family of the Herr von Urmung, upon the Minister himself, as witnesses.

In their place he was one day unexpectedly confronted with mine host of the "Paradise," Herr Jeremias Vogel, from Baarlingen, and with the director of the police of that place. The innkeeper had heard his guest, on the occasion of the execution of Moor Michael, inveighing strongly against the justice of the land, and even against the sovereign. For example, he had called the execution, before all the people, "a comedy of the judges; a crying sin of the government." But, as if to apologize for the accused, he remarked at the same time, with a polite bow to Lyonel, that he had uttered those words in the utmost anger only; "for," he added, "only think, most gracious sirs and judges, not alone did an unthinking female near us lose her shawl and knitting bag in the crowd, and the English gentleman here have his golden watch stolen from his pocket; but even I, and I am a man of fore-back and insight, I, too, was robbed of my silver watch; it was as if blown from my pocket. Think of it! And alas, I have never had it returned."

The police director of Baarlingen contented himself with his written explanations to the high tribunal, which, however, he repeated fully, and added:

"This gentleman, asserting to be from a State unknown to the whole world, the State of Alabama, which he might as well have named Utopia, has, from the first, appeared suspicious to me. According to all the indices, the accused is a *Quidam*, every where and nowhere at home; leading a nomadic sort of a life! My suspicions were still further aroused by a watch, that, according to the confession of the accused himself, contained the dual coat of arms. Where he got it from, is an important question. It strengthened my suspicions, that, without awaiting tidings of the watch, said to be stolen from him, he had so suddenly left the place, leaving his servant behind. No one in Baarlingen, not even the servant-man, knew whither he had gone. This sudden invisibility, with many other circumstances, threw a dark shadow upon the aforesaid elegant traveler."

Among the witnesses afterwards called upon was the host of the "Golden Duck," beneath whose roof Lyonel first met with the Counsellor von Urmung. The Court was informed by that personage that the accused, who had received his stolen watch from the Baron, had indulged in invectives against all governments until late in the night, and had disputed and quarrelled with the Herr Counsellor. It was rumored somewhat later, that Mr. Harrington, having met with a number of peasants in the neighborhood who were about to emigrate to America, he had held incendiary speeches, and had given rebellious advice.

The President of the Court, when the host had concluded, prevented Lyonel from replying to him, by informing him that the privy Counsellor Baron von Urmung, who was chief President, had given his testimony in favor of the accused, and had explained the conversation of that evening, which had been misconstrued by the innkeeper.

"But," he continued, "according to his evidence, you, sir, are again in possession of the much talked-of gold watch, that contains our Duke's esutcheon. If you have it with you, please to deliver it to the Court without delay. We shall give you an especial hearing on that point, some other time."

Lyonel silently took out the watch and handed it to the President, who examined it on all sides; whispered something to his neighbor, and then it was passed from one to another, each one moving his eyes or his lips as he regarded it.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the witnesses that were summoned; among the rest appeared Mr. Barnabas Trolle, from St. Catharine's Dale, who, in the most shameless manner, sang a dozen or more of falsehoods in the face of poor Lyonel.

Against this man's calumny," cried the innocent-looking youth, "you will permit me, gentlemen, to offer not a syllable of reply. It would be degrading to my sense of honor. Inform yourselves of the reliance to be placed in this man, of the neighborhood; or of his Excellency, the Minister von Urmung. I am silent."

Still more tedious was the investigation relating to the wounding of the officer. Herr von Kaltbach belonged to one of the oldest and richest families of the land; the wound inflicted by a plebeian hand was looked upon as an attempt to murder. The worst of the matter was, that Lyonel stood there, not as a mere witness, but as the accused. Without doubt, the heroes of that evening had thrown the entire blame on the stranger, whom they deemed no longer within the boundaries of the Dukedom—perhaps no longer a traveler on German ground; in this manner they hoped to save themselves, or the known guilty person, from the wrath of justice.

Even the philosopher, Hercules Strong, when he confronted the American, was strong and bold enough in his presence to repeat the falsehood and corroborate it:

"This crafty Yankee," he said: "whom I know, because I rode part of my way in his carriage, seems to take a merit to himself for rescuing me from the tumult, in which I was thrown to the ground, and trodden upon. I am grateful to him for it. But gratitude shall not prevent me in exercising the noble virtue of truth. He knows not that he himself was the cause of my fall; knows not, that when I saw a knife in his hand, drawn upon the good and gracious Herr von Kaltbach, I sprang forward to save him, and was thrown to the floor in the confusion."

None the less adverse was the testimony of several officers, who declared that it was the pretended American who had caused the outbreak by his witticisms and mockeries on the subject of the prayers for the English nobility.

Lyonel on his part believed that nothing could be more easily accomplished than to satisfy the judges of his innocence; but he could not overcome the ever increasing distrust with which they regarded him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A YEAR AGO.

BY NELLIE J. TEMPLE.

This was the day, a year ago,
When tender flowers were fading slow;
That we stood together, side by side,
By the dancing rill where the violets hide.

The world was glad, and bright, that day,
And fair as when crowned by the wreath of May;
But the light of her beauty was fairer to me
Than the loveliness resting on land and sea.

Her look and smile as she moved along,
Seemed like a sweet embodied song,
And I loved to watch the glad light quiver
In her eyes like the stars in the deep blue river.

The crimson tint on the forest trees,
Like the hectic flush of a sore disease,
Was resting in Autumn's glory day,
As we watched it, a year ago to-day.

I remember now, how the sunbeams bright
Fringed her rippling hair with light—
Her tresses, that round her brow would twine,
Golden in hue, like the German wine.

A year has passed, and Autumn again
Paints her glorious pictures on hill and plain;
But the loved one who watched it a year ago,
Sleeps where the blue-eyed violets blow.

The year has fled—in silence forgot—
And I stand again in the self-same spot,
Watching the whirl of the Autumn leaves,
Seared and sad, like my heart that grieves.

The world to me is an Autumn day,
Filled with its shadows cold and gray;
And the churchyard sod now seems less cold,
Since it covered the head with its curls of gold.

I can see her tombstone where I stand,
And it looks to me like a pallid hand,
And pointing to Heaven, it seems to say:
We will meet in the land with no Autumn day.

MAY.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

May!—the month of violets, arbutus blossoms,
And golden buttercups, of flowering orchards and
woody birds, month of music and beauty and
fragrance, sweet-smelling, fair-faced May!—we welcome
thee, brightest gem in the coronal of Spring, thou
whose praises have sung in strains of far-
reaching sweetness, whose charms eloquent lips
have rehearsed in glowing numbers: our lips will sing
thy praises, too, our feet will ramble with thee where
thy blossoms deck the fields with stars of golden
beauty and clusters of azure brightness, and in the
garden where bouquets of daffodil set in shining
emerald, are clasped with the white pearl of the nar-
cissus, and the snow-balls shake their pure cups in
the gentle breeze; we will listen with thee to the
music of the streams, which April's hand unlocked,
to sing in honor of the Spring, and watch the bright-
winged birds which thy soft breath has wafted
homeward from their winter retreat, as they flit
hither and thither among the rosette branches of
the apple trees and amid the purple luxuriance of
the lilacs, gathering here and there, materials for
the nests, to which, with songs of gushing sweet-
ness, they will ere long conduct their brides.

Nature's voice is jubilant, her smiles cheerful
and joy-inspiring, and full of golden promise are
the months of the Spring—promise of the Summer,
promise, too, of "the seed-time and the harvest."
For "he that goeth forth, scattering precious seed,"
and filling up the after days with useful duties, as-
sisted by his handmaids, the dew, the sunshine and
the rain, shall surely "come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him."

The promise has never failed. In this we have no
room for doubt: as it *hath* been, so it *shall* be; we
have only to wait in faith and trust the reward of
our labor, grateful to him who giveth us the blessed
earnest of the future which we read in the pages of
the Spring, and the abundance with which "our
basket and our store" are filled.

God be thanked for this blessed, this hopeful
promise, and let our voices, this May morning, be
jubilant, also, our faces smiling and cheerful, our
footsteps blithesome, our hearts loving and trustful,
ready to receive the happiness which he hath al-
lotted us, and to reap "the exceeding weight of
glory" which he hath designed to succeed the sor-
row, if such there be.

What if "the times are hard," "money scarce,"
and privations a daily, even an hourly necessity?
What if our paths are hedged about with difficul-

ties, our feet torn with thorns? There was one
whose perfect life was given as our example, who,
while a dweller on this mortal shore, "had not where
to lay his head."

"Gold mountains and the midnight star
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflict and his victory, too."

The servant may not be above his lord—say, it is
enough if he be as his lord. Let us emulate his
meekness, his faith, his patience, and like him labor
diligently with our hands to provide "the meat
which perisheth," "being chargeable to no man."

And what if the harsh winds of Winter, the wall-
ing blasts of March, have broken some tender links,
already sprung to their utmost tension? What if
the spirits of some beloved ones have been wafted
over these ice-tipped hills and frozen streams to the
land of perennial summer? What if there are new
mounds of earth in our quiet church-yards, where
the forms of those who were lovely and beautiful in
life, sleep together the eternal sleep?

Their feet are treading fields of immortal verdure,
where they never say one to another "the Winter is
over and gone," for flowers of amaranthine beauty
"thick cluster on the verdant hills," suffering and
sorrow and wearisome nights for them are over; no
more patient waiting for the dawn, no more count-
ing the hours until the starry lamps shall illumine
the heavenly vault, blessed signal of rest to the weary,
for there is no night there, neither pain, nor sick-
ness, nor death, and "the tears are wiped from all
eyes."

There are babes of a day, little buds which never
unfolding on earth, for the breeze was too chilling,
the sunshine too evanescent; there are those upon
whose brow the bridal wreath had not yet withered,
whose voices are swelling the innumerable choir, and
there are those for whom the laurel waited, and the
echoes of whose praises are still sweet to our ears,
but there was need of them above; no more for
them the midnight lamp shall spend its oil, no more
toiling days shall write their lines of care upon the
once smooth and open forehead; learners still, toil-
ers still are they, but the work of that upper home
is sweetened by love, rewarded by true and earnest
appreciation, and never—oh, never, blighted by the
cold wind of censure, the sharp dart of scandal, or
the imputing of wrong and selfish motives to that
which flowed clear and pure as crystal from the
fountain of a magnanimous heart.

And shall we, while the wondrous melody of
their strains is freighted the heavenly air, and
while the lovelight of their glances pierces even the
murky clouds of our earthly sky—shall we, who one
day expect to join these strains of seraphic birth,
whose hands even now are preparing for the blessed
love-work in which they engage, whose feet are al-
most ready to climb the celestial heights, shall we
sit down in the ashes and cover our heads with
sackcloth, and mourn that the light of our earthly
homes has become dim, and that the hearth-stone
no more re-echoes to the tread of their busy feet?

Oh no; for us, there is no work here—toll-
me, ill-rewarded, it may seem, at first, but yet, bearing
a blessed promise for those who "faint not, neither
grow weary in well doing."

Nearer are we by a twelvemonth, than at the
dawning of the last May, to the fulfillment of this
glorious promise, to the feast prepared for all who
will, to partake; nearer to the sweet, searful song,
the green fields and the still waters, and oh, how
sweet the thought, nearer to the end of sin, of tem-
ptation, of fainting and falling by the way; nearer to
the blessedness, the unutterable glory of our perfect,
our immortal life.

And we have yet another cause of joy. To-day
we say not to one another as we said when the morn-
ing bells heralded the last May month, "Is there
hope for our country's future? Is there liberty for
the enslaved, and the opening of prison-doors for
those that are bound?" by the strong, and, for a brief
season, triumphant hands of rebellion and wicked
wrong, but we look now through clouds of smoke,
and walls of suffering, true; but still, we look, hope-
fully, cheerily at times, as victory after victory sends
its exultant notes upon the air, and many a swift
winged zephyr brings tidings of the foe's retiring
march, off to the hills of deliverance, and the clear,
blue sky which we feel now, will succeed the smoke
of the battle, and already we begin to listen, and to
hold our breath to catch the first faint whisper which
shall come fraught with more than mortal sweet-
ness, in the answer to the question, "What of the
night?" "The morning dawneth, fair and radiant
with the light of Peace!" For this we are waiting,
for this we are hoping, for this we are laboring.

God be thanked that we have the promise of its
coming in the stern resolves, in the mighty endea-
vors, in the prayerful courage, in the constant and
fearless up-looking to Him, whose hand through its
earthly instruments wields the sword of battle,
which have made our nation in the present, as in the
past, a glory and a watchword to the nations of the
earth.

Trusting, then, in the great Captain of our salva-
tion, who hath led our army from "conquering to
conquer," we may well greet the May-month with
songs of grateful joy, with praises to him who hath
"made our lives in pleasant places," and even from the
smoke of the furnace, and from the swelling billows
bringeth forth abundant fruit to the glory of His
holy name.

And for those who have kindred and friends ex-
posed to the chances of the strife, who read through
tear-dimmed eyes each record of the deeds of bravery
with which our messages at present time, hushing
the throbbings of their hearts until the whole col-
umn is read, and then drawing a long sigh of relief,
that as yet, the doom of the widow and the father-
less is not theirs, let us hold them in tenderest sym-
pathy to-day, and gently remind them that he
whose love exceedeth even that of woman, holds
their beloved in his own care and keeping, as safely
as if they gathered with us, by the evening hearth-
stone, or stood beneath the flower-laden trees of our
New England, to-day. For there is no higher duty
than the sustaining of our country's honor; no
nobler fate than to die in that country's service. And
for those who wait at home, can there be a nobler
sacrifice, than the giving of the earthly life which
runs parallel with their own, bound in the same
bundle, clasped with the radiant gems of love and
truth to labor, and perhaps to die in this glorious
cause?

Let this be our support, our comfort, and our joy,
while we wait for "the Star in the East" which
shall rise bright and glorious with the promise of
the advancing day, and hush our breath to listen
for the first faint echoes which tell us that the "Star
Spangled Banner" waves its radiant folds over a
happy, and united people, when "nor war, nor bat-
tle sound" shall break in to mar with its discordant
notes, the songs of joy, when hearts long estranged
shall beat in union, and those now proud, rebellious,
and vindictive, shall walk softly down the vale of
humility, and we all pluck together the flowers of
Peace.

Original Essays.

LETTER TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

THE VICE OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:

Sir—It is too plain a proposition to be denied,
that there is a disturbing element in the Constitu-
tion of this nation. None who witness the life and
practice of the government, need long remain in
doubt as to the cause of the disturbance. Careful
observers believe, and so charge, that slavery, or the
system of slave-labor, is the mischievous disturber of
the peace of the people. The indictment presented
by Public Sentiment to the world, avers that it is
the legitimate cause of the bloodshed in our midst.

Slavery ranges in degrees of degradation from
serfdom to simple chattelism. Color is but an ac-
cident of the condition. In this country the African
alone, or his mixed blood, is found in slavery. He
is socially disabled and politically disfranchised—he
is never a citizen of the United States, though in
some of the States, if free and having a certain
amount of property, he is admitted to the citizen-
ship of the State. National citizenship can never
be his under the present constitution unamended
in this respect. He is a subject of the government,
not a citizen thereof. In like manner is the Indian
disabled and disfranchised; his race, however, is ex-
empt from the other conditions of the African. The
Constitution has not placed upon him the seal of
bondage. Though not allowed in the land of his na-
tivity—land once all owned by his ancestors—the
privileges granted to foreigners on their naturaliza-
tion, and deprived of all participation and represen-
tation in the affairs of government, the Constitution
and laws of Congress have never restrained him in
the exercise of those rights which are the inheri-
tances of nature.

Some readers of the Constitution deny that the
institution of slavery finds any grant of being in
the General Government, any support or privilege
within its wide embrace; that it recognizes the at-
tribute of property in a slave, or any such predica-
ment of a man held in bondage; that it secures the
master in the exercise of any rights of property in
the slave—such are bold men—eyes have they but
they see not, and language seems to have lost in
them its meaning. It is nothing to them that they
find written upon its leaves such paragraphs as
these: "The migration or importation of such per-
sons as any of the States now existing shall think
proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Con-
gress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred
and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such
importation not exceeding ten dollars for each per-
son: No amendment which may be made prior to the
year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any
manner affect the passage just quoted. What can be
plainer than that the Constitution of the United
States provides for the foreign and domestic slave-
trade, and that, for a period of twenty years, pro-
tected the importer of slaves, by a guaranty more
potent than the edicts of Congress, or the voice of
the People themselves? In the language of that
distinguished statesman and President of the United
States, the late venerable John Q. Adams, that great
instrument of American Government and warrant
for the prosperity and safety of this nation, in the
particulars of slavery and the slave-trade, is indeed
and doubly vicious! How long shall its otherwise
fair pages bear the dark and bloody stain of bond-
age—that foul blot so abhorrent to humanity and
disgraceful to the culture and civilization of the nine-
teenth century?

"Out, damned spot!"

To arrive at the true meaning and proper con-
struction of the Constitution of the United States,
in many of its provisions, recurrence must be had
to the period of its adoption, and to the contempo-
raneous usages, customs, and circumstances of the
people of the States. Be it remembered that this
state-paper is professedly the foundation and plat-
form of a government for a nation composed as well
of persons whose aggregation is called the people, as
of the States whose union constitutes the confeder-
acy. It must of necessity partake of the feelings
and sympathies of the people and the States repre-
sented in the Convention which placed upon it the
stamp of approval. It could not well have been framed,
nor have passed the ordeal of popular scrutiny and
criticism to which it was subjected, without the fea-
tures and complexion of the times being deeply im-
pressed upon its pages. None are so ignorant as
not to know that among the inhabitants of the
States, at this time, slavery was an institution un-
questioned either in church or State, in matters of
morality and right; that it had an origin coeval
with the settlement of the country; that it kept
pace with its civilization; that it was unwrought
into the usages and customs of all classes; that the
system was kept alive by domestic procreation and
foreign importation; that, in fact, it had a sort of
common law status, which the Bench of Justice, dur-
ing its colonial administration, never pronounced to
be without right in their midst, though deriving its
dignity and power from the British Constitution—the
same trans-Atlantic fountain of authority whence
Lord Mansfield drew reasons for his judicial deci-
sions. It is, indeed, foundational in the government
which was inaugurated by that instrument; struc-
tural, too, as it is a part of the material of its frame-
work, and reaches to its utmost turret and topmost
tower. Nor can it be questioned, since the evidence
is within the reach of every reader of the history of
those days, that the person of a slave was held sub-
ject to the proprietorship of the master—and that
such relation established beyond controversy and all
peradventure, the correlative fact of property in
him, a species of chattelization of him, and the vesting
of title to him, and which is the subject of sale.
This paper is the product of the real and actual
state of things and condition of affairs; it was
known to its authors and approvers that slaves were
imported into the country beyond the sea; they
knew, whether right or wrong, that these slaves were
bought and sold, and to all legal intents and pur-
poses, were the property of the purchaser; they
knew full well that this class of individuals, the
Constitutions and laws of the land did not regard as
citizens, but as bondmen; they knew that the slaves
never had been reckoned or accounted in those Con-
stitutions and laws, in any sense, as the people, nor
been represented in any popular legislative assem-
bly. Governed by this knowledge of the state of
things, they adapted it to the needs and exigencies
of the times, providing for amendments to be made
when the popular demands should evince the neces-
sity, with but one drawback or limitation—to wit,

that no amendment should be made giving to Con-
gress power to prohibit any of the States from the
importation of slaves for the period of twenty years,
as above. In all things else, this great Ordinance
of the people—this great Act of thirteen
States—deliberately and solemnly passed, by which
their nationality was established, and declared to the
world, was open to amendment at any time when
there should be a compliance with its provisions in
that behalf.

It seems that what before belonged to the States
to regulate, if to be regulated at all, was now given
over to the general government, the States to reap
the advantages of the traffic in slaves as a profit-
able, lawful, and proper commerce, subject only to a
revenue profit or benefit to the new government, on
each slave, of a sum not to exceed ten dollars. These
doings most assuredly nationalized that species
of trade or commerce, which before was subject
to a limited, local, or state legislation. It might be
useful and interesting to furnish, in this place, the
statistics of this pursuit. But it is not necessary for
the present purpose; all persons versed in the his-
tory of colonial and ante-revolutionary affairs, know
that at this time the investments in that kind of
import were large, and the vessels engaged in the
carrying of that article of commerce from the con-
tinent of supply to that of demand, numerous. Such
pursuit was lawful, and an existing every-day avoca-
tion of all such as had the disposition and means
to embark in its adventures, and this branch of
commerce received the sanction of the assembled
wise men of the new nation, at the very inception
of its constitutional existence. They gave it their
kind countenance, and bade it God-speed for the space
of a score of years. They held the power of Con-
gress over it for that length of time in absolute
abeyance, except in the particular matter of adjust-
ment of the duty to be paid per head by the import-
er. Let me ask just here, *en passant*, lest it be om-
itted, what the denier of alleged property in a slave,
so far as the question relates to the action, intent,
and aim of the general Federal Government in that
particular, will say of this grant to Congress of lib-
erty to impose a duty on an imported African. The
objector will have it that he is a man, a human be-
ing, and called, in the language of the article in
which he is referred to, a person. So he is, but has
he not been pronounced, by those who call him so,
in language in the use and meaning of which it
were improper to charge them with ignorance, a du-
tiable something, commodity, article, piece of goods,
etc.? It is a misnomer of those men who introduced
the word, a mistaken and misapplied term, or such
African is property—within the meaning of the
Constitution. A duty, in the commercial sense, is
paid only on goods, wares and merchandise.

The fathers of this Republic were entrusted
with the establishment of a National Government,
on account of their superior wisdom. They are
now remembered by those of us who live in this
day and generation, with a veneration bordering
almost on idolatry. They were, many of them, if not
all, slaveholders, or had been such. They thought
it right and proper to provide for the continuance
of slavery, or to make recognition of it under the
new order of things, and accordingly there is found
in their great covenant of civil polity, sentences,
sections, and articles securing its perpetuity. They
made no distinctions, where there were no differences.
They never saw, so far as I can discover, any differ-
ence between a foreign and domestic trade in slaves
—at all events, such difference does not disclose it-
self in the Constitution; and hence no discrimina-
tion is made by them, except in the extrinsic cir-
cumstance of a duty on the foreign or imported
slave. In this they were right. If it was wrong to
enslave the black man in Africa, and take him
thence, equally wrong was it to enslave him in
America, and take him hence to distant, and to him
unknown parts thereof. This they knew and felt
and acted on, never at any time conceding it to be
wrong or of questionable morality. I judge that
their limitation of the right to import African slaves,
for twenty years, or their surrender of the reserved
right of the States to such importation, without hin-
drance from Congress, for that length of time, had
its origin in economical or revenue reasons, and
not in questions of ethical moment. If they had
deemed slavery and its incidents politically, morally,
and religiously wrong, is it to be supposed that they
would have compromised the matter for a double
decade of years, and have tolerated for so long a time
that which was to receive in after years the brand of
infamy? They knew that the system was all preva-
lent in Church and State, all over the land—they
knew also that importations and traffic in slaves
were not, the very African slave-trade itself, of that
day, was not, contrary to the law of nations. They
have nowhere given to Congress the power to pass
those laws, however proper and needful they may be,
which consign those engaged in the business to the
gallows, and subject the vessels used by them to
condemnation and confiscation. Such a grant of
power would have convicted them of gross inconsis-
tency. At one moment did they consider the insti-
tution of slavery a good thing? The next, so bad
as to be without the pale and protection of the law?

"You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses, and your dogs, and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
The slaves are ours."

Whatever, indeed, others may think of the fathers
and their doings in the establishment of this gen-
eral government, and the adjustment of its prin-
ciples and provisions in the matter of slavery, so pre-
valent among them—be it favorable to them or oth-
erwise—I am not called upon in this connection to
pronounce judgment of belief, but in this, that they
have so expressed themselves in the Constitution as
to leave no doubt of their intention to declare a slave
to be property, the subject of sale, leaving State
Legislatures to say whether such property shall be
deemed to be real or personal. Such conclusion is
derived from the *usus loquendi*; their adoption of
language applicable only to such usage; their choice
of words significant indeed of such existing facts
in all the States, and needing, in this use of terms,
no definition, any more than in respect to the terms
in common use in the courts and law-literature of
the day, of which it is well known that they were
far from being ignorant. I judge, therefore, that
they have settled the question, and that slaves are
property within the meaning of the Constitution.
This, it would seem, is sufficient both in law and
logic.

The authors of the Constitution left slavery and
the slave-trade open questions; as they existed at
the time, so they left them, without any prohibition

of the domestic trade, only regulating slavery in some of its incidents, as in the case of escapes, etc., never conceiving the idea of property belonging to the slave any more, because of his change of domicile by his own volition or that of his master—and leaving these two subjects of national concernment to the future, to be met when the time should come, by any amendments that might be necessary. The regard which they manifested in this behalf, and the provision which they made in respect to the whole extended circuit of the involved relations of slavery and the slave-trade, as appears by the quotations above, touching the importation by the States for twenty years. Any prohibition of imports of African slaves, or any intermeddling with, or limitation of, the inter-state commerce in slaves, by Congress, was put by them far away in the distant days, and made subject to a species of *paula-post* future tense. And then after so long a lapse of time, Congress can only prohibit migration or importation—such doing does not reach slavery, and a traffic in slaves outside the domain of the United States. To import, clearly conveys the idea of carrying or bringing within the national territory. It is granted to Congress to shut the ports of the nation against the introduction of slaves—and this is all the grant—it can legislate no further. It has no power to hinder slavery at home, nor to molest the trade in slaves abroad, on African shores, or in Cuban or Brazilian markets. No power of prohibition of such nefarious commerce is among the enumerated powers of Congress; all search among them for any will be in vain. Nor is there any implied power of prohibition visible in the letter of the Constitution. The invisible spirit of the instrument, the genius which dwells in its profound penetralia, and dictates its high behests when invoked, gives not even a shadowy assurance of such a power. I deny that the power to regulate commerce granted to Congress, warrants that body to pronounce the traffic, apart from importations, piracy, and the offence penal in the highest degree, however much its laws in that behalf are needed, and however well deserved the punishment prescribed. Such traffic is "the sum of all villainies," and its pursuers deserve the ignominy of the scaffold. I approve the execution of Gordon, because of the claims of Humanity, not because of the reports of Congress.

The fathers ought to have prohibited in the Constitution, slavery and the slave-trade, and have declared that there should be no longer property in a human being, which was then a living, legal, and century-consecrated fact. But they did not, and left the one to its *quasi* common law origin and foothold in the land, and the other to its recognized lawfulness in the Code of Nations. The bloody conflict now raging in the nation, and as yet irrepressible, admonishes their descendants of the extent and magnitude of the *vices* they suffered to lend judgment in their Great Charter of Government. Their legalizing, for a score of years, the crime of kidnapping on foreign shores the rude and miserable African, and their allowance of his bondage here, for all time, to the philanthropist, look strange indeed. In that, it would seem, they made an immense moral mistake, and committed a most unpardonable political blunder. What a compensation for this, is the visitation upon the nation of this slave-holder's war upon the government! They forgot the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, and adulterated the eternal truths which it enunciated. They builded a beautiful temple, and dedicated it to Freedom, but it has ever been a House of Bondage to the black man—the abiding place of a Power whose usurpations now hold in servitude four millions of the human family. Vexing its deformities and carefully concealing its enormities, that Power kept from full view its hideous mein, till recent events lifting the curtains of its hiding place, revealed its frightful visage, and like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, it is beheld.

"With features horrible than Hell's ever traced
On its own brood; no Demon of the waste,
No church-yard Ghoul, caught lingering in the light
Of the blessed sun, or blasted human sight
With lineaments so foul, so fierce as those
The Imposter now, in grinning mockery shows."

Since the beginning of the Federal Government, when the States united became a power and a nation, there has been no change or lessening of the nationality of the institution of slavery. The property right has never been annulled, and it continues to be one of the franchises of the citizen of the United States. If the grant or recognition of the right to hold a slave as property, or estate, had not been intended—if the property attribute of a slave had been covertly or clandestinely lodged in the letter of the Constitution, or furtively concealed in its spirit, abundant time elapsed before the period of its amendment, for the people to make ready to rid themselves of such an imposition, by expunging from its enrollments, such intolerable allowance. It would seem that from the 17th of September, 1787, when the Constitution was adopted, to the 4th March, 1789, the date of the Amendments, the trial of that paper had been sufficiently long to call out all the Amendments considered needful. The people were content to allow the slave to be property, as at first, and by neglecting to amend in that particular, affirmed such proprietorship or kind of estate in him.

This was an opportune occasion to remove all objection, if any existed, and to lay the foundation of his emancipation. But the people amend, and in the fifth article of the amendments a prohibition is introduced in respect to property, all and singular, generally, and without any limitation of the kind or quality, animate or inanimate. This was the time, and this the article in which the great exception of the slave to the general rule, definition, or classification of what is and shall be considered property, should have been distinctly made. If any such exception was intended or desired, I do not believe any such exception to the general rule was either intended or desired by the people of those days—and hence they have placed the property question beyond doubt in my mind. That which results from this, is important in reference to State legislation generally, in the matter of emancipation of slaves. It will not be forgotten that this amendment prohibits all interference with the property of persons, declaring that no person shall be deprived thereof without due process of law.

Enough has been said to show that a slave was deemed, and taken to be property at the time of the Amendments and their ratification—it follows that such property is within the meaning and intent of the fifth article of them, and must be governed by its prohibition, which is, that the slave cannot be taken from his master without due process of law. Legislative enactments are not such. They them-

selves are powerless, when in conflict with the Constitution, which is the Supreme Law of the Land. Who can hesitate to say that the Statutes of a State can not take away, with or without compensation, the slave from his master, by which he is deprived of property? All acts of emancipation, of a State, which are not prospective, and make free those born afterwards, are violative of the Constitution, in that they deprive of property and take away vested rights.

New York passed laws in the years 1817, 1830 and 1841, prohibiting slavery; or, in other words, the owning of property in a slave. I do not see how those laws could have stood in a Constitutional conflict, since "the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or law of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." Such is the language of the Federal Constitution. Slaves are property; "they form to this day the foundation of large masses of property in the Southern parts of these United States." Such is the language of Chancellor Kent, when writing of persons held in slavery. In those cases which have been adjudicated at Washington and Albany, the one growing out of the provisions of the Prohibitory Liquor Law of the State of Rhode Island, and the other arising out of the enactments of a like statute in the State of New York, it will be remembered, it was decided that the Legislature cannot, by its acts, deprive any person of his property; in short, that legislation is not proceeding at law—that statutes are not processes at law—and that the property of the citizen, no matter of what it may consist, may not be taken from him, in contravention of the constitutional protection.

I have said above, that in making the Constitution, the fathers neglected to transfer to it, and to carry into actual and practical use therein, the truths of the Declaration of Independence, purely and wholly as it proclaimed them. The vicious elements which they allowed to become a component of its life, and whose affinities are forever in hostile attitude to the teachings of that instrument and its inventory of British wrongs, crystallized into these palpable facts, to wit, that none but white persons became citizens of the United States; that all Indians and free negroes became subjects of the United States, in the same sense and to the same extent that an Englishman, or an Irishman, or a Scotchman, is a subject of the government of Great Britain, and that all persons not white nor free, but held to service or labor under mastership during life, remained as aforetime, subjects of the parties to whom such service or labor was due. Slaves, in fact, to their masters, and subjects to the Commonwealth; amenable to the master as property; amenable to the government, politically, as persons and its subjects. Such is the complexion of human rights in one of its features which the Constitution exhibits. It came to be so, because of the right to have and to hold slaves, which its citizenship conferred and established, and because it neither Indian nor African, free nor held to service, constituted or came within the category of political entities described in the preamble of the Constitution, as *we, the people of the United States*, in whom dwelled the essential power of the State. They were not represented nor recognized in the conventions of the people had to consider and adopt the Constitution, and it nowhere confers on them the rights of citizenship, the source of supreme sovereignty.

There is one aspect of the matter of slavery which must be met by all who meddle with the question—entirely beside the Constitutional or political one of this and other nations—and not likely to be productive of the same feelings or conclusions: the moral aspect, in the light of pure reason, in the abstract, and independent of all outward or external objects. It is proper here to dwell a little and to observe in that direction.

There is, not, in the nature of things, any essential difference, morally, in the traffic in slaves, at one time or place, more than in another. Hence, I cannot concede to Congress any right to discriminate between the foreign and domestic slave trade. I question its right, as well as any reason it may give, for distinguishing between them, and declaring the one no better than and synonymous with piracy; full of all turpitude, and laden with every iniquity. It lacks good reasons for its malefactions against the one more than the other. The moral code has been unable to demonstrate any difference between them, and careful consideration can discover nothing generally unlike or dissimilar. It is very hard to discern wherein lies the difference between the traffic or trade in slaves on the coast of Guinea, and their transit hither upon the high seas, and the like dealing here at home, along the Atlantic borders, concluding the adventure by a sea-voyage coastwise to some distant market on our own extended sea-board; yet Congress claims to have discovered it, and has legislated accordingly. But I aver that if one is wrong, then both are wrong; that if one is right, then both are right. I enter a protest against such absurd definitions and distinctions as have been made by Congress. Can it change the nature of things? Can it, by a species of legislative legerdemain, in the use of terms and language known to the Common Law and the Code of Nations, transmute a person into a pirate, if, in a certain latitude and longitude, he be engaged in the slave trade, while, at another point, if engaged in the like pursuit, he is a worthy citizen, commanding the protection of the government in transacting his business? Can it give good reasons why it has asserted the incidents and relations of the commerce in slaves? Why will it treat the slave trade abroad, which is only one of its bearings, as a great wickedness and contrary to approved morals, and the same thing here at home, as a great goodness and in conformity to the motions of conscience? Why will it abolish slavery in American bottoms sailing in African seas, and punish American citizens trading in slaves from African soil, and refuse to abolish slavery in the capital of the nation, tolerating and protecting the bondage of men born on American soil? Diplomats and representatives of the crowned heads of European governments here take advantageous lessons upon human rights, and learn what a priceless jewel is American consistency! Right reason revolts at such wicked absurdities, and the voice of nature will not be silent—she ever proclaims from her sacred chambers and echoing halls of justice, the higher law.

Observe and apply here what Cicero says, a citizen of Rome in the days of its greatness and glory, the statesman and orator so accomplished in philosophy and letters: "There is indeed, a law, right reason, which is in accordance with nature, existing in all, unchangeable, eternal; commanding us to do what is right; forbidding us to do what is wrong. It has dominion over good men; but possesses no dominion over bad ones. No other law can be substituted for it; no part of it can be taken away, nor

can it be abrogated altogether. Neither the people nor the Senate can abolish us from it. It wants no commentator or interpreter. It is not one thing at Rome, and another thing at Athens; one thing to-day, and another thing to-morrow; but it is a law eternal and immutable, for all nations and for all time. God, the sole Ruler and universal Lord, has framed and proclaimed this law. He who does not obey it, renounces self, and is false to his own nature; he brings upon himself direct torture, even when he escapes human punishments." Such are some of the enunciations of the law, as propounded by the polished and upright old Roman. It needs not to be said here that it finds the fullest response in the bosom of every intelligent man.

In the present aspect of affairs, I can see but one way to rid the nation of the nuisance which the vice of the Constitution, above considered, upholds and continues. It is impossible now, to reach the evil by an amendment of the Constitution, abolishing slavery in all the States. The wrong, however, is not without present remedy. Although the war disables the people to abolish by an amendment, in that not enough States are now in condition to proceed constitutionally to amend, yet it enables the government, by force of a power which war only awakens into life, to abolish slavery, which power government may exercise only while a state of war shall continue. That Providence which rules over and regulates all the affairs of men and of nations, seems to have given this Government the fittest occasion and most opportune advantage for the exercise of a power that is sufficient unto the day and the evil thereof. Let that power be exercised without delay, and Freedom to all men shall prevail throughout the whole land.

God save the country and the Constitution, in everything but that which upholds and perpetuates slavery and its correlative, commerce in slaves.

Yours, &c., HORACE DRESSEN.

New York, March 14, 1862.

THE CHURCH OF SPIRITUALISM; AND SPIRITUALISM IN BOSTON.

BY EMMA HARDING.

In this day when Spiritualists, (made so by actual revelations from spirit-land, fed of the spirit, and in the spirit, and that by spirits) are beginning to be ashamed of their title, and seek to better their heterodox opinions from the rain of persecution which the splendid mid-day light of Spiritualism has challenged from the adherents of darkness and mystery, by all sorts of reformatory side issue titles, it is quite refreshing to be able to write of one place as a *Spiritual* meeting, and one assembly as *Spiritualists*. When I add that the place is in the Athens of America, and the assembly numbers among its members some of the most justly esteemed and respected of America's Athenians, the sweet and holy word *Spiritualism* looks out from the fog of false and loathsome philosophies, and the filmy veil of respectable church organizations, which the licentious on the one hand, and the hypocrite on the other, have put upon it, with a noble individuality of its own; and it is in the hope that a brief sketch of its working in this, its unadulterated spirituality, may encourage the feeble and faltering in other directions, that I submit the following notice of the spiritual meetings in Boston. I write only of that which I know, and therefore, I am often compelled, with seeming egotism, to associate my own experiences with the details I narrate. I trust I shall be forgiven for this, in consideration of the responsibility I assume in consequence.

On Sunday, the fourth of this present May, I returned to Boston, to fill the Spiritualists' desk, after an absence of some months. For three Sundays I have been greeted with audiences filling to overflowing every portion of the place of meeting, including every available standing point of stairs, gallery and ante-room.

I found the meetings held in Lyceum Hall, in the Pavilion Hotel building, on Tremont street; the hall capable of holding, I believe, some seven or eight hundred persons, neatly fitted up, well lighted, seated, and ventilated; the meetings free, and the expenses attending them defrayed by subscription, a limited number of social evening parties held during the winter, and the trifling aid of such contributions as the audience may be disposed to afford at the close of the meetings. The conduct of these meetings rests with a committee of gentlemen, selected from the subscribers; and if honorable name and fame be the qualification for a committee man, Lyceum Hall may boast of "the pick" of Boston; and I must here add that those who fear lest the notoriety of being called "a Spiritualist" may affect their high standing or respectable callings, might take courage from the sight of our Sunday meetings, and the assurance that the quiet, open, and dignified ministry of different members of the committee, on alternate Sundays as Presidents of the meeting, has not as yet injured their reputation as merchants, honest men, or gentlemen. Some of these (our committee men) are personally known to me, and I am free to confess, I never felt so high a respect for the honorable position of a wealthy merchant as when I saw it in the persons of these gentlemen, to grace the meetings wherein they feed the people's souls, at their own proper cost and trouble.

I am told the funds are ample, and that from the three sources above named, fully sufficient means are realized to defray all the necessary expenses, including a choir, in which some most excellent professional assistance is combined with equally valuable volunteer aid. Amongst the latter I need but mention Messrs. Bond and Flagg (celebrated Massachusetts musicians) in token of the superiority of the music and the harmony of feeling that expresses itself so truly in sweet sounds.

The evening parties above alluded to, under the most careful and judicious management, and a determination to ensure good order and respectability, that precludes all shadow of license, or occasion for scandal, I have not myself attended, but I am informed by some persons decidedly opposed to "promiscuous gatherings," that they were reluctantly induced to attend, and found in its arrangement so much support for commendation, such sweet and harmonious feeling and dignified order, that they regarded these parties as the most interesting and well conducted of the season, and were glad to avail themselves of all subsequent gatherings of the kind. Were I writing for the Lyceum Hall Committee (which I am not), I should here pause to say, "be firm, be constant, be true, a vision of shining Reapers from unlooked for sources is in 'fetter' for your 'church' in addition to the above named sources of revenue, and no wonder, for what hand is not out-

stretched to help the successful; and what offers do not yield their wealth to feed the rich?"

Thus much of the meetings in Boston; and if one would ask, what does it all amount to? I answer: The pure, loving and simple compendium of all religion, inculcated by Jesus, in man's duty to his neighbor, if put into practice might have converted this world of sin and sorrow into a miniature kingdom of heaven; yet eighteen centuries have rolled away, and though mind in all its phases of intellectual activity has scaled the mountains of progress, and even to the most giddy heights of knowledge, the world is just as full of violence, sin, sorrow and suffering as though Jesus had never lived or died.

Andrew Jackson Davis's system of harmonial philosophy comes in the nineteenth century, a scientific, complete and admirable exposition of the wisdom, beauty and necessity of Jesus's one commandment of love, and by a series of the most wonderful analytical theorems of the universe in every department, has shown how the law of Justice pervades Creation, tracing conclusively all of human suffering that man can experience, to ignorance of this law, and disobedience to its exactions.

Yet the lovely life of Jesus, and the fine philosophy of Davis, need to be taught, analyzed, expounded, rehearsed, and insisted on, fitted and measured to all man's requirements, and illustrated "line upon line, and precept upon precept." They need to be proved, too, in the life of the Teachers, and every point of the theory demonstrated in the practice of the theorists, and to effect this, I claim that public gatherings, lucid expositions, illustrations drawn from history and science, and fervent exhortations, knocking at the door of the heart with all the force and fire of inspirational utterances, must be used as the instruments of enforcement.

Whatever effects Catholicism, Lutheranism, Quakerism, or Theology in any form may have had upon human character and destiny, its propagandism is due to the form as well as to the speech in which the theories have been enunciated—mostly, however, to the latter, for that wisdom which in a book may make a lasting impression on one mind, and scarcely leave a passing shadow upon a thousand; yet, when spoken, with all the accompaniments of magnetic power and psychological force, but more, far more than all, projected upon an audience with the irresistible control of inspiration from the world of control and inspiration, and made the center, moreover, of a system of reiterated teachings, is almost as sure to reach the thousand minds, as the book is to affect the one, and this not alone from the causes above stated, as the legitimate effects of oratory, but because, as the world is at present constituted, the mass of mankind have been accustomed to lean on individuals, and the effort to realize the thoughts of the speaker is far easier than the exercise of thought in pronouncing judgment on the book. The book is for the thinker; the orator for those who need to be stimulated to the task of thinking for themselves, and learning the methods of thought; and though the Spiritualist on principle is no propagandist, realizing that the ground must be prepared by "the logic of events," ere it is receptive of the good seed, nevertheless, every true Spiritualist must realize, that the present calamitous condition of this country (to seek no further for illustration) is attributable solely to the want of fixed principles of light and justice in this and preceding generations; believing moreover, that the Spiritualist perceives these great principles, and that by the overwhelming tides of evidence which the souls who lived, suffered and erred on earth can bring, concerning the consequences of human actions, that they can absolutely demonstrate their teachings—I say woe be to the Spiritualists, whether they be receivers, or mediums of this mighty revelation and its proofs, if they keep silence, and do not minister to the world of the bread themselves have received.

When we look abroad and see the disruptions everywhere splitting up the petty sects of Christendom, when we see the history of Christianity marked in all times by fire, sword and persecution, and the present age of civilization beholding the most learned and philosophic minds of the day seceding from its ranks, and rushing even into infidelity, to escape from its unproven demands upon human credulity, should we not hail with grateful reverence a revelation which sets its seal upon all that is most holy and precious in religion, and at the same time appeals to the broad basis of science as its demonstration; and having achieved so glorious a condition for ourselves, I repeat, woe be to us, if we are not prepared to share our light with others—if we are not willing to aid in regathering the scattered flock of God's Israel, and more than ever in this hour, when the world's greatest nation is shipwrecked for the want of a living truth religion—a religion that opens its stately seventh day Temple doors at all hours, and pours its life in sacred tides into streets, homes, markets and Senate Chambers, if we fail to speak the word of power, comfort, warning and truth, "in season and out of season," until the force and reasonableness of our revelations shall commend themselves to the good sense of the people, and compel them to believe that honesty here is the best policy hereafter, that Christ's religion is the power in act, not in name, "prayer without ceasing," the only acceptable form of worship to God, and glorious Nature, the work of the Infinite Father's hands, with all its revelations of arts and sciences, the truest, indeed, the only true Gospel of law that ever yet was written.

For the toiling and much abused mediums of the present day, I, as a co-laborer, and consistent observer, can answer, they have done their parts, performed to too many of them, under circumstances of trial, poverty, persecution and fatigue, of which those who have benefited by their labors, know but little. For myself, I confess the question with me is no longer, am I willing to work, and that quite half my time, for a pittance inadequate to pay my expenses, and maintain myself and those dependent on me, but can I do so?

Without entering into details too personal and painful for this place, I answer, I cannot do it and live. If such service as myself and others similarly situated are able to render be worth the having, let the Boston meetings show our friends in other sections the entire feasibility of organizing associative movements, at a trifling personal sacrifice of money and trouble, from a sufficient number of persons; and of extending their spheres of usefulness, not only to weekly teachings, but into libraries, and lyceum meetings, for the investigation of the two mighty columns that support the glorious temple of life, namely: psychology and magnetism, together with every other department of human knowledge, all of which goes to make up the sum of religion as a science demonstrated. We want associative aid, too, for the sick and sorrowful. Poor mediums, with

scarcely a dime in their pockets, are perpetually the counselors of the suffering, and the resort of the destitute; and how can we help them, when we can scarcely help ourselves? Shall our children, too, continue to think of their Heavenly Father as an avenging tyrant, and to seek for Sabbath School heavens through the passports of church creeds, instead of in their own hearts?

The publishers of this very paper have issued a little volume for children, after the form of Sabbath School modes of teaching, substituting real knowledge for nonsensical fictions; and kind words for fire and brimstone, and charitable toleration for moral racks and thumb-screws. I would ask for no better kingdom of heaven than an assemblage of bright little scholars, fully instructed in life's duties, after the fashion of "the Spiritualists' Sabbath School Class-book, No. One," but out of the "five million, American Spiritualists," I have yet to find one hundred who think it worth while to teach their children in class the only religion they believe in themselves, and very many thousands of whom scruple not to send their children where they will be sure to imbibe doctrines which they believe to be pernicious falsehoods; all this for want of the liberality to pay, or the energy to organize a subscription list of some two, three or five hundred persons, according to the population, who, by the contribution of a few of the dollars never grudging to churches which send one half of them to perdition, might organize good public meetings, lyceum gatherings, libraries, music and painting galleries, hospitals, benevolent aids, and every other practical illustration of a religion which, in charity, should note "the fall of a sparrow," and in science numbers the very hairs of our heads.

I do not know the population of New York city; but I am told by one who has made the subject one of most remarkable and careful study, that there are over eight thousand Spiritualists in its limits. An earnest canvass of some one percent of this number, solicited to pay even as little as four dollars per annum, would secure a large proportion of the above advantages to the community, and form a nucleus around which the rest would soon grow, provided, always, the work was commenced, not in the spirit of experiment, or the effort to make the meetings pay by their attraction; but rather by the sacrifice of a few dollars on the part of the undertakers, and a determination to give the people their bread free, and trust to their own payment in the ultimate good and progress of the race. Who will dare to say, with a knowledge of the eternal laws of compensative justice, any of these will lose their reward?

Let not this matter be entered upon experimentally, but undertaken in the spirit of permanence, that "fainteth not by the way." One year is no time to probate such an undertaking, and each subscriber should be solicited to supply beforehand, or in promise, his subscription for three years. Speakers of the best capacity only should be employed, and since each one is to be a mouth-piece for great thoughts, due care should be had that the food offered should be administered acceptably; but, above all, let care be taken, first, that the undertakers of this movement define the principles they believe to be beneficial to the world; next, that they are prepared to indorse them in their own lives; and above all, see that the teachers they select to instruct the world in their opinions do not themselves live a lie.

I have much more to say on this subject; much, too, that the experiences of our good Boston friends might illustrate of the advantage of all, but I feel I have already intruded on these columns at unreasonable length, and can only add that by pen or word of mouth, all who realize any worth in these suggestions, may command the most zealous service of

EMMA HARDING.

18 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

ALICE.

I close my weary eyes: the dream is sweet—
Once more the Spring-time and the Summer meet;
Spring pours her riches at the Summer's feet;
O'er the fair earth they hold divided sway,
(Oh! beautiful vision, fleeting fast away,
To glad these longing eyes I pray thee stay!)

Fair is the heaven above, the earth more fair,
There lies in its embrace, and on the balmy air
There float sweet sounds of music everywhere.

In the soft radiance on the far-off sea,
In the pink blossoms of the apple-tree,
Hope whispers of a fullness yet to be.

Thine is the golden languor of the hours,
Thine the unsullied verdure of the bowers,
Thine, too, Hope's fairy promise, morn of flowers!

She comes!—the genius of the time and place—
My dear lost love! With an exceeding grace
The welling crimson mantles her sweet face—

A girlish face, without one trace of care,
To mar the beauty of the outlines fair,
Set within heavy braids of shining hair.

Upon the dark-fringed curtains of her eye
The dewdrops of the morning glistening lie,
Unconscious of life's noontide scorching sky.

I see her flutter; by my side she stands;
I lay my own between her dimpled hands,
And find the rest since vainly sought o'er many lands.

Alice, that which hath been, no more may be.
Thy beauty growth still, but not for me;
Between us rolls the dark and angry sea.

I wake: the raging north wind fiercely blows,
The shades of Arctic night around me close,
Before me lies the waste of Arctic snows.

Buckle on Descartes.

In descending on the character of this immortal French philosopher—Descartes—who may be called the parent of all idealism, whether belonging to the German mind or to any other—Buckle sums up some of that great man's views in the following language, being substantially that of his own writings:

"The thought of each man is the last element to which analysis can carry us: it is the supreme judge of every doubt; it is the starting-point for all wisdom. Taking our stand on this ground, says Descartes, we rise to the perception of the existence of the Deity. For, our belief in his existence is an irrefragable proof that he exists. Otherwise, whence does the belief arise? Since nothing can come out of nothing, and since no effect can be without a cause, it follows that the idea we have of God must have an origin; and this origin, whatever name we give it, is no other than God. Thus the ultimate proof of his existence is our idea of it. Instead, therefore, of saying that we know ourselves because we believe in God, we should rather say that we believe in God because we know ourselves."

This is the order and precedence of things. The thought of each man is sufficient to prove his existence, and it is the only proof we can ever possess. Such, therefore, is the dignity and supremacy of the human intellect, that even this, the highest of all matters, flows from it, as from its sole source. Hence, our religion should not be acquired by the teachings of others, but should be worked out by ourselves; it is not to be borrowed from antiquity, but it is to be discovered by each man's mind; it is not traditional, but personal. It is because this great truth has been neglected, that implicitly has arisen, if each man were to content himself with that idea of God which is suggested by his own mind, he would attain to a true knowledge of the Divine Nature. But when, instead of confining himself to this, he mixes up with it the notions of others, his ideas become perplexed; they conflict, themselves, and the confusion being thus continued, often ends by denying the existence, not, indeed, of God, but of such a God as that in whom he has been taught to believe."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 8, UP STAIRS.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

The President.

Fortunately, the time has come in this country when the people and the press may be allowed to pass their comments on a President and his course of action, without being dragged up to the standard of a political party creed, culprit fashion, and compelled to do penance for having uttered the honest conviction. We have waited and prayed patiently and earnestly for this time to come, and at length it is at the door. We see the day arrived when a President's enemies are "they of his own household," politically speaking, and his friends are from among the number of his former political foes. The time for free discussion is dawning. It required the heavy blows from the sledge-hammer of revolution—revolution in State, in Church, in literature, and in the old habits of thought, and throughout the entire structure of society—to break successfully the fetters by which men's minds had so long been bound, and free them for service to themselves again.

We are in the midst of that revolution now. Wise men and timid men, bold men and conservative, generous men and considerate, alike tried to stem the torrent that was rushing on toward them all, and threatening to swamp them in its powerful impulse, but it was in vain. It had been so ordered, it seems, that the cancerous infections in the State should at length be cut out rudely with the sword, and cauterized cruelly with the heated iron of war, before the nation might be permitted to gain its normal health and strength again, and go on its way rejoicing. And so we are all suffering together. All of us have slained and come short, and we must all suffer from the course our sins have naturally taken.

But it was of the President we set out to speak, when we began. Mr. Lincoln can be spoken about without offending partisan feeling now, and we are thankful for it. It has not occurred to all our reflecting readers, what a calm wisdom sits at the centre of that man's being, looking out over the turbulent sea of the times, and casting as carefully as possible the shape of the future? Is he not, spiritually speaking, a far better man for the times than a thorough-paced partisan, whose education is limited to the catchwords and mean practices and malicious habits of thought common to the old-fashioned party arrangement? Does he not come to us all with the character and aspect of a man, as if his soul was still open to the reception of good and noble influences, the door not having been closed by the order of any close corporation of political professors and doctors?

Party lines having been rubbed out, men who have suffered their opinions to be limited by them, now feel lost to know what to make up their minds to. It is what mechanical and conforming minds term a "confused" state of things, whereas the actual confusion is caused by their own brain and perceptions, lacking the force and reach needed to see the way out of the entanglement. Yet, after all, it is a perfectly natural state of things, and one that could not have been avoided. And it is at just such a time that timid men, and men of dim and short sight, call on the strong ones to come forward and help them out of their trouble. A man is what they look for in a leader—not a person who has faithfully carried the party flag without trailing it ever in the dust; one who is a host in himself, who is calm, of comprehensive grasp of mind, self-poised, possessed of a silent and enduring courage, and who, above all, believes in the triumphant progress of Truth and Freedom. Such a man we conceive Abraham Lincoln to be; and he has been specially trained and reserved till this time.

It is the easiest matter in the world to say of the President that he lacks force—that he is without energy—that he is too mild, and, as a member from Pennsylvania did say, that he did so-and-so "in his mild way," but that is just what is expected to be said about a man like him. They said the same of Gen. Washington; and the famous, and infamous Conway cabal, which was a secret intrigue to first disgrace, and then displace the great Commander, rested on a basis just about as firm as this. A wise man always moves and acts deliberately; the fact that he does, only proves that he is a man of decided determination, and not of a whimsical and vacillating will; we would far rather fall into the hands of a nifty and loud threatening man than into his.

They gave Gen. Jackson credit for a vast deal of courage, both physical and moral; indeed, it was said that no man living paid higher respect to true moral courage, than he. But Jackson lacked one trait, brave at all times as he unquestionably was, which is even above courage of every sort, as it is above reason also, and that is Wisdom. That gift descends to but few, and they possess characters that are remarkable for their harmoniousness. You never hear of their intemperance, or their disposition to sensationalism, but they are rather accounted slow, mild, offensively inoffensive, and possible more or less lacking in executive energy. For all that, they can act when the hour arrives, and all the more effectively, that they have not been wasting their powers with the friction of overmuch talk and uneasy and indeterminate impulsiveness. These are the men whom Nature ever holds in reserve; and she does not call them out save when matters have reached a crisis. We believe we have one such at the head of our Government to-day.

A Test.

A friend has furnished us with the following noble test, given through Mrs. M. A. Pearson, of this city. A few days since, a lady skeptic who occupied a room adjoining that of the medium, having received intelligence that her mother was sick in an adjoining state, out of curiosity asked the medium if she could tell her anything about her. Instantly the medium was influenced with tremor, and said: "Your mother is dead!" The lady exclaimed, "This cannot be!" The medium replied: "It is so given to me," and advised her to take the next train of cars for the east. She did so, and, on arriving at her destination was astonished to find that her mother had passed to the spirit world twelve hours previous. In less than an hour after the lady left, a telegraphic dispatch was received in Boston, announcing the death of her mother.

Signs of the Times.

Our cause is advancing. The publication of the Article on Spirits, by Mrs. Child, in the May number of that popular journal, the "Atlantic Monthly," was significant. We learn that a more elaborate article on "Modern Spiritualism," from the pen of a gentleman of this vicinity, containing the experience and views of an earnest seeker after truth, is to be published in the June number of the "Monthly Religious Magazine," edited by Rev. Edmund H. Sears and Rufus Ellis—a liberal journal of high standing and wide circulation. We commend this article to the attention of all true Spiritualists. A few copies of the magazine, when issued, will be found at Mrs. Mann's bookstore.

Frightened.

A recent number of the World's Crisis, the able and conservative organ of the Second Adventists in Boston, contains several articles on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, in which it takes quite a melancholy view of its own position, clearly acknowledging that Satan has got the upper hand of the Almighty, and is having things about his own way. Of the wickedness of the world in general, and the inefficacy of the religious sects, it says:

"There is nothing to gain by concealing and denying the fact, that the present system of Protestantism is nearly played out. The mass of its supporters are living such unchristian lives, that men are becoming infidels by the thousand, where twenty years ago not ten could be found, and the increase of skepticism is multiplying in a most alarming ratio. How like the days of Noah and Lot! 'Worse and worse' is the order from this time to the end. Christian scholars, be sure and keep clothed with the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

Under the head of "Spiritualism" the learned senior editor evidently has serious scruples enough to measure the immense power of the new dispensation, (through his own way) for he says:

"We are fully satisfied that its future work will prove it to be the greatest opponent to Christianity with which it has ever had to contend. It is the whirlpool that swallows up and ruins everything that is good; like the Upas tree, it infuses a deadly poison into all that come within its influence."

Satan has arranged it in various forms and manifestations, so as to seduce the mass of mankind, from the most ideal Swedenborgian, to the lowest form of hero-worship among the heathen. None but the highly imaginative can get any idea of the former—Swedenborgianism—and Satan knew well that these would not be satisfied with the lower manifestations, such as the mingling of chain and ring, neither would they be willing to renounce the Bible altogether; hence he has framed a system of spiritualizing the word of the Lord.

So long as the great adversary can keep them in this maze labyrinth of ideal Spiritualism, he is sure of preventing them from seeing the glorious light of gospel truth. He spurs his effort to establish in their minds an abhorrence of the literal, and the material, on the ground that it is gross and unrefined; and by so doing, keeps them in the school of mysticism, "ever learning and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." Instead of being entertained by those who preach the simple word of the Lord, they think it too commonplace, turn away in disgust to listen to the teachings of those who can revel with eloquent strains in the airy regions of ideal fancy, till the plain truth of the Bible is entirely hidden from their view."

Not satisfied with this, the editor goes on to arrange a political fabric for us, more Utopian than the most zealous Spiritualist would admit his belief in. He says:

"On account of the secret, underground working of Spiritualists, many are deluded into the belief that they are losing influence; but we are satisfied from incontrovertible facts, that they were never gaining ground faster than at the present time. Their victory is already so complete, that scarcely any one opposes their onward march. Many do not resist it, because they think it quite harmless. To them it is like a lamb, and they wonder why we should say so much about it. Such should remember that it speaks as a dragon. Its doctrines are nearly the same as were those of the old Pagan Dragon, that supported hero-worship, and fought against the truth of the Bible."

In order that they may carry out their purposes more fully, they propose a political organization, which, we have reason to believe, will be the next change in the government of this world, and the last before the coming of Christ. We expect its commencement at the close of the present war in the States. It is not probable that the new government will be known as one under the direction of the spirits and Spiritualists; yet they will arrange and work the same. No doubt it will be the most popular political movement ever known, and the most extensive. Their motto will be, 'PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN'—equal rights, and free speech—down with aristocrats, slavery, and all oppressors."

Our brother may well fear for the safety of the old, decaying institutions of earth, for they are unmistakably doomed, and crumbling and falling away like the masonry of the night before the rising sun of the golden day. They who have a hold upon the truth need not fear its overthrow; but, on the other hand, they who hug holy error to their souls will yet learn that the Bible is a poor life-preserver of that the tendency of which is forever downward.

Our brother is as earnest a wisher as we are for the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness upon earth, though the monitor within us leads us to work in different channels. God grant that we may both be true to the work entrusted to us, that in the latter day we may both hear the response: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Meanwhile, let him faint not at his post of duty, but press onward in his integrity, and we cannot doubt that for all his sincere effort for the good of his race God will give him increase.

France and England.

It is reported that these two nations are at last of one accord, especially in relation to the affairs of the United States. We do not exactly believe all we hear, however, any more than we do all we read. It may be that Secession is using this story as the last card in the desperate game it has been playing so long against this government. It may be the mere rumor of spiteful men abroad, who take this as the only way left them to show their intense distaste with the Union victories that have been steadily won. Or it may be the tattle of mere rumor mongers abroad, who chiefly wish to get up, or keep up, their reputation for enterprise with their employers. And yet again, it may be partial fact, since it is pretty well understood that England is ready for such a movement as intervention in the affairs of this country, whenever time and tide seem to combine to favor her schemes.

But Napoleon does not move. His ally across the Channel does not even know if it is his wish ever to meddle in American affairs. He is reticent to the last degree—knowing the value there is in a ruler's keeping his own counsel. They cannot tell even now, in England, but he is secretly pleased with the weakness in his rival's national side, by the distress that at present pervades the manufacturing districts, and that, though in great straits himself from the same cause, he will not quietly bear it all for the sake of seeing mischief made in the political household of Great Britain. Napoleon is a myth. He has his own purposes to subserve, which he best accomplishes by most faithfully serving those of France. He may conclude finally to interpose in our strife, and thus convert England to eternal enmity with this country; or he may be the providential means of holding her hands in this time of doubt, and so keep the peace of the world for a time. But look out for a grand crash among the royal houses, when they offer to throw obstacles in the way of our popular progress here.

Pens.

We are supplied by Mr. J. P. Snow, of Hartford, with his finest samples of American pens. The latest invention is the Washington Medalion pen, for ladies' use. With each box is a certificate of interest in the distribution of ten thousand gross, which affords the holder a chance to draw a prize of one hundred dollars. Mr. Snow very properly asks, "Why should not Americans use American Pens," and particularly when they are furnished cheaper and made better than any other in the market?

Wisconsin.

One of our esteemed lecturers writes: "The cause is advancing in this State. Earnest, practical workers are in demand—those who will go forward, notwithstanding the pressure of the times, and trust to the future for their reward. I bless the good angels for the help they have afforded me in working for humanity. If my pecuniary reward has been meagre, they have more than compensated me with their rich blessing."

New Publications.

THE MASTER. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co. For sale by A. Williams & Co. The authoress has written many a touching and graceful story, and we trust has multitudes more to write still. The present is based upon an entirely new theme among fiction-mongers, if we except "Charles Austerlitz," and is full of interest from beginning to end. The publishers, too, have given it an exquisite dress of type, paper and binding, which, if possible, adds still more to its attractions. Mrs. Denison has but to concentrate both her talents and industry, to study even harder than she now dreams necessary, to observe and describe unaffectedly, to erase everything like fine writing (when she catches herself at it), to simplify her language more and more, in order to make it more and more effective, and, in time, we could promise her a reputation in this country as a writer of familiar and family tales akin to that once enjoyed by the famous Miss Edgeworth in Ireland. New England needs some such interpreter of her homely and humble life, who can see and extract the hard humor that lies under our local character. Why will not Mrs. Denison see if she be not the very one called to the work, and thus make her name known and loved in the homes and at the firesides of many generations yet to come? "The Master" is certainly a success, and we congratulate the fair authoress on her achievement.

ARTEMUS WARD: HIS BOOK. With many Comic Illustrations. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Not to know all about Artemus Ward, the great exhibitor of "wax figures," is to confess one's own self unknown. In this, his first volume, he has brought many of his best things together; and you cannot set five minutes with a cover in each hand, without "going off" in peals of laughter. Here is his account of his interview with the Prince of Wales, in Canada; with President Lincoln; and with Brigham Young. Also his description of the time when "twins" were born to the "house of Ward;" of the "confiscation" of the Show; and of the Shakers. One can hardly read the book through, from cover to cover; but, for a good, occasional laugh, especially when the day is dull, or the times are blue, or a friend has fallen out with you, or you are unkindly detained from dinner, we know of no other volume, not even excepting Shakespeare, or any other man, that will accomplish the desired result so soon and so thoroughly. In this field of literary labor Artemus Ward is without a rival; he is unprecedented and overpowering.

SOUTHERN HATRED OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH AND FREE INSTITUTIONS. This is an emanation from the Liberator's Office. It is an important document, inasmuch as it is not made up of garbled extracts and misapplied quotations, but verbatim extracts from the editorials of the chief newspapers and speeches of the chief orators south of Mason and Dixon's line; filled with the vilest anathemas and loudest invective against the "greasy mechanics, filthy operatives, and small-fisted farmers of the North," "the rabble of vagabonds and cut-throats of Lincoln's army," "the most contemptible and detestable of God's creation," "ruffian minions of despotism, sent to subjugate the South," etc. This pamphlet is filled with the evidence of the unreasoning insanity of the Southern leaders, and brings one to realize that "whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." Published and for sale by B. F. Wallcutt, 221 Washington street, Boston.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—This publication for June is issued, filled up with good things. The first article is an illustrated poem, probably by the author of "Nothing to Wear," entitled "Broadway," then comes the conclusion of "A Dangerous Journey," "The Catawissa Railroad," and "Rough Riding Down South," all illustrated. There is a biographical sketch of George Bancroft, also a story by Miss Muloch, entitled, "Misses and Maid;" "Orley Farm," continued, by Anthony Trollope, and the usual feast on the Editor's Table.

WHY PAUL FERROL KILLED HIS WIFE. A Novel. By the author of "Paul Ferrol." New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. This sequel to a novel that created a wonderful sensation nearly a dozen years ago, will be universally welcomed by readers. For many years the authoress has kept her own and Paul Ferrol's secret; but both come out now. The work is not as highly spoken of as its predecessor, and still it possesses dramatic power, pathos in passages, and skillfulness in incident, manufacture and combination.

LYRICS FOR FREEDOM, and other Poems. Under the auspices of the "Continental Club," New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co. Many of these lyrics are excellent, and all are good. They were called forth from the several younger members of the famous "Continental Club," of New York, by the present crisis, and, without making any pretensions to particular poetical merit, are yet better than average specimens of such collections. Carleton has issued them in fine style, as indeed he does everything.

RUSSELL'S HORSE RAILROAD GUIDE, FOR BOSTON AND VICINITY.—This is a clever and thoroughgoing little pamphlet, issued by the indefatigable B. B. R., No. 515 Washington street. Our only wonder is that nobody ever thought to go out such a work as this before. It contains all the information concerning Horse Railroads in the vicinity of Boston, compacted into a pamphlet to be carried in one's vest pocket. Price three cents.

OUR FLAG: A POEM IN FOUR CANTOS. By T. H. Underwood. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

A neat, little brochure, dramatically describing the martyrdom, by burning, of a person who nobly refused to give up the old flag. The verses are made to convey the anti-slavery sentiments of the author as effectively as could have been done in any prose.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for June is full of fine engravings and excellent matter. Peterson does not mean to be outshone by any of the sons or stars of modern periodical literature. Williams has it for sale.

Christian Charity.

The Western papers chronicle a case of delinquency in a reverend gentleman of Chicago, who recently had charge of contributed supplies for the sick at Pittsburgh Landing. On the steamer he took so much whiskey, to correct river water, that he became obliquely drunk. When sober, he returned to Chicago, resigned his church, and his resignation was accepted. For this single imprudent act he was of course told that if he did not resign he would be kicked out of his church. The church of the present day, we are sorry to see, possess very little charity. Members should often call to mind the words of the poet, that "To err is human—to forgive, divine."

From Dittens.

Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., 27 Washington street, have sent us the following new music of their publication: "The Storming and Capture of Fort Donelson," a military divertissement, by J. C. Viereck. The Piano Forte Album: Chant du Burger, by M. DeCola. "Jemie," a ballad; by George Linley. "I love thee yet; or, the Hymn of my Childhood," music by G. W. Glover; words by Mrs. Boucher. "Farewell!" nocturne; by F. B. Bloch. "Dear them home tenderly," ballad, by T. H. Howe. "The Battle of Pittsburgh Landing," musically photographed by Charles Grobe.

Proposed Relief for the Red Man.

Pursuant to a notice which appeared in some of the daily papers, a meeting of the friends and sympathizers of the Indians, was held at the Cooper Institute, New York, on the fifteenth instant.

Mr. J. R. Orton occupied the chair, and B. M. Lawrence acted as Secretary.

Mr. John Beeson opened the proceedings by remarking that the company had assembled to devise the best means to colonize the Indians in some place where they would not be again disturbed.

The most feasible project was the purchasing of a large tract of land in Nicaragua, Central America, where it could be had for a little over the cost of surveying. He offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Whereas, Our oldest national sin is the cruel and fraudulent treatment of the Indians. Therefore Resolved, That the first step in National reform should be, restitution, as far as can be made, to the remnants now under the control of our Government. Resolved, That a series of public meetings be held for the purpose of awakening an interest in this behalf during the coming week, and that on Monday, the twenty-sixth of May, a general convention of the friends of the Indians be convened in Cooper Institute, at two o'clock, P. M., and that a grand concert be given in the evening, the avails of which shall be devoted to carry out measures for their benefit.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to prepare a report for the consideration of that Convention, and to arrange for the proposed meetings.

Dr. E. S. Tyler, President of the "New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association," made a speech in favor of organizing a colony for free whites (if there were any), free blacks, and red men. He gave a glowing description of the country and the soil in Nicaragua, a land of such tropical wealth and beauty, that it won from the old Spanish conquistadores the title of "el paraíso de Mahoma," (the paradise of Mahomet.)

The whole subject will be further discussed at the general Convention above named, and, if possible, some definite action arrived at.

The Hunter Proclamation.

The recent proclamation of Gen. David Hunter, whereby he suddenly made free all the slaves, alike of active rebels and passive Union men, in South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, created no little excitement in the public mind for a time, as well it might have done. People wondered if the man was crazy, or ambitious beyond the measure of other men. That so sweeping and ill-conceived an order, should be given by one of our Generals in the field—an order very certain to make even hesitating Union men confirmed and desperate rebels at once—when the assurance had been over and over again given by Congress and the President, that no object was aimed at in this war but the restoration of the government to its former power and of the Union and its former integrity and harmony, almost passed popular comprehension.

President Lincoln, however, did not hesitate to speak out candidly and calmly, as is his wont, when the state of public feeling demanded that either an endorsement or a denial of the proclamation should be made without further delay; and our readers know very well what a sense of relief came over the public mind on its becoming acquainted with the determination of the President. We fortunately have a man of wisdom at the head of national affairs, who realizes his position, and all its tremendous responsibilities, and who is incessantly drawing up the people—parties and all—to his own high moral ground. He looks at men and things with no selfish or concealed feelings in his heart, but with the wish to serve them to the best of such abilities as have been given him. He knows that his place is one which will forever be historical, owing to the peculiarity of the circumstances of the times. And realizing all this, he is acting with a single heart, a clear head, and a strong will, for the best interests both of his country and of humanity.

Reminiscences.

In a tender, touching editorial in the last Independent, the editor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, enters into a feeling retrospective review of the old times connected with the Bowdoin Street Church, soon to be pulled down, because the society have become too weak to longer support preaching, and too poor and deep in debt longer to retain their society existence.

Others than those who have set beneath the teachings of rugged old-time pictures, will be interested in this faithfully drawn heart-picture. In alluding to his own "conversion," Mr. Beecher quaintly says:

"If somebody will look in the old records of Hanover street church about 1829, they will find a name there of a boy about fifteen years old, who was brought into the church on a sympathetic wave, and who well remembers how cold and almost paralyzed he felt while the committee questioned him about his 'hope' and 'evidence.' Which, upon review amounted to this: that the son of such a father ought to be a good and pious boy. Being tender hearted and quick to respond to moral sympathy, he had been caught and inflamed in a school excitement, but was just getting over it when summoned to Boston to join the church! On the morning of the day, he went to church without seeing anything, he looked at. He heard his name called from the pulpit, among others, and trembled, rose up with every emotion petrified; counted the spots on the carpet; looked piteously up at the cornice; heard the fans creak in the pews near him; felt thankful to a fly that lit on his face, as if something familiar at last had come to break an awful trance; and finally a reading of the Articles of Faith; wondered whether he had struck dead for not feeling more—whether he should go to hell for touching the bread and wine, that he did not dare to take nor to refuse; spent the morning service uncertain whether dreaming, or out of the body, or in a trance; and at last walked home crying, and wishing he knew what, now that he was a Christian, he should do, and how he was to do it."

Army Nurses.

This post is evidently no sincere, and not what the pretty and patriotic young ladies imagined, who so eagerly tendered their services to the Governor last spring, and could not control their grief because they were not accepted. A surgeon at Pittsburgh Landing, says:

"The lady who cannot, with a smiling face, roll up her sleeves, go on her knees amongst the black boilers and wet straw to wait upon an unfortunate private soldier, repulsive in his manners and words, is here sadly out of her proper element. It is a noble sight to witness one who bears the impress of nature's nobility in every movement and every expression, a highly educated lady, accustomed to every indulgence that wealth can furnish, thus employed, with disordered hair, hoopless, in a soiled calico dress, bespattered with blood, coal-smut and grease, forgetful of every feeling but the one of seeking and helping the most wretched and neglected. God has blessed my eyes with the sight of such a one. The name of the noble-minded lady shall not soon be forgotten. Send us ladies of this calibre, or send us negro servants. Beg of the dearest miss, in humanity's name, to remain at home until parade days, when we shall all be glad to see her. Keep little gentlemen at home, also."

John Bell.

Poor fellow! He seems to have assumed the role of Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew—nowhere to live, and afraid to die. The Atlanta papers say that he was at Huntsville, Ala., when the Federal troops entered that town, and made his escape on foot, leaving the town "by a by-path." Some cruel joker says it has been suggested that he ran away from Nashville because he was afraid of "the enforcement of the law," and still another, that he ran away because he was afraid of being caught by some Bell hanger!

Man, Spirit, and Angel.

We have placed upon the eighth page of the BANNER, a full report of this highly interesting lecture, delivered by Mrs. Hardinge, at Lyceum Hall, on Sunday evening, 18th inst., to which we call the particular attention of our readers.

H. A. Tucker.

The following account of the remarkable and useful medium developments of Mr. Tucker, are not given to puff or strain his popularity upon the public; for he does not ask, desire, or need anything of the kind; but it is given as evidence of the truth of what Spiritualism claims.

Mr. Tucker is an unostentatious, amiable, peaceful, just young man; he perceives more than he speaks—proclaims no one's faults, nor his own virtues—is agreeable to all—is very industrious and faithful in the discharge of all his duties. About four years ago, he followed the business of bootmaking, in Foxboro', Mass., where he still resides. His education was very limited—much less than is ordinarily obtained from common schools. At this time, four years since, he was developed as a clairvoyant, to discern the nature and character of all kinds of diseases, and prescribe remedies for them in a state totally unconscious to his outer senses. And since that time his whole efforts have been industriously directed to this end. During the last four years his medical practice has been so large that he has been obliged to keep three horses hard-worked to carry him where his patients called. His clairvoyant examinations and prescriptions during this time, have averaged something over seventeen each day; and his prescriptions, almost without exception, have been followed by success—I mean in cases not absolutely incurable. Those who are acquainted with the results of his new and singular practice, have unlimited confidence in him as a physician, notwithstanding he has been totally wanting in the prerequisites of a physician.

When he comes into the presence of the sick, he immediately falls into an unconscious state, and some one present is directed to write down the remedy indicated by him, which, when followed, always proves to be safe and efficacious. When he comes out of this unconscious state, he knows nothing of what he has said or done. His examinations and prescriptions have sometimes been made in the presence of scientific physicians, and they have observed in silent wonder, but, for plain reasons, are careful to express but little; but they have been forced to admit that in his diagnosis of and prescription for disease, there has been no want of knowledge manifested, for them to criticize. One physician said: "When Mr. Tucker is in this unconscious state, I cannot say a word against him as a scientific physician."

When in this state, Mr. Tucker seems to have a perfect knowledge of all the branches of medical science—of anatomy, physiology, pathology, materia-medica and practice. Where and how does he get his knowledge? Spiritualism answers, but philosophy cannot. Here is a young man without any medical acquirements and without hardly an ordinary education in the simple branches of common schools, falling, at once, into the arena of a large and successful medical practice, which requires a thorough course of many years study and research. Again I ask, where and how does Mr. Tucker get this knowledge, that enables him to practice with equal, and even greater success, in competition, side by side, with well educated physicians? It is a reasonable question to ask—and if the answer that Spiritualism gives, be denied, it is reasonable to ask for an answer from other sources. A. B. C.

Sunday Schools.

I see that an interest is springing up among Spiritualists for Sunday Schools, and to fill, in a measure, their wants, a beautiful little volume of fifty-four pages, well bound, in clear print, is published, called the "Spiritual Sunday School Class Book, No. 1. It grasps the profound teachings of the moral law and simplifies it, so that the child may comprehend and apply it to its daily life. It is so well suited for the smaller classes of a school, that it will become the first book in school. It will do children of an older growth good to peruse its pages. As this is "No. 1," I suppose there will follow a "No. 2," and "No. 3," for minds as they advance in these studies.

I would suggest that congregations holding regular meetings, devote the usual time to form into classes with a teacher to each, called the adult classes, and that the children be invited to attend with them, and they be formed into other classes. Then the school will have the influence of fathers and mothers; will open prosperously, and give an impetus to its success, that will be felt through all its future progress.

This course will give an opportunity to all to interchange thoughts and views, which will develop and benefit the mind.

I have been very much interested and instructed while attending Bible classes of different denominations, and shall like to see as much interest among Spiritualists. Questions may be proposed for study, other questions growing out of the subject, will be suggested to the minds of the class, and they should be allowed and requested to propose or ask, any and all questions that will be useful for themselves or the class.

Some text-book might be chosen from which to draw subjects—such as may be desired by the school.

I think this plan will create a much greater interest than we are willing at first to suppose before a trial. How much there is published and recorded of interest to the inquiring and spiritual mind, and this will develop it. So much for the plan. Now for action. On Sunday, June 1st, in the forenoon, let the conductor of the meeting notify the congregation to meet before the afternoon service—the usual time allowed for schools—to carry out these suggestions, to commence a school, choose a committee to purchase the "Spiritual Class Book," and elect such other modes of instruction as may best appear to the members present, most conducive to attain the object—arrange into classes ready for the following Sundays, and my word for it, you will find no lack of interest in the school. W. A. D.

Lecturers.

Rev. J. S. Loveland will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next, June 1st—afternoon and evening. Mr. Loveland is one of the ablest speakers in the ranks of the Spiritualists.

Mr. H. B. Storer, inspirational speaker, has removed to Boston, and applications for lectures should be addressed to him at 70 Beach street. He speaks in Foxboro' June 1st and 15th.

Mr. N. S. Greenleaf will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten speaks in New Bedford the two next Sabbaths.

Miss Emma Harding will address the Spiritualists of Quincy next Sunday.

Mrs. Augusta A. Carrier will speak in Chicopee the two first Sundays in June.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith is announced to speak in Lowell during June.

Frank L. Wadsworth will address the Spiritualists of Taunton the first two Sundays in June.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaks in Portsmouth, N. H. during the month of June.

Miss Annie Ryder, a promising young lady medium, has been engaged, we understand, to speak in Great Falls, N. H., each Sunday during June.

Mrs. A. P. Thompson speaks in North Haverhill, N. H., next Sunday, June 1.

Mrs. M. M. Wood is announced to speak in Portland, Me., during June.

Miss Emma Houston speaks in Bangor, Me., during June and July.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend speaks in Providence, R. I., during the month of June.

N. Frank White speaks in Putnam, Conn., the five Sunday in June.

Mrs. Frances Lee Bond will lecture in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, the first Sunday in June. Address as above.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit, who came to the seer through the medium of the seer, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the *Banner* Office, No. 153 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, May 12.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions; Nancy Buckbridge, in relation to Waterbury, Me.; John Edward Davenport, to his uncle in New York; Wm. T. Crawford, (colored) barber, Charleston, S. C.;
Tuesday, May 13.—Invocation; Miscellaneous Questions; Samuel Cully, Westfield, Me.; Uriah Coffin, Jr., Edgartown, Mass.; Samuel Blaine.
Wednesday, May 14.—Invocation; The question, "What reliable source may we consult with regard to gaining knowledge of the Spirit's return to earth?" was answered in the shape of a Poem, by Edgar A. Poe; Josephine Carleton, Cincinnati, Ohio; Samuel Peimant, Chicago, Ill.; John George, Tallahassee, Fla.; Marietta Gregg, to her mother in Berlin Street, St. Louis, Mo.
Thursday, May 15.—Invocation; "The Spirit's ideas concerning the condition of North and South." Daniel Gregg, Wetham, Mass.; Monroe Edwards, the noted forger, John Gibson, of Holytown, Mass.; Lavina Hodgman, New York.
Friday, May 16.—Miscellaneous Questions; Abner Knapp, to his daughter, Caroline J. Spencer, to her sister Charlotte, in Oswego, N. Y.; Captain Alfred Patton, Bowdoinham, Me.

Invocation.

God of Eternity, thou Mighty Spirit of the Past, Present, and the Eternal Future, thou, the skirts of whose garments we are not worthy to touch, and whose Divine breath the philosophers would fain analyze—thou Spirit of the hour, whom all may feel and none understand, we would approach thee at this hour, and lay upon thy altar the sacrifices and offerings of thy children present. We would give unto thee first, all honor and glory; we would own thee as our Sovereign, we would love thee as our Father and Mother. Oh Spirit of Eternity, we would beseech thee to give us strength, and in our lack of faith, that knowledge which alone cometh from thee. Our Father, unto thy divine keeping we render all that is ours, knowing full well thou Spirit of Love, that thou wilt return unto us in the Eternal Future that crown of glory which thy children one and all have placed upon thy brow. Hear us, answer us, bless us by the light of thy Divine Inspiration, and unto thee, Oh Lord our God, be thanks through Eternity. Amen. May 6.

Miscellaneous Questions.

Ques.—Can you tell me whether I am a medium, or not? "A lady in the audience asked."

The Spirit answered her thus:

All forms of life, whether intellectual or otherwise, are gifted to a certain extent with mediumistic powers. In regard to your own particular case, we cannot truly state to what extent you as an individual are endowed with medium powers, because we are not in direct rapport with you.

Again we affirm, that all persons living are mediums. Some are gifted thus from birth, others are rendered so in consequence of their surroundings, material and spiritual, but none are without the gift.

If the friends have no further questions to propose, we will speak briefly upon one already presented us.

Ques.—What is religion, and who are the most religious people upon earth?

Ans.—Religion may be said to be God's earthly garments, and they are as various as are the forms of intellectual life. The religion of the Hindoo is peculiarly applicable to the Hindoo, and is a dress of the Almighty that becomes the Hindoo. He wears it until it fits to wear something else. The religion of the Christian is a dress of the Almighty, that becomes the Christian in the same way, and so it may be said of all the types of religion upon earth. All are garments of the Deity.

Every race of beings, however low in the scale of Creation, is crowned with intellectual inspiration. All forms of animal life are more or less endowed with this gift. Without it, they would be but as blades of grass that spring up, and are trampled under foot. They would be feeling as grass which flourishes for a season, and then is gone. They live, move, and have their being in this atmosphere of Divine inspiration. But man has a higher order of intellect—he is the crowning work of God's genius, and is second only to Deity in point of intellectual wisdom.

The ancients could hardly realize truth, in what seems to be truth to you today. We are to suppose, then, that Wisdom did well in giving them a religion which was adapted to their understanding, and to their spiritual necessities. Religion is a something found everywhere where mind exists. You may declare there are some who have no religion. But they mistake themselves, and you mistake them. They have a religion fashioned by themselves, a garment for the Great Jehovah, who never yet made a mistake, and is incapable of mistake.

"Who are the most religious people upon earth?" From our range of vision, from the standpoint we have assumed, it were hard to declare who are most religious. Since all have spiritual garments, it were wise to believe that all are as religious as God intended them to be, or as religious as their varied intellects will allow them to be.

This self-superiority comes only from the outside world. The Christian believes that his God is the only True God fit to worship, and he is right in believing so. The Atheist ignores all forms of established religion, and his belief is quite as clear as sacred, as God—acceptable, as yours is to you. In the High Courts of Intellectual Life, all religions are recognized.

Spiritualism, that light of modern times, and of ancient times also, is endeavoring to teach you all that God is no respecter of persons, or of religions, so that no one living can truly say, "I am more holy than thou." "I am nearer to God than my fellow-creatures," for God's smile rests upon all his children, and his love knows no distinction, no change.

The Hindoo mother casts her babe into the Ganges, because she believes her God is pleased thereby. Think you not there are no sundering of natural ties in her case? Think you this human offering is not as acceptable unto her God, as is yours to your God? So, then, our answer in brief, is this: All religions are acceptable to God, and there are as many kinds of religion, as there are kinds of intellectual life, or different capacities for receiving spiritual light; and all religions, whether of past time, present, or future, are walking in the great highway marked out by Deity for man; therefore all are right, none are wrong. May 6.

Joseph Phillips.

"The hour is coming, and now is, when all who are within their graves shall hear His voice, and come forth." It is nine years since I had the privilege of using a material body. I died in the full faith of a resurrection of the body, or in a union of the spirit and the body. But the expectations of my early life are not realized, as I expected they would be. I have learned that the body is no longer mine; nor have I further need of it; it belongs to another kingdom.

"The hour is coming, and now is, when all who are within their graves shall hear His voice, and

come forth." Whose voice? The progressive voice of Jesus, who calls loudly at the door of the tomb—Jesus, King and Master by right of Divine law; Brother, by right of Human law.

I passed through sixty-eight years of mortal experience, and during all those sixty-eight years, I did not learn as much as in the nine years of my sojourn in spirit-life. For four years past I've been exceedingly anxious to return to earth, to speak to the friends I have left behind on earth to induce them to search into this new belief, by whose light we may see God in all his glory and power.

My name was Joseph Phillips, of Eastham, Maine. I lived and died a Christian. I thought I knew God while on earth, but I now find that I knew very little of him. I have a son who is now answering the demands of Government, and walking in the footsteps of his forefathers. I would say to him as I was wont to while upon earth: "My son, be sure you are right, and then go ahead." He used to say, "father, it's hard to tell when you are right." But I used to propose this way of testing it: "Go away alone, and earnestly implore God to tell you what is right." But I little understood his method of answering his children then. When they call upon him, he sends his agents, to guide and show them the right. "Now, my sons, when you have complied with the requirements of your own soul, push ahead, though heaven and hell oppose you." I mean the heaven which mortals conceive of, not that known in the Celestial world.

They may require some proof of my identity, or personality, or whatever you may term it. In connection with what I have given, I will add, that in early life, I was a minister of the Gospel, but in after years abandoned it, in consequence of ill health and inability to perform my labors. My death—the immediate cause of my death—I suppose was cancer, though I believe it was not understood to be that by my friends. I have since been told that my death was occasioned by internal cancer in the stomach. Should an opportunity ever present itself for communion with my friends, be sure I will embrace it. [Can you give the names of any persons residing in your town with whom you were acquainted?] Yes, on condition that you do not publish them in your paper. [I merely asked, that skeptics, searching out the matter, might not consider themselves deceived and imposed upon, in case of their inability to find that such a person as Joseph Phillips had ever lived in Eastham.] Then say to Benjamin Phillips. Will that satisfy you? [Yes.] Good afternoon. May 6.

Charles Smith.

I am not fully acquainted with your manner and order of proceedings here, and should like a little light upon the subject. [Say whatever you please; we note it down, then print it in our paper, and it generally reaches those whom the spirits wish to address.] I have a father in New Orleans, and I wish to address him. I have been dead three years. I was sixteen years of age when I died. I believe it is your custom to inquire as regards disease? [Yes, anything which can give evidence to your father, of your identity.] I did not come to the spirit-world by disease, but by accident. I received a fall, was injured internally, and died in consequence of it, although I think I remained on earth some weeks after I was dead.

I fell from the second story of a warehouse on the old levee. My father holds an interest there, and was in the habit of going there frequently, to mark sales. I cannot say that the accident was the result of carelessness upon my own part, or upon that of any other person, although I believe my friends have felt such to be the case. I am aware that my father has no belief in this mode of return, and I hardly know how to approach him. The best way seems to me, is for me to remind him of a conversation which took place between us, a short time before my death.

My father said, "My son, I believe you must leave us; are you afraid to go?" I said no. He asked, "Have you faith in God?" I answered, "No, because I did not ever see God, and I have no faith in things I've not seen." My father said, "I cannot blame you, my son, because you receive that from me. I have not much faith in God myself. But if there is a future state, I believe you will be happy, because I know you have done your duty faithfully while here." This was the amount of our conversation.

I am anxious to communicate with my father, on my mother's account, as well as my own. She is with me, and tells me that she is anxious to communicate with my father. She died, or passed on, when I was quite a child. She thinks if I open the way for her to come, she will sometime be able to speak personally with my father. She says she wants him to tell her if she is the light that is around him, and if he finds that it does not answer his requirements, he can let it alone.

My name was Charles Smith, and that is my father's name, also. I have one sister older than myself, who is married, and living, I suppose, in Georgia. I do not know as I can do much toward opening communication there, but if there is any possible way of my opening communication with my father, I should like to do so. His residence is No. 25 Grand street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

I was going to say I might identify myself further, I suppose. Here upon my left arm, about the elbow, there was a scar, in consequence of a wound which I received when I was a child, and which was said to resemble a half moon in form. My father and friends always supposed that it was the result of the bite of a dog, but I now affirm, as I always did, that I did it myself with a piece of iron, with which I was playing. Good-day, sir. May 6.

Ebenezer Brookway.

Written: To my BELOVED FRIENDS IN HAMBURG, CONNECTICUT—I have long tried to send you thoughts from these headquarters, but until now have not been able to do so, in consequence of the great press of spirits congregating here, all of whom are as anxious, and some more so, than myself. But the present moment is mine, therefore I occupy it. To those who have not sought for "the pearl of great price," I would say, "Seek and ye shall find," for the good Father answers the demands of all who seek. To all I have loved and still love, I would say, I am with you. If you believe in God, believe also in me. I have often communed with persons in my own town, some of whom are very dear to me; never, until now, have I wandered from home. My body bore the name of Ebenezer Brookway, my spirit bears that of Freedom. May 6.

Minnie Leach.

Written: Tell my mother, in your "BANNER," that me and Jimmie live in heaven, with Aunt Mary. I was seven years old, and died in Columbus, Ohio.
MINNIE LEACH.
[The child died last month," was afterwards written by another spirit.] May 6.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would come unto thee and lay upon thy shrine the offerings of the present hour. Oh, our God, they are stained with blood and orphan's and widow's tears, but as thou dost own and recognize all conditions of life, so we know that thou wilt gladly receive whatever of earthly gifts thy children may choose to bring unto thee for thine acceptance. Our Father, the present hour is dark and dreary; the nation mourns, but not without hope for that darkness which broods like a death-angel over our bleeding country we conceive to be the messenger of joy, the harbinger of peace in the future, and thus it comes for the good of all; and may thy children, the American people, bless thee in the future for the darkness out of which light was born unto them. Mighty Spirit of Love, unto thy bosom of love and eternal fountain of mercy, we commend all the thoughts and desires of this hour, knowing that thou wilt return them to us in the future, in the form of bright blossoms of truth and wisdom. Amen. May 6.

Motion.

If the friends have no questions to propose, we will proceed to speak upon a question, or subject, which has already been presented us. That which we have is this:

Ques.—Is not all life the result of motion, and all death the absence of motion?

Ans.—External science, according to the understanding of external philosophers, declares it to be so. They will answer our question in the affirmative. Notwithstanding all this, we declare it to be the reverse. Motion must be the result of life. It cannot be otherwise, since we are told that the Divine Spirit has existed for all time. Now if this be true, he stands behind this motion. Now we conceive life to be Deity, whether in the child, the old man, or the rock. We declare God to be the source of life. Taking this stand, there can be no death—nothing opposed to life.

Our questioner will doubtless refer us to inanimate things, to prove the falsity of our theory; but there is a life within all these things, though unperceived by you, which, though it may suffer many changes, never dies. Our questioner will declare that there is no life in the article of furniture he has just bought. We declare there is. There is life in the wood from which it is made. Spiritual science unfolds all things, both in the material and celestial worlds, but material science is confined to the material world.

Motion, then, we declare to be the result of life, or of Deity, and Deity is found everywhere. Even the smallest globe that floats in your atmosphere has a life of its own, and rotates according to the laws of its own being. This miniature life is invisible to your senses, but not to God, the author of it. We all know that there are orders of animal life that can only be rendered visible to man by the aid of a powerful microscope; but behind the most minute of your earth forms there are others so much more minute than these, that neither the human eye, nor magnifying glass can discover them. But if you are sound philosophers, you will say that these forms of life do not exist, simply because they are imperceptible to your senses.

Our questioner has never beheld the Arctic regions, yet should we ask him if such a locality really exists, he would answer, "Oh yes." "Yet how do you know this to be true?" we ask. "He has been told so," he says. Science, and the observation of other men, have taught him this fact. Is that all the proof, the wisdom, you have upon the subject? The very conditions of this atmosphere in which you live, proves that such a region exists. Now you may know that there are other forms of life besides those which are perceptible to human senses.

Then there is no death, but simply change; the old is continually putting on the new, and the great principle, life, that is and ever shall be, is working through nature in countless ways; and though this science you call death exists for thousands of years, yet life is surely there, manifesting itself to God, if not to man.

You may resolve the particles which compose your planet into their primaries, and you will find a separate and distinct life still existing in each one of them. Is there no life, then, in the particles of granite? Surely there is, else how could it, in future ages, afford root and soil for the flowers springing from it. There must be a corresponding life and motion in that mass of granite, else it could not answer to the life outside it.

Oh, our philosopher, while you wander through the halls of science and knowledge, seek if there are no eyes to the spirit, no ears to the senses, which are capable of defining much to you which you do not now understand. May 8.

Thomas Knox.

I would not trouble you, if I was not extremely anxious in regard to those I have on earth. I know it is necessary to speak of those things by which we may be identified to our friends, though they seem to be very small points of consequence with us, when compared with the motive that prompts our coming; but as they form a part of your rules, and may be said to be a knowledge upon the door of humanity, I deem it my duty to speak of them.

It is between twenty and thirty years—twenty-six, I think, but I'm not positive you understand? [Yes.]—since I left my own body. I suppose I may claim Pembroke, New Hampshire, as my place of residence, although I dwell at times in other places—as Concord, for instance. As regards occupation, I shall be better known if I tell you I was High Sheriff, and lived at Pembroke, New Hampshire.

[The Chairman here asked, "Is it Tom Knox who speaks?" to which the spirit replied, "Yes."]

I have two sons at the South, and one at the Southwest. I have one with me, also a daughter; but I've no anxiety upon their account. I need not tell you that I am very anxious in regard to the fate of my sons at the South and my wife, who is also in Alabama. I see the spirit of antagonism of the South with Northern claims, Northern institutions, in which feeling my own share. Oh, I regret to see this. I want to tell them it is a source of unhappiness to me, for there is, in my dear sir, unhappiness with us here, as well as with those upon the earth; and while you have those who are dear to you lingering in the earth form, it is impossible for you to separate yourself from the sorrow, the unhappiness which embroils their daily lives.

My sons will suffer, and have suffered much already, from the rebellion—I mean in regard to pecuniary things; but it is right that they should have suffered in this way. I know that gold and silver are essential things, so far as earthly comfort is considered; but when obtained at the expense of the spirit, they prove to be of very little value to those who may possess them. The years of experience that are mine from contact with spiritual things, inform me that the wealth which is obtained by persons upon the earth at the expense of the spiritual, is more than a millstone about their necks, for it drags them down to depths of unhappiness and despair.

My sons have held in bondage human souls—human bodies. That they have been good masters, I know; but I want to tell them that they have been dealing in that which can never bring them honor in the future, and the sooner they abandon this kind of traffic, the better it will be for their spiritual welfare. Now I do not want my sons at the South to fight against their own kindred; their own friends at the North, for if they do, they will certainly regret it. They had better leave down their arms, and suffer wrong themselves, than to send up the spirits of their own kindred to the spirit-land uncalled for, through their own offending hands. Now I counsel them, as one who loves them dearly, to set aside all malice, and to trust in God in this war, for God lives, and though the hour be dark which marks their country's temporary overthrow and desolation, yet from out the very darkness shall be born light, and returning peace and prosperity to our oppressed country.

My sons have lived, grown up, and been sustained thus far through life by the Federal Government. They have enjoyed her blessed rights, and at no time I think, has she refused to hear and redress their wrongs. Now, I desire that my sons give no heed to the clamor of the multitude, but turn within themselves, and ask their own souls whether the course they are now pursuing be the right one, and if convinced that in taking up arms against the government, they are doing to God and man, then I'll come no more to influence them in favor of what seems to me to be right, namely, loyalty to the Federal Government.

So surely as they come to me in the spirit-world by violence, they will suffer for it, besides increasing my unhappiness—and I want you to send my letter to them as a warning against the evils of the course they are pursuing. [How shall we address your letter?] Direct it to the Postmaster of Prattville, Alabama, for my son is such. [Is he in the army?] No, he is worse than that. [The Chairman then said, I was with your family for a time, while attending the Academy at Pembroke. Your daughter, Ann, who is

with you, will remember me.] Well, I'm very glad to be uttered into the presence of friends. I'll not detain others that are waiting, therefore will bid you good day. May 8.

Robert Sanborn.

I am a novice to this kind of control. Allow me to ask what are the requirements? [Merely to speak of any facts which will serve to identify you to your friends.] If I have been rightly informed, all have the privilege of speaking of that which seems right to themselves, if not to all. [Such privilege is granted to all.] What is your motto? [We have none.] It's time you had! [We will call it Freedom, then.] I know you profess to live largely under that institution, but you fall far short of it.

Is this lady willing for me? [Yes.] To begin then, my name as Robert Sanborn. I was a lieutenant in the Second Alabama regiment, and of course, your enemy. [No, not your enemy.] Oh, you mistake. Assume your ground, sir, and I'll assume mine. [As you please.] I had some very little knowledge of this modern Spiritualism before death. I may say I had but little personal knowledge of the matter, but had heard the subject largely discussed upon by others. I have some friends, some relatives also, who are professed believers in this new religion, if you choose to call it such. I apprehend no trouble in reaching them, if your paper crosses the lines. [I think it does.]

I am illly at rest here, and find there is no direct sphere of action for me, except my returning; and if I be true to myself, as I desire to be, I shall give my own sentiments plainly and without hesitation. I fought against you, and would do so again, were I here upon earth again. Remember, sir, I am honest, and as such will be to be received. I perceived before I died that some of my acquaintances were believers in Spiritualism, and to growing faint at heart in regard to the work set before them. They are not so zealous, so self-confident, as others, and are disposed to doubt their position, and to question as to whether they are right or wrong in this warfare.

I have stated before that I fought against you while living. Death has taken nothing from me, except my body, the loss of which I regret very much. You at the North believe we Southerners are fighting chiefly for the maintenance of our domestic institutions. It is not so; we are fighting to throw off the yoke which has so long oppressed us—for liberty, in its broadest and noblest sense. For the last century, and even further back, you have held the reins of government in your own hands. We have held our slaves, it is true, but more from necessity, than from animosity. You have set us our bounds, and we at the South have been compelled to submit to them. We have lived under the yoke our forefathers groined under and vainly attempted to throw off. We raise our cotton, our rice, and various other products, and you sell them for us; you fix a price upon them. If it's ten coppers a bale, why, government sets her seal upon it, the majority approve it, and we of the South must bear it, or starve.

Now, you pretend to serve the negro; but believe me, in attempting to enslave us, you only increase his sufferings, instead of mitigating them. We do not fight to save our domestic institution, but we fight for our liberty. Years ago we all fought for liberty, and we believed we gained it, but it was a mistake; only a small portion of the American people succeeded in gaining that sacred and precious liberty. You know that the human spirit may remain curbed and quelled for a time, but it will surely rise some time. You believe, too, that all humanity progresses; then, sooner or later, the South must release herself from the shackles which have so long fettered her, and stand forth in all the glory of hard-earned liberty.

Now, we at the South have been oppressed in every conceivable way, by the people of the North. You have ruled us, have been kings and queens of the commercial world—in short, have dealt with us as best suited your own interests, in every respect. [I must confess that the ideas you are now advancing are entirely new ones to me.] It is so, whether you believe it or not; you live at the North, consequently you see through Northern eyes.

Now, when my friends at the South look at this thing in the right light, they must see the justice of their cause. They believe in progress, and it seems to me, must, at no far distant time, throw off the yoke of bondage which their Northern masters have imposed upon them. But you'll say you, too, have your slaves; but, sir, there is a vast difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the negro. There is not one slave-holder in fifty at the South but that would tell you that, as far as his own interests were concerned, he would gladly rid himself of his slaves. But God alone knows what they'll do, if we did not take care of them. Could we send them out in the world to starve? Are they capable of taking care of themselves? A few may be, but the number is small. Oh, sir, look at this thing on both sides, and see if there is not truth, at least, in what I have said concerning the condition of the negro. But we are human, and cannot throw them out into the world, to suffer and perish. No, it were far better that they remain as they are, than to exchange their present condition for a worse one.

You may send this letter to P. K. Sanborn, Richmond, Va. Now, I would ask my friends at the South to fight until they throw off the yoke. [What battle were you killed in?] No, matter, it is enough for you to know that I died fighting against you. May 8.

Margaret Payson.

I've a father, sir, upon earth. Can I come to him? [Certainly. Say what you wish to him, and we'll take it down, and send it to him.] I have been away from him three years, this month. I died of fever, caused by neglect and exposure. My mother died when I was seven years of age, and left me to run the streets of New York, and live as other poor children do, who have no mother, and a father who is unable to take care of himself most of the time.

Last night, my father was prevailed upon to sit coming through here, and I told her to tell him that if he continued to drink as he has done, he would die, and then he would find less happiness when he got here than he has had upon earth. And he said: "Oh, this girl knows I drink, and she knows I have a girl dead; but if you are a spirit, and are my child, if you will go where I am not known, and say what I've asked you to, I'll believe you, and will do what you wish." And this is why I've come here to-day. At first, I thought I could not speak well enough to come, but my desire to save my father and to prove myself blisful, overruled all other thoughts. [Where shall we send your letter?] Send it to New York city. [To what place?] He has no home; he lives anywhere and everywhere.

My name was Margaret Payson; my father's William S. Payson. I was fourteen years of age when I died. My mother's name was Margaret, also. [Have you any brothers or sisters living?] I have two with me in the spirit-land; none on earth.
My father's poor. I know he's not often happy; but he has a soul, and it's as dear to me as yours is to you. I will give him any proof he desires, to convince him that I am his child. I've already given him more than he desired, for he did not ask me to tell him I was with him last night. Shall I go and tell him my letter is here? [Yes.] He'll ask me what day it is; what shall I tell him? [The eighth of May.] Good-by. May 8.

REAL MEN.—"Ma, I told Minnie that God would be displeased if I did that wicked thing." She said, "Oh, you can ask him to forgive you, and he is so kind he will do it." But I told her I should be ashamed to ask him, if I knew beforehand it was wrong. "And, ma, would it be mean to do a wicked thing, and then think God will forgive you, just because he is so good?" I think it's real mean."

Why is an author the most pitiable of animals? Because his tale comes out of his head.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR DARLING.

BY MURIEL M. WOLCOTT.

Silken and soft it resteth on my palm,
That one pale lock of golden hair;
I feel angelic touch, like healing balm,
Soothing my sorrow, and calming my despair.
Ah, me! what woe
The heart may know,
Until seraphic bliss our souls o'erflow.

Marion, darling! thou wert all our pride,
And at the evening twilight closely pressed
To my love-throbbing heart—dark lashes hide
Those lustrous eyes that slumber on my breast.
I thought that even
Of such is heaven.
Startled, I heard a voice, "Of such is heaven."

Death came and 'reft me of my cherished prize;
Four years of beauty, then the cloud cap'd storm
Burst on my soul; the rosy, sunlit skies,
Were turned to blood; and deep, drear gloom,
Draped the whole earth.
Sadly we feel the worth
Of precious treasures fading all too soon.
Elin Cottage, Rochester, N. Y.

LIFE AND DEATH.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Bodsworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 11, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Our subject, on this occasion, is Life and Death. While the usual significance of the theme includes all that is conceived of human happiness and most of what is known of human misery; life being to the finite mind, the only desirable possession; death the only unconquerable terror. Life including something of happiness for almost every person; death implying uncertainty, the chance of oblivion, or, perhaps, of entire misery, we shall endeavor to present such a picture of the two conditions as may make plain, and a necessary condition, the errors of superstition and prejudice, by showing God to be the God of life, and not of death, and that the realms of eternity are, and are to be, the abodes of active existence, not a dark and dreary void. Death, as presented to the human mind, is connected with the forms of the material world, as a necessary condition of life, from the point of view, is that period, of brief duration, in which the animal passes through various stages of growth from infancy to old age, and, at last, disappears, to be transmuted into other forms, and known no more. Yet, in the case of man, crowded into this narrow space, to find such evidences of boundless power, conception and aspiration, that we are forced to pause and ask if it includes all his being.

You observe, in the first place, that you have physical wants; that the infant cries for nourishment, and seems to have only the instinctive desire for food, and consciousness of the mother's form, as the child advances in life, other objects claim its attention, and it perceives something outside the charmed circle of maternal care, it looks into the surrounding world and observes other forms of being; it sees that animals and trees have such desires to fulfill, and are endowed with a distinct vitality. The child is astonished, and wonders where the flowers come from; whether animals stand and talk together, and if the world was always what he sees it, or if it was made to be his playing, and wondrous show. And in manhood, the same ideas, in substance, influence him; for we are prone to look upon the world as it appears, and in this respect, we are forced to pause and ask if it includes all his being.

The young child wishes to become a man, that it may be great and powerful, and accomplish this or that favorite object. It is beautiful, he thinks, to live, for the world is full of blessed and perfect things. But he plucks the beautiful flower from its stem, and in its beauty has departed the world, and he is left in the gutter, and he is told that it is dead. He chafes the butterfly, but his touch brushes away its brilliant hues—he has killed it. He grieves as these his illusions are dispelled, yet still longs to be a man, that he may be really strong and happy. But, when he reaches maturity, he finds that the pleasures of the world are but the man as frail and short-lived as the flower, or the butterfly.

Those things which constitute the pleasures of life, let us analyze them and see what they are. In the progress of life, the first things which the child recognizes are to be home, protection, and security. These things, which have been with it from the beginning, it believes can never pass away; it admits not a thought of such disruption, until death invades the household, and it is brought face to face with the destroyer. Then footsteps are hushed; tears are in every eye; his sports are forbidden, and he is left to his mother's arms. "Dead!" he exclaims, "what does that mean?" It means that he will never speak to you again, and that you will see her no more on earth. And the child is taken into the hushed chamber, where the sunbeams fall on the cold and silent form, and his mother does not speak; he is touched by her hand, and it is icy cold. Then first he sees what a dreadful thing is death.

You have all experienced this feeling, half of doubt, half of terror, when called in tender years to witness such a scene; but the elasticity of youthful spirits soon recovers from this impression, and you live on, still you almost wonder, as friends fall fast around you, if you alone are spared. Still you continue toiling and aspiring in your chosen path, and at last you attain, let us suppose, a point which was the goal of your youthful hopes; the long-sought prize is within your reach. But, now you look back and survey the rugged path, and you see that the height you have gained is so inviting in the distance, is a sterile and a solitary spot. No plant flourishes there but the barren laurel, and your reward seems almost a mockery of your wishes and exertions. You have sought wealth, and with it all power and influence. To acquire it, you must sacrifice the integrity of your soul; and for this loss you find there is no compensation.

During your toils and triumphs, the cherished companions of your life—those for whom in part you have dared and done so much, fade and pass away, and age finds you, like a lonely tower left standing amid the ruins of the past, and surrounded only with tokens of death. And still men cling to life!

In view of the invariable course of human experience, in all generations, they might as reasonably hope that the blossoms of spring will never fall and give place to the snows of winter, or that the warmth and verdure of summer will be perpetuated, as anticipate an unchanging career of earthly felicity. The mother clasps her infant to her breast, and knows that it is her own, its little life a part of hers, and, in her pride and gladness, she thinks her happiness is secured. The child grows in

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