

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XI.

(WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors.)

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.}

NO. 12.

Literary Department.

LYONEL HARTINGTON.

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

CHAPTER XLIII. The Sentence.

That the poor prisoner, in his removal from the world, did not always preserve his equanimity, is proved by the foregoing lines.

Fourteen days sped on since the writing of the letter, when late one afternoon the officials of the law appeared, and summoned the prisoner to follow them. They led him through the narrow, labyrinthine windings of the building, not into the customary room, but opened the door of a dusky saloon, whose wainscoted walls were darkly embrowned by age.

At a long table, covered with black, sat the writers, busily employed; but the President and members of the Tribunal had not yet appeared. On the other side was an assemblage of lawyers, plaintiffs and witnesses, some of whom Lyonel had seen before; even the odd figures of the host of "Paradise," Jeronias Vogel, of Baarlingen, and his relative, the police Director, were not wanting. Mr. Barnabas Trolle, the severe farmer tenant, or steward, from Saint Catharine's Vale, was also there; but when Lyonel entered his cherry cheeks and nose suddenly turned to an ashen paleness. Not far from him, engaged in conversation probably upon the price of wines, was the postmaster of the "Golden Book," and the postmaster of Binsenberg; and further back, the entire unfortunate assembly of the Market Fair. The noble portion of those present stood apart, as on the eventful evening, from the learned and laboring class; the recovered Herr Von Kalthack, in the midst of his officers, laughed at his own, unfeeling wit as he looked upon the bench, where the philosophical Doctor Hercules Strong, the small, slender sub-rector, and other companions and heroes of the table-round of Binsenberg were seated, with bowed faces, regarding in silence the boards of the floor.

Lyonel had scarcely had time to look over the numerous assemblage, when he was gladly surprised at the appearance of several friendly and familiar faces. The Counsellor Von Urmung approached; from the left, the Baron Von Goldtwig; and in great haste from the right, his faithful Arnold Jackson, who could not restrain the tears that filled his eyes. All three seized his hands at once; all the three spoke to him with one breath; so that, listening to all, he understood not one.

Then followed a sudden silence. A side door was opened, and with solemn tread and aspect the President entered, with the members of the Tribunal.

As soon as they had taken their seats with the accustomed bustle, the chairman rang the little bell before him to demand attention from those already expectantly silent. Then, with a serious countenance, he ordered the reading of several sentences of the law that had been decided upon by the Tribunal.

The reading, in the tedious language of the law, with quotations from the law-books and Latin scraps, and judicial formalities, occupied a long time, and yet every ear listened most attentively. Only the officers yawned once in a while, which soon communicated itself to the judges in an overwhelming manner. Not to incur this danger ourselves, we will briefly narrate the decisions in the case.

In the first place, in attendance to the Herr Von Kalthack, first lieutenant in the first battalion of the duke's second line of infantry regiment, the delinquent, a young merchant from a provincial city, was sentenced. Several witnesses had declared on their oath to have seen him issuing from the dining room and the post inn with the murderous weapon in his grasp, which weapon the postmaster of Binsenberg recognized as one of his table-knives. As it could not be determined whether the thrust was given with murderous intent, or in mistake in the darkness, or in necessary self defense, as the officer had drawn his sword, the young man was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and to the payment of costs and damages.

A far severer sentence awaited the strong Hercules, the weakly sub-rector, and their associates. For, from several indications, as well as from their papers and many proven speeches, it was found, despite of their obstinate denial, that they were guilty of not only seditious and mutinous endeavors, but, in consequence thereof, of treason, also. Those among them who occupied public offices were deprived of them, and all of them condemned to five years' imprisonment in a fortress, and to the payment of the costs of the law.

It came to Mr. Barnabas Trolle's turn, who sat deeply bowed with grief or fear, his hands convulsively clasped between his knees. He was not only convicted of false accusation and false testimony against Mr. Lyonel Hartington, of Tusculosa, in the State of Alabama, but also of a variety of frauds practised upon the estate of his Excellency the Herr Minister Baron Casimir Von Urmung, in the disposal of his business affairs. He was sentenced to a penalty of three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

At last Lyonel heard his fate. He was acquitted of all the accusations brought against him, and restored to freedom. But, as during his sojourn in

the duke's domains, he had on several occasions given expression to thoughtless, even revolutionary ideas and opinions, the imprisonment he had endured, with the costs occasioned thereby, was awarded to him as penalty. He was, moreover, informed that, by high command, his passport and that of his servant would be retained for the present, and he was forbidden, until the permission should be awarded, to leave the Capital.

The faithful Arnold pressed his employer's hand so severely for joy that he could have cried out with the pain.

Then followed other reprimands of the judges to the witnesses, because of their unreflecting testimonies; then explanations to the condemned, who were inclined to appeal to the higher courts. Then the sitting was closed.

The saloon was soon emptied of the throng, and, with a lightened heart, Lyonel went out to freedom. He went arm in arm with the Christian and the Jewish Baron to the *Hotel du Monde*, both of them walking beside him with joyful pride, as if leading the rescued friend in triumph. Arnold had remained behind, busily occupied in gathering together everything belonging to Lyonel and bringing it securely from the hated abode.

Herr Von Goldtwig took an early leave. He was truly devoted to his American favorite, but remained loyal and reserved toward the Counsellor.

"I leave you for to-day to the Herr Von Urmung," he said. "Business of an urgent nature calls me away; and a conversation between three is always fragmentary and unsatisfactory, where every one wants to question or reply, and another interrupts, and none are satisfied with what they give or receive. To-morrow you must grant me an hour to converse between ourselves. You cannot escape me; the minister of police has wisely taken charge of that."

He bowed courteously, and left the two together.

CHAPTER XLIII. Consequences.

"Thank God!" cried Lyonel, breathing deeply, as entered his room at the hotel. The articles of clothing, the books, maps and drawings that were scattered around, greeted him like so many loving friends that had been sorrowing for his long absence. He could have taken hold of every object, as if to comfort it, and say: "Thank God! we are again together!"

"I, too, say thank God!" said the Counsellor, as he clasped the young man in his arms with much emotion. "You have endured many humiliations, and I have not had any sleep by night, or any joy by day, since your arrest. Yes, believe me, I sometimes tormented myself with reproaches that my friendship for you had given rise to so much unpleasantness."

"Your friendship?" asked Lyonel, somewhat doubtfully. "Not so; how could that enter into this game of misfortune?"

"Was it not I, who, with my entreaties, prevented you from continuing your journey? Did I not draw you to Lichtenheim? Even yet there is a coldness on that account between me and my father that pains me. He now feels that he was in the wrong, but will not acknowledge his error. You have once been for him a suspicious personage. Doubtless in his zeal, he wrote to the police department in the Capital, to watch you closely. As soon as it was known that you were involved in the Binsenberg affair, and were arrested, my father was called to the Duke. I presume that the Prince Louis added his prejudiced word against you there. You comprehend that he was no patron of yours from the first, and became less so, when, despite of Leonie's wise warnings, the Princess Gabrielle persisted in defending you. But let us forget that. I feared a worse conclusion. A few days ago I conjectured the worst, from the confidential communications of the President. I was informed that the Duke had ordered all the testimony concerning your person, to be placed before him, that he might judge of it with his own insight."

"Indeed, for the sake of my humble self," observed Lyonel, smiling.

"Undoubtedly," replied the Herr Von Urmung; his attention was especially devoted to you. I had requested and obtained an audience of the Duke, to inform him of your circumstances; and explain to him your course; and, in case of an adverse sentence of the law, to entreat his clemency. I would not tell you of this before, in order not to rob you of the last glimmer of hope by the meagre result of my efforts. The Duke heard me with a frosty mien; asked me a number of questions, from which I judged he beheld in you the emissary of a revolutionary club, or a political refugee, returning from America to Germany, under an assumed name. He dismissed me coldly, with the words:

"I shall not hem the course of justice. Your experienced father holds other opinions than yourself. I regret to find father and son in opposition."

Lyonel was silent, but shrugged his shoulders with scornful or compassionate significance.

"Still more," continued the Baron. "You must now be informed of all. Your old servant was called to the palace late in the evening, and ushered into the presence of the Duke. As I have heard, the poor fellow underwent an examination for two hours. Perhaps you will be told by him of what occurred at that interview."

Lyonel laughed loud and heartily.

The story is beginning to be romantic; the honest Arnold Jackson in the presence of a European Prince! I can imagine how the good soul looked,

standing before his Mightiness or Highness! That will give us all something to laugh over in Maryland. But all just aside. I am innocent; what more is wanted of me? Wherefore city arrest? Am I yet suspected?—by high and by low, from the tavern-room up to the throne-saloon? What am I taken for? Is my physiognomy so indicative of evil intentions that I am looked upon as a political Kobold, a world transformer; a wandering Mephistopheles or Doctor Faust; and my poor Arnold for a departed Famulus Wagner? Your wise Tribunal seemed more intent upon finding me guilty than in proving my innocence."

"You must forgive the judges, my dear Hartington, for you know how circumstances and the testimony of witnesses told so strongly against you."

Lyonel replied more calmly:

"I know it. Human justice is, from the beginning, a short-sighted, weakly Dame, in especial when she limps upon the crutches of unspoken laws. I know she must endure much. She is openly displayed with bandaged eyes, but in order that she shall see, not for what, but for whom, the question is, the bandage is taken from her eyes in secret sessions. For the rest, I honor the judges—not because they restored me to liberty, but that they had sufficient courage to declare me free, in the face of the Court, and against the intentions of the Ruler. For what does your Duke demand of me? To you he spoke the right, genuine, princely words; he would not hem the course of justice. The law gives me acquittal from all accusation, and he, in despite of all, looks me up in his city. Why may I not leave the Capital? Why does he, the highest in the land, examine my own servant?"

The Counsellor rubbed his forehead in perplexity and responded:

"Do not speak so loud; there is no knowing who may be listening outside. We might be involved in fresh troubles. Tread softly and carefully while you remain in our midst. The conduct of the Duke towards you, I must acknowledge, is enigmatical to me. To act thus is entirely out of his character. I know not whether he has received from foreign parts any tidings or reports concerning you."

"My conscience knows of nothing that would be worth the trouble of reporting in a diplomatic manner to your department of Foreign Affairs. I presume rather, that you guessed aright before."

"In what?"

"That he suffers from a political phantom fear. If this is not so, he must be a prey to the every day illness of reigning heads; he rules too much or too little. Both are a public misfortune. In ruling too little, he is the mere tool set up for display of his powerful masters, his Ministers, State Counsellors, and favorites. He is only the wire-drawn puppet, clad in ermine and decked with a crown. In ruling too much, he cannot distinguish between great and small. All is of equal importance to him. He meddles with everything; corrects the errors of his chancery clerks, and retains no time to honor the effects of his decrees. He observes cobwebs in the corners of his palace, and forgets debts in the wall that threaten destruction."

"You are greatly in error, my doubting Republican," contested the Baron. "He is a Prince in the largest sense of the term, watchful, helping every where; inexorably just towards others as to himself also; he is acquainted with the changing conditions and needs of the people, and with the capacity, character, strength and weaknesses of those who stand at the head of Government. You should know his history. His teachers were not, as usual, those who become such through Court influence or protection; they were not Court ladies, or pedagogues, who would have beseeched his heart with flatteries, and confused his brain with ambitious dreams. No, his teachers were sad and heavy experiences, that even in his youth strengthened him with the knowledge of the world. He belongs not to the rulers, who desire to be idolized, during their life, though after death they be forgotten, or scorned, or cursed; not to those who, for desire of a world-wide fame, or love of display, make use of artists and artisans, like the charlatans of their trumpeters and Puleonellos."

"Do not exalt yourself, my dear Baron, I believe you. But I return to my question. What has he against me? Why do I remain a prisoner when I am free by the sentence of the Tribunal?"

"As I said before, my dear Hartington, I cannot give an answer. He must still, from some reason, cherish a suspicion about you, or perhaps you have made some unknown, powerful enemy. Could the Prince Louis—perhaps the unfortunate occurrence in Lichtenheim with the Princess—be it not possible, and yet, friend, petition the Duke without delay—request an audience; explain to him every misconception. He is just."

The conversation continued thus, for some time; both guessed here and there, groping ever in the darkness. But at the mention of Prince Louis, a light seemed to dawn upon Lyonel's mind. At first he smiled at the idea of the Counsellor, but as he thought of the scene upon the stairs, and of the jealousy of the Duke's future son-in-law, he felt quite uneasy.

Herr Von Urmung had scarcely left the room, when Arnold Jackson entered with a countenance glowing with joy. He clasped his friend and employer in his arms; and faltered in a broken voice: "At last! at last!" then with averted face, he stepped suddenly aside, drew out his handkerchief, and wiped his eyes. Lyonel, deeply affected, followed him, seized both his hands, and pressed them gratefully.

"A spirit of a mischievous character," the Baron of German superstition.

fully to his heart. "Cospetto di diavolo! where do I, old fool, get so much water in my eyes from?" cried Arnold, in a tone of vexation; "but I have carried you in my arms, and why should n't I feel bad for all that's been done to you, my poor, dear, good sir? The wretches here live only off the good money and the good name of honest people. The miserable rogues! the *Jan faures! the scoundrels! the Caglianones! the Carduados! Che vi venga la rabbia!*"

CHAPTER XLIV. Arnold's Report.

When the good man had exhausted his indignation, and given vent to his joy, for which it took some time, and had turned the conversation on the present and the possible future, Lyonel interrupted him suddenly with the question:

"You know Cecilia Angel, the niece of the Hussar—speak! is she yet here?"

"Quite well; and lives with the lively widow, Kunigunde Russ, as I announced to you."

"Lives in the city, is it not so?"

"In the Kalber street, number 73, as before said."

"We must find them this very evening, Arnold."

"Am with you! Widow Russ suits my taste, exactly."

"One thing more, my dear Arnold. Sit down here. I have been told that the Duke sent for you. You spoke with him. What did he desire to know? How did he seem? What do you think of him? Tell me, but in detail, every word that he said, and his tone and manner. It is all of importance to me. Come, sit down here by me; I will not interrupt you with questions. He has commanded you, I have heard, not to reveal anything; but I can half guess at the entire secret of State."

"Secret of State?" said Arnold, with a sarcastic grimace, as he sat down beside Lyonel on the sofa. "No, indeed! I was expecting the sharpest kind of an examination; instead of that, what was it? Nonsense, the most indifferent things in the world. The old gentleman must have lacked pastime. He began to talk of family affairs."

"I thought so!" cried Lyonel. "There have been little disturbances in his family. He questioned you concerning certain occurrences of which, fortunately, you know nothing."

"I know nothing? Why not know anything? Perhaps more, my dear sir, than you know yourself of the family."

"You?" Lyonel gazed upon him with wondering eyes: "Do speak; we have but little time; it is already growing dark. I want to know all before we go to the widows."

Arnold cleared his throat and continued:

"Well, you will see nothing but nonsense and talk, such as old women and gossips use. To begin at the beginning. I sat at my supper, day before yesterday—sat there alone; salmon, Westphalia ham, white Burgundy—nothing tasted good. It was near ten o'clock; up comes my host of 'All-the-world,' and brings in a long, stiff-necked gentleman, in silk stockings, with a gold laced hat and a gold-laced coat, gold lace on all the seams, even around the knees of his pantaloons. He says I shall immediately follow him to the palace. I, short and crusty, reply that no one has a right to order me about. It was late, and I wanted to go to bed. He replies: 'It is the command of his Highness the Duke.' Hallo! that's something else, thought I; and I seemed to be with you in the prison. It will not do to be obstinate with Highnesses here. So I dressed myself carefully, and locked our rooms, and followed the goldfinch to the great mausoleum with its long winding passages and walls."

"There you acted wisely, Arnold."

"My conductor announced me to a white-stockinged fellow like himself—that one called a huntsman, with shoulder-knots; he again called a gentleman dressed in black. Was at last led into a large apartment, light as day, with chandeliers; was like one dazzled for a long time; rubbed my eyes. Before me, by a little table with four brilliant wax tapers on it, in an arm-chair, sat an old, stout gentleman, in a blue uniform, with a star upon the breast. Princes would rather look like soldiers than citizens. Thinks I, that is the Duke himself, and I bowed very respectfully. He made a sign with his fingers for me to draw nearer. I obediently drew near. Without uttering a word, he looked me with fixed eyes in the face for some time. On my part, I looked at him in return."

"To the point!" cried Lyonel impatiently.

"You are called Arnold Jackson," he said at length, and are in the service of the imprisoned Lyonel Hartington? I could not deny that. Second question: 'How old are you?' Answer: 'Fifty-six years.' Third question: 'From what part of America?' Third answer: 'Born in Lexington, County Fayette, State of Kentucky; was in service as it is called, in the honorable family of the Morrisons, afterwards Hartingtons, in Baltimore; went with them to Maryland, County Tusculosa, State of Alabama, where I have lived for nearly twenty years and where I wish I was again.' Said he: 'To my knowledge, there was no State of Alabama in the world thirty years ago. Do not tell a falsehood.' Said I: 'No, your Highness, but there is, since 1820, with a governor and legislature, like every other State in and out of America.' Said he: 'How came you, Kentuckian, to your fustian in the German language?' Said I: 'Quite simply. Every kind of world we live in, of whatever color it is, imperceptibly marks us with its hues. So I was Germanized in Baltimore, know not how; because I lived so much among Germans; for Mrs. Morrison, born Reicheard, and her daughter, Miss Morrison, rightly

Miss Reicheard, were Germans, and kept German servants. It remained so when Miss Morrison, or Miss Mary as we loved to name her, married the rich Sir Francis Hartington, from Mobile, and took us all with her to Maryland."

"The old gentleman smiled when I said this, just as you are smiling now. But I thought that it was necessary to give straight forward answers to a Duke, or else it is: *Guarda la testa!* And I did right; for his first question then was: 'So these were the parents of the prisoner here? When were they married? Wherefore did they leave Baltimore?' I answered: 'The wedding was in 1807. Miss Mary had reiated for a long time; was very young—not quite eighteen; but at once made up her mind, to every one's astonishment, as I have been told. I was absent from Baltimore at the time; found myself on a six months furlough, visiting my relations in Lexington. The journey to Alabama was to be undertaken the next spring, but did not come off; the physicians forbade traveling to our young Mrs. Hartington. A child was prematurely born, and she was ill for a long time afterwards. Two years later, we left Baltimore. Sir Francis was owner of the most beautiful plantations on the banks of the Tombigbee. In the midst of his possessions he had built the fine villa that, in honor of his young wife, he christened Maryhall."

"Did they live happily there?" asked the Highness, who seemed determined to know everything. I, of course, related, with pride and joy, what I knew—of the pleasant living together of your parents; of their simple mode of life; of their occupations, and how they were the guardian spirits of the Colonists, with aid and counsel. 'Not their fortune, but their wealth of heart rendered them happy,' said I. 'Sir Francis was one of those worthy men, such as, to my knowledge, there are few that these times shine upon. He had but one fault about him, and that took him off in five years; namely, the consumption. There are pious, intellectual, true-hearted, beautiful, domestic women, but Mrs. Mary united all the virtues that, among millions of her sex, are only partially to be found. Only she seemed to me—here I wisely broke down, for that did not belong there. 'Go on!' cried the Duke; 'what did he seem? Speak freely. I believe you are an honest bald-head!' I replied to the compliment: 'I am the one, I believe, cheerfully; the other, much against my will. Hate wigs; don't want anything false on my head. Well, then, Mrs. Mary seemed to me, with all her happiness and all her virtues, to suffer from some secret grief. As a girl, she was continually mirthful and glad; afterwards, she was like some dear angel that wept over the sins of the world. I reckon she had—well, may be I'm mistaken."

"The Duke, not yet satisfied, wanted to know by all means the reasons for her sorrow. 'Every sort of thing may have combined together,' said I. 'First, her own illness at her mother's house in Baltimore; then, the lingering sickness of Sir Francis, and lastly, his death. In short, when only somewhat over thirty, the angel left us, and returned to her home in heaven.' I had to tell my princely questioner all about her last days and hours; how she had loved her son Lyonel, with all a mother's deepest tenderness, how you had knelt and prayed with us by her death-bed; how she had clasped you in her arms, and smiled upon you as she departed; and how the beautiful corpse retained that holy smile. Rulers of the land must be very inquisitive about matters that usually do not concern other people. Well, it was all right to me. The Duke was really affected as I spoke, and I, too, felt my heart contract at the recollections of the past. 'But the boy!' said his highness—and he meant you, sir—'the boy; he must have been quite young, perhaps yet went to school. Does he resemble his mother, or his father?' I replied: 'I guess he looks more like his mother. My present master, as he is called, was then sixteen, but did not go to school. Mrs. Hartington had a teacher in the house—a thoroughly learned German: a living library, such as could not be excelled in Germany, on two legs. He and I accompanied our young gentleman after her death to Tusculosa, where he studied at the high school 'Tusculosa? High school? Indeed!' cried the Duke. I affirmed my assertion, and said: 'It is a mart of knowledge, so richly endowed with the goods of faculty, as any in the Old or New World. It had been created four years before and supplied with six hundred and forty acres of land by Congress.'"

"My Highness suddenly broke off from this topic; and wanted to know, instead, what was the object of your travels? In what lands was he been? What we had employed our time with here and there? Whether you manifested any desire of remaining in Europe? The last question was the appropriate one for me, so I could bring my case before his view. I assured the Duke that the desire has never troubled you much; and that if you had been sick with the longing, you had been perfectly cured in His Highness' capital. 'We were on the point of our return home,' I said, and I folded my hands, and implored him most fervently that he would graciously restore you to freedom, and permit us to pursue our journey unmolested. 'He would not let me finish, but said in a few words, that was not in his power; that was the affair of the judges. With that, he dismissed me, and very condescendingly turned his serene back upon me."

"And that was all! *Par Dieu!* From a Duke, between ourselves, I expected different questions. To call me at night-time to the palace for such gossip as that! 'Fran Kunigunde, in the Kalber street, had subjected me to just such an examination before

but one does not feel offended with pretty, laudatory women. But a great personage, a Prince, a Duke! Now, the best of it all is, we are again at liberty, or at least, half at liberty; and I, *gracious* *deus*, am rid of my blockhead of a police follower."

Lyonel, who had listened with expectant attention, anticipating more important disclosures, shook his head at the mere report of his friend and companion. He did not entertain the slightest idea of the Duke's wisdom. Rising from his seat, he took Arnold's hand, and said:

"Now, let us not lose a moment! Take me to Cecilia's house."

"Ay, she can perhaps tell more. She, too, had been to the palace, as she told me. Have I forgotten to mention it? She, too, wanted to treat the Duke's favor, to kneel to him in your behalf. But she did not see him at all. Dear straw all!"

"Come, come, Arnold, away with us!" interrupted Lyonel, as he drew him to the door.

CHAPTER XLV.

An Evening Visit.

Before they reached it, there was a slight knock for admittance. An attendant of the house entered, with two large, silver, branching candlesticks bearing wax tapers, as the evening had advanced; he announced the arrival of two ladies, who followed close behind him.

First, appeared a small, lively lady of middle age, of pleasing exterior, and exceedingly polite, with several light inclinations and quick apologies, in which the Baron von Goldtwig was mentioned, she pointed to her companion, a slender, youthful figure, who with drooping head stood silent and abashed. Even as silent, irresolute and embarrassed as herself, Lyonel remained standing in the middle of the room, as if rooted to the floor. He believed that Cecilia was before him; but his eyes were fixed in doubt upon the change of her appearance. Could it be the Princess Gabriella? Impossible! He saw Cecilia, and yet it was not she—not the Cecilia of St. Catherine's Vale; who in waking and sleeping dreams floated before him, attired in her peasant garb of blue plaited skirt, red bodice, and coarse, unbleached linen sleeves, barefoot and unadorned. He beheld in her place a young lady, elegantly though simply arrayed in a black dress that hung around her in graceful folds to the neat little feet; a circle of black silk encircling the rounded waist; the dazzlingly white neck and shoulders covered with a costly black shawl, and, as from amid a night-cloud radiate the glorious moonbeams, so the fair young face with the luxuriant braids of golden hair, beamed from amid the encircling shadows of her black crape veil.

Lyonel turned silently, and bent a questioning look on Arnold, which he comprehended without a word. The faithful Achates with a friendly and familiar air took the hand of the elder lady and led her smiling and acquiescing from the room.

As soon as they had retired, Cecilia, throwing back her veil, knelt at the feet of her benefactor, embraced his knees and wept softly and in silence. In vain he essayed to raise her from that posture; he kissed her bowed head; but she continued weeping, and when she had thus relieved her heart, she arose and smiled upon him with the tear-drops yet glistening in her Madonna eyes. He led her to an ottoman, and sat down beside her, holding her small, trembling hand in his; she permitted him to retain it.

"Mr. Harrington, dear sir!" she said, as she regarded him with the ecstasy of a child. "I cannot speak—you are rescued, safe at last—at last! God has hearkened to my prayers!"

"How different you seem, so new, so strange, dearest Cecilia!" he replied. "Almost, I should not have recognized you. Whence this attire, this handsome shawl, this gold chain?"

"They have clad me in this manner, much as I was opposed to it," she responded. "But the good, kind Baron von Goldtwig, and Mr. Jackson, as well as the widow Russ, declared it must be done, at your command. I could not appear anywhere, and least of all before the reigning duke, in my usual dress. So I obeyed. Whether ticking or muslin, is it not all the same? I have remained what I was; an ever your grateful servant. What God and you command, I will obey."

"Do not speak so, my beloved saint! I command you, who have no will but your own—who do not care for life if yours is not bound to mine, now and forever, Cecilia, forever! Think of that last hour 'neath the ruins in Saint Catherine's Vale. There my soul was eternally wedded to thine! Not you to me, I must kneel before you and implore your love! Cecilia, do not ever again forsake me!"

"I do not merit so much honor. I am still the poor, unfortunate, but not altogether desolate orphan that I was. I will be yours and your future wife's most humble servant for the rest of my life, if you will permit it. I am not, cannot, and dare not be more."

"Well, then, behold in me a faithful fellow-servant," he rejoined in a jesting tone, as he pressed her hand to his lips. She withdrew the hand, and said with seriousness:

"Do not forget what you owe to yourself. Do not forget that I am a child of illegitimate birth; that I am, the daughter of the executioner's wife; step-daughter of a malefactor executed on the scaffold. Do not stain your—"

"Oh, be still, be still, Cecilia! These are prejudices of the rabble; and if the minds of others are obscured by such prejudices, they cannot cast a reflection on mine. How can the sins committed by others be cast upon your pure soul? You are my equal, my superior. Let us speak here without worldly considerations, soul with soul. I know you wholly. I am aware of your past history and life secrets; you confided all to me with the exception of one. Do you remember you were to entrust me with that, also; but when I came to the hut of the good Tobias I found it empty, and I saw you not again."

"I know," she said, blushing, and bowing her head in modest confusion, she toyed with the golden chain that was clasped around her neck.

"Will you not confide in me?" pleaded Lyonel, with sad and entreating voice.

Cecilia sat while in thought. He dared not break the silence that ensued. At last, still with the heightened glow upon her cheek, and in a faltering tone she spoke, lifting up her face, but looking not upon him.

"Yes, I will confide that to you, also. I will stand before you without concealment, as before my God. Well, then—do not despise me for such a confession. How can I help it? You command me, and I obey. At the death-bed of my mother, in her last hour, with her last words, she exhorted me, 'Do not let any man above my own condition influence my hand and heart, even if he were the world's

et under heaven. Promise me, Cecilia, she said, 'Behold the consequences of my folly—hold my misery! By this misery promise me!' And I did. It was this that I desired to tell you on the day you found me alone in our hut, when I had told you of the wretched fate of my beloved mother. Late that evening my good uncle returned, and found me with weeping eyes. He questioned me, and made a gloomy face when he found you had been there; and when I told him—for I dared not keep a secret from him—he was informed of all that you and I had spoken and—he asked me, and I—what could I do? I confessed, that with the exception of myself, no one on earth was more honored—more dear to my heart than—Mr. Harrington."

Although this timid avowal was not new to the young American, it yet caused his heart to throb with blissful surprise.

"And what did he say, Cecilia?" he inquired in a low voice.

"He was angry, and scolded me as he had never done before. He bade me remember the dying words of my mother—my own sacred promise. Oh, it was too much! He threatened me with the wrath of heaven if I broke my word given to the dead. He was very indignant, and called me a frivolous, lost girl! He rendered justice to you; said you were dear to him, but should not become so to me. He called up the example of my unhappy mother before my soul, and how her intercourse with the son of a proud, wealthy family had caused her life-long ruin. He threatened me fearfully—that he would forsake me, even give me his curse, in place of his blessing! I entreated his compassion; I promised solemnly to obey him. When he became more tranquil he ordered me, when you came again, to tell you that—Oh, it was too much! He knew not—I promised all he desired. That tranquilized him; and I heard that we should, after Whitsuntide, leave Saint Catherine's Vale for another place far from there. On the following day you found me amid the ruins, but I was confused—in conflict with myself. I knew not—could not—I would see you only in the presence of my uncle, and there, as he had commanded me, say farewell to you forever! I asked you to return at Whitsuntide; but uncle changed his mind, for after a few days we left our hut in the woods, and took with us our few worldly goods. My poor, dear goats were sold to the farmer-tenant Trolls. He will not love them, not care for them as I—"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE MYSTERY OF MELANCHOLY.

BY DELLE BUSH.

Earth hath its mysteries! strange voices dwell in the hushed solitude of grove and dell. A voice of waves, of fountains in their flow, Whispering of coral groves and caves below; A voice of song, light as the breeze of morn, Or rustling music by the reed harp born; Such are the sounds which fill the solemn shade Where the deep flood's voice and the winds have strayed. And there are other voices in whose swells, Answering each other from their echo-cells, There lives a witchery of power! they come With spells to waken memories of home. And are not these all mysteries? Who may know Whence are those sounds, and whither do they flow? And there are dews, and flowers, and burning stars, And ocean-treasures, pearls and silvery spars, And each its mystery—its magic lore! But oh, the heart, the human heart hath more! Oh! wondrous instrument, thou harp divine! Full many a sound and melting strain is thine, And many a mystery wraps our being round, Hiding the links by which we're darkly bound. Thought, feeling, impulse, passion, all in turn Play o'er its chords and fill its voiceful urn. And we must yield to them. We may not fling Aside the weight the unseen minstrel brings. The harp-thought sweeps every quivering string, Wakes every chord and tries each secret spring. Now at one touch the strains of hope arise, And glory's sunbeams tremble o'er the skies, While the sweet seraph joy, with laughing eye, On angel-wing seems bending from the sky! Then wild Delight comes with her sister Mirth, Strewing fresh rose-leaves on the dewy earth, And Hope and Joy, Delight and Mirth, all these Have their own mysteries and weave Their bright spells o'er us. There is a mystic lore! But hath the heart, the human heart, no more? Oh! dwells there not in its sounding cell A marvel deeper, a darker spell? Comes there no voice from the spirit lyre Whose tuneful echoes to heaven aspire? Hath the human heart, with its thousand strings, No chord to murmur of solemn things? No wild, strange music, no deep-boding lay Like the plaintive strains where the winds have way? Hath it never whispered in tender moan A something of sorrow, an undertone? Mingles there naught in its gush of song That breathes of the lost, of the loved ones gone? Hath it woke no echoes of sad farewells, Like the sigh and sound of the mourning shells? Yes, all of these in their mournful chime, And these voices, oh heart, are thine! They come, they come o'er the trembling soul, And its dreams into answering sounds outroll; They come, and the rushing of winged wings Is borne on the breeze till the clear air rings, Now low and sad, like the plaintive dirge Breathed o'er the dead by the ocean surge! Then sacred and pure as a dream of home, To a weary sailor, *thus*, they come! Dreams of the past to the heart will rise, Haunting the soul with their melodies; Voices return that were hushed and mute, Like echo-songs from a wind swept lute. Oh! we bear within us mysterious things, When sadness hath swept o'er our spirit strings! There are yearnings for streams in whose water's flow We might lose all stain of our mortal woe; There are haunting visions and thoughts which come To woo the soul from its earthly home; We pine for life, for one living gleam, As pants the hart for the cooling stream; We yearn for the light of those sunny bowers Where decay breathes not o'er the fair young flowers; Oh! who at the hour and the hush of eve, When dews creep down on the violet leaves, When Spirits seem treading the viewless air, And the footprints of Angels are everywhere, Who hath not turned from their couch of sleep To gaze on the stars, to watch and weep? Who hath not knelt to the midnight throne, Rending its vault with their plaintive moan? Nor sighed to traverse those shining plains, Where the stars keep watch in their mystic trains? Who hath not yearned for a kindred soul, For the blessing that cometh with love's control, And pined for that which we may not gain, While wrapped around by our prison chain? Peace and calm for the troubled breast, A healing balm for the soul's unrest?

Spirit of Sadness! Mysterious power! Haunting the dreams of the midnight hours, Where can the place of thy dwelling be, And who can fathom thy mystery? Is it down, far down where the sea flowers bloom, And the waves sport free in their halls of gloom? Is it far away in a fragrant lea, Where wreathes the sea in a living smile? Or dost thou dwell in the solemn shade, By the stately trees of the greenwood made, Sending out mournfully a voice of grief Through the tall, dark pines and the quivering leaf? And dost thou come from thy secret cell, To give to the sweeping winds their spell, Till the air seems chanting a plaintive lay, And our hearts are thrilled with its solemn way? Dost thou bring thy shade to the festive throng, To check the light and the flow of song? Thou dost, oh, Sadness! thy voice is *there*! Thou art there with Mirth—thou art everywhere! Thou art where ruins darkly lie With the ivy overgrown, Where the gloomy nightshade twines its boughs Above the broken stone; Thou art there, and thick thy shadows rest, O'er fallen arch and throne, What breathest thou of those regal wrecks—Thou of the sad low tone? Thou art speaking of the lordly dead, The kingly ones and high, And thou wakest strange memories of the past, With thy mournful melody, Thou weavest a song of olden time, And tenderly they lay, Like the timid warblings of a bird, Melts on the air away; Thou art singing of the slumberers there By mouldering shaft and fane, And while we list the solemn strain They seem to rise again. Yet once again those columns stand, Stately and grand and tall, And they ring once more to the merry song, Of the harpers in the hall, Oh, Melancholy, 'tis thy spell! The soul's high mystery! The power to wake life's buried hours, With all their imagery! And from thy charm, thy haunting tones, And dreams we may not part, Thy strings, though placed through all the earth, Dwell most within the heart; And slight may be the course that bids Those slumbering chords awake, A glance, a word and all their power Upon the soul may break. Thou art with us at the parting hour, And thou bid'st us with thy spell, And a marvel all thy own is linked With the solemn word "farewell!" And like the Pythia's voice of old, Dark oracles are thine, And prophecies of ill to come Meet in thy mournful chime. Who hath not felt a chilling power Creep o'er them, mid their mirth, Till joy seemed passing from their souls, The sunbeams from the earth? Who hath not seen the tempest rise Ere yet a sign was nigh, And marked the gathering storm-clouds hung Upon a sunny sky? Lone spirit of our darker hours, Is this thy might and skill? Thy shibboleth hath many a tone, And mystery darker still, A mournful shibboleth thou art, And yet a charm is thine, A power like that which binds the soul When grief and joy combine, We love the home that gladness brings, And pine to see them part; But, oh, there is a purer joy Found in thy mournful shade. There is one chord whose music seems To echo back our own, Oh, Melancholy, 'tis thine! Thine is the answering tone, Oft haunted by thy living voice, We court the twilight gloom, And leave, with joy, earth's sunny bowers, With all their sweet perfume; But, oh! when Fortune's favoring gale Has brought us to the goal, Where centre all our high-born thoughts, Why trembles then the soul? Is there not joy that we have gained The "meed of toiling years?" Then wherefore do our spirits drop—Where are these gushing tears? We think of all the long, long years Of burning hopes and care, Or the wasting of the weary heart From sorrow or despair. We think of all the bright flowers crushed, The weight of suffering borne, Till the glittering crown we sought to win Hath a spell to make us mourn. A mystery deep and strange is this Which checks the flow of mirth, And mid the depths of wild delight To plaintive sounds gives birth. We may not hush their tender lay, Breathed mournfully and low, Oh, Melancholy! 'tis thy power That bids their numbers flow. Thy voice is heard by the fair young bride, As she breathes the solemn vow, And a spell o'er her spirit chords is cast, And a shadow o'er her brow. She looks on the home of her sunny youth, Of the home that is hers no more, And a tear-drop falls from her pensive eye, As she goes from her father's door. Thy soft low tones, thy finger oft Within the poet's breast? His soul thy solemn music haunts, And will not let him rest. His purest thoughts, his brightest dreams Live ever in the mind; In vain he sweeps the trembling lyre—No outward form they find. He grasps the bauble, high renown, Then turns in grief away; A fearful gift is fane to him, Won by the heart's decay. Why is it thus? Oh, why should Faith E'er waver from her trust, And those who place their hopes on high Be humbled in the dust? Oh! why must sadness ever sweep With joy her trembling strings, And echo back in solemn strains The melody it brings? Is there no crime, no blessed fount, Far on some happier shore, Where Melancholy with her spell, May haunt our souls no more? There is, and there our souls shall thrill, With joyous melody, When she shall bid the spirit chords have power To rend this mystery!

Cosmos, Duke of Florence, said: "It is commanded that we should forgive our enemies; but nowhere are we recommended to forgive our friends."

Original Essays.

BASIS OF RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION.

To C. B. FOSTER, M. D.

Three articles of mine containing further exposition of my views in relation to Organization, have appeared in the *Banner* since your reply to me was written. I think they will have solved the doubt which seemed to exist in your mind at that time, as to whether I proposed a clinging to existing institutions, or a return to those of the past. I think you must be satisfied that I contemplate no cheat upon the individualizing tendencies of progressive thought, but that I am in all ways disposed to "encourage this tendency to develop a new order of things, and that Organization upon the Principles which I have promulgated, can have no other effect than to aid, stimulate and accelerate it."

Recognizing both the guiding or controlling principle, and the democratic or individually principle, both as inherent and inseparable principles in the constitution of the human mind, and of every organization; by defining each, and by confining them, respectively, to their own legitimate spheres, we secure the most entire, perfect, and harmonious development of each. As the substratum, the basis and the support of a true organization must be a truly constituted and contented Democracy, the Sovereignty of every Individual, solely limited at that point where encroachment upon the equal freedom of others would begin, is the foundation of all true authority or leadership. In all organization for practical action and efficiency, however, the Individuality which gives freedom, finds a new and apparently opposite application in the doctrine of Individuality of Lead. These two opposite principles, or opposite applications of the same principle, the Divergent Individuality of isolated or separate personal freedom, and the Convergent Individuality which centres upon a chief or head, and, as it were, voluntarily and yet intelligently or wisely gives itself away to enable him to execute some grand design by the aid of the associated individuals, and for the common good, find through science—the science of social adjustment or social organization—their entire and complete reconciliation or equilibrium. They are the centrifugal and centripetal forces which, harmoniously combined, neither produce a station, nor a jarring and conflicting result, but ultimate in rapid and graceful movement in the orbit of use."

By means of these principles thus harmonized, Organization becomes practicable and easy to be achieved: And as the institutions which at present minister so poorly to our needs are rapidly dissolving, it behooves us to initiate others, so that when the final crash shall come, humanity may not be left to perish in the cauldron of uncultured inclinations or of unenlightened impulses, but may have a frame work of institutions already erected upon which to clothe upon with human vitality. Society must have institutions of some kind, for its varied needs. When, then, the true and perfect principles of Organization are discovered, those which, fastening, protecting and enlarging the individual, furnish him with the means of his utmost development, it becomes the duty of those elevated enough to comprehend such principles, to endeavor to realize them in the practical sphere, and upon them rests in a great measure, the heavy responsibility of the world's regeneration.

It has been a cardinal belief with all nations and among all peoples, that in the distant future all the good were to be gathered together into a blessed and harmonized society, where there was to be no poverty, no misery, no unhappiness, no inharmoniousness, no death, but universal joy and gladness were to irradiate the whole love-united company. The intuitions of the race have always pointed to a state of life which we call Heaven, others Paradise, and others still, by other names; but the idea of the place, by whatever name called, has been uniformly the same—an abode of Bliss. Of the time when we should attain that abode, of the manner, and of the details in relation to it, opinions have been vague and conflicting, and, never in any instance, clearly defined to the intellect. The truth in relation to the future country has been *felt* out, rather than *thought* out; and consequently the relations of time, space, method, etc., which are discovered by intellectual processes, have been, to a large degree, neglected.

I profess my conviction that mankind is destined to a more magnificent and glorious career than the human intelligence has ever hitherto conceived. All the descriptions of all the heavens ever given, fall utterly short of the ideal future which I hold to be the legitimate destiny of the Human Race, and are insignificant as compared with it. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the splendid career which awaits the humanity of the future. The visions of the Seers, the valuations of the Prophets, the hopes of the Martyrs, are all to be realized, and this realization is to be added ten thousand fold more than their wildest enthusiasm contemplated. But what are we looking for, working for, and awaiting such a glorious consummation, I look for its coming in a way somewhat different from that which has been commonly anticipated. I look for the speedy coming of the millennial period upon earth, as a natural and necessary result of advancing civilization, the culminating ripeness of centuries, of progress in Science, Philosophy and Religion. I look for its advent by the same natural instrumentalities as have given us the Steam Engine and the Power-Loom. The introduction of a harmonious state of society upon earth, in which there shall be no more disease nor death, is an achievement within the power of man, here upon this earth, perfectly feasible, perfectly simple, with the means now at hand, coupled with the means about to be added. The heart of humanity yearns already for a purer and a better world, in which men shall live in love, and not in a cruel struggle for bread. The best of the race, the most highly developed natures, are sick of this lonesome world of dicker and trade. The aspiration of the world represented in these, its best types, stretches to a nobler method of life. The diviner aspirations of religion, steadily infusing themselves into the inner nature of civilized mankind, have prepared it for a life of unselfish devotion to the well-being of others, so soon as the means shall be made known. Science, culminating at this epoch, in the grandest achievement of the human intellect, now points out to us for the first time in the ages, the true Laws of Order and Harmony, as they exist in the universe, and upon which human institutions being erected, they shall evolve that same beauty and grandeur, which everywhere pervades the realms of Nature.

It needs only the application of these newly discovered laws to social constructions, by the good and wise of this age, to introduce upon earth the reign of human happiness. Introduce into trade the laws of equity and brotherly love, plant commerce upon a basis which shows to every man what is right, and secures to each individual the reward of his labor, let competition result in putting every person in exactly the place in the grand scale which he is best adapted to fill; in other words, make industry attractive, protect each one in the development of his own individuality, give the largest scope to religious aspiration, and you transform this world from a den of wild beasts, into a garden of lovers. Men cannot love each other as society is now constituted, because we are all engaged in a "struggle for life." If I grow rich, somebody else must grow poor; for I am drawing to my store the products of some individual's labor, giving for it no just equivalent, equally estimated. There is no possibility of a true "loving," of a harmonious organization upon the present wrong basis of commerce. There is wealth enough in the world to house all the people in palaces, if it were rightly employed. When science shall point out the way in which wealth can be used to benefit mankind permanently, and the method of acquiring and distributing wealth, the abolition of poverty becomes a simple problem, easy of solution.

Of disease and death the same may be affirmed. Humanity is destined to its utmost limit of endurance by the terrible conditions imposed upon it. Exhausting work, bad food, bad air, bad magnetism, inharmonious conditions, all tend to exhaust the vital fluids of the individual and of the community, and to insure a final decay and dissolution. Change all this, and you change the results, create a condition of health as powerful and infectious as the contagion of disease now is, and then health and life everlasting become the rule, and death the exception, just as now, disease and death are universal.

The spirit of prophecy has been among the people in these latter days, as it was in the olden time. Through various mediums, in different parts of the country, a Great Crisis has been announced as impending, and a great change has been predicted in the institutions of the world.

The Rev. R. C. Shimeall, a Presbyterian clergyman of this city, has recently completed a work, in which he affirms that the prophecies of the Scriptures all point to the year 1868 as the close of the present Christian dispensation, and to the year 1868 as the commencement of the Millennial period, referred to in Rev. xx: 1-6. The substance of this work is most of it leading ministers of his city. One of these has announced from his pulpit his belief in the correctness of Dr. Shimeall's statement, and the whole Orthodox theological world are said to be covertly imbued with the same belief.

A new scientific discovery just completed, shows that the present era is to the world's career what the period of embryonic life in the womb is to the man's, and that the world is about to be ushered into its true life of harmony and bliss. It also furnishes the laws necessary to secure this lasting and crowning good.

Thus from three entirely different standpoints comes confirmation of the passing away of the old earth and the creation of a new one. Christ was long predicted to the Jews, but when he came, fulfilling the prophecy in spirit, they did not recognize him because it did not comport with their letter. The resurrection of the dead, the passing away of the old heavens and the old earth, the creation of a new heaven and of a new earth, the millennium, the future of bliss, these have been predictions long believed in by the Christian world. They come upon us, fulfilling the spirit of the prophecy, but come so naturally, so conformably to regular laws, so homelike, that we do not know the babe in the manger, present with us, but are looking afar off, up in the blue void, for that which is even in our midst. The dead are striving by influence, by voices, by motions, by all means, to awaken us to the recognition of their presence, and to recall to our stricken senses the glorious long-forgotten resurrection. Not to that world must we look for superior wisdom in practical affairs. The work of reconstruction is ours, and they will aid, not direct us. They have to reclaim the position from which they have fallen, and are once again to come among us to take part in the glorious life of the future. Once more must they be clothed with the flesh and be sons of God, dwelling in his new temple, heirs of immortality. We must draw from them a portion of that spirituality in which they so much excel us. Thus shall we meet upon a common plane, new men and new women; in whom spirit and matter have harmonized; and thus shall we be able to advance the world to its high destiny, inspired by Religion and instructed by Science. It is organization upon such a basis and for such ends that I contemplate.

EDWARD B. FREELAND.

178 Fourth street, New York, May 1, 1862.

AN EMPHATIC PROTEST.

Friend WARREN CHASE must have been looking with his "blind side," if, as he says, he "could not perceive what Bro. D. J. Mandell intended to hit," with the article on Spiritual Renunciations; for very many have evidently "perceived" it to their advantage, and to all who see the importance of a true progress, it was very plain that I "intended to hit" those heathenical and materialistic vagaries among Spiritualists, which display themselves in a special devotion to the old-fashioned, orthodox Lucifer, in prayers to "the devil," for excellence, and to "death," to "restless spirits," and other offspring of ignorance, and which have and there very frequently appear in diverse and sundry kicks at the higher and truer aspirations of our nature, especially in a slant at PRAYER, *a la* WARREN CHASE.

It is no "bell-muzzled shot-gun" from which these "hits" are made, as Bro. Chase seems to suppose. It is a scientifically constructed "rifle" instrument, throwing shots in a continuous line of succession, and hitting a different "mark" every time. You may locate it in "mud," or water, at your pleasure; it will go off with equal facility, immersed or covered up with either; and although friend CHASE and others may consider it permanently located at "Athol Depot," its charge and priming are frequently put in from a distance as was the case with my last article, and likewise with this.

In reference to the fact alleged in my remark that "prayer is a *wing*, instead of a *crutch*," Bro. Chase seems to have an adequate conception of it, except as a dead "kitchen" article, to "brush away the dust," or for aerial "flights of faith and fancy," &c. And this shows how vastly a certain class of modern writers are behind the ancient teachers, who were accustomed to deride. An apostle says: "*Let every man among you afflicted, let him pray.*" Thousands on thousands have felt the real, resuscitative, triumphant strength which comes of prayer, and vitalizes the soul under affliction, and gives it force and triumph and light and endurance under a pressure of suffering and struggle, greater than what it is the common lot of man to endure. History is full of these examples, and yet Mr. Chase says he "does not see any use" for these sublime expressions of our nature, the which shows him, notwithstanding all the talk of "progress," to be not so *progressive* as those who, have really made no more claim to it as he. However much he may deride the idea of a "spirit with wings," it is nevertheless a fact that the brightest angels, in the body or out, are endowed and vivified with the soaring energy of prayer, even though this and other "wings," do not show themselves exactly in the style presented in the every-day pictures of the blessed messengers. And, in view of this glorious fact in the angelic nature, it certainly must be a very nice thing for a "progressive" layman, to deride himself of all these purer and higher sensibilities and aspirations of his soul, and lay them by as he would an old "crutch," or a "kitchen" article.

To be a "reasoner" is not enough. There are animal poles of a vigorous and robust constitution will never successfully dispense with, however much. It may be the time being deeper the loftier forces of the mind. For sympathy, in the plane of human existence, is above the religion of intellect, and the devotional faculties transcend and regulate even this. So that the most granitic physical system must, in time, give way, the soul feel the need of something more than simple self and reason, and stoicism, with all due humility, yield to the superior strength which is born of the more exalted attributes and their legitimate exorcise. However much a man may vaunt the native power of his own individualism, he, in reality, knows nothing of adding strength till he rises in the might of prayer, and those who *meek at prayer*, are quite as prone to be suspiciously weak in various directions as are those who make a pretense of *strength*.

To the evident self-gratulation with which friend Chase speaks of his "numerous calls," I have no objection; any more than I have to the "numerous calls" themselves. A man is welcome to do all the good he can. Yet, when it becomes a business, a popularity man (or woman) who strikes down the best qualifications of our nature to a mere *quantity*, I beg leave to enter my most hearty protest. And as to Bro. Chase's good wishes that I may myself be found in the "old" "permitted" to say that the "field" and I have never separated since I entered it in my boyhood. And, shall not, and where the public call to "call" me, I turn to, and "call" them.

In view of this very astounding fact, Bro. Chase ought not to be too sensitive about my "scratching."

"Scratching" is but a small affair, compared with other things that are needed in the "field." Considerable *hooping* and other *strong strokes* are very necessary in this early part of the season, to break the crust that gathers so thickly about the young shoots of humanity, especially in those neglected, case-hardened pot heads which seem, as yet, susceptible of not much more than a mere *scintal* of prayer.

And, also, let me say to friend Chase that his suggested "crown of thorns" is no part of my passion. And if it were, he is old enough to know that such a "crown" is but a people's insult to their best and wisest benefactors.

I have, however, accepted no such dignity, or indignity, though almost everybody I know has been apparently anxious to bestow it. It is, therefore, a crown, rather than a "crown" of thorns with which I have to deal; for mankind is yet composed of classes and sects—Spiritualists included; and I find that even among the most (so-called) liberal parties, a man is expected to lower and narrow himself down to the one-sided views of certain would-be popular leaders, some of whom are as base as they are pretentious and oily, or he will forthwith find a *hedge* set in array against him. Well, the hedge, "thorns" and all, will please give way; for against it, long ago, I have set a face of flint, and the Athol "Monitor" will still continue to crash through it mercilessly, wherever it may be found.

As to Mr. Chase's question, what I would do in case a woman married "A. Burn," I reply, that I should do precisely what ought to be done on the other side, in case it was a man who married the *hurry*, instead of the woman. I should advise the prickly party to get rid of the thorns which characterized his or her nature—to cleanse himself or herself from all loose, immoral or otherwise pernicious tendencies, and so preserve unity and peace. In case this was not done, I should expect nothing more than the mere *outside* of marriage between the parties; or there might be an *inside* hitch, but the true outgrowth or development would be vitally lacking. For, as I have before remarked, good principle is the only reliable and vital basis of union. You may talk about "affinity," &c., forever, but congeniality itself will be loose about the joints where good principle is wanting. And then would come what we see in thousands of instances—a crash and rupture in nuptial relations. Necessary and unavoidable it may be, where obligations which are mutual between both parties, are recklessly set aside by even one of them.

And here I wish to remark that I consider moral obligations to constitute an integral part of true freedom. Life is composed of "rights," which relate to others, as well as to self. The mutual principle, truly heeded between husband and wife, would prevent the great mass of these *mutual discords* and separations, of which we hear so much. Many women, as well as men, are strongly disposed to make "freedom" consist in a yielding weakness—in slipshod indiscretions or perverse inclinations. To me, neither woman nor man is, thus, "free;" and thus it is that I, once and for all, answer any question like that of friend Chase, concerning the right of woman, or anybody else, to his or her "freedom." Human rights I go for to the fullest extent; deliverance from "bonds" is the great point of my life-action, in all directions; but *sempiternum*, which sets up its intrigues and eloquence against the matrimonial peace of families, &c., and calls it "freedom," will find no other aid from me than that of a "fugitive" law to redeem its victims and clip its claws. And no person need try to slur over this matter by any contemptuous sneer about "fugitive slave law" for woman; for even a "slave" or a "victim" may be reclaimed from the usurpation of "kidnappers." And I seriously consider that we have too many now-a-days who both advocate and practice "freedom," with no reference to its true merits in connection with moral obligation. This has been the great source of the slavery and wretchedness of which woman begins so justly to complain. The mere "woman's man" has ever been the source of grievous injury to woman; and I am suspicious that some such who are in the field now, are not so disinterested as they might be on the question of "woman's rights." A vaunting cry for "woman" is no index of superior interest or insight in her behalf. Her rights have a proper relation to the rights of others—all. Even woman herself does not treat of her own rights with a due regard to the actual *breadth* which attaches to the subject. This is apparent in the late hearty and praiseworthy movement for "outcast females," as in other particulars; and the world must therefore excuse me, if, as a friend of woman I speak, not as a "woman's man," merely, but with a needful respect to others, and to her relations to others, whom she is apt to insult, unperceived and unnecessary injury, when thinking of herself alone. I go for the right, rightly balanced with reference to all human interests and relations.

D. J. MANDELL.

Athol Depot, Mass., May 30, 1862.

New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association.

The undersigned Corporators and Officers, for themselves and for an Association of others who they represent, propose to emigrate to Central America, and found a practical Working Colony in the State of Nicaragua. They have been offered large grants of land in more than one of the Central American States, on terms but a little above the cost of record and survey, and on the sole other condition of immediate colonization and rapid settlement of the country.

This Association believes the time has come to develop and use the boundless resources of the Tropics. A world of wealth is there lying idle, with almost no obstacle to its possession; while thousands in the rigorous climates are struggling in an over-crowded population, and living a starved life in poverty. It cannot be that the great central belt of the earth is to remain forever a prodigal waste of fertility, an exhausted, but fertile treasury of gold, silver and precious stones. It cannot be that the men of ideas and enterprise are, by some inscrutable fate, to be forever shut out from those prolific regions; they will soon discover, and this Association believes it has discovered, the way to possess and utilize them. On closer investigation, the popular fears, as to those countries are seen to be prejudices—they have no foundation in fact. The asserted sickness of the climate turns out to be only the fever of untaught brutes; the earthquakes are "quakers," and the reptiles, tigers and bears are only bugsbears.

Most of the unoccupied territory of Central America is elevated table land, or beautiful valleys among the mountains, over which the pure upper air sweeps sweet and healthful from both oceans. On the coasts, especially on the Atlantic slope, and along some of the lower rivers, the heat is oppressive, and the climate malarious and unhealthy. This, unfortunately, has given character to the whole country; while the facts are that the elevated interior is as healthy and the temperature as delightful as that of any country in the world. The average range of the thermometer in Guatemala is 67 to 68, very seldom going below 60, or above 86; and the range on the high lands of the other Central American States is very nearly the same; so that the purity of the mountain air and the evenness of the temperature must make it healthy. Indeed, one of the undersigned, the settlers on Nicaragua for his health. Besides, the settlers can choose any variety of climate that suits them, cool or warm, according to altitude; or can have their plantations in the warm valleys, and their homes on the cool mountain slopes.

The soil of Central America yields abundantly, with little labor, and without fertilization. These valleys that it has taken ages to fill with rich vegetable, mineral and chemical deposit, it will take ages to exhaust. The land is easily cleared, and kept free from weeds. The staple products are, sweet potatoes, indigo and other dyes; and the most delicious fruits, in great variety—such as the plantain, banana, mango, orange, lemon, pineapple, &c., and other delicious fruits native to the tropics.

taste. Apples, peaches, and our northern berries, grow there, if cultivated. Cotton and sugar-cane grow there, so that one can be perpetually gathering the crop. Two and even three crops of corn can be raised in a year.

Coffee is one of the most certain, pleasant and profitable crops to cultivate. A coffee plantation of no more than two acres would be a fortune to its owner. Trees, eight feet apart, or six hundred and eighty to the acre, yield three pounds to the tree the third year from planting, increasing from thirty to fifty pounds in fifteen years, and continue in bearing at least thirty years. The market price of coffee in the country, or at the seaports, is from twenty to fifteen cents per pound.

Vast herds of cattle roam the mountains, all branded and owned by wealthy Spanish proprietors. The woods are filled with game; deer range the forests; the groves are vocal with myriads of birds; domestic fowls of the most delicate flesh and most beautiful plumage abound. The streams and lakes, of the purest water, are filled with fish, and the ocean bays abound with oysters. In short, in Central America the climate is so tempered that no one can freeze, and Nature is so provident that no one can starve.

Two seasons make up the year in that country—six months rain and six months clear and dry. But the phrase, "rainy season," conveys but a partial idea of the facts. The rain falls only in the night. The rising sun dispels every cloud, so that in Central America one bright and beautiful day succeeds another, forever. The rainy season is the summer, and continues from May to November; but January is almost as warm as June; and where water and irrigation can be had, cultivation can go on all the year round.

The natives of Central America, generally, are a simple, amiable, hospitable people. They are not of a high, social or intellectual plane, and are not so ready for the active man accustomed to the books, papers, stirring enterprises, and best society of the North. They are universally anxious that "Americans" should come in and settle and develop their country; and, wherever well treated, they will render every facility for establishing colonies, even to giving up their own houses, to some extent, to shelter the first comers. They labor faithfully, especially at agricultural work, for thirty to forty cents per day.

The religion of the country is mostly Catholic, but of a mild type—not arrogant, intolerant, nor exacting. The people have a mortal fear and hatred of slavery, and would all the more kindly welcome a colony of peaceable, working emigrants from the North, whom they could know to be opposed to the policy and projects of the late filibuster, Walker.

All the States of Central America are separate and independent Republics. Suffrage is even more universal than in our own country, as there is no proscription of color. Emigrants can obtain the right of voting within one year.

One of the undersigned, Dr. E. S. Tyler, has travelled over a large part of Central America. He mingled freely and familiarly with the native people, and for more than two years had unusual opportunities of studying their character and learning their desires with reference to their country. He enjoyed their confidence fully, and is highly esteemed by them. He cultivated their soil, inspected their mines, explored their rivers, mountains, valleys and plains; learned the policy of their governments, saw the workings of their institutions, and in every way experienced life there for a sufficient time to form a desirable. His purpose is very soon to return there, with a small pioneer party to secure the grants of land that have been offered to this Association, and prepare the way for a larger emigration in November next. One or more of this preliminary party will return early in September, and make a full and faithful report of the progress of the enterprise.

Nicaragua, near or about the head of Nicaragua Lake, is chosen as the most advantageous site for the first colony. This region is as varied in scenery, fertile of soil, rich in minerals, and healthy of climate, as any in Central America, and more accessible than any other portion of the elevated interior. Nicaragua Lake is to be the great future highway of travel from the Atlantic States to California. It is reached by steamer or sailing vessel to Graytown; then by boats or vessels of light draught up the San Juan and into the Lake. This route can be rendered navigable by steamers to within thirteen miles of the Pacific Ocean; and the long projected "Inter-Oceanic Canal" will some day be commenced and carried through; thus connecting the two oceans by water. Estates located on or near this route, will, in a few years be real estates, and yield fortunes to their owners from the mere rise in the value of property.

It is believed that parties of one hundred or more emigrants, going in one vessel, can be transported to the land selected for the Colony for less than the cost of emigrating from the Atlantic States to the Western Territories, or from \$15 to \$20, and perhaps even for less. At all events, this Association agree to buy or charter safe and comfortable vessels, and carry out emigrants at the bare cost of transportation and freight.

For the purpose of organizing this emigration, establishing manufactures, opening up the mines, and developing the agriculture of the region selected, this Association has been formed, and a charter under the laws of the State of New York has been taken out, with a capital of \$50,000, divided into 2,000 shares of \$25 each. Each share will be entitled to a grant of 25 acres of land, which the shareholder may own in his own exclusive right; and, besides that, he will be entitled to his pro rata interest in the enterprise and profits of the corporation. The balance of the territory granted to this Association, after setting off 25 acres for every share to each and every shareholder, will be held and owned by the Association, and by them will be laid out into plantations, worked, mined, developed and improved, with a view to the largest profit that can be obtained either by the sale of products or some portions of the land itself. The Association will take out the most improved machinery for manufacturing purposes. Each shareholder will be required to pay \$5 on each share subscribed for, at the time subscribing—the balance will not be required till 600 shares have been subscribed for and the first instalment of \$5 paid. After that, the balance may be called in by instalments of \$5 on each share, on thirty days notice by the Secretary.

It is proposed to settle in beautiful, compact, regularly laid-out villages, with the farms and larger gardens on the lands lying next adjacent. The Association is organized with the desire and motive of dealing justly with every emigrant, of helping him to do by organization what he cannot do alone of placing him in a beautiful home, and in addition to the advantages of a residence in the tropics, surrounding him as soon as possible with all those means of improvement, education for his children; and the refinements of life that are enjoyed by the most fortunate classes in this country. We believe that wealth can be created so rapidly that within two or three years colonists, if they wish to do so, will be entirely able to migrate back and forth semi-annually, spending their summers in the North and their winters in the South.

Such, in brief, is a sketch outline of the general character of the soil, productions, and institutions of the country to which it is proposed to emigrate, and of the practical plans of the Association. For further and fuller descriptions of the country and its people, and in corroboration of what is here stated, the reader is referred to two works on Nicaragua—one by E. G. Squier, the other by Mr. Stuart, both United States officers in that country, and under administration; also to Col. Thomas E. Mearns's Lectures on Central America; the article, "Nicaragua," in the new American Encyclopedia; and some letters from our present minister in Nicaragua, the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, in this number of the "Country Gentleman." A first class Agricultural Journal, published at Albany, N. Y.,

We ask your careful consideration of this subject, and if it should meet your approbation, that you would join us in the movement in July next.

another "Circular" will be published, reporting the progress made. All persons who wish to receive that Circular will send name and address.

For further information, address the Secretary at the Office of the Association, No. 614 Broadway, New York, May, 1862.

Directors.
JOHN T. HUNN, BARN. E. PARKHURST, J. P. SNOW, B. K. PATNE, E. B. TYLER, President, 238 Greene St., S. T. THOMPSON Treasurer, 238 Greene St., T. C. LAND, Secretary, 614 Broadway, New York.
New York, May, 1862.
[COPIED.]

Office of the Secretary of State of New York.
I hereby certify that the Articles of Association of the New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association were filed in this Office, on the 9th day of April, 1862, at 1 o'clock, P. M., of that day.

HORATIO HALLAND, Secretary of State.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MYRA.

BY MRS. ELLEN CARSON CLARK.

I knew that she was dead! that where
The Ammonites took its sweet, wild way
Down through the sunny valley, there she lay—
And on her new-made grave, the mourning wind,
Filled with the voice of solemn Pines, had sung,
In shivery fragrance, the pale, sweet blooms of May.

The terraced meadows and the drooping elms,
The sunny pastures with violets all aglow,
The blue and distant hills with peaks of snow:
I see on Memory's page your beauties shine,
In the softening halo of the years when ye were mine—
Fair scenes, rebellowed by her grave ere now.

I said that she was dead, for thus
We named it, when the form is laid away,
And sad eyes look their last upon the silent clay,
And yet through all the mist of absence and sad years,
Her freed soul comes, and striving with my useless fears,
Essays to paint the glories of her spirit home to me.

And when the memories of our care-free girlhood come,
With all the lost wealth of their gushing love and truth,
And thrills with pain each pulse within my being wave;
I feel the wreathing of pale, shadowy arms,
The soothing sound of low and distant psalms,
And in my being start the well-spring of immortal youth.

Green, Iowa, 1862.

Spiritualism in Philadelphia.

FRIENDS AND READERS OF THE BANNER—Spring, with its spiritual awakening of thought and feeling, as well as fragrant outer expression, is rapidly passing into Summer, for already the barbing of sweet June delight the eye; the blushing roses blossom into life and beauty; the skies grow deeper, and the delicate green of the foliage assumes a warmer shade. Even here, in the dusty, busy, turbulent, excited city, gleams of Spring loveliness make golden time-marks of the long, toilsome days, and the song of birds penetrates the dusky chambers, conjuring up such glorious visions of rural life and ocean gladness! Oh, denizens of the blessed country, how richly endowed ye are with Nature's soul-wealth of bloom, light, music, joy and fragrance. There is no enjoyment on this earth like unto that of country life.

The cause of all truth is progressing, slowly, perhaps, in this proverbially slow region, but sure. There is not that ridicule expressed against Spiritualism that was so much in vogue some years ago. This desecrating war, brought about by Southern love of power and Northern compromise with our great national sin, while it has cast the shadow of desolation over many a household, has awakened the spiritual desire of many a mourning heart; and the bereaved, unable to find the response to their soul's need in the cold, stereotyped consolations of the clergy, now turn to the evidences of Spiritualism, and many are thus comforted.

Our friend, Prof. W. P. Anderson, is still successfully taking spirit-portraits. Last Sunday evening, the exquisite portraits were exhibited at Sanson street Hall, of a child in the earth and spirit form, which was duly recognized by the mother. The earth form is very lively; but the spirit child cannot be described by mere words. It is an aerial, full length floating figure, a nude form, in which the mother, in my presence, recognized the delicate and fine proportions of her much loved boy. He bears aloft a basket of flowers, so natural, so profusely intermingled, so artistically and poetically beautiful, that this feature alone would stamp the spiritual character of the work. This unequalled drawing was done in three hours and twenty minutes. The face of the immortal child is serene and heavenly, and of itself refutes all vague and wild non-immortality theories. The Professor will visit Boston in a short time.

Mrs. A. Danforth, a well-known medium of your city, is at present located at No. 608 Arch street, where, assisted by her mother, Mrs. Waterman, she will attend to sittings from communications from spirit friends, and give prescriptions for the sick.

Mrs. Augusta Currier gave her closing lecture on last Sunday evening. Her discourse on the "Social Life of Spirits" was one of the very best ever delivered before a Philadelphia audience. Full of an elevated spirituality, clear, concise, forcible and glowingly eloquent, it instructed in the most sacred departments of the coming life, clearing the question of "conjugal affinities" of all the rubbish, prejudices and Mormon views so falsely applied to it. The lecturer said, and truly every manly and womanly heart in the assembly must have responded to it from their inmost soul, that love, like life, is eternal and imperishable; exclusive, divine and faithful for all time to come; one man for one woman to all eternity. No free love changes, and equal conjugal relations between the many, were advocated by this brave and true woman, whose inspirational utterances and sympathetic voice brought joy and consolation to many a yearning, sorrowing and doubting soul that night. She denied that the highest use of marriage was the perpetuation of the race; she denied the sexual connection between mated spirits in the pure love realms of the hereafter, which is advocated by some to whom physical gratification is the ultimate of love, and who would transfer what they revel in here to the worlds of immortal life. Our inspired speaker said that the moral attributes of sex were retained in the spirit-world, and that love had for its highest aim the harmonization of the spirit in wisdom, affection and purity.

I bid you farewell for a while, friends, and am,
Yours for Truth, CORA WILSON.

Philadelphia, May 27, 1862.

CUTS OLD LADY.—The Rev. Mr. French, who has lately been engaged in a missionary work among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, relates the following:

On passing an old woman returning from camp, with a large bag of clothes on her head, and her arms heavily laden with wood, we said:

"Hard times for poor colored folks, when kind masters have run away from them."

"Her face lighting up, she replied:

"Oh no, indeed; these be good times, bress de Lord, we prayin' for such time many years."

"You cannot support yourself, can you?"

"Oh yes, if we can support ourselves, and our masters too, I guess we could; support ourselves if we had a chance."

In Venango county, Penn., is a queer fellow, by the name of Tom Barton, who drinks and swears, and stutters and drinks. He has a brother Jim, who is glib of tongue, and was a great liar—he hope he has reformed, for he professed to become a good man, and was baptized in the river. It was a bitter cold day in winter, and the ice had to be cut in the place for the promenade. Tom was in attendance, and close by Jim came up out of the water, Tom said to him: "Jim, is it cold, Jim?" "No," replied Jim, "not at all." "Did I hit you again?" Jim ministered, "no, Tom," "He hit me yet!"

THE DUALITY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

A Lecture by Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, at Rodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 25, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Our subject, on this occasion, is the Duality of the Human Mind, or, its apparent and real motives. Men are not what they seem to be. The human countenance and form are like a mask, sometimes beautiful, and sometimes repulsive, which hides the real features of the soul and makes the world a huge masquerade of character and motives. We venture to affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that the human mind has a two-fold nature; in other words, we intend to show that all human beings, the highest as well as the lowest, the most honest, as well as the most infamous, carry beneath the surface of their disposition something different from their outward manifestations, and every life has a two-fold purpose, one concealed, and one apparent; one real, the other only the disguise. This may seem a startling assertion, and difficult to prove; but we shall endeavor to show its correctness by reference to general history as well as to your personal consciousness and observation.

We see everywhere in Nature, a concealed inner realm of forces, differing widely from the aspect of external life. For example, deep below the superficial strata of the earth's crust, there are imprisoned poisonous and destructive products, which moan, and bubble, and toss, in hidden waves of restlessness, and only express themselves as they find vent in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, while the uniform surface above is broken only by the gentle undulations of the verdant plain, or the placid ripple of the lake or sea; and all things seem moving on with regularity and perfection. Look at the forest tree, spreading its branches in the air and rearing aloft its massive trunk. You do not see the sources of its life, as they ascend from the root through all its arteries; you cannot see its leaves silently absorbing light and moisture from the atmosphere; you only observe a form which represents to you the result of processes you do not understand. The ocean seems as calm in its crystal depths as the heavens it reflects; you cannot perceive the long-pent store of volcanic fury which may yet upheave it from boiling billows or open a chasm to swallow it from your sight. All these instances may serve to illustrate what we are about to speak of in connection with the human mind. As all things in Nature exist refined and concentrated in that mind, so does it exhibit most fully and completely this two-fold character. It is the nature of the every mind, subject to modifications by circumstances and education, to pursue some purpose, in accordance with its special characteristics, and which is revealed, more or less openly, as the promptings of impulse, or of policy, may chance to prevail. This is why we observe in humanity such a great variety of traits, not because our natures are inherently or radically different, but because, owing to varying circumstances of birth in fortune, men start in life with different objects in view, all, however, aiming at one common mark—the attainment of happiness.

There has never been an artist, a poet, a philosopher, or a statesman, who has not planned and pursued his career with a single eye to his own selfish advantage. Each has sought for greatness and glory with no other aim, and when you hear men talk of unselfish motives, of sacrificing themselves, you may know that such things cannot be, because such is not the nature of humanity. If a man offers up his life in a cherished cause, it is because he thinks he will be more respected in death under such circumstances, than in life. This rule, modified by circumstances, applies to all minds. Let us illustrate: We notice, in reviewing the history of the past, that some men, few in comparison with the great mass, have succeeded in opening for themselves, or have been placed by circumstances in a prominent career—have either "achieved greatness, or had it thrust upon them," and they have always availed themselves of their position to carry out some scheme of personal aggrandizement. Look, for instance, at military heroes. It is very well known that war is one of the most powerful agencies in promoting national improvement, yet it is quite as indisputable that they who create wars and fight battles, do so, not for the sake of humanity, but for the advantage of their estates; their kingdoms, or what they call their country, usually only a collective term which expresses their individual interests. Even those who have aimed to unite the statesman with the warrior, have entertained views of precisely a similar character. Caesar and Alexander are prominent instances in point. While the Macedonian conqueror declared it as his beneficent object to spread over the Eastern world Grecian civilization, his real motive was his own aggrandizement, and the gathering round himself of such a galaxy of kingdoms as the world had never yet seen united under one sceptre. Caesar ruthlessly crushed the remaining liberties of his country, in his advance to imperial dominion.

The great Napoleon offers, perhaps, a more striking example than either of purely selfish ambition, to which he made even his immediate family entirely subservient. The present Emperor of France fought for Italy, that he might place a king upon her throne. England has been fighting to extend Christianity and civilization, as she has pretended, ever since she became a power among nations, and yet you know she has really sought to secure her own supremacy, on sea and land, with no very scrupulous regard for means—as witness the conquest of India and the invasions of China. We next come to another grade of distinction—to those statesmen and civil rulers who, not being competent to plan and direct military movements, employ generals to fight for them, and foment dissensions, or refuse to allow them in order that they may reap the benefit from the resulting conflicts. This class claim to belong strictly to the mental plane of greatness, yet, with few exceptions, such as only serve to prove the rule, they have been incited to their most important efforts by hidden that their own greatness was indissolubly connected with the greatness of their country, and their own interests would be advanced in proportion as the law of that country's civilization was imposed on other nations. With statesmen, as with warriors, violence and dishonesty too often assume the name of patriotism. The latter, holding the same relation to the masses of their countrymen respectively, as the motive power to the machinery in manufactures, fabricate in secrecy all the causes of discord and of strife—they compose dissension only when it seems their interest to do so, and if their efforts should end in the general ruin, still they usually contrive to save their private fortunes from the wreck. Historians, dazzled by the blaze of recent renown, or warped by prejudice, transmit to future generations statements and narratives which have either no foundations in reality, or are ingenious perversions of the truth. Hence, all history is but a fable, from which you may infer that something, you know not what, has taken place; it is a romance composed either for the age in which the writer lived, or for a subsequent generation. The historian is always on the strongest side; ancient accounts vary essentially according to the party in whose interest they were written, and are often so contradictory that the student finds it difficult to come to any positive conclusion. In modern history, the partial coloring is more directly obvious, and the selfish aim of the writer more apparent. In the histories of Napoleon's career, his enemies seek to detract from his glory, while his idolaters invest his character with all the hues of imaginary excellence. The student must learn to strike a balance between the two.

Among the intellectual masters of mankind, poets and philosophers hold a higher place, because, in their vocation, there appears to be less of selfishness than in any other; and yet, in their case, also, the power behind the throne—the potent mind-spring of effort, is precisely the same. For what does the philosopher depict himself in years of solitary toil, in the solution of some reluctant problem, unless for

the guerdon of present or posthumous fame? The mind, no doubt, desires knowledge, but it desires it for its own purposes—if not for the sake of sordid wealth, for the attainment of power of some kind. The pride natural to every man exalts in the thought that his name will be mentioned honorably after death, and so great is this love of glory that some have been driven to deeds of almost incredible desperation, rather than not be remembered at all. The records of your present civil strife contain many instances of this sort, in which men, unable to attain an honorable eminence, have rushed into the opposite extreme, and secured a dreadful notoriety, in common with tyrants and conquerors—the despoilers and slaughterers of their kind.

Poets and sages hold places more sacred in the memories of mankind than do either civil or military heroes, much less the princes of commerce, whose pursuits are deemed the most ignoble, because their real motives are the most openly avowed; but all these classes have the same error in view. Think you that the poet would ever have taken the pains to frame his glowing thoughts in melodious numbers if he had supposed they would be consigned to oblivion with the passing generation? Would Shakespeare, serene and gentle spirit though he seems to us, have labored at his wondrous creations, had he not expected they would survive the fleeting hours for whose entertainment they were first designed? Poets are men; they only veil their human selfishness behind a cloud of glory which common vision cannot penetrate. And do you not know that those who now wear in your sight the garments of immortal renown, have not often been among the noblest and most exemplary in their private relations? Their personal and moral characters have differed as widely from their intellectual as the soaring eagle from the creeping snake, and contain the same hidden springs of vice as those of commerce and of military glory. But the gaze of the latter is less readily attracted by what most resembles itself, and hence surveys with indistinct admiration what, if revealed in all its true lineaments, it would turn from in disgust.

We believe that if you could step back into the far-off past and survey the venerated forms of the philosophers of old—as they appeared to the observation of contemporaries—many of the personal traits of the sovereigns who "rule your spirits from their urns," would incline you to emotions very different from those with which you now regard them. It is Nature's law of compensation that special excellence in one direction must be balanced by corresponding imperfection in another. Byron wrote as perhaps no one ever wrote in his line, and yet you know what Byron was; and all the stars in the constellation of genius which sheds such a light in history, have manifested weaknesses and frailties as striking as their mental superiority.

The masters of science, the prodigies of speculative and inventive talent, who soar aloft and measure the distances from world to world, have not surpassed the ordinary standard of religious and moral attainment—may, they have fallen even below it—for the mathematical mind is proverbially barren in this respect. They cannot be supposed to have labored for the mere sake of assisting humanity. Even Newton does not appear to have been mainly actuated by philanthropic motives. The highest regions of speculation were his congenial realm, and when he had followed out his favorite trains of thought to successful issues, he was almost indifferent as to giving them publicity, and complained bitterly of the ensuing controversies which disturbed his contemplative repose. His discoveries ceased when he had gained for himself that provision which the world has too often denied to its foremost benefactors, whose labors have bestowed wealth and fame on multitudes. Gratitude, indeed, does not seem to belong to humanity at large.

Morality and religion are universally recognized as connected with the most important interests of mankind, and as essential to true happiness, and yet, in this respect, the human character presents the greatest possible inconsistency. Let us take, for instance, that virtue which should be spontaneous in every human heart—philanthropy, or charity. So rare is this quality, that when any one constantly and successfully wears the mask of philanthropy, he is lauded as one of the greatest of his species, as though he were more than an example, in profession, of what all should be in reality. But there never was a professed philanthropist who had not in view some object of personal advantage or emolument.

You remember that from childhood up, you have been taught in the nursery, the school, and the academy, that the highest of characters is that of the disinterested lover of his kind, and it is strange that though not natural to human beings, many should adopt it as a means of gaining reputation and profit? Philanthropic pretension is, in truth, the most secure and effectual disguise ambition can put on, because so utterly opposed to what the mind has in view. The merchant, who toils and plots from day to day to cheat his neighbors, has, at last, the honesty to avow his object, but the philanthropist, who wears the garb of charity, and never seems to receive anything, though we know he must derive the means of support from some source, is never suspected of selfish motives. Yet, were philanthropy despised and condemned, instead of being admired and applauded, we certainly should not find it so often and so loudly proclaimed—few would venture to be charitable in the face of public opinion—to incur the scorn of society by stepping aside from the beaten path of benevolence. But now, you have but to announce yourself the friend of all humanity, and though your ill-considered enthusiasm may produce the ruin of thousands, or uproot the institutions of your country, still you wear the cloak of philanthropy, and are safe. You know, that in every civilized community, there is a class of such fanatics, ever eager to pour ice cold waters upon the wound of the body-politic, and tear them out, together with its very vitals, rather than await the healing processes of Nature. Ever discounting on the woes and necessities of their proteges at the Tropics or the Antipodes, when appealed to by the child of want at their own doors, their ready answer is, "It is not in our line."

Commend us to the professed thief or gambler, rather than the sanctified robber who flotes by false pretences their hard earnings from the widow and the orphan, and when forced to drop the mask, steals off to enjoy his plunder in a safe retreat. Nay, the highwayman, who openly assails the wealthy traveler, may have more real charity of heart, than he who never gives without the expectation of return.

And in general, we are sorry to say that this is very much the same in the religious world. You know what churches are composed of, and what are the real objects of ecclesiastical organizations, especially when made the instruments of their political allies. You know that in the recesses of the sanctuary, enormities have been perpetrated at which savages would revolt, and which, when at length disclosed, whole communities have risen in fury to punish and suppress. You know that to this day, though morality and religion are universally respected, too many assume their outward sign, and seek for the sake of the worldly advantages which such popular conformity confers. You hire a pew in which to slumber through your weekly devotions; you contribute your share to missions and charities, because you must be respectable, and obtain for your children the advantages of good society; and for these objects, you think it no harm to wear the mask of religious hypocrisy. It is in more sense than one that charity may be said to cover the multitude of sins.

We have hitherto presented the darker side of human nature in this regard. There is another class (alas, that it should be so small!) to which belong only a few of the highest order, of humanity. All of them, perhaps, are not blazoned on the page of history—civil or religious—not are their metaphors bright and shining lights, beacons marking the heavenlyward path to all generations. For most among these stands one of your own countrymen—his name bears the burden of unappreciated toils with equal dignity and meekness, and put away a proffered crown, that he might gain, instead, the

higher title of Father of a grateful nation. In this instance, had selfishness of nature existed, it would have been developed in such a situation as that which Washington occupied; and it may be safely said that history records no similar sacrifice of the ruling motive in the race at large. Farther back in history, other examples might be recalled in this connection; but we forbear to do so, lest a too near approach might disclose unsuspected defects in the lustre of their fame.

In private life, we know some philanthropists who do not wear the outward semblance of meekness and benignity, but who may be reproached for a harshness of manner and language, which would shock the sensitive. If a poor man implores their aid, it is rendered rather as if they were ashamed of being seen yielding to a weakness than as if performing a meritorious deed. Now we confess we prefer this rough mask to the sleek and shining visage of fashionable virtue, which is ready with nothing more substantial than a smile, a tear, or an expression of compassion, for the misery it meets. The former sort wear their better natures inside—they do not expose their acts of goodness any more than their domestic endearments, to the public gaze, and the full extent of their benevolence is only known to those who profit by it. They are often found among the humblest classes of society, and their goodness is not a veil to hide the baser nature, but a strong armor round their hearts. Though they may lack superficial refinements, and those lighter graces which adorn the polished Christian, still theirs is a sterling and substantial philanthropy, such as becomes those who have been aptly called the bone and sinew of the state.

We would rather hear a man openly and carelessly blaspheme, than listen to the voracious utterances of the saintly defrauder of the poor. There is more hope of reformation for him who has the courage and honesty openly to avow his faults, than for the man who has practised deception so long that he has ended by taking in himself.

Then there are those, neither very good nor very bad—who are not remarkable in either direction—and may be called moral nonentities, without earnest aim or purpose, and governed only by a regard for appearances. These will find chiefly to the business classes, and you will find, on intimate knowledge, that they assume this garb of respectable mediocrity, to conceal either hidden depths of villainy, or an unsuspected well-spring of inward goodness. Be watchful of them, especially, for, while you can easily detect the falsehood lurking behind exaggerated pretension, and cannot be deceived by open depravity, it is hardly possible, in the common intercourse of the world, to penetrate a disguise which simply confounds its wearer with the mass of every day humanity.

With reference to the professions; the so-called liberal professions are commonly regarded as more elegant and honorable than other employments, because, among their members, the sordid motive of gain is not so openly avowed as by the tradesman, or mechanic. They claim to labor in the cause of science and humanity, and the honorary reward which is presumed to come from the good will of their beneficiaries is a consideration which their elevated philanthropy would find entirely overlook. Thus the doctor vaunts his labors in behalf of suffering humanity, the divine places his sacrifices on higher grounds of self-renunciation; and even the hawk-eyed man of law, in some countries, still keeps up the ancient fashion, which represents his pecuniary profits as arising entirely from the voluntary offerings of his clients' gratitude. These superior claims on the respect and consideration of the vulgar are so generally recognized, that they serve, moreover, the useful purpose of palliating failure, and providing a shelter for incompetency, on the part of these ill-repaid and hard working servants of society. So be it! Doctors and ministers, perchance, have nearly finished their work.

Lawyers labor under great disadvantage. They are obliged to seem honest when they know they are not so, and not being invested in a garb of conventional sanctity, are helplessly exposed to the reprobation of their accusers. Yet in respect to morality, we cannot see where is the essential difference between one of these callings and another, except that a dishonest lawyer is dishonest only to his clients, while an unprincipled physician, or a godless minister, is false both to society and himself.

The merchant may complain of a like hardship with the lawyer. His avowed and only object is to make money—honestly if he can—but at all events to make money. But, while commerce, therefore, is not ranked among the more ennobling pursuits, it is one which is absolutely essential to human happiness and progression. It numbers among its most successful followers men of the highest character for probity and benevolence, and the maxim, that honesty is the best policy, is, perhaps, more generally acted on among merchants than in the learned professions themselves.

Applying now these general remarks to individual cases, we observe, such persons here is someone that he or she is leading two lives—one, that which others see; the other, that which is carefully hidden from the inspection of the world. We need not enlarge on this topic, nor on the contrasts between inward character and its outer manifestations, which are universally observed in both sexes, and in every sphere of life. True, the genuine features of the soul are sometimes permitted to shine through the closest and most carefully worn mask of outward seeming, but, in general, the real and the false are none the less distinct and distinguishable. These wretched smiles and courtly salutations, this graceful interchange of wit and fancy in polite assemblies, all the devices by which fashion seeks to entice the hours into her fantastic train—these are but as a green and flower-embroidered surface, beneath which the secret stream of existence is rushing on in ceaseless flow toward the gulf of satiety and despair, or the summer ocean of repose and joy.

Our practical advice would be, rather to expose more prominently the worse side of your character, than be solicitous to keep it constantly out of view except where you can display it with impunity. Better that, when your example and reputation alone are left, then, your survivors should discover that you possessed a large and unsuspected stock of virtues, to set off against superficial follies, than find you to have been a bankrupt, trading on false pretences, and showing your whole stock in your front windows. Habitual dissimulation and pharisaical assumption are not only injurious in their effects upon your fellow-beings, but their reflected influence has the tendency to confirm you in the most grievous state of spiritual blindness and self-deception, when you come at last to echo to yourself the applause which waits on your successful hypocrisy.

If the pictures we have presented are overcharged in coloring, the error has not been intentional. We have shown them to you, that you might become better acquainted with a most important, yet little regarded, aspect of human nature; might guard more effectually against insidious dangers, and might learn to cultivate earnestly the more robust and nobler virtues.

Follow the precept of the Apostle, but conform to his example—"be all things unto all men"—not for your own sakes, but for theirs. Thus may you gain not the blood-watered laurels of the warrior, nor the golden harvest of wealth and distinction, but that "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," which shall endure when the trophies of earthly glory have crumbled into dust.

Sunday Fighting.
"They say" that no battle fought on Sunday ever brought success to the assailants. This has been supposed to furnish a signal opportunity for the Almighty to vindicate his authority. But facts are stubborn things. "The battles of Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec, in 1847, and Monmouth in 1776, were fought on Sunday, and the assailants were successful." The British General Bannockburn was taken by the Decatur on Sunday, 1813. Fort Erie was assaulted and taken on Sunday, July 8, 1814. Similar facts might be given to prove that there is no special Providence ruling such events.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1862.
OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.
Book No. 3, 17 FRANKLIN ST.
WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.
FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Smoked Out.

The Age is revolutionary and new. In the New, all things ever dreamed of in the Old, become at once possible. Not a thought that drifted idly and without purpose through the brain then, but may take shape and consistency now. Not a vague and unexpressed conception that slept among the folds of the old time, but may find for form work and example in the new time of the present Age.

Let us see what revolution is doing for us all. A dozen years ago those who were then esteemed leaders of public sentiment and makers of public opinion, affected to laugh certain movements of the common people to scorn, and to declare that fools were in quest of a paradise, and vainly looked for it near themselves. What was the silent Spiritual movement to them but arrant "humbug," to be laughed down and sneered down, and not yet even worthy to be argued and written down? What meant these tips and raps—these circles and impressions—these mysterious writings and decipherings, unaccountable readings and wonderful intuitions? They could mean only what jugglers meant. They were the fantastic follies of cracked brains, taking hold on silly women and men with more time than money on their hands. So the magi sneered, and elevated their chins; preachers warned, pallid with horror; professors stood aloof in their pride of learning, and stubbornly refused to come near; only the true and simple-hearted, the lowly and humble, the trusting and the receptive, felt the touch of the newly awakened power, and received such wealth as angels alone are competent to give into willing hearts.

The new power was ridiculed then, where it was not merely wondered at with heads wagging of the wisdom they could not speak. It was mean, common, pitiful, abounding with tricks and deceptions. This new "King of the Jews" came, not clothed in purple and fine linen and decked out with royal apparel, but silently and unheralded, making its way noiselessly into only such hearts as were open.

The day of mere wonder and curiosity and vulgar inquisitiveness concerning it passed. Then succeeded the times when men's hearts were slowly touched; when what was thought a subtle contagion began to spread; when people began to state anew—to dispute—to argue—to believe. The tendency soon took fixed shape; the inclination to accept became a firm and tangible faith. From a small circle, or company, the believers became thousands. Of those thousands, the inbred faith of none has fallen away.

Not only that, but the spirit and essence of the awakened life of the soul of man has made itself felt wherever there are books and papers to be read or human tongues to convey thought. Without knowing when or how, the public mind has become—we will not presume to say, so much imbued with any new belief or idea, but—aroused from its very lowest depths by the power and life of the new gospel of freedom to all the faculties, that every individual and institution, every statute and custom, every course of action and every style of thought, has felt the pulse of renewal and the start of a new invigoration. It is of no use to deny it any longer; the dead past is put aside to make room for the living present; the old forms are worth nothing save as they contain living spirit; the men of no faith are set aside, and men of strong faith, accompanied with far-reaching perceptions, are sought to fill their places.

And to-day the nation feels this new and glorious awakening, from note to crown, from centre to circumference. The great and wonderful renovation has begun. The nonsense is being dispensed with. Professions are looked into, to see if there is anything in them. Sham is exposed on every side. He who was a great man in popular esteem but yesterday, his name in capitals in the newspaper columns, and standing every one, from swinging canvas across the streets, hides and skulks with his no qualities to-day, and fears nothing so much as that his real dimensions may by chance be discovered.

It is not less so in Church than in State; nor in Society than in either. Still the secret reforming and reconstructing power works; destructively, where it is opposed by wicked men or unworthy obstacles, but otherwise with harmonious measures, still it moves steadily on. Nonsense and humbug are at last getting fairly smoked out. Sham is being driven to the wall. Pretenders are forced to give up their old claims, and quietly as possible subside. It is the day of dragging into light, the day of exposure, the day of cleansing and purification. There is no walk in our national life that will not be the cleaner and purer for the timely occurrence. The nation was clogged and choked with vices and its own organic corruptions; it is fast being cleansed and made whole.

For a long time has this work been preparing for by the invisibles, and they have chosen their own wise time for its accomplishment. It was years ago revealed to such as would see and hear; but there were many—say, a vast multitude, who, "having eyes, saw not, neither, having ears to hear, did they hear."

Spiritual Public Men.

We have long needed such men in this age and this country, and the demand is going to be met with a corresponding supply. If knowing persons would take close and careful observations, they would find that there are more actual Spiritualists in public life, in this country, than they have any idea of. They are to be found in Congress, in the Army, in the Navy, in the various Departments, among the Governors, in the ranks of the Judges, in the State Legislatures, and, in fine, wherever there is public business to be performed and the public mind is to be influenced and molded into practical shape and form. It is not necessary for us to "call names;" the whole effect would rapidly be lost, if it were usual to name those, and thus make them needlessly prominent—of the positive good, they accomplish in their several places.

Some presses and individuals like to believe, if they can, that the day for Spiritualism has "gone by," and that no vestiges of its influence are left. But because, like the creeds and systems, it has no set form of faith, and no fixed standard of authority, they would fain think it is powerless, or has entirely died out in the land. The noiselessness of its progress and career, is the very best evidence that it is more actively at work than ever. While the creeds are tumbling, and their life-long advocates are lamenting because the bread is taken from their mouths and position from their talents, Spiritualism utters no complaint, for it has none whatever to make. Its career in the future is destined to be as glorious as its origin is divine. It will be, of course, through human instrumentalities that its work will be performed, and the men are at hand, to do the work, to-day. All observant souls will hail each new manifestation of this truth with joy and exultation.

Every misery that I feel is a new mercy.

Old Fog and Young Folk.
We believe in progress, but not necessarily in noise. People can get on without losing their breath in the "process." If one is for advance, he need not undertake to go at such a rate as to put it out of the question for him to "hold his horses." To be surcharged with energy, and electric energy at that, is not the same thing quite with having a perpetual fever on, and a pulse at "double quick" all the time, and tongue out-running the rest of the machine with its volubility. We have a great many too many men of progress who "go off at half-cock," as the expressive saying is. They fancy that any kind of change means advance. Either incapable of or unwilling to reflect, or else without any store of facts and principles to work over in their thoughts, they catch eagerly at the loosest phraseology that contains a smattering of the principles of Reform, and straightway turn about and become teachers and doctors—by book and platform—for those who oftentimes exercise nothing more than pity and charity for them.

It is nothing to be an Old Fog, and our hair has not yet begun to turn, though we write it. It is legitimately brings anything, it ought to bring wisdom. "Old men for counsel," says the adage; action is cheaper, and more easy, and costs, no thought beforehand, nor involves any weighty responsibility for the time. We contend that the old and young should be the very best sort of friends—should work together, in fact—centrifugal and centrifugal each in its own sphere; but instead of that, we see not much more than bickerings and jealousies—contempt on the one side and a sort of hatred on the other. Each is right, when in its place. Young America would go to smash in no time, were it not held back by the slow coaches; and these latter would never get over the road, if the young bloods did not harness themselves in and give a pull together occasionally. Wherefore we conclude that that character is fullest of harmony which best unites the traits common to both.

Who is Paid Best?

He who does a generous, kind, worthy action—or he for whom it is done? Clearly, the former. Nature makes up her accounts with wonderful exactitude and shrewdness. She cannot be cheated by living man, no matter how "smart" he may think he is. If an acquaintance cheats you of a dollar which belongs to you, he may, we allow, keep you out of the use and enjoyment of the dollar, but he cheats no one in the matter but himself. He has parted with so much virtue; he has wounded his sense of right; he has placed himself more in the power of temptation, which in time will certainly lead him to his own destruction; and he has sown the seeds of remorse that will blossom and finally bear the bitterest of all conceivable fruit. Just so with generosity and kindness. If you perform a noble deed, your nature has, insensibly to yourself, perhaps, grown the greater and larger for it; you cannot think of what you have done without a secret thrill of pleasure, which no money could purchase for you; and your heart, has laid away treasures to which it may go at any time, and draw unspeakable comfort and satisfaction. Verily, verily, it is a good deal "more blessed to give than to receive."

Parson Brownlow.

If ever there lived a man, and especially a "minister of the gospel," who could get up before an audience and "deal damnation round" so fiercely that all look blue, and beat every other man or minister of the gospel at it, too, that individual is Parson Brownlow. When he addressed the citizens of Boston, he gave an emphatic account of himself. He has suffered greatly, both in his own person and in his family. He has been dealt with by ruffians and barbarians, who knew not the word mercy nor its meaning. No wonder that he talks in words whose every syllable seems a blow. He has no ear just now for the ravishing strains of any Phrygian flute—he would hear the shrill screams of the Spartan life. When he speaks of his trials and sufferings, of the buffetings and insults and contumelies which he received at the hands of an excited mob, held-driven by their passions, he cannot seem to find words in any vocabulary in common use, but feels obliged to levy on the very language of Satan in order to clothe his thoughts and sentiments in the garb that best befits them.

The Dying Rebellion.

Bean veins do not wilt faster under the touch of a sharp September frost, than this rebellion is wilting down beneath the sharp cut of the Union sword. Look at the battle fields they have lost, the forts they have evacuated, the towns and cities they have surrendered; where is there a cause in all history that has successfully withstood such an overwhelming series of disasters, still retaining its own vitality and challenging the respect of the world? Davis and Beauregard are not incompetent, it seems; they cannot make men stand and fight, with or without health and food, against a cause they may profess to hate worse than anything else on earth. There is a general caving in and breaking down. Corinth and Yorktown held out for a time the promise of great battles; but they turned out nothing better than fash, and that will be the end of this whole rebellious conspiracy. There was never it seems, any solid principle at the bottom of it.

Sending Back the Slaves.

All accounts show that Gov. Stanley has begun his career as Provisional Governor of North Carolina by acts which should render his administration universally odious. The correspondent of the N. Y. Times, writing from Newbern, says: "The new administration has fallen upon the officers and soldiers in this place like a wet blanket. Prominent officers, from colonels and quartermasters down to the humblest soldiers in the ranks, speak in terms of the most vehement indignation of the course which the new Governor is pursuing, and I have not met an individual, either officer or soldier, and I have seen a large number—who does not condemn, in the plainest language, the course which has been adopted."

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the Government has commanded Gov. Stanley to revoke his order shutting up the colored schools.

The Morning Hours.

Many of our readers remember the letter Daniel Webster wrote in the early summer morning, over in Virginia, to his daughter here in Boston. So fresh and fragrant! So full of the melodies of morning! So inspired with the cool breath of the hour! It is the experience of many another person who, with a properly attuned heart, chooses to rise early to enjoy the delights which these morning hours furnish. Then the thoughts leap and bound, as in gymnastic play; and the feelings are expanded with the dewy breath of the time; and certain indescribable tonic, subtle yet almost palpable to the sense, is felt through the entire system. Oh, it is fine, then, to quaff strong and deep draughts of the morning's healthy wine—better than all the drinks of gods or men! The plans are laid more clearly then; the will is awake; the heart exults and is innocent; the eyes look out over a new world—for the world is really born newly every morning.

Lecturers.

A. E. Newton will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday afternoon next, June 16th, and John Wertheber, Jr., in evening.
Miss Lizette Doten will address the Spiritualists of Oberlinston the next three Sundays in June.
Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in Marblehead the last three Sundays in June.
Mr. H. B. Storer, will speak in Foxboro' June 18th.
Rev. Adin Ballou will speak in Taunton next Sunday, June 16th.
Miss Nellie J. Temple will speak in Lee, Mass., June 15th, and in Ashfield, June 29th and July 6.
Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Jacksonville, Vt., next Sabbath.
Mrs. Clifton Hutchinson will lecture in Lempster, N. H., July 6th and 13th. Those wishing her services for the two Sabbaths following should address her soon.
Mr. E. Whipple will lecture in Vandalla, Michigan, Sunday, June 15th, and in Nicholville, the 22d. He will attend a Grove Meeting at Texas, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, June 28th and 29th. His address for the Summer and Fall, is Vandalla, Cass, Co., Michigan.

The Wonderful Telegraph.

We fight our battles now by the aid of lightning. An operator, with a competent military man, goes up in a balloon, and lets it be known below how a battery fights against the enemy, where they are making ready to attack in force, and every movement that is going on below. Such intelligence is invaluable. McClellan availed himself of it in the battle of the first of June, before Richmond, and with wonderful effect. We find a minute account of the operation in the balloon in the New York Herald, from which we make an extract:
"As soon as the telegraphers were ready they minutely described the location and number of the enemy's troops. And as they advanced—for they were again coming forward to charge upon what they supposed our demoralized troops—the operators gave the general their force and the direction in which they were advancing, and he promptly ordered his troops to the proper place, when the enemy were met, and of course routed."

Our Sunday School Class-Book.

This little brochure is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

Scientific Intelligence.

Revolution in Naval Architecture.—The public mind has been greatly agitated since the encounter of the Monitor with the Merrimac, on the subject of naval defenses. It was thought by men in high authority, that for once since the introduction of gunpowder, the art of defense had surpassed that of destruction. There is a limit to the size of cannon, and there is none to the strength which may be given to the walls of a fortress. A fort may be plated with iron in such a manner that it may bid defiance to the heaviest ordnance, even those of a one thousand pounds calibre.
It is not so with a ship. Her tonnage is limited, and the question is, can a sufficient thickness of iron be placed on her sides to resist the heaviest cannon, and yet have her remain not only above water, but seaworthy? There is no doubt but cannon capable of hurling a ton of metal with the accuracy of a rifle ball, can be mounted on fortifications. Such can never be used on shipboard, nor is it practical to build ships sufficiently strong to resist the force of their balls.

In the combat between the Merrimac and the Monitor, comparatively light cannon were used, and the result no more settles the question of the value of iron plating than a duel with pistols could have done.
We must strengthen our present fortifications with iron plating, and furnish them with the heaviest and most improved form of cannon, but can never supplant them with Monitors, or any other form of iron war vessels, useful as the latter have proved in their place.

SAFES.—The recent fire at Troy has proved that far too great reliance has been placed in the fire-proof qualities of safes. It appears that the original idea of making them fire-proof by a lining of plaster of Paris, has been departed from, and all those made without such lining are worthless.

RAILROAD IN INDIA.—Great excitement prevailed among the Panjabes at the opening of the railway from Unmarit to Lahore. A Brahmin looking at the locomotive, exclaimed in transport of amazement and awe: "All the incarnation of all the gods in India never produced such a thing as that." By this time the news of the wonderful car has been carried by caravans far into Cabul and Central Asia.

THE MERRIMAC.—A patent for an iron plated ship, almost identical with the Merrimac, was granted to Thomas Gregg forty-eight years ago. Its remaining so long unheeded, shows how important is energy for the introduction of the most beneficial inventions.

INSECTICIDE.—Chloride of Lime in solution, is a certain remedy against all kinds of insects, sprinkled over garden vegetables, as melons, squashes, etc.; nothing will touch them. It is also a preventative against rats. They will not frequent places where the smallest quantity of this salt has been sprinkled.

AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS.—From the number of patents granted for implements of war, one would infer that the subject employed the entire inventive genius of the country. Within a year we have awake to the importance of the subject, and at one stride advanced the civilized world in arts of defence and destruction.

A Bankrupt Law.

There has been a good deal said upon the subject of passing a general bankrupt law in the present Congress. The country needs such a statute, more than at any previous time. Business has suffered prostration, in many departments, in consequence of the war; and the three hundred millions of dollars due Northern merchants by Southern men are to be reckoned in as a heavy argument toward a movement of this sort. No mistake is so sorry an one as for the laws of a State, or nation, to operate only for disarming its own citizens of their native capacities and powers for developing the resources of that State. It is folly to tie the hands of the best citizens, and then call on them to help themselves and the country too. Our laws have been too much in the habit of regarding the mercantile classes as in need chiefly of watching, but of nothing like protection; as if they were harpies, or scoundrels, instead of the motors of all the underlying and otherwise dead powers of the State. In this day, a more enlightened course of conduct ought to be pursued in our legislation.

A Small Matter.

In reply to the "REMARKS" of our brother of the Liberator, we have only to say that it is a very easy matter to call an individual a scoundrel, through private pique, malice, or some fancied wrong, but it is quite another thing to prove him such. With the discussion that has lately been going on in the Liberator, between an anonymous writer and a gentleman of Providence, in regard to the alleged delinquencies of an able Anti-Slavery and Spiritualistic lecturer, we have nothing to say; but the efforts of a certain party to implicate this paper in the matter, appear to us to be supremely ridiculous, and we are somewhat surprised that our respective cotemporary should thus inconsiderately lend the use of his columns to gratify the spleen of the anonymous correspondent in question.

Bro. Fred. L. H. Willis.

The readers of the BANNER, we know, will be gratified to learn that the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph has kindly consented to resume his correspondence with us. He is one of the best writers in our ranks, and we cordially welcome him back again. An article from Bro. Willis's pen, "On the Office and Condition of Little Children in the Spirit World," will appear in our forthcoming issue.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"A CORRESPONDENT" desires to know what Prof. Anderson's terms are for drawing spirit-portraits. Several other correspondents have propounded the same question. We do not know. His address is Philadelphia, we believe.

A. B. W. DETMONT, MICH.—Your article, "Spiritualism in Canada," has been received, and will be placed before our readers next week.

T. S. WESTFIELD.—It is our opinion that most of the contents of the book you refer to, were given by a spirit to the writer; but some portions, we think, wherein the writer repudiates mediums, were emanations of the writer's own vacillating brain. The second question we cannot answer.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you make a thousand.

the enemy, and shortly afterwards they trained a rifled gun at the daring aerial general, and, after repeated firing they succeeded in exploding shells near the balloon; in fact, so near that it was deemed prudent to remain any longer in that precise location, and, accordingly, the balloon was lowered to the ground, to be shifted to another position. Not many minutes elapsed before it was again sent aloft, and in a position not easily reached by the enemy's missiles. The communication thus more securely established, was again opened, and with the same success, the aeronauts reporting large bodies of troops in the rear of Richmond marching up to the scene of deadly strife. The telegraphers saw brigade after brigade march up from the rebel stronghold, and as rapidly as they advanced into action they were met in a style wholly incomprehensible by the rebels. To them it seemed as if their boasted "God of battle" had deserted them, and they only advanced to furnish food for the Yankees' deadly rifle balls. Not a road was advanced upon nor a broad field trodden upon by a rebellious body of people but they were confronted by our people.

Scientific Intelligence.

Revolution in Naval Architecture.—The public mind has been greatly agitated since the encounter of the Monitor with the Merrimac, on the subject of naval defenses. It was thought by men in high authority, that for once since the introduction of gunpowder, the art of defense had surpassed that of destruction. There is a limit to the size of cannon, and there is none to the strength which may be given to the walls of a fortress. A fort may be plated with iron in such a manner that it may bid defiance to the heaviest ordnance, even those of a one thousand pounds calibre.
It is not so with a ship. Her tonnage is limited, and the question is, can a sufficient thickness of iron be placed on her sides to resist the heaviest cannon, and yet have her remain not only above water, but seaworthy? There is no doubt but cannon capable of hurling a ton of metal with the accuracy of a rifle ball, can be mounted on fortifications. Such can never be used on shipboard, nor is it practical to build ships sufficiently strong to resist the force of their balls.

In the combat between the Merrimac and the Monitor, comparatively light cannon were used, and the result no more settles the question of the value of iron plating than a duel with pistols could have done.
We must strengthen our present fortifications with iron plating, and furnish them with the heaviest and most improved form of cannon, but can never supplant them with Monitors, or any other form of iron war vessels, useful as the latter have proved in their place.

SAFES.—The recent fire at Troy has proved that far too great reliance has been placed in the fire-proof qualities of safes. It appears that the original idea of making them fire-proof by a lining of Plaster of Paris, has been departed from, and all those made without such lining are worthless.

RAILROAD IN INDIA.—Great excitement prevailed among the Panjabes at the opening of the railway from Unmarit to Lahore. A Brahmin looking at the locomotive, exclaimed in transport of amazement and awe: "All the incarnation of all the gods in India never produced such a thing as that." By this time the news of the wonderful car has been carried by caravans far into Cabul and Central Asia.

THE MERRIMAC.—A patent for an iron plated ship, almost identical with the Merrimac, was granted to Thomas Gregg forty-eight years ago. Its remaining so long unheeded, shows how important is energy for the introduction of the most beneficial inventions.

INSECTICIDE.—Chloride of Lime in solution, is a certain remedy against all kinds of insects, sprinkled over garden vegetables, as melons, squashes, etc.; nothing will touch them. It is also a preventative against rats. They will not frequent places where the smallest quantity of this salt has been sprinkled.

AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS.—From the number of patents granted for implements of war, one would infer that the subject employed the entire inventive genius of the country. Within a year we have awake to the importance of the subject, and at one stride advanced the civilized world in arts of defence and destruction.

A Bankrupt Law.

There has been a good deal said upon the subject of passing a general bankrupt law in the present Congress. The country needs such a statute, more than at any previous time. Business has suffered prostration, in many departments, in consequence of the war; and the three hundred millions of dollars due Northern merchants by Southern men are to be reckoned in as a heavy argument toward a movement of this sort. No mistake is so sorry an one as for the laws of a State, or nation, to operate only for disarming its own citizens of their native capacities and powers for developing the resources of that State. It is folly to tie the hands of the best citizens, and then call on them to help themselves and the country too. Our laws have been too much in the habit of regarding the mercantile classes as in need chiefly of watching, but of nothing like protection; as if they were harpies, or scoundrels, instead of the motors of all the underlying and otherwise dead powers of the State. In this day, a more enlightened course of conduct ought to be pursued in our legislation.

A Small Matter.

In reply to the "REMARKS" of our brother of the Liberator, we have only to say that it is a very easy matter to call an individual a scoundrel, through private pique, malice, or some fancied wrong, but it is quite another thing to prove him such. With the discussion that has lately been going on in the Liberator, between an anonymous writer and a gentleman of Providence, in regard to the alleged delinquencies of an able Anti-Slavery and Spiritualistic lecturer, we have nothing to say; but the efforts of a certain party to implicate this paper in the matter, appear to us to be supremely ridiculous, and we are somewhat surprised that our respective cotemporary should thus inconsiderately lend the use of his columns to gratify the spleen of the anonymous correspondent in question.

Bro. Fred. L. H. Willis.

The readers of the BANNER, we know, will be gratified to learn that the gentleman whose name heads this paragraph has kindly consented to resume his correspondence with us. He is one of the best writers in our ranks, and we cordially welcome him back again. An article from Bro. Willis's pen, "On the Office and Condition of Little Children in the Spirit World," will appear in our forthcoming issue.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"A CORRESPONDENT" desires to know what Prof. Anderson's terms are for drawing spirit-portraits. Several other correspondents have propounded the same question. We do not know. His address is Philadelphia, we believe.

A. B. W. DETMONT, MICH.—Your article, "Spiritualism in Canada," has been received, and will be placed before our readers next week.

T. S. WESTFIELD.—It is our opinion that most of the contents of the book you refer to, were given by a spirit to the writer; but some portions, we think, wherein the writer repudiates mediums, were emanations of the writer's own vacillating brain. The second question we cannot answer.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If, to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you make a thousand.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In another column our readers will find a notice of the Annual Festival of the Religious-Philosophical Society, to be held at St. Charles, Illinois, on the fourth of July, and the two following days. From the conduct and character of the previous meeting of this society, we may safely consider this meeting eminently worthy of the attention of the Spiritualists and Reformers of that locality.

A spirit message remains at this office addressed to Mrs. Mary Ann Adams, Sterling, Ill. It was sent there, but not having been taken from the post-office, was returned to us via the Post-office Department, Washington. If the person to whom it is directed will forward to us the name of the town, county and State where she resides, we will mail the letter to her again.

The Card of the New York and Nicaragua Colonization Association is printed in today's paper. It holds out great inducements to emigrants.

Read the Spirit-Message of Daniel Gregg, on our sixth page. It treats of the slavery question at length.

Bond's Olio Concerts.—These entertainments at Lyceum Hall have proved thus far perfectly satisfactory. They are destined to take the place of Gilmore's Music Hall Promenades, which were the *furor* last summer.

After all, the only really valuable in nature is the invisible. The perfume of the flower, the ripple of stream, the play of the breeze, are each known only in results, and *these* transiently. The cause only endures; the soul lives.

To KEEPER OF BEES.—Kiddler's Patent Movable Comb Bee Hive is pronounced by competent judges to be the very best article of its kind extant. For a thorough explanation of this hive see the patentee's advertisement in this paper. We shall have something more to say on this subject in a future number.

Mr. J. A. Knight, the artist, has on exhibition at Messrs. Williams & Everett's, his recently-executed oil painting of the first day's naval engagement at Newport News, when the rebel iron-clad monster "Merrimack" did such terrible damage to a portion of the Union fleet. The picture measures four feet by three, is said to be correct in its details, and presents quite a spirited view of the exciting scene. The burning of the frigate Congress, the sinking of the Cumberland, the hurried escapes of their gallant crews from capture by the Merrimack, and other notable subjects are vividly portrayed. Mr. Knight has in progress, we understand, a painting of the grand scene on the succeeding day, when our little "Monitor" turned the tide of the conflict by driving off her huge antagonist.

The English journals which have been so confident that there is no blockade on our coast, will be dismayed at the daily capture of the fleet sent out to evade our squadron and to carry arms and munitions into Charleston and Wilmington. Besides the capture of two rebel steamers, Commodore Dupont announces the capture of three which are probably British, laden with British goods, and all from Nassau.

A boy being asked at Sunday school what was the chief end of man, answered, "The end of his head is on."

BOON.—At the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Sermon, in Boston, June second, the orator of the day, Rev. Dr. Vinton, expressed himself that he "could see nothing wrong in the absolute relation between the master and the slave. It was sanctioned by the Bible and the usages of the patriarchs. And if American slaveholders were constant to the Biblical instructions, he could see nothing repulsive in the system. Christ never denounced it, and Paul returned the fugitive Onesimus."

How many a young heart has, in these latter days, been turned from soft guitar tones of idleness, to the brave, rattling measures of drum-life! It will do good, this war of ours; many a brave fellow will, in after years, look back upon it as the school in which he first learned to be a thoroughly practical and sensible man.

It is reported that the French Government has resolved on the occupation of Mexico under every contingency, and that next fall every strategic position of the country is to be seized. The occupancy to extend to three years, to allow time for the development of the national will.

Our readers may remember Mrs. Jane Munsell, who narrated to a Boston audience, some time ago, a story of southern persecution and of harassing anxieties in search of her husband, of whom she could get no news. She went down to Fort Warren, during her stay in this city, to see Gen. Buckner, but with no success. We see by the Albany Journal that she has at last received news that her husband is alive.

Glorious Union Meetings have been held at Nashville, Shelbyville, and Murfreesboro', Tenn., and the next is to be held at Columbia on Monday. This was the residence of President James K. Polk, and is, we believe, that of his distinguished brother, the Hon. William H. Polk, now one of the most active and influential Union men of the State. The Union fire is fairly kindled in Tennessee, and it will soon have the blaze, the roar, and the rushing speed of a conflagration in a storm.—*Louisville Journal.*

One of our staid and respectable citizens, not generally supposed to be addicted to levity of mind, accosted us in the street, a few days since, says a New York paper, and wanted to know what *aled* New Orleans the other day. Before we had time to concentrate our mental powers on the problem, he rattled on thus: "She had taken too much Porter, in the absence of the chief Butler, who was *N. Dowd* with power to open her port."

We are pained to be obliged to record the death, at Coldwater, on Thursday last, of Capt. J. L. Hackstaff, late of the Michigan 11th, and formerly editor and publisher of the Coldwater Union. He died of camp fever, contracted in Kentucky, and which compelled the resignation of his command some few weeks since. The noble man only came home, however, to die. Mr. Hackstaff was an able and fearless editor, and we always highly prized him as a personal friend. We extend the hand of sympathy to his bereaved family.—*Journalist (Mich.). Weekly Independent.*

Capt. Hackstaff was a firm Spiritualist, a talented writer, and his demise at this time will fill his many friends with grief. He was a frequent contributor to our columns.

The New York three months men are in high spirits.—*Washington Cor.*

The Massachusetts three months men are in high spirits.—*ibid.*

Senator Sumner's bill for the recognition of Hayti and Liberia, has passed the House by a large majority. Judge Thomas, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Fessenden, of Maine, made eloquent speeches in its favor, and the closing argument of Mr. Gooch, of Massachusetts, was effective.

The London Globe says England has washed her hands of the Mexican business, retaining only that hold of Vera Cruz customs essential to compel the discharge of the debt to English subjects.

Secession and disintegration have broken out in the rebel army of the West. Beauregard himself, if we may believe the report, has advised his soldiers to rely on their legs and has taken to his own. Indeed, it is said, he became "frantic" when he discovered that his railroad communication had been severed.

The Common Council of the city of London unanimously agreed to present the freedom of the city to Mr. Peabody, in a gold box, for his munificent gift.

Reportorial.

THE SPIRITUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS BOOK.

By a somewhat too strict observance of a professional usage, the Reporter of Miss Harding's Lecture, on "The Rising Generation," published in last week's BANNER, omitted the selections read, as introductory, from the work specified above, lately published by Wm. White & Co. We give a portion of them now, because, as will be perceived, they form the very keynote and groundwork of the whole discourse.

Teacher. Little children, the pages of this book are not intended for presenting your active thoughts with anything which you have not a right to question; with anything which you have not a right either to accept or reject in your own belief.

Let it be understood that this book is not given to you, or to your teacher, as a creed-book; as a belief made for you, and written down; but it is intended only to give suggestions and form to your Sunday School and family exercises. The questions and answers by teacher and scholar may be varied as thought suggests.

All prefer happiness to misery—all seek it in their own way. Our preferences will lead us to do that which to us is good, rather than that which to us is evil. Hence, goodness is happiness, and wickedness is unhappiness.

DUTIES.—Teacher. A duty is something that we owe to ourselves or to others. We owe obedience to our seniors; we owe efforts in goodness to ourselves; we owe debts of usefulness to ourselves and to others; we owe debts of gratitude to our parents for nursing us and taking care of us; we owe our benefactors for benefits received from them; we owe sympathy to the crying and kindness to all. You, we owe debts to ourselves and to others, too, and it is our work of life to pay these debts when due. To pay faithfully all the debts we owe, is to do our duties well. Now, will you always try and pay the debts you owe, by being grateful, kind, forgiving, industrious, just, useful, and good?

Scholar. Yes, I will try, for I think I shall always be happy when I do my duty.

Teacher. What is every one seeking for?

Scholar. Happiness.

Teacher. How do you think it may be easiest gained?

Scholar. By being good, and doing good; by avoiding that which is hateful and clinging to that which is lovely; by being industrious and doing all our duties faithfully and well.

COMMANDMENTS.—Teacher. Commandments are precepts given to direct and keep us in the right way. Commandments require us to pursue that which is right and avoid that which is wrong. Commandments are given to us by those who have more knowledge and more experience than we.

KINDNESS.—Teacher. What do you understand by kindness?

Scholar. Agreeableness; pleasantness, generosity, benevolence, made manifest between one another.

Teacher. Why would you be kind to every one?

Scholar. Because I would like to have every one kind to me.

Teacher. Does being kind to others make others kind to you?

Scholar. I think it does. Love begets love, and kindness begets kindness. If I am kind to others, I feel sure that others will be kind to me.

BELEVERS AND CREEDS.—Teacher. A creed is the record of religious beliefs. Belief is the persuasion of the existence of a fact, without the personal knowledge of its existence. But, of course, the testimony of others, and of evidence that persuade. Beliefs are always liable to change. We may disbelieve to-day what we believed yesterday.

Now since religious creeds are so opposite and conflicting, how can you tell which to choose, or which is right?

Scholar. I think that God has made men to have different beliefs, so each one believes as he is made to believe.

T. Do you think that each religious belief is right? S. Yes; for sincerity is truth; and each believer is sincere in his belief.

FAITH.—Teacher. Faith is a trust and confidence in something that we have not seen. Some power that we cannot see has made us, and has made all the worlds above and around us; and there appears to be wisdom and goodness in this work of creation. There is an unseen power, too, that keeps us and guides us; that keeps the world around us still in existence and constantly changing.

We are sure, God is infinite, so we cannot comprehend and define God, but can trust in this invisible power and wisdom that has produced all things; we can have faith in God. Faith implies a want of perfect knowledge of that in which we trust. What do you understand by faith in God?

Scholar. To have faith in God is to feel certain that he will do all things well for us, and for all.

A Sunny Spot for Memory.

While May was leaving and June was coming, the Spiritualists and liberal citizens who reside in and about Sturgis, Michigan, assembled in large numbers at our fine brick church, which the enterprise of a few friends (by organization) erected several years ago. They came some five, some ten, some twenty, some forty miles, to celebrate the anniversary of the church, and see what had been the effect of erecting and sustaining it, and the free speech and liberal meetings in it for several years, and I am sure they all went away satisfied it was a good "institution," and many wished we had such in many other places, which we shall soon, after our friends learn the way to organize for assistance and progress, without binding or holding back each other or member of the whole.

Friday evening, May 30, the meeting opened with a full house, and three times on Saturday and three on Sunday it was crowded, even though a slow storm was hanging over the place, and church bells calling the deluded souls to other houses of worship. It has seldom been my lot, in my long itinerancy, to meet a more intelligent or attentive audience. Any one could see that we had gathered the strong and leading minds of the vicinity, and that any cause supported by such minds could not fail, and must have merit and importance in it. The supply and variety of speakers seemed, without much effort on the part of any to be obtained, to be ample for the occasion. Brother and Sister Combs came along on time, and her recitations of poetry, and his consecutive train of philosophical truth, each came in place, and one stirred thought and the other feeling. Mrs. H. F. Brown, with her sure aim and solid shot, sent direct to the heart. Bro. Whipple, an earnest soul with a work to do, did his part well. Mrs. Simmons gave her thoughts in burning words, on the popular treatment of the fallen human angels. Bro. Fairfield came in time to greet many of his old friends here, and came like a ship overloaded to the hungry inhabitants of a Southern port long blockaded, and his cargo was not "contraband of war," even if it was confiscated as he discharged it himself, with the aid of an invisible crew.

Most of your readers need not be told that I was not silent during all the meeting. Many a pleasant word and smiling face and speaking eye and buoyant spirit bore testimony to a good time already come. Late last evening and early this morning, the friends are parting with better feelings and better hearts, to battle with the trials of life, and much encouraged with the reports and prospects of our cause. To the speakers it was one of those glad seasons that do not come often as we would welcome them, but ever bring joy and gladness to our hearts, and encourage us to work on more and more earnestly for the uplifting and progress of the race.

WARREN CHASE.

Sturgis, June 2, 1862.

Notice. The retail price will be paid at this office for the following numbers of the BANNER OF LIGHT: Vol. 1.—No. 1 to 10, 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.

Spiritual Festival.

The Third Annual Festival of the Religious-Philosophical Society will be held at St. Charles, Illinois, commencing on Friday and continuing Saturday and Sunday, July 4th, 5th, and 6th. As usual heretofore, a free play will be maintained for the utterance of the highest conceptions of truth—the speakers alone being responsible for the views uttered—subject to the ordinary rules of decorum. It will be a picnic festival. The friends of progress will contribute to the entertainment and make all who may be pleased to join in the festivities of the occasion as happy as possible.

If the weather is favorable the festival will be held on Sunday, the 6th of July, at the side of the river. A committee of arrangements will be in attendance at the Universalist Meeting-house to direct and provide for those coming from a distance.

An invitation is given to the public generally, and especially to public speakers, both trained and normal, residing far and near. Come up, friends, and let us have a feast of reason and flow of soul.

The first day of the Festival being the Fourth of July, the Anniversary of the Declaration of our Nation's Independence will be celebrated with patriotic speeches, music and dancing upon the greenward, by such as desire to join in such festivities.

By order of the Religious-Philosophical Society.

A. V. SILL, Secretary.
St. Charles, Ill., June 1, 1862.

Spiritual Convention.

The friends of Progress will hold a Convention at Texas, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on Saturday and Sunday, the 25th and 26th of June. W. F. James, J. Kutz of Laphamville, Mich., and J. T. House 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. BESSONS, 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,
C. W. ROBINSON,
C. D. DABIN.

May 10, 1862.

Anniversary at Middle Granville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity, will hold their next anniversary at 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 Rutland at 6 A. M. and 4 P. M., and from Troy at 3 P. M.

STEPHEN WING, } Committee
ALEX. R. SLOOM, } of Arrangements.
GEORGE F. BAKER, }

Grove Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Spiritual Meeting in Liberty Grove, one mile north of Gerard 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.

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.

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 CHERNESS." Crowley's Broad Carpeting is the most celebrated make in the world. 100 yards now opening by the NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO., and will be sold at \$1.00 per yard.

CANTON SARGENT MATTERS, 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 ESTATE 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. 31—m31.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

NOW READY.

THE

Sunday School Class-Book,

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designed especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile mind around him.

The book is handsomely got up on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.

For sale at the office of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

Kiddler's Patent Movable Comb

BEE HIVE.

Being superior to any other, as the apiarian can have perfect control of the combs at all times. It can be removed from the interior part of the hive, or the queen can be removed from the hive, and a half dozen or even more can be arranged that the drones can be as soon as they hatch.

The Compound Hive is one of the most desirable Hives ever invented, being a double frame gives a dead air space around the entire swarm.

On the receipt of the name and post office address, I will forward a circular free, giving the particulars in full. P. S. An admission of the Gospel is entitled to a complimentary card to use my Patent Hive free of charge. All persons living within the vicinity of Boston, Mass., will do well by calling on Mr. J. M. STRANAHAN, Jr., 282 Cassway Street, opposite Charlestown Bridge, where the Hive is on exhibition, as well as in use.

K. KIDDER, Practical Apiarian, Burlington, Vt.

June 14.

OLIO CONCERTS

Of Vocal and Instrumental Music

WILL BE GIVEN

Every Saturday Evening, at Lyceum Hall, Commencing May 31st.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF MR. ALONZO BOND.

25 SINGLE TICKETS, 15 CENTS; admitting a gentleman and lady, 25 cents; 8 tickets for one dollar. For sale at the door.

May 31.

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. G. LELAND, Secretary, 614 Broadway, New York.

June 7.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

DE. K. L. FARNSWORTH, Writing, Medium copies sent by mail, 10 cents.

Beach Street, Boston.

Persons including sealed letter, \$1 and 6 three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 9 to 5 P. M.

April 12.

New Books.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 356 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 great 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. 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 to be successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives an account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, reports from Henry D. Huston and Charles K. Canaday, who are now residing at Kidder, 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 28.

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 heart, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

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

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Author of "Whatever Is, Is Right," etc.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

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. It is a rich storehouse of all that the mind can grasp.

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

Dec. 21.

LECTURES

ON

Science, Politics, Morals & Society.

BY EDWARD LAWTON, M. D.

CONTENTS: Natural Philosophy; Philosophy of Language; Varieties of Races; Public Morals; Political Economy; Spirits 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 taste for the study of the history, sciences, 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 accepted by the young, and by the intelligent and competent by arranging the most useful and interesting knowledge pertaining to these subjects, and exhibiting it in the most attractive form possible for the study and pursuit 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, if April 18.

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. What the Good Lord Has Done for the Good People. Filling Duty. Unfolding Flowers. The Dream. Evening Hymn.

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

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 \$8.

The above named works have just been received and are for sale at the Banner of Light Office, Boston, Mass., will be promptly supplied.

Feb. 22.

THE UNVEILING.

OR, WHAT I THINK OF SPIRITUALISM. By Dr. P. B. Randolph. Price, 25c.

IT ISN'T ALL RIGHT;

BEING A Rejoinder to Dr. Child's celebrated work, "Whatever is, is Right," by Cynthia, relative to the same, and for sale at the Banner of Light Office, if March 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.

By a Catholic Priest.

Containing "Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by Zera; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *La Bruce*, 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 unopposedly 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 submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, 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. if Sept. 14.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. By Catherine

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through the medium of the spirit who is in 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 or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 125 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs) every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Friday, 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 Goch (killed in the Pittsburg battle) of Hannibal, Missouri; William Herbert Clinton, (died from wounds received in the Pittsburg battle) to Joshua T. Taylor, in Fredricktown, Pa.

Invocation.

Oh most Holy One, whose throne is the human mind, and whose footstool is the creations of that mind, we again through mortal lips presume to address thee at this hour. We thank thee for the mighty past, for the glorious present, and in hope of the eternal future, we bless thee, oh Lord; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, even forever and ever. Amen. May 16.

Return of Spirits after Death.

Query.—To whom shall we go for reliable information concerning the return of the spirit after death? It was announced, on Monday last, that an intelligence, designated as Edgar A. Poe, would give his views concerning the return of the spirit after death. It may be well here to state, that Edgar Poe is not in the habit of controlling our medium, nor because he was not refined and spiritual in his nature, but on account of the peculiarly unpleasant circumstances attending his last moments on earth. As our reporter might find it somewhat difficult to follow the rapid and language of the Heaven-inspired poet, we will cause her to transcribe the spirit's words in both able and willing to write out his own ideas upon paper.

[The answer to the question chronicled in our columns as having been given on Monday, May 12th, was accordingly given in the shape of a fine poem, producing an electrifying effect upon the audience assembled. Our readers will find below a copy of the poem as written out by the spirit:]

Ask no priest, ye eager earth through,
If the angels can return,
But rather light your lamps of knowledge
Where the fires of Wisdom burn—
Burn alike for saint and sinner.
Jew and Gentile, great and small—
Teaching from all Nature's record,
Man is judged in Reason's hall.

Then to Reason bring your problems;
She will solve them, one and all,
For she holds the keys of Heaven,
And she wears no funeral pall.
But her garments are all glorious
As the bow that spans the sky,
And upon each soul she writes thus:
"The immortal cannot die."

Then, since life, and life eternal,
To each human soul is given,
Who shall circumscribe its limits
To the spirit land called Heaven?
Not the God of ancient Sinai,
Nor the Christian's God of Love,
For to man is given dominion
Over all below—above.

Freedoms pen—Nature's anthem,
Each enfranchised spirit sings,
And to bear your loved ones earthward,
Heaven and Earth will lend their wings.

Then dwell ye no longer in shadows,
With the tomb's dreary walls closing round,
But rise! weave your chaplets of welcome,
For the dead live—your lost ones are found.
May 15.

Josephine Carlton.

Oh yes, we live, and poor Poe once lived as you now do, with all his human tendencies and frailties; but, linked close with these, there was a divine aspiration which, sooner or later, must surmount all earthly things, and find its home in heaven. And where is heaven to be found? Sometimes on earth, sometimes in the spheres above, and occasionally within one's own soul; but wherever it is found, there the spirit realizes all its dreams of perfect bliss.

A few months since I informed a group of friends in Cincinnati that I would plead in their behalf through the form I now control. I intended to have done so before this, but not in this way; nor do I intend to plead for them at all to-day, but I control to inform them that I am no impostor, and that I shall, sooner or later, fulfill my promise to them.

I propose to speak through this form to an audience larger than this before me, when time and circumstances shall permit, to that class of fallen women to which I once belonged. Oh yes, I was once a prostitute. And though the virtuous of earth stood apart from me and feared to gaze upon me, yet the Almighty Father did not fail to bless and recognize me as his child, because I was linked to him by the great love which binds soul to soul. This is no time or place for me to plead in behalf of that sorrowing band of sisters in the West, but oh, I ask them to have patience, to have fortitude, and to draw a little longer strength from the fountain of hope, for I shall certainly return and plead for them, and as the Eternal lives and rules, I shall be with them soon.

They knew me as Josephine Carlton, in Cincinnati. May 15.

Samuel Piedmont.

It would be vain for me to attempt to describe my feelings at this hour. I cannot; they are past description. When dying, I told my friends I should not return to earth, even should I find it possible, for I had seen as much of earth as I cared to see, having lived upwards of eighty years. But oh, I find myself burning up with desire to return and commune with the relatives and friends who are still dear to me upon earth; and come I must, if I come for nothing. For every mistake we make in life we suffer much, and we suffer, doubtless, that we may learn to make no such mistakes again.

Now I desire that my friends on earth make no such mistake as I did. Now I recommend that my friends harbor no such feeling, and make no such expression as I made before death, for, in so doing, they put a garment upon the spirit which it does not like to see itself in. I had heard much of what I termed a delusion. Now what shall I say for myself when I find myself returning, and upon the very ground I once said never existed? Oh, I must take up my cross and bear it up Calvary, and I must be crucified. My Master suffered, and why should not I? The crosses of life must be taken up; if not on earth, apart from earth.

I was born in Montpelier, Vermont State. I died at the residence of my son, in Chicago, Illinois. I have been a spirit eight years. My religion was Orthodox in the extreme; my death was full of hope. My name, Samuel Piedmont, and that is also my name. I do not ask to be received. I'm not right yet. I come here, to-day, because God knows I could not stay away, and if any one should rather open the door to me than close it, I'll enter; but I ask for none to unlock it until the desire is within themselves to do so. Good day. May 16.

John George.

I am wholly unacquainted with this method of control, but, like all who come, I suppose I have an object in view, else I should not come. I do not know as my experience is the experience of all, but, in my case, I have half forgotten the use of language. Do you understand? If you don't, I would inform you that the language of the spirit spheres is silence. When the spirit passes out of its temple-house, and finds itself in the spirit spheres, it begins to learn the language of silence, as the child learns intuitively the words papa and mama. After dwelling in those spheres for some time, it was not surprising that the spirit lost the action of speech or its power of utterance.

I was born in Warner, New Hampshire, and died at Tahlequah, Florida, in the year 1846, of congestion of the lungs, together with intermittent fever, throughout the entire body. My age was a little rising thirty years. My name, John George—nothing more, sir, and I was by occupation, or profession, a counsellor. I was a graduate of Dartmouth College, in the class of 1838.

Like a novice as I am in this returning, I prefer to wait for the call of my friends upon earth, that I may speak to those who know me, and establish the possibility of my identity. Until then, I bid you farewell. May 16.

Marietta Gregg.

I want to go home. [You do? My mother is n't here. [Where, then? She's at home, I suppose. [Where's that? Does she live in a town or city? She's at home. St. Louis is a city, it is n't a town. [You are right. I was nine years old. [Do you remember the street your mother lived on, in St. Louis? Yes, Bertha street. [Can you give the number? No. I've forgotten that. I've been most three years in spirit-land; three years the last of this month, my grandmother says. [Does she stand beside you? Yes. [Which grandmother is it? My father's mother. Rebecca Gregg—that's her name. My name is Marietta Gregg. I died with a sore throat, and was sick only a little while. I've got two brothers, and a sister, too. She is gone away—she was gone away when I was sick. But my mother—I want to talk with. She's got a bunch on her neck, which she thinks she'll have out soon. If she does, she won't stay with father, she'll come to live with me, and she'd better not have it done, for they say it won't amount to anything if she don't do anything to it. [Who says this? My grandmother's doctor says it'll never amount to anything, except it troubles her and disfigures her a little.

When can I go home? [Whenever your mother calls you? Will you ask her to send for me? [Yes, I'll ask her to go somewhere where you can talk to her. Can't I never go if she don't send for me? [Oh, yes; don't you go to St. Louis, now? No. Can't I talk? Can't you give me an instrument to talk through? [I can't very well, unless your mother comes here. Good by. I don't want to stay any longer. I do n't know anybody here. May 16.

Invocation.

Oh Lord our God, the whole earth is full of flaming swords, for thy messengers of Justice and Equality are sounding aloud their trumpets. They are pouring out the vials of wrath upon thy children of the nineteenth century. Oh God, we do not pray unto thee at this time to visit any special blessing upon thy children, for we know that this great affliction which has fallen like a thunderbolt upon our entire nation, is for the soul-purification and general good of thy erring children, the American people. And oh, our God, though the cup be bitter from which we are forced to drink, and the sword sharp which thou hast drawn over their heads, yet we, oh Father, would bow in humble submission to thee, knowing full well that thou hast not afflicted thy children with an element this time without cause. Thus, oh God, we expect to suffer until the political sins of the American Nation are washed out in human blood. Our Father, we would render unto thy most holy name all thanks for the mighty past, all praises for the glorious present, and all homage for the coming future. Amen. May 19.

Daniel Gregg.

If the friends have no questions to present, we propose to speak briefly concerning the condition of North and South.

It will be remembered that each individual possesses not only the power to think and reason for himself, but possesses also the right to do this. Now I may differ somewhat in my views from many who have preceded me, though they dwell in near relation to me as inhabitants of the spirit-world. Nevertheless, dissimilar as they may be in their character to the ideas advanced by brother spirits, I shall venture to offer them to my hearers at this time, granting to each individual the right to accept or reject my views at pleasure.

Much has been said with regard to the cause of the present civil war, and much more remains to be said upon that question. The invisible world is full of inquiries concerning the state of your political affairs; and this is right, for out of the confusion and chaos around you, God shall produce a fair and harmonious fabric. Should we go through the Federal or United States Army and question the Volunteers as to what they are fighting for? Should we ask them if they were fighting against human slavery, they would answer you in the negative. They would say they were fighting to sustain the emblem of the United States—for the preservation of the Union—for that liberty which their forefathers so nobly fought and bled for. And is this right? Is this the truth? Oh no, for I stand above you all, and can see with my Spiritual eyes the hidden streams and rivers which have been the secret cause of this great national trouble. It is in vain to declare that you do not fight for freedom and the abolition of slavery to all classes. Verily, I tell you, you fight for nothing else—for liberty, but general, not individual liberty. True, you enslave of freedom are floating over the land, but also, you have within your very hearts that which gives you the lie; you prate of that which you have not, but which, in your enthusiasm, you fondly believed was yours in truth and reality.

When living in my own mortal form, I protested against slavery; and though I was a slave to religious opinions myself, yet I was honest in believing that all men were born free and equal, and that bondage was a something imposed by man upon his fellow-creatures, rather than an inheritance from God.

It will be remembered, that the reference to slavery was purposely left out of the Constitution of the United States. Now your forefathers evaded the question—they feared to grapple with the ensign of freedom. They left it for you to do, in their extreme cowardice, and you, in turn, have for years been striving to cast it out of your minds. You have suffered it to grow and take root in the very heart of your nation, because you had not the courage or resolution to tear it up. You have not cared to meddle with it, so long as it gave you no trouble, but an evil it might be, which the Great God would take care of in His own time. You have been told this from your own mortal senses, and from the inhabitants of the spirit-world. I do not believe that you have failed to discover evil in such a system, for if the great God endowed you with a spirit, he gave you also the power of distinguishing between right and wrong.

The North and South both admit slavery to be an evil, yet they have been casting it off for the great God to take care of, all these long years. The great Jehovah trusted it to your care; but how have you betrayed the trust reposed in you by him? Have you done all in your power to make the wrong right in this matter under consideration? Have you not each and all evaded it? Oh, there are few of you who, after questioning their own souls, can safely say, "I have done my duty." All, I fear, have betrayed, in a measure, the trust reposed in them; and the great God, in his infinite mercy, has opened the windows of his kingdom to you, that new light may enter your hitherto-darkened souls, and the ignorance of past years be supplanted by that divine wisdom of which the Heavenly Father is the type.

And thus civil war is with you, in its most frightful form. It is a medicine in the hands of the Great Physician, which you must all taste, more or less. The North are contemplating a great victory, a general hour of rejoicing, but oh, will they rejoice when they think of the widowed and orphaned, of the brave hearts that have gone forth in the full flush of manhood to meet and combat the enemy, only to yield their precious lives to the Death Angel? Will they rejoice when they think of the unprepared spirits hurried so suddenly into eternity? Of the bearded hearts and desolate homes which this wretched war has already made? Oh, is it not better to mourn, in view of your condition at this time, than to rejoice? Why, you had better tear down your ensign of freedom, and replace it by some more fitting emblem, until the time shall arrive when you can with truth say, "This is the land of freedom; here in America may be found liberty for all." Then, and not till then, may you raise your flags and cry aloud for freedom beneath their floating folds.

It has been said that the African is incapable of progression, or of acquiring knowledge to any great extent. But do you suppose our Creator ever fashioned one human being in his own image—whom he is the image of wisdom and intellect—whom he did not endow with mentality in a greater or less degree? Oh, ye sons of America, he has given them as much of intellect as belongs to their own class. He has given you power to lead the negro from out of the night of ignorance into the broad daylight of knowledge. But oh, how have you withheld that power from souls so dependent upon you for knowledge. Instead of lavishing so much of your wealth upon things that can do you no good, would it not be better to exert your charity in another direction?—to enlighten the ignorant dwelling upon your own soil, and through your superior wisdom raise the negro to the intellectual standard which God has created for him? I think so. Each and all are capable of doing something toward giving freedom and knowledge to all.

The time has now come when the Angel of Justice is about to write the death of slavery, not alone that of African slavery—for you have it all around you in various forms—but whatever enslaves and fetters the spirit in any way. And the next century, we trust, shall herald in the true dawn of liberty and independence.

It is in vain for you to plead your ignorance in regard to this matter, for God has endowed you all with the power of discriminating between right and wrong, and with soul monitors, who, with the unfailing accuracy of the magnetic needle, point out the true path of duty. Therefore if you err in this matter, it is rather through inattention than ignorance. East and all—men, women, and child—who have come to years of understanding, can do nothing to help toward raising this temple of liberty. You fight for that which is with you even now, but you know not its grandeur and power. It is with you to-day, but you see it not with your sin-be-dazzled vision.

We again affirm that the time is drawing near when slavery must be washed out, not only from this American Continent, but from every land where it has found an abiding place. Oh, then, while you feel the weight of this terrible affliction—for God has placed this yoke upon your shoulders that you may learn wisdom through suffering—murmur not, but bear with patience the burden imposed upon you, until the Heavenly Father shall see fit to take away the cross from this suffering nation. He hath waited long enough for you to do your duty, and to banish slavery from your land without the use of the sword. Through your own lack of courage and your inaction you have brought this war upon yourselves, and God, who has repaid confidence in you as a people only to find it betrayed, will quell this rebellion in his own good time. Oh, may God, in his infinite mercy, give you strength to endure the trials and privations of this great contest, and may the bitter fruits of this experience rouse you to a sense of your duty to God and man in the future.

I am unaccustomed to controlling mediums; had I better understood it I might have spoken freer, but as it is, I can safely say that I have spoken my honest convictions—that which I felt to be right when I was on earth, and which has grown to be a mighty tree with me here in the spirit-land. My name, Daniel Gregg, of Dedham, Mass. May 19.

Monroe Edwards.

I hear you admit all classes to this place? [Yes, it is free to all.] I hear, also, it is your custom to require any one coming here to give something by which they may be known? [Yes.] I have never tried to speak this way before, and it's pretty hard work. Your atmosphere is charged with an element that half overpowers some of us, whether you know anything about it or not. Now I want you to take some means or way to prove I'm just who I say I am, for I know the importance of proving my identity to my friends full well.

I died at Sing Sing Prison fifteen years ago the eighteenth of last February, I think. Now I suppose the institution keeps a record, or a list of its inmates. Is n't it so? [I presume so.] All you've got to do, then, is to write and ask them about me. I died of consumption. I was sick all the time I was there. I've got nothing to say against the institution, for they treated me as well as I deserved to be treated, and it was right that I was put there. I've no fault to find with the treatment I received while in that place, although there's generally enough to find fault with in such State institutions. At any rate, I've no fault to find with the care I received there. I simply refer to the institution as a proof of my identity.

My name was Monroe Edwards. [The Chairman here asked, Were you ever in Texas?] Yes. [Did you ever know a man by the name of Ellis?] Yes. [But he knew more of me than I did of him. Do you know me?] No. Yes, I think I know to whom you refer. [I never saw you, to my knowledge.] No, I suppose not. I was not a native of Massachusetts. [This Ellis published a pamphlet, or book, about you.] I never read it, or heard of it. I know nothing about it. [It was said to be a history of your transactions; but whether the stories told of you were entirely true, I cannot say.] No doubt they were; they're past, but not crossed out. I'm trying to get on now; they say we have the power to do so.

Now, there are parties here on earth with whom I was intimately concerned in various transactions, and if there's any way by which I can reach them, I'd like to do it. My dear sir, you'll remember, or agree with me when I say that in most all cases of crime, there is generally more than one party concerned. A body don't start off alone for the commission of crime; one must be connected in some way with a second person, for, though one may execute, it often takes two or more to conceive and mature a plan of operations.

There are from seven to thirteen persons on earth now who were more or less involved in some of the crimes I committed, and some of whom occupy higher places in society than they would if the world knew them as well as I do. I'm telling the truth, sir; no matter what I was, or what I am now, I can tell the truth. I was told when I first came here to the spirit-world, that I should be obliged to return to earth, and make straight all the crooked paths I'd struck out while on earth.

Now those men know me, and I know them. They know I'm dead, and they consider, because I am, that I'm not able to hear and see what's going on here on earth. I'm here for that purpose, to-day—to do what I should have done while on earth. They do n't know the way, and need to be shown it. I propose to do it, and if my accomplices refuse the offer, the worst is their own. You think you understand me, sir, in this matter? [I do.] I should like very much to be able to clear my own skin in these transactions, without involving the interests and reputations of those who were connected with me, but if I can't do it without, away go their earthly temples, as God lives; for I'd been glad to have had my earthly temple swept away, if, by so doing, I could have straitened matters that were wrong before com-

ing to the spirit-world. It's better that they suffer a little now, clear their consciences, and wash their clothes, than to suffer what I have suffered since coming to the other world. There's no use in trying to shirk your own responsibilities, as the old gentleman told you just now. I've suffered greatly here, being in continual misery at the thought of the wrongs to be crossed out, before peace and happiness can be mine, and how I've got to borrow pigmy bodies and institutions I'm not used to, to fulfill my mission through. You would n't counsel my giving names at this time, would you? [Not now; I'd try to reach them, if possible, without making a public exposure of their connection with you.] I'll not do so at present, but if compelled to call their names at some future time, I'll do it, never fear. Good day to you, sir. May 19.

John Gibson.

I am here to-day one of those unhappy and unfortunate individuals who was foolish enough to commit suicide. My name was John Gibson. I lived in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, and was seventy-three years of age. I committed suicide by hanging. Oh, I have suffered, none but my attendants know how much, and I'm here to-day to warn all those who contemplate suicide, against those terrible rocks which obstruct the pathway of him who is guilty of self-destruction.

Imagine yourself an outcast from all good society, and all you loved, and if you're a sensitive soul, you'll shudder at the thought of a fate so wretched as mine. I was unfortunate in many respects while here on earth, and I had a sick wife who was for many years an invalid. I was not very greatly blessed in this world's goods, and I was much given to melancholy, induced by not living up to the laws of God and man; but that which had immediate agency in my committing suicide, was the unfavorable termination of a law-suit.

I was one day riding in my wagon, feeling very melancholy, when something, I hardly knew what, came in collision with me. But it turned out to be a gentleman—a physician—riding in a light wagon. He called to me three times, he said, to turn out, but I paid no attention to his words, and drove directly upon him, damaging the wagon in which he was seated, to a considerable extent. In consequence of that, he commenced a suit against me, which went against me, and which resulted in my determination to commit suicide. I did not wish to leave my poor wife here, so I thought I'd do what I could to take her with me, but in that I failed, thank God! but was more successful in my own case.

I have relatives and friends living on earth who are strangers to this thing, for oh, what may not one gain by a knowledge of this new belief? One ray of light to the departing spirit is worth all the riches which man might possess upon earth. I desire, by the power of God, to give that divine instruction to my friends, which shall be the means of insuring their happiness in the future.

That a suicide's condition in the spirit-land is an unpleasant one, all will tell you who have shared with me the agony of a suicide's fate, for the way is hard, the journey is long, and we need all the aid which can be given us, both in this world and in the world above. For whatever I can do toward helping my friends here on earth, will also be the means of promoting my own happiness in the spirit world. I ask that they give me the privilege of speaking to them, and of preparing their souls to receive the light of this new religion to which they are as yet strangers. Thus will their happiness in the future become a certain thing, and my own soul relieved, and God glorified.

If you desire proof as to my identity, go to the records of the Court of Common Pleas, in East Cambridge, and there you'll find a record of my case, which was decided against me in January, 1847. You'll find it so. May 19.

Lavinia Hedgeman.

'Tis but a step between the two worlds. My dear friends need not wonder at my early return; when they consider that there is no great distance between the spirit-world and the earth-land. I've only been a spirit, away from the body, a little more than five weeks. I promised to return as early as I could, if possible. I've come to-day, it being the earliest time given me.

My name was Lavinia Hedgeman. I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and died in New York city. My maiden name was Lavinia Brown, and I was twenty-three years of age at the time of my death. I died of fever and inflammation of the stomach and bowels. I had some shadow of belief in Spiritual things, and hence promised to come if I could, but I am not able to stay long. May 19.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SONG OF THE MAIDEN I LOVE.

BY JOYCE JOYCELIN.

Oh! charming 's the song that melts on the ear,
As it falls from the lips of beauty's own belle,
And sweet are the whisperings of that I fear
It would be far worse than treachery to tell.

And mellow 's the music that swells through the hall,
Where beauty, and fashion, and dignity move,
But where honor and honor, and beauty must fall,
Before the sweet song of the maiden I love.

Oh! sweet are the sounds of nature's own voice,
That echo from hills where in childhood I played,
How soon would I greet you had I but the choice,
Oh! land of my heart, where my fathers are laid.

Oh! sweet are the songs that crowd round the heart,
The echoing songs from the vine sheltered grove,
But the free song of childhood and man's fame depart,
Before the sweet song of the maiden I love.

Oh! sweet is the song of the tinkling brook,
That winds through the mead by my forefather's cot,
Each silvery ripple, and verdant fringed crook,
And willow margin, can ne'er be forgot.

Oh! rich is the soil in music and rhyme,
And hallowed in song is the land where I rove,
Where sweetly late, and veils and all rhyme—
But sweetest 's the song of the maiden I love.

Oh! dear to my soul 's that lullaby song,
That swept o'er my heart-strings in infancy's days,
The prayer, kiss and tear that on memory throng,
Too sacredly treasured for vulgarly's gaze;

And the song of glad tidings Israel's sweet singer led,
Inspiringly echoed by angels above—
But reverence and gratitude they too have fled,
Before the sweet song of the maiden I love.

Go to Work.

Yes, if you can't take hold of one thing, then take hold of another. Not much matter where, or how; only begin. Don't wait for to-morrow; that will have no better opportunities for you than to-day; and by that time your present energy will have evaporated.

"Begin," says the German poet Goethe, "and then the mind grows heated." He speaks of brain work; but it is just the same with all kinds of work; it is the starting, the act of taking hold, the obedience to the first reasonable and powerful impulse, that tells the story. After that, it is as easy as it is to follow any other habit. Work begets work. One is astonished to find, too, how soon it banishes the blues—rouses them clear off the field. Low spirits pass out at the ends of the fingers, just as soon as a dull-felling man begins to employ them. Even if he is making but a little, he is busy, and that keeps the devils away from his brain. Just try our recipe, and see what a powerful cure of ever so many maladies is secured in it.

"What a clever invention 's a sewing machine!" said Jones. "Yes, and it seems," replied Smith.

Letter from Miss A. W. Sprague.

Mr. Editor—Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to grasp hands once more with my friends scattered through the East and West, whose numerous letters I have been compelled to leave unanswered, and toward whom I have kept, till now, unbroken silence. Not because my heart had ceased to respond to their earnest words of interest and anxious affection, neither had I forgotten the Cause, into which, as all who know me can well attest, for the last seven years I have thrown my best energies, my strength, and almost my life; but simply because too ill to give outward manifestations of the spirit that, though "prisoned" in the dark house of the body, like a caged eagle would still keep beating against its bars, and pine for its eyrie in its mountain home.

It was known to many, through your paper, that I was taken ill in August last, at Oswego, N. Y., whither I had gone in pursuance of a promise to attend the National Convention, and fulfill an engagement in the city; though my health had so far failed that I had given up my Western engagements, hoping, by remaining at home during that time, to recover myself fully, and go forth the following year with my usual strength. But I found I had overestimated my powers. Before my engagement with my Oswego friends closed, and before the Convention commenced, I was too ill to leave my bed. Ten days after, I was better—able to ride out—and for a few days thought I should soon return home, but at the end of that time had a relapse, and for six weeks was again unable to leave my room, and hardly my bed. Since then, I have been struggling back to health, sometimes improving rapidly for a week, and then suffering the next with my throat and lungs, or most intensely with my head, until I would almost lose what I had gained before another fresh impulse of strength would inspire me again with hope. I was treated only with magnetism and cold and warm water, and though my restoration has been slow, I know I have no poisonous Allopathy drugs in my system from the treatment, to cause after suffering, as has before been the case; and I know that much of the inherited scrofula, which has always been the first cause of my ill health, has yielded to the power of magnetism, aided by the instructions and efforts of my spirit friends.

Many of my friends will recollect, and particularly those who shared with me the hospitality of their homes, that I had a serious difficulty with my throat, and this was the immediate cause of my illness. Many also will recollect the long severe illness I had some ten years since, prior to my becoming a medium, and that after I lay two years in a dark room, suffering intensely, medical treatment only adding to my tortures, (with the exception of a Botanic doctor, who helped me very much,) that spirits came to my rescue, cured and developed me as a medium, and then sent me forth a worker for the Cause to which I owed my life. How I have fulfilled the mission with which I have been entrusted, I leave others to say, while I add that again I owe my life to their efforts in my behalf, coupled with those of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Crawford, of Oswego, N. Y., who took me to their home, and did for me all they could have done had I been their own daughter, and insisted upon my remaining with them until I was so far recovered as to be able, with but the assistance of my spirit friends, to regain once more my health. I have now to do so.

I reached home about two weeks since, exhausted from the journey, but am recovering from its effects. I am yet unable to bear very much company or excitement, but can walk some, ride, &c., and am gaining every month, though slowly. Whether my throat and lungs will ever again be strong enough for me to meet my friends in the lecture room as formerly, I am now unable to say. My guardians are silent as to the future, except to assure me that I shall recover my health—to what extent they do not promise, and that they have quite enough for me to do.

This has been to me a long and dreary winter; but when I remember that my symptoms were all precisely like those ten years ago, with the important addition of a very badly diseased throat, and lungs sympathizing to a much greater extent than I supposed, until my health entirely failed, retaining as I do such a keen recollection of those two years of intense suffering before I began to get help, I think I ought not to complain of these eight months that leave me, though far from well, with a reasonable expectation of becoming so in time. I am sorry to say that I have not always borne my sufferings and "waitings," this winter, with that fortitude and resignation becoming one who has taught to others the philosophy of endurance, but I am glad to say that I have been strengthened and sustained far beyond my own powers, by my angel teachers, and that while my friends in the spirit-land have not deserted me, neither have those in the body. I can never feel sufficiently grateful to my friends who cared for and watched over me night and day during those years of severest suffering, never leaving me to the care of strangers for a moment, but were my "good Samaritans" in the hour of my greatest need, seeming to receive recompense for that for which indeed there is no coin that is worthy offering. "I was sick, and they came unto me," and somewhere in the great hereafter a voice shall say unto them, "Ye have done it unto me."

I have never had greater tests of spirit-power than during my past illness. My health first began to fail during my severe labors in the West, some two years since, but I continued my efforts without intermission until a year ago last February, when I took two very severe colds that settled in my throat, and I was obliged to discontinue my speaking during the week evenings, but met my engagements on Sunday, until the season was over. My friends in Norwich, Williamette and Stafford, Ct., will probably recollect my narrow escape from a sick bed at each place, and the condition of my throat; but owing to the kindness and efforts of Dr. Calvin Hall, a veteran in our cause, and Miss Ellen Harvey, of Stafford, Conn., one of our young apostles, in her efforts to advance the work of Spiritualism, I gathered strength to finish my appointments and return home, when I recalled all my engagements for the ensuing year, except at Oswego.

I feel bound in honor to attend the Convention, but a heavy cloud hung over me when I thought of it, as of some impending evil; still I felt that I was to go. I intended to be gone only three or four weeks, and yet without divining any reason why I should do so, and wondering at myself, I packed my trunks as if I were to be absent several months, impelled by an irresistible power to do so, and the day I left home, I felt almost as badly as if I was never to return. I was to speak two Sundays at Oswego. I spoke once, a day so insufferably warm that I shall never forget it, and was ill from that time, though not confined to my bed, until the Friday following. On Wednesday afternoon I was sitting by myself, when I was very strongly controlled, and said that I was going to be sick, that I should suffer very much, and that my guardians would seem to leave me, but that it would be only seeming, and that for a good purpose. I had in a few instances, since becoming a medium, had very sick nights, during which some things would be induced in my health or mediumship, and I supposed it was something of that kind to which they referred, and was not therefore alarmed for it, though I could bear a short suffering, even if severe, and spoke of it thus to the friends with whom I was stopping. But when it came, I found it severe enough, but not as short as I could have wished. For some time my guardians came to me, but very little, except once a day, then gave me some test, but said they wished to magnetize me, but little for a time as I had become more attracted to the spirit-world than this, from receiving more magnetism from them, than from human beings, or external objects; and in order to receive my vital energy and do what they wished, I must first receive strength through animal magnetism. This was anything but pleasing to me, as I had found it so much more agreeable to apply to them, than to any external power for assistance. But they were inexorable, and I was obliged to submit, and from that time I placed myself under thorough magnetism treatment, varied, and arranged by my guardians' le-

Pearls.

And quoted often, and jewels are words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

My little wife once ('tis strange, but 'tis true.)
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, yet she heard not its strain;
And I, walking near her,
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free.)
Strove hard to persuade her
That He who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hill-side till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.

My little wife is not always quite sure—
Sweet little, dear little, heart-cheering Jane—
That joy will not tarry where people are poor,
But only where wealth and her satellites reign.
In each baby-treasure
She finds a new pleasure:
If purse and demand should by chance disagree,
She smiles, bravely humming,
"A better time's coming,"
And trusts in good health, in the future, and me.

[D. Wingate.]

There is something like enchantment in the very
sound of the word *youth*, and the calmest heart, at
every season of life, beats in double time to it.

FULFILLMENT.

Let her be mine when mocking hands no fading gar-
lands wreath;
Let her be mine when the scatter'd throngs no flatter-
ing incense breathe;
Let her be mine when the thoughts of night are passed
for the deeds of day;
Let her be mine when the lips take heed of the tale the
heart would say;
Let her be mine in that holy place, to set love's signet
ring;
Let her be mine in the blissful hour when the joy-bells
merrily ring;
Let her be mine when her spirit feels it cannot happier
be
Than to live in the home she has made in my heart,
and to live and to die with me.—[Roland Brown.]

Each day is a new life: let it be regarded as an epi-
tome of the whole.

LET IN THE LIGHT.

Open wide the window,
Lift the curtain high,
Catch all the glorious sunshine,
Let not a ray pass by.
Oh! who would live in darkness,
When all around is day?
Welcome, bright gift of dreary earth,
And drive all shade away.

Counsel that favors our desires needs careful watch-
ing.

VICARIOUS ATONEMENT.

A Lecture by Rev. J. S. Loveland, at Lyceum Hall,
Boston, Sunday Evening, June 1, 1862.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

A merely surface view of man's past history furnishes
us nothing but chaos and confusion. Every step of
humanity is wet with tears and stained with blood.
War, discord and suffering are at all times and in all
climes, the concomitants of human existence. Looking
at the opinions and theories of men, they seem the
monstrous spawn of some incongruous and frightful
power. Human history is one vast ocean of counter
currents and opposing whirlpools. Not until we look
beneath the surface do we find signs of system and or-
der. Not until we have grasped the mighty aggregate
of particulars by an exhaustive analysis, and coordi-
nated them by a rigid, philosophical synthesis, is it pos-
sible for us to see the sublime order, the matchless wis-
dom of the great whole of being. In doing this, we
thread the past, behold the present, and penetrate the
future. And, this we must do, before we can solve the
simplest problems of human destiny, or answer wisely
the oft-recurring questions of our common nature.

How can we define truth, or distinguish the truth
from the false, unless we have thus studied? But
when we have pursued this thorough search, we find,
so far as great principles are involved—those which
constitute the creeds and constitutions, the religions
and governments of the races—that all are true.
Their falsity consists in their imperfection; in other
words, they do not express the whole truth, but only
a part. They give expression to as much truth as man
could comprehend at the period of their formation.
Truth is a many-sided column, each side of which is
adorned and sculptured different from the rest; yet all
are serial, orderly parts of the perfect wholeness. The
circling tide of time exposes side after side of this
wondrous column, and man of necessity interprets it,
but is not always able to perfectly comprehend the
prospective or retrospective relations and dilations of
the many sides; and when he falls into the mistake of
thinking a part to be the whole, we have the false-
hood, the *partiality* of truth. Truth is a variegated land-
scape, and cannot be all taken in from a single point
of observation, and when the mistake is made of so
supposing, we have the false—a part for the whole.

All thought is born of feeling—in feeling clothed by
the formative intellect: An idea is thought remem-
bered. An idea is a complexity—an assemblage of
ideas, related and harmonized, forming an image of
wholeness in the understanding. Ideas coordinated
form a system; hence, creeds, constitutions, churches
and governments. As there can be no thought with-
out a prior feeling or affection, of which that thought
is the form, so there can be no system of thoughts or
ideas which are not the perfect symbols or representa-
tions of human nature itself; consequently, true. The
variations of systems indicate the status of man in the
different ages, institutions, as we showed this after-
noon, constitute the machinery by which the affections
of man seek to supply their necessities. As means,
they are germane to the end, consequently, as true as
human nature is true to its instincts and destiny—
as God is true in the manifestations of power and wis-
dom. The great systems of faith are the upwellings of
man's profound affectionality, bodied forth by his in-
tellect, and constitute the many colored rays of the
ever-glorious light of life—the truth.

These preliminary thoughts fitly introduce my theme
for the evening, which is—

THE ATONEMENT.

In the present age, and among liberalists, so-called,
the doctrine of atonement is not only rejected, but

severely and unapologetically denounced. It is declared to
be utterly inconsistent with all our notions of justice,
and also of the divine rectitude, for the innocent to
suffer for, or in place of the guilty. Nay, it is af-
firmed to be immoral to the last degree. Notwith-
standing this, I stand before you this evening to de-
clare my absolute belief in vicarious atonement. If
our preliminary remarks are just, it must be true—a
part of the golden radiance encircling immortal hu-
manity. In discussing the question, I shall appeal to
facts, for before their stern logic all mere theorizing
must fade away. In the grand economy of God, is it a
fact that the innocent suffer for the guilty?—and this,
too, not as an incident, but as an integral part of the
all-comprehending order? I answer, Yes. And now
to the evidence.

Not far from this hall can be found Jails, Prisons,
Alms-Houses, Houses of Correction, etc., etc. And
equally as near, can be found the tax lists with your
names thereon, with the sums affixed which law and
custom compel you to pay for the support and main-
tenance of the inmates of those institutions. The sin of
the lazy, the drunken and abandoned, are visited in
their consequences upon you. You suffer for them.
The suffering, I grant, is the lowest—pecuniary—but to
many it is the most distressing. But we will advance
and see if the principle, proved true on the lowest
plane of human activity, will not demonstrate itself
on the higher.

Turn we, then, to the family sphere. How very few
there are who cannot count one wandering prodigal,
or one erring Magdalen in the circle of family friends.
False pride may disinherit the son, or disown the
daughter, but I ask you whose hearts do bleed, whose
eyes do weep in secret places over the sinning and
lost? And the poignant keenness of the sorrow is in
direct ratio with the depth of the tender lovingness of
those who mourn. Blessed are the tears, and hallowed
the grief, felt and shed for those who have passed on
to the great hereafter, but O, more holy, more divine,
and far more bitter are those tears wrung out from
souls grieving over others' wrongs and falls. There is
a mellow richness in the mother's grief, who stands
at the grave of her untaught and gentle girl, but who
can paint the despairing agony of her who mourns
her darling in a den of shame? But I need say no
more on this point. Where one tear falls, a tribute to
Nature's grief, ten salt the earth for the wrong doings
of living friends.

Here, then, we have suffering for others inhering in
the very constitution of things; or, if you please, in
the order of God. Ascending still higher, to the plane
of spiritual life and experience, we are still confronted
with the stern fact that the most unselfish and un-
worldly of earth's children have keenly suffered for
others; that it is the law of spiritual evolution and
growth that the depth and strength of sympathetic in-
terest and suffering for others keeps pace with that
growth. Nor does it seem to matter much as to what
form of creed be entertained. The Jew, Mahometan,
Heathen, Catholic or Protestant alike reveal this com-
mon characteristic of our common nature. Indeed, this
is the only absolute test of spiritual life; for just in
proportion as the spiritual is born in man, does he
weep with those that weep.

In the wide sphere of national life the same principle
is operative. No calamity can befall any of the
great nations of the earth without implicating others.
To-day the misfortunes of this nation send poverty and
sorrow into the cottages of labor in the old world.
Nor can it be otherwise.

But the phases of vicarious suffering thus far men-
tioned are inevitable, and may be very unwelcome to
those enduring them. There is, however, another
phase, the loftiest of them all. It is where there is
joined with a knowledge of the law, an acquiescence
therein, and a martyr consecration thereto. Such
have been the heroes and saviors of mankind. The
ancient oracle declared that Sparta, or her king, must
perish; and when the trial hour came, the great Leon-
idas, with his immortal band, rushed with a grand re-
ligious joy to the terrible contest, and offered them-
selves a "willing sacrifice" for their native land.
Thus all heroes solve have done. Howard, Xavier, Paul
and Jesus are only a few of the names of human sav-
iours. With multitudes the name of Jesus stands pre-
eminent over all the rest. Certain it is that this great
idea has been more intimately associated with his
name and life than with that of any other man. But
we nowhere find him assuming to have made "a full
and perfect oblation, propitiation and satisfaction for
the sins of the whole world," as the modern church
has done in his behalf, but, on the contrary, assuring
his disciples that they should drink of his cup, and be
baptized with his baptism.

And Paul represents himself as making the most
earnest efforts to know "the fellowship of his suf-
ferings, being made conformable to his death." But
this would be impossible if his sufferings and death
were totally unlike all others. Paul also speaks of
"filling up the measure of the sufferings of Christ." But
if the measure was already filled, or completed, why
speak of "filling up?" Paul's idea is plain. Christ,
as the representative person of spiritual unselfish-
ness and martyr consecration, had suffered, "the just
for the unjust," and all other souls who would
attain like altitude in spiritual stature, must partake
of the same agony. Christ was "made perfect through
suffering," so also must others. He did his part of
the work; we must finish it. The mistake of the
Church consists in limiting vicarious atonement to
the man Jesus, instead of making it as universal as
man. Still, despite of creeds, the Romanist, in his
Transubstantiation, and offering of the host; and the
Protestant in his talk of sympathy with Christ for
sinners, do dimly and blindly shadow forth this grand
idea. But if the past has failed to

"Teach us to feel another's woe."

surely, in this particular at least, Spiritualism has not
failed. In this audience are some, and among Spiritu-
alists are many, who, coming into the presence of
suffering persons, at once experience those like them-
selves. If the outer man be weak or distressed—if the
soul be sad and sorrowful, to the sympathetic medium
the whole burden comes. They feel it themselves.
They bear the infirmities and sicknesses of others—
they suffer for others. Spiritualism is a great teacher,
but it teaches very little in a dogmatic manner.
It spreads before the mind its vast array of facts, and
within the mind unfolds those multiform experiences,
which constitute the foundation of true wisdom. The
spirit-world, thank Heaven, does not furnish us creeds
all formed, philosophies all digested, and science all
completed. But, in seeming confusion, the materials
for them all are showered magnificently around us; and
it is our work to use these materials for our own
growth and glory. The interblended life of the race—the
sympathetic unity—the transfer of soul states,
suffering, or otherwise, are among the common ex-
periences, the every day occurrences in the history of
Spiritualists. To the old religionist it is an inexplic-
able mystery, that Jesus should have exclaimed—
"My God, why hast thou forsaken me," for his creed
denies the possibility of such abandonment, and also
the possibility of his entertaining such a supposition.
But to us there is no such enigma. We know, exper-
imentally, that in the highest sense, atoning sufferings
consist in the following of the actual mental states,
of the sad and guilty, into the consoling mental states,
of the more grown and loving spirit. And so strong
and overwhelming at times is this inrolling tide,
that all consciousness of personality, save that of
self-existence, is obscured, and we pass through all
the dark and terrible sorrows of others as though they
were our own. But, until, of late, these experiences
have been mysteries even to those who have felt them,
and insusceptible to those observing them.

But the important question is, are these sufferings
of any use? Do they do good? For, to the eyes of
the mere intellect, there seems a flagrant wrong in
such an order. The fact exists—is proved beyond con-
trovery, but we demand the rationale—the use. To
the grown mind, facts are sufficient evidence of wis-
dom; even though it be not apparent on the surface.
But in this we are not left to such a baldness of in-
ference. We are saved by the atonement. There is no other
way of salvation—no other method by which man
ever did, or can help his fellow to rise from degrada-
tion and sorrow, save by suffering with and for him.
Herein is the secret of all great successes. By suffer-
ing in soul for others, we come, in sympathy and love,
on a level with them, while in strength and growth
we are far beyond. To us they seem our younger and
weaker brothers and sisters, while we, to them, are
the stronger and taller. When you go to your
fellow-man, or woman, with your stik, or broadcloth
drawn close for fear of filthy contact, and patroniz-
ingly extend the finger of your white-gloved hand
to aid him to arise, he turns away with rage, and
curses you for the insult you have added to his misery,
while you stupidly wonder at the obduracy of sinners.
Why, man would rather sink ten thousand
times deeper in the hell of woe, than be helped in
this way, even were help thus possible. What do
men need who walk the path of sin?

To be told the consequences? To be instructed in
the science of evil? To talk with them. Become elo-
quent in your delineations of the consequences of
crime, and the degradation of human nature in yield-
ing thereto. Select the inebriate, the libertine, the
Magdalen—yes, all the dark list of so-called wrong
doers. You pause to see the effect of your oratory.
A wild, derisive laugh is their response. Have they
not felt all these things burned in fiery agony into the
very woof of their lives? Ay, all their degradations
are to them so many noisome, festering ulcers—plague
spots—upon the otherwise fair escutcheon of their
manhood. You have never dreamed of sin and its
sorrows as they have felt them. You turn away with
wounded vanity and self-righteous horror at the
strength of human depravity. But let me whisper,
that while your ideal of sin is respectability itself
compared with theirs, so, also, your beautiful virtue
is deformity, when placed beside the towering excel-
lence which walks beside them in all the fiery regions
of the hell of sin. Your virtue is a empty negativ-
ness; theirs, a positive fullness.

It is not so much light the sinner needs, as it is
strength requisite to escape from his bondage. "To
will," he says, "is present with me, but how to per-
form that which is good I find not." Lack of power
is the grand deficiency. How can that want be met?
By a strong soul conjuring itself in vital rapport
with the feeble. How can this be done? By ap-
proaching man on the plane of a great and suffering
love, which places you on the great level of brother-
hood with your fellow. His heart then becomes your
own, in all its grief, despair and aspiration. You
have then no cold and studied lectures to give, no
commonplace twaddle to offer, but you have a soul,
sad and bitter, weary, thirsty and starving, linked
with your own. You must save it from death. It has
become your own soul—part and parcel of your des-
tiny. By this wondrous process of sympathetic rap-
port and transfer, you have possessed the key which
unlocks every chamber of the soul. You can now ar-
range and beautifully them at your pleasure.

When the original Washingtonians went forth from
Baltimore, the gutters of drunken degradation were
deserted at their call. They gave the key-note of
fellow-feeling and sorrow. They were not too
righteous to call the inebriate a brother, and hence
their success, until the clergy obtained control of the
movement, when it died. Another spirit had come
in. So through all men's history. Those who have
benefited man have been the loving, the sympathetic,
those who have most keenly realized the sufferings of
others, or, in other words, those who have most atoned.

As I have already intimated, Spiritualism, in va-
rious phases of its mediumistic manifestations, has
most clearly demonstrated this great principle of hu-
man nature—this only way of salvation. The great
problem of the ages—how to save men—has been
solved before our eyes. Dimly the solution has been
seen in the past, and blindly has the attempt been
made to apply the method disclosed to practice.
Some success has followed, but it has been only the
forerunners of the great feast. The good which Spiritu-
alism, in its earthly, human aspect, has done, is
comparatively nothing. The good which it, as a
heavenly movement, has done, is, as we have shown,
in disclosing and demonstrating the true way of hu-
man elevation. The good which Spiritualism, as an
earthly movement, is to do, is the application of this
demonstration to the actual, practical life wants of
humanity. This can only be accomplished by a crys-
tallization of individual Spiritualists around this cen-
tral principle, in organic efforts for the welfare of
man.

To Spiritualism, in its present aspect, the day of
judgment has come, and this crystallization must oc-
cur, and it become a power for good in the mightiness
of its light and love, or its individual elements of
strength will be scattered and dissipated in the turbid
flood of contending errors. Another age and people
would then be requisite to initiate the great unific
movement for man's perfect enfranchisement from
sorrow and sin. It is time Spiritualism was no longer
considered a convenient means for sport and selfish
joy—time that its momentous import upon human pro-
gress was fully felt, and its exhaustless resources of in-
fluence explored and applied with their omnipotence
of energy to the lifting up of the bowed down of sor-
row and guilt.

In the great hereafter, not only will the ghosts of
actual injuries done our fellows reproach us, but the
haggard spectres of wasted opportunities will fill in
reproaching justice round our way. The way to lay
those angry spirits, are they rise from the vast deep
of guilty consciousness, is to give ourselves in solemn
consecration to labor, and suffer for others. Thus
shall we make atonement for human sin. Thus shall
we benefit our fellows, and in so doing shall save our-
selves.

Wonderful Picture.

We have been favored by Prof. Stearns, of New
York, says the Rockford (Ill.) News, with a very fine
photograph of a somewhat remarkable picture, which
was executed by Anderson, the celebrated spirit artist,
in the short space of three hours, with a common
Faber's pencil. The size of the original picture is
four feet by three. It represents an ancient looking
personage of the Jewish type, with very long hair and
flowing beard, arrayed in a richly embroidered robe,
and wearing upon his head a curiously wrought cap,
or mitre, upon which appears a number of Masonic
emblems and characters. In one hand he holds a pen,
in the other, a partially unrolled scroll, on which are
several mysterious looking characters. Judging from
the photograph, we should say the original was re-
markably well done, and would compare favorably
with any similar work executed by the best of artists
and in a longer period of time. To say the least, the
picture is a curiosity, and is worth the attention of
scientific men.

This notice was lately posted on the estate of an
English nobleman in Kent:

"Notice is hereby given that the Marquis of—
(on account of the backwardness of the season,) will
not shoot himself nor any of his tenants till after the
15th of September."

[Translated from the French, by J. T. Child.]

A Useful Thought.

A man who has a certain renown amongst American
thinkers by expounding the maxim, "Whatever is, is
Right," descends from the serene heights of Optimism
to take part in the debates of active life. Mr. Child
enters this career by publishing "A Plea for Farming
and Farming Corporations." The author undertakes
to show three things: First, that agriculture is more
profitable than commerce. Second, that agriculture,
by association, offers more advantages than agricul-
ture by individuals. Thirdly, that the north part of
Missouri is better adapted to agricultural enterprise
than the greater part of the other regions of America.

Let us examine these three propositions. It seems
paradoxical to affirm that agriculture is more profit-
able than commerce, which is the origin of rapid and
colossal fortunes which excite the envy and admira-
tion of the world. Is it in conducting a plow; in
using the pick axe, the hoe, that the Girards, the As-
tors and the Rothschilds have amassed their millions?
No; it is in groping habitually with figures, in trading,
in speculating upon the wants, the misery, the feeble-
ness of their fellow men—it is by doing this that they
have become masters of profits to all their coffers.
But what signifies these brilliant successes of some
men? Men have been seen to gain great treasures at
the lottery. Does this prove that the lottery should
be considered as a normal and habitual way of making
fortunes? All men of sense will respond, No. All
men of sense, in reflecting upon the contingent nature
of commerce, such as it is looked upon and practised
the present day, recognizing that it is only a lottery,
a play in which few players gain and many lose.

Mr. Child touches, also, upon the moral question,
and undertakes to give shame to men, sound in mind
and body, who passing their time behind the counter,
condemning themselves to complete uselessness, whilst
only farmers and manufacturers and mechanics pro-
duce things necessary to human life. But he has re-
gard to the characteristic monomania of the time, and
above all in the country in which we live, the mono-
mania of money, which leads men to the search of
lucres by all honest and dishonest ways. He enters
into this fixed idea, and proves by figures to the poor
maniac that the culture of the earth is above all oc-
cupations that will more surely attain the aim of their
covetousness. His statistics show that the earth
yields \$17.60 per acre, net profit. This is much, and
this is little. This is much for those who have the
strength and courage for working, who can con-
tent themselves with a simple life, and prefer the
tranquillity of the fields to the commercial world.
This is little, this is excessively little, for those who
regard manual labor as a shame; who have artificial
wants to satisfy, and who wish many privileges.

Mr. Child will make few converts amongst these
men with such sentiments; he will have to talk a
long time to convince them that agriculture, aided
by science, can give results superior to those which
she offers now. These men trouble themselves as lit-
tle with science as they do with the rude works of Na-
ture. In vain shall he represent to them that the only
use of money is to obtain for us the objects of our
wants, and beyond this riches become a superfluity.
It is precisely this superfluity that is necessary to
them: it is all that which flatters their ear and caresses
their vices. But if the thought of Mr. Child converts
not these unfortunate, infatuated with worldly ideas
and the mania of gold for gold, it has served,
without doubt, to invite and lead in the good way
some sincere spirits who have hesitated before which
road to follow.

The second demonstration of Mr. Child is not less
convincing to the eyes of all men not prejudiced
against social theories. Let us leave at once the com-
plicated plans of Fourier and the too absolute system
of Cabot. It remains evident that an agricultural en-
terprise made by an Association, has more chances of
success than the same enterprise divided in parcels be-
tween many individuals. In industry the advantage of
an association is recognized and sanctioned by all,
through experience. The arguments that are given in
favor of industrial societies, militate in favor of agri-
cultural societies.

Economy may be more clearly illustrated in agri-
culture, than in manufacturing associations. If the
system of associations has not yet been given to agri-
culture, it is a thing that one may attribute to the
want of knowledge, and the spirit of routine which has
unfortunately distinguished the farmers, even to this
day. It is necessary to say that the attempts made by
certain reformers in the old, as well as in the new
world, in putting under the wishes of men to some
exclusive ideas, have had generally, for the results,
to make them consider the sacrifice of liberty as a ne-
cessary preliminary to all associations. Mr. Child
endeavors to destroy this false impression, in giving
forth a very simple plan, in which sixteen families as-
sociate themselves to cultivate one section, six hun-
dred and forty acres of land. This will be forty acres
for a family. A farm of this dimension, as one knows,
represents only a very small fortune, supposing at
least it may be very advantageously situated. But
Mr. Child has no trouble in showing that a section of
fifty acres in the company of which he speaks, shall
assure to his possessor, a veritable independence, when
even he shall not occupy himself personally with the
cultivation of the earth. Each family shall have its
particular residence, and the absolute possession of a
garden of three acres. The Company shall adminis-
ter to itself, in leaving to each member the entire lib-
erty of his occupation and conduct. Indeed, this ap-
pears to be a plan large enough, so that all there can
feel at ease. Mr. Child shows that by following this
course the laws of the Association will become more
precise and more perfect, but in the actual state of
human mind it is well and necessary to hold our-
selves to the laws that are given us.

Then the author shows the north part of Missouri
as a region more favorable to the enterprise that he
recommends. He tells us that some persons have
been already occupied in the search of a locality, and
have made a choice township in the neighborhood of
Kiddier, near the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad—
St. Louis Reuue de l'Ouest.

Obituary Notices.

The spirit of Watson L. Mix left his mortal body
for a purer clime, in Warren, Vermont, Feb. 22, 1862,
aged 27 years.

Death had no terror for him, the grave no fears.
The long and tiresome disease, consumption, slowly
wasted away his mortal form, yet he murmured not
for the bright and ever sustaining truths of Spiritual-
ism shed a halo of light around his spiritual nature,
strengthening him in the hour of transition, and mak-
ing death even beautiful. He leaves a mother, brothers,
sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn his de-
parture; yet they feel he is not lost, but gone before.
He fully realized the communion between the spirit
world and mortals, remarking to his friends that he
had received visits from loved ones gone before to
dwell among the blest.

It was his request that the writer of this notice should
attend his funeral, and offer such consolation as the
invisible intelligences saw fit to give. The weather
and the traveling being very bad, the funeral dis-
course was postponed until the 18th of May.

MRS. ABBY W. FANNER.

Died, in Big Island Township, Marion Co., Ohio,
of consumption, Mrs. FERNANDUS DORRIS, Southwick,
son of Jonathan and Esther Southwick, aged 18 years,
7 months and 23 days.

He volunteered in the service of his country, Octo-
ber 21, 1861, under Capt. J. Brown, Co. B, 64th Reg.,
and left for Camp Morton, Ind., for service, where he was taken
sick. He afterwards went with his Regiment to Nash-
ville, Tenn., where he received a discharge on account
of his ill health, and arrived home last April. His
anxiety to keep up with his regiment exposed him to

hardships his frail constitution was unable to bear.
All that spirits out of the form, as well as those in it,
could do, was done, to save him from an early grave,
but all to no effect. He leaves an aged father and
mother, one brother and three sisters, to mourn their
loss, which is his gain.
D. B. R.

Passed to the higher life, at Cambridge, Mass., May
31, 1862, WILLIS LOON, only child of Wm. and Lucy
A. McElroy, aged 8 years 8 months and 17 days.
During his sickness there was no complaining, but
gentleness and patience were with him. To his pa-
rents he will be the ever-remembered son, whose gra-
ble beams will live in memory to guide them, or when
in life's storms, to bless them with his presence.
Dorset, June 5. A. H. SWAN.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through-
out the season, and services will commence at 8:45 and 7:30
o'clock, P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—
A. E. Newton and John Webster, Jr., June 15; Mrs. Fan-
nie Davis Smith, June 22 and 29.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday, 7:30
o'clock, at 7:30 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held at Central Hall
at 8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers en-
gaged:—Miss Lizette Doten, June 15, 22 and 29; Mrs. M. S.
Townsend, during August.

MARLBOROUGH.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall,
Speakers engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, last three Sundays in
June.

FORBES.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:
H. B. Storer, June 15; Miss Emma Harding, July 6; Miss
Lizette Doten, July 13.

TAYLOR.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sat-
urday afternoon and evening. The following speakers are en-
gaged:—Rev. Adin Ballou, June 15; Miss Emma Harding,
June 22 and 29; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, July 6 and 13;
N. Frank White, Sept. 21 and 28; Mrs. M. S. Townsend,
Oct. 5 and 12; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, during June;
Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 7 and 14.

OUTDOOR, MASS.—Kauko Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and eve-
ning. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Anne M. Middlebrook, June
15, 22, and 29, and July 6; Miss Emma Harding, July 13, 20
and 27; Miss Laura De Force during August; F. L. Wad-
sworth, during October.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speakers
engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during July; Miss Emma Hous-
ton, Sept. 21 and 28.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Cor-
coran, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the
forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, Sept. 14 and 21
o'clock. Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood
for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speaker engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend
in June.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 81st Avenue and
31st street, meetings are held every Saturday at 10:30 A. M.,
P. M., and 2 P. M. Dr. H. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

At Woodworth's Hall, 506 Broadway, Mrs. Oora L. V. Hatch
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT,
The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal
in the World.

IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS., BY
WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH,
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR. CHARLES H. CROWELL,

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Single copies, one year, \$2.00
" " six months, " 1.00
Three copies one year, in one package, per copy, " 1.75
Three copies six months, in one package, per copy, " .85
Four or more copies, one year, in one package, per copy, " 1.50
Four or more copies, six months, in one package, " .75
Every additional subscriber to a club will be charged \$1.50
per year.

There will be no deviation from the above terms.

Money sent at our risk; but where drafts on Boston
can be procured, we prefer to have them sent, to avoid
loss. No Western Bank Notes, excepting those of the
State Bank of Ohio, State Bank of Iowa, and State Bank
of Indiana, are current here, hence our Western subscribers
and others who have occasion to remit us funds, are re-
quested to send bills on the above