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LIFE IN BARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

[CONTINUED.]
CHAPTER XII.
The Finale.

"Will you go to Lildale?" asked Fred, when they had sometime ridden in silence.

"Perhaps I'd better return to Elmwood until you are ready to claim me," said Miss Powell.

"Do not, I beg you, go so far from me! If you do, I am convinced something will separate us!"

"But what will the world say?" asked Miss Powell, with a deep blush.

"There is no world around Lildale that we need care for. It is an isolated spot. As soon as possible, we will summon a clergyman to tie the indissoluble knot."

"Are you far from one now?"

"This ready acquiescence rather dashed Fred.

"Some distance; and were we nearer, it would not be well for the proprietor of Lildale to present himself in careless attire at the hymeneal altar."

"Of course not. As it will doubtless take him some time—days, very likely, and weeks perchance—to prepare himself. So he will please take me to Elmwood."

"None!" cried Fred, in perplexity, as something like a glimmer of what he had chosen came upon him.

"If you have one spark of the love you profess for me, you will comply with my request!"

"But what need of repeating the struggles of one, and the conquest of the other. It is enough for us that Fred promised to call upon a clergyman the afternoon of the following day. And, with this promise, Miss Powell consented to go to Lildale. The servants stood in the hall, and on the walk about the door to receive Fred, having seen him coming from a distance. With shy glances they inspected his companion.

"What rooms will be bride choose?" asked Bessie, following Fred to his dressing apartments.

"She will tell you. But Miss Powell is not yet my bride," and Fred ceased from embarrassment.

"De Lord save us! An' she here willin' afore dat time? Gracious me! what 'ud missis say, were she alive?"

"That everything her son saw fit to do, was not to be questioned by his servants. Do you understand?" And Fred pointed to the door.

What but obedience did Bessie have before her! He informed that the next day Mrs. Anderson would enter Lildale to leave it no more.

"And this young lady in the parlor there, where 'll she go?"

"Nowhere. She is to be Mrs. Anderson."

Solp wished to speak of Miss Pemberton, but his master's solemnity kept him at an unnatural distance. The servants regretted that their new mistress was so proud and stern. They wondered at their master's blindness in preferring her to Miss Pemberton. And every order issued by Miss Powell, was considered a bore, and an unnecessary demand.

"I will teach them better," she decided angrily.

"Now that you have forgotten me, Fred—dear Fred—(yes, I must write it!)—I cannot help sending you a farewell line, begging you to be true to the one you have chosen; for her lot has been so lonely and sad, that I dare say an angel might weep over it. I do not wonder that she was the heart that I foolishly thought mine. She is as far above me as the stars are! One feels her superiority at once! Yet, in a dream last night, I foolishly thought you regretted you had taken her, and came weeping to me for the place in my love you once held! I would not have it so. I would tell you all I feel, but dare not trust myself face to face with you! Do not come here at present. It will not do for you to! They are angry with you—very! I should not write to you, but cannot tear myself from this sheet, for it seems to link me to you! Alas! that I am driven to! On earth we meet no more. But be kind to the one you have chosen. When you think of me, believe that to be my wish. I cannot better tell how dear you still are to me, than by thus begging you to be faithful to—Miss Powell. Poor girl! May she never know the misery her superiority has brought me! Ah, could that have been what made me so wretched on leaving home to go to Elmwood? It must have been! Farewell, dearest, ever loved, farewell!"

Fred sat poring over this letter. It had come to him just after supper. He rose, at length, and walked the floor with nervous strides. In vain, Miss Powell sought to turn his thoughts. She had not been shown the letter, but surmised correctly its contents.

Toward midnight, a messenger arrived from Briar Grove, with intelligence of Flora's dangerous illness. To write that farewell letter had proved to great an effort for her already failing health.

Fred, with bitter internal reproaches for murdering one so good, started at once for Briar Grove.

"He did not even stop to tell me," said Miss Powell, with great eagerness, after ringing up a

servant to inquire the cause of his master's sudden departure.

"Fred's room was some ways from hers, yet she had heard the quick step, and impatient voice as he went forth to obey the summons.

"And to-morrow was to have been my wedding day! Wealth, position, honor, power and love, so nearly within my grasp! Ah, fatal fate! I see it all—darkness! darkness!" sighed in very bitterness the one who had seemed, indeed, to deal in that which now she deprecated.

Oh, it was sad for Fred to stand by that bedside and witness the ruin he had wrought! A stout heart full of high purposes, might have quailed to hear the startling words that poor being uttered!

"Can she recover?" was his hourly cry to the attending physician, and to Flora. "Live, and I will make amends for the agony you endure!"

And there he lingered weeks. Miss Powell still at Lildale, wrote him many a note. But the servants commissioned by her to give these missives to Fred, never gave him one. Yet, they always returned to her, declaring solemnly that he had taken and read them. Twice they brought her answers. Few as were the words of these, she never doubted they came from him, but relying in the promise contained therein to return and perfect their bonds as soon as that "weak-minded Flora recovered," she haughtily retained her new home, and to the disgust of every dependent on the place.

Venus, who had taken upon herself the responsibility of twice answering these notes, was an unwearied watcher at Flora's bedside. She never faltered nor seemed to be capable of fatigue.

"Ah, Venus, had I been as faithful as you, our patient would not be helpless here!" sighed Fred.

"Providence may yet be kind to both of you!" said Venus through raining tears.

"I will bear this no longer!" said Miss Powell, when Fred had been three weeks at Briar Grove. "I will bear this no longer," and trusting to written messages no more, she set out for Briar Grove. She did not wish any of the inmates to see her, and accordingly hovered surreptitiously around, awaiting an opportunity to see Fred alone. She had walked all the way from Lildale, not wishing the servants to know that she had left the place. At last, her watchfulness was rewarded. Fred had come forth out of the sick-room to take the air. With an instinctive assurance that he might wish to escape, she stole upon him unawares.

"Fred!"

He turned at the voice, and, paler than before, waited for her to speak again.

"I see I am unwelcome! Ah, little did I dream the affianced bride would receive this greeting!"

"Leave me—leave me, I beseech you!" gasped Fred, retreating as she advanced.

"I am come to claim mine own!"

"Go, Miss Powell! Go!"

"No—rather stay! or go hence with you! Have you not assured me, in words that burn in my heart now, that I was the idolon of your life's best dreams?"

"Go, bold girl! Why was I charmed by you away from duty?"

"Your duty was not where you thought, and, alas! now think it! You could not read your heart. You had not translated its language correctly! I know it! You still love me. Come, go hence with me!"

"Hush! Another, better and purer far, on the very confines of the grave, claims me! Leave me! I shall stay with her!"

"Ever" (still approaching).

"Forever!"

"Mr. Anderson—Fred—my affianced husband, come out of your trance! Answer me truly, best beloved, who has your heart? If Flora, take her; go into her grave when she enters it, and let loathsome worms feed on you as on her! Ugh! I can see them crawling, crawling—feeding on the cheek my fingers have lovingly caressed—dragging slimly over the warm lips mine have stipped sweet kisses from, and do now, despite the vermin and the shroud. Fred, you are mine!" and she folded her arms about him.

"What shall I do?" he helplessly demanded, yielding unwillingly to her influence, losing all control over himself, and, alas! seeing but one in the world to live and die with, and she his ruin.

"Again here! I will chase you from this place with bloodhounds if you do not depart at once, and never enter it again!" interposed Mrs. Pemberton. She had noticed the unusual length of Fred's absence from the bedside, and gone in search of him.

"I will not trouble you so far, madam. Fred, let us go at once," said Miss Powell, still clinging to the youth.

With a desperate struggle he came out again into the clear light of duty—duty and true affection.

"Miss Powell, return to Elmwood. I will give it to you; you seek wealth—you shall have it! As for me, I go back again to Flora, and may my warring fancies be strengthened, and in her favor, if such as I can gain favor," said Fred, sadly and firmly.

"I shall win you yet, or another whose apostasy will out deeper into one heart, at least," muttered Miss Powell, leaving without another word.

The sun sank to rest, and the moon came out for a short season, then retired behind a cloud and was seen no more.

Merciful heaven! what a tumult the girl's thoughts were in! How they leaped and boiled within her! A long walk lay before her, yet she thought not of it, nor of the storm gathering in

black masses above her head. Soon a terrible flash of lightning quivered athwart the sky, and then curled, like a fiery snake, along her path.

"Ha! I like that! Saving himself (is helping me) on to revenge! Another high flash show me my way! Good! Let them come thick and fast, like torches borne by Imps from Pandemonium!"

Thus she soliloquized, as the distance to Lildale lessened. Reaching the house, she found the door locked. A tremendous peal aroused the heavy sleepers, who, hurrying to the door, beheld with astonishment the visitor whom they thought safe within. Her hair hung in damp masses around her ghastly face, while her drenched garments clung tightly to her tall figure.

"Why, how came you to be out?" asked Bessie, holding a taper closer to the weary, wild-looking object.

"Back to your hulk! No questions to me!" And Miss Powell brushed by, and with her usual haughty, deliberate step ascending the stairs, entered her chamber.

"Oh, she's awful!" whispered Bessie, fearfully.

"Fit for anything but" answered Solp, with a shiver. "If she comes here, the Lord help us!"

"Or the Evil One," responded a voice behind. The two servants turned. There stood Miss Powell with her dripping garments and clammy hair.

"Build a fire in my room?"

With this request she glided slowly, softly up the broad stairs, and was again lost to view.

Three days went by, and she did not leave her room. During the time she had read a letter from Colonel Allyn, who, pressing upon her equivocal position (which he had learned through Solp) at Lildale, offered her protection and life-long adoration. With a scornful laugh she held the mislaid over a taper until it was reduced to ashes. But no token of remembrance came from Briar Grove. Mr. Pemberton, warned by Fred's illness and Flora's illness, had again become devoted to his wife and home.

There was life and light and hope within the old mansion at Briar Grove. The ill had been made well; the impatient had repented; and the disturbed had sought repose. Whispers were in their new-found joy.

Without—but who can dissect the demon-heart and say where its promptings will strike?

A wild, haggard face peered in upon the happy group sitting near the ruddy blaze that lighted to noon distinctness every object in the apartment. Fred, supporting Flora's beautiful head, occupied with her a sofa. Mr. Pemberton sat near his wife, and from the glances of admiration he occasionally bent upon her, no one could have imagined his fancy had for a moment strayed from her. Venus and Dinah were knitting in a distant corner. As the eyes of the former caught the varying expression of the bright face of Flora, they lighted up with a tender gleam; then as they wandered to her handsome master, they filled with tears, and smothered sighs painfully. Dinah bore these last in nervous silence for a while, then in a whisper begged Venus to "remember."

"Remember?" Forgive you'd better bid me," said Venus, moodily.

The haggard face outside saw all this, and with none of the peace felt within. Even Venus, in her hidden grief, was far happier and more blessed.

"Ah, be thus happy while you can; for by the morrow's sun there 'll be gloom enough, I ween!" And the wild creature threw up her arms exultingly.

Midnight, and all was still. Sleep reigned, and not a sound disturbed the pleasant dreams. Stealthily creeping to the chamber of the Pembertons, our haggard watcher lingered a moment at the bedside, flate in its worst degree burned in the gaze she bent upon the unconscious pair.

"I will not disgrace my courage and revenge by touching that weak, old dotard. But here, on this bold woman who dared question my rights and might, I will slake my thirst! Ah, what's that? She whispers my name in her dreams! Let's listen—what can her transient thoughts have for me—the wronged—the scorned?" Forgive, Miss Powell, for Flora's sake. Fred is untrue no longer. Ah, silly tongue! you have doomed your owner. Fred? 'Twas no longer! A truth that has driven me to this!"

A steel glittered a moment, then was plunged into the quiet heart beneath.

"Save me! They are on my track!"

The old man of the Bottomless Pit raised himself on his elbow to gaze upon the intruder who had dared to come upon him at night, alone, and in distress.

"Who are you? No matter, though. Go—I cannot save you! I cannot save even myself!"

"But you shall save me! Who'd think of finding me here! Ah, I'm as safe as if the grave were hiding me! Ugh! the grass!" and the creature shuddered and plunged her face in the moss of which the old man's bed was made.

"What is it?" asked he, "a kindred feeling" having made him kind.

"I—why need I hesitate? You would not dare expose me! I, then—strike away—cover your eyes—look not on me when I whisper the word—I am a murderer!" He, how you know what you are to do! Refuse, and this steel—do you see it? will help me again!"

"He!" cried the old man, shivering, for she had held the dagger so near that the blood dripped from it on his hand.

"Not yet dry! Fool, to be afraid of a drop of such worthless stuff! But, hark! My pursuers are even here!"

The sounds grew nearer. Soon, tramping steps entered the passage, and gleaming torches lighted its intricacies.

Venus entered first. Stiffing a cry of horror upon perceiving Miss Powell crouching before her, she whispered hoarsely:

"Hide—I will save you! Let me bury you under this moss!"

It was the work of a moment. Miss Powell was hidden, and above her, as if just disturbed from quiet slumber, lay the old man.

"She is not here! How foolish to think she would be!" cried Venus, going to the door.

"We'll tuff back. No time must be wasted!" said the leader, never doubting Venus.

"They are gone. Come forth!"

"Whom has she murdered?" asked the old man, as Miss Powell rose in a state of half-terror, half-triumph.

"Her—Mrs. Pemberton," groaned Venus.

"Holy Father!—her mother!"

"Hush—hush! babbling old man!" cried Venus, horrified.

It was too late, Miss Powell had him in her clutch, and bade him tell on—that her wretched life might have the climax it ought.

"Tell on—if that black beast forbids your speech, I'll use my faithful dagger again. Ah, best friend, (caressing it, you and I will be inseparable hereafter! My mother! said you? Oh, most foul maternity, that could not say to me from the first, thou art my child!"

Venus was groveling on the floor at the wretched speaker's feet.

"Who, then, is Flora?" demanded Miss Powell, facing the appalled old man.

"Speak, on your peril!" cried Venus, placing her hand over his mouth.

"You, then, are in the secret, Venus? Ha—ha! He shall speak! You, too, think of thwarting me!"

"If he does, a prison awaits him!" gurgled Venus.

"Not so. I have a father (energerly)—a brave, good man. He loves me, too, or did, with a strange affection. He shall close those prison doors! We Pembertons are proud, and will not let the dependent suffer! Speak, then, old man!"

"Is it possible, lady, for you to do this?" asked the recluse, with rekindling hope.

"Tell that long hidden story on your peril!" cried Venus, again.

But liberty is sweet. The old man longed for it. He did not mind the agony of the pleading being before him.

"Speak at once!" And Miss Powell, with blood on the hand holding the gory dagger, glowered fiercely upon him.

"Will you give me liberty?" he asked again, scarcely believing his own senses.

"Yes, and wealth. Speak!"

In vain Venus hushed him. The words came forth unrestrainedly, for liberty was a sweet sound—long he had not heard it—and long been told it never could be his.

"A brave story, this! Liberty and wealth do you want, old wretch? You shall be satiated with them! They shall crowd down upon you, as I used to long for them to bless me! And this dainty Flora only the daughter of a slave! But who is her father?"

"Hush!" groaned Venus, utterly prostrated. But the old man exulting in the rich promise made him, had grown reckless.

"Mr. Pemberton," he answered.

"My father! A virtuous old being is my father! A good example he sets his children! Children! I gloat over that word. Wont that exorcism, Flora—pampered nonentity—feel the weight of power the legitimate child can wield! Ay, even to the first scornful curl her proud lip gave at sight of me!"

"She has promised me liberty for telling her the tale. Will you, too, give me this—the richest of life's gifts?"

"Anything!"

"She is your child!"

"And her mother?" gasped Mr. Pemberton, reeling against Fred.

"She murdered this night!"

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the stricken man, who yet would question.

"And my gentle, lovely, virtuous Flora?" quivered from his lips.

"Virtuous! I would lay stress on that word!" taunted Miss Powell.

"Do not ask, master—do not question further!" implored Dinah, supporting Venus, who had fallen senseless at her feet.

"Hush, minion! Speak, old man—tell me at once! But what is this horrid truth that I long, yet dread to hear!"

The old man was about to speak. But Dinah, gathering firmness interposed, and told the tale.

"Ver once loved a sweet child, and thought it a light matter, master, to win, then break her heart. Scarcely had her cast her off, arrogant in and fearful of the tight bonds of a new choice, when the other, with her grandmother and babe, were claimed as the property of a planter many miles to the South-west. The old grandmother could not deny the tale, but died of terror when forced to say it was the truth. Many years before, when her eyes and hair were bright with youth, liberty sang a syren song in her ears, and her fresh, proud heart yearned to know and feel it. She escaped to the North, where she married. At length, losing her husband, and daughter, too, whose last breath was spent in giving an infant girl to her care, her Northern home had lost its charms for her. She longed to feel the balmy gales of the South; so, trusting to the changes time and care and sorrow had given her, she settled—yet knew where—not many miles from here. Do you wish to hear the name of the infant girl whose heart, a few years later, her won and cast aside? Ah, her don't! Well, then, I will proceed. She, poor wronged thing, could not have her—no, your child (for she thought only of you) carried into slavery. Her weary brain wrought many plans, but none suited. At last, hearing an infant had been given to Briar Grove, and that its fashionable mother had it sent away to nurse, she made an exchange, determined that her and your child should never be an inferior. The child of your marriage was given to the care of this babbling old man. My own hands marked her before he took her away. He promised to provide her a good home, and deal kindly with her, for he was in my power—he had committed a crime—"

"Hush!" cried the old man.

"But," continued Dinah, unmindful of this interruption, "he chose to reveal the long-cherished secret. Let him take the consequences. He should, too, for he left the child from its fourth year to take care of itself—"

"I thought, from the first sight of the old wretch, that I had seen him before," interposed Miss Powell, by far the least excited of the group.

"Where is—Aurora?" gasped Mr. Pemberton.

"Lying at our feet," said Dinah, now bursting into a violent flood of tears.

"Venus! It cannot be! She could not so disguise and conceal herself."

"A mother's love is fertile in expedients. Ah, how glad she was to be sold to you, that she might wait upon your daughter and hers! She knew all about you, as love always does about its object. She had learned of your change of name, and the amount of property your uncle gave you for it. How she urged old master to let her go to you! It moved me to tears to hear her plead for it. He did not dream why she plead so—he never knew how dearly that privilege would be bought out of her own heart's life. I did—I was the same devoted Madge—I clung to her fortunes. I would go with him when she did, well knowing you would not be very particular about me, and he being no more honest than men are usually, took me without further question. I staid with him until she left, then came her with her, as you know. Flora has been a blessing to us. She has taught me to read, think and write, until I am not the ignorant Madge of old; every day I bless her; and I improve under her and Venus's watchful care and affection, and with them I will live and die, for my husband is dead, and my little ones need, and love the friends I do."

"Flora not my legitimate child?" and Mr. Pemberton passed his hand across his forehead as if to clear away a mist.

"No, but this is!" pointing at Miss Powell, who sat on the moss bed not the least attentive listener. The wretched man sat in silence, his mind busy with the fruitful past and wretched future. Fred was overpowered. He could not speak nor act. The night had been heavy to him.

"Miss Powell—"

"Daughter, you should say, father," interposed the strange girl, with great composure and humor.

"As you will. But you must see that after the occurrences of the past night, you cannot live with her not be noticed by me. I wish you to elude justice, and will give you means to live as you please. You must go hence at once. Dinah, stain her face, and put your garments on her. Alas! that such a step should be my child!"

"Alas! that such as thou should be my father! I despise you—not one cent of your gold will I touch—nor have I intended to since learning this strange story. A I grieve I despise you! My liberty I

will take on the wings of the wind, I leave this accursed district, and go where I can drink with shame the foul name I bear!"

In less than a year a scaffold claimed Miss Powell. Again had her hands been dyed in blood. After her form had been consigned to an ignominious grave, her former cell was found to contain many little packages directed clearly and fully. Each contained some gem of value, stolen by her, and to be returned to their owners at once. These were the gems she had started Flora by appearing in.

When informed of her true position, the week succeeding the funeral of Mrs. Pemberton, Flora sat like one benumbed. "Everything lost," she continually murmured. In vain Fred assured her of his unabated love. In vain her father, enfeebled by his sorrows, promised her all that she had ever valued, and besought her to stay with him. She could not forget the wrongs of her mother, who, since the revelation of the secret, had stayed resolutely and properly from Briargrave.

"Mother, we'll go hence. The world is wide and kind. My education shall give us bread and peace. Madge and her children must accompany us," said Flora, after thorough deliberation. And they went forth, glad to leave the gloomy walls of Briargrave behind. She made inquiries, and found that her old schoolmate, Miss Brawshaw, was the flourishing teacher of a seminary in Maine, and in want of an assistant. This situation Flora was fortunate enough to obtain. The story of her parentage never went beyond Briargrave. In her new home she found the peace she sought. This little home was at first humble, but willing hands and loving hearts made it prosperous, and even tasteful.

Fred was determined to win Flora. He had to serve long years of doubt and fruitless search first, but he would not give her up.

"You must remember that slave blood flows in my veins—that my birth was clouded," she reminded him, when at last he was seated again beside her. "You can marry as you should. Leave me to my fate!" yet a tear trembled on her eyelid as she spoke.

"I will not leave you!" he cried, folding her to his breast.

"Nor shall Venus go longer wronged and sinned against!" said a voice that blanched Flora's cheek. When she dared to look up, her father, oh, how altered, stood beside her.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"Out at a day's sewing," she answered, with a spire of malice. Her heart wailed at the moment rebel.

But why linger here, when, by stepping over a few weeks, we find the Pembertons together, at a plantation some distance north of Briargrave. Aurora was really now the wife of one she had always loved. Her child was happy in an union with Fred Anderson. Madge and her little ones still clung to the fortunes of Aurora, and lived in a pretty cottage close at hand. Near by dwelt Ellen Layne, the quondam wife of Mr. Park. He often remembered, and not wholly with pain, his former love for the "Curse of Briargrave." He had wept when he learned her star had sunk in deepest night, and never after looked at Mr. Pemberton without emotions of mingled blame and pity.

But who can sin and not suffer?

Written for the Banner of Light CALLED OF GOD.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Many and many a year ago, I could count them up, if you cared to know. A man came walking the Spring night through. And laid with a dull and heavy thud. A sound of something that's never good— That makes you shudder and chills your blood— His burthen upon the stone at the door. Then silently, waited a minute or more. As if to consider the next step o'er. It was late for the simple village folk, Who turn at even the cattle from yoke, And sit at table where bread is broke With honest content, and afterward say The prayer our Saviour taught us to pray. Then decently go to their sleep away. Never was visitor known who came. At untoward hour like this to claim Supper and lodging in Friendship's name. Any one needing neighborly aid, In tending their sick, came always and made A cheery "halloo!" and their errand said. But this one coming with never a word, And a step that all in the household heard, While the twelfth hour stroke in the spare room whirled.

Made all to tremble and lift in bed, Better to hear what should be said Of a sudden mishap, or a neighbor dead! But after the click of the latch on the gate, And the heavy step and the heavier weight, And the clock tolling out that the hour was late— Then was silence, as if without Whoever waited had yet a doubt If to advance, or turn about!

Within we waited with lips agape For the thickened breath, when a single rap, Fell on the door like a thunder clap! "Who stands without?" my father cries! "If you need my succor, is silence wise?" But a heavier knock alone replies. "What is wanted?" he louder speaks! "Who an entrance at this hour seeks?" And the cold blood curdled in all our cheeks.

He walked to the door when the third knock came, Friend, or foe, in the Father's name I bid you enter—"Is all the same!" He stood in the door-way—no one there— Nobody waiting him anywhere— Only the darkness that filled the air! Burthen upon the step there was none, Nor print of a wet foot set on the stone, Nor marks where a human tread could have gone!

Ah, me! years gone did this befall! God doth wisely all things for all. I have learned it since, though a friend be call. Late in October that year, when snow Was softly falling, with footsteps slow, They brought him in at that door, you know! His feet feeling—they pitiful stood, Holding him tender as mother would. While on to the white floor dripped his blood. Close to him along the good will and love, "Ah!" she murmured, "I know—I know!" And the neighbors pitying, they knew, too!

THE BRIDEGROOM OF DEATH: A TALE OF SCANDINAVIA.

BY HUDSON TORRE.

Of all the remarkable copper mines of Norway, none have proved more productive, or are so strangely created, as those of Fala-lau. They are said to have been wrought before the Christian era, by the rude northern savages, and almost uninterruptedly since, or for more than two thousand years. In one of these mines the ore presented the form of an immense inverted cone, and being innocuously worked, the unsupported chamber fell in, leaving an opening like a great crater in the mountain, and the exhaled mineral vapor condensing on its walls, forms the most brilliant diversity of colors. The sides again slipped a few years after, and although there was no loss of life, the devastation was very great. These slips have made an external opening two hundred and forty feet deep, leading into the main shaft which penetrates more than one thousand feet into the mountain, sending off numerous interminable galleries and vast vaults. In 1719, in clearing away the rubbish from the mouth of one of these, the workmen discovered the body of a young man. He was immersed in the mineral water which covered the floor of the vault. Carefully the calloused hands raised him up, and with hushed breathing the rude miners bore him through the long galleries, treading carefully that their resounding footsteps echoing in the darkness, might not profane the mysteries of death. Rude men were they, but their sympathies were powerfully awakened for the sleeper. They lived in constant fear of the death he had met.

The jagged rocks, glittering in the torch light, were suspended by a hair over their heads, a hair which a breath might sever, and the vast mountains were piled up to the clouds above them, ready to follow with irresistible weight. They knew what it was to be lost in the mines, perforated like honeycombs, and wander through labyrinthine mazes until the dim torch revealed the dead darkness no longer, and for days and nights to wander through the echoing passages. Ah, and they knew what it would be to call in vain for help when they should come to the end of some narrow passage, in which, their strength failing, they would sink down with a feeble wall—sink into the slumber which knows no waking!

Such had been the fate of the youth they bore with liddens and deep heart-throbs to the open air. Just in front of the great crater-like opening, a gentle hillock swelled upward, and a little up its smooth grassy surface were a cluster of pines. Thither they bore the sleeper and gently laid him. Slowly, solemnly, murmured the sea-tossed branches above him, and the breeze, just beginning to feel the warmth of the long delayed but quick coming summer, caressed his golden locks, long matted in the cavern waters. As they dried and fell back from his fair forehead, they clustered in ringlets around his white temples; his cheeks were yet ruddy with the glow of healthy youth, and on his finely cut mouth a smile inexpressible lingered like a happy thought.

The miners gathered round him mute with awe. Death had so counterfeited life that they persuaded themselves he slept. Ah, yes, he slept, but that sleep from which the body, however beautiful, never awakes! The tidings flew to the village. The superstitious northmen streamed from their cottages and gathered around in thousands. "Who can he be?" eagerly ran from lip to lip, but no one knew. He was a stranger to all. Closely gathered they, and each gazed at the fresh and speaking lineaments of the dead, and passed on subdued.

Last came an old dame from the village, tottering on her staff. First to hear the tidings, she was last to arrive; but to her the dead was of more vital interest than to all the others. With the slow step, the palsied tremor, the dim sight of three score years and ten, she came onward. The bystanders gave her a passage, and a kind youth, placing his strong arm around her, supported, almost bore her to the object of interest. She did not pass onward like the rest, but stood fixed to the spot. Not a muscle of her frame now quivered; she drew in her breath and held it there. The suspense of the bystanders was heightened by her manners, so singular and anomalous. She appeared to be considering whether the body before her was living, or dead; whether counterfeiting sleep beneath the soft shadow of the pines, or the real sculpture of that twin brother of sleep—Death. She seemed to decide that he only slept, and with a strong effort cried, "Adolph, my own Adolph, I knew you were true, and would return to a love constant for fifty years! Awake, my own, and claim me!" She sprang forward from the supporting arm, and fell on the bosom of her beloved; and in the effort of kissing his cold lips expired.

The story is soon told. Mollena, in youth, was affianced to Adolph, to the delight of the villagers, who rejoiced in the fine appearance they made at the evening dance. Their wedding day was appointed, and his morning broke gloriously as it always does in Spring time in the North. Adolph had gone forth to gather a bouquet of the beautiful little alpine flowers which bloomed almost amid the melting snow.

The bridal party had gathered, the bride was ready, and waiting with fluttering heart his return. Many times her pride spoke to her of her handsome lover, and hope pictured the bliss of the future. An hour passed, an age to her, but she had another hour to wait, and another. The gay company broke up, disappointed, and many a bitter sarcasm and taunt smote the terrified heart of Mollena. The morning again came beautifully, but not Adolph. The villagers believing him lost in the mountains, searched that day along the steep paths and precipitous ledges, but not a trace of him could be discovered. Concluding he had deserted the village to avoid the union for reasons known only to himself, they gave over the search and returned to the village, and told the sad tale to the distracted bride.

Little thought they that Adolph wandered in the dismal chambers beneath them. He had gathered his bouquet, and was returning home by a path leading by the great crater of the mine. Far down its side in a protected nook, a cluster of flowers more beautiful than any he had gathered, nestled like a flake of snow. He resolved to possess them, and cautiously let himself down the almost precipitous rocks. He gathered them with the others; and was about returning, when the treacherous footing gave way and precipitated him into an old gallery covered by the last sliding-in of the summit. Then he wandered in the thick darkness; but so well acquainted was he with the mines, he doubted not he could effect his escape. He knew of a small vault

which he thought he might reach, and by it gain the main gallery. Slowly he groped his way, and totally unobserved, after days of wandering reached what he thought must be the entrance to the main vault. "Great God!" he exclaimed, as he felt forth his hand, "the workmen have choked up this passage with rubbish!" A dim, confused sense of his Mollena, of anticipated happiness, of present danger, rushed over him, and wrapped him in oblivion. He sank back into the icy mineral water, and never arose.

Just fifty years that morning had fled. Mollena constantly expected the return of her lover, and rejected the advances of the village youths. Age had descended and she became a charity of the villagers. Fifty years that morning, and he had returned.

The kind-hearted people buried them in one grave beneath the pines. They did not dare separate them, but placed them in the rustic coffin united in the death embrace; the wrinkled lips of Mollena pressed the full blooming mouth of Adolph; her white locks mingled with his auburn ringlets; her pale cheek contrasting with his ruddy features, and her thin hand was clasped in his. "Truly," said the villagers, "Death and Life bury us together."

They were filled with superstitious awe, and to this time tell the tale by their firesides, when drear Winter imprisons them in icy fetters. Eagerly the children gaze at the speaker, and strangely dream the night thereafter.

In one grave they buried them, and on the rude basaltic slab at the head of their grave they wrote "Adolph and Mollena," and the pines above their heads still hush the rest of their united spirits by the sepulchral echo of the moan of the far off ocean. Walnut Grove Farm, 1862.

Original Essays.

THE PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.

BY O. S. LEAVITT.

Do not the Spiritualists, infidels, and heretics generally, who are or should be united against the monstrous doctrines and wretched morality of orthodoxy, need more than anything else at this time a liberal University? A plan, deemed entirely feasible and peculiarly American, has been proposed for a self-sustaining, industrial one, requiring no endowments, only investments, and most of these already secured, has already attracted some attention—but more of this in the sequel.

The watchman on the walls of our Zion, when asked, "What of the night?" must answer, "All the institutions of learning are against us!" And is it not lamentably true that there is not, in all this wide country, so much as one institution of learning of a high character, in which our youth can be educated, without being compelled to lose much time in attempting to learn a false religion, or in waiting on its heathenish ceremonies? Its gross immorality is attested by the fact that all the abominations of the age are sustained by it. We are doing much with our books, periodicals and lectures, opening the eyes of here and there one, but what can be done against a party that controls all the colleges, and makes all the school books? The superficial and unthinking masses say, "Ha, ha! you can't fool us! All the learning is against you. You have not a college or a university." It is true, the Unitarians and Universalists may claim exemption, but their narrowness and bigotry are glaringly prominent.

We have been far too apt to undervalue the power of learning—of education. Even when used for the support of a false religion it is almost omnipotent. Whately's Logic, very generally used as a textbook in our colleges, is apparently a labored attempt to support the popular theology, but it abounds in cases where false logic is adroitly given for the true. Hume's unanswerable argument against miracles is misstated, (without credit,) that it may be more easily have the appearance of being overthrown. Gerrit Smith's better argument would no doubt have been as unfairly treated, and given without credit, as that of some obscure scribbler, hardly entitled to notice. Whately's Rhetoric is much of the same character, as well as all the works on Moral Philosophy. It may not be generally known that the work of Dr. Paley, formerly in general use as a text-book on Moral Philosophy in all our colleges, was laid aside for inferior productions, on account of his liberal and fair chapter on "Sabbatarian Institutions," deemed not sufficiently Puritanical. I would like to see any respectable orthodox attempt to answer that chapter now.

Much has been said by reform writers and speakers on the necessity of "living according to Nature's laws." Now, labor, as well as a moderate and suitable diet, is essential to health and good physical development. Then, the highest authorities on sanitary matters refer to the usual practice of requiring of students "too many hours of study," as a fruitful source of disease, particularly among girls. (See Atlantic Monthly for July.) Eminent educational writers claim that three hours' close application by students under good instructors are better than more time. Now, a manual labor University is proposed, in which students can earn, by six to eight hours' daily labor, their entire support, board, text-books, clothing, &c., leaving about the same time for study. Thus, a liberal University education is open to all, without the necessity of going through such severe trials as many now do for this purpose, even, in some cases, leading to a mortgage of the homestead.

That this will pay—that colleges and universities may thus be made entirely self-supporting, can be made evident by reference to a few facts connected with manufactures. The wages of a boy or girl in a factory, is sometimes the sole reliance for the support of a family of three or four persons. Many, with work not more than half the time, dress and live comfortably, when their living must cost them much more than it would cost a company that would grow the food, and manufacture the clothing—a simple uniform like that of students in the European Universities. Boys and girls, working ten hours daily in a manufactory, have about four hours of spare time, often worse than thrown away. Even those four hours, if properly employed under careful teachers, would accomplish wonders in the way of education in a few years; and the manufacturer, who might be supposed to furnish them with the means of education, besides boarding and clothing them, in place of the usual weekly wages, would find a great advantage in it financially, as any one can demonstrate by a little arithmetic. Large experience and careful observation as a manufacturer have satisfied me fully, that students may support

themselves amply by from six to eight hours' daily labor, especially if that labor is properly systematized; and many years experience as a teacher has afforded full proof of the advantages of a union of manual labor with study, notwithstanding the reported failures of manual labor schools. These failures can be readily accounted for: there was wanting sufficient variety; time of labor too short; exemptions were generally allowed for those able to live without, as well as for professors, &c. In short, these schools were generally considered merely a convenient device to relieve the churches of the burden of entirely supporting charity students, instead of being organized, as they should have been from a firm conviction that Nature's laws imperatively require labor, sufficient in amount each day, to induce a degree of fatigue, in all young persons, until their full physical development is secured, if they would have health and good physical constitutions. We may learn much from Dr. Winship and the trainers of prize-fighters. The soldier's life too, has its lessons. The ground and lofty tumbling at the gymnasium may answer a good purpose for students, when productive manual labor cannot be had, but not otherwise.

Ira Porter, a well-known able advocate of reform, offers four thousand acres of carefully selected lands in Western Michigan, containing sundry dwellings, two good saw mills, (one now running and turning out about \$20,000 worth of lumber a year) choice fruit, &c., for \$25,000, taking \$15,000 in stock to a Company who shall take it with the view of establishing an industrial University, carrying on farming on an extensive scale, manufactures, &c., by the labor of students. It is proposed that twenty or thirty carefully selected families organize the company, under the excellent general law for the regulation of institution of learning in that State. Only so many persons are needed as may be required to superintend the various scholastic and industrial departments, each putting in such means as he may have, in tools, machinery, or cash, taking stock in the Company for the amount; the Company to be governed like a railroad, or joint stock manufactory, by a board of directors, &c. The sum of \$10,000 must be paid in payments running four years, which it is presumed can be easily made from the business, or borrowed on the bonds of the Company, being ample security in the nature of a first mortgage. Other lands favorably located, have been offered, and other offers may be made, perhaps in New England.

I am now engaged in the business of getting up this Company, selecting suitable persons to conduct the several branches. It is proposed that each Professor be a joint partner with the farmer, the horticulturist, dairyman, seedsman, architect, carpenter and builder, mason and plasterer, ship-builder, engineer, iron and brass founder, miller, the cotton, flax or wool manufacturer, ship-master, tanner, tinmer and copper-smith, printer, book-binder, &c. The female Professors and directors of the various departments of girls' labor will also be partners, the whole profits, after paying a fixed interest on the stock—most of which it is supposed will be held by the members, to be divided among them.

As to religion, we trust our Professors will be sufficiently learned and liberal, and will favor us, particularly on Sundays, with a vast deal of religious knowledge, which the popular clergy of the day have generally managed to conceal from the people; but each must be entirely free to teach that which he deems to be truth, perfect freedom of discussion being fully guaranteed to all. We shall probably have courses of Sunday lectures on such subjects as these: The Morals of the Ancient Heathen, such as Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Seneca, &c., as compared with those of our Modern Heathen. A course on Ecclesiastical History, embracing especially those things which the clergy generally would rather the people were kept in ignorance of; ditto regarding the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. A course on the various Sacred Manuscripts, claiming to be written revelations to men from various gods; the Progress of Religious Ideas—text-book, Mrs. Child; the various Human Gods, generally born of virgins, and all about equally well authenticated by copies of old manuscripts, the authors and ages of which are about equally certain (expected to be a very amusing course); Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern—its Teachings and Phenomena; the Moonshine of Morals, based on a False Religion; Divine Revelation, written, or otherwise, &c., &c.

We shall probably pass a resolution, requesting the Professors to endeavor to give us information, instruction in knowledge, and if possible, to tell us something we did not know before, leaving the mere declamation and sky-scraping rhetoric to the sophomores, and that facts from them will be far more acceptable than mere opinions, unsupported by fair argument. It is presumed that students, bearing say three lectures each Sunday, on such topics for several years, will be sufficiently posted on religious matters to bear an examination by any Doctor of Divinity in the land; indeed, the doctors themselves would be very likely to be confounded.

A thousand cavilling objections are made to the enterprise—and what new enterprise has not? The greatest hope its opponents can have, is in the poverty of the agent, and perhaps his weakness; he may be unable to find twenty families out of as many thousand, who will organize, and who may be well adapted to the enterprise. We call for no vast sums for endowments, as is generally done in attempting to organize new colleges by the sects; only for some contributions to our expense fund. Even this may excite contempt. There is a chrym in large sums. Then the idea of a few plain working men, attempting to get up an University for the education of their own and other people's children, may seem absurd. It may want the prestige of wealth, power, and the influence of great names, but it is not entirely devoid of all these, even now. The whole country must be visited, East and West, and some time and means will be required. I venture the opinion, that if the hundreds of young persons reading this, and who may desire to become students of such an institution, were to contribute twenty-five cents to our expense fund, the Company could be organized in thirty days, and the first classes organized the coming Autumn. I judge from the success already had in securing members, and from the great numbers of applications received from those desiring to become students, since the scheme has been very imperfectly before the public.

We like to receive applications from those desiring to join our Company, but as it is in the nature of a business partnership for Agricultural and Manufacturing, as well as Educational purposes, it must be evident that prudence on our part, as well as theirs, will require that no partners be received on mere correspondence. It is to be hoped that persons desiring Professorships may not be too modest to make application. Some have already done so,

but more are wanted. It is hoped that satisfactory arrangements with some persons for the lecturing here, &c., to be made, which should be made Professors, by which they can spend a month or two with us, without essential interference with their other lecturing duties.

I intend to remain here during the month of August. Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8, 1862.

Superior lines can be made from unrotted flax as cheaply as cotton goods; the average price of cotton herebefore, say ten cents per pound. See an elaborate report on this subject in the Patent Office Report, for 1862.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

BY J. K. BAILEY.

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead, also."

No words ever uttered by mortal man embody a more sublime truth than the above quotation from "the general epistle of James." And, it seems to me, to no people is more applicable, at the present day, than to Spiritualists.

While our lecturers and teachers everywhere are justly showing up the shortcomings of those who profess the Orthodox religion, their utter lack of true spiritual and holy inspiration, whereby thinking and reasoning children of God can be led to an understanding of their true relations to their Creator and their fellowmen, and a knowledge of their immortality; the cold, selfish and uncharitable demeanor of their so-called "ambassadors of God," and their heathenish denunciation of all who differ with them upon their pet-dogma, a faith in vicarious atonement as necessary to salvation hereafter, (eternal damnation being the penalty for a lack of that faith,) regardless of works, though one may have lived ever so virtuous and truly Christian-like through life; would it not be well for us to pause and see if we are not rapidly drifting into the same vortex of error?

Are not professed Spiritualists uncharitable toward those who have not yet received the blessed light of spiritual knowledge, and who cannot believe until such evidence as brings conviction home to their reason and better nature falls within their reach? Do we not hear denunciation of such persons as are so unfortunate as to be yet floundering in the quagmire of sectarian bigotry, and of those who are yet occupying a plane nearly as lamentable, that of the non-believer in the immortality of the soul? No matter though they deride, slander and misconceive us and our motives, our religion, our philosophy teaches us to be charitable, to bear in fortitude and meekness all such trials; to remember that "they know not what they do."

Again, do we not hear harsh judgments pronounced and very hard and unbrotherly words spoken of those of our own fold who may happen to differ with the denunciators upon political, social and the various questions of the day? Thus, a radical republican pronounces every democrat a secessionist, and a radical democrat every republican an abolitionist and disunionist; if one expresses a belief in the conservative mode of conducting the present war, the other denounces him as a vile secessionist, and vice versa. In short, do not we, as Spiritualists, need more of Christ-like charity infused into our faith, thereby to "loosen the lump," that the living works of love, truth and purity may flow from the entire loaf?

Allow me, kind reader, gently, lovingly and charitably to protest against that spirit among Spiritualists, at least, which is ever inclined to charge mercenary motives to a brother or sister, whenever their acts do not comport with our sense of duty or right. As instance, Bro. Horton's construction of the motives which induced Bro. Ambler to transfer his labors, and his faith from the Spiritualistic ranks to those of Universalism. Now, I must in justice admit that Bro. H. is better qualified to judge correctly of the merits of this particular case than myself, as I have no personal acquaintance with Bro. Ambler, and have only had the pleasure of hearing three lectures from his lips, but I name it simply as an illustration of the principle which I wish to elucidate. True charity, however, according to my present unfoldment, would have led all Spiritualists to the following construction of Bro. Ambler's motives, in thus taking, what seems to us, a retrograde step: his angel guides, from their standpoint, saw that he could be more instrumental of good for a time by taking said position than by remaining as he was. Thus (to some) seeming evil is done that good may come of it. If, however, pecuniary reasons were the actuating cause with Bro. A., is it not more in consonance with "the golden rule" to believe that he was not sustained, pecuniarily, as he should have been, as is well known to be the case with nearly all laborers in the vineyard of the true faith, instead of charging him with an overreaching desire to lay up patry pel? It does seem that we might better display the beautiful fruits of a living faith in such noble works as bestowing more liberal remuneration upon those chosen few who, led captive by their celestial guides to labor in the mediocretic field for the welfare and elevation of mankind, feel it their highest pleasure to be the instrument of communication between the groping millions of this dark sphere and those cherished ones who have passed on to the bright and glorious realms of spirit existence. And, also, in making some advance each day, small though it be, in the onward and upward way of progression, which leads not only to a pure faith, but to noble and fruitful works. Let those who are afflicted with bad habits, be it in the use of tobacco, intoxicating and stimulating beverages, or of any other name or nature, resolve, and act upon such resolve, to commence and continue, from this hour henceforth, the work of regeneration. If all such habits cannot be annihilated at once, let some one branch of the deadly ones be lopped off each day, and then will each see that the remaining members of the naturally pure tree shall be rejuvenated, strengthened and prepared to bear the healthy, luscious and life-giving fruit of good works for which it was originally created.

And thus, by our practices, let us show to the world that the professions of Spiritualists are not without profitable fruit, and that our faith is a living entity, always keeping in view that it is by our works that we must be judged. Pennville, Ind., July 28, 1862.

The American Tract Society has undertaken a new branch of publishing. The managers have caused crackers to be baked, on each of which is stamped a text of scripture; "Blessed are they which keep this style, without its choking them."

THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

BY JACOB EDSON.

Religion implies bondage, being bound anew, not to any particular creed or established form of ceremony, but to truth by faith reposed in certain ideas which induce acceptance of more and more spiritual conceptions of love and union in its service.

This is accomplished in proportion to the truthfulness of our conceptions of the nature of God and of ourselves, and the reality we give these by our living faith.

This definition excludes from the domain of religion proper, all mere conceptions of the nature, attributes and purposes of God, all mere perceptions of the capabilities, opportunities, and necessities of man.

Correct speculation—I mean unprejudiced inquiry in a prayerful spirit—tends to increase the inquirer's knowledge of God; to unfold and blend his affections in closest bonds of love to Him, thus bringing God nearer the man, while it raises him nearer his Creator.

This idea, might be illustrated by conceiving the universe of spiritual truth to be some vast unknown territory, in which the human soul may be every day nearing the great presence-chamber of Omnipotence, without obtaining any adequate idea of the being or end to which he is hastening, or any preparation for the responsibilities which await him there.

The battery by which he is enabled to obtain the quickening spark of Divine life, is Prayer—the active agent, Faith.

Does any one, accustomed to habits of skepticism, scornfully inquire, What is the good of prayer? Can the breath of man change God? Is not He the immutable? Are not His laws unalterable?

To such inquiries we respond: Does not God breathe into man the breath of life? Is not He in it all in all? What is law but a statement of conditions? What is prayer but a spiritual entering into, or preparation of conditions? What is faith but the substance of things hoped for—evidencing its divine origin—its inherent divinity? And does it not relate each receptive soul to all other instrumentalities, through the all-pervading principle or essence of life?

Assuming that prayer is a spiritual entering into or preparation of conditions, and that its answer is the response of God through law, unfolding supplies which wait receptive instrumentalities for a providential expression, assuming this, do not see how it can be otherwise than that our Father in Heaven is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.

Prayer is the breath of God in man, returning whence it came. Love is the sacred fire within. And prayer the rising flame. Faith grasps the blessings she desires; Hope points the upward gaze; And Love, celestial Love, inspires The eloquence of praise.

No accents flow, no words ascend; All utterance falleth there; But sainted spirits comprehend, And God accepts the prayer!

Is it then so inconsistent with the infinite perfection of the Omnipotent to make blessings dependent upon the action of the recipient? Let the skeptic question the necessities of his own soul. To deny the efficacy of prayer in toto, to hold that the unchangeable God cannot be moved by the breath of feeble man, leads, at once and directly to the doctrine of fatalism, which, believed in, renders the soul apathetic and incapable of effort or advancement.

To allow a reflex benefit to the soul from communion with God, but advances it a step higher, though it opens a way and a motive for improvement, and gives abundant reasons why men ought always to pray and not to faint. But to hold God a sympathizing Father, ever ready to hear the cry of his children, a wise and beneficent Creator, who has made the bestowment of his favors dependent on our efforts, leads to a fatalist, a warm gushing love, and a life of devotion to his service.

This idea, gloriously adapted to the wants of the human soul, is the only one by which may be produced the effect each man knows he needs. Nor is such an idea unreasonable. Nor is such a course a mark of blindness of mind on the part of God. His laws are ever the same—his providences are ever varying. The latter are always adapted to the circumstances and conditions of the objects influenced by them. As well accuse him of blindness, because, from the same soil, expanded by the same sun, watered by the same showers, two plants grow side by side as dissimilar as the rose and the violet. As well accuse him of inconsistency, because the acorn planted in the deep soil, expands into the splendid oak, while another dropped in the crevice of some granite rock, becomes a mere scrubby shrub.

Spiritual life includes the extremes of moral being, within which are unfolded the antipodal elements of Nature, ostled good and evil, in which the human soul obtains its consciousness and unfolds its destiny. The truths of religion which permeate all departments of life, lie deep in the hearts and consciences of men.

The necessities of life, by its workings in the process of Spiritualization, necessarily opens the affections of the soul, which, in accordance with the law of life into life, enter the judgment halls of consciences, where the requirements of our nature compel us to judge between good and evil, right and wrong. Our position as judge, juror, and criminal at the bar of God, unfolds the light of life, the quality of love, called charity, which distinguishes character from reputation, and runs the line of spiritual demarcation between the act and the actor. According to the latter, not so much for what he is or has been, as for what it believes in and desires him to be, while it condemns the former for what it is, and is certain to result in.

In proportion as our spiritual development unfolds the religion of life, the object is not so much to ascertain what is responsible, as to find out what is right; not so much to know what the voice of public opinion declares to be wrong, as to know and to be what the word of God, the voice of humanity declares pure and good. This voice must be obeyed, or the disobedient souls must be beaten with many stripes, unless they be so wholly destitute of faith as to slough off, when the healing of the humanly man can only be accomplished by their destruction.

One man loses from the object of his affection, or the religion which bound him, without giving him a new point to which to attach himself, and he straightway tumbles into a pit of despair. He loses his day by day, to fix his affections on these and more worthy objects, and step by step his character grows nearer, and reflects more and more clearly, the image of the perfect God.

No system of religion can be vital or life-giving, which does not recognize, as the privilege, as

well as the duty of its adherents, to approach God in prayer. No prayer is effectual which does not spring from a believing and loving heart. To go to God in prayer, we must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of all those who diligently seek and serve him in spirit and in truth.

The religion of life may be defined to be a life of prayerful trust in the providence of God. The soul may be considered a divine plant, receiving its substance from God; and if we allow cares, trials, frivolities and speculations to engross our whole time, and as rocks, to prevent the tendrils of our hearts from taking hold on him, or as choking weeds, to hinder the leaves of desire from expanding in the sunlight of his countenance, we cannot expect a vigorous growth. If we cut off the tender fibris which crowd the roots, we cannot look for beauteous blossoms. As well hide the material plant from the natural sun, and expect that gathering the luscious fruit, as deprive the soul of prayer and religious associations, and hope a glorious development.

While these things are true, and such the nature and necessity of all religions, they are especially so with regard to the Christian system as taught by Christ. While others lead men on amid contradictions, doubts, fears and sorrows, this alone holds up as possible, continued joy and rejoicing as the believer's privilege. If he be concentrated in the spirit of truth, no circumstances can control him for evil; rejoicing in the presence of a God brought forth through the quickening spirit, the coming Christ, he can sing

"Labor is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my Lord, art near."

Not merely patient endurance, the highest virtue under other systems, but a rejoicing in tribulation, and in everything giving thanks—this not by making himself forget the duties which devolve upon him and the realities of his condition. It offers no intoxicating draught in which he may drink oblivion and dance on the very verge of destruction. It is no wild fanaticism which warps the judgment and prevents the eye of the mind from obtaining correct views, no hypocritical attitude put on to conceal the pangs which gnaw the vitals, and, if possible, to enable the sufferer to forget their existence. In all these directions have men pursued religion—in all sought happiness.

The worshippers of the heathen Bacchus, in the drunken revel where all was joy and mirth, a joke on every tongue, laughter in every throat, forgot for a moment the realities of every-day life. The fanatic followers of the prophet of the Koran rushed exultingly to certain death in the midst of mingled passion; of revenge and hate and blood-thirsty cruelty, thinking they did God service. With the followers of the so-called natural religion, the school of the stoics, the philosophers, the votaries of Fashion and of Mammon, often the merry laugh sounds hollow, and ill conceals the restless soul that will not be still.

Not so with the Christian Spiritualist. His is a higher, holier, purer faith. His is the religion of life unto life. He knows the fruit of the spirit to be love, joy and peace. He believes in a perfect Providence—a Divine Husbandman, and drinks at a fountain of gardens, a well of living water, and streams of Lebanon. A physical or moral war, pestilence and famine abroad in the land, threatening the destruction of Church and State, he hears the still, small voice of the Father say, "It is I; be not afraid." Does poverty stare him in the face, "he doeth all things well" is too fully unfolded with him for doubt to enter there. Is sickness his portion, with countenance beaming with gladness he exclaims, "Thou makest all my bed in sickness." Are friends taken from him, looking to the city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God, he sings with renewed interest, "I'm going home," and rejoices in hope of an eternity which knows no parting where sin and sorrow trouble not, for God shall "wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." Well might the Apostle, in view of such realities for the present and promise for the future, exhort his brethren to rejoice evermore.

THE YEARS.

BY WARREN CHASE.

Already the last summer in the first half century of life is fading, and when winter comes with its holiday sports for the young, I shall turn the summit line of the century, and glide slowly, and I trust, smoothly down the declining years, to the point where the thread breaks and lets my body drop off and the soul go free. I can truly say, with the negro who was recently executed in New York, "This has been to me an unfriendly world." Except for the last few years, and the friends our philosophy has made me, life would not pay for living; but these are ample reward for the weary years of toil and suffering I have passed through, (thanks to the spirits.) A few years ago death would have been a glorious release; now, it makes little difference which side I stand on, as angels of both worlds minister to my needs. But it is not of myself but the changes I would write.

When I was a boy, men and women traveled long journeys fast in four-horse post-coaches, and were not more impatient than now, with the iron horse and pressing steam on the railway car. Journeys of weeks are compressed into days if not hours, and yet we are not satisfied. For news we hurried up the boy on horseback, and could not stop to have it printed; now, the lightning flashes it all over the country as fast as it is made, and it is printed as fast as we can read it, and yet we are very impatient, and often anticipate it, and get cheated with premature and unreliable reports.

Place a soldier of '76, with his powder-horn and flint lock, beside a Berdan sharpshooter and note the contrast; or an old bell-muzzled cannon by a Dahlgren or a Columbiad, and an armed vessel of that time by a gunboat, or a Monitor. Not less is the change in other departments.

When I was a boy, infant damnation and a physical resurrection were boldly preached, and the literal fires of burning brimstone were said to be close to our feet, and we were liable, every hour, to slide from our slippery foundation into the terrible pit. Now, the children are all safe, and the fires (if there be any) are so far away, that few will ever reach them, certainly none who enlist in the holy cause of the country on either side; for the Confederate priests have insured all the rebel soldiers—and the loyal there—and through this many are saved who would otherwise be lost. Conversions are less in proportion to numbers, and of far less importance than in the olden time. Compare an Orthodox sermon of fifty years ago with one of Beecher's best, and who would recognize the relationship? Or, take the picture of a scandalized Methodist church of that time, and compare with one of the popular tall-steepled and richly dressed societies of one of our little cities of to-day, and who would suspect they were of the same faith?

Turn to the architecture, and compare a plain, or fancy house of fifty years ago with those we call so to-day, and answer whether use, or pride, or folly have the greatest share in the changes. Let us step into a dry or fancy goods store, and remember the old.

Give us the picture of a lady of each period in full dress, and a man of the town or country. Let

us compare flower gardens and wheat fields, and the sowing or harvesting groups. Let us go to Illinois, and see one man plant fifteen acres of corn in a day, and five men shell and bag five hundred bushels in a day, and then say if the children shall starve when we stop feeding the corn to the hogs and distilleries. One friend of mine has nine thousand peach trees in his orchard; one thousand will be added next spring, and then he will have seventy acres in his prairie peach orchard. We had two trees on one farm where I lived when a boy. One of my neighbors has four acres in his bed of cultivated strawberries. We picked them for sale in the cow-pasture, when I was a boy.

When I was fourteen years old, I learned to read and write; many of our boys are in college or the professions, at that age, now. At four years of age I was an orphan, with no relatives both able and willing to own and support me, and the overseers of the poor in a New England town, sold me for sixteen years' servitude, so I could have time to pay in the later years by labor, for the food and clothes of my earlier and childlike years, thus forcing me to begin life and labor in debt, and work out the debt before I could get even with the world, and start for an education, which must also be paid for by labor. Now, homes and school-houses are open almost as freely for orphans and the poor unfortunate children, so for any who are considered more fortunately born. Many a child in these times, who has no parents, does not know it or need them; yet, it is not so with all as it should be and will be, if the world moves on in the same course as in the last half century. Many who have parents and places they call home, need more sympathy than those without, for they are more neglected by the charitable.

At ten years of age, I had no friends; at twenty I had earned a few (very few) at thirty, they had increased but little in numbers; at forty, I had many more than some others who started far ahead of me. I had gained both friends and foes rapidly, as the circle of influence widened, and now as I near fifty, the friends have increased to at least half a million of souls in this world, and many in another, to which I shall emigrate before many years. Such is life, or such, at least, has been mine; and now, if I have pulled the sled up the hill of life to the top, may I not sit on it and slide down?

I have labored with hand and head, with tongue and pen, and intend to till the end, but no longer for bread, or for necessity. I have seen my child cry for bread, when I could not procure it, and I have many times cried for sympathy and love, and no mother or sister, or kind friend was there to give it; but now that child holds a responsible post for his country—the country for which my father lost his life, and which paid me to pay for the bread I ate when a child too young to earn it; and he nor I hunger any more for bread of body or soul. Glorious changes go on.

South Hardwick, Vt., Aug. 6, 1862.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

The Eagle sits with drooping wing upon the Southern coast, With sword and broken shield, the arrows from his talons lost. The stars from his blue banner fled, the lightning from his eye; Old Eagle, by thy sons betrayed, dost think it time to die? Why waits he silent on his crag, his eyrie on the height? Has his keen eye grown dim with age, or blinded by this light? Heeds he no clash of sounding steel; no tramp of armed men? Down! let him sweep and lead to death or Liberty again!

But lo! the North, that upward springs, the stars and stripes to save. With serried ranks and glistening steel and loyal hearts and brave To hold the Union, leaves behind the patriot's cleaving sword; The watchword of a nation's might, its sacred household word. And though that Northern heart is stirred, and though its shout has rung Throughout the land—"It is not the song the Patriot Fathers sang!" The Union! evermore, "we'll stand or fall for thee!" The dying Eagle seems to hear—his word is Liberty.

The British Lion leaves his lair, and shakes his shaggy mane, "America's proud bird will die, her sons be mine And in his haste to seize his prey, treads down the bleeding slave. That through long years of misery has fled to him to save. The Eagle opens his glazing eye as comes the distant roar Of his old enemy, that wakes the echoes of each shore. With ruffled plumage lists—in vain for Freedom's battle cry; Then dies; unlike his fallen sons, he knows his time to die.

Proud Bird, thou scorn'st to live, 'tis well I die brave and bold and free. Rather than live to symbolize aught less than Liberty. When these thy sons about other words, to wake thy budding scream; Perish the nation of thy love, a vague forgotten dream. Better America should die, her light forever set Among the nations, than her sons that watchword should forget; Better her daughters die of grief o'er freemen's bloody graves. Than these her stars and stripes should float above her million slaves.

Shout but the watchword Liberty! and the old Eagle springs Back to his native power, and loud his piercing war-cry rings. His eyes shall catch its ancient fire, then Northmen, only then, Shall come his scream, the tocsin bell of Liberty again. Shout but the watchword Liberty! Mount Vernon's tomb shall shake; Shout but the watchword Liberty! and the whole world must wake; Shout but the watchword Liberty! the Spirit of the free Shall leave 'em heaven, to watch and write thy nation's history.

Yes, patriots, martyrs, heroes brave, through all the mighty past, Who died for Freedom, and around her shrine a glory cast. Shall break from their long mystic sleep, at that great word sublime. And roll the anthem grand through all the corridors of time. Ho! Eagle, thy wounded pride, we pray the die not set! Thy glorious sun of Liberty, we pledge thee shall not set. America shall send her voice through all these listening sky. And call for "God and Liberty!" Ho! Eagle seem to die.

Owego, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1862.

A certain preacher in Iowa once took the text, "Husbands, love your wives," pausing for a moment, he glanced toward Emily (his wife), and began as follows: "Now, brethren, we surely do n't love our wives as we'd order! I do n't love Emily as I order, but if I was to have another wife, I'd love her better'n I love Emily!"

Correspondence.

Dials or Spiritoscopes.

In reply to numerous letters of inquiry concerning this curious instrument by which we are so readily put in rapport with the spirit-world, and for the good of our common cause, I would say that they may be constructed in a cheap style in the following manner, to wit: Nail together side and end pieces in a suitable manner to receive a circular dial some twelve inches in diameter, which, when fastened on, will overlap the side and end pieces two or three inches, and incline or slope a few degrees in front. On this face or dial-plate the alphabet should be printed or plainly drawn. A should be placed a little to the left, on the upper, outer edge, of the face, B arranged an inch to the right of A, C to the right of B, and so on with the letters around the edge of the face, describing about three-fourths of the circle. In the remaining space the words "yes," "not yet," "mistake," "do n't know," and "no," should be tastefully arranged for convenience sake.

For greater facility and ease in developing, on the upper half of the dial-plate should be pasted the face of some calm, placid, devotional figure. A narrow strip of board should be nailed across the base of the side pieces in a wire socket, or groove, is made for the end of a wire spindle to play in, which runs down through a cylindrical pulley from the centre of the face of the instrument. Attach to this pulley the main-spring of a watch, and so arrange and fasten on the inside as to have the spring exert a proper force on the pulley, which force will cause the hand or pointer fastened to the centre or pivot wire to move around on the alphabet and words in spelling out sentences, &c. Attach a fiddle-string to the pulley, and let it pass once around, and out at an opening on the back side of the box part of the instrument.

The instrument, thus constructed and arranged, should be fastened on to some small light-stand by means of an iron wrench. Select some retired, convenient spot, fasten the cord running from the pulley to a nail or peg on a level with the stand, and sufficient distance from it to cause the hand, or index, to move around over the letters when the stand tips toward the medium. Any person wishing to become developed as a dial or spiritoscopic medium, will sit in front of the stand, place the hands flat upon it in front of the instrument, sitting at stated times daily from twenty-five to thirty minutes till the object is accomplished. During the sittings the mind should be as free and clear as possible from all perplexing and worldly care; elevating and spiritual things should be contemplated, and in accomplishing this more speedily and effectively, the eyes should rest quietly on the devotional figure on the face of the dial.

After a few days, (according to the mediumistic powers of the sitter,) the stand will commence tipping; this tipping, or vibratory motion, which is truly a developing process, will continue for a few sittings before words and sentences are spelled out. When the spelling commences, the pointer will stop on the proper letters, and remain till they are called or pronounced.

A lady and gentleman of opposite temperaments can sit in company with greater success than either one alone in their development. No one sitting for mere amusement, or idle curiosity, with the mind filled with vain and frivolous thoughts, will meet with success, but all candid, honest seekers after truth, will, by continued and persevering efforts, sooner or later, be able to hold sweet and pleasing converse with their dear departed friends, who are heaving in the spiritual sunlight of that happy clime, we all love to hear from.

For the encouragement of others who are seeking after this gift, I would say, that scarcely a day, for the last eighteen months, has passed, in which I have not been honored with angel visits, and heavenly instruction through this reliable source of spiritual intelligence; and rather than forego the pleasure and enjoyment thus imparted, would sacrifice any earthly consideration in my power. The same reliable spirit doctor, who first became my friend and counsellor near two years ago, is ever ready, night and day, to impart any needed advice for the sick, through the instrument above described.

Hoping that many might be induced to engage in this mode of spirit-communication, I have been prompted, at the earnest solicitation of friends, to submit the foregoing to the consideration of those who may wish to advance in their spirituality. Any wishing to avail themselves of these means of spirit-communication, and are unable to furnish themselves with an instrument from the description given, or prefer sending for one, I will box and send to their address, with rules and full particulars for their development, on the receipt of \$3. Any desiring for their diagnosis, and written prescription, when not present, by submitting their age, sex, and leading symptoms, and sending one dollar, will be promptly attended to as formerly. For additional information, address

A. HARLOW, M. D.

Chagrin Falls, Ohio, 1862.

Notes by the Wayside.

DEAR BANNER—A favorable opportunity presenting itself a short time since, in obedience to the unmistakable and oft-repeated dictates of my spirit-guides, I left my place of residence on a brief and hurried tour through the North-western part of Massachusetts, with a view to uprooting some of the absurd and superstitious notions of Deity, and the Spiritualist's man's nature so carefully planted and tenderly nursed by the poisonous fingers of prejudice, and of insouciant in their stand some of the laud principles, and undeniable facts relative to the most wonderful phenomena of modern times known as Spiritualism.

A pressure of duties at home rendered a short absence imperative. Notwithstanding, I visited various localities, at each of which I was received with marked politeness, and treated with much consideration during my stay.

My time was wholly occupied, and a much longer interval might have been profitably appropriated. I found the cause advancing slowly, it is true, yet with firm and triumphant steps. Its votaries are more numerous, its advocates more bold, and successful, and its general prosperity steadily increasing. Much opposition is met with by those who would know the truth, and many a frowning obstacle is to be overcome by those who, breaking loose from the prejudices and superstitions of the idolatrous past, would follow the unerring light of Nature. But the scales are fast falling from the eyes of the spiritually blinded; the ears of the deaf are being unstopped; minds contracted and darkened by absurdities, are becoming expanded and illumined

by principles of progression; and the poor dwarfed victim of impotency, intellectual, moral and spiritual, is fast assuming the regal proportions of manhood and manliness.

Truth is successfully combatting error, and the restless car of enlightenment and reform is rolling triumphant onward, crushing beneath its relentless wheels those fallacies and errors which so long and persistently have retarded its progress, and jeopardized the best interests of humanity.

Making a brief stop at North Dana, I proceeded to Ware, from thence to Wales, and from the latter place to Union, Ct. My return was by a different route, embracing numerous other places of note and respectability. Wherever I went, I found numerous and warm sympathizers, who spared no pains to make my sojourn among them agreeable and profitable, and who mollified the bitterness of parting by many and sincere expressions of regard toward me, and of deep interest and unshaken confidence in the cause of progression. Large and appreciative audiences in a number of instances assembled to peer through the clouds and mysticisms of unbelief, and listen to sweet discourses from the spirit spheres. I prescribed for the sick, offered a word of condolence to the afflicted, and performed sundry other offices incident to my mission. I returned after an absence of about a week, strengthened in body, refreshed in mind, and prepared to wield in the future more vigorously the "sword of the spirit" in the glorious cause of progression, and humanity.

I hold meetings at this place each Sabbath, and although considerable opposition from the churches and our Orthodox friends is met with, still the cause is steadily advancing. A beautiful grove has been fitted up here, furnishing a romantic and commodious retreat for our numerous friends in this place. Many of the wealthy and influential from the outer world frequently join our numbers, signifying by their respectful behavior and close attention, that an honest and earnest investigation is going on in their own minds pertaining to the great and glorious truths of the present day.

It may not be out of place to mention in this connection, an incident which recently occurred in this place, furnishing another convincing proof of the divine origin of our theory of "spirit-intercourse." An individual who had borne a rather unenviable reputation, having been distinguished for treating with ridicule and contempt everything pertaining to Deity and divine revelation, was not long since at work in the field, when his attention was arrested by an object high up in the air, which he at first mistook for a bird. As it neared the place where he was standing, it gradually changed its form, assuming the appearance of a written parchment, gently spiraling to the morning breeze, it came sailing steadily downward, exciting no little interest and surprise in the mind of the astonished beholder, until it dropped at his feet, an issue fresh from the press of the "BANNER OF LIGHT." This singular and unaccountable circumstance awakened in his mind a disposition to investigate the doctrines of Spiritualism, and he is now a constant attendant at our circles, and a sober, reflective, and respectable citizen.

Spiritualism is not dead, but nobly struggling on despite all efforts to crush it. Each day furnishes some new evidence of its Godliness, and it will continue to increase till minds now darkened by bigotry and unbelief, are enlightened by its radiant truths, and a knowledge of its power "fills the earth as the waters cover the sea."

I will take this time to notify, through the columns of your paper, any at this place or vicinity, who may desire to subscribe for the "BANNER OF LIGHT," that by applying to me they can obtain it with less trouble and expense, than by sending to the office of publication, as I have made arrangements with L. Sprague of this place, to furnish any number directed. I think it better to confine the patronage here, as it will tend to subsidize the interests of those in this locality. I recommend your paper wherever I go to the earnest inquirer after truth, and I trust not without some degree of success. I take this time to express my unfeigned gratitude for the attention and kindness which have been shown me, and a hope that I may meet with a like reception in the future. Yours in the band of brotherhood, W. F. WHITMAN.

Abol Depot, Mass., Aug. 14, 1862.

Meeting of Friends of Progress.

According to previous announcement, the Friends of Progress convened in the grove near the Hooker school house in the township of Leighton on Saturday, August 24, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Prof. S. P. Leland appeared upon the stand and called the Convention to order by nominating Mr. George B. Manchester for Chairman, which nomination was unanimously confirmed. Appointment of Wm. B. Hooker, Esq., J. D. Haney was elected Secretary.

The Convention was opened by the Chairman, who stated that we had come together for the purpose of free discussion and a free interchange of opinions and sentiments. We had come together from different fields of observation for the purpose of comparing notes, and if our discussions were prompted by an earnest desire for the elicitation of truth, there could be no doubt that we should be benefited by its results.

Mrs. Kutz then appeared upon the stand and read a poem, after which, in her usual beautiful and eloquent style, she gave a lecture upon the True Status of Woman. The Convention adjourned till 2 P. M. Afternoon Session.—The Convention met as per adjournment, and was called to order by the Chairman. Prof. S. P. Leland came forward and read a poem, and then proceeded, in his lucid and forcible manner, and in all the glow of his native genius, with a lecture on the subject of Truth and Error, clearly demonstrating that truth would always ultimately stand, while error would fall.

Mrs. Kutz then came forward and read a poem, after which she favored the Convention with a brief address. The Convention then adjourned till 9.30 A. M. to-morrow.

Sunday Morning.—Convention met as per adjournment. The proceedings were opened with a brief address from the Chairman, after which the audience was favored with vocal music by Mr. Fenn and Mrs. Prof. Leland.

Prof. Leland then came forward, and made some practical remarks on Physical Development. Mrs. Kutz appeared and read a poem. After vocal music by Mr. Fenn and Mrs. Prof. Leland, and the reading of a colloquy by Mr. and Mrs. Leland, Mrs. Kutz reappeared, and in her most happy manner proceeded with a lecture on the subject of a name. She discussed the name Spiritualist, as applied to those who believe in Spiritual manifestations, but on account of its limited significance, she would reject that and adopt the name of Harmonist. Convention adjourned till 1.30 P. M.

Afternoon Session.—Met as per adjournment. Prof. Leland appeared with a lecture, taking for his text the words, "Be Thyselves!" He proceeded to demonstrate that every individual must live his own life, and not try to copy the life of another, or he would prove a miserable failure.

Mrs. Kutz appeared with a poem, after which the audience was favored with a lecture by Mr. Durfee, a trance medium, on the subject of Inspiration. Convention then adjourned sine die.

Geo. B. MANCHESTER, Chairman.

J. B. HANEY, Secretary.

Leighton, Wayne Co., Mich., Aug. 2, 1862.

Grove Meeting

AT WHITEWATER, WALWORTH CO., WISCONSIN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

August 3d was appointed by the friends of reform in this place for all who chose to meet and enjoy the privilege of full expression of free thought upon a free platform.

Mr. M. E. Congar, President; L. T. Whittier, Secretary; Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Congar, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance, Committee of Arrangements. The morning was spent in Conference, in which a goodly number of the friends of reform took part; but no urging could induce those who thought that cherished creeds and dogmas were being destroyed to come forward and defend them—thus virtually acknowledging their side whipped, or themselves incapable of defence.

Mrs. Stowe spoke upon Special Providences, ignoring the idea that God stepped aside from the natural order of things to cause it to rain that morning, in order to prevent the Spiritualists from meeting. Mr. Stowe said: The duty of reformers is destructive and constructive. Destroy that which impedes the progress of man and woman, but not that which tends to their development.

Dr. Stillman said: Speak your own thoughts; come up and defend what you believe to be true. Miss Knox said: Develop your own individuality. Like all you can of good in man, woman, child, animal, vegetable and mineral.

O. H. Congar said: Come and let us reason together. Old institutions must give way. Nature has made us differently, and we cannot think alike. I am glad to see the Reform Dress worn here, and its merits discussed. L. T. Whittier said: Is it time to tell the Truth? The cowardly time-server answers, No; but the true man and woman an emphatic Yes. The world was never yet ready for a new truth. Socrates, Jesus, Galileo and Luther spoke their truths before the world was ready for them. Do not put a seal upon your lips and live a lie.

A. B. Severance said: People should be judged by their actions, no matter what their belief. Men and women at home, as well as on the battle-field, may display true courage. I am a warrior, but never fight anything but errors.

Conference closed with music by Severance and Williams's Quadrille Band.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe opened the forenoon session with a lecture, which, to my mind, was far superior to any which I have ever heard given through her, because containing so many practical truths. She touched upon some of the absurdities of old theology, such as endless punishment, natural depravity, and an angry God. That spirits come to us as messengers of peace and love, but money-making observers from the home circle. Do not claim to be Spiritualists, unless you can free yourselves from lust and sensuality, and build up a pure physical body, and then a pure spirit will dwell therein.

Mrs. Miles of Jaynesville.

Next in order was an able lecture by Dr. Stillman, upon "Health Reform, versus Drug Medication." She is a graduate under Dr. Trull; evidently a woman of talent and ability, whose very appearance is calculated to inspire people with the idea that she knows what she says, when she tells them they might as well put themselves into the hands of the rum-seller as the drug doctor.

The forenoon session closed with music.

The afternoon session opened with a Conference; after which, Miss Knox gave a lecture. Subject—"Truth." Truth is free, she said, but the same spirit that crushed it in the past is present to-day. Not a person living but is a slave. Every person is represented by the magnetism he throws off; and if he dare not live his highest conception of truth, he impresses others with his condition of slavery. She dealt unsparringly with the present social conditions, and while she believed that false marriage should be righted, she also thought that true marriage was from the foundation of the world; and that when people study their own natures, and marry understandingly, there will be no more need of underground railroads for the escape of fugitive wives and husbands.

Mrs. Stowe recited the beautiful and soothing poem, "Rock Me to Sleep." Then gave a short lecture, calling upon the people to explain Spiritualism, if it is not what it claims to be, tell who or what rolled away the stone from the sepulchre and opened the prison doors at night.

The meeting then adjourned till 6 o'clock, and, as usual, was opened with a Conference.

Dr. Stillman again lectured, and held the audience perfectly chained, while with eloquence and logic she talked to them of that terrible disease—alcoholism—which is abroad in our land, laying prostrate our beautiful household gods, through a direct effect of transgressed laws, either by parents or children, and not, as ignorantly supposed, by a direct interposition of Providence.

After listening to several pieces by the Band, the meeting closed.

This meeting was well attended, and one of interest, not only dispensing mental and spiritual food to the friends of progress, but it stirred up the conservative minds in such a way as to make them think that there may be truths outside of the creed-bound church.

There is nothing so well calculated to develop the minds of the masses to a liberal and independent condition as meetings of this kind, with a free platform, and an opportunity offered to all to express their thoughts in their own way.

Perhaps no town in the West can boast (?) of a more conservative element than Whitewater; but the seeds sown heretofore by a few liberal minds are taking root, and must ultimately develop into a beautiful tree, beneath whose cooling shade all shall assemble to catch the manna of Truth as it falls from its bending branches.

A friend to Truth and Reform, Louisa T. Whittier, Whitewater, Wis.

Another Hard-Fought Battle.

Accounts from New Orleans, August 10th, give the particulars of the defeat of the rebels at Baton Rouge, and the destruction of the Iron ram Arkansas. The fight took place on the edge of the town, Gen. Williams, who was in command of the Federal forces, being unwilling to expose the helpless women and children. The rebel troops were variously estimated at from 5000 to 15,000, under command of Gens. Breckinridge and Lovell. Another account says our force engaged numbered less than 2,500. The enemy had at least 5000 with 12 or 14 field pieces and some cavalry. The battle may be characterized as one of the most soldier-like, skillfully-planned fights of the war. General Williams, with his well known abilities as a leader, seemed to rally behind houses and fences, and taking in with one glance the plan of the enemy's attack, made all his preparations to resist and oppose them. A passenger from Baton Rouge states that our loss was 70 killed and 215 wounded. Gen. Williams had three horses shot under him. He was killed while rallying the 21st Indiana regiment, which had just lost a field piece. The gun was retaken, but General Williams fell, pierced by several bullets.

Major-General Butler in his address to the army after the victory, says: "Attacked at Baton Rouge by a division of our rebel enemies, under command of a Major-General recalcitrant to loyal Kentucky, whom some of us would have honored before his apostasy, of doubly superior numbers, you have repulsed in the open field his myriads, who took advantage of your sickness, from the malaria of the marshes of Vicksburg, to make a cowardly attack. The brigade at Baton Rouge has routed the enemy. He has lost three Brigadier-Generals, killed, wounded and prisoners, many Colonels and field officers. He has more than 1000 killed and wounded. You have captured three pieces of artillery, six caissons, two stand of colors, and a large number of prisoners. You have buried his dead on the field of battle, and are caring for his wounded. You have convinced him that he is never to seek us not to fight your army, if he desires the contest. You have

shown him that if he cannot take an outpost after weeks of preparation, what would be his fate with the main body. If your General should say he was proud of you, it would be only to praise himself; but he will say that he is proud to be one of you." The rebel iron-clad ram Arkansas was destroyed by the Federal iron-clad ram Essex, under command of Capt. W. D. Porter. Here are the particulars: As soon as the enemy was repulsed, Commander Porter with the gunboats went up stream after the ram Arkansas, which was lying about five miles above, apparently afraid to take her share in the conflict. According to a preconceived plan, as he came within gunshot he opened on her, and probably soon disabled some of her machinery or steering apparatus, for she became unmanageable; continuing, however, to fire her guns at the Essex. Commander Porter says he took advantage of her presenting a weak point toward him, and loaded his guns with incendiary shells. After his first discharge of this projectile, a gust of fire came out of her side, and from that moment it was discovered that she was on fire. He continued his exertions to prevent it from being extinguished. They beached her ashore and made a line fast, which soon burnt off, and she swung into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862. OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 8, UP STAIRS. WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE. LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

No Fanatics.

No, let us be careful, and have none of them in our ranks. We have waited in patience so long, with souls open to the reception of truth whenever it might come unto them from above, can ill afford to let our impulses, much less our passions, run away with us now, when all things promise so well for the immediate opening of the new heavens upon the needy earth. If we conceive that we have at length been permitted to behold truth from a new view, and to embrace with our faith points which it is too plain that many others cannot embrace as yet, shall we therefore undertake the work of proselyting by violent methods, or even by any methods at all, and not leave each to find his own as it shall seem best in the sight of God and the angels?

There is no step gained by any cause by forcing matters beyond their natural inclination to advance. We must leave something to Nature. If we are at the pains to sow the seed, we surely ought to be willing to wait for it to sprout and grow up according to the ordinary processes established by Nature. Especially is it to be urged upon the true friends of the Spiritual—which is the progressive—philosophy, that they are to be deliberate even while they are decisive, and full of patience and charity even while they are firm. So much is lost when the temper goes overboard. The very best of causes loses by such a misfortune on the part of its advocates—loses sometimes beyond the power of immediate reparation.

If we leave all to Reason, then we can well afford to wait and let Reason have free play. Reason must assuredly lead the way amid these rules, and this accumulating chaos, holding her torch within her hand. The truly spiritual idea must be illustrated and exemplified; and this can be done, not by letting uncontrolled passion fly in the face of all spiritual ideas, but by waiting with a patience full of a gracious sweetness for truth to work silently, and for itself, upon the minds of others, content, even if we do not happen to live in the body long enough to see it worked out. We may be zealous, but we should not be zealous. Let us not confound, in the eyes of others, our personal preferences and prejudices with the beautiful truths which we would advocate and exemplify. In this way men unconsciously mistake their own little choices and desires for the great ulterior good of the cause to which they are sincerely committed, unable, even to themselves, to explain how it is they shoot so wide of the mark which they have so sorely espoused as their own.

We would discourage no one who sincerely seeks to advance what he conceives and believes to be the cause of truth. We would throw a chill over the native ardor of no living soul. We would not dampen any enthusiasm that is born of a genuine love for the truth. Yet it is plain that enthusiasm alone soon burns itself out. It has no oil from which to feed its flame, and so make it perpetual, except it proceeds from a clear and well-weighted understanding of what is true and what are the best methods for setting it forth and establishing it.

Calmness of mind is absolutely necessary to the successful prosecution of any cause, whether it has within itself the elements of progress or not. The self-poised mind is the only mind that can take a survey of the whole field, and decide when to move and with what aids and adjuncts it is to be done. Haste and heat only unfit men for the work they have to do, and actually result in putting and keeping matters back instead of advancing them. When the faith of a person in his cause is truly a strong and living faith, that alone will sustain him, and he will not lose temper in beating the air to no purpose because he cannot make others see as he sees. Fanaticism is a foul fiend, as well as a dangerous and destructive agent in the work of human progress. We may work as hard as we choose, but we must keep our tempers.

The "New Ironsides."

This iron-plated frigate, just completed in Philadelphia for the Government, and intended as a sea-going craft of marvelous power, both of offense and resistance, is completed. It is believed she is destined for Charleston harbor, where she will be likely to stand very much in the way of the rebel naval arrangements. Everything can be lowered beneath the deck in time of action, even to the smoke-stack. She likewise carries two Parrot two hundred-pounders, capable of throwing their terrible shot a distance of six miles. We should have been more than astonished, a short year ago, to be told that so little time was going to work so great a revolution. But greater and more wonderful things, no doubt, are in store for us yet. We have not got to the end of our rope so soon. The day of wonders, in material as well as spiritual power, has only dawned. This nation, crude as its character is as yet, is to lead the world in those grand arts, devices and ideas, which imply the highest development of the faculties of the human race.

A Liberal Institution.

In another part of the BANNER will be found a communication at some length, from the pen of Dr. O. S. Leavitt, of Detroit, Mich., on the subject of establishing a College, Seminary, or University—perhaps the latter, rather than the others—for the propagation of Spiritual truth and the promotion of the aims of Spiritual believers. The author of the communication takes hold of his case at precisely the same end at which the creditists and others do, whose powerful influence he honestly seeks to overthrow. The only question in the case appears, therefore, to be this: Can Spiritualists afford to employ the same means—machinery, catch-words, superstitions, and all—which the partialists have so long used, and used to so unsatisfactory an end? We know it is said, and with a great deal of positiveness, too, that the devil is to be fought, if at all, with his own weapons; but we never yet subscribed to that hasty and one-sided theory. If the simple truth be told everywhere and at all times, and spoken in the real spirit and temper of one who loves and reveres the truth for its own sake, it will work out its ends a great deal faster than if it wasted the greater part of its strength in combats and contentions. We know the nature of man to resist everything like dictation and assault; but when argument and discussion is fall utterly, candid and sweet tempered discussion is as magical with its power as ever.

What has heretofore hurt man's conceptions of Truth has been the vain and childish attempt of sect-makers and university-builders to dole out, to peddle out as much as they thought good for the soul, and forbid any further efforts at discovery by threatening severe penalties, both in this world and the other. We have all been too carefully cramped. The only aim should be, to discover Truth in any direction, in all directions, and by any and all kinds of human experience. Organized institutions may be useful for this purpose, up to a certain limit; but beyond that we believe them harmful, and to vitiate the very ends at which they are directed. It is not the way to destroy error by preaching it down; but rather by setting forth the true. To organize for the sake of overthrowing other organizations, is to travel in a useless circle, and not to get forward at all. This is to be carefully kept in sight, when we become impatient of the room which comparatively worthless systems are taking up.

Spiritualism, in its several offices of usefulness, is to act like the sun, freely dispensing light and warmth for all—whether in the defined limits of the creeds or not. It is an universal agent and benefactor. It knows no favoritism, and will not be repelled by those who insist on living without its ever-present influence. Only set its truths at work in every organization, no matter how varied they are, or even how opposed they may be to one another, and it will soon claim all for its own. They cannot contain the whole of it, any more than the less can contain the greater. It is destined to work everywhere; in all the churches; in all politics and policies; in the entire social system; in business and finance; in every highway and byway of human life. The priests can no more take sole charge of it than any other class of men. It is diffusive, searching, personal, universal. Let it work its way silently into the Universities, and they will come under its influence without knowing by what seeming magic it has finally been done.

How Events Crowd On.

One would scarcely believe it possible that less than eighteen months' war would have wrought the change that has been wrought in the social status of the larger part of the Border Slave States, which is destined, too, to work as marked a change over all the other States to the southward of them. The evidences rapidly multiply that the movement of emancipation, in one shape and another, is going forward of itself, and that ere long there will be quite another state of affairs from that which has in the past characterized the Slave State social and industrial system. The offers of the Confederates themselves to free their own slaves, if Europe would only recognize them, are proof enough that they have no dread whatever of emancipation, or of its results, but that they do mean to carry their aims at every cost and hazard.

We find, extracted from the Christian Banner of Fredericksburg, Va.—a loyal print—an article of the profoundest significance in connection with the present condition of slavery in that State, and tending to throw much light on the state of things in the not far-off future there. "It is of such wide interest, just at this time, that we cannot refrain from reproducing it here, for the reflection of our readers."

"I never expected it would come to this." Thousands can now say we never expected it would come to this. No, the champion leaders of this terrible rebellion are as much disappointed in their calculations and expectations, as the great body of the people whom they have deceived. Virginians never expected to see their towns desolated—their farms laid waste—their slaves leaving at will—their property scattered like chaff before the wind—their children sacrificed. They never expected that Virginia would become the battle-field and burying ground of a great national revolution.

Six months ago the secessionists in our town laughed at the idea that the Union troops would ever get to Fredericksburg. They never expected that things would come to what they have, and 't would have been dangerous for any one to have predicted the present state of affairs in town. They now see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, but all seem to make but little or no impression on their minds and hearts for the better. They see with their eyes, but cannot perceive; they hear with their ears, but cannot understand. They obstinately refuse to contemplate the ultimate result of things, in our humble opinion, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer, the horrible scenes which will be acted out will be without a parallel in the history of the world. The simple circumstance of slaves leaving their owners will be regarded as an insignificant trifle compared with other things which will happen.

The whole colored population of Virginia is becoming alarmingly demoralized, the spirit of insubordination and rebellion against the authority of their masters is constantly being demonstrated in our midst. This none can doubt. There are but few white men in Virginia except old men and invalids, who are not in the Southern army; when, therefore, this spirit of rebellion becomes fully rife, what will become of these old men and invalids, and worse than all, what will become of helpless women and innocent children? The future is a picture terrible to contemplate, to avert which every sensible man and woman in the whole country should exert his or her undivided and untiring influence. The half has neither been seen, felt, nor heard, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer. Remember, fellow citizens, what we say, and may the Lord grant you wisdom and understanding before it is finally too late."

New Publications.

Among the Pines; or, South in Seclusion-Time. By Edmund Kirke. New York: J. R. Gilmore. We have read these life-like sketches as they appeared in the pages of the "Continental Monthly," and could hardly wait for the month to come round that we might renew our acquaintance with the characters they describe. It has been said that they make up into a book not a whit less interesting, nor any less powerful in point of treatment, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and we candidly do not see how the remark can be gainsayed. "Among the Pines" is certainly a most remarkable book; the writer of it is a real hero, without ever appearing to be aware of it; he sketches and colors with the firm and rapid hand of an artist, and throws together incidents and develops scenes that stir the blood in every vein of the body. We do not like to see an author over-praised; but there is little danger of the author of this book being spoiled; there is too much real stuff in him for that. He gives you what he has himself seen and experienced in Carolina, at a period but little removed from the date of the firing of the first cannon on Sumter. No pictures with the pen could be more graphic and thoroughly effective. The subject is a fertile one, and it has been handled in this case by a true master. Read "Among the Pines" by all means, if you would have a proper conception of the social state where slavery reigns unchallenged by any of the slumbering forces of the human soul.

Out of His Head, is the queer title of a queer prose romance, from the poetic pen of T. B. Aldrich, author of "Bible Bell and other Poems," and the prolific and popular prose of Carleton, New York. It is well worth a summer afternoon's perusal. The type and paper are unusually attractive.

THE CONTINENTAL FOR SEPTEMBER shows a long roll of very attractive titles in its table of contents, and some of the authors are as well known as good writers ought to be. Horace Greeley contributes a striking paper to this number on "National Unity." John Neal is discussed by a penetrating writer, and so is the "Negro in the Revolution." There is something extremely readable on "Andrew Jackson," on "Bookie," the historian, "Anthony Trollope in America," and other current topics. No magazine of the time comes up to the young CONTINENTAL for the freedom—we might almost say the abandon—with which it goes into the political topics of the day. It is Northern, Emancipation, and everything of that sort, up to the very highest figure. It hesitates to say nothing which it honestly thinks and believes. There can be no stagnant water where the CONTINENTAL "paddles its canoe," depend on that. Published by J. R. Gilmore & Co., New York and Boston.

LES MISERABLES, Parts II and III. Costello and Marini. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This wonderful novel by Victor Hugo, a master in the art of Romance, still keeps its head above all the other productions of the day for popularity. Its mysterious power would secure as much as that for it. Readers multiply for each division of the story at a rate scarcely credible. And yet, the number of readers a book may be able suddenly to command would furnish but a poor test of the real, lasting power of the book itself. We spoke of the first Part—Lutime—when it made its appearance; the second and third parts are but successive redemptions of the pledge given in the first, that the interest of the tale would deepen and intensify as it proceeded. This novel is as little "Frenchy" as can be, considering that its author is a Frenchman; and no reader can sit down to its perusal without giving himself up to its power and mysterious fascination entirely.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is crammed full with light and substantial articles, each for him who would have the one or the other. There is a highly interesting one by Dr. Hay, on "Cerebral Dynamics," which lets one into the secret of mental derangements, and their cause and cure; then Agassiz contributes his monthly paper on the "Methods of Study in Natural History," the series commanding the close attention of every thoughtful reader; "Rife Clubs" is the title of an article by H. W. S. Cleveland; "David Gaunt" promises to be absorbing as a tale; Mr. Higginson—always fresh and captivating—gives us two papers, the one on the "Life of Birds" being particularly attractive and instructive; and one of the very best, because most delicate, of all the contributions to this number, is the article named "Complaint of my Friends," by the author of "My Garden," which we liked much at the time of its appearance. The "Atlantic" has a long lease of healthy and vigorous life before it yet.

Col. Corcoran.

This gallant Irish officer, who was captured in battle by the rebels more than a year ago, has at length been released. They have kept him back for reasons best known to themselves. The Colonel himself says, it is because they thus thought they could best please and pacify England, he having refused to order out his regiment, in New York, to do honor to the youthful Prince Albert, a couple of summers ago. Other reasons have been given, one being about as valuable as another. It is certain, at any rate, that his countrymen, as well as his friends and military co-partners, are pleased enough to get him back again into the land of freedom, and they threaten to actually feast him to death in testifying their joy over his release. No other prisoner, hitherto taken by the rebels, has been made to suffer so many wrongs and indignities as Col. Corcoran. Welcome back home to him! Since his return he has been promoted to a Brigadier Generalship.

New Recruits.

We desire our readers—all of them—to drum up new recruits in the shape of subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT. There never was a time when we needed the aid of our friends more than now. We are continually assured that they wish us to "go on our way rejoicing," and they can keep us safely on that track if they will but make, each of them, a little effort to drum up new recruits. Our battle, you know, brethren, is a mighty one against Error and Wrong; but, with God on our side, we are sure of victory in the end.

A New Book.

Dr. Child is preparing for the press a book, to be called "Mr. ORRIN HALL," on the subject of Spiritual Affinity. It will be published by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston. Orders solicited.

To Travelers.

We desire to call attention to that excellent mode of travel, the Fall River Line. The superiority of this particular route over all others to New York, is now an established fact among tourists generally, and we would advise all our friends who think of journeying either to or from Boston to New York, to avail themselves of the excellent accommodations which this Line of travel affords.

As we passed over this road a few days since on our way to New York and Philadelphia, we are happy to be able to speak from personal experience of the merits of the Fall River Line. The two steamboats at present plying between Fall River and New York City, are the "Metropolis," and the "Empire State," upon the latter of which it was our good fortune to find ourselves a few nights since, after a pleasant ride of about two hours by cars from Boston to Fall River. For home-comfort and ease this boat cannot be surpassed, since the accommodations are of the highest order, and no pains are spared by those in command to make the journey to and from New York, an agreeable one to all classes. The courtesies which we received at the hands of Captain B. Brayton, the gentlemanly and dignified commander of the Empire State, and the attentive and obliging clerk, Mr. Symonds, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by one who went among them a stranger. May our present experience be the experience of all travelers by the Fall River route.

Sewing Machines.

We learn that there are annually manufactured in this country seventy thousand sewing machines, which task the working energies of twelve or fourteen manufacturing establishments. This latest of inventions is really one of the greatest. It would be difficult to express the advantages that have been secured to families, to sewing women and girls, and to operators with the needle generally, by the timely introduction of this wonderful little machine. It eats up the piles of prepared cotton cloth as if its hunger would never be satiated. It cheers lonely labor, and encourages the patient, plodding worker, who has been accustomed to consume, the midnight oil and nurse her solitary thoughts, to believe that there is help in this wide world even for her. A load of toil and care has been lifted from many a poor, burdened heart by the introduction of the sewing machine. Heaven bless the inventor, and prosper all who depend for a livelihood upon the invention!

Personal.

We have just had a pleasant interview with Mrs. F. H. Day, editor and publisher of THE HERALD, a literary periodical published monthly at San Francisco, Cal. She informs us that she is about to leave the States on a European tour, principally on business connected with her Magazine. She is a lady of talent and refinement, progressive in her views, and we cordially commend her to our transatlantic friends. Any favors they may be pleased to render her will be gratefully appreciated by us.

Our worthy brother, Rev. E. Case, Jr., who has been in the army of the West for the past twelve months, has been honorably discharged, and has returned to his home. He intends to resume forthwith his labors as a lecturer on Spiritualism and the reforms of the day.

The Boston Light Artillery.

This splendid corps having been recruited up to its full complement of men, has volunteered its services to the Government, and been accepted. The following is a list of its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned: Edward J. Jones, Captain; Lucius Cummings, Senior 1st Lieutenant; E. P. Morrell, Senior 2d Lieutenant; Isaac Prince, Junior 1st Lieutenant; J. P. Sawin, Junior 2d Lieutenant; George Booth, Sergeant Major; F. W. Marsh, Quartermaster Sergeant; George W. Sanborn, 1st Sergeant; Warren French, 2d; B. F. Welch, 3d; Wm. Woodman, 4th; Eli Marble, 5th; Joseph Holmes, 6th; Gunnery: Joseph L. Poor, Charles H. Crowell, Henry Wright, James Kelley, and James Murray; Albert Buan, Guidon.

Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Plymouth; Miss Lizzie Dotson in Portland, Maine; Miss Emma Houston in Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Lebanon, N. H.; W. K. Ripley in West Waterport, Me.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bradley, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury in Cicero, N. Y.; Warren Chase in Roxbury, Vt.; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown in Chicago, Ill.

The Slave Treaty with England.

The attention of our readers is called to an able article on our eighth page, from the pen of Horace Dresser, LL.D., on the recent treaty between England and the United States in regard to the Slave Trade. This article was prepared for the Atlantic Monthly, but the old fogey editors declined it. However, as the BANNER circulates far more extensively than the Atlantic, perhaps it is better that we publish it instead.

The Meetings at Lyceum Hall.

The regular course of lectures by normal and abnormal speakers will recommence at the above named Hall on Sunday, Sept. 7th, on which occasion Mr. H. B. Storer will occupy the desk, afternoon and evening.

There will be no Conference Meeting in the above Hall next Sunday, as some repairs are to be made there.

Picnic Excursion to Dungeon Rock.

We are glad to see that our friend Dr. Gardner has promptly acted on the hint we gave in a recent number of the BANNER, and taken the preliminary steps for a grand picnic excursion to this charming locality. All who can leave their vocations for a day, will no doubt embrace this favorable opportunity to visit Dungeon Rock. Several talented public speakers are expected to be present.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] Will Mrs. A. E. Posten have the kindness to furnish us with her Post Office address? We have written several letters to you lately on business, but have failed to receive a response, and now, as a last resort, take this method to ascertain your whereabouts.

We have several communications in type, which for lack of space we are obliged to omit this week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In the next number of the BANNER we shall publish a translation from the German of Zschokke, entitled "MAYNIM IN THE DESERT"—An Arabian Tradition.

"THE BRIDEROOM OF DEATH," a short Scandinavian tale, written for the BANNER by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., will be found on the second page.

The price of tickets to the Picnic at Duggon Rock, Lynn, as will be seen by the notice in another column has been reduced to forty cents for the trip.

THE RISING TIDE.—Our friends of the Rising Tide, are informed that the BANNER is mailed to their address regularly. If they do not receive it, it must be because the mails don't perform their duty.

AN ANGEL ON EARTH. Die when you may, you will not wear At Heaven's court a form more fair Than beauty at your birth has given;

Get this world under your feet. Take no rest till you have broken through the alken net, till you have got the golden fetters. A heart that is full of the world is a heart full of wants.

A PATRIOT.—Archbishop Hughes calls upon the entire North to come out and put down the rebellion. He says the people should insist on being drafted, and so bring this unnatural strife to a close by strength and might alone.

The rub-a-dub dab of the tenor drum and the shrill notes of the fife are heard constantly in our streets, telling us emphatically that the war of Freedom—universal emancipation—has begun. God speed the day that the great work shall be accomplished; that this fair land may once more settle down into quietness and peace.

The science of the ancients was a complete work; it embraced causes and effects; it treated of the rapport of the world of spirits with the world of bodies; while our moderns reduce all to the material and most narrow limits—to matter alone.—Harold of Progress.

GENERAL BANKS.—The Louisville Journal, echoing the general praise of the conduct of Gen. Banks at the battle of Cedar Mountain, remarks: "He is a genuine man. He is a successful man. He has succeeded excellently and eminently in everything he has undertaken. He is a strong, brave, quick, sagacious, live man. We have faith in him."

It is said that several persons have left the States for Canada to escape a draft. We doubt the truth of this statement, for such is not the nature of northern men. But if it is really so, we hope our Canadian friends will kick the miserable renegades out of their territory. They are not fit to live anywhere.

PROGRESSION. The scale Of being is a graduated thing And deeper than the vanities of power, Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ Gradation, in its hidden characters.

Eyes should not be strained by reading by artificial light. Moonlight is most dangerous to the eyes while reading. Never weary your eyes during the heat of summer. More persons lose their sight in this way than is generally supposed.

How to RID A BARN OF FLEAS.—Take quick lime, slack it, and sow freely. It will exterminate them in pigsties, or any place they inhabit.

Elias Howe, Jr., the well-known inventor of the sewing-machine, and a very wealthy man, his income being \$200,000 a year, after giving \$2,000 to the enlistment fund in Bridgeport, signed his name to the roll of volunteers as a private, and announced that he should not procure a substitute.

We often regret of having spoken, but seldom of having kept silent.

The skull of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who died in the year 376 B. C., holds a place in the International Exhibition.

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear, I can soon make it plural."

Adelaide Phillips seems to have won a success at Liege, Belgium, even greater than in any of the cities she had previously visited. The leading musical paper of that city says that "never before have we known what *Arpeggio* and *Andante* could be made!" and winds up with the wholesale laudation: "Parfait et parfait!" A crown was also presented to her by the Press of Liege, amid the prolonged "bravos" of the audience. Surely the little Boston girl ought to be satisfied with these triumphs, which few have won in such rapid succession, and which still fewer have so well deserved.

The proportion of boys to girls born in time of war is often stated to be greater than during the "piping times of peace." The registration of Providence for 1861 confirms this notion, for the boys born were 836 against 789 girls—a difference of fully six per cent. in favor of incipient soldiers.

Illinois raises 25,000 bales of cotton, this year, and there is no reason why she should not do better in 1863, and thereafter. Cotton shows a disposition to come North.

Ohio has a grand wheat crop, say 30,000,000 bushels, the surplus being 17,000,000. Most other crops are full ones, and only oats fall, and they but partially.

The French have lost 1200 men in Mexico, besides wounded and prisoners.

It is intimated in foreign papers, that at the great Catholic convention in Rome, the question of the Pope's emigration to America will be seriously discussed.

Commodore Vanderbilt intends to establish a school for the young of both sexes, on Staten Island, and to endow the same, so that its support will be always ensured.

SINFUL HABITS.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier, that lays about him without fear or wit. "Wit pleads; fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree and the branches are soon cut off.—Quaker.

The French iron-ore steaming *La Normandie* sailed for the Mexican Gulf on the 21st of July. Considerable interest is felt as to the character of her passage across the ocean.

The aggregate production of the Pennsylvania coal mines for the present season, is about 3,740,867 tons, against 4,102,130 tons to the same time last season. The Lehigh Navigation Company is now the only company that has not been brought into line since the late disastrous freshets.

We have a letter from California, giving an account of the successful labors of Mr. J. Y. McMillan in that section, which we shall publish in our next issue.

Time of Sorrow and Sadness.

There was never a time in the experience of the present generation, when sorrow and sadness weighed so heavily on human hearts as the present. North, South, East and West, throughout our country, every one who has feeling and sympathy dwells in the atmosphere of sorrow and sadness. Sorrow and sadness for what? For the dissolution of our once united republic; for the waste and destruction of the good things that are essential to our earthly prosperity and happiness; for the antagonism and hatred that now exist between countrymen, friends, and relatives; for the murderous occupation of human hands; for the separation of husband and wife, father and child, brother and sister, mother and son; for the desolation of happy hearths; for threatening want; for the forebodings of coming agony, of bitter tears, and of anguish, that time cannot heal. For these things that are upon us already, or are threatening us, imminently, we feel sorrowful and sad—and why should we not feel so? They cannot be averted. There is no human hand that can keep them back, if they must come. These things are not for material glory, or for the benefit of any thing, or condition that belongs to physical existence.

But let us turn the picture from the darkness of earthly shadows and sorrows to the more blessed light of spiritual realities. There is nothing of earth that endures—while spirit abides forever with all its lovely attributes. Governments and nations dissolve and fall; earthly goods dissolve and crumble to dust; earthly prosperity and earthly happiness are turned to disappointment and sorrow; hatred only belongs to falling things; friends may become enemies, and the ties of consanguinity be buried in the graves of earthly love; murder does not reach beyond the bounds of matter, where the preservation of animal life also finds its mission ended. Husband and wife are only bound by the dissolving links of earthly love—father and child the same—brother and sister the same; and mother and son the same—while spiritual love and affinity holds forever. Want and painful forebodings, agony, bitter tears and anguish, all fall into the graves where earthly things are buried.

All these things must first be, to open the windows of the spiritual heavens that humanity may behold its superior realities, its wise and perfect rulings, its blessed abodes that await all earth's children. The spiritual world has more to do with the present causes of our sorrow and sadness, far more, than the material world. This dreadful war that now so much afflicts and grieves us, is all caused by the spiritual world, not by men in the physical body. And though it is sad and sorrowful, yet, for our spiritual perception and recognition, it is to be beautiful, grand, and glorious. This warfare of our once beautiful, united Republic is not for any material good, but it is purely to bring the spiritual heavens down so near to the earth that all men, whether in the physical form or out, shall perceive and recognize their loveliness—whereby they shall become convinced that earthly prosperity, earthly happiness, earthly glory, and all things earthly, fade away and perish, while all spiritual things endure, and grow in ineffable beauty forever and ever. This civil war, however sad and sorrowful it may be, is the work of Spirituality, acting in its unseen, inexplicable ways, to open the hearts and eyes of men to something that is more satisfying and enduring than this earth can give. It is an awful, a mighty work of earthly deprivation, and its fruition shall be an awful and a mighty perception and acceptance of spiritual blessings that are waiting for all—by it men's confidence in earthly things shall fall and cease to be, and faith in the unseen world shall follow, and in the arms of faith all men shall rest in peace, in blessedness. —A. B. C.

Old-Fashioned Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts and their friends are invited to attend a Picnic at the celebrated Duggon Rock, or Pirates' Cave, Lynn, on TUESDAY, Sept. 2d, 1862. This will afford an excellent opportunity for the curious to examine this far-famed locality, and witness the progress that has been made toward exhuming the pirates' treasures, supposed to have been buried there by a great earthquake several centuries since. Mr. Hiram Marble has been engaged for the last ten years in endeavoring to work his way into the Cave, by blasting the solid rock, under the spirit direction, as he asserts, of the original occupants of the Cave. He anticipates that he is near the fruition of his hopes, and that a short season of labor will admit him to the cavern, and give to the world overwhelming evidence of spirit-intercourse.

Good speakers will be in attendance. Also Bond's Quadrille Band for dancing. As there are no conveniences on the grounds for furnishing large parties with refreshments, all those who can do so, are requested to carry their own provisions. No intoxicating liquors allowed on the grounds for sale.

A Special Train of cars will leave the Eastern Railroad Depot, Causeway Street, Boston, at 8.45 o'clock A. M., stopping at Prison Point and Somerville for passengers for Lynn Common; and Regular Trains will leave at 10.30 and 12.15 o'clock, for West Lynn. Fare to the above points, and return, 40-cents for adults; children, 25 cents.

On the arrival of the Special Train at Lynn Common, a procession will be formed, headed by Bond's Cornet Band, and march to the Grove. Those wishing to ride, will be conveyed to the Grove for ten cents, each person, from both the Special and the Regular Trains.

Tickets for sale at the Eastern Railroad Depot Ticket Office. Purchasers of tickets must come prepared to make their own change.

N. B.—In case the weather should prove unfavorable, the Picnic will be postponed until Thursday, Sept. 4th, at the same hour.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Mrs. Hatch's Tour. MR. EDGEMOND I wrote you a few weeks since from Cleveland, Ohio, concerning our trip westward, and that Mrs. O. L. V. Hatch could be addressed during this month at this place for lectures on her return. At Toledo, Adrian, Coldwater, Burgis and Chicago, we met many kind friends and large audiences.

At Coldwater we met Brother Willis, formerly of Boston. He welcomed us most cordially, and introduced my sister to his congregation, a large and intelligent audience, whose intellectual and spiritual growth speak eloquent praises in behalf of their inspired teacher. The lecture-room of the Spiritual Church was filled. This promises to be the largest and best edifice erected to our cause.

At Burgis, also, the "Free Church," a substantial brick edifice, was filled to overflowing, and the audience everywhere listened with marked attention to the lectures.

At Chicago we had a most remarkable lecture on the Rebellion, from the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, proving identity to all present, and particularly to his old friends and associates who were present.

Mrs. Hatch speaks in Milwaukee the last Sunday in this month. We stop in Chicago the first two Sundays in September, on our return. As soon as further arrangements are completed, the readers of the BANNER will be informed.

I remain yours, for the truth, E. T. SCOTT. Lake Mills, Wis., Aug. 16, 1862.

An Important Hint.

We desire the friends of the BANNER to vote themselves into a committee of the whole to render us all the material aid they can at this time. The internal revenue law will soon go into practical operation, thereby greatly increasing the already large expenditures of our establishment. We have been notified by our paper-maker that he shall be obliged to advance the price of paper immediately, thereby increasing the cost to us for the paper upon which the BANNER is printed several hundred dollars per year more than formerly.

We do not intend to raise the price of the BANNER, if we can possibly avoid it; and we see no way of avoiding it, unless we procure a large increase to our subscription list.

For Spiritual Manifestations will be resumed on September 1st. The public are respectfully invited to attend, "without money and without price." As we freely receive, so we as freely give.

Convention in Vermont.

The Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists is to be held at Rookingham Centre, Vermont, on the 6th and 7th of September next. A large hall will be had that will seat one thousand persons or more. All speakers that can make it convenient are invited to be present; also our friends, one and all, are expected to meet each other there and enjoy a heavenly feast with the angel-world. Bridgewater, July 21, 1862.

Convention of Spiritualists. Ashtabula County Yearly Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Monroe Centre, Ohio, on the 6th and 7th of September next. S. J. Fane and Cora L. V. Hatch are expected. Other speakers are cordially invited to attend. Friends who may come from a distance will be kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Come one, come all. A good time is expected. By order of committee. E. D. WATROUS.

Public Meeting. MR. EDGEMOND—We are to have a *Sinner's* Progressive Grove or Hall Meeting here the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in September. Everybody is invited to attend, especially all those who are in political or sectarian bondage, &c. J. M. RYKOWLS, Beloit, Wis., June 20, 1862.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book. This little book is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, &c., see advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER. KNOW THYSELF.

In delineating Character we present the entire traits of the person, together with their peculiar fitness or adaptation to various pursuits of life. N. B. Persons sending, with autograph, for a delineation of character, shall, by request, receive a clairvoyant examination of disease, free. Terms, One Dollar. Address, R. P. WILSON, Station D, New York City, Aug. 30.

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A BOOK FOR THE TIMES, AND FOR ALL TIME!

THE HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS

CONTAINS A distinct view of the essential principles of Political Science, leaving all secondary and doubtful questions in the background. It exposes the chief causes of Modern Trade Revolutions, and of our Social and Financial Evils; showing how Trade may be redeemed from all risks and uncertainties, and how the Industrial classes may be justly and surely raised to permanent pecuniary independence.

The author writes from forty years' experience in various departments of the business world. He studies accuracy at all times, is clear and concise, and bold where boldness is requisite. For sale by Wm. White & Co., 138 Washington Street, Boston; BROWN & TOWSE, 121 Nassau Street, and HENRY DEXTER, 115 Nassau Street, New York; and Newpaper Dealers generally. Price 50 cents. Postage 10 cts. Aug. 23.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

J. R. L. FARNWORTH, Writing Medium For answering sealed letters, may be addressed 75 Beach Street, Boston. Persons desiring sealed letters, and three-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 2 to 6 p. m. Aug. 23.

\$150. NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS

in rose-wood cases, iron frames and overstrung bass for \$150; do, with moldings, \$180; do, with carved legs and inlaid name-board, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do, with pearl keys, \$225, \$230, and \$300; new \$1-Scotch \$185. The above Pianos at the greatest bargains in the city. Second-hand Pianos at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos and Melodions to LET, at 25 and upward per month; rent allowed if purchased; monthly payments received for the same. Foreign sheet MUSIC at 2 cents per page. All kinds of Musical Merchandise at war prices. A pianist in attendance to try new music. ROBERT WATERS, Agent, No. 431 Broadway, New York, 1st floor. Aug. 10.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING

OF S. B. BRITTON, JR. AIDE to Capt. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the battle of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, is for sale at this office. Price 50 CENTS. It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp. The proceeds of the sale of this fine Engraving are to go to aid in erecting a suitable monument over this youthful hero's remains in Rosendale Cemetery. July 10.

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-DEALERS' AGENCY.

Sinclair Tousey.

191 Nassau St., New York; General Agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT. Would respectfully invite the attention of Bostonians to the fact that in cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to be had in the most desirable manner, and at the lowest prices, in the United States, by the undersigned, who is authorized to sell for all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptness and dispatch. Orders solicited.

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NOW READY. THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK, NO. ONE. THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, dated 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 its price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers. June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates. THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, OR DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the work merits. The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BARNES or LION, Boston, Mass. June 28.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHAT IS IT, IS RIGHT," &c. 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, is more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 138 Washington Street, Boston. Dec. 31.

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming. It is a treatise, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful Farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Hutton, who is now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent 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 25.

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES! BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE. This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty. For sale at this office.—Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent. May 17.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 366 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., 138 Washington Street, Boston. April 23.

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THROUGH JOSEPH D. STILES, MEDIUM, TO JOSIAH BRIGHAM, OF QUINCY. This volume is embellished with fac-simile engravings of the handwriting of John Quincy Adams, Abigail Adams, George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Richard Henry Lee, Stephen Hopkins, Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Adams, Lafayette, Malachukin, Columbus, Cromwell, Jackson, and other men, written through the hand of the medium. It is a large octavo volume, of 469 pages, printed in large, clear type, on stout paper, and substantially bound. It is perhaps, the most elaborate work Modern Spirituality has called out. Price, cloth, \$1.50; full gilt, \$2. Sent by mail, postage 35c. Feb. 22.

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, Wishee, The Golden Rule, Let me Hear the Gentle Voice, Little Doty, Unfading Flowers, The Dream, Evening Song. For sale at the Banner of Light office, 138 Washington St. Price 10c. Postage 4c. March 5.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Claims that are so rapidly approaching. By Joshua Cuyler, Franklin, Washington, Maine, &c. Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage. Further Communications from the World of Spirits, and other highly important to the human family, by Joshua Cuyler, and others, given through a Lady. Price 50 cents—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail. Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Departed, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harmony, Mediums, Love, Marriage, &c., &c. given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a Lady. Price 50 cents, paper. The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a Lady. Price 6 cents. The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 138 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 4.

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THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE; OR GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. By Catherine Crowe. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

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THE most eloquent appeal ever sent to a nation's conscience, by that great Statesman and most shamefully wronged Patriot, THOMAS PAINE. Let everybody read it. Price 10c. Mailed free of postage. Published by CALVIN BLANCHARD, No. 30 Ann Street, New York. Aug. 23.

CONSUMPTION.

HOW TO PREVENT IT, AND HOW TO CURE IT. By James O. Jackson, M. D. This is one of the most instructive and valuable books that we have ever sent. The information presented in its pages, relative to that alarming disease, Consumption, as to what it is, and how to avoid it, and how to cure it, makes the book in every sense valuable to those who consider life and health worth preserving. For sale at this office. Price, \$2.25, including postage. May 31.

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SEALD LETTERS to spirit-friends answered and returned with their seals unbroken,

LETTER TO SECRETARY SEWARD.

Our Slave-Trade Treaties, Laws, and Constitution.

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:

Sir—The signing of the new Slave-Trade Convention at Washington, April 7, 1862, was another step taken in the right direction by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain. This second treaty of the kind is greatly gratifying to the philanthropist, and it is fervently hoped it may be the instrument by which a nefarious commerce shall receive its death-blow, and humanity cease to weep over the hecatombs of victims annually offered on the altars of Slavery. I rejoice that it passed the ordeal of the American Senate, met the approbation of the British Government at London, and long since became operative as a law of the land.

This national contract stipulates that ships of the respective navies of the two high contracting parties, may visit such merchant vessels of the two nations as may, upon reasonable grounds, be suspected of being or having been engaged in the African slave-trade, or of having been fitted out for that purpose; and in case the suspicions appear, on searching, well founded, they may also detain, send, or carry them away to one of the places where courts of justice of Mixed Commission, are stationed, in order that they may there be adjudicated upon—that such reciprocal right of visitation, search and detention, shall be exercised only within the distance of two hundred miles from the Coast of Africa, and to the southward of the thirty-second parallel of north latitude, and within thirty leagues from the coast of the island of Cuba—that such right of search shall never be exercised except by vessels of war authorized expressly for that object; nor ever in any case be exercised with respect to a vessel of the navy of either of the two powers, but only as regards merchant vessels; and never, in any case whatsoever, by either party, within the limits of a settlement or port; nor within the territorial waters of the other party—that the parties shall make good any losses which their respective subjects or citizens may incur by any arbitrary and illegal detention of their vessels—the indemnity to be borne by the government whose cruiser shall have been guilty of such arbitrary and illegal detention—that in order to bring to adjudication the vessels which may be detained, there shall be established three mixed Courts of Justice formed by an equal number of individuals of the two nations, named for this purpose by their respective governments—that these Courts shall reside, one at Sierra Leone, one at the Cape of Good Hope, and one at New York, each of the parties reserving to itself the right of changing, at its pleasure, the place of residence of the Court or Courts held in its own territories—that these Courts shall judge the causes submitted to them according to the provisions of the treaty, and according to the regulations and instructions which are annexed to it, and which are considered an integral part of the treaty, and that there shall be no appeal from their decision—that the captain and crew of any vessel condemned by the Mixed Courts of Justice, shall be punished according to the laws of the country to which such vessel belongs, as shall also the owners and the persons interested in her equipments or cargo, unless they prove that they had no participation in the enterprise—that for such purpose they shall be sent and delivered up to the jurisdiction of the nation under whose flag the condemned vessel was sailing at the time of capture, together with any other persons found on board the vessel, besides the witnesses and proofs necessary to establish their guilt—that the same course shall be pursued with regard to subjects or citizens of either party who may be found by a cruiser of the other on board a vessel of a third Power, or on board of a vessel sailing without flag or papers, which may be condemned—that negroes who are found on board of a vessel condemned by the Mixed Courts of Justice, shall be placed at the disposal of the government whose cruiser has made the capture, and shall be immediately set at liberty and remain free, the government to whom they are delivered guaranteeing their liberty—that the treaty shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged at London, in six months from date, or sooner, if possible—and that it shall continue and remain in force for the term of ten years from the day of exchange of the ratifications, and until the end of one year after either of the contracting parties shall have given notice to the other of its intention to terminate the same, each of them reserving to itself the right of giving such notice to the other at the end of the term of ten years. At the expiration of one year after notice shall have been received by either from the other party, these stipulations are to cease and determine.

This is a reciprocity treaty of much interest to the two nations—indeed, to the whole world. The civilization and spirit of the age, to say nothing of the claims of these nations to be governed by the teachings of Christianity, which is ever hostile to wrong-doing, could scarcely make less demands on both benevolence than the grants, which are found in its articles as sketched above, fully evince.

All good men will be ready to rejoice that the question of search so long a source of disgust and difficulty between these parties has at length been agreed upon—that the reciprocal visitation and search of the merchant vessels of these Powers, suspected of slave-trade adventures, are fully conceded. It behoves both these governments to be vigilant in this behalf, and to redeem the time, with their might, which each in years gone by suffered to be used by its people in a pursuit which both now righteously discontinue. Their political antecedents and records in the matter of importation of Africans to become slaves in the Colonies and States of America, exhibit damaging evidence against them, before the Comopolitan Tribunal of the nineteenth century, where the Higher Law is beginning to be administered alike to persons and peoples—of irreparable complicity in legitimating a traffic now branded by both with infamy and crime. Their laws, organic and general—their state papers—all witness terrible testimony to their allowance of commerce in human beings. Sorrowfully true is it that the Constitution of the United States is a parchment of chartered privilege to the dealer in dark men, kidnapped on African shores—a license to speculate for a double decade of years, that which is bought and sold by act of Congress, has been pronounced piracy, and made punishable with death. But those years of unrestrained trespass upon humanity and chattelization of the laborer stranger, forced from his sunny home forever away, are no longer noted on our nation's calendar by the Dard Bearer of soythe and hour-glass, whose onward flight long since filled up the fatal score—nevertheless, there is left in the folds and upon the pages of that parchment, a chapter of obsolete scripture, which shall remind our children in the coming ages, of the insensibility of heart and obtuseness of understanding which belonged to their honored ancestors.

—“Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, Auri sacra fames.”

Great Britain and the United States stand before the world, alike guilty in the matter of African Slavery and the Slave-Trade. The one has abolished both these—the other still staggers with slavery, laden with four millions of slaves, and cursed with a slave-holders' intestine war for the perpetuity of the system. But it is highly creditable to both these nations, that although unable to agree till now upon the question of search, they have treated with each other touching the Slave-Trade, and by their respective legislation, done much to suppress the evil—the Legislative Department of this Government far transcending its powers granted in that behalf by the Constitution. Assuming a power claimed by that body to define and punish piracy and felonies committed on the high seas, at sundry times since the Constitution became a rule of national conduct, Congress has enacted laws, pronouncing importation of slaves and traffic in them, as offenses punishable with death. The Slave-Trade, as statutory piracy. Importation of slaves into the United States has been prohibited since the year 1808. Legislation here

against the Slave-Trade, is not a whit behind that of Parliament in hostility and hatred—in severity and extent of punishment. And besides all this, the United States have kept a cordon of cruisers, armed and equipped, in constant duty upon the waters which wash the shores of the African Continent, to aid in the suppression of the trade in slaves. The two Governments have gone hand in hand in their efforts to protect the wretched natives from transportation. Each has placed in the African seas ships of war constituting an invincible armada—an efficient marine police department—to prevent the efficient and miserable men of the waste places and wildernesses of their shores, from becoming the merchandise of the stranger from beyond the sea. Indeed, no reasonable measure proposed by the British Government was ever rejected by the United States, if within its constitutional ability of performance.

To say nothing more of the statutory and other steps taken by this Government, ranging all the way from the year 1790, it is sufficient to cite the joint action of these nations as stipulated in the Convention at Washington, treated by those distinguished statesmen, Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, in the year 1842, as an important arrangement between them on the subject of the Slave-Trade. On the 9th of August, in that year, it was mutually stipulated between the high contracting parties, that each should prepare, equip, and maintain in service on the Coast of Africa, a sufficient and adequate squadron or naval force of vessels of suitable numbers and descriptions, to carry in all not less than eighty guns, to enforce separately and respectively the laws, rights, and obligations of each of the two countries, for the suppression of the Slave-Trade. It was further agreed on this occasion, that the squadrons should in all things be independent of each other, but that the two Governments should give such orders to the officers commanding their respective forces, as should enable them most effectually to act in concert and cooperation, upon mutual consultation, as exigencies should arise, for the attainment of the object. Pursuant to stipulations, a squadron was equipped and sent into the African seas—this Government and that of Great Britain, each, in all things, performed its duties, and fulfilled its obligations under the treaty.

The proposition long ago made by Great Britain to establish Courts of Mixed Commission, to hear and determine cases of seizure made by the Cruisers of either Government, was rejected only because it was conceived that the Constitution of this Government rendered it impossible for Congress to establish such Courts. The present treaty provides for such Courts, and if constitutional disabilities were in the way on former occasions, how are they to be obviated now, since the Constitution remains unchanged? The mistake or misapprehension, was, no doubt, in the idea that the Courts of Mixed Commission must come into being by act of Congress—in such case it may well be doubted whether it was possible to establish such Courts. These Courts do not, however, derive their being in like manner with the District and Circuit Courts of the United States—they are creatures of the treaty-making power, which Congress has nothing to do. To ordain and establish these Courts is the proper business of the treaty-makers—in the present treaty that has already been done by them and the regulations of those Courts are part and parcel of the Treaty. Congress can only provide the means for their support—the salaries of the clerks, Judges, &c.

Notwithstanding the limitations and reservations of power by the States, in making their grants to the General Government, the impulses of humanity having gained mastery over all restraints, and their exercise prompting to action, at sundry times since the year 1790, with or without Constitutional grant, Congress has been accustomed to stamp upon the Statute books of the Government of the United States its flat prohibition and penal visitation. It is to be lamented that the Constitution is so lame in this most important particular, and that its grants do not reach the ground appropriated by Congress to stand upon in its legislation respecting the great Crime against Humanity. It may be remembered that *repeal* was once the magic cry raised by the distinguished Irish Statesman, O'Connell, the champion of the rights of his countrymen—it went forth throughout Britain, and until it reached the ear of Royalty, and echoed in the halls of the Parliament of the Realm. History subsequently wrote on her pages, Catholic Emancipation! So now in this country let the cry be heard all over the land, *amend, amend, and Congress shall have plenary power*, like Parliament, to sweep from sea and land all American traders in man, as enemies of the human race—an appellation which it has already applied to those engaged in such trade on the ocean. How much better or worthier is he who trades in human kind on our American soil? Would that the Congress of this nation were equal in power to the Lords and Commons of Great Britain in this behalf, and that our Constitution had never been cramped by any drawback of power to inhibit the foreign slave-trade and to punish all engaged in such pursuit.

But our Government and that of Great Britain, as these treaties abundantly show, though alike in aim and disposition to dispare and cut off the commerce in slaves, are unlike in power and authority to produce such communication by legislation. The one is a Government of limited powers, of a derived and delegated jurisdiction, and is but the creature of a people whose power is divided between it and other and lesser Governments. The other is a Government original and integral, without limitation of powers, and uncontrollable in authority—independent in its sovereignty. Its Constitution is not enrolled in a single parchment, or paper writing, with divisions of Articles and Sections; but it embraces the entire system and whole embodiment of its laws, written and unwritten, and the usages of the people, whether ancient or modern, animated by the living spirit of the current moment, and developing in the course of centuries the present form of Government, kings, lords and commoners, contributing of their knowledge and experience to give it excellence, and to increase its value as a means of prosperity to the nation. Its Parliament is not obligated to act within the precincts of enumerated powers, and to consult the inventory of grants and authority. It is next to omnipotent in its behests. It reaches by its decrees every interest in the realm. It is the depository of all power in the nation, whether ecclesiastical or secular, civil or criminal, military or maritime. Parliament is plenipotent. It may make and it may unmake; it may condemn, enlarge, restrain, revise; it may repeal; it may abrogate. Parliament is transcendent. It may exercise absolute power; its element in the last analysis, is a triplex despotism. By the Constitution of the British Government, there is vested in the Parliament all authority—all supremacy—in *esse out in pote*. It can do whatever it will without trenching on impossibilities, and nothing human can subvert the absolutism of its powers. It has but to put forth its will, and all subjects of the Crown must bow in obedience. Parliament has indeed the power to prohibit the engagement of the British people in the slave-trade, and can punish them with death for any violation of such law. Examination will demonstrate how wide is the difference between the underived gigantic power of the Parliament of Great Britain and the licensed potency of the Congress of the United States.

Though the legislative department or law-making branch of our Government be deficient in power to reach and punish traffickers in slaves, who are not importers of them into the national domain, because of Constitutional restraints, the Government is not powerless in this behalf, nor the evil remediless. Fortunately, the foreign slave-trade, though beyond the reach of the Statutes of Congress, can be reached by treaty of the President with other powers when they are willing to cooperate.

To make a valid and substantive Statute, requires the action of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President—these are the law-making officers prescribed by the Constitution, and what powers it has conferred on them intelligent persons well know—they are limited and mostly enumerated. It is—conceived that there is no

power to pass laws suppressing the slave-trade. But to make a treaty, which is as much a law of the land as a statute, requires the action only of the President and Senate. These are the treaty-making officers, and it would seem that they are under no restraint, their powers not being enumerated, nor limited, except by the nature of the affairs about which the President may treat—it being always understood that the articles of a treaty are to be in conformity to the principles of the Constitution and the general good of the nation.

It is well for humanity that this nation has now a President with such an Administration, that this comprehensive treaty-making power conferred on him may be used to its advantage—it has just now been exercised, to the great joy of multitudes, in the Convention signed by Mr. Seward and Lord Lyons. Henceforth the Stars and Stripes shall not serve the fraudulent purposes of freebooters and pirates, that have so long infested the seas. A strong barrier has been placed in the way of migration or importation from the dark territories of Africa of its still darker and benighted inhabitants.

Great Britain should not stop at the ratification of this Treaty in the course of well-doing. Let the Statesmen composing the Cabinet Councils of the Kingdom, make peremptory demand on Spain, Portugal and other Governments which allow the traffic and permit open slave-markets, and with which it has treaties touching the slave-trade, to close immediately their Mammoth stalls. The lessons of Political Economy truthfully teach that there is a reciprocal action between supply and demand. Cut off demand, and supply is without motive—without market. Let the arms of Great Britain be banished for such humanitarian action as this.

It is historically true that at the period when the Constitution became the law of the land, slavery was prevalent in nearly all the States; that slaves were, in fact, a species of property; that like other property they necessarily became parcel of estates, and hence were subjects of sale, of trade, of traffic, in like manner as any other kind of estate; that being such, dealing in slaves followed, and the transfer of them by the seller to the buyer was an act of which the law as readily took cognizance as of any other sort between trading parties; that the traffic, both foreign and domestic, was legitimate and proper and of daily occurrence—a common necessity of the institution; that in ethical and political economy no distinction was ever made or difference claimed in business transactions concerning slaves at home or abroad; that in sound common sense the purchase and holding of a slave of the neighbor, his thrall born in his house, was always considered the same as the purchase and holding of a slave of an African prince, his captive in war; that there were never drawn any limit-lines, nor were ever raised any walls of partition making it right to hold a slave here on the Continent, and wrong to hold one on the Continent of Africa, or on the great interterritorial ocean; that such holding was always considered, in the abstract, as lawful in the one as in the other; in short, that the deal or trade in the foreign product was as fully a commercial right and privilege of the citizen as the purchase and use of the home-born. There was not any substantive difference in matters of morality or commerce in respect to the origin or source of supply of the market of slaves. Practically, moral and political philosophy harmonized, and in this thing walked together in company, each in fellowship with the other. Slavery, or the subjection of the negro here, was then no more fully acknowledged and legalized by the American Government, as a lawful and proper institution, than the slave-trade with the African tribes was fully recognized and justified by the law of nations as a fit and proper commerce.

Thirteen independencies were the result of the disruption of ties to the British throne. They came into the exercise of the fullest political privileges on earth, with a perfect knowledge of the condition and wants of every class of men in their midst. The main body of them not merely tolerating, but assiduously sustaining slavery and the slave-trade as elements of social and political relations, settled down without any change in those particulars upon their old colonial precepts and principles in respect to the subject race among them, to wit—that it was morally and politically proper and expedient that it remain in servitude. Hence, when these States came to unite themselves into a single Grand Nationality, their general merger carried with it only what was expressly stipulated in the confederating contract, all also remaining intact, and not belonging to the new Government, each one having a vast residuary power scarcely diminished in volume or quantity by its contributions to the national grant. Among them have ever since been garnered up all authority and control, over the system of slavery in each—and the commerce in slaves on the soil or upon the waters of any one of them, as well as on shores and upon seas abroad, can be regulated only, not prohibited by acts of Congress.

In prohibition there is an exercise of power to a greater extent than in regulation; a prohibition of trade is not its regulation; the one implies cessation without any qualification; the other implies continuance with adjective variations; in whatsoever category or condition commerce in slaves was intended to be placed, it is difficult to believe that prohibition is synonymous with regulation. Only in a single instance may Congress exercise a veto power in a matter affecting the commerce in slaves. This instance does not reach the settled systems of slavery—neither does it interfere with the general traffic abroad—nor does it touch transfers from one person to another at home. It is allowed to Congress, by the Constitution, to forbid importations, and this is all. After the year 1803, it had power to declare that importation of slaves should not be made into the States; hence its power is expended not but a small surface of the earth where are markets for the negro slave. Importations may be made into Brazil, Cuba, etc., and Congress is powerless to prevent—it has no constitutional authority to make laws to punish the person so engaged, the importer, and to confiscate his cargo.

The States stand pledged to one another in the matter of slaves, in two particulars only—and in one alone to the General Government. It was covenanted by them in a convention of four lines, which was inserted in the Constitution, that every fugitive slave should be delivered up on claim. This is one of the pledges, and it may be very justly denominated the reciprocity treaty of the States. It was also agreed and covenanted by the States, that their slave population should enter into the numerical basis of representation and direct taxation. These two are the only instances found of inter-state compact relating to the servile class, and in which the States have pledged their faith to each other touching the relation of master and slave. As respects their pledge to the new national government, no trace of obligation or grant, in any manner relating to slavery, is anywhere discoverable, except this solitary one, where it is agreed upon that the Congress shall have the power of prohibition or non-importation of slaves into the United States after the year 1808. In this the States stand committed and pledged to the General Government as firmly as can well be.

But the States did not pledge themselves to one another, nor to the new government, in the matter of the continuance or the abolition of slavery in general—nor did they bind themselves to one another, or to the national organization in any manner, in the matter of the continuance or prohibition of the foreign slave-trade, or of domestic transfers of subject individuals. Non-importation into the national domain, which they did agree to, never did nor ever will come in conflict with the general system of slavery in the States, or in conflict with the slave-trade outside of the United States. The most that can be allowed, in any point of view, by way of exercise of the powers of Congress over the slave-trade, at home or abroad, is, that the trade or traffic shall be treated in the same manner as any other trade, deal, or pursuit known to the commercial world. Congress cannot arrest nor break up any species of commercial, calling known to the common law and the law of nations when the General Government went into

operation, without constitutional warrant for such course of action. There was nothing, at common law, nor under the code of nations, to hinder importation of slaves into the States, and it might be done at this day, had not the same been prohibited by act of Congress, for which there is and has been abundant authority since the year 1808. The warrant for prohibition reads—“The migration or importation of such persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by the Congress prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, but a tax or duty may be imposed on such importation, not exceeding ten dollars for each person.”

A special prohibition of one thing, of a class of things, and absolute silence in respect to all of the class except that particular one specified, carries indubitable evidence of intent not to prohibit what is not enumerated. The solitary paragraph, above quoted, on the subject of slave introduction into the United States, by every recognized rule of construction of Constitutions and Statutes, has settled the questions of the power of Congress over prohibition—by the expressed particularity of the limit therein marked out, that body is powerless to restrain the carrying away from the shores of Africa its slaves into all the world besides the United States—the specified confines in which alone it shall not be lawful. These views find support in the familiar maxim of the law—in an instrument, a specification of particulars, is an exclusion of generals: *expressio unius est exclusio alterius*; and the rule given by Lord Bacon is applicable here also—as an exception strengthens the force of a law in cases not excepted, so enumeration weakens it in cases not enumerated.

Importation into the States is only one incident of the foreign slave-trade—it implies navigation of the seas—and so far as Congress is concerned this navigation of the ocean must be free to the trader in slaves, as well as in any other commodity known to the Public Law as an article of commerce—restraint in one particular only awaits him—his cargo cannot be carried into any part of the United States. Nor can Congress charter a fleet of armed vessels of war to meddle with him on the ocean. His cargo is not contraband by the law of the sea—he is not an offender except as against good morals and humanity, and Congress cannot obstruct his pathway, nor punish him, except for offenses against the Law of NATIONS. So long as such commerce is as lawful as any other under the rulings of the public law of the nations of Europe and other civilized countries, and so long as Congress is subject to constitutional disability and imbecility in all things not granted by the States, this branch of the commercial marine may be continued and pursued without molestation, however repugnant it may be to the moral sense of the nation, unless treaty stipulations with other Powers shall intervene to hinder its continuance. The treaty power in our Government can meet the exigency and reach all American citizens who shall kidnap and trade in men.

“Dreadful trade!”

Forbidding the introduction of slaves from Africa into the United States, is a negative precept, permitting their entrance into any other part of the world—fixing on a single spot and passing over all the other portions of the earth, plainly indicate that the parts not so singled out and limited, are not to be regarded as excluded territory. Single out the soil of the United States from the wide world besides, all over which men are accustomed at the time to trade in slaves, and nothing seems plainer than that they may, as usual, traffic everywhere except in the United States. Apply this to the constitutional restraint of importation into the United States. Dealers may import into all the world besides the region prohibited—if they may do so, then the importation, which is but another name for the trade, at least the one term implies the other, elsewhere is not unlawful, nor to be classed in the category of crimes. Place alone enters into the constitutional inhibition. Nothing in restraint of the trade elsewhere, in any of its relations, in its fullest extent of claim under the unbridled license of the Law of nations, can come of this denial of entry, or of its interdictions—except in the particular of locality, no obstacle to the traffic more than in any other, is discernible in the language of the Constitution.

A series of enactments touching the slave-trade coeval in its beginning with the origin of this Government, runs through the year-books of Congress; which enactments are not merely unconstitutional but extra-constitutional—without warrant of the people—except that of 1807, specially founded upon the grant in the Constitution, of prohibition of importations after the year 1808. Perhaps the most important of these laws, so strangely in conflict with the Constitution, is that of 1790.

Having completed their labors in the formation and adoption of the articles and sections of the Constitution, its framers proceeded to provide for any amendments that use and subsequent experience might demand. It had been settled by them in the body of the Great Charter, that the importation of slaves into the national domain should not be hindered by Congress during a term of twenty years, leaving the slave-trade intact and to be continued as a lawful commerce for that period. This trade was also at the time protected by the Code of Nations. Its ramifications embraced the shores of the African Continent as producers of the article of traffic. The Spanish colonies and Brazil in South America, the British colonies in North America and the West India Islands, furnished markets for the importer of such commodities. To carry on such commerce, navigation and voyage upon the high seas were indispensable.

The importation thus provided for and extending over a full score of years, is protected throughout the whole of that range of time, by declaring that “no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight shall in any manner affect” the provision for importation of slaves. Is it probable—is it reasonable—that with such an object in view as the protection of the importer against all possible contingencies of a twenty years' future, involving changes in the popular sentiment and political measures—protection, in short, against the very people themselves—such an assemblage of wise and sagacious men as that to which was confided the task of framing the charter of a new government, should be guilty of such an oversight—should be so forgetful of their own consistency, as to grant to the people's representatives in Congress assembled, a power which they had barred the people themselves from exercising for twenty years—the principal to be powerless and prostrate—the agent to be active and omnipotent all that while? The people—the nation—may not make any amendment which, prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the importation of Africans; but Congress may immediately, at its first session, if it please, pronounce and declare a traffic placed under license for long years by the Constitution itself, an offense synonymous and substantive with piracy, and which by the Public Law is declared to be a high crime and punishable with death!

What conflict is here between Congress and the Constitution—as if the moral sense of the Nation, stipulated and dead to humane sentiment, in allowing the new charter of government to stand as a national warrant for a traffic which, though tolerated by civilized nations in the Public Code, was nevertheless looked upon as most atrocious, had suddenly and soon started from the lethargy and sleep which had led to the grant of such a strange and inhuman license, and, in defiance of Constitutional pledge, loudly thundered throughout the land its anathemas into the depths of the souls of the people. Congress heard the reverberations, and listened—nor did it wait long before it proceeded, with those words of the Constitution in hand—namely, “to define and punish piracy and felonies committed on the high seas, and offenses against the law of nations,” as its warrant for legislation, to take away the twenty years' license; and to declare the navigation of the seas with slaves on ship board, and all the incidents of the trade, to be piracy—converting into crime a commerce recognized as lawful

by the code of nations, and guaranteed by the supreme law of the land—a law higher than its behests—the Constitution itself. The act of Congress of April 30, 1790, verifies these remarks. The Constitution and the law of nations gave to the importer liberties to sail his ship on the Deep Sea, and to seek cargo for the American markets, insular and continental; but this act declares he may do it only on peril and under penalty of death. He is *Latin humani generis*, and his merchandise contraband, not of war alone, but of the peace of the world!

Query: Can the law of Congress of 1790, pronouncing the slave-trade piracy, having its birth and life of eighteen years before that body had leave for such enactment, and manifestly being its illegitimate offspring, by the lapse of the constitutional period of prohibition, become legitimate and valid so as to warrant the execution of Gordon for piracy? It is difficult to believe that Congress may violate and nullify, *ad libitum*, any article of the great instrumentality of its life and being. It is plain that such omnipotence is not a chartered attribute of the Federal Legislature. It had a commission in the matter of the importation of slaves—its contents have been placed before the reader above—and it executed its duties under it, by passing the law of 1807. Can Congress ever do more than to prohibit importation of slaves into the domain of the United States? Are not the trade and commerce in them, with all the world beside, beyond the reach of its arm, however great an abomination they may be, and however desirable it may be to suppress them? These laws so trenchant upon the Constitution, no doubt have been favored and winked at, because it being on the side of humanity, and of aiming to destroy a pursuit most odious to good morals and the spirit of Christianity.

In the foregoing, the constitutionality of all laws of Congress in respect to the slave trade, has been called in question, except such as prohibit the importation of slaves into the United States, and it has been denied that Congress has any power to make laws to punish persons engaged in the slave-trade beyond the boundary of the national domain, for lack of any such grant to that body, in the inventory of powers, seen in the Constitution, unless it be found in the item to regulate commerce. Some readers of that paper claim that clause to be sufficient warrant; its language is, “to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.” It is only the foreign slave-trade which has been under discussion, and the laws concerning it only complained of as being beyond the powers of Congress; no objection has been taken to what it may do to regulate the inter-state commerce in slaves, and matters among the Sons of the Forest.

The commercial regulation here specified, is limited in such manner as not to include or embrace any portion of the earth outside of the United States and the Indian wilds of America, except foreign nations. It would seem that it was intended here to use the term *nations* in a political sense—the occasion and heinousness of the Convention were certainly of such character. Do nations here mean the savage and barbarous tribes of Africa? Are these tribes foreign nations within the intent and meaning of the Constitution? Has this Government diplomatic relations with them? When did it recognize them as belonging to the family of nations, and acknowledge their independence? Who are our consuls and ministers among them? Have they accredited representatives at Washington? Moreover, with what reason can it be said that Congress may regulate commerce by laws of absolute prohibition? If the intention was to cover the slave-trade, why not say so in plain terms? It was then current, and by an express provision of prohibition passed simultaneously with this, and quoted above, allowed to be continued the world over, with all men, for twenty years, and then, at the expiration of that period, only limited to non-importation into the United States.

For a long period—indeed, almost ever since the Nation has had an existence—the right of search has been a vexed question between it and Great Britain. Diplomacy has been busy, at intervals, to devise satisfactory measures to harmonize these two Powers, so as, in time of peace, to mutually visit and search their respective merchant ships at sea, to ascertain whether engaged in lawful voyages, or in the prohibited importation of African slaves for traffic in the slave marts beyond sea. High functionaries of State, ministers plenipotentiary, respectively residing near the governments to which they were commissioned, and secretaries at their posts at home, have discussed the points in controversy, and their papers will long remain monuments of their careful researches and great ability. Such distinguished personages as Lord Castlereagh, Sir Stratford Canning, Mr. Richard Rush, Mr. John Quincy Adams, etc., may be found in the catalogue of those whose discussions upon this topic are the most able. Until now, it has been impossible for these Governments to treat conclusively, and to grant each to the other, in certain seas and within specified limits of the ocean, the privilege of entry upon and search of their vessels, respectively, to learn their character, the kind of adventure, and the destination and purpose of their voyage. Hitherto the slave-trade has flourished and been successfully carried on, notwithstanding the measures taken by them to suppress the traffic. This last treaty has in it the proper element. Now, the American Flag can no longer be used to hinder an examination of the ship, and to cover the iniquity of practical enterprise—it has been too long prostituted to the unholiness of the inhuman trader in men, women and children. As experience has abundantly taught, search only can settle the question of lawfulness of voyage.

Thus far in this examination it has been assumed that the African slave-trade is a legal traffic, and justified by the Law of Nations. To give place here to citations of authority to establish a postulate so plain and apparent, would convict of the juvenile folly of proof to make clearer an axiom, and to render more transparent the simple truths and maxims of elementary law. If more than the assumption shall be deemed necessary to the inquiry, the necessity can scarcely extend beyond a reference to the teachings found *passim* in the learned works of the writers of Modern Europe on the public law. It is true that from time to time serious inroads have been made upon the practice and pursuit of merchandizing in men. Notwithstanding such commerce has the approbation and high authority of the public law, individual nationalities aiming to abolish or abridge its dominion, have enacted laws stringent and laden with severe penalties, and formed treaties with neighboring States and foreign powers. Indeed, more efforts have been put forth not unfrequently, at the great Conventions of the representatives of the European Courts and Cabinets, to enlist all civilized nations and governments unanimously to enter into an agreement or compact to abolish the African slave-trade, and thereby repeal the existing law of nations. The Congress of Vienna, in the year 1815, the Congress of Aix in Chapeau, and that of Verona, both held subsequently to that year, are memorable instances of the assembled Powers of Europe endeavoring to change the public law and to overturn the established code. But to this day all these States remains as legitimate as ever, and open to all such persons as are not properly and constitutionally restrained by the governments to which they owe allegiance. England and the United States have hitherto been most prominent and efficient among the nations of the Old and New World, in their attempts to prevent the embarkation of the African, and to make a final of the foreign slave-trade. It is desirable that the European Powers and the United States should determine to strike from the pages and customs of the Past, all traffic in slaves as legitimated by the law of nations, and that they should legislate and act so that each shall be bound by individual nationalities treaty arrangements, to make the evil or lessen its dimensions. New York, August, 1862. HOLLIS DANFORTH