

BANNER LIGHT.

VOL. XI.

{WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,}
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}
Payable in Advance.

NO. 11.

Literary Department.

LYONEL HARRINGTON.

Translated from the German of Heinrich Zschokke, by Gora Wilbur, expressly for the Banner of Light.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. It Grows Darker.

In the first days and weeks of his mishap he had endured it with good humor, like any other traveling adventure. He was not displeased with his compulsory isolation from the world. It was one of those experiences of life never entered upon before. He did not look for entertainment in his solitude, nor for the little conveniences he desired, and which were granted to him without opposition. But as the isolation continued, against his expectation, from week to week, and he heard not from his faithful Jackson, nor sought concerning the fate of Cecilia, he became at length tormented with the longing and the impatience to behold other faces than those of prison attendants, judges, plaintiffs, and witnesses.

At last he began to feel care and apprehension from the slowness of the proceedings and their ignorance.

He began to be alarmed at the malignity of his accusers, who, he could not imagine why, seemed to be in league against him, in at least compelling him to lose so costly a portion of his time.

One day, as he was sadly pacing up and down the room, and lecturing himself for not bearing more patiently with circumstances, he was gladly surprised by the unexpected appearance of the Counselor Von Urmung.

"What," he cried joyfully, "is this you? Indeed, I—forgotten one of the world—believed you, too, had forgotten me. Welcome, my dear Baron, to this grave of mine!"

The Counselor embraced him, and regretted to behold his friend under such melancholy conditions. He had, with others, been prevented by the law, from visiting the prisoner, which favor now had been granted. He came therefore, most gladly, to offer him advice and aid, which he felt it all the more to be his duty, as he feared that his father's testimony of Lyonel's sojourn at Lichtenheim had augmented the distrust of the authorities, and had complicated the matter.

"Your imprisonment," he continued, "has caused a great sensation in the Capital. You are universally looked upon as the chief of a secret association for high treasonable purposes. That is the worst that now a-days can happen to any one here. The Duke himself, has made inquiries. He is an excellent, intellectual, even a freedom-loving Prince, but, like many others, troubled with the contagious fear of revolutionary hot-heads and enthusiasts for liberty. This hinders him, also, in the introduction of many benevolent reforms, to which he is otherwise inclined. He fears that the slightest alteration of existing conditions would cause the overthrow of all government; for that reason he has commanded the strictest investigation toward yourself and those imprisoned at the same time."

"And at the same time," said Lyonel, "he limits the free judgment and opinions of the authorities, who, in most humble obedience, pre-suppose me guilty."

"But you have influential friends," continued the Counselor. "Unfortunately they are too precipitate! The Court banker, Assur, and even the Princess Gabriella, have pleaded for you with the most heartfelt interest, but at the wrong time. That was useless. The judges must first see clearly through the matter. The Duke cannot, and will not, end the investigation, by his decision; and the wounded Lieutenant demands satisfaction and punishment of the offender, whoever he may be. Now I have had opportunity to look over the mass of papers prepared in evidence, tell me plainly, as friend to friend, how matters stand. Do not conceal anything, not even if you are conscious of some unreflected step, or of association with secret societies. If I could help you out of this troublesome situation, it should assuredly be done."

"I cannot be more truthful toward you than I have been to the judges," said Lyonel. "But let us sit down; I will tell you as nearly as I can what I have said and done since my arrival in this neighborhood. I have no hesitation in informing you of all, even the minutest details."

He told his story. The Counselor interrupted him from time to time with questions, and then wrote down one and the other in his little note-book. The expression of his countenance, at first so serious, relaxed into that of a restored tranquillity.

"Thank you!" he cried, as he pressed Lyonel's hand; "I am now without any care; you can feel so too. Your arrest has caused a great sensation. The relatives of the Lieutenant—yes, the entire corps of officers, are indignant at the outrage. The Duke, who I know well by whom, has been ill-advised to behold political endeavors in the matter, and has, therefore, commanded the strictest investigation. I comprehend it all. The judges are somewhat afraid, and hold trials for matters of importance."

"I do not doubt it," responded Lyonel. "Where the mere conjecture or prejudice of the Duke passes for a sentence already spoken, no judge or witness will incur the danger of contradicting the highest in the land—of falling beneath the bar of his displeasure."

"No, my dear Harrington, not so; we are not of such a cringing spirit here; and the Duke's ways proved himself averse to all flattery and servility. The Duke desires only justice. Be therefore without fear. One of our best lawyers shall appear in your defence. I will myself seek him and introduce him to you."

Lyonel shook his head, and smiling, bitterly rejoined: "It needs much formality to prove a guileless person innocent, and to leave a truth a truth. The poor Goddess of Justice sits here below upon a fragile throne, especially when she is tended and nurtured by those who look to her with the right eye, with the left toward the ruler in command, who hold the scales in secret, with closed doors, and do not have to blush if they have shown favor or disfavor toward guilt or innocence; as they have the power of using the dead letter carelessly, or making it formidable, according to their will, or in a case of necessity, the strongest right can be so enveloped in formalities and formulas as to smother it completely."

"Still the biting, bitter mockery of the American!" said the Baron, as he gave his friend a light tap with his hand. "For the sake of guarding your rights from the suffocation of formalities, you shall have an experienced lawyer, who understands the loosening of the knots of the law. And, in case that you are condemned, appeal to the upper court, whose President I am, but who dare not meddle in your affairs, as I have appeared as witness."

"How? What?" cried Lyonel, with indignation; "do you think of the possibility that I can be found guilty? Dear Baron, what a fearful judgment you pass upon the justice of your own land! Declare me guilty upon empty suspicions! Every suspicion with which the honor and intentions of an innocent person is assailed, becomes the offense of those who stamp the mere suspicion as a fact."

"It depends chiefly, my dear Harrington, whether the witnesses will dare to seal their testimony against you with an oath. Some of them, I heard, were really prepared to do this."

"So, my good friend Counselor, a legal oath can change the most crying falsehood into a judicial truth? So there is not only a theological but a judicial transubstantiation? Let us no more scoff at the ancients, with their lawful oaths and God-ordained ordeals. Oaths are, as I am now informed, the ordeals of the nineteenth century; and refuge is taken to them when the reason of our tribunals stands still. In some cases they leave the decision to Heaven, or rather to the biased opinions of men without conscience. How many oaths of office and of honor are falsely sworn to annually, because of their immoderate use, by which they have become a mere formality. The man who does not shrink from giving false witness before a Court, will not scruple to lift three fingers in the air and call upon the name of God!"

"You are angry, my friend. I will not dispute with you. I will, as I have said, bring you an excellent lawyer; and should the worst take place, do you, without delay, call upon the higher Court."

"Poor consolation that! I am getting more and more painfully homesick for my happy country beyond the sea; and I am to waste time here, heaven knows how many precious days and weeks! It is cruel to have to live imprisoned without news from home, without any tidings of my faithful companion; for sometime, I do not even know where he lives, or whether he lives at all."

"He lives!" interrupted the Baron, as he hastily drew forth a letter. "Here is the proof. I sought him in the *Hôtel du Monde*, in order to question him concerning the fray at Binsberg, and also to deliver any message he might have for you."

With joyous haste, Lyonel took the letter; there was in it one enclosed from Mr. Wayne, at Maryhall. He tore them open eagerly, ran his eyes over the contents, laid them aside, took them up again and folded them afresh. The Baron observed his impatience, and took his leave, promising to return often and endeavor to comfort him in his solitude.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Letters of Sorrow and of Consolation.

No sooner were the doors closed and bolted, than the prisoner applied himself to the perusal of his letters; that of Mr. Wayne, treating chiefly of business matters, he did not feel so eager to read as that of Arnold. He was not satisfied with a first or second reading, but closely weighed its every word, and somewhat obscure meanings, for the third time; and some sentences appeared so important he studied them attentively, as if committing their significance to memory. It is not difficult to find these passages, on perusal of the misadventure, which was as follows:

"Dearest take it, my dear sir, what is to be the end of all this? Do not know whether I shall have an opportunity to send this page, but I write all the same; must talk with you; am dying with impatience. Enclosed, a letter, without doubt, from Mr. Josiah. Came from Frankfurt, directed to the care of Mr. Banker Goldwig, here. They must be long and waiting for us at Maryhall. And we sit here faster than ever, I reckon; do not know where you are—my humble self, as before, in the hotel of 'All-the-world.' A familiar spirit, a *Pelugero* commando, is ordered by the police to stand entry at my door. If I go out, the long fellow hangs about me like a shadow. Have given hand-clasp and word of honor, in the State house, that I would not leave the city. In spite of that, the long owl persists. Ask wherefore? *Qui le diable l'emporte!* He wears a ribbon and a medal at his button hole. In all the streets here, on horseback and on foot, but nowhere in the State house, and nowhere in the Court."

ton-hole ribbons, orders, stars and crosses—honors abundance, but honesty is rare.

Do they think we are rogues? Five times they have overhauled our trunks and chests, valises and haversacks; taken off the seals, opened, poked through, from without and within, glared at, and sniffed over. Oh, sir, I said, in Baarlingen, away with us over stick and stone, over land and sea, to the United States. You know it. You would not. Now we would be sitting in our dear Maryhall, cosy and well. But no reproach on that subject."

[SOME DAYS LATER.]

"I could howl like a wolf in a trap! Must console myself with ink and a goosequill, even if you do not read it."

My blockhead of a policeman, *Ton de don*, drags after me in all places, even to church. The chief chaplain prayed most beautifully and preached most affectingly, yesterday, on faith, hope and charity. That is my man, thought I. Went to see him today, as you ordered me, full of faith, hope and charity, and did as you requested me to do before our arrest. But the reverend gentleman had left faith, hope and charity in the pulpit; he snatched at me in a wonderful manner; would not know anything of you or the conversation in the palace garden; nothing of the picture of Mrs. Harrington in the Duke's study room; dismissed me abruptly. There we have it, and yet a right reverend preacher! *Ecco ancora un vero Pulcinella!* Yes, sir, you can believe my word; the people here are not what God has made them, but what the tailor's scissors have made them. The coat is the real live man, and the man himself only the lining of his coat."

[LATER.]

"What do the gentlemen or fools of the State house mean? Do they imagine I know all the world, or that all the world knows me? In Europe, the third or fourth one on the street is a celebrity. They put two females before me, an old one and a young one; they asked who I was; looked at me ever so long; shook their heads. Now, they said, I must know them; must confess without circumlocution, or obstinate denial would lead to a prison hole."

"Non dipende dal davo, and if it were into a rat hole," said I, "have never in my life seen the two before, neither the white one nor the black. And who I am, good Lord? I have told you, gentlemen, over and over again. Once more, then; an Arnold Jackson, born in Lexington, County Fayette, State of Kentucky; am the friend, traveling companion, assistant of Mr. Lyonel Harrington, owner of the colony of Maryhall, on the banks of the Tombigbee, State of Alabama."

The questioners and the writers laughed shamelessly in my face; the white one laughed, too; but the young black one grew white in the face, and looked at me with strangely sparkling eyes, whether out of vexation or wonder, or pity, do not know. But must acknowledge a living Virgin Mary, like the one in Raphael's pictures; no, better still, a virgin *Mater dolorosa*. She did not carry the seven swords outside upon her breast, but invisibly in her heart."

[LATER.]

"Have been this morning at the Baron Von Goldtwig's; wanted to know when, where, and how it would be with us both? A real Christian gentleman is this Hebrew; has more faith, hope and charity, than the wrong reverend gentleman of the pulpit. Takes great interest in our confounded misfortunes; will go to the Duke's palace, will kneel to the Duke, will go security for us. Wish him God-speed! Then he gave me a letter for you, postmarked New Orleans. Hallo! calculate that's from Mr. Josiah Wayne. He asked, too, if we were in funds; wanted to advance us money; very Christian-like, but unnecessary. We need freedom, not money."

Put the letter in my pocket; went to the house of the president of the criminal court, my policeman trailing behind me. Wanted to inquire whether I could communicate to you by writing. The particular gentleman thought he must first read what I send. I thought I would not trouble him. Could tell you verbally if it was permitted. Because he wanted to know what I had to tell you. I said: "Nothing, but to wish him a good day." So we three returned home to the inn, without success, I, my letter, and my ghost of a policeman."

[LATER.]

"No, I will not swear! Yes, *cap sagram!* but I could fly out of my skin with impatience and misery in this wretched nest of a Capital! All is bleak, flat, colorless, tame, dull and drear! The eternal gapping can give me the look-law yet. I go out but seldom; do not like to be stared at by the folk, for I carry my police shadow with me as if he were grown to me."

The police of this place have politely and punctually fulfilled the commission you had given to me, and not to them. Miss Cecilia Angel, the niece of the discharged Hussar, Tobias Thor, is found, and has been transported here, and a day after her arrival, will taken care of in the house of the Widow Kungunde Russ, in Kalber street, number seventy-three, by the kindness of Mr. Banker Goldwig. Have received a visit from both of them, today; recognized them at once as the same I saw in the State house. The Russ is white, the Angel, black. They asked questions—what you were accused of—where was the place of your imprisonment? Frau Kungunde's tongue ran on as fast as the best spinning wheel, but if I was the Duke's best friend, she did not with a long thread; knew of it, but did not say it."

an answer to ninety-nine questions; "Do not know!" Women folk are inquisitive, all the world over. Mrs. Russ, in her white frock, may be a police emissary. But, on the other hand, I could have wept and been silent with the black Angel, that was silent and weeping all the time. Only once the pretty child timidly opened her lips to say she would go to the palace, and take a petition to the Duke; convince him what a good heart Mr. Harrington possessed, that he was surely not capable of a crime."

That touched my heart. Well meant, that! But good Lord! such a guileless dove amid their dual hawks and falcons! The gold brocade, frizzed-up puppets would open their eyes to see a simple country girl, in a coarse black petticoat and bodice, appear at Court."

I told the young Miss so, and that you had ordered me to take care of her. If she wanted to appear before the Duke, she must wear a better dress; she should choose in the shops, and order dressmakers; I would pay for all. Then she could present herself at Court to all the Dukes. Frau Kungunde was of the same opinion. Have promised to go and see her every day. Yes, she shall go to the Duke. Every means must be tried to save us from the clutches of their justice. I reckon if it don't help, it won't hurt. Such a face is the loveliest petition; I could not deny it anything; and if the Angel pleads in vain, the devil shall settle the matter."

[LATER.]

"Now, my dear sir, I send you mine and Mr. Wayne's epistle. The Counselor Von Urmung has shown me much honor; has given me consolation in my troubles. Farewell, sir. Your faithful and sorrowful servant. ARNOLD JACKSON."

CHAPTER XL. Hope and Disappointment.

A single flower that is cherished by us, that thrives and blooms through the still Winter days in our chamber, couples and cheers us more lovingly than does the vast pater in its Summer bloom of splendor. One little gift of happiness refreshes and delights the poor in their desolate hovels more richly than the extravagant display of the millionaire in palaces, feasts and balls. So, in Lyonel's still life of imprisonment, the letters, and the appearance of his friend Von Urmung, became forgotten occurrences; and the meagre tidings of Cecilia, of her loving gratitude, and friendly intercourse with his faithful Arnold, were evanescences of joy to his long-buried heart. When, the next day, the chief superintendent of the prisons entered his cell, and inquired for his health, with unusual politeness, announcing that he had received the order to provide Mr. Harrington with better accommodations, more adapted to his convenience, Lyonel did not feel rejoiced; he was only astonished.

"How?" Is it time for the last meal?" he asked; "or has the Tribunal become convinced of my innocence?"

"Neither one nor the other," replied the inspector, with a mysterious countenance, that was meant to express sympathy and pity. "It is done by high command."

"Of the Court of Justice?"

"Beg pardon. You will remain as before in closest arrest; but at the most gracious command of His Highness, the Duke, you are to be made more comfortable, and are have the rooms set aside for persons of rank."

"At the command of the Duke?" cried Lyonel, in amazement—and he thought of his friends, Urmung and Goldwig, and their efforts in his behalf.

He was conducted into a small, neat saloon, that was furnished in a rich, but old-fashioned style. At one side stood a new, large piano forte, open, with the music in its place; two small rooms led from it; one a scrupulously neat bed-chamber, the other a study, fitted up with elegant writing apparatus, and a choice collection of books, enriched with the newest English, German, and French works. Nothing here reminded him of the prison, except the barred windows and the double-locked and bolted entry door. But, according to the explanation of the superintendent, he had but to pull a bell-rop, and an attendant would appear to respectfully solicit his orders.

Lyonel was well pleased with the change, although he was much surprised to find himself transported there, as a person of rank, at the Duke's command. But he thought the enigma solved, when, on trying the fine piano, he found, in the music before him, the familiar Italian air he had so often sung with the Princess Gabriella, at the Villa of Lichtenheim; "*Dolce Speranza mia!*" It was, he thought, the amiable Princess, the bride of Prince Louis, who yet remembered him; and who, by her influence with her illustrious father, sought to ameliorate his condition, and with that "*Dolce Speranza*," to console him, and indicate his near deliverance. He pressed the page to his lips with grateful emotion, and gave himself up to the most joyous expectations; but not for a long time.

For, according to the opinions of his lawyer and the Baron Von Urmung, the only persons who obtained cards of permission to visit the prisoner, the cheerful prospect was overclouded in a few days, anew.

"Your defence, is well-voiced," said his solicitor, "but you will have to appeal, as far as I am informed, or I can presume to know; you will be condemned by the present court to six years of imprisonment, according to paragraph 878 of the Criminal Law Book. The State attorney even persisting in demanding twelve years. Do not count too much upon the change in your locality. The Duke keeps aloof from meddling with the course of Justice; he watches severely, to his honor be it said, over its undisturbed measures. But when he heard, like every one else in the city, of your arrest, and the accusations brought against you, heard, too, that you were a man of good education, a citizen of North America, and not yet convicted of treasonable endeavors, and that, notwithstanding you had been incarcerated in the common prison, he reprimanded the Tribunal and the police authorities severely. Both apologized for the miserable condition of our prisons, and I have heard there is a rumor of bettering them at once, which has been a necessity a hundred years."

The same tidings were brought by the Baron Von Urmung; but as he stood nearer to the Court of the Duke, he knew of something more, and he told it without reserve, though with visible ill-humor. "Our Duke is an excellent Prince, intellectual, experienced, humane, just and firm; but, since Napoleon's time, he seems to be attacked by the universal fear of the rulers; he beholds in every freely uttered opinion, an evil opposition; and, in all corners, the phantom of political overthrow. He is himself exalted beyond the reach of prejudice; is of uncommon boldness of thought; but dreads it in his subjects. While he does much that is great for the furtherance of science, art, and popular culture, in an unaccountable manner, and in contradiction to himself, he holds fast, in State affairs, to the slowness of the old time. And, as relates to you, poor Harrington, you, since a few days, arg, for him, one of the most dangerous persons in the country. A few days ago he had all the papers belonging to your case placed before him; he had your servant taken to the palace, to question him more closely concerning yourself, your travels, your aims and intentions."

Lyonel could not refrain from laughing aloud at this, and he cried:

"The poor, honest Jackson. I hope, if any one can, that this physician must have cured your ruler of his besetting phantom-fear. You have then spoken to my good Jackson since I saw you last? What did he say of the extraordinary interview?"

"Almost nothing," replied the Counselor. "He had been strictly commanded to keep silence. But let it end as it will, I repeat to you, after sentence is passed upon you, appeal."

He entertained but little hope of fortunate escape from the fangs of the law; but, although indignant at this last adverse stroke of European adventure, he did not lose all courage, but maintained his manly pride of conscious innocence.

"Well, then, let them without a reason, steal from me a portion of my life, the better portion of my years," he said, to his friend. "I cannot ask exemption from the common fate of Adam's children. Let the blind distrust of your Prince, or the blind justice of your Tribunal, rob me for six years of honor, freedom, and the enjoyment of life; there reigns in the universe a higher Prince than yours; a higher law than that of your country; a higher power than that of your mole-eyed justice. I will steadfastly endure, be it here in this pleasant isolation, or in a fortress. Only he can boast of having enjoyed life who has tasted it in all its sweetness and bitterness. I am glad, for once, in place of a republican land owner, to have to become the bondman of a monarch. But one entreaty, dear Baron. You must see this letter safely in the post office for me. It is, as you see, for my steward at Maryhall, and contains instructions and dispositions of affairs that will be necessary, if I am retained here a long time."

The Counselor stepped back with a declining gesture, and said:

"Since I delivered to you the message of your servant, the strict measures in regard to your person, have been doubly increased. Whoever is permitted to approach you, must give his word of honor not to hand you any papers, or to receive any writings from your hand. Excuse me; what you write and intend to send away, must first be looked over by the authorities, who then will safely forward it; if it contains nothing likely to arouse a fresh distrust, weigh therefore every word, I entreat you, before you confide it to paper, and deliver it to the inspector for perusal."

"Pardon me, Baron," responded the prisoner, as he threw the letter back into the writing-desk: "I had again quite forgotten that I was an object of suspicion; in consequence, most unwisely, guilty."

CHAPTER XLI.

Lyonel's Letter.

He gave his letter into the hands of the prison-inspector, with the earnest request that it might be forwarded at once. It was a matter of indifference to him whether the suspicious Justice of the land peeped at the contents behind the seal; or that the eyes of the most obedient police found new traces of treasonable tendencies. As he did not hesitate to let Justice and the Police know of his secrets, it will surely be permitted to us to communicate them. We will pass over his narration of the events that had occurred, as well as the instructions and accounts concerning his Colony. The other half of the misadventure runs thus:

"Not one syllable more of the mad inquisition process. Such scandalous proceedings of justice, are, as I hear, of frequent occurrence in this highly cultured Germany. Therefore, if I am condemned by the Courts of this country to some years of imprisonment in a fortress, resign yourself to it, as I shall."

with all my calmness, nay, even pride. I am only vexed that I cannot suffer in a holier cause. No purple mantle of a King, equals in splendor and majesty, the garment of the man that is purged by his innocent blood, when he endures, for Truth and Right and Virtue, strong and true in his innocence.

It is strange enough that, toward the end of my wanderings I should have been overtaken by such an adventure and held fast against my will. It was a sort of fulfillment of duty that caused me to linger so long in Germany. My mother caressed me most tenderly, while speaking to me in her mother tongue; she recommended this land, if I ever visited Europe, as the most beautiful of all lands upon God's earth. She was born on the banks of the Rhine; lived there the Eden days of her childhood, I believe, until her tenth year—until Colonel Morrison married her widowed mother, and took wife and child with him to Baltimore. You remember with what constant preference she arranged everything about the house in accordance with German usages; with what longing, homesick desire she ever spoke of her first home. I have, unfortunately, not been able to find the slightest trace of our German relations.

If I am most graciously acquitted, I shall fly—rely upon this time—with the wings of the morning, over the sea, to my beloved home! I have only to settle some little affairs. First, the orphan of Saint Catharine's Vale, of whom I have written to you before; I must see her placed in security. Secondly, I must strive to get my old-fashioned watch out of the clutches of the law. I do not know why the Inquisitors retain it, for I have often requested its return. I think it cannot be accused of treasonable designs; perhaps they take me for a pickpocket, also. What is impossible to a secret law organization? They have nothing to fear but their own conscience. On two occasions they tormented me with questions and cross-examinations of how I came to the possession of the old watch. It is, and will forever remain, the dearest keepsake of my darling mother, upon which, on her death-bed, she raised her last tears, and consecrated it in holiness for me!

Then, too, I must have, let it cost what it will, a copy of the before-mentioned miniature, to take with me to America, if I must kneel for it! It is all the same to me what European Queen or Princess sat to the painter for that dear familiar face. I possess no true portrait of my mother; I will—I must have it. Arnold declares the picture resembles her only as she was when the bride of the richest man in Mobile, as he used to designate my father; when she lived in Baltimore, and was known as the beautiful Miss Mary Morrison. I confess it is a delicate, virginal face, a form much more youthful than that of my mother, but yet as like her, feature for feature, as can be possible.

When I have that, then, off and away! I am weary to the heart, of European happiness. It is true every land and every nation has its light and shadow sides. Even with us, all is not heavenly, pure. But I am more charmed than ever with our youthfully blooming America. Long may its healthful nature withstand the mass of degrading influences brought to bear upon its cities from the shores of Europe. Here, they laugh at us Americans, or gaze at us in wonder, because we live in noble independence, without the existence of a high or low nobility; and yet thousands come to us to seek a better fatherland. We come here for business interests, or to gratify our curiosity, that would look upon the moral, political and theological torments of the remaining Old World, of which we know only from hearsay and the school books.

My dear Josiah, how ardently I once longed to behold that much-vaunted Italy! But amid the ruins of past splendors, the monks now cry their *hancs*; by the side of wretched hovels arise magnificent palaces, villas and abbeys; and the Vicegerent of God, upon St. Peter's chair, vainly hurls his thunder, and is visited by impotent vexation on account of the robber hordes that infest his domains. France, some years ago, in the rage of despair, crushed out her aristocratic and hierarchical tormentors, and strove, as was believed, toward a nobler destiny; and see, the Old is there again under a new aspect. A people that, beneath the rule of despots, has lost in servitude, the virginal dignity of its moral condition, is no longer fitted for freedom, it is fit for anarchy alone; if it is strong it can be of use in a conqueror's hand.

Praise me no more your Old England, oh Josiah! It is the manufacturing site and staple ground of the commerce of the world, and it swings the moneyed sceptre over the nations of the earth. But it is tottering beneath the weight of vice, revolting luxury, and rebellious misery. The heartlessness with which she tramples Ireland into the dust, and desolates and plunders Asia, to fill her coffers, is more than Napoleonic policy. Since she treacherously bombarded Copenhagen; since 1814, when England burnt and plundered our towns and villages, finding no resistance, no Englishmen may curse the atrocities of Louis the Fourteenth, in the Palatinate, or Szwabow's cruelties. But this is European civilization!

I will not continue the States' review; but do not imagine, my dear Wayne, that I am suffering with the spleen. Although I am now a prisoner in Germany, yet do I love these Germans above all other people. My beloved mother was in the right; I have here, more than elsewhere, met with comprehensive culture, truth and honesty, and with open, heartfelt, household manners—of course only amid the middle classes, not in the floating upper foam, nor in the filthy dregs of the nation.

They have allowed me some German papers to while away my time—that is, newspapers that, according to German State policy, have passed through the revision of the police and the censorship. I am by them informed of all that is passing in France, England, America, Asia and Africa; of Germany itself but little, alas! is said, with the exception of articles upon Court festivals, railroads, arrests, princely visitings; accounts of the weak and humbly subservient transactions of the authorities; the erection of monuments; descriptions of actors and singers; of theological and literary quarrels. The German nation is the insatiably studying, eternally meditating school-mistress. Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen, on the contrary, labor and push rapidly on. The Germans, with proud self-flattery, imitate all that they—*dare*. The cities and villages of this country are thronged with celebrated men, who are seldom known outside of their native land, and who, in a few years, are no more famed here, but are forgotten in the mass of new celebrities. This country appears to me sometimes like a moral and political mosaic work, framed of bygone fragments and the adornments of modern times.

It is true! My desire and longing for the familiar, well-known life of America, and I am a prisoner! The Asiatic-European collection attracts me no longer. Has not America, also, its richly mysterious world of Joteks, Cechemeks, Artees, and the like? Of wandering, destructive nations, who may have been worth as much as the Huns, Vandals and Goths? Have we not, also, antiquities of that lost world, time-worn bequeaths of extinct nations? Indeed, Josiah, the gigantic buildings, altars and bas-reliefs in the Teocallis of Peru and Mexico; the ruins buried in the forests; the pyramids and unsolved hieroglyphics of old in the interior of Yucatan; the splendid city of Palenque, with the temple six hundred feet in length, of polished marble; the remains of the city of Copan in Honduras; all the fallen buildings of Guatemala, Teoyo, Ulatlan, Quirigua—are they not all as interesting as the fragments of robber castles and convents, or the decayed relics of Egypt, Greece, and Italy? Even the mystic darkness enveloping our monumental stones erected by an early, long-forgotten race, invests them with a powerful and most poetic charm. The European antiquaries should make a pilgrimage to our land of wonders.

But why, my dear friend Wayne, do I so long in flight this empty talk upon you, wherewith I do not seek to entertain you, but to divert my own mind? See, I could, for a holy cause of humanity, cheerfully offer my days, ay, even the longest life, to an imprisonment in four bleak walls—but forced apart from the world, on account of harmless words, that have been falsely interpreted by malice or stupidity, or because of old barbaric laws, or colored spectacles of the judges—this is hard! Every day is a torn leaf from my book of life—oh, Josiah, believe me, out of the most beautiful, most important portions of the book!

Yes, I will confess to you, never, since the commencement of my travels, not even when I loved ones, I lived with you at our quiet Maryhall, did I live there so exclusively as now. Ever, waking and in my dreams, I stand upon the verandah of my villa, that my dear father called by that most beautiful of names, my mother's—and surrounded with gardens as with a blooming wreath. My eyes wander from that eminence over the fertile abundance of its environs; strays to the soft, dawn-like outlines of the Alleghany mountains; to the forest range of oak, pine, cedar, cypress and hickory, that stretches along the wide and fragrant plain, like a sea of green, in which colonies, like islands, arise with their plantations of sugar and cotton. Or I wander amid the labyrinthine shades of my native trees, from which streams the silver-grey beard of the trailing moss that winds carelessly around me and the flower beds beneath. Or I enter the friendly habitations of our planters, where every one is a baron on his own threshold, and one is the helper of the other, the hospitable entertainer of the stranger, who at his hearthstone can warm himself, and need not pay for it.

Enough now; I am still in Europe! Farewell, my dear, good Wayne.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

Mother, I had a dream last night!
Methinks it left a glorious light,
Which fills my soul with radiance bright,
E'en to this very hour.

Methought, as I upon my bed
Lay down to rest, with weary head,
That to my side an Angel sped
From the bright realms of day.

But oh, the glorious, joyful sight!
His eyes were stars with silvery light,
And spotless were his garments white,
Like the untrodden snow!

His wings were like the purest gold,
And yet so light, they seemed to fold
Like gossamer, with grace untold,
Around his shadowy form.

Upon my ear his accents fell,
Like distant music's gentle swell,
But oh, how sweet no tongue can tell,
My mother, dear, to thee!

He said, "Why tarry here below,
When you fair world so bright doth glow?
O leave this life of pain and woe,
And come with me above!"

"But oh, I have no wings," I cried;
"Nor need at them," softly he replied;
And following my angel guide,
I sought the heavenly way.

Up, through the liquid ether blue,
Above the fleecy clouds we flew,
While the bright angel closed drew,
And closer to my side.

We soared through skies with glory bright,
Until upon my ravished sight,
A city, full of golden light,
With gates of pearl appeared.

And as we near its entrance drew,
Its massive portals open flew,
And with the angel I passed through
The streets of shining gold.

He led me where a crystal stream
Flowed clear and cool, with silvery gleam,
Reflecting in each liquid beam
The cloudless, azure sky.

And there, upon the verdant shores,
My eyes beheld most lovely bowers,
Where bloomed such fair and fadeless flowers,
As earth hath never known;

And in those fields of living green,
Full many a shining band were seen,
All robed in white and spotless sheen,
And palms within their hands.

While from the city of pure gold,
Anon such heavenly music rolled,
That I was fain my breath to hold,
To catch that seraph strain.

But while upon the air were borne
Those harpers' notes to earth unknown,
Until my spirit full had grown
Of that sweet melody.

A form of light and loveliness
Beside me stood, whose gentleness
So won my heart I longed to press
Her fondly in my arms.

Oh, mother, 'twas my sister, dear,
For whom we had full many a tear,
When in the churchyard, lone and drear,
We laid her lovely form!

But oh, the smile of angelic grace
Which dwelt upon her gentle face!
Still, 'neath its beauty, I could trace
Her well-remembered form.

She spoke, and a delicious thrill
My very being seemed to fill!
Around my heart it hovers still,
That sweet, angelic voice!

"Welcome," she said, "my sister dear,
Full long I've waited for thee here,
But now within these mansions e'er
Thy blessed home will be.

Here is thy harp—I'll touch each string,
And learn thee notes which angels sing,
For a new song 'tis day thou 'lt bring
Unto our glorious Lamb.

And off together we will roam
Around our former earthly home,
Until our loved ones all shall come
In this fair land to dwell.

O, well this glorious life rewards
Earth's cares, to those who are our Lord's!"
And then she touched those golden chords,
With soft and gentle hand,

When such melodious sounds arose,
As from no earthly harp e'er flows,
Oh, still within my spirit glows
That music strain divine!

But as my soul with joy did teem,
Till every sense entranced did seem,
Mother, I woke—and 'twas a dream—
A vision of the night!

Original Essays.

RESIGNATION:

THE USE OF MEMORY.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

The ability to retain, or recall at will, impressions of what we have once perceived, is the basis of intelligence. Without this faculty our ideas must be as fleeting as the sensations of which they are born, and we could never know anything more than we are capable of learning in a single moment. There would be no such thing as reasoning; because the shadowy premises of an argument would be too evanescent for a conclusion; and if the light of a syllogism should at any time illumine the soul intuitively, the flash of wisdom would go out in oblivion before it could be appropriated. There would be no society save that of strangers, for no two persons would ever become acquainted. Parents and children, brothers and sisters, would be all unconscious of consanguinity, and there would be no conception of what is called identity. The consecutive order of our sensations would disappear; the present would retain no clue to the past; and human experience, narrowed down to the compass of an instant, were devoid of all emotion, and all but the feeblest pleasure. So essential to the intelligence and happiness of mankind is remembrance, that without it, all must be less than idiots.

Nevertheless, propitious as this faculty is, and useful as may be its exercise, it is liable to certain habits of misuse which favor neither intelligence nor happiness. In this respect, Memory resembles other faculties, and is intended, as they are, for discretionary use. It is important that we eat and drink, but not every substance which is palatable and digestible. The eye is a revealer of beauty—the lamp of delight; and yet every sight is not comely nor pleasing. The ear brings music and also discord. The tongue is an eloquent discerner of truth, though it sometimes descends to babbling and slander. It is not desirable to utter all thoughts, to hear all sounds, to see all objects, to eat every kind of edible; neither, for a like reason, should we ponder all events, but only such as in some way inform, chasten, or happily the soul.

All facts are not worth remembering. Why should I charge my memory with the small talk of great talkers, or the offensive epithets I may chance to hear in the street, but will not repeat at my own free will? It is only an eclectic part of what I read that I wish to remember. A head crammed with incidents has little capacity for principles. Attention to trifles hinders important studies; and thus "that which does not elevate, lowers and degrades the mind." I know it is said

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the best of men;"
but only now and then; and I must add, they thrive on something better. Great souls are committed to the business of life, which, with transient intervals of diversion, admits of nothing insignificant. But small brains carry little histories.

If I should find a person who professed never to have experienced anything which he was unwilling to experience again, I should question either his veracity or his sanity. No man or woman ever lived without suffering, more or less. Every one who is so disposed, may recall long accounts of evils endured through accident, disease, loss, disappointment, and social abuse. Some seem to know of no better way to entertain their associates than by repeating the tale of their peculiar troubles. They are accustomed to while away whole winter evenings, and would probably consume night and day, in this idle business, if they did not too soon for their murmuring habit, wear out the ears of their most condescending auditors.

I have sometimes listened to such whiners, when my only interest was to observe how the same passions that accompany an original sense of wrong, are reproduced by remembrance, and indicated in the countenance as the rehearsal proceeds. It may be this was the first hint I had at the folly of recollecting our past sufferings of whatever name. Thus I have been led to a more extended observation, as well as to a greater sorcery of my own mental habits; and after much reflection, I have come to the conclusion that it is wise in all cases to dismiss the thought of our troubles, with the wave of time which bears them away behind us. To forget past misfortune has become one of my favorite maxims.

In the first place, the remembrance of past suffering is useless. If it have any good end, I know not what it is. Surely it can have no tendency to annual error, wrong or accident, nor to reverse the sequel of either, over and anon to recall it; nor can I conceive of the least pleasure in the habit. Neither is it necessary to recollect at all what and how we have suffered in order to escape the like afflictions in future. It is the occasion of adversity, rather, that should be regarded and pondered by all who would not know adversity itself; for which,

what it is fully worth, the only rational care is to live. But the remembrance of what we have suffered is a source of certain disagreeable affections, without which we should never recognize it as evil; and these affections are partially reproduced by recollection, as I have said. When a man of irascible temper relates to a third person the substance and circumstances of some recent insult or abuse, he manifests just such angry feelings toward his adversary, as he cherished in the plight of affront. When a sensitive widow recounts the *souvenirs* of her loved and lost, it is with the same tearful emotions as when she bent over the couch of her dying husband, or was dragged from the urn of a dead heart. I know there are psychical states to which all are more or less liable, when the stricken soul fosters grief, or the wounded spirit chooses the nestle of resentment; but I also know that every mind out of the dominion of such moods regards them with aversion. Ah! kind is the grave which hides so opportunely what we vainly love, and auspicious, too, the frailty of sense which takes no ineffaceable impress of hatred's features. Let sorrow be drowned in Lethe, smother the foe of malice in oblivion, and the recuperated mind no longer loves its idol: mourning is not pleasant now, and revenge is sweet no more. So with all evil: whatever is anticipated with dread is remembered with repugnance.

And this repugnance supercedes benignant feelings and elevating thoughts. The waking mind is never vacant. It may be worse—filled with ghastly imagery of what the head and heart abhor; but it should not. The past is checked, and he that hath an evil eye may always feast it to his liking—I mean his loathing. But the eyes of Fortitude are ever single to the complacent in retrospect, as well as prospect, and so no shadow of temporal evil can tinge her visions of eternal good. She never lets the hell behind her disturb her joy for the heaven before her. And why should you, reader? Is it not certain that you cannot be both angry and pleased, and delighted at the same time? Do not disagreeable thoughts and feelings exclude the agreeable? Must not the mind habituated to recollections of evil suffer a proportionate loss of real enjoyment? Truly, this harping on *quondam* troubles is a mischievous way some have of aggravating the very evils they deplore, of detaining them when they would be gone, of winning them back when fairly rid of them. How unwise, if—Finally, this pre-occupying the mind with frequent recollections of past evil, degrades it. This it does, first, by perverting the mental functions, and then by depriving the soul of its natural food. Every faculty, all the vital and spiritual powers grow by normal exercise. Disease enfeebles, and misuse distorts them. Thus the muscles acquire strength, the nerves and senses acuteness, the propensities vivacity, the intellects sagacity, and all the faculties adaptiveness, in and for, but never out of or against, their respective functions. Human nature, both specially and integrally, progresses by intuitive action; and character is a second nature responding to the first. On the contrary, those misdirections of the prime instincts which foster inconvenience, pain and disgust, dwarf the organs through which they act, and deteriorate the mental phasis, if not the soul itself. Every brooding upon evil begets a temporary perversion of will—a short madness; and habitual contemplation of error and wrong, except with a view to their amendment, engenders sadness, peevishness and moroseness. Thus by useless familiarity, evil is spiritually assimilated, and the mind contracts perpetual insanity—a habit of representing repugnant emotions and corroding thoughts. These cannot feed the soul, which grows by influx of wisdom and love—by inspirations of truth and beauty. Can hunger nourish the body? Can nausea refresh it, or pain recreate its wearied powers? Just as well as anger can solace, sorrow invigorate, shame exhilarate, or any conception of evil support the spirit of a man. All forward affections, one or more of which is concomitant with every reminiscence of what has formerly made us unhappy, displace the congenial—what would otherwise delight, develop, sustain and happily the soul. They preclude the inflowings of truth and beauty by which the human lives and grows.

The reader may feel the little import of my argument, without perceiving its pertinence; being ready to ask how one is to choose between the good and evil of experience, so as to remember only what is pleasing. Admitting that some reminiscences are unappealing, the querist may still demur as to the possibility of discarding them. Now, to such the first requisite is to know that Memory is not, as almost everybody seems to think, a dominant principle—a blind impulse to be obeyed, to whatever mischief it may incidentally tend; but a pliant faculty, an implement which the soul may wield at will for self-improvement and pleasure. Reason is the appointed guide of all other powers. We close our eyes, stop our ears, and turn away from disagreeable sensations of every kind. Acquisitiveness hoards only what is estimable; secretiveness conceals not all things; Reverence worships only the highest ideals, and so on to the base of the brain. Why should Memory be an exception from this general law of license to human will? Indeed, if it were, Infinite Wisdom or Infinite Goodness must have been faulty. So, by the very absurdity of negation, the volition of the recollective faculty is established.

Here a very important distinction is to be observed between Memory and Remembrance. The former is the faculty itself; the latter is its exercise. Memory is like a book, and remembrance is like the reading of a book. The printed page is permanent and distinct, while its suggestions to the mind of a reader are comparatively indefinite and evanescent. Memory, as a bound volume, contains the whole history of individual experience. By no possible accident can any portion of that life-record be obliterated or lost. Not a thought can perish, nor an incident of weal or woe, but through all the cycles of our immortal destiny it will remain, an autobiography for reference and useful application. It is there, but never all in mind. It is in the library of Memory, but not in conscious remembrance. Nor can it ever be recalled and made to pass clearly in review, save in consecutive or selected parts, as the soul wills for a chosen purpose; and this should always be according to Reason. While the record of experience is spontaneous, the order and manner of its readings are voluntary. Connect this verity with the known law of mind; that repetition begets facility of remembrance, and by successive readings impressions are deepened. Thus school children learn to recite their lessons, and actors to perform their respective parts in a drama. What is oftenest remembered, is most likely to recur, while that which is seldom recollected is recalled, with effort. Books must be reviewed and arts must be hackneyed, else old acquaint-

ances are soon forgotten. The memory of insignificant events, which are of no consequence, are constantly being done up on the left-hand side, till they close the book of life.

I repeat that Memory envelopes our whole experience in a library, and keeps its contents without our will and beyond our control; but to read them is our option. We may as we choose what we will remember as what books we will read. Nothing is clearly recollected without endeavor, and nothing should be without a purpose. It is easier to forget what we wish than to remember all we will; still some will press the question, how to forget past misfortunes. I offer three directions to this end.

1. *Don't talk about your troubles.* By speech thoughts are riveted. The burden of your tale must first be recollected, and what you communicate you still retain; just as every faithful teacher is a more thorough learner than any of his pupils. Then conversation is a motive to reflection, and what you have resolved never to utter, you are less inclined to think of. Thus you will the more readily

2. *Cease to ponder old calamities.* We cannot prevent the return of thoughts we have purposely dismissed, yet they need not be entertained. Repel unwelcome suggestions, and disagreeable recollections will be averted. In turning over the leaves of Memory, the cursory eye of association matches the contents of many a page, without stopping to peruse it. Attention reads only the themes of choice, which, if ludicrous, will habitually reject the unappealing. Whatever we omit to review, is at length forgotten.

3. *Remember what you have enjoyed.* If the murmurer would take this counsel, one might expect the two former maxims, in view of a salutary comparison of the ills with the goods of life. How much more we commonly enjoy than suffer, few have ever thought. It seems to me that the human mind in its present stage of development, is more sensitive than sensible—often irritated by the touch of occasional evil than pleased by the ordinary tenor of good. Like a pampered baby, it is continually teasing for something beyond its reach, and then whimpering for the mishaps and disappointments which come of its own temerity and turbulence. Many are so engrossed by life's petty losses and crosses that they are ungrateful of the greatest blessings. If a man lose one of a hundred pieces of silver, he will forget the ninety-nine and go a moping for the lost one. The grief of a parent at the grave of a child is often greater than the joy of a household. Recipient abuse encountered but here and there, is never forgotten, and makes a waspish mind mad with the world; but the faces of kindness met at every turn—who remembers them? So we deal with Providence. Prosperity is a matter of course; adversity is its interruption. We are never half so grateful for life as we are sometimes perplexed by its necessary cares. We remember so well what we have suffered that we have no time to be conscious of what we ought to enjoy. Let this habit be reversed, and past misfortunes will go to oblivion; light shall dawn on the former darkness, and blind ingratitude will rejoice to see.

West Acton, Mass.

MARRIAGE.

BY WARREN CRABE.

True and real marriage consists in a harmonious and mutual blending, in unitary duality, of two (only two) persons in four departments of life, viz: the intellectual, the affectional, the passion, and the pecuniary. Most pairs are united in one, or two, or three of these subjects, and few on all, and hence few marriages are truly happy in all. If the man earns, and the woman wastes or squanders; or the woman earns, and the man wastes or spends her earnings, even though they are paired happily on the other three, the marriage cannot be a happy one; both must earn, both save; or both waste, both spend, &c., to be mated on that plane of life. If the man is full of passion or lust, and the woman has none, or the woman has abundance, and the man little or none, the marriage is not a happy one, and no law or religion can make it so. It is and must be unhappy, and usually soon breaks by the death or runaway of one party. If the man is full of affection and the woman has none; or the woman (which is far more common) has a heart and soul full and overflowing with affection (love and sympathy), and the man is cold and has only passion to return, the marriage is and must be unhappy, and even a perfect blending on the other planes cannot make it happy, but it is also almost impossible for the passionless union to exist without the affectional, if the affectional exists in either, both should be affectionate, or neither. There are happy marriages, or at least harmonious ones, where both are as void of affection as marble statues, and both should be, if one is, or the affectionate soul, left out in the cold, will sicken and die, or seek elsewhere its ailment. Like to like, kind to kind, for the ice-house and fire for the grate! If the man is intellectual, and the woman has no taste for the subject, or the woman has it and the man has not, the marriage is unhappy, however effectual they may be in masking it from the public. Young people are not apt to take these things into consideration in forming unions for life, and never will till they are made more general subjects of discussion.

Young ladies are seeking homes and husbands to provide them, because they can seldom earn them, or inherit them. Young men are seeking companionship, a mate, in a majority of cases, through and for the passions, and, in a majority of cases, seek the very opposite of themselves. The more passion they have, the more they try to get the girl from the other extreme, which is sure to make an unhappy union. Yet it is strange, after so much social discord and so many unhappy unions as daily occur, that they will not learn from the experience and observation of others. But it is owing much to the fact that the subject is ignored or neglected by our press and pulpit, and still more by our schools. A few families of Spiritualists are taking hold of the subject, and awakening public attention; but the great body of the people are so sensitive on this subject, that the agitators will lose their reputations by talking or writing on it. Yet it is evident to all that unhappy marriages and misery arising from them are increasing, and it is vain to expect or hope to blander or pray into the right channel of union them. We must educate the young on the nature and relation of the sexes, and on all that is connected with unions to make them happy and lasting. Some persons suppose that an intellectual education can away and control all other departments of life, and make manly relations on all others; but even when they fall in themselves to do it, they are not ready to ex-

use, or forgive others for not succeeding where they fail themselves.

Marriages formed in a union on one only of the four corners, are miserable, and seldom hold out long, but break either by death or separation. Those resting on two corners often hold out many years, or for life, and the parties worry through an unhappy domestic life with a sort of half-and-half, or cat and dog life. Those resting on three corners are usually reckoned happy marriages; and they are, compared to a majority, for a majority falls below these; but even these cannot be put down as true and real marriages, for there are dark spots and hidden worms gnawing at the core of such unions. Only the few whose interest and dispositions (in the matter of property), intellect, affections and passions, blend and are one, are the truly and really married, and such no law of divorce nor power of church and state can separate when once met, for God has put them together. I know there are such, and heartily wish all marriages could be made so, both old and new, even at the expense of some divorces of young couples. The old had better wait for the next life and a new union there.

PRINCIPLES OF ORGANIZATION, AND THEIR RELATION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FREELAND.

NUMBER THREE.

GOVERNMENT.

I have affirmed, in previous articles, that the true harmonious Government of the future must result from the practical adjustment of the two opposing and antagonistic principles, Absolute Sovereignty of the Individual, and Allegiance and Obedience to a vital man, in every sphere and department of life, because of their competency and fitness to perform to the greatest individual and society advantage, certain offices; that the Democratic governmental principle is allied to, and tends toward this complete and entire emancipation of the individual from enforced control; and that the Monarchical governmental principle tends toward, and is allied to, loyalty and devotion to authority, in any and all of its constituted forms; that the fruits of the Democratic idea are a free, intelligent, independent, thinking, self-judging and self-guiding people; those of the Monarchical idea, an orderly, effective, strongly-organized, powerful organization or government; that in proportion as a State tends to one, or the other of these ideas, in that proportion it loses those elements which are predominantly developed by the opposite one; and finally, that the elements existing in these opposite methods, include all the essential requisites of a perfect government. I shall show in this paper that the combination and harmonious adjustment of these opposing principles in practical life, is perfectly feasible, at the present time, and would secure a healthful organization, or government, retaining all the benefits of both the Democratic and the Monarchical systems, while avoiding all their disadvantages.

Let me in the outset, however, disabuse the mind of any person of the idea, if such be entertained, that such a government is adequate to force or coerce people into this state of harmony and right living. No such absurdity is intended. The whole power of this new method of organization depends upon a spiritualized people. It is an exposition of the manner in which any number of people may live together, in perfect liberty, harmony and strength; and of the manner in which they must live, in order to follow the true method of life, as exhibited in Nature, and as scientifically demonstrated by new principles, now for the first time discovered and announced. If there be five, ten, one hundred, one thousand persons in the world who have reached that plane of human development which is distinguished by an untiring, earnest search after truth, a determination to live according to the true principles of right living, when known, a paramount regard for truth, and a secondary regard for self, a predominance of reason over impulse, of benevolence over selfishness—in short, that plane of development in which the spiritual predominates and keeps in subjection and obedience the material, then it is possible for such a company to institute upon the earth a new government, founded upon the eternal principles of order and harmony throughout the universe, which shall last while time shall endure, shall secure the utmost individual liberty, and the most powerful government, and shall provide for the unlimited expansion and development of every human faculty known, or to be known, in the widening cycles of human progress.

Such a government, so organized, would quietly and peacefully proceed in the heart of our present political system, *imperium in imperio*, gathering to its folds such individuals, as, from time to time, came to an appreciation of its beauty and truthness, and to a conquest of their own personality. It would thus gradually and steadily increase by the adjunction of the highest developed natures, the old government of force remaining, meanwhile, as at present, for the outside world, until the practical working of such an organization should strike the world with wonder and desires at its harmony, beauty and benefit. From that moment the transformation of the whole world into such an organization, would be speedy and easy. The details of such rise and transition, the time probably required, the interior structure of such an organization, and many other particulars in relation to the whole matter, which may perplex those to whom it is new, I would be glad here to explain and unfold. I cannot, however, stay for these minor points, now. I wish to get before my readers the whole scope and application of these newly discovered principles, as far as they relate to the great general laws of Organization in the departments of Government, Religion, Commerce and Social Construction. Afterward, we may return to the consideration of the minutest particulars in every sphere. I turned aside from this main object, only to state that, I am not dealing with magnificent theories, adapted to some far off, future state of society, and of the world, but with vital truths, competent, from this moment, to organize social regeneration, and to lift the world from misery, degradation and poverty, to a glorious and harmonious existence.

What, then, is the method by which these two opposing and antagonistic principles can be harmonized in practical application, so as to secure all the benefits of each, and avoid the evils which have heretofore accompanied the operation of either in society? The answer was well given in an article entitled "Physiocracy," by Stephen Pearl Andrews, published in The Spiritual Age of September 12th, 1867, which I copy entire:

"The Social Development of the world proceeds under the operation of two great antagonistic principles. The first is Unity. The second is Individuality. Unity tends toward the Sovereignty of a lead Individual, Despot, governing the masses, and imparting to the whole that identity or conformity of movement which belongs to the operations of a single will. Individuality tends toward the Sovereignty of every individual, governing himself, and leads to the greatest variety or diversity of manifestations. The principle of Unity ends in Despotism. The principle of Individuality, applied in Government, ends in Democracy, the ultimate of which is the Sovereignty of the Individual, or Individual Self-government.

Unity is the principle which tends to Order. Individuality is the principle which tends to Freedom. The Love of Order is the Soul or animating sentiment of Conservatism. The Love of Freedom is the Soul of Progress. Unity is the State, and Individuality the Motive Force of human society. Both are equally inherent in the Constitution of man, and equally important as elements of a true Social Harmony.

The grand problem of Human Government is, therefore, the reconciliation and harmonization of the principles of Order and the principle of Freedom; or, in other words, of Unity in the Household, in the Community, in the State, and in the Race, with Individuality, or the utmost stretch of personal Freedom.

No such reconciliation was ever yet effected. Approximations toward it have been made by experiment. Its final attainment must be through scientific discovery affecting the question. Experiment alone will not answer.

Unity is a prior idea to Duality, which last is the parent of Diversity or Individuality. The development of the forms of human government has followed, historically, a corresponding Order. Hence Despotism, the first-born of these forms, has come to maturity in many countries, while Democracy, the later development, has never been carried forward to its logical ultimatum, the Sovereignty of every Individual, in any, although, in America, it is rapidly tending to that point, which it promises to reach at an early day. The restraints of Law and of public opinion are becoming constantly less over the action of the Individual, while, on the other hand, self-reliance, or the consciousness of individual power, is equally augmenting.

Despotism, gaining the entire ascendancy over the opposite principle, extinguishes the Freedom of the Individual, in the effort to secure Order. Anarchical Democracy, or the Sovereignty of the Individual without limitation, extinguishes Order and destroys the Unity of Society in a merely blind impulse toward the enjoyment of Freedom. Either principle, unbalanced and unlimited, is equally inimical to the true harmony of the race.

Among national Governments, Russia may be taken as the most perfect existing type of Despotism, and the United States as that of Anarchical Democracy, in its partially developed and rapidly developing stage. In another twenty years, if the true Science of Government does not interfere to defeat the natural tendency of the majority rule, the Government of the United States, in every department of it, from the corporation of towns and villages up to the Executive Bureau at Washington, will become the most corrupt and openly licentious, which the world has ever witnessed. The successive City Government of New York, regularly impeached or indicted for various schemes to plunder the city, are not exceptional excrecences upon a healthy body. They are the fatal pustule which indicates the impurity of the whole system. The tapering declension of dignity in the Presidential office, like an inverted pyramid, from Washington to Pierce, is another index to the operation of an inevitable law, by which the political dogma of Equality, and its attendant, the practical assertion of unlimited Sovereignty residing in the People, demoralize the public opinion and end in anarchy and confusion.

As a compromise between these two drifts—the drift toward Unity and Order, and the drift toward Individuality and Freedom. They are not, any more than the extremes, the true form of Government, since the two opposing principles, instead of being scientifically adjusted, so as to work harmoniously, simply meet at a dead-lock, so as to hinder and neutralize each other; or else there is the incipient preponderance of one over the other, and the inevitable tendency, only a little less developed, either toward Despotism or toward Anarchy. In the blind play of these two drifts, Despotism succeeds to Anarchy, and Anarchy to Despotism, with the regularity of the oscillation of a pendulum. History has only to be read in the light of these principles to discover, with proximate certainty, the length of any vibration.

In America, Democracy is about to have its final development in the prevalence of an individual lawlessness unparalleled in history, except in so far as the definition or the true limitations of Individual Sovereignty are seasonably wrought into the web and woof of popular opinion, and the true theory of Government substituted for our present vague notions of political Democracy, and the Government of Majorities. Without this only remedy for impending evils, the Conservative instinct of Society here would break itself, in another generation or two, to the Despotism of a strong Government, to escape from the outrageous encroachments and vulgar domination of the mob. It is the scientific fact, that the Governmental force of all our large towns resides, to day, in the hands of the "Short boys" and "Shoulder hitters," who haunt the station-houses, the lager-beer saloons and the polls. These bodies of physical-force "rowdies" are not yet fully aware of the power they wield, but every year adds to their confidence, and they need only await the advent of a bold and unscrupulous genius to organize and direct their energies, in order to fill every office with their own men, and prostitute them openly to their own most scandalous uses. They will then force the choice upon the respectable classes, between submission to the most intolerable abuses, and the vesting of extraordinary powers in some special officer of the law, who is the coming dictator and despot.

All past forms of Government have then been false, the vaunted Democracy of America equally with the rest. All have been and will be lamentable failures, viewed with reference to the only true end of Government, the security and happiness of the people.

What, then, is the True Theory of Government? The question presses for an answer, and since experiment alone has failed to solve it, and to divert the progress of the race from the vicious circle in which it has continued to move, let us attempt the profoundest analysis of which the subject is susceptible, and so gather what aid we may from Science, to guide us in Practice.

The first clue to the solution of the problem of Government is the recognition of the presence of the two opposing drifts of Nature, Unity and Individuality, as inherent and indestructible principles in the organization of man and the constitution of human society. This basis assumed, it follows that that will be the True Form of Government which shall secure the exhibition of the greatest practicable amount of each of these principles in operation, not hindering but helping the equal development of the opposite principle. This is simply another form of statement of what was above denominated the reconciliation of Order and Freedom.

It has not been sufficiently reflected that Nature institutes governments of her own among men, and that in the governments so instituted, the two controlling principles of Unity and Individuality are, in fact, reconciled and harmonized with each other. Government signifies leadership, and the correlative subordination of those who follow the given lead. In Nature's political arena, leadership is always Individual; that is to say, it is always vested in a single person. She never entrusts the business of governing to Committees or Boards. By this means she secures Unity of movement and direct responsibility. On the other hand, she never obtains obedience to the behests of her leaders by compulsion, but always by attraction—that is, by rendering it more agreeable to the followers to obey than to refuse. Obedience to Attraction, or the pursuit of the Agreeable, is the essence of Freedom. So, again, the action of the Individual, under the Law of Attraction and in full freedom from Constraint, is the complete manifestation of Individuality. Thus, Nature secures the operation and harmony of these two seemingly antagonistic and irreconcilable principles, the adjustment of which has baffled, and still baffles, the efforts of the wisest of rulers and statesmen.

The Nursery, the Play-ground, or the Parlor, will furnish instances of the Natural, and the True Constitution of Government. Among children, he who is characterized by the greatest quickness and originality of thought and promptitude of action, is the Natural leader. Nobody thinks of disputing his prerogative, or contesting with him for the right to govern, a right which declares itself spontaneously, in the enthusiasm with which the whole troop pronounces in favor of his schemes, and the gladness with which they submit to his dictation. True, the leader may pass from his hands at any moment, and must pass so soon as the better shifts and some other project comes uppermost, in which some other

boy or girl exhibits a superior ability to lead. For the time being, however, his authority is supreme. The movement which he guides has the Unity of a single thought, and the concurrence of all the diverse Individuals, present. The same thing occurs in the parlor. From the very absence of all artificial attempts to secure order, the most perfect order results. No presiding officer is elected by the assembled guests, but self-elected Princes declare themselves, from moment to moment, who lead the conversation, and are the real Governors, in turn, either of the whole party present, or of the minor groups of which it is composed.

An admirable illustration of Natural Government is found in the orchestra, or the choir, in which the leader assumes his function from the consciousness of a superior power to lead, and in which the followers yield their allegiance, because they desire to be led.

In the major affairs of life there are also innumerable instances of the collective activities of masses of men co-operating to a given end, under self-appointed individual lead. The Express System is as complicated and extensive as the Post-office. One is an individual affair, the other a Government Department, and far more complicated is made of the latter than the former. When the City Government of New York left the City buried in filth, Genin, the hatter, undertook the office of street-cleaner, levied his own taxes, which the people gladly paid, and performed his function to their entire satisfaction. So, when rightly reflected upon, it will be perceived that the mass of human performance, individual and social, which are now carried on under individual leadership, is a thousand times more than the aggregate of the functions performed by Government, and further, that just in proportion to the progress and development of a people, the individual enterprises become more numerous and important, and the office of the so-called Government more insignificant. Why, then, may not the artificial or instituted Government wholly disappear, and the natural leadership of the best men in every department of human affairs be instituted instead?

By the rottenness and decay of democratic government in America, is meant that of those political institutions which are now recognized as government. Society, on the other hand, so far from suffering decay, was never so rapidly and healthfully developing as now. Society is outgrowing the political or instituted government, by virtue of ten thousand new social institutions, under individual guidance, and having in them more approximation to the natural or true Order.

Two obstacles occur in the way of dispensing with artificial government altogether; first, the magnitude of those interests with which such governments are charged, and secondly, the necessity for an authority to enforce obedience to its commands.

But the latter enterprises are already assigned to individual leads. The Car of Russia, and the head of the house of Rothschild—one an Emperor and the other a private individual—preside over almost equally extensive organizations, and none more extensive exist.

Upon the other point, Nature substitutes attraction for authority. The men of genius and wealth, the powerful classes, the natural governors of mankind, must consent to study and imitate Nature.

These men, or individuals among them, must no longer decline their legitimate function as the guardians and protectors of the weak. Let them institute movements in Society for housing the people and providing them with every means of comfort and improvement in every department of life. The people will not be slow, the moment they are convinced that their interests are really cared for, to repay the services of such leaders with the most devoted allegiance. Even the vicious and criminal classes are still human, and can be governed by kindness, when force will fail. To be rendered virtuous, men and women must first be made happy. Government, to be effective, must first be social, intimate and all-pervading, and, as now, forbidding, remote and incidental. Government is right only when enthusiastically accepted and devotedly served. Genius, Philanthropy, and the Power of Wealth, dedicated to great undertakings in behalf of humanity, of a kind which shall come home to the domestic wants and touch the hearts of the masses, will, when habitual, call forth in them a universal and continuous burst of enthusiasm in behalf of their volunteer benefactors.

But mere benevolence on the part of Governors is not enough to insure the continued allegiance and devotedness of the governed. It must be, at the same time, a just and wise benevolence. The science of social rights must be thoroughly understood and applied. A universal prevalence of Equity is the only basis upon which universal kindness should rest. Above all, the lines of personal freedom and personal restriction must be exactly defined, and a public sentiment created in favor of their scrupulous observance. He who would guide, or lead, or govern another, by attraction, must grant to the other the freedom to do all that he may be right to do. He must therefore, begin by tolerating the Sovereignty of the Individual out to its very ultimate, short of the limits of actual encroachment. Thus, the same principle, which, without limitation, terminates in anarchical democracy, becomes, when fully indulged up to this boundary, and arrested by it, the essential and foundation-principle of Order and Harmony. The world has never yet dared to indulge this drift toward Freedom out to its legitimate limits, and hence, no basis has been found broad enough upon which to build a government purely of attraction, unarmed with coercive power. The Sovereignty of the Individual, with its just limitation, as the basis of harmony, is the subject of another article. This may be ended by a resume of the features of natural Government, with a glimpse of the future working of such government upon the large scale in the place of past and existing forms.

Natural Government is characterized by the absence of all organization, which is not as natural, and therefore, as inevitable as crystallization; by the self election, or spontaneous recognition of leaders, coupled with the continuous freedom of revolt on the part of the subject; by charm or attraction through the sentiment or the interest of the individual governed, in the place of coercive authority, as the sole means of insuring submission; by an ever varying changeableness in its own forms and manifestations, instead of fixed or permanent institutions, and, in a word, by the reconciliation of the inherent Sovereignty of every individual as a basis, with the paramount Sovereignty of Nature's Princes and Nobles, in a magnificence of supererogatory varying dignity and rank pervading every department. Let us denounce this order of Government Physiocracy, the Government of Nature, and look for its early coming upon earth.

Under the physiocratic regime, government will consist, in fact, of many thousands of distinct and different governments, each functioning in its different sphere. The nation, and finally, the world, will have its musical Monarch or Governor, its commercial King, its agricultural Princes, and so on to infinity, in the greater and the smaller departments of things. Free and unbounded competition will exist, not as now, under the elective system, for a chance to attempt the business of governing, but for excellence in the performance of a task, the assumption of which will be equally open to all. Every legitimate ambition will be encouraged and developed, and tendered a fair field for the fullest display of its powers. When some transcendent genius shall, for a time, manifest a superiority of organizing powers, capable of touching every branch of affairs, the government of the world will be a Monarchy under his reign; when no such man exists to bring all these varying interests into unitary relations, the chiefs of inferior spheres will constitute a sublime Oligarchy of Nobles and Peers, the simple or the multifarious hierarchy resting in every event upon a broad basis of absolute Democracy, in the Sovereignty of every Individual—a grand composite harmony of government, embracing the Despotism, the Aristocracy, and the Democratic Principles, in beautiful and reciprocal relations with each other.

Infinitely Varied in Unity, based upon the

Sovereignty of every Individual, and culminating in 'Individuality of Lead,' in every department, is, therefore, the Grand Physiocratic Order, the sacred Government of the world in the harmonic ages of the Future. Let the realization of the philosopher's dream hasten the social millennium!

I have adopted Mr. Andrews's exposition of the method of reconciling these two principles in a harmonious cooperation, because of its intrinsic clearness and fullness, and because it was better than anything which I could have elaborated upon the subject.

Such a Government must be inaugurated by the wisest and most highly developed organizations upon the planet. With any others, it would be, in the outset, worse than folly. Reform, to be efficient, must commence with the head of humanity, not with the foot. When the natural leaders of the race, the highest natures, first put themselves right, their influence will extend to the next circle, and this will in turn, effect the next, and so on, in gradually enlarging concentric circles, until the whole lump is leavened, and the outermost and least developed portions of society feel its power, and yield to its corrective guidance. The mass of the people, the ignorant, the low and the degraded, are thus to be reached through the highest, until all are brought into harmony.

Such a government could not have been instituted in any preceding era or epoch of the world. It is adapted to this age of the world only; an age in which humanity has culminated, in which the wisest and most cultivated, and ripest manhood and womanhood has appeared, and in which Spiritualism has, with marvellous celerity, opened to the interior sight, new and astounding views of mankind, its destiny and its character. Such an illumination must needs have been, before a government, based upon the desire of its voluntary subjects to do right, and upon the impersonal love of truth, devoid of individual conceit or ambition, could have obtained an existence. Nor would all this have sufficed had there been no grand scientific discovery by which we may add to the desire of doing right the knowledge of what the right is.

There is no commoner expression among good people than that which affirms that if one is only desirous of doing right, there will be no danger but that he will know what is right; and none more false, nor any productive of more evil. The most cruel records of the past, the most bloody wars, the most agonizing tortures, have been the history of the deeds of good men in their blind zeal for that which they believed to be right. All religious persecution has been terrible and cruel because the persecutors believed they were doing God service. The worst evils of our own day, as of every other, arise from the blunders and errors of those earnestly striving to do right. The course of the world, to-day, is ever, a zig-zag line. And until some science be right, or enlightened, until we are able to carry the methods of scientific research into government, religion, commerce, social life, all departments, in fine, we cannot know what is right.

Outside of the recognized sciences, there is to-day, no knowledge, nothing but belief, opinion, guess. There is not, to-day, upon the earth, and never has been, a being who knows what is right in morals, in religion, in politics, or in social organization. Until there is a science, which unifying all knowledge in broad generalizations, is able, also, to distribute every particular in these generalizations, relatively to every other particular, until we can solve problems in Political Economy, Social Statics, Religion, Morals, etc., with the same unerring exactness and certainty as we now solve difficult problems in mathematics, all moral, governmental or other organization, upon same-bases, is impossible.

We may understand the true constitution of government to be the sovereignty of the individual and individuality of lead, but unless the leaders have some science to demonstrate to them what is right, they can only lead by guess, which may be right or wrong. Such a government would be the death-knell of human progress. The worst evil that could to-day befall humanity, would be, to have it become the follower of a leader or leaders, whose sole standard of right was their own opinion, either direct or the supposed communication of exterior intelligences, unaided and unregulated by some scientific adjuster, known and relied upon throughout the whole domain of the state. Either tyranny, the destruction of individuality and the consequent relapse into ignorance and barbarism would result, or continued dissension, conflict, and barbaric strife. But such a science being now at hand—as I have before announced—to guide, direct and impel leaders, such a government becomes the easiest possible, and the only true method of organization.

The supreme ruler of such a state would be to who was most competent to discover and apply, for the good of the whole, the principles of nature. The legislature would be the great body of scientists and thinkers in the state, discovering the laws of Nature and promulgating them, not arbitrarily enacting their own opinions of what was best. The religion of such a state would be the discovery of all truth and its practical application for the blessing of the world. And thus would arise a new order of things, in which religion and science should vie with each other in striving to lift the world from ignorance and vice, to a future, surpassing the conceptions of the poet, prophet, or enthusiast.

CHRISTIANITY AND SPIRITUALISM.

BY W. S. WAIT.

A TRUE BELIEVER CANNOT LOSE HIS FAITH.—REV. MR. AMBLER, A CHRISTIAN AND A SPIRITUALIST.—JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. HARE—BOTH OF THEM CHRISTIANS AND SPIRITUALISTS.—THE CAUSE TOO OFTEN MADE THE INSTRUMENT OF THE WEAK AND THE WICKED—ITS INFLUENCE IN PROMOTING HAPPINESS.

A believer in Spiritualism, who has embraced the doctrine with a satisfactory knowledge of the facts which sustain it, and such facts are within the reach of all who have a sincere desire to know the truth, can never relinquish his faith.

The Rev. Mr. Ambler left his position in the secular church of the Universalists, and devoted himself to the cause of Spiritualism. After an absence of twelve years, he desires to return to that ministry for the purpose, as he informs us, of taking his stand before such minds as he was unconsciously instrumental in leading away from truth; to whom he would be as a "herald of Gospel light, pointing to the kingdom of heaven." This he declares, with the frank and honest admission that his labors in the field of Spiritualism have fitted him "better than ever before" for this godly labor, physically, mentally and morally.

It does not appear from Mr. Ambler's "explanation," as copied from the "Christian Ambassador," that he has changed his doctrinal belief at all, but that he desires to return and worship with his old friends in the "house and home of his fathers." The effect of a full belief in Spiritualism has brought tens and hundreds of thousands of inquiring minds that were before skeptical, unsettled, and consequently unhappy, into an entire conviction of the immortality of the soul. It has brought them also into the belief, and so far as human weakness may permit, into the practice, of the blessed teachings of Christ. The same facts which are the sole evidences of the truth of Christianity, establish also the doctrine of Spiritualism. Nor is there anything new in this view of the identity of faith which is sustained alike by all honest and intelligent Spiritualists, and by all sincere Christians.

Upon this subject we quote from a manuscript letter now before us, which was received from Judge Edmonds, more than two years since:

"I have read your article with deep interest and gratification, and regret that some of our most useful laborers in the field have so pertinaciously continued their attention to the philosophy of Spiritualism to the neglect of its religion. But I have no right to complain, and am persuaded they are doing much as yet receive it as a religion. To them the view is valuable, though it subjects the cause to the imputation of irreligion, and sometimes to that of infidelity.

But let us be patient. The work cannot be all done in a day, and step by step as time rolls on, the devotion of Spiritualism dawn even on the mind that first receives it merely as a science.

Dr. Hare was a striking illustration of this. When he began his investigations, he was a disbeliever in God, a future, and in revelation. Entering upon the subject, as a mere matter of science, he ended by being a believer in all; and in the last conversation I had with him, he told me he not only believed in God, and in his own immortality, but in the revelation through Jesus, and said emphatically, "Now I am a Christian."

He is by no means the only one on whom such an effect has been produced, and it becomes us who have been fortunate enough to have been conducted to that point, not to find fault with those who have not, but content ourselves with letting the world know what is the effect produced on us. And while neither you nor I may be able to put our finger on the specific good that is done by any single effort, we may rely upon it, that the seed is not sown in vain, and that repeated efforts of the kind, will, in the end, give to our much loved cause its deserved character of being a Religion for the whole family of man."

We thus have the testimony of two men of distinguished eminence, both extensively known, and deservedly respected for their wisdom, integrity and extraordinary scientific and professional attainments, both alike avowed believers in the doctrine of Spiritualism, and in the Religion of Christ.

This entire compatibility of belief, which exists between the doctrine of Spiritualism and the Christian religion, may not have been fully presented to the mind of the Rev. Mr. Ambler, yet, his course would seem to be a practical admission of the fact. No less than that Reverend gentleman do we regret the fact, that the cause of Spiritualism is rendered disreputable and even odious in the eyes of many very good people, by its frequent prostitution to evil purposes, through the instrumentality of weak and wicked persons. Yet, in this respect, it shares the common fate of every good gift of God to man. For the encouragement, however, of sincere inquirers into the subject, we feel it to be a solemn duty to declare, that during more than twelve years which have transpired since our attention was called to the subject, our own communication, and that of our friends with the spirit-world, has been uniformly pleasant, and often extremely gratifying and consolatory; giving us new courage to go on with the labors and trials of this life, with a deep, firm, and immovable conviction of being finally united with all that are, or have been dear to us here, in a better life beyond the grave; banishing all fear of death, whilst giving new and stronger motives to a pure and virtuous life, in the approbation of those dearly beloved ones, who look down upon us from a better world.

WALDEN.

We pledge thee, crystal lakelet, fair
As a pure diamond, rimmed with green
Of emerald foliage, set in gold
Of sunset, of our home the Queen.

Walden is a curiosity in its way. It has no visible outlet or inlet. Its water is very clear; you can lean over your boat's gunwale and see the silvery sand of the bottom through many fathoms. You can, floating on its surface, easily imagine yourself in a balloon, for the water in certain lights is hardly distinguishable from the air. On one side of the pond, overhung by noble pines and almost overgrown by the frail sumach, there was once a little house. Let us open the door—it was never looked—and go in. One room simply furnished; on the closet door a picture drawn in pencil by an artist hand, of a man feeding a tame mouse. A few books, some simple furniture, and last of all a man. What is he doing there, nobody knows. Who is he—no one can tell. Come away, we shall miss the train. Across the field of bean-vines the world went off to its business and its pleasure. When that man was a boy, his father taught him the trade of making pencils. Faithfully he worked, until one day he made one perfectly. Nothing could induce him to make another. He had done with pencils forever. This is what he said afterward, "I would not be one of those who would foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plaster; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer, and let me feel for the farrowing. Drive a nail home, and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night, and think of your work with satisfaction—a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God and so every. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe—you carrying on the work." He went out into the woods and pastures and lived. He found out almost as much about the pine tree as the Indians knew; and he paddled their own canoes better than they could. He caught the sunfish in its weakness of breaking beneath its own weight. He knew birds and flowers, and thistles, the river and the ponds. He surveyed land and landscape. He found birds' eggs and arrow-heads. He watched the crows, the hawks, and the fishes. He built the little house by Walden Pond, and lived in it. His thrifty friends could not see that he was doing any work at all. They asked him what he was looking for. Hear his answer! "I long ago lost a hound, a bay horse, and a turtle dove, and am still on their trail. Many are the travelers I have spoken concerning them, describing their tracks and what calls they answered to. I have met one or two who had heard the hound and the tramp of the horse, and even seen the dove disappear behind a cloud; and they seemed anxious to recover them as if they had lost them themselves." Now the seeker is gone on, and only far behind can we follow on the trail. He was no misanthrope, but a brave, companionable man. He liked visitors. "Children came a berrying; railroad men, taking a Sunday morning walk, in clean shirts, fishermen and hunters, poets and philosophers, in short, all honest pilgrims who came out to the woods for freedom's sake, and really left the village behind." The philosopher tells us, Let a man make even a nail better than any other, though he build his house in a thick wood, you will soon find a beaten track to his door. Few at first trod the path to the little house in the wood, near Walden. Others now have found the way, and the path is a beaten highway. Come all of you, young and old, boy and girl, man and woman, along the path through the pines. Enter the simple door. Meekly bend your head, and gratefully gather around the board that he has spread for you. Drink the water he pours from the homely cup. He draws at the fountain of truth. Eat your fill of the bread he has broken, and freely offer to all. There is enough, and to spare. This house is gone long ago, but still by the shore he loved, the one that is true and pure, enough, can take the warm hand, and feel the throbbing of the faithful heart of W. Thoreau.—The Monitor, Concord, Mass.

Down let the shrine of Moloch sink,
And leave no trace where it stood;
No longer let that idol drink
Its daily cup of human blood;
But rear another altar there,
To truth and love and mercy given;
And freedom's gift and freemen's prayer
Shall call a blessing down from Heaven.

Eggs of Hair Snakes.

EDITOR BANNER.—In your paper of date May 10th, sixth page, is an extract from Prof. Agassiz, on the eggs of hair snakes. Following that is a letter from "an old farmer and editor," giving some other views upon the subject.

The writer of this communication, when a boy, was very gravely informed that the little hair snakes were transformed from hairs; and one very sagacious and probably truthful individual, fully impressed with the truth of this theory, went so far as to assert that he had often witnessed the transformation of bundles of hairs which he himself had placed in the water for that purpose. Of course the phenomena of Nature are such that similar phenomena will be presented under like conditions; thus I reasoned, though I might not so have explained it at that time; but intuitively recognizing this beautiful truth, I essayed to set up a hair snake factory on my own hook. Having procured a bundle of horse hairs, I fastened them securely in a little stream of water that flowed through a mud hole near by, and watched it day after day, until—until what? Until I came to the conclusion I had been humbugged. The hair snake factory did not work, and would not work, though I tried all I could to screw it up to the working point. Perhaps some "old farmer and editor" who has happened to see the tail of a dead horse whisked about by the unsteady flow of a stream of water, will insist that the dead horse was a necessary adjunct. Perhaps so, but let us see.

The hair of a horse, like the hair of any other animal, is a peculiar organization, composed of elements in peculiar combination, such as will be found in the hoofs and horns of cattle, the nails of the human hand, a corn on a person's foot; indeed, the outer skin of most animals presents the same chemical qualities, and the peculiar substances (of a chemical nature) composing a hair, are organized in such a manner, that except by a vital process known as digestion, which must be performed in the stomach of an animal, it is not possible to convert a hair into the same chemical combination as are exhibited in the various other structures which careful dissection would reveal in the so-called hair worms, or gordius.

There are certain seasons, when certain forms of life are found in abundance, while at other seasons the can scarcely be found. The gordius is governed by this law, and so far as this law can be traced, it refers to animals whose life is limited to a single season, those of any one year being the parents of those who succeed them the next year, and the egg being the transitional state from parent to progeny.

Where the gordius abounds (as it will be found in most rivers) it will be seen in greatest abundance in this latitude, during the month of August, tangled sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, among the weeds in the shallow water, along the muddy margins of the stream. Its diameter is considerably greater than a horse hair, its color somewhat variable; the smaller end bluish, or split, one part appearing to move on the other like the jaw of a vertebrate animal (which, however, the gordius is not). Placed in alcohol, the gordius shrivels into an irregularly flattened, crooked thing, becoming a little tougher than the living animal, but not strong enough to bear such a pull as even a human hair would endure, and preserve its integrity.

People who look with both eyes, and who will not only look, but preserve the things they look at, inspect them carefully, study their habits, and not take too much for granted, even if they should see the wind make the hairs in a live horse's tail "wiggle," not to admit that the hairs had become snakes, there would be more consistent ideas about nature. Nature has only one mode of operation, so far as life is concerned, though the details of these operations have been found in some instances of such a character as to give probability to a much more wonderful theory than that involved in the horse hair snake story; they have nevertheless always come back to the egg as the starting point of all forms of life; and even man is included under this law.

In this instance of the hair snakes we have an illustration of the manner in which error is propagated. Here we have an intelligent man (at least, so he is evidently regarded in the BANNER of the 10th.) who vouches for the truth of a matter which, if it were true, would be more wonderful than the truth, as it is known to be, now is. This man's imperfect observations and hasty conclusions are put forward in a very plausible way, to disparage the labors of one of the most devoted students of Nature the world has known—one whose investigations have extended in all directions in which life may be investigated, and who, it may seem reasonable to believe, would not utter an untrue statement knowingly, for the purpose of building up a theory which he must know some future student of Nature would be sure to destroy if it were false. Why will not they who have traditional theories, first put them to rigid test before they thrust them upon the public? Such is the course that is taken with all purely scientific matters by men engaged in their investigations. There may be a few rare exceptions, but so rare are they, that, by common consent, the writings of scientific men, as published in scientific works, when touching upon questions even of life and death, are received as evidence. Can any higher test be applied to science?

Mohawk, N. Y., May 10th, 1862.

The Spiritualists of New York.

The writer has devoted himself, soul and body, mind and purse, in promoting the spiritual cause. Day and night has he labored to penetrate into its mysteries, and seek more and more light, after sitting half a century under a theological pulpit, listening to the same old harangues from Orthodox preachers, sworn to certain creeds, costly temples and high salaries, each member believing his church to be the surest road to heaven, without the least conception of heaven, the Bible being expounded by college-taught expounders, without the light of heaven or the inspiration of the Most High, or the influence of his holy angels, keeping the professed Christians in utter darkness, fearing and trembling for their future destinies, with that dreadful gulph yawning before them, and the rod of a revengeful God held over them!

Spiritualists, on the contrary, are devoid of all fear; their God is a God of Love, not of Vengeance; they look forward to the hour when they shall change mortality for immortality with delight, exclaiming, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Our principal place of meeting in this city is Dodworth's Hall, where may be seen a great number of men and women, who have obtained their three score years and ten, who, after a life-time in darkness, under a theological pulpit, in doubts and fears, have had the anathematized veil of priestcraft withdrawn from their eyes, and the glorious future of their existence opened with ecstatic pleasure, like refulgent sunbeams to exhilarate their drooping spirits, and enlighten and harmonize their hitherto discordant minds.

The spirit teaching, however, is gradually doing its work. The pulpit no longer smells of brimstone, and the time is hastening when all the Christian churches, as well as the Jewish synagogues, will become spiritualized.

Though our meetings are well attended on the Sabbath to hear the beautiful and instructive spirit-lectures through the mediumship of Mrs. Hatch, as published in the BANNER or LIGHT, it is painful to hear the inquiries of visitors—"Where is Mr. E. Mr. D., Mr. P., and others who were considered, hitherto, pillars of the spiritual cause and its great promoters? We never see them at these meetings now." Have they backslided?

It is too true, and spirits weep from the spheres, to find the great lights of our cause no longer give their countenance to our public meetings, as an example to others, while the cause is spreading to and fro to the uttermost parts of our globe. Every Spiritualist should attend our meetings in harmony and love, so as to draw to us the heavenly hosts, as well as the spirits of our departed friends, who are anxious to inspire us in our progress toward our spirit home.

New York, May 26, 1862.

S. D.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 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.

Organization.

What Spiritualists chiefly need now is, to find one another out and form local unions "for the sake of the unions." They have been groping and stumbling about quite long enough, unacquainted and without purpose. As the world goes, and human nature along with it, there must be a system of free and voluntary cooperation among those of like sympathies, or the results are small. The old idea has always been, that that is the great organization which is powerful and imposing at the centre; so the Roman Church has thought, and so have believed the founders of the ancient monarchies, who thought they were establishing something that would never be shaken. But the newer and better theory is, that real power is greatest when it becomes, within certain consistent limits, individualized; that the Church of Protestantism is greater than the Church of Romanism, because its organizations are multiplied, are comparatively individual and altogether independent, are full of the vigor which is not drained off into the reservoir of a central and arbitrary establishment.

We have found it to be eminently the case in the State, as well as in the Church. The British Government grows strong just in proportion as it grows popular. This country of ours is great by reason of the great States it numbers, and not by reason of the strong Central Government that sits at Washington. Because we are great in our local and individual characters, we are great in the aggregate. We have learned the lesson, on this continent, that it is MEN, human souls, that the world was created to cherish and develop, not governments merely, not systems either of belief or authority. We have realized the fact that the more we build up ceremonies, and forms, and authorities, the more we take from our own selves to do with; and hence, that it is of far greater importance that the man should grow, even at the expense of the system, than that system should grow at the expense of the man.

And now, just when the fetters are breaking from every limb around us, we hear talk, in this place and that, of attempting to group together all the noble results of this growing liberty and freedom of thought around a new central or pivotal system, that shall derive its power from the same sources and at the same cost with the old systems that have been in a large degree broken down. Of all times imaginable, there could be none worse than this, in which to broach a scheme of such a nature. Now when revolution smites all other systems, making those who trusted them look around for the larger and newer that are being born, is it not tempting Fate itself to think of going off after the decayed and throw-away organizations of the past, instead of hailing the fresh-born now at hand?

Individuals, in Spiritualism, may and should combine for local advantage, which of course secures at once individual advantage that might otherwise go unreached. But, it is solely for the sake of the individual advantage that the combination takes place at all; not for the sake of the combination's self, but because that is the most efficient, yet simple and direct mode of securing exactly what is wanted. When we give all to the means, we evidently either lose sight of, or care little for, the end. Yet that is the fatal mistake we have all been persisting in so long.

Again, to what end, or for what undisputed good, is it proposed to centralize the forces of Spiritualism in this country, and thus build up a sort of Spiritual Vatican, whence corporate thunders may, from time to time, be fulminated? Are we merely in search of a still more ingenious and imposing set of machinery than was the old, by which to make individual authority more efficient over the general sentiment? Is not the prime object and end of this great and liberal movement that has been making for ten and fifteen years past, to secure for each individual larger scope, and liberty of thought, more latitude for his sentiments and opinions, and, above all, to inculcate the necessity of every man's developing his self-reliance and entire selfhood, under God? And do we now seriously think of undoing this good work, when we just begun to see its early blossoms turning to fruit before our eyes? Forbid the thought, until, at least, all faith in a genuine spiritual faith is given over entirely!

If we would be great and powerful, it must be by not becoming a sect, but by working out the very spirit and form of an aristocracy, root and branch, wherever it is to be found. When we establish a central standard of authority and belief, from that moment we cease to pursue the investigation of truth for its own sake, and begin to practice the advocate's arts for depending and strengthening our standard and system. It is no longer the divine cause which we serve, aided by inspiring angels, but it is "our side" that we become intensely eager to strengthen and make a formidable power. Let us all take heed to these things; and let us take care, too, that, while we think we stand, we do not really fall.

The Power of Gentleness.

Your burly, bustling, burrah-boys, knock-down-and-drag-out man is not so very apt to make himself felt as he thinks for. He may smile with a semi-serene contempt at what he styles the *softness* of gentler, though none the less firm, men than himself, and say under breath that there is no use in waiting for such persons to bring the guns of their influence to bear; but, after the account is finally settled, who is the one that comes out ahead? Who beats, in this race for influence—the hare of haste and heat and passion, or the tortoise of steadiness and gentleness and patience? Let the facts themselves always be permitted to show, and no other proof be admitted.

Rarely has been discoursing here in Boston, of late, to appreciative audiences, made up of every element of our social state, from the highest to the lowest, and all the way between. And the one simple lesson which our philosophic friend Rarey inculcates, from beginning to end, is the power of self-command and kindness to others. In this citadel it is possible for a man to entrench himself, and defy the world. He teaches him that the first and the last condition of a man's governing the temper of a horse is to govern his own; that by the indulgence of passion, power is lost, and the man becomes at once a chip on the current of circumstances, or a tool in the hands of others

who can contain themselves. In fact, while teaching the secrets of horse-discipline, Rarey only imparts the valuable secret of self-discipline. There, at the centre of things, rests all power over others, whether animals or men. Even where people do not happen to have horses to govern, it is not a bad matter to understand that self-government, after all, is at the bottom of it. We might all of us have known something about the power of kindness, however, long before a horse-tamer came to tell us of it, had we but heeded our own perceptions. Little thought some persons that Rarey was the apostle sent to preach this blessed gospel to their ears.

Journalism.

Theory in Journalism is one thing. Practice is another thing. It is an easy matter to start a newspaper, but it may be a hard thing to keep it going.

We have been told many times that if the BANNER did not pursue a certain course marked out for us by others, it would be doomed to the same fate that has overtaken other Spiritualistic journals. But we chose to pursue the even tenor of our way, regardless of censure from any quarter, the result of which is apparent to all. Never was the BANNER so popular as it now is. It holds a place in the affections of the people that gives it a certain promise of future success—and of its future success we have no fears—for we fully believe that the Spiritual World holds perfect control over it. It has a mighty host of supporters there.

The BANNER has been controlled by a thousand minds of free expression, without the universal practice of running every expression through the editor's tunnel. It has published every tint of belief without comment, from demoniac to seraphic. It has been liberal, and it shall continue to be so.

Geo. Francis Train.

Young America certainly has one representative abroad with whom it ought to be satisfied; and he is the man whose name we have written above these lines. He is a good deal smarter than lightning, and can readily knock almost any opponent higher than a kite. He hates foggyism with the power of a steam-engine, and flaunts the colors of Young America in the face and eyes of creation with a perfect looseness that has no sort of respect for the crockery in the house. They call him the lightning train; and his friends amuse themselves alternately with praising and trying to keep up with him. All subjects are handled with equal readiness by him, and both with and without gloves. He fumes at Palmerston, and pats Lincoln on the back. He fumes at the British lion, and gives the American nation friendly counsel. He instructs Wall street, and snubs the Hopes and Barings. He is a wonderful fellow—half horse and half alligator—Young America.

The Classical Names.

We have in this country a "raft" of big names for our towns and cities, as well as for our children. (The list of Caesars, Memphises, Romes, Athenes, Corinthas, Troys, et idem genus, is too much drawn out to provoke even laughter. Future generations may change the matter; but we do not think that will affect this one much. It is not to be wondered at, in such a state of affairs, that the foreign journals some of them stumble at the great names they read, in running over our list since this war has been going on. It so happens that a bit of a hobby has been kicking up in Greece, of late, and in sorting out the latest news, a provincial journal has published a paragraph like the following, headed—"The latest news from Greece."—"At the moment of going to press, we have received a telegraphic dispatch announcing that a battle had taken place at Corinth, and that the rebels had been crushed." To which the journal appended wisely appended—"Thus, it may be hoped, is terminated the insurrection, which, for a moment, menaced the throne of King Otto!" Good.

A Dog Show.

The latest of Barnum's dodges is his "dog show." It follows, quite in order, his baby shows—white and black—and draws to us good advantage. Everybody in New York is, just now, "gone to the dogs." Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart are all there; Pointers, Bulls, Beagles, Terriers, Hounds, Newfoundlanders, St. Bernards, Spaniels, and Setters. What a snarl of them there must be, and what a snarl of a noise they must make of it! They say that some of the canines actually wear a "hang dog" look, so ashamed are they of being exhibited to the vulgar gaze for a quarter the lot! One Siberian Bloodhound does not like Barnum's "band" at all, but howls as soon as the music begins. He has taken the \$1000 prize, however, and it is thought he may be reconciled to the music even of that band. Dogs are going and coming all the time; not a single dog within fifty miles of the city, but is filled with excitement over this most momentous matter.

Harvard College.

The Board of Overseers of this University, were not able to ratify the nomination of Rev. Dr. Hill to the Presidency by the Corporation, giving it as their excuse, (out of doors) that that gentleman's talents and experience as an educator could ill be spared to the "cause of learning" in the West. There has been much feeling displayed about the matter, and the friends of the distinguished nominee but poorly disguise their disrelish for the way their favorite has been used. There is trouble in the camp, we do not question; and probably it is about some point of belief and subscription, after all. Of all the foremost men in the land on educational subjects, Dr. Thomas Hill undeniably ranks the foremost. If he has been set aside so determinedly by a vote of the Overseers, it may be concluded that it is because of some particular point for which the public care nothing, but which is raised at this time in order to carry some point behind and beyond that.

Coming Home Sick.

Poor fellows! It moves one's heart sadly to see them tottering and limping back again, after their courageous efforts to wrest the Government from its peril. They support their feeble limbs with canes, or else lean upon the friendly arms of others, scarcely able to wear their knapsacks as they go. If they can only get home safely again—that dearest of all spots on earth, where kind words will greet them, and loving hands be held out to help them, and the atmosphere is that of tenderness and love! How the heart grieves, to feel that all these woes must smite us with such energy, before the nation can understand itself and truly realize the grand mission on which it has been sent out among the nations of the world. This experience of our present is purchased at high cost, and is bitter to the taste. We pray God that our chastenings may result in our speedy good.

The Anniversary.

We have had them in Boston for the last week of May. They brought wet weather, as they generally do. All sorts of organization, from close corporations to the most liberal and fanatical, were duly represented, and the streets and churches were pretty well filled with strangers. Add to this the excitement over the Governor's proclamation for more troops to go to Washington and Boston for a few days, as was busy as a bee in swarming time. The several organizations hold their own, as a general thing, in spite of the war. Their reports were listened to with interest, and so were their various propositions for another year's labor. We hope we may be able, year hence, to congratulate them on restored peace and a reunited country.

Wealth.

The insatiable desire for wealth has brought us as a nation to the verge of ruin. The fact is startling, anomalous, yet true. Aaron made a golden calf for the worship of Israel in the wilderness. We worship the gold of which the idol was made. No Moses, though he came direct from the presence of the Eternal, with the laws in his hands, could compel us to resign our god. We have come to love wealth for its own sake, and thereby become corrupt.

Mr. Moneybags can do as he pleases, without risk of being out of style; for he makes the style. Moneybags is the god of America. He receives the humble homage of our nation. Genius may abide its time, unless worshipping at his shrine. Genius which tells us how to make cents into eagles, is applauded, is invited to dinner; but genius delving after absolute truth, is refused the picked bone from the back kitchen.

A stranger drops down from—say the moon, direct into the centre of New York. The first question he will be asked, is, "At what hotel do you stay?" "At the dollar House." "Ah, good-day, sir!" "At the St. Nicholas." "Ah, my dear sir, I congratulate you on your visit, and hope for your further acquaintance." It makes great difference whether one dines at a dollar or three per day. Three dollars per day makes one respectable, gives influence, capabilities.

Wealth is a powerful agent. It should be. We do not disparage it. We only scorn the folly of making it the end of life. In this, man is unlike all animals. The bee seeks a store of honey against winter; so of the squirrel and its magazines of walnuts and acorns. You never heard of a squirrel hoarding forty thousand bushels of nuts. That would be impossible. Very well; it would be as impossible for a man to lay up as many dollars, if he did not compel others to help him. No man, by honest labor can become wealthy, more than a squirrel can gather so many nuts. To become so, he must get the help of others, without rendering them a proper equivalent, reserving the balance for himself.

If a squirrel could say, "Here, I own this wood-lot, enclosed in this line of fence. It came down to me from the antediluvian squirrel, saved by Noah, and if you want to gather acorns here, you can do so by giving me half." Then this aristocratic squirrel might get his forty thousand bushels; not otherwise. But if the squirrels who "pay rent" can have but half as much as they would have were it not for the aristocrat's title, or else they are compelled to labor twice as hard, or perhaps suffer both disadvantages. The squirrel is satisfied with its acorns; the man with his dollars. Beyond the little which satisfies the bodily wants, their hoard is useless. This venerable, aristocratic squirrel may, after watching his mouldering pile for years, until grey with anxiety, and trembling on the brink of death, leave his store to the maintenance of orphan squirrels. Miserable fool, seeking posthumous notoriety! Infamy will write your name with curses on every oak of the forest! Had it not been for your rent, there would have been no orphans to feed. As small credit gains the man who waits death before using the means for good placed in his hands.

Colleges, asylums, libraries, founded by the munificence of Moneybags on his death bed, to gain the applause of coming generations; how puerile. Very good in themselves, but reeking with corruption at their source. Grey old squirrel, the mouldiness of your hoard has rotted your heart out, long ago, and though the world smiles a "thank you," very graciously for your gifts, the silliest clown in the walls of your college will know not from over-abundance of heart came your gift, but from the lowest selfishness, which sought to retain your money even after the journey of the Styx, building you a monument at which the crowd would gaze, and repeat your name with adoration. In America you have gained your end. The Yankee comprehends you, and seeks to do likewise. Your lesson reads to him in this wise: Never stand for the troubles of conscience. Conscience is a bad thing. Play your cards well, and turn a trump if your antagonist is a weakling. Never mind. Get all you can, and when you get through with it, endow a college to teach the ignorant, or asylums for the wandering. You will thereby not only have the enjoyment through life, but the means to make all right at death, and also obtain a great name.

Practical atheism—life devoted to the simple end of accumulation of property—is a waste. What matters it if Tom or Dick own ten thousand dollars of the wealth of the world, if it is only owned? John tells and schemes to get what Peter has, and James schemes to get what John has. They all die, and the world receives again the portions they clutched. Of what good is their toil?

If a dozen card players lay down a thousand, each laying down an appropriate share, all lose but one, who pockets the thousands. The world is as well. Charles may have lost with his comrades, but Ben has all the losses in his pocket, and probably will lose to some one else in the chances of the game.

True wealth is far above the money which represents it. Wealth is latent all around us. What are El Dorados to the free air or the crystal water?

We have become mixed in our ideas. We have come to consider money for that which it brings. I want food, clothing, intellectual nurture. Money procures all. If I have money, I can get all else. So we have come to regard money as everything, and of course all else subservient. Hence the motto of today: let us get money, no matter how got.

Yes, "no matter how got." Blood money will buy as much wheat, as many yards of cloth, as many books, as the price of the day's labor; and, miserable to tell, blood is vastly cheaper than sweat. A damning lie will often bring as much in the market as a life of three-score and ten of hardest toil. Tell the lie, then. It gets the money, and money covereth a multitude of such. The lie will be forgotten to-morrow, but the money will procure place, preferment and honor. Damnable doctrine, but true in every day American life.—We have come to regard money as an end, and are now beginning to feel its effects.

A crisis comes which asks for something else. The God of the nations thunders in the surf of a ten shore: "Men, bring out your men." Run, Moneybags. Call on Moneybags. Hold his gold-sacks over his head. Let the Almighty see the glitter! Ah, the roar is louder. I think we've had a terrible dream. We thought gold would bribe the Eternal. This sur-dreaching and din of elements have brought us out of an eighty years' nightmare. We have money, but not a man, and we can't buy one.

We've lost our avarice. See how we surrender our darling to the Government. Half a billion, or ten billions, ready and willing are we, and the "Banks," but by dint of hard talking only, do "recruits" come in, even slowly. We ask them to join the ranks for patriotism, and then tell them of pay, pension, bounty, booty!

"Where are your men?" cries Jehovah. "Lord, Lord, have mercy, they will be up presently. They are all under this heap of dollars, which they have not strength to throw off."

The lesson of the hour is a terrible lesson. We are just learning that manhood alone can stem the tide which drifts our nation toward destruction, and they who have learned this, feel the Atlas-burden which rests on the shoulders of the true men of to-day.

The cure of an evil tongue must be done at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. It is the workhouse wherein is the forge of deeds and slanders; and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the door of it.

New Publications.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR JUNE contains many excellent and wide-awake articles; those upon matters of present interest, such as the War, Confiscation, the Constitution, &c., are full of vigor, and calculated to wake up the reader's thoughts. "Among the Pines" is continued, and Richard B. Kimball, author of "Undercurrents in Wall street," opens a new story. The Editor's Table takes everything down, in that line. The Editor, Mr. Chas. Godfrey Leland, is a scholar, a remarkably industrious man, and a fine writer. We publish a poem from this number of the Continental in another place.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE is filled with good things. An article from the lately deceased Thoreau opens the number, a capital paper on "Walking," full of suggestions and learning. Lowell has a poem entitled "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line," and Whittier some verses on the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Agassiz continues his articles on Natural History.

THE PROGRESSIVE ANNUAL FOR 1862: Comprising an Almanac, a Spiritual Register, and a General Calendar of Reform. Published at the Office of the "Herald of Progress," New York, by A. J. Davis & Co.

A very useful and convenient compendium for families or individuals, and worthy of taking the place, among this class of publications, of those other annuals and almanacs that are laden with matter which many an one would be glad to exchange for more liberal and spiritual reading.

LES MISERABLES. A novel, by Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton, Publisher.

The circumstances attending the late publication of this novel, by the author of "Notre Dame," we have given to our readers before in the columns of the BANNER. The translation is said to be well done, and the work is well printed at Carleton's press and done up in "tasty" green paper covers. The European publisher paid Victor Hugo \$80,000 for the clear copyright.

THE BIBLE EXPOSED. By Erasmus. Published by J. P. Mendum, Boston.

A pretty plain and searching criticism of the several Books of the Bible, by one who will not submit to be called an Atheist, but does believe in a Supreme Being, after the teachings of nature and reason. The author follows up his subject closely, never permitting himself to lose scent of the track he is on. The volume is a handsome one, and stoutly bound.

THE FRENCH SPIRITUAL REVIEW for May. This Journal, devoted to psychological studies, contains the following articles: Obsequies of Mr. Sanson; Causes of Unbelief; Response of a lady to a clergyman; The Inhuman Baker; Spiritual Dissertations; Conversations from the other world.

Lecturers.

Rev. J. S. Loveland will speak in Lyceum Hall, this city, on Sunday next, June 8th—afternoon and evening. This will be the last opportunity for the present our citizens will have of listening to this eloquent speaker.

Mr. N. S. Greenleaf will address the Spiritualists of Charlestown next Sunday, June 8.

Frank L. Wadsworth is announced to speak in Taunton on Sunday, June 8th.

Miss Lizzie Doten closes her engagement to speak in New Bedford next Sunday.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak before our friends in Chicopee next Sabbath.

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

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton's address during June is Worcester, Mass., care of James Dudley.

Isaac P. Greenleaf will speak in Kenduskeag, Me., Sunday, June 8th.

Mrs. M. B. Kenney speaking in Portsmouth, N. H., during this month.

Miss Annie Ryder is engaged to address the Spiritualists of Great Falls, N. H., each Sunday during June.

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

N. Frank White speaks in Putnam, Conn., each Sunday in June.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown lectures in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, each Sunday in June.

Mr. Daniel N. Brown, of Drewsville, N. H., proposes to make a tour through the "Eastern Townships," the present month, and will probably arrive at Compton, C. E., by the 10th. He depends on the voluntary contributions of the friends for his support, and will lecture, in the trance condition, wherever the friends may desire.

The Foreign Feeling.

Since the Union forces have captured New Orleans and pushed on up the river, and since McClellan has compelled the rebel army to evacuate Yorktown and the Peninsula, and fall back upon Richmond, the intelligence has created a decided stir with that portion of the English press which has hitherto decried the efforts of the Government to maintain the Union whole. The London Times, for instance, begins to see the other side of the story. It has been an outright advocate of Secession long enough; the moment it sees that "no hope" is getting to be the watchword for every rebel leader, it will turn short about, read the South a lecture on its audacity, for entering upon so rash and destructive an experiment, and abandon the whole Secession concern to its fate. We expect just as much as that from these time-serving presses and men. They have never comprehended the character, nor apprehended the spirit, of this Government from the beginning; if they change their abuse now for praise, it will be simply because they are obliged to respect the hammer and tongs power which the Government has displayed. Out upon such judges of our institutions!

Fruit.

The promise is astonishing. If we realize, as we now expect, there need be no dysenteries, typhus and Fall complaints, or anything else among us. For it is well known—would it were better considered!—that the free eating of fully ripened fruit, while it pleases the palate and delights the nature, gives health to the stomach and blood, clears the brain, and exercises a gentle, yet effective, police duty over the whole system. There would be far less sickness if we ate much more fruit. There is nothing in this line which is not excellent in its season. Just to run over in the mind the names of the various garden and orchard fruits grown, makes the mouth water at the start: peaches, plums, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, grapes, pears—oh, it is too tantalizing, and we must wait till the first batch is actually sent in.

The Public Mind.

There is one general sense, or sentiment, which we agree to call the public mind, and which we treat with the respect we think it deserves at our hands. Sometimes we defy it, and sometimes we court it. Now it is a tyrant, and now a beggar. Reflecting persons, and wise persons, see that it is to be considered, and yet feel unwilling to pay it too much deference. It is not at all times equally enlightened, or equally candid and just; therefore it is to be resisted. It is sometimes fierce and cruel in its judgments, owing either to passionate excitement or to previous outrage on its own spirit; and then it is to be lightly considered—perhaps passed over altogether. We are to respect it, and we are not. "Who is the wise man to know when, how far, and for what reason? There are men

many harmonious characters yet, with perception, reason, firmness, and sense of justice sufficiently developed to be able to decide rightly and at the right time.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Read Miss Hardinge's lecture on the Rising Geyser, given here on Sunday evening, the 25th ult., to an overflowing house. The subject is one of vital importance, and needs only to be read to be fully appreciated by heads of families.

ENRATUM.—In Bro. Chase's essay on "Marriage," on our second page, is a sad blunder of the compositor. In the thirty-third line from the top, read "or seek elsewhere its allment," instead of "allment," as misprinted.

"THE MYSTERY OF MELANCHOLY," a touching poem by Belle Bush, the authoress of "The Angel and the Artist," (with which our readers are familiar) will appear in our forthcoming issue.

The "CENTRAL AMERICAN TRAMWAY COMPANY" is reorganized and rechartered. They are now loading a vessel in New York with the wood-work of steamers to be put together at Greytown for the purpose of navigating the San Juan river, and Lake Nicaragua. Engines and machinery will follow in July, and by September the Nicaragua route to California will be reopened. It never ought to have been closed, but the filibusters were too much for them. The new company who propose to colonize and settle on the shores of Nicaragua Lake, are just in time to be benefited by this reorganization.

We are pleased to know that our old friend, Dr. Andrew Stone, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, at 99 Fifth street, Troy, N. Y., did not get burnt out by the late disastrous fire in that city. He desires us to inform the public that the Institute has received no detriment whatever on account of the late calamity. See advertisement.

Our troops have lost all respect whatever for the rebels. The latter exhibit flags of truce, and then shoot our men, who trust to the rules of honorable warfare; they cut the throats of stragglers and sick soldiers; they poison, in many cases, the very cup of water solicited by the tired and thirsty soldier, and shoot him down at the post where his duty calls him to stand. How different is our treatment of rebel prisoners. We see daily accounts of their gratitude for the tender care with which they are nursed, and with tears in their eyes they say: "Had we known you were such a people, we should never have had the heart to fight against you."

On the return march of Col. Mix's Third New York Cavalry from Winchester to Washington, a large number of male contrabands followed the regiment. They were not permitted to be turned back or molested by the commanding officer, Col. Mix. They built camp fires and groomed horses for the troops, who in return fed them from their rations. Lieut. Chamberlain, of Rochester, adopted one of them, a fine looking boy of about twenty years, as his servant. On reaching Washington, he gave him money to purchase an extra supper out of camp. The negro went without the supper, and invested the money in a spelling book. He has studied this intently every leisure hour, and although perfectly ignorant of the alphabet one week ago, he is now master of his letters.

Major General Banks had a narrow escape on his retreat to Winchester, a shell exploding within four feet of his person. His horse is in every way a month for the superior skill manifested by him in his retreat before a far superior force of the enemy. Napoleon always considered an able retreat a sure index of superior generalship. The "iron man" will yet make his mark on the battle-field.

Ho loves you better who strives to make you good than he who strives to please you.

F. P. W. Alexander, the army correspondent of the Savannah Republican, who writes over the initials F. W. A., says the Confederate loss at the battle of Shiloh on the 6th and 7th of April, was fully ten thousand killed, wounded and missing.

"All that live must die,
Passing through Nature to eternity."

Why is the side of a mountain like a lazy dog? Because it is a slope up (slow pup).

EPITAPH ON MARY FORD.
Here lies ye body of Mary Ford,
Whose soul we hope is with ye Lord;
But if for hell she changed this life,
It's better than being John Ford's wife.

Politeness may prevent the want of wit and talents from being observed; but wit and talent cannot prevent the discovery of the want of politeness.

Why was the sudden call for troops in Massachusetts, last week, like a squalling baby? Because it was an appeal to arms!

THE PRASANT AND THE PHILOSOPHER.—A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher; they may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. A small drinking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the smaller.

MEN TO BE ADMIRER.—Those who are constrained to solicit for assistance are really to be pitied; but those who receive it without are to be envied; but those who bestow it unasked are to be admired.

The circulation of Confederate notes is prohibited, in New Orleans, by Maj. Gen. Butler.

The brave Gen. Sigel, in a late speech at Chicago, said: "The State of Missouri is now safe from the rebellion, and this is what gratifies me. It is now open to a new people, to new ideas, to new principles—the principles of true liberty for all mankind." Glorious sentiment! Great truth! What an avenue of freedom to the down-trodden of the old world will open, ere long, in the Great West!

Gen. Butler has published a lengthy notice to the people of New Orleans, announcing the distribution among the poor of thousands of barrels of beef and sugar, captured on their way to the rebel army.

A Natchez paper of a late date gives the correspondence between Captain Palmer, of the Troquois, and the Mayor of Natchez, demanding and acceding to the surrender of that city.

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—It is reported from Guatemala that the ruins of an immense city have just been discovered there, containing a very large number of fine specimens of sculpture.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The next Annual Convention, embracing all the evangelical Sabbath Schools in the Commonwealth, will be held in Lawrence, the 18th and 19th of June.

A very forcible and highly satisfactory discourse on the state of the country was delivered in Music Hall, in this city, on Sunday, May 26th, by Theodore Tilton, Esq., of the New York Independent.

Some graceful scamp has presumed to say that "it is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be redressed." The scamp ought to suffer the torment of being invited out to tea, or to a sewing circle.

HAPPY SLUMBERS.—How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day, without condemning him!

From the Continental Monthly for June.

EN AVANT!

BY WM. M. ROBINSON.

O God! let us not live these days in vain,
This variegated life of doubt and hope;
And though, as day leads on, so joy leads pain,
Let it be symbol of a broader scope.

God! make us serve the monitor within;
Cast off the trammels that bow manhood down,
Of form or custom, appetite or sin,
The care for folly's smile or envy's frown.

Oh! that true nobleness that rises up,
And teaches man his kinship to the poor;
Which wakes the slaving from the poison cup
Of passion, bidding him be grandly free!

May it be ours, in these the evil days,
That fall upon our nation like a pall;
We have power each one himself to raise,
And place God's signet on the brow of all!

Not race nor color is the badge of slaves;
'Tis manhood, after all, that makes men free;
Weakness is slavery; 'tis but mind that saves
God's glorious image as he willed it be.

Out of the shadows thick, will coming day
Send Peace and Plenty smiling o'er our land;
And the events that fill us with dismay,
Are but the implements in God's right hand.

Where patriot blood is poured as cheap as rain,
A never freedom, phoenix-like, will spring;
Our Father never asks for us in vain:
From noble seed comes noble harvesting.

Then let, to-day, true nobleness be ours;
That we be worthy of the day of bliss,
When truth's, and love's, and freedom's allied powers
Shall bind all nations with fraternal kisses.

Would we might see, as did the saint of old,
The heavens opening, and the stars thronging,
Listening to hear our tale of peace be told,
That they may hymn man's resurrection song!

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

G. H. W. ST. LOUIS, MO.—You say you have seen the advertisement of Dr. Farnsworth, in these columns, but do not quite understand it. Write a letter to any one of your spirit-friends, seal it as closely as you please, and it will be answered through the doctor's hand, he not knowing the contents of the letter sent. He will send the answer to your address, accompanied by your unopened letter. We have an impression that such a message as you allude to did appear; but we have not time at present to examine our files to ascertain positively. There is a message in number six of the present volume, from Henry Walchesteer to Dr. Kinley, of St. Louis. Please to ascertain if such a paper ever resided there.

L. U. R., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Your letter, dated "in camp, April twenty-fourth," has but just come to hand—sent to us from the Post Office Department, Washington, where it has been routed, we suppose. We will print it in our next, however, if other matters do not crowd us too much.

L. K., WESTFIELD, MASS.—Bulwer's Strange Story will be sent from this office to any part of the United States (wherever the U. S. mails are transported) on the receipt of twenty-five cents, in stamps, or specie, as you think proper, with three 2-cent stamps added to prepay postage.

Spiritual Magnetism.

How many sick persons there are in this city, as well as everywhere else, who could be not only temporarily relieved, but permanently cured of their ailments by pure magnetic influence. Many a sufferer who is now doing with "doctor's stuff," and wallowing from day by day between "a little better" and "not quite so well"—in reality growing weaker all the while—could be strengthened, his vitality increased, his fever cooled, his obstructed circulation restored, the nervous fluid equalized, and his vital powers again rendered active, if he only knew enough to have faith in the laying on of hands, the impartation of vital magnetism, and would call in "the good physician" to his aid.

Bro. John Danham, a kind, sincere and honest man, to whom the gift of healing has been given, has come to this city, from Maine, for the very purpose of healing the sick. For two weeks he gives his services freely, desiring to be tested thoroughly; and, after that, he is willing and desirous to continue the apostolic work of "laying on of hands" and rebuking disease, and will expect that those who are helped, will also see that he does not go empty away. Give him an honest call, and honestly he will come to you with his gifts, expecting only a fair and honest compensation.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BLACK INK.—Bruised galls, three pounds; gum and sulphate of iron, of each, one pound; vinegar, one gallon; water, two gallons; macerate with frequent agitation for fourteen days. To produce three gallons.

Married.

In Titusville, Pa., May 13, 1862, by Rev. Uriah Clark, (late of Auburn, N. Y.), Mr. JONATHAN WATSON, (of the firm of Brewer, Watson & Co.) to Miss LEMMA LOWN, (the inspirational speaker,) both of Titusville.

Though the numerous friends and admirers of LEMMA will regret her loss from the former field of public labor, they will congratulate her on taking her new sphere in social life in union with one whose mature age, experience, ample means and many qualities, are eminently calculated to render her happy and highly useful in exerting a wide social influence for good.

Obituary Notices.

PASSED ON.—May 1, 1862, Bro. A. S. HOLBROOK laid aside the garments he had worn for 58 years, and joined his angel friends who had been waiting for him, through months of his physical suffering.

Bro. Holbrook was one of the first to embrace the gospel of demonstrated immortality. He had long been an active member of the Free Will Baptist Church; with a soul full of aspiration for more light to guide him in his pathway here and hereafter, and not finding it in his Church or his creed, what his soul most craved, he was attracted to the Spirit Manifestations. He soon saw the dawn of a brighter day, and became an earnest worker in the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy as he had been in the Church. He was always ready for any good word or work. It was his delight to meet with friends, in the social circle, and hold sweet communion with those in the spirit-world; especially did he enjoy this privilege as his mortal career drew near its close.

When he could hardly speak above a whisper, he made the necessary arrangements for his funeral with as much freedom as he would have planned for a journey while in good health. Such is the fruit of our beautiful gospel.

Obedient to our brother's wish, I was present at the funeral.

Passed to the summer land, from Dayton, Ohio, on the morning of the 10th of May, FLETCHER ELMER, infant son of Fletcher P. and Laura Cuppy.

No blither tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being—seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strive to bed
O! blest departed one!

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence.

And oh, sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet one, thou'lt visit our repose,
And bear from thy sweet world of rest
A balm for all our woes.

Dayton, Ohio, May 17, 1862.

PROFANE.—The foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing is a vice as mean and low that every person of sense and character despises it.—Washington.

Spiritual Convention.

The friends of Progress will hold a Convention at Texas, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, the 28th and 29th of June. Mr. W. F. Jamieson of Paw Paw, Mich., E. Whipple of Ohio, Mrs. M. J. Kutz of Lapeer, Mich., and J. T. Rouse of Indiana, are engaged to be present as speakers. The friends have fitted up a fine Grove, and ample accommodations will be afforded for all. Good music will be provided. All are cordially invited to attend. A general good time is expected.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.
G. D. SESSIONS, Secretary.

Yearly Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Boone County, Illinois, will hold their yearly meeting at the usual place, four miles south of Belvidere, in Robinson's Grove, Saturday and Sunday, 28th and 29th of June next. Speakers are cordially invited. Come all who can, and we will have a feast of good things. Those who come a distance provided for free.

By order of the Committee.
A. S. ROYAL,
E. ROBINSON,
O. DEAN.

Anniversary at Middle Granville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity, will hold their next anniversary at their Free Hall, on the 14th and 15th of June. Speakers and friends from a distance are cordially invited to attend. Distinguished speakers are expected to be present.

Trains arrive from England at 6 A. M. and 4 P. M., and from Troy at 8 P. M.

STEPHEN WING, } Committee of
ALEX. S. BLOOM, } Arrangements.
GEORGE F. BAKER, }

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Spiritual Meeting in Liberty Grove, one mile north of Grand Village, Liberty Township, Trumbull County, Ohio, on the 5th and 6th of July. Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson and others, will address the meeting. Speakers and friends are invited to attend.

Grove Meeting.

The will be a Grove Meeting in Northampton, Summit County, Ohio, two miles west of Cuyahoga Falls, Saturday and Sunday, June 7th and 8th. S. P. Leand is engaged to speak. Other speakers are expected. A "general good time" is anticipated. Per order.

Friends of Progress Quarterly Meeting.

The next quarterly meeting of the Friends of Progress will be held at Dublin, Wayne County, Indiana, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 20, 21, and 22. Good speakers will be in attendance to address the meeting.

Sunday School Class-Book.

This book is now ready, and will be sent, post paid, single copies for twenty-five cents, and five copies for one dollar. It is handsomely got up on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Notice.

The retail price will be paid at this office for the following numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Vol. 1, from No. 1 to 16, also No. 25; Vol. 2—Nos. 6, and 9; Vol. 3—No. 26.

Bulwer's Strange Story

Is having a great run. Orders for the work sent to this office will be attended to promptly.

CARPETS.—The largest assortment. The lowest prices. Terms invariably cash. No variation in prices. On these principles a large and satisfactory trade is carried on by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street.

"QUALITY IS THE TRUE TEST OF OUR BUSINESS." Crossley's Brussels Tapestry, the most celebrated make in the world, 100 pieces now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., and will be sold at \$1.00 per yard.

CANTON STRAW MATTING, all widths and quantities, from the Auction cargo sale in New York—for sale at retail or by the piece, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street.

WAGON OIL CLOTHS. The entire stock of a celebrated manufacturer for sale at factory prices by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street.

REAL BRUSSELS AND ROYAL VELVETS. An invoice of each sort of elegant designs, for sale at \$1.12 1/2 per yard, by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., 75 Hanover street. 81—msl.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

NICARAUGUA.

DR. E. S. TYLER, recently from Central America, and now President of the newly organized Colonization Company, will, for the few weeks before his return to Central America, answer calls to lecture on Nicaragua and the advantages of emigration and residence there. Address care of T. O. LELAND, Secretary, 614 Broadway, New York.

MRS. M. A. PEARSON. FIRST MEDIUM may be found at No. 15 Arvon Place, (over Jewett's Dining Rooms), where her time is devoted to those who wish to have a full and complete investigation of their spiritual condition. Her services can be secured in private families two evenings of each week. 37.

J. DUNHAM. MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, No. 75 Beach Street. Office hours from 9 to 12 and 2 to 6. Dr. D. can give satisfactory recommendations. 4w June 7.

SITUATION WANTED.—A single lady would like a situation either as housekeeper, or assistant in a family. Inquire at this office. June 7.

OLIO CONCERTS

Of Vocal and Instrumental Music WILL BE GIVEN EVERY Saturday Evening, at Lyceum Hall, Commencing July 31st.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ALONZO BOND. 25 SINGLE TICKETS, 10 CENTS; admitting a gentleman and lady, 25 cents; 8 tickets for one dollar. For sale at the door. 2w

TO THE PUBLIC.

EVERY one knows the importance of procuring fresh, genuine and unadulterated medicines for the sick. After studying medicine for nearly twenty years, and dispensing and prescribing it for ten years, the subscriber may say, without egotism, that his medicines, of which he has ever varied only in the Botanical and Eclectic systems of practice, may be relied on as the very best to be procured in the country. His extensive experience and practice have enabled him to compound remedies for Scrofula, Humor, Lung, Liver, Kidney, Urinary, and other diseases incident to the climate, which are unsurpassed. OCTAVIUS KING, BOWDOIN AND BOTANICAL DRUGGIST, No. 654 Washington Street, Boston.

PIANO FORTES.

Great Bargains in New and Second Hand Pianos, and Music Boxes, at the Piano Store, 113 and 115 Broadway, New York. Pianos made by Chickering, A. W. Ladd & Co., Geo. H. Woodward & Brown, Wm. Bourne, Brown & Allen, Brackbill, and others, at \$50, \$100, \$150, \$200, \$250, and \$300, as above—all in complete order for use. Repaired, and second hand Pianos sold as well as new; and many of them have been in use but a very short time. The new instruments are fully warranted, and it is seldom such an array of first class Boston makers' Pianos are offered, and at such prices as they will be sold. Those in want of a splendid instrument, at one half its real value, can find such in this assortment, and are invited to call, and examine for themselves, at 113 and 115 Broadway. THOS. FLANNERY, J. N. B. PIANO STUOLS, at wholesale and retail. Pianos Tuned, exchanged, polished and repaired. Pianos to let. May 24.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DE. L. Y. FARNSWORTH, Writing Medium, for answering sealed letters, may be addressed to Beach Street, Boston. For a list of names and addresses, send a stamped and directed letter, with a three-cent stamp, and receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 8 to 9 P. M. April 12.

New Books.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES,
Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with
Steel Engravings,
AT THE LOW PRICE OF
TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
(Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with the greatest satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address:
WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
April 28. 11 158 Washington Street, Boston.

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming, it shows the practicality of Farming Corporations, or Co-partnerships. It gives an account of a Corporation now beginning in a new town, and shows how it can be managed. It also has reports from Henry D. Huston and Charles E. Canaday, who are now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and are the agents of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agents for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity. The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions. Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 10. 11

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES!
BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent. May 17. 11

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

THIS BOOK, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. 11 Dec. 31

LECTURES

Science, Politics, Morals & Society.
BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

CONTENTS: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Language; Varieties of Tastes; Public Morals; Political Economy; Spiritism and Ghosts; Slavery and Rebellion; Education, Friendship, and Marriage. This volume is designed by the author as an appeal to the good sense of the American public, to take a step forward in the education of their children, especially in the Political, Moral, and Social spheres of life, and to promote in the youth of the country a more elevated and useful mode of living, and a more extended moral and political education, than has heretofore characterized the scholars of our schools and academies. It appeared to me that this would be most readily accomplished by a series of lectures, and I have accordingly arranged the most useful and interesting knowledge pertaining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attractive form possible for the study and perusal of old and young. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, and by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston. Price thirty-eight cents, post-paid. 11 April 10.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED

BY
Moral and Religious Stories,
FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.
BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS.

CONTENTS:—The Little Peacemaker, Child's Prayer, The Desire to be Good, Little Mary, Harry Marshall, William, The Golden Rule, Let me Hear the Gentle Voice, Little Duty, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Hymn.

For sale at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington st. Price 10c. Postage 4c. 11 March 8.

NOW READY;

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR,
Cause and Cure of Secession.

BY LEO MILLER, ESQ., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.

Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1, mailed free; one hundred copies \$5. All orders addressed to BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass., will be promptly supplied. 11 Feb. 22.

THE UNVEILING;

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B. Randolph. Price, 50c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT;

BEING A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "What's Ever Is, Is Right." By Cynthia Temple. Price 10c. The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office. 11 Mar. 8.

A NEW BOOK.

An extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER;
OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

Containing "Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to be asked of the Clergy, and also Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by Zeph. A. Curran, and interesting work, entitled, *La Bave*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language. When the "Eye-Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed by the copyright and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the book, in his opinion, was not worth the notice of the Clergy, and that the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, post-paid. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 Washington st., Boston. 11 Sept. 12.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-STORIES. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 50 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY. By Mrs. Newton. My EXHIBITION IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.50. Dec. 31. 11

WHO IS GOD? A Few Thoughts on Nature and Nature's God, and Man's Relations thereto. By A. F. Williams. For sale at the Banner of Light Office, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price per hundred, \$7.10; single copies sent by mail, 10 cents. 11 Feb. 10.

A GUIDE OF WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE. A GUIDE TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD. Just published by Alfred R. Farnsworth, 158 Washington street, Boston. Price, Single copies, 25 cents. 11 Dec. 31.

New Books.

ARCANA OF NATURE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THIRD EDITION—JUST ISSUED!

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED
BY THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS: Part I. Chapter I. A General Survey of Matter.—Chapter II. The Origin of the World.—Chapter III. The Theory of the Origin of the World.—Chapter IV. History of the Earth, from the Gaseous Ocean to the Cambrian.—Part II. Chapter V. Life and Organization.—Chapter VI. Plan of Organic Beings.—Chapter VII. Influence of Conditions.—Chapter VIII. Dawn of Life.—Chapter IX. The History of Life through the Silurian Formation.—Chapter X. The Old Red Sandstone Series.—Chapter XI. Carboniferous or Coal Formation.—Chapter XII. Permian and Triassic Periods.—Chapter XIII. Cretaceous; Liassic; Wealden.—Chapter XIV. The Cretaceous or Chalk Period.—Chapter XV. The Tertiary.—Chapter XVI. A Chapter of Inferences. Chapter XVII. Origin of Man.—Part III. Chapter XVIII. The Human Brain.—Chapter XIX. Structure and Functions of the Brain and Nervous System. Stuffed with references to the Origin of Thought.—Chapter XX. The Source of Thought Studied from a Philosophical Standpoint. Chapter XXI. Retrospect of the Theory of Development, as herein advanced. Conclusions; Facts followed from their Source to their Legitimate Results.—Appendix. An Explanation of some of the Laws of Nature, their Effects, &c.

Published at this Office. Sent to any part of the United States on receipt of One Dollar. May 17.

TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS,

THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, MEDIUM,
TO
JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY.

This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lavater, Melancthon, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and others, written through the hand of the medium.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the *Banner of Light* is claimed to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of a person, who is 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 earth-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 of Light* Office, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, from 3 o'clock to 5 o'clock. The doors are closed promptly 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:

Thursday, May 15.—Invocation: "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 Carlisle, Cincinnati, Ohio; Samuel H. Hildreth, Chicago, Ill.; John George, Tallahassee, Fla.; Marietta Gregg, to her mother in Berlin street, St. Louis, Mo.

Monday, May 10.—Invocation: "The Spirit's Ideas concerning the condition of North and South." Daniel Gregg, Dedham, Mass.; Monroe Edwards, the noted forger; John Gibson, of Hingham, Mass.; Lavina Hedgman, New York.

Tuesday, May 20.—Miscellaneous Questions: Abner Kneeland, to his daughter; Caroline J. Spencer, to her sister Charlotte, in Oswego, N. Y.; Captain Alfred Patton, Bowdoinham, Me.

Thursday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and answers: Mary Ellen Allen, to her mother, in Augusta, Maine; Charles Goodrich (killed in the Pittsburg battle) of Huntsville, Missouri; William Herbert Clifton, killed from wounds received in the Pittsburg battle) to Joshua T. Taylor, in Fredericktown, Pa.

Invocation.

Mighty Chalice of eternal life, unto thee we render the offerings of the present hour; unto thee, Spirit of the Universe, we would come with songs of thanksgiving and praise. We ask, oh Divine One, that these bright buds of truth which thy children to-day lay upon thy altar, may be woven into garlands in the future for the brows of thy children when they shall join thee in the spirit world. And unto thee, oh Holy One, shall be endless praises, springing from the centre of our beings, and finding their great heart in the eternal realm. We thank thee, oh Lord of Hosts, for the past with its by-gone pleasures and pains, for the present, with its stern realities and momentary joys; for the eternal future, though it come to us wrapped and shrouded in mysteries, still we will thank thee for each and all, knowing that thou, in thy great wisdom, wilt deal with thy children as seemeth best for their spiritual good. Amen. May 12.

Question and Answer.

Ques.—What reliable source may we consult with regard to gaining knowledge of the spirit's return to earth? Or, in other words, how may we know that the disembodied spirits of earth return and commune with their friends?

Ans.—This question has been handed us for our elucidation. We are requested to state that the spirit of intelligence known as Edgar A. Poe, will answer the question in his own peculiar words and style, on Thursday next, the atmosphere and condition of our medium permitting. May 12.

Government of Children.

We now propose to speak briefly upon the government of children.

The age of brute force is dying, the intellectual age is coming into life. With the death of the old we find a sweeping off from the earth spheres of certain old established laws and theories.

A Solomon declares that "to spare the rod is to spoil the child;" but wisdom of the nineteenth century declares that to use the rod is to spoil the child. So you see that we take our stand in opposition to Solomon for the ages are advancing, are growing more god-like, more freighted with wisdom.

The child, however young, is endowed with stronger mental or reasoning faculties than many suppose. Instead of treating it as an intellectual being should be treated, past ages have treated the child like a thing of low degree, or a creature possessed of brute instincts only, instead of a being endowed with spirit or mind.

It is a prevalent thing among parents to deny their children what they ask, and yet at the same time give them no reason for so doing. The parent, in nine cases out of ten, instead of giving the child a reason for denying its request, will turn it off with a simple "No, I cannot." Now, reason in the child thus repulsed, stands up and demands why its request is thus coldly denied. Now, instead of appealing only to its external senses, make a direct appeal to the internal. In this way only can you hope to make your children grow up to love and respect you, for a lack of faith and confidence, upon either side, must begot inharmonious between parent and child. It is true that obedience upon the part of a child is sometimes enforced through fear of corporal punishment, but in so doing you stifle the love which should make obedience a pleasure, rather than an irksome and distasteful task, performed only through fear of receiving bodily punishment. No good result was ever gained by blows or hard words, for while you use the rod you impregnate the child with that magnetism, which, in the future will develop crimes far more heinous in their character than those for which bodily punishment is now administered.

You may force children to obey you through fear, but you cannot make them love and respect you by the same harsh means. Love your Southern brethren, they may bow to you, but there can be no reform effected in this way.

If a different form of child-government had been established half a century ago, our land would not be in your midst to-day, our death and carnage stalking with giant steps throughout your Southern territories.

Oh ye fathers and ye mothers! ye know not what a mighty responsibility rests upon you. The future is demanding of you the right, which is the law of love.

Our opponents may say there are many who cannot be approached in any other way than by stern punishment. We deny the assertion. God never created a being that he did not make an avenue through which you could approach his soul. We have told you to reason with and to answer the demands of your children. How can you do it? If they have physical forms, they have also corresponding spiritual organizations. Now, through the spiritual comes all moral, intellectual and physical disease. If you would strike at the core or heart of this disease, go direct to the spirit and, work outward toward the centre, and you will effect a permanent cure in the future. What though you make your children obey you through fear, do you suppose you have rooted out the evil in their souls forevermore? Oh no. You have reduced them to submission through fear, rather than love, and believe us when we tell you that they will prove themselves, by eye servants, rather than loving and willing subjects to your control.

Nothing need be lost, when directed in the right channel; but oh, what an infinite ocean of loss there is to both parent and child when the knowledge of the former is directed in the wrong channel. Oh ye parents, the Great Eternal, hath entrusted human souls to your keeping; see to it, then, that they bear upon their internal no marks of your neglect and mistreatment in the future. See to it that there are no seeds of evil sown in the hearts of your children through ignorance upon your part, and that love is the crowning element bequeathed to your children.

Oh ye fathers and mothers! under your feet, if you please, what a solemnity has been offered upon this subject. The law of love supported by reason, should be your rule in governing your children; and again we would counsel you, meet your children always with the psychology of Truth. Let that be your motto, and the child will not fail to understand and love you, in making your demands of justice and reason. Call to your aid if you need it, the angels, and they will tell you through your spiritual faculties, however non-meditative you may be, whether you are right or wrong. If you will answer the demands of reason in your child, no matter how young, you will see the little feelers shooting out to be guiding stars forevermore, and the angels will rejoice in your behalf, because you have done your duty faithfully.

"Oh that I had brought up my children in the right way," is the cry of thousands of parents, at this hour, "for then I should not have reaped in this whirlwind." Oh let not future ages offer such as you have offered to Delity. Look within your own internal being, and see if we have not offered, or presented thoughts to you, which, if acted upon, in the government of your children, may not spring up in glory in the eternal future. May 12.

Nancy Bookbridge.

It is thirty-five years since mortal lips were mine. I feel like one who at a remote period, had lived among you, and that the scenes have changed—life hath grown new. Everywhere I see marks of change, and yet there are some spots upon earth, that I recognize. I lived in Waterville, Maine. My name was Nancy Bookbridge. I left many relatives and many acquaintances and friends, some of whom have come to me, and many of whom remain on earth. Among those who remain, there are a few who desire light, and they ask that some one whom they knew may return and give them that light. It hath pleased the Father to permit me to return, though long years have passed since my spirit, freed from the body, sought a home in the Celestial spheres.

I died of fever. If I remember right, I was sick fourteen days. I left a father, mother, two sisters, and three brothers on earth. My father, mother, one of my sisters, and one brother, are with me. The rest are scattered upon the plains of earth. Oh, when may I be so fortunate as to give them a lamp which shall light their feet across the river, and fill their souls with joy? When I was sick, it was supposed I would recover; but I had a dream, foreboding my death. I related it to my friends, but they only laughed at me, and said I was sick, and that had induced my bad dream. But their scorn only served to strengthen me in the belief that I was soon to die. I gave up all hopes of life here, and upon the fly leaf of my hymn book, I wrote a little sketch, sitting up in bed, which I believe, ran in this way:

"It hath pleased Almighty God to open to me the windows of Heaven. He hath shown me the entrance to the New Jerusalem, and bid me welcome; and with joy, I relinquish all earthly things, and hasten to the arms of my Redeemer."

I now say that I have left my home in heaven for a short time, to answer the demand of those who are still dear to me upon earth. Oh heaven, it is not large enough to hold the spirit when friends on earth call for its return.

Oh my friends, seek first the kingdom of heaven, and all else shall be added unto you. Seek to know whether the spirit can return and commune with those on earth, and when you seek, our Saviour, attended with a legion of angels, shall come and open the door for you, and show you the beauties of the New Jerusalem. [How old were you?] I was twenty-six years old when I died. [Is this call from immediate relatives?] Yes. May 12.

John Edward Davenport.

I was eight years old. My name was John Edward Davenport. I lived in New York City, and my uncle wanted me to come, if anybody could, and say how I happened to die. There was a dry run over me on the street. [What street?] I do not know; he did not ask me to tell. He asked me to tell what kind of clothes I had on. I do not remember that. Can't I come, if I don't? [Yes.] I do not remember whether I had on my checked clothes, or my brown clothes. I had on one of them.

I had my knife in my pocket that he gave me. I do not know what became of it, but I guess it was squeezed up like I was. And I was to say what day and year it was, and whether it was pleasant or bad weather. I do not remember the day, but it was a little more than a year ago, and it rained, because I was running to get under an awning. I should tell, also, where my father is. He's here. He died shortly after going away, and for some unaccountable reason, his letters did not reach my mother. She is as dead like I am.

My father went from New York to Melbourne, and died after reaching that place. He had the fever, and died only a few days after going ashore. He took the fever on board the ship. I want a letter back from my uncle. He asked me to write, and I want a letter back. I lived with my mother, and my uncle helped us. [Can you tell me where your uncle lives?] I can't. I could go there if I was in New York, if you'd let me. [I can't let you go, because you would have to take the medium with you.] Well, I want a letter back, and then I'll come again. Can't I have a letter if I did not tell what clothes I had on? [Oh, yes, if your uncle knows you, he'll send you a letter back.] Can I go? [Certainly.] May 12.

William T. Crawford.

Do you receive all classes, irrespective of station or color? [Yes, sir.] I hear it is your custom to receive such earthly facts as go to identify those who may return to their friends. [You have heard right.] In the first place, I suppose you want my name. It was William T. Crawford. I was between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age, a barber by profession, and was located on what you call Main street, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

The negro seeks for light, as well as the white man. I understand you deny none. [None.] Well, then, I was a negro. It is something—if this is '62, as they told me—[yes]—then it is nineteen years since my death. I was drowned in Charles River, and was said to have committed suicide. I wish to here say that it was a mistake. I had no desire to take my life. I was able to support myself, mother and sister, and I believe never asked any assistance of any one, for my business was a good one. The story then was, that I did so because I was in love. I was not so; it was an accident.

I am as white in the spirit-world as any of you, though for awhile I felt the position I occupied on earth, because the white man's hand was ever lifted against the black man. I've done without that feeling, and they toward me, for here there is no account made of color.

I would say to my sister that my father, mother, and one brother are with me now, and were never more happy than when she made her first call upon them to return. She thought she might be wrong, but oh, if she could have seen the joy with which they received her call, she would have thought God dictated her to ask us to return. I ask that she call again, and we shall be very sure to hear, and if an opportunity is allowed us, we shall be very glad to embrace it.

What is your fee, sir? [We ask none.] Then you have my thanks. I suppose you'll receive them as quick from a black man as from a white one. [Certainly.] Is your sister in this vicinity? She's near here, quite near this locality. Her name is Eunice. She is married, but to whom, I am unable to tell you. She was young when I died, and dependent upon me for support. [I only asked that she might be the better able to recognize you.] I understand you, and thank you for it. Can I return again, if I find an opportunity? [Yes, if this does not reach her.] Oh, I will, I am sure of it. [She'll probably call you to her privately.] I expect I'll hope for it. May 12.

Invocation.

Our Father, again through mortal lips we hail thee, low thy name; again through the tomb of the flesh

we invoke thy blessing upon thy children, the American people. Oh Lord our God, they mourn, but not without cause; and we know that within themselves may be found the cause of this great national trouble. And we ask that by the light of thy divine love, they may be able to see themselves as others see them; that, gazing upon the mirror of their own souls, they may discover those individual faults which, in the aggregate, have well nigh wrought our nation's ruin. Oh, our Father, we ask thee again to remember the American people, and though thou dost sorely afflict them at this hour, we know that thou wilt eventually bless them with returning peace and prosperity. And in the future, we, thy servants here present, with them will offer renewed thanks unto thee. Amen. May 13.

Time.

Ques.—How do the inhabitants of the spirit-world measure, or divide, time?

Ans.—This question we have received and propose to speak upon. We would ask our questioners—to prove that we know from whence the question comes—how he knows there is a spirit-world? His religion has failed to inform him of the fact. Although he has dispensed with it is termed the Gospel, for upwards of thirty years, yet we find no record in his soul, that there is a spirit-world. He believes in the resurrection, in the undivisibility of the body, yet we ask him how he knows this? We say he does not know it.

Time is a term applicable to destructible things. The spirit, and all the conditions of the spirit-world, are indestructible, therefore time cannot belong to them. Eternity belongs to the spirit-world. Should you ask an inhabitant of the spirit-world how long it had lived, the answer would be, I have lived from all eternity, for the soul of man never was created, it being identical with God. So, then, the inhabitants of the spirit-world have no need to measure or divide time. But when they return to earth, or come into rapport with the conditions of earth, then they measure time. They do this by virtue of their memory. It is not because they are used to it in the spirit-world that they do this, but simply through the power of memory.

The spirit, even while it dwells in the human form is not a subject of time. It lives, moves, and has its being, under the laws of eternity; and eternity swallows up all time. This is our answer, and to our questioner we would say that we would be pleased to receive other inquiries from him that he may know that we have eyes to see, ears to hear, and senses that comprehend not only the embodied thought, but that which slumbers in the soul. May 13.

Samuel Colby.

I am but poorly accustomed to the use of a body so unlike my own, but the times and circumstances of the times have done much toward bringing me here to-day. I should be extremely happy to make myself known to my remaining relatives, and help them in any way I can, but I know, should I establish a knowledge of the spirit's capability of returning, in their minds, I should confer the greatest happiness upon them if it were possible for me to give them.

I lived on this earth ninety years. I died in Westfield, Maine, in the year 1847, and was in my ninety-first year at the time of my death. They tell me your country and mine is engulfed in war. I suppose they tell me the truth? [Yes.] I'm sorry for it, but I must say I expected it. The government of the United States, according to my ideas, has been in a very weak condition, to say the least, for the past fifty years. It may be that you have improved within the last fourteen years, but I'm not able to say whether that is really the case or not.

When Andrew Jackson filled the chair, a power filled it that was capable of quelling all rebellious feelings, and showing at the same time, a great share of love toward the people. I thought so then, and I think so now. But the fact is, you've had very poor luck with your Presidents since that time. You have not done your duty; you've left it to fools to vote for you, and your political affairs have been in the hands of knaves and fools—yes, fools, because they have been instrumental in raising men to offices of public trust, who have plundered the treasury, and attempted the ruin of your country. But, oh, my God, they do not realize there's an eternity before them; and have been building but a log cabin for themselves instead of a spiritual edifice, which they would not be ashamed to dwell in, when called to a land beyond the tomb.

I served my country in the revolutionary war, and I know something about fighting, myself. My God! I was wounded at Yorktown, and got my pension for it. I tell you what it is, when once a man throws himself into the war business, he necessarily becomes something of a politician. It was so with me and many others, and I doubt if it is not the case with you now.

Now I've got folks who want to know the right way, but find it hard to discover the right, but if you only show them the right path they will do their best to walk in it. Now I want the friends I've left on earth, and some of my kindred who will recognize me, to wake to a sense of their duty both to God and man, for they did not see the ruler which hung like a dark cloud over their beloved country, long before the storm of rebellion burst upon their heads in all its fury. They folded their hands and have been asleep, while the devil has been sowing tares; and when they go to pull them up they find them so mixed with the wheat that they find it impossible to separate the two.

Oh, when you know your duty, do not shrink from the performance of it. Do not let the devil go to the polls instead of yourself, for he'll surely go, and cast his vote for every one of you who do not do your duty. Now I mean by this that the influence arising from a neglect of duty upon your part, is a bad omen, and if you leave your affairs in the hands of willings, you must not be surprised at the evil results of such a course.

My name was Samuel Colby, and I lived and died in Westfield, in the State of Maine. Now I hope to come again, and I don't know as I'll ever get the privilege of speaking privately with any of my kindred. [Can you give me the names of any of your townsmen, whom you knew while on earth.] Yes, Mr. Peavey, Mr. Watson. [Will you give their surnames?] I'm not able to. It was just like this with me: for the last few years of my life I was rather feeble in body, as well as in mind. I was in what you would call my second childhood, and my memory and the forces of Nature were on the decline. Now I'd like to open communication with any of my friends and kindred, and would do all I could to help them over the rocks of life, and I need only to say that I was Samuel Colby, of Westfield, State of Maine, aged ninety years and a little over four months. I've given you enough to make myself known. The town records will show just who I am, but I'm afraid I would not be known should I go there just as I am now. No matter. Good-day. May 13.

Uriah Coffin, Jr.

Good-day, Captain. [Good-day, sir.] It is fifteen years since I had the privilege of speaking as I now speak, or speaking through my own body. For the last ten years I've been doing the best I could to lead a proper way and means to return. The old saying I remember at this time very vividly, "It's an ill wind that blows no one good." There were others booked for return to-day, but in consequence of the state of the atmosphere, and other conditions of which I am ignorant, I was allowed to come in their place.

I was drowned fifteen years ago next July, the 24 day of July, at four o'clock in the afternoon. I was seaman on board the whale ship, Superior, sailing on the Northwest American Coast. My falling overboard was an accident. I believe I struck my head somewhere about the left temple, and was told, after I came here, that the blow made me unconscious, and I drowned because I made no effort to save myself. I fell from this, most dead. My father was Captain Uriah Coffin, of Edgartown, Massachusetts.

My name was Uriah Coffin, and I was twenty-three years of age. I sailed from New London.

Now, if you'll be kind enough to say that Uriah Coffin, Jr., twenty-three years of age, who fell overboard at such a time, wishes to open communication with his friends in Edgartown, I should be much obliged to you. I will here state, that it is my request that friends who recognize me, may favor you with a line. May 13.

Samuel Slade.

Written:

My beloved wife, during my existence in the spirit-world, I would not have you think I have forgotten you, or my children or friends. No, all are remembered by me with love, and I would it were in my power to aid you more than I do. Trust fully, my dear wife, in the God who is able to care for you. Though you see him not, you may hear his voice all around you. I have often visited you in dreams, and twice have tried to present myself to you, but have failed. I will try to send you further thoughts from the spirit-land soon. May 13.

SAMUEL SLADE, to Eunice Slade.

OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS.

BY LOTTIE G. CARNOON.

God speed the brave youths, our own Volunteers, May their hearts never falter, their faith never waver, Contending for right, rejecting all fears.

May no rose of the despots their muscles unnerve; But firm in the strength of a holy cause, And guarded by Freedom's invulnerable shield, Equipped with the weapons of Justice and Truth, Their motto, "To tyranny we never will yield!"

May they strike the death-blow to Slavery's reign, And crush the dread serpent infesting our land, Rebellion subdue, and sever the chain, Which, though binding to captive, has sundered our band—

Our brotherly band united in love Till this curse of our country disavowed the chord— Now brothers no more, but foes to the death— Ah, shades of our fathers, this your blood-bought reward!

And can ye rest with your banner demeaned, Your bold soaring bird plumed down to the dust, Your brilliant stars that so brightly have gleamed Displaced from their orbits and trampled and crushed? The laws that ye framed contemned and despised? Can ye rest in your graves while the sons which ye bore,

The friends of your souls once cherished and prized, Are conspiring such treason—such treason and more!

Nay, the mantles of heroes immortal in name, Enrolling our braves will wisdom bestow, Till enrolled in the annals of honor and fame, Resplendent with light the tablets will flow, And no Arnold with treason the pages must stain, None our dear banner attempt to desert, But each true to his duty his manhood maintain, Each every talent for Freedom exert.

Woe to the traitor who sullies our flag, Though born of one mother we sever the tie, No brother or friend our eagle shall drag From his place in the heavens, his eagle on high, Or from our loved banner ever shall fly, (E'en though vain the attempt) to scatter the stars, Which the toil of our sires set in its sky, Cemented with blood, won by hardships and scars.

So sacred our cause, so holy and just, Armes will aid us from the land of the blest; Then conquer we shall, for "conquer we must!" Freedom our watchword, once a by-word and jest, Now a helmet of strength, a weapon of power, Nobler incentive to the honest and brave, Sweet Liberty's dome the sheltering tower For all who would dig for Oppression a grave;

Who'd bury it deeply beneath the hard sod, Where naught could "awake it to glory again," Where Mammon, so long our national God, Would vainly attempt his dark mansion to ken— For this the fate, the inevitable end, Of the monster fiend who inhabits our land, When buried in dust, then peace will extend O'er the North and the South—uniting the band. Surgeon Day, Wis.

MIND, SPIRIT, AND SOUL.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 18, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

INVOCATION.

Our Father God, being above all beings, who art all that is, and was, and is to be, who art our soul, our being, life itself, without whom we have no dependence, without whom we cannot think aright—oh God, we praise thee for thy greatness and thy love. All that thou art we cannot know nor feel; but this we know, that thou dost watch over us with a tender affection, dost bless us with a perfect blessing, and givest us constant, uplifting grace and power. This we know, that thou art all that is, the life and mind of being, and we worship thee because we know thou art God. Oh, Father, thy children turn to thee in trust and confidence, knowing as they gaze into the deep abyss of thine immensity, that thou wilt not forsake them. Father, we thank thee not alone for material things, and their splendor—not alone for all the blessings of earth, but for that greater and higher and purer good, the consciousness that thou art our God, for the revelation of thy will, and the perfect security we find in thee. Oh, Father, let thy children praise thee; thou seest their souls, their minds are spread out before thee, and all their thoughts are written in thy book. Father, thou canst lighten their burdens, their prayers of sorrow and mourning and humiliation thou wilt not reject. Oh God, thou wilt make them strong, and teach them to endure the load of life. Hear the supplications of thy creatures in this, the silent hour of worship; and whether they come to thee in mourning, in despair, or in doubt, let them find thee, let thy voice speak to them from out the darkness, and do thou be their comforter; let them know that thou art God, and that, in all the sorrows of life, thy glory shall envelop them, and to thy name, our strength and shield, shall be all praise and thanks, forever. Amen.

Our theme, on this occasion, is Soul, Spirit, and Mind, their respective natures, and the differences between them. We cannot promise to speak very loud, but we shall endeavor to speak distinctly, and, craving your indulgence, trust you will listen attentively, that you may not lose the connection of our remarks. The subject, we are aware, is metaphysical—yet, at the same time, it is one on which the highest philosophical minds have dwelt with the deepest interest. Religion itself belongs to one or to all of these departments of being, and yet so loosely defined and feebly distinguished have they heretofore been, that the three constituents have ever been confounded, and the Soul, Spirit, and Mind spoken of as the same identical substance, or thing. We make a distinction among them, and many questions having been addressed upon the subject, have decided to set forth our ideas at length in this discourse.

The term Mind has usually been employed to denote the conscious power of thought, which belongs not only to the human being, but to all intellectual capacity, but also to another power called God, "Spirit" is used very much in the same sense; to

signify that all-pervading essence—God—the life of man, and of creation: "Soul" has been a more distinctive expression, denoting sometimes the immaterial part of man, sometimes the life given to anything. Finally, the three words have come to be ambiguously and indiscriminately used, and are generally conceived to mean nearly the same thing. We shall try to show that they are not only not identical in import, but are properly applied to substances as separate and distinct as any three organs of the human body.

That which we call mind is, in its external and real sense, but an effect, not a cause—signifying that conscious power of executive thought, which belongs exclusively to the human brain, and which is the result of reasoning intelligence combined with matter. Mind, therefore, is that peculiar quality which proceeds from the human brain—the effect of the conjoint operation of forces in themselves specific, distinct, and the results of other combinations. When we speak of mind as a power, we mean simply that mind is the active product of causes superior to its own nature—a combination of material forces and mental or soul life acting upon the brain which produces, as its natural result, thought. Mind, then, is both the thinking power and the aggregate of thoughts. Throughout intelligent life there is a constant succession of related ideas which form themselves within the brain, and are shaped by the conscious power of that organ and of the life within; these, taken altogether, form Mind.

As many rays of light from the centre, or sun, as the necessary parts of anything form the whole, so thoughts make up the human mind, and are the results of a divine and superior cause. Therefore, just as it is wrong to speak of Deity as human, so it is improper to include mind and soul under one denomination, for the former term is entirely inadequate to express the idea of an immortal substance. The human mind is that which comes in contact with material things, and enables us to give shape and expression to the promptings of essential being. You would not take a single petal, and say, "Here is the flower;" or one leaf, and say, "Here is a tree." The petal and the leaf are best evidences that there is, or has been, a tree, or a flower, but they do not contain, or represent, the vital principle, in either case; so mind is but a product of the soul of which we have yet to speak.

The mind is all material, its relations are strictly mathematical; it belongs to matter, conceives of nothing else, and measures all things by a material standard. Ideas may be the results of a superior faculty, but the conclusions the mind draws from them are always material; in other words, the mind belongs to the body, and is that which conducts the human being to a conviction of immortality, through the evidences afforded in this mortal life, but it does not itself create or share that immortality.

To use another form of illustration, we say of a great literary work, that it is a splendid creation of the author's mind. Now that work in itself is no creation of the mind. Its ideas are the results of operations of which the mind was unconscious, even while it was, so to speak, bringing the former to the surface of thought, and shaping them in coherent expression; nay, the ideas might have been greater than the mind could grasp, or fashion; their combination and consecutive arrangement, being all within which it had to do. Such is the mind—a mechanism through which the soul and spirit reach the outer world. The human body is the clothing of the mind, the brain is its machine, the soul is its motive power.

Dismissing this first division of our subject, we now come to the consideration of spirit. This term has been employed in a general sense, to signify all life—a presence—a pervading influence of vital or intelligent being; in other words, an intangible something which exists nowhere—belongs nowhere, and is nowhere. According to this definition, God is a spirit; man is a spirit; a flower or a tree, has a spirit within; the world itself may be animated in like manner, but yet no one can define what spirit is, or of what it is composed. It is usually supposed that the word signifies something immaterial, but, to our conception, it implies much more than this. We rank spirit as next to mind, and define it as that substance which is most closely allied to matter, but more ethereal in its nature than the perishable and changing elements of the bodily frame. Spirit is that which causes the blood to course through the veins, which animates the eye and gives color to the cheeks; which, in short, maintains the harmonious activity of the bodily functions. Take away the spirit, and you have no form, no color, no life, no beauty. Spirit is that which causes life to circulate in the tender germ, and sends the sap upward from the root through all the branches of the giant oak, which causes the powers of life to work in all forms of verdure and bloom. Spirit is that, which, living, is unconscious of life, and exists, therefore, without power of thought, but is pervaded, controlled, and guided by that of which we shall next speak.

Now, mark the distinction. While mind is local in its action, governed exclusively by the mechanism of the brain, spirit is entirely diffusive; it pervades every part of the human body, of the material world, and is the same in substance everywhere. This it is which you are accustomed to consider as God, but which is not God; this, beyond which the materialist cannot penetrate, and he says it must be matter. The theologian on his part, too prone to stop at the barriers of sensation, says yes, this palpable something, which pervades all matter, must be God. Thus the priest and the skeptic join hands, and each finds his God where no God is.

Now, this spirit has not a conscious intelligence, like the mind; it is not an entity, like the soul; but is a diffusive, material substance, which pervades and animates all Nature, and gives life and shape to that which otherwise were dead and void of form. Spirit is the agency of life, and nothing more; the semblance of life, often taken for the reality; it is the substance of life, often mistaken for its cause. Let us now go back to the mind. Mind is the result of thoughts; spirit is pervading life. Mind is distinctive, consecutive, positive in its action; spirit, diffusive, general, and without definite form. The mind is material; depends on outward nature for its inception and growth; and produces only outward results; cannot compare or reason, except of outward things; draws all its themes from material substance, without which it possesses nothing. Spirit is the same wherever matter is, whether the latter be endowed with grossest or loftiest qualities; whether it take the form of an exhalation of the humblest worm. We may call spirit not God, but the breath of God.

As our material bodies are the mechanism through which the mind expresses its ideas, so spirit is the mechanism through which the soul works out the grand idea of creation; as the material brain is a definite substance, through which thought is evolved, so spirit, pervading all Nature, forms the universal substance through which life is created; and the thought, generating power and process which we call mind, may be compared, in a degree to the generating action in Nature of the Supreme Will.

Now, let us mark the distinction. You will perceive in the human organization, something distinct from the outward, decaying, bodily structure, of the one hand, and the inner, divine, immortal principle, on the other; a connecting link, a bond of union, between the two. We cannot pass, at a single abrupt step, from inert matter to divine life—they cannot be in immediate contact. What is the mediatorial substance between the essential soul and the system of nerves, through which sensation and intelligence are transmitted, as by electric wires, to influence the flow of blood, and the contraction of the muscles? A mysterious agent—the spirit—pervades all these fibres, mingles with the current of every vein and artery, glows on the cheek, and kindles in the eye. Spirit, in other words, is the general power of soul, not only informing and dignifying life, as a mind is not and mathematical in operation, and as mind is cold and unfeeling, and as spirit is warm, genial, and diffusive; as mind concentrates its action on single points; and as spirit is not instant, but disturbed or divided, so spirit is not

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