

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

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NO. 11.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
WITH THE CURRENT:  
BY PHRANQUE PHRANTIQUE.

The moonbeams are dancing a merry quadrille  
O'er the rollicking billows so light,  
And down from her silver-fringed amber-draped throne  
Smiles the beautiful goddess of night.  
The pearls drop fall from her motionless ears,  
As they rest on the side of the boat;  
So give me a kiss from your tempting red lips,  
As along with the current we float.  
The lamps on the shore only drowsily wink,  
And drop out of sight, one by one,  
To tell us the good folks are going to bed,  
As the shores of the evening are done.  
No sound is abroad, save old Neptune's hoarse wheeze,  
And the surf beating time on our yawl;  
Then why won't you make this a moment of bliss—  
The happiest moment of all?  
Ah! life is indeed like an effortless sail  
With the tide, on the River of Time;  
The lights of the good and the true flicker low  
And go out, in a silence sublime.  
The waves of our fate always toss us about  
On that billow, and then upon this;  
The coy waves retreat, and the bold ones advance,  
And, like me, claim a passionate kiss.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
**JUDITH;**  
OR,  
THE MYSTERY OF  
MORTON MARSH MANOR.  
BY M. V. ST. LEON.  
CHAPTER XII.—CONCLUDED.

When I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Murray had left town I trusted that my anxieties were ended for a time, and perhaps before another year the attraction might be over. Several weeks passed, during which my husband was moody and restless. Having occasion to speak with him one morning, and fearing he might send some excuse if I sent a message by a servant, I went to his dressing room, expecting to find him there. The chamber was vacant, and while I lingered a moment, disappointed, a crumpled paper on the floor attracted my attention. Intending to place it on the desk, lest it might be of consequence and get mislaid, I picked it up and mechanically smoothed the creases, when a name caught my eye. I was so agitated, that, without the least consciousness of what I did, I read the entire note. It was short, but terrible—the agony of a proud woman spoke in every line.  
I knew my worst fears were more than realized. Such a mingling of shame, remorse, and bitter revelation of feeling, filled me with dismay; but the cause for this change froze my heart and brain—it was the necessity of confessing all to the injured husband, or deceiving him in regard to the paternity of the child he would so wrongfully welcome. While I yet held the billet in my hand, gazing vacantly at the signature, Sir Wilford, who had returned for the missing letter, came hurriedly into the room. On seeing it in my hand, he understood the state of the case at once, and coldly said:  
"May I request you to hand me that note?"  
I trust your sense of honor will prevent your betraying the writer, whose communication was not intended for your perusal."  
The tone in which this was spoken cut me to the quick.  
"I did not open this, Sir Wilford; I had no thought to pry into your affairs, but—"  
"Do not attempt a defence," he replied, apologizing for the interruption, "I should be loth to suppose that one whom I consider my equal could commit such an action by design—yet I grieve to know that, by accident, even the honor of one who has trusted so implicitly to me should be committed to another."  
Judith, I suppose I was unwise, but my heart was breaking, and I scarcely knew what I did or said. I begged him to discontinue this wild intimacy; and a faint pity at my distress emboldened me to continue. It was an unfortunate impulse, for my very next argument stealed him against me hopelessly. I alluded to Mrs. Murray's change from love to aversion as affording an opportunity to withdraw, and give me the place in his affections which I once held.  
Flushing with anger, Sir Wilford replied that he would never rest until he had overcome this alienation, that Lucretia Murray was an object of actual infatuation to him—for me he had never felt a warmer sentiment than friendship. He also said that he valued one tear from her eyes more than my entire existence, and although I constituted an effectual barrier to a legal union with her (for he made no doubt of wounding Mr. Murray mortally in the meeting which must inevitably ensue), yet draw the chains which rendered him my prisoner by law as tightly as I would, they should not prevent his finding happiness with her.  
Wicked woman that I was! At that moment I absolutely envied my rival, with all her guilt and misery, for possessing so entirely what I would have endured tortures to gain—my husband's love. On my knees I besought him not to follow out this shameful plan; but meeting only disdain, resentment at the indignities heaped on me, overpowered tenderness for the time. In my newly awakened pride, I demanded a separation, and resolved to root out the memory, if possible, of one who had from the first caused me less of happiness than pain. My request was granted—how bitterly I regretted it ever after. Dignity forbade me to request a re-union, even if I had hoped for success from any application. Yet I could not wholly conquer the idea that Sir Wilford

himself might at some period seek a refuge from disappointment and worldliness in my society, and I wondered if he could, meanwhile, quite forget one who had been so devoted as I. My eagerness to hear of Sir Wilford, when I learned you were in the habit of meeting him, arose from this lingering thought that he might wish for a reconciliation, and betray some emotion in speaking to you of me; hopelessly, however, for even at the last, when he desired my forgiveness, it was only in the spirit of a grateful friend, his heart being Lucretia's as much as ever.  
Conscious that there was an heir to Morton, I always felt the greatest yearning to see him—the son of Sir Wilford, who would have been so welcome as mine, for heaven had denied me children. Although the incidents of his life were unknown to me, I often pictured them out, and felt a deep interest in him; you can therefore understand my agitation on first seeing him, for although unaware of his identity, I traced a striking resemblance in expression and manner to my husband in his youth. It was not until that conversation regarding the "Brindisi" in "Lucretia," that I recognized him as young Murray!  
Still loving my husband, I also loved his son, and never can I be sufficiently grateful to Richard for his truly filial conduct toward me. And here let me caution you, Judith, against mentioning our last interview with Sir Wilford to Mrs. Berkely, who knows nothing beyond the fact of my attending him in his illness; of his relationship to your husband she is likewise ignorant. You will not need to evade any questioning, as her indignation for my sufferings has made the subject too unpleasant for her to discuss. Even when Althea seemed in danger of becoming fascinated with Sir Wilford, my cousin preferred that I should inform her of his ineligibility.  
But whatever pain the past has caused me, I have had the satisfaction of the exclusive care of my husband in his dying hours, and nothing can rob me in the future of his tenderness and gratitude at that time. My life will be devoted henceforth to Richard and you, my dear Judith, whom I may call my children—for such I am sure you will ever prove in feeling and conduct."  
I folded Lady Eugenia's communication with a deeper respect and regard for her feminine comeliness, gentleness and charity than ever, and proceeded to finish my aunt's journal.  
There was quite an interval of time between the last entry I had read, and the concluding one. In this space, my uncle had gone abroad, and the prospect of a supposititious heir could not much longer be concealed.  
April 16.—What course shall I pursue? My misfortune cannot continue to escape notice, and any attempt at secrecy will seem strange. How fortunate that Mr. Murray went from home ignorant, and that I have an opportunity for deliberation—though I am as far from any resolve as on the day of his departure.  
April 17.—Could I once have believed that the advice of a servant would be the feather's weight in the scale? So it is, and I have not even rebuked the presumption. To-day, Fortune, my deceitful waiting-maid, said in her silky tones:  
"Madame is low-spirited—ah! there is no attraction to the country—London is the place for young and handsome ladies. Ever since we came back my lady do nothing but mope the whole day. Monsieur gone, no company, no fine gentlemen like Sir Wilford, Lord Lyle, and Mr. Winchester—madame will lose her flesh as she has her color—the stupid country—bah!"  
Encouraged by my silence she continued:  
"Then, too, madame has no care for riding or walking—she must be ill, but has no physician. Pardon me, but I think this melancholy very bad—may I ask, without indiscretion if madame knows the cause?"  
"What do you imagine it is, Fortune?" I carelessly inquired.  
"The absence of a dear friend—and regret for the pain he suffers, too."  
"But Mr. Murray will be at home in a few weeks."  
"Pardon me again, madame, if I say you have not named the gentleman I mean. Ah! it was easy to see how he idolized you, and now you grieve because you will not be able to forget him—it is very cruel."  
"Why shall I not be able to forget him?" I inquired, for I was well aware how useless any attempt would be to blind this quick-witted French woman concerning what had passed under her eyes, viz: Sir Wilford's constant companionship, and ill-repressed fondness. As Fortune was the only person who suspected the attachment, I would condescend to temporize, lest by refusing her my confidence she might become dangerous.  
"Ah! it is not for me to say; but it is that fact which troubles madame. If you had honored me before with permission to speak, the matter could have been so arranged that no one need have known. But now it is best to put on a bold face—"  
"But the wrong, Fortune—"  
"Bah! where is the wrong? Perhaps the poor child will not live at all—then the vexation was for nothing. And if not so, why madame knows it is the wish of monsieur's heart to have an heir—and, if he is not told, he is not cheated—for he has the happiness, and what more can one ask? I am sure it should rejoice you, instead of taking all your beauty and spirits away."  
"But suppose, Fortune, that I ever have other children? The eldest son inherits, and thus I should injure the true claimants."  
"If madame frets herself much longer, she will not live to see any. What is the use to borrow trouble? Don't we talk as if all infants are born boys; let us take courage; things are managed better than we can direct."

Fortune's plan is, that I shall leave home with her on the plea of wishing for a little variety; also that Mr. Murray shall be kept ignorant, so that in case of unexpected good fortune there will be no disappointment, or compromise of my feelings to expediency. I know I am adopting a wrong course; but when one begins to sin there is no escape, and I cannot exhaust my life in struggling longer to no purpose.  
May 2.—It seems as if fate points out the path I am to take, for all seems in process of accomplishment without any effort on my part. I am resolved to use only passive deception; indeed, there is no necessity for more, as I am fairly appalled at the license Fortune indulges in since I permitted the first equivocation. I endeavor to shift the burden of her falsehoods from my conscience by the argument that the propensity is in her nature, and is no worse for becoming apparent. I earnestly hope some relief may be at hand. I am afraid to let the girl know how I dread the existence of a son; for I verily believe she would not hesitate at murder, and, wicked as I have become, there are things from which I yet shrink. Indeed, I sin under protest, as it were, holding that it is better to trespass to my eternal condemnation, worthless as I now am, than to torture my innocent husband.  
May 22.—I am very wretched in mind and body. I have even become reconciled to death as an escape from known evils. Surely the unknown cannot be worse, and I shall only have to endure, while in this life I must continue to act. Probably if I should not survive, the miserable result of my crime will perish; then there will be no injury done to any unoffending person.  
June 15.—Angus is strangely detained abroad. When he left, it was with the expectation of a short stay, and now it is nearly three months; but I will not complain of what is such a relief. His absence, too, affords a good excuse for my retired life.  
July 19.—It seems years instead of weeks since last I opened this journal. Beside me lies a tiny form, which is the germ of suffering for years to come. Everything is against me! After hurrying me smoothly and restlessly onward, fortune has now deserted me. The child is wonderfully healthy, my lately drooping system is renovated, and the last avenue of escape that I might have tried in my madness, is closed to me—Fortune immediately on its birth hastened to write this intelligence of our mutual safety and thriving condition to Angus. There is no help, therefore, for I find that I have not the species of courage a suicide needs.  
A deep remorse has taken hold of me, and I am determined to lead a life of daily self-praiseless martyrdom. I must check any glimmerings of natural affection for this child, lest I forget its paternity and the past in the depths of a mother's love, which looks no further than the helpless being dependent on it for happiness. This shall be a part of my expiation. I also will never allow time to lull the sense of former degradation. In pursuance of this sentence I resisted the impulse to destroy a reminder of shame which I came across to-day among my papers.  
How well I recollect the circumstances of that card! On that fatal evening when I ceased to be worthy of Angus Murray's name, Sir Wilford, who was then using slight mourning cards, chanced to draw one from his pocket. He sketched remarkably well, and carelessly transferred a good likeness of myself to its surface with pencil; then taking another, he wrote the date and locality, remarking, as he held it toward me:  
"May your memory be as faithful an impress as this dumb monitor."  
I took it from him. It is before me now, but another date is added, and the record is complete. It is fit the two entries should be in our respective handwritings, that we should bear witness against ourselves, each taking an appropriate share. The words are ringing in my ears constantly. "London, Nov. 18, 18— Brighton, June 23, 18—"  
There were but few more notes in course. It would seem that this terrible book was kept exclusively for important events hereafter, a smaller diary being the recipient of minor matters. A summary of many years was thus gleaned from its remaining pages. The struggle between natural affection and self-imposed penance regarding her child, was vividly depicted by my wretched aunt. Habit finally became second nature, till she experienced only occasional seasons of agony, carefully guarded from observation, and which induced the attacks of heart complaint, once before referred to in this narrative. Sometimes, too, hatred to the father induced temporary loathing of the son, as evidence and reminder of her infamy. Irritation there was at different periods, that Richard's birth had not been lawful, and the inheritance of Morton his by right.  
When my parents died, the idea occurred to her of remedying the wrong through my instrumentality. I was the true heir whom she was defrauding. A marriage with Richard should reconcile all discord. This plan had been carefully hidden, as my aunt's observation had taught her that nothing is so sure to prevent young people falling in love, as urging them to do so. Even when I persisted in becoming a governess, she would not suggest her wishes to Richard, but chose that absence should teach him my desirability. Not that she doubted his ready compliance, but young men do not like to be dictated regarding matrimony, and he might not continue as fond, as if he had discovered his preference unaided. Then he was rather young to form any engagement, and his course at the University might be less satisfactory, if pursued with a divided mind. A few months, more or less, in the family of an acquaintance, where I should be happily situated, and regarded as an equal, would be no drawback to

my taking the position of Richmond's wife at the proper time.  
Her remorse and despair on hearing of his marriage, were faithfully transcribed. The atonement it had been so nearly in her power to offer, was irrevocably denied, and the old burden settled all the more crushingly on her, from the temporary hope of relief.  
At the end of this saddening record of a blasted life, were some additions by Sir Wilford, made only a little while previous to his death. He stated that a hatred toward Richmond had sprung up within him, even before the child's birth, caused by the belief that it had opened the eyes of the woman he so madly worshiped to a sense of the wrong she had committed, and must continue to practice, and not only alienated her from him, but caused her to hate the author of her misery. By a singular inconsistency, however, he did not imagine that the luckless infant was denied all expression of a maternal love, as a luxury of demonstration she was unworthy to enjoy, and thus envy mingled its bitterness with the perverted sense of injury. He tormented himself with picturing the young mother gradually banishing him from memory, sinking the child's paternity in partial oblivion, and caring it with the wealth of a nature as deep as it was concentrated. Then came the thought that he had once been the exclusive recipient, and thus reflection became at times insupportable.  
From the date of their introduction at Ventnor, Sir Wilford had been ignorant of Richard's identity, until the day when the latter had demanded to know by what right he wore the likeness of his mother. Then the old hatred, mingling with the instinctive dislike, blazed forth fiercely, and an insane desire to exterminate one who had caused him such misery by robbing him of his chief treasure, took possession of him. A change to pity was effected by my correction of the mistaken idea that Richard had absorbed his mother's affections, and a conviction arose that he had neither alienated nor usurped Sir Wilford's fancied rights, but that the true cause of estrangement, was my aunt's pride and worldliness. Then came the resolve to acquaint my husband of his relationship, and their interview dispelled all lingering ill will. The love which my aunt had never been able to extinguish in her lover, now included her son, whose reception of the intelligence endeared him yet more.  
Sir Wilford was also gratified at being able to dispose satisfactorily of his fortune, without exciting suspicion, feeling that by endowing me, he made a slight reparation to Angus Murray for the past, and innocently indulged his own desire to benefit the favorite of her whom he hoped so soon to rejoin.  
There were other papers yet remaining—old letters and various manuscripts, but I had learned enough, and with a sigh of relief placed them in order. As I sat leaning my face in my hands, Richard came into the room, and gathering up the records, said:  
"The last painful task is now over, I trust, and with the destruction of these explanations, which have done their office, let us bury the recollection of their sadness as far as possible. This evening we will sit in our old haunt, the bay window, and I will tell you of those events in my life with which you are yet unacquainted. Then we will forget all that is unpleasant, and be the Judith and Richmond of old once more."  
That same night, accordingly, in the very nook where our youthful vagaries had been confined to each other, with his head in my lap as I sat on a low divan, while he clasped and unclasped my fingers, as was formerly his habit, I heard from his own lips the episode which contrasted so strangely with the seeming backward flight of time, to a period long passed away.  
It was not a great while after my departure from Morton, that Richard discovered his love for me was not the calm brotherly sentiment he had taken for granted; but nothing in my manner had ever given him cause to suppose such was the case with me, and he preferred not to risk his suit until he should have ample opportunity to win my heart, or be certain of my sentiments.  
His last term at the University was over, and he was joyfully preparing to return home and meet me at Morton in my approaching vacation, when a circumstance occurred that changed the whole tenor of his future, and yet but for that he would never have understood his mother's strange coldness, which he had the satisfaction of learning was only assumed, or known his connection to Sir Wilford, while he ultimately obtained the object of his desire, with the additional gain of a friend in Lady Eugenia.  
The Captain Saville, of whom mention has been made before, was residing at that time in the city where Richmond was a student, and was an acquaintance, for Mrs. Saville's kindness and companionship were a relaxation to her young countryman, surrounded as he was by foreigners and strangers outside of his classmates. Her young daughter, Leonora, he looked on as a lovely, interesting child, little dreaming that with the ardor of a wild, enthusiastic, but repressed nature, she was making the fascinating graduate, seven years her senior, the hero of her girlish reveries.  
As Richmond was sitting alone in his lodgings late one evening, writing home the glad news of his anticipated return, a tap at his door interrupted him. Presuming it was only a servant, he carelessly said, "Come in;" but looked up in amazement, when Leonora Saville, enveloped in a cloak, with the hood falling from her flushed face, entered hurriedly, and excitedly exclaimed:  
"O, Mr. Murray! Hide me—do not give me up to such horrible slavery as I have escaped from."  
A hysterical burst of tears followed these almost incoherent words. Richmond raised her from his feet, where she had flung herself in her agitation, and endeavored to soothe her, while he inquired the cause.

Captain Saville, it appeared, had become frightfully involved by gambling, and a worthless but wealthy German nobleman had offered to relieve him entirely, on condition of receiving his daughter in marriage. Such an opening was not only a godsend to the degraded man, but in accordance with his highest ambition, and he could neither understand nor tolerate the aversion and entreaties of his child, against the proposed match. The meek wife and mother, though sympathizing acutely with Leonora's distress, dared not interfere with the tyrannical rule of her husband, and believing that the victim could not be more unfavorably situated than in her present surroundings, while there was hope that the Baron's love might improve him, and render her future more endurable, was reconciled, not suspecting the chief reason of this sudden and violent indecency to be a preoccupied heart.  
These arguments had no weight with the poor girl; not even the anger and harsh threats of her father could induce compliance, and in a transport of rage, resulting from her obstinate refusal, and the Baron's uneasiness at the delay, Captain Saville had made his daughter be in readiness to become the Baroness Von K—, and even confined her to her own chamber until the discipline should induce obedience. Effecting her escape, the poor child could think of no protector, unless Mr. Murray would aid her, and she did not believe he could refuse. Regardless of appearances or propriety, in her terror, she had ventured through the streets alone to Richmond's lodgings, and, after stating the circumstances, implored him to shield her.  
In vain he reasoned on the impossibility of such an undertaking; in vain he represented that he could not oppose any authority to her father's guardianship, that it was out of the question her retreat could be kept inviolate, and that she would be forever disgraced when it should be known that a student had taken and secreted her from parents and friends; the increasing agony of his companion absolutely alarmed him; there was a wildness in her beautiful eyes, and a violent tremor throughout her frame, that warned him to be cautious in his proceedings.  
"Let me stay with you?" she reiterated to all that he urged. "I will be no trouble—no one shall hear me speak."  
"Impossible! If I had any female relative or friend with whom to place you, I could but defer the execution of your father's plan. And, granting he did give up searching for you as hopeless, where should I then take you—what friends could you go to for protection?"  
Leonora's terror became fearful to witness; half frantic she threw her arms around Richmond's neck, exclaiming:  
"Let me be your servant, anything, however humble, but do not force me into this marriage. I will be so useful to you—oh! I beg of you to rescue me from worse than death."  
"But, my child, why do you feel this intense repugnance? I do not know Herr Von K— personally, but he is young and handsome—he evidently loves you, and you can doubtless after any peculiarities you dislike in him; the greatest objection is your age—you are only sixteen, I think."  
"Not quite, but—"  
"I am sorry, but one so young as you are seldom has any mind on such subjects. You will doubtless learn to love the Baron, for he cannot but be tender to such a mere child."  
"Oh! I cannot, cannot; I hate him. I should kill myself if he even said 'my love' to me, and I know he had the right. Mr. Murray, you must save me!"  
"Leonora, only a husband could annul your father's guardianship, and thus you see there is no choice between the two evils. I could only relieve you from Herr Von K—, by taking his place."  
A light sprung to her eyes and overspread her countenance.  
"Will you, indeed? I shall die with happiness! Ah! how could you try me so when you loved me?" and the light form grew heavy on the supporting arm; she was half fainting with the sudden change from suspense to joy.  
Richmond was aghast; he had no thought of being thus misconstrued; indeed, none but one so artless would have made the mistake and spoken so openly.  
"Do you love me, Leonora?" he sadly inquired, as her eyes unclosed.  
"More than anybody in the world! far, far more than life."  
"What if we should be separated?" he inquired, seeking in heaviness of heart to struggle against this mesh of circumstances.  
"I could die," was the meek answer, as she fixed a gaze on Richmond, that startled him with its depth of feeling and resolute purpose. He did not dare doubt her firmness for a moment; could he see this delicate and rare organization destroyed when it lay in his power to bid it live and blossom into rich luxuriance? His generosity prompted a sacrifice of himself; no one would be injured thereby, for it was not to be supposed that Judith's peace of mind was at all dependent on him. While he thus hesitated the matter was decided for him. The door was opened without the ceremony of a knock, and two or three of Richmond's gay college companions entered in a noisy frolic.  
On seeing Leonora they stood surprised and somewhat confused, for Murray's steadiness in certain respects was well known. Finally one of the party, who was an acquaintance of Leonora's, said, apologetically:  
"I beg pardon, Miss Saville, for our untimely intrusion. We will not remain longer; excuse us, Murray," and, bowing in concert, they all left the room.  
[CONCLUDED ON THE NEXT PAGE.]



## BROTHER, NEVER DESPAIR.

BY MICHAEL COE.

"Never say die!" my man,  
What'er befall;  
Are you unfortunate?  
Sore the world's wide!  
Seek for a better lot,  
For a far brighter spot,  
Grieving is naught not,  
Cast it aside!  
"Never say die!" my man,  
What'er befall.  
"Never say die!" my man,  
What'er befall;  
Something of bitterness  
Cometh to all;  
Gather the sugar-cane  
On life's extended plain;  
Soon will the sweet again  
Temper the gall!  
"Never say die!" my man,  
What'er befall.  
"Never say die!" my man,  
"Never say die!"  
Freedom's great battle-plain  
Needs you and I!  
Gird on the sword of truth,  
Mid age and lusty youth—  
Old men will pray, forsooth—  
Hands up on high!  
"Never say die!" my man,  
"Never say die!"  
"Never say die!" my man,  
God is eye just;  
Oft though the right may lie  
Low in the dust—  
Yet doth the dawn appear,  
In the glad coming year,  
When, without sign or fear,  
Conquer we must!  
"Never say die!" my man,  
Still hope and trust.

## PARIS FROM AN INK-STAND.

BY J. A. M. SQUIRE.

NUMBER TWO.

ISLE DE SAINT LOUIS—HOTELS DE LAMBERT AND BRETONVILLIERS—THE BOULEVARDS—LA FORCE—PLACE DE LA BASTILLE—THE DESIGN OF BARON DENON—FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE, THE SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION—THE REVOLUTION OF 1848—THE DEATH OF DENIS AFFRE, ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, AT THE BARRICADE—"MAY MY BLOOD BE THE LAST BLOOD IN CIVIL WAR!"—THE COLUMN OF JULY—GLANCE AT ITS HISTORY—GARDENS OF BEAUMARCHAIS—BOULEVARDS TILLES DU CALVAIRE AND DU TEMPLE, ALIAS BOULEVARD DU CRIME, WHERE FRENCH HURLED HIS INFERNAL MACHINE AT LOUIS PHILIPPE—PRISON OF THE TEMPLE—"HAVE WE A BURDON AMONGST US?"—THEATRE PORTIER, MARTIN—THEATRE DU GYMNASSE DRAMATIQUE—THEATRE DES VARIETES—LA ROUSSE; ITS APPEARANCE—BIBLIOTHEQUE IMPERIALE—GLANCE AT THE HISTORY OF ITS CONTENTS.

We had resolved to commence this paper with a description of the mentioned places on the Isle de Saint Louis, but there is little to say of it. It is connected with the Isle de la City by a double suspension bridge, called the Pont Louis Philippe, opened to the public in 1834. Until the time of Henry IV, the island was used for pasture ground, and was known as the Isle aux Vaches. It was, however, completely built over in the reign of his son—all the houses, in fact, now standing being erected in the 17th century, as well as the Church of Saint Louis on the Isle, finished in 1664, by Levan, and containing some tolerable pictures.

The most remarkable edifices on the island, however, are the Hotels de Lambert and de Bretonvilliers, formerly residences of rich Presidents of the Parliament, and renowned in the memories of their times.

The ceilings of the former were painted by Le Sueur and Lebrun; but the rich gilding and paneling of the grand gallery is, at present, partly concealed by military bedding, of which it serves as an official depository. A beautiful exterior staircase, with a scroll work balustrade of pierced stone, is the chief external ornament. This curious mansion is, however, rich in historical associations. It was there that Voltaire planned the "Henriade," and the spot where Napoleon received from his minister, M. de Montalivet, in 1815, the first intimation of his downfall. The Hotel de Bretonvilliers, built by Ducroux, is now converted into a brewery. Both of these hotels have, however, afforded models for most of the Parisian decorators.

But let us take a glimpse at modern Paris; and for this purpose we shall do well to follow the line of the Boulevards from East to West. We shall thus pass through the older parts of the city, noting the objects of interest near the route, and arrive at the more showy and fashionable portions, and thence be able to diverge to the palaces, gardens and other noticeable localities.

The aspect of these Boulevards is striking to a visitor. The houses are lofty and in a noble style of architecture. The broad road ways are planted with parallel rows of trees. But perhaps the greatest improvement in Paris, and especially the Boulevards, has been the introduction within these few years of handsome asphaltic pavements of considerable breadth, affording at all seasons of the year a dry and amusing promenade. This asphalt has been also largely adopted, and with success, as would seem to be argued by the constant renovation of streets by its aid, for street pavements.

But let us start by the Pont d'Austerlitz, at the junction of the eastern Boulevard with the Seine. It was formerly an iron bridge, the second constructed in Paris; it was finished in 1807, by Beaupre and Lamande, an elegant structure, consisting of five arches of cast iron, upon piles of stone, which cost a sum of 600,000 francs. However, in consequence of its dangerous state it was reconstructed in 1854 of stone, at a cost of 1,000,000 francs.

We have, immediately before us, the model prison, occupying the site of old La Force—a prison which stood until '61, taking its name from an old Duke. New streets were opened, and the old bulk disappeared and gave place to the Prison Mobile, in the Rue de Lyon. The place was quite conspicuous in the annals of the first Revolution, as the place of incarceration of so many noble victims, among whom was the Princess Lamballe, who, on the 3d of Sept., 1792, was taken thence by the mob, and horribly murdered in the public streets. Her naked body, after being subjected to the worst indignities, was literally torn limb from limb, one of her legs being fired from a cannon.

Proceeding up the Boulevard Bourbon, we reach a site rich with historical associations—the Place de la Bastille, the memorable prison destroyed by a mob, who liberated seven wretched captives, almost deprived of reason, by long and cruel confinement, and which stood at the left hand of the square, near the corner of the Boulevard-Bourbon. This prison, as it stood before the memorable days of July, was formerly a fortress, but after the death of Henry II, in consequence of a wound received in tilting at a tournament in the palace of Tournelle, from the Comte de Montgomery, this quarter of Paris, then fashionable, was deserted by Catherine de Medici, and the fortress turned into a State prison. Like most edifices of a similar nature, the Bastille became odious in the sight of the people; and, as the

receptacle of individuals arrested by virtue of a *lettre de cachet*, was the scene of many memorable abuses of authority. Against this monument of arbitrary power, therefore, was directed the first outbreak of the populace in 1789, and its capture by their hands, and the deliverance of the victims there confined, were followed by its total demolition, in pursuance of a decree of the National Assembly.

A great portion of the material of the Bastille was employed in the construction of the Pont de Louis XII; but for years after its destruction the vast area remained encumbered with heaps of rubble—fragments of the old fortress which had played so memorable part in the civil wars of Paris. According to the plans of the Directory, the moat of the desecrated pile was converted to an important public purpose, under the name of the Canal Saint Martin, and a project was devised by Baron Denon to create a magnificent fountain on the spot. Upon an arch over the canal was to stand a colossal elephant of bronze, seventy-two feet in height, from the trunk of which was to issue a prodigious jet of water. One of the legs of this enormous animal was to have contained a staircase enabling persons to ascend to the tower on its back, which would have commanded a fine view. Nothing more of this splendid design was completed than the plaster model.

Upon the base constructed under Napoleon to receive this monument, it was projected, at the period of the restoration of the Bourbons, to place a colossal figure of the city of Paris; but a fatality seemed attached to the spot, and long before the figure could be cast, the throne of Charles X. was in ruins. Once more the site became the scene of civil tumults. Here it was, in the heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, celebrated as the very centre of revolutionary movement, at the Rue St. Antoine, that the insurgents of June, 1848, erected their strongest barricade, which it required all the efforts of artillery to overthrow. The corner house, No. 2, was riddled with cannon balls, and the vacant space at the corner of the Rue de la Roquette was occupied by a house which fell to the ground under the fire of the assailants. It was at this barricade that the good Denis Affre, Archbishop of Paris, met with death in attempting to persuade the insurgents to desist from their fratricidal struggle.

On the 26th of June, 1848, the Archbishop, justly grieved on account of the bloody conflict which had been for the last three days spreading desolation throughout the metropolis, waited upon General Cavaignac, then chief of the executive power, and offered to go in person to induce the insurgents by words of peace to lay down their arms. General Cavaignac instantly gave his consent, and the worthy prelate proceeded to the Place de la Bastille, and, after obtaining from General Perot a cessation of hostilities for the space of an hour, advanced toward the barricade preceded by a young man bearing a green branch before him in token of peace. At his approach the insurgents stopped their fire, and appeared to listen attentively to the apostle of peace, when, by some unfortunate misunderstanding, the fire recommenced. The archbishop seeing that his efforts were vain, was retiring, when he was struck by a ball. The insurgents instantly carried him to the hospice of the Quinze-Vingts, loudly declaring that they were innocent of the act. The extraction of the ball was impossible; the high-minded prelate, after passing the night in the parlor of the cure of the hospice, was transported to his palace, where he died on the following day. His last words were: "May my blood be the last spilt in civil war!" The Constituent Assembly decreed that a monument should be erected to his memory in the Cathedral of Notre-Dame.

The present ornament of the Place de la Bastille consists in a bronze column, called the Column of July. Its height is nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and its diameter about twelve. One half of the column commemorates the names of those who fell in the taking of the Bastille, the other, to the memory of those who were killed on the spot in July, 1830. The cost of this monument was upward of \$250,000. The foundations were laid by Louis Philippe, July 28th, 1831, the anniversary of the memorable three. On the western side of the pedestal is figured in bold relief, a lion passant, and underneath, the following:

*A la gloire des Citoyens Français, qui s'armèrent et combattirent pour la défense des libertés publiques dans les mémorables journées des 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830.*

On the opposite side is the date of the Laws decreeing the monument, and the other two sides bear the dates of the 27th, 28th and 29th of July. At the angles of the pedestal is the Gallic cock, bearing an oak leaf wreath in its claws. The shaft of the pillar is partly fluted, and partly encircled with bands bearing lions' heads, whose open mouths admit light and air to the staircase within. The spaces into which these bands divide the column are filled with the names of five hundred and four patriots killed during the Three Days of 1830. The Corinthian capital, over which is a raised gallery, is said to be the largest piece of bronze ever cast, being sixteen and a half feet wide; it is ornamented with lions' heads, children bearing garlands, etc. Surmounting the capital is a gilt globe, and on it stands a colossal figure, gilt also, representing the "Genius of Liberty;" in its right hand is a torch, in its left a broken chain; it stands on one foot with wings expanded, as if in the act of taking flight.

The monument was inaugurated with great ceremony on July 28, 1840, when the remains of the victims of 1830 were deposited in the vaults underneath. In the marble basement is a circular corridor, paved with white marble, relieved with stars and crosses of black marble, and lighted by win-dows of stained glass.

Descending a few steps are the sepulchral vaults, scoured by four cast iron doors, ornamented with rich tracery. Each vault contains a vast sarcophagus, fourteen yards in length, one in width, and one deep. The remains of most of the combatants who fell in February, 1848, were also transferred here.

Around the base of the pedestal is an enclosure flagged with marble and protected by a massive iron railing. In July 1831, Louis Philippe laid the foundation stone. In February, 1848, the passer-by might have seen his throne burning under the column.

Not very far from the site of the Bastille, stood formerly the beautiful hotel and gardens of Beaumarchais, the author of the philosophical comedy of the "Marriage de Figaro," the influence of which contributed not a little to hasten the Revolution. Through the Boulevard Beaumarchais is reached the Boulevard Filles du Calvaire, and the Boulevard du Temple, studded with minor theatres; and consequently, the favorite resort of the people. It gives the idea of a perpetual fair, from the succession of puppet shows, mountebanks and itinerant orchestras constantly exhibiting there, more particularly on Sunday evenings; but some of this last are no longer allowed.

This Boulevard is more commonly known as the Boulevard du Crime, from an event which gave it that popular appellation. Facing the gardens of the Cafe Lure, stood the small house of Fieschi, No. 60, from one of the wings of which was hurled the infernal machine intended for Louis Philippe, and killing Marshal Mortier and several other persons.

Near the north end of the Boulevard, on the right, is an expiatory chapel, erected on the site of the renowned prison of the Temple, which witnessed the sufferings of Louis XVI. and his family, and where those pathetic scenes occurred which have furnished themes for so many painters. The chapel now belongs to a convent of Benedictines.

The temple was a fortress belonging to the Knights of Saint John, erected in 1222, and consisting of a large square tower flanked with four turrets, which for a time served as a treasury to the kings of France, and subsequently as a depository for the archives of the Order of Malta.

In 1792, Louis XVI. and his family were imprisoned there, from whence the unfortunate king was led to the scaffold; and the tower, being converted into a State Prison, Pichegru, Toussaint l'Ouverture, Sir Sidney Smith, and other remarkable personages, became prisoners in the temple.

Near is the palace of the grand prior, which, now, after having been repeatedly repaired, is the convent of Benedictine ladies. A portico of Ionic columns adorned with colossal statues by Pujol, forms the entrance, and the front toward the court is also ornamented with statues. Between the convent and temple stands the Expiatory Chapel, the high altar of which is embellished with pictures by Lafont.

Here, too, is the old prison of the temple, where it is said the young Dauphin died; but then the reader knows how much poetry, imagination, etc., a well recorded historical fact of the same would create. Some say, not exactly that he never died, but that he made his escape to America, and turned royal leader to a flock of Indians; others say he died only yesterday in London. The certainty of the fact is without value. Enough that these surmises gave rise to many a witty "mot d'esprit," under the popular title, "Have we a Bourbon amongst us?"

To the left we pass through the Boulevard St. Martin, where stands the celebrated theatre of Porte St. Martin, where such tremendous spectacles and melo-dramas are produced. When the old Opera House was burnt, this was erected in its stead, planned and built in seventy-five days—the *salle* alone holding one thousand eight hundred and three persons. This street is crossed near the end by the new Boulevard de Sebastopol, constructed by Napoleon III., and opened on the 5th of April, 1858. It passes from the north, to the south of the town, crossing the Seine, having swept away in its course many of the close streets, and politically dangerous parts of the workmen's quarter, the Faubourg St. Antoine. This Boulevard, in connection with that of Boulevard de Strasbourg, so called as leading to the terminus of the Eastern railway of France, opened in 1853, were constructed at a cost of 7,760,000 francs. The Boulevards St. Denis, Bonne Nouvelle and Poissonniers, studded with handsome bazaars, shops, cafes and theatres, succeed.

In the last named is the Theatre du Gymnase Dramatique, where are some of the best comedians in Paris. It was erected in 1820, and presents to the Boulevard a front of six Ionic engaged columns, surmounted by as many Corinthian, with pedicels, united by a balustrade. The vestibule is small—the house, which will contain twelve hundred and eighty spectators, is said to be admirably suited both for hearing and seeing. Most of the productions of Scribe were written for this theatre. The Empress has a box fitted up with exquisite taste.

Passing the end of the busy Rue Montmartre, with its immense warehouses, we enter the Boulevard Montmartre, where are some of the finest shops in Paris, and the Theatre des Varieties, built by M. Cellerier, in 1807. Its front, though small, is pure in style, and decorated with two ranges of columns, Doric and Ionic, surmounted by a pediment. It will hold twelve hundred and forty persons.

The Rue Virienne leads from this Boulevard to the Palais Royal. In the Rue Virienne stands La Bourse, or Exchange, built on the site of the old convent of the Filles Saint Thomas, and commenced under Napoleon in 1808, after the designs of the great Brongniart. The building is parallelogram, 212 by 125 feet, surrounded by a peristyle of sixty-six Corinthian columns, with an entablature and attic.

The western front is approached by a noble flight of steps. The hall, on the ground floor, is one hundred and sixteen feet long by seventy-six broad, surrounded by arcades of the Doric order, with basements of marble, between each of which is inscribed the name of one of the commercial cities of Europe. The wall is also adorned with fresco paintings, by Abel du Puyol and Megris, the allegorical figures of which are ten feet high. This hall, which will contain two thousand persons, is very richly paved with marble. At its eastern end is a circular space, called the parquet, raised round exclusively for the stock brokers. Behind this is a room where they assemble before business. To the right are the chambers of the committee and syndicate of the *agents de change*, and of the *courtiers de commerce*. On the left a wide staircase leads first to the offices of transfer, then a large gallery supported by Doric columns, and to the Hall of the Tribunal of Commerce, with its offices, etc. The ceiling of this court is painted with suitable designs. From the gallery, a corridor on the ground floor extends all round, communicating with the Chamber of Commerce, the Court of Bankruptcy, and other public offices; this gallery commands a striking view of the interior.

The hours of business are from one to three for public stocks, and to half-past five for other business; but the gallery is open to the public from nine to a quarter past five. The clock under the peristyle is illuminated at night.

Ladies were formerly admitted to the Bourse; but French women are so peculiar, that on its being found to encourage a passion for gaming among the gentler sex, they were refused admittance during business hours, except they bear a permit from M. le Commissaire de la Bourse.

The establishment is equally remarkable for its splendor and the good order that prevails in every department. But as an architectural monument, the Bourse is beginning to sink in public estimation. And it is true that the number and size of its columns seem to demand a superstructure of more importance than a mere entablature concealing the roof; and since the completion of La Madeleine, which we shall describe in a future paper, the design of the Bourse has been pronounced heavy and imperfect.

Till this fine building was completed, the commercial business of Paris was negotiated in a wretched temporary building, built on the site of the church of Les Petits Peres, devoted to the purpose during

the Revolution. The first meeting of mercantile men in Paris for financial intercommunication, was in 1721, at the Hotel Mazarin, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, a splendid edifice then inhabited by the financier Law.

Co financier celebre  
Ce calculateur sans egal,  
Qui par les regies de l'algebre  
Menait la France a l'hospital.

A little further on is the Rue Richelieu, running in a parallel direction, in which stands an establishment in accordance with the noise and bustle of so commercial a quarter of the town, the Bibliotheque Imperiale. The great national library commenced with missals and other MSS., in the time of St. Louis, and was increased from reign to reign, and transferred from palace to palace.

From the introduction of Christianity into France to the time of St. Louis, the few books existing in the kingdom belonged to the numerous convents which had been successively established, and were confined to copies of the Bible, and treatises of the canons, missals, and a few Greek and Latin authors. Saint Louis caused copies to be made of all the conventional manuscripts, and arranged them in a room attached to the Sainte-Chapelle. This collection of books the king bequeathed to several monasteries.

From Saint Louis to King John there is no historical notice of any royal library, and even that possessed by the latter monarch did not exceed eight or ten volumes. Charles V., his successor, who patronized literature, caused many works to be copied, and others to be translated; with these, and some books which were presented to him, he formed a library of nine hundred and ten volumes. They were deposited in the tower of the Louvre, called La Tour de la Librarie, and consisted of illuminated missals, and other religious works, accounts of miracles, lives of saints, and treatises upon astrology, geomancy and palmistry. In order that literary persons might at all times enter the library, a silver lamp was kept constantly burning. This collection was somewhat scattered and divided in the reign of Charles VI. The remainder disappeared under the regency of the Duke of Bedford, who purchased it for one thousand two hundred livres, and sent the greater part to England, together with the archives which were deposited at the Louvre. Most of the books were adorned with miniatures, and had costly bindings, with gold or silver clasps and mountings.

Louis XI. collected the books scattered in the various royal palaces, to which he added several other collections; and printing having been invented in his reign, he bought all the books that were published. Charles VIII. derived no other fruit from the conquest of Naples in 1495, but a number of valuable volumes. Louis XII. augmented the royal library, and transferred it to the Chateau de Blois. At that period it consisted of one thousand eight hundred and ninety volumes, of which one hundred and nine were printed, and the others manuscripts.

Francois I., a great encourager of literature and the arts, transferred the library of Blois to Fontainebleau, in the year 1544, to which he made great and valuable additions. Henri II. issued an ordinance, by which it was decreed that a bound copy on vellum of every book, printed *cum privilegio*, should be deposited in the royal library. In 1637, the library was augmented by the confiscation of the goods of the Connetable de Bourbon; but it suffered considerably by the Ligueurs, who carried off some of the most valuable manuscripts. Catherine de Medici bequeathed to the royal library a collection of medals and manuscripts, which she had brought from Florence. In 1694, Henri IV. ordered the library to be transferred from Fontainebleau to Paris, and placed in the College de Clermont (now College de Louis-le-Grand), which was left uncoccupied by the Jesuits who had recently been expelled from France. That order being recalled, their college was restored, and the king's library was transferred to a room in the Convent of the Cordeliers. Under Louis XIII., the royal library was enriched by many valuable collections, and removed from the Convent to a spacious house in the Rue de la Harpe. It then consisted of sixteen thousand seven hundred and forty-six volumes in manuscripts and printed books. During the reign of Louis XIV., and the administration of Colbert and Louvois, the treasures of the royal library were augmented beyond anything previously known. At the same time it was rendered accessible to the public.

The house, in the Rue de la Harpe being found much too small, Louis XIV. formed the design of transferring the royal library to the Louvre; but in 1666 Colbert bought two houses adjoining his residence in Rue Vivienne, to which the books were removed. This extensive collection, daily augmented by bequests, presents, purchases and tribute, contained, at the death of Louis XIV., in 1716, more than seventy thousand volumes. Louvois had formed the determination to establish the royal library in the Place Vendome, but his death defeated the project.

Under the regency of the Duke d'Orleans, the treasures of the library continuing to increase, and the houses in the Rue de Vivienne being found quite inadequate to their object, a resolution was formed to remove them elsewhere. In the Rue de Richelieu there was an immense hotel, which had been formerly occupied by Cardinal Mazarin, and had borne his name. This building was bought by the Cardinal of Jacques Tubuef, President of the Chambre des Comptes. Its extent embraced the entire space between the Rue Vivienne, the Rue de Richelieu, the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, and the Rue Colbert. Cardinal Mazarin, having married his niece, Hortensia de Mancini, in 1661, to the Duke de la Meilleraie, constituted him his sole heir and residuary legatee, upon condition of bearing his arms and name. Upon the death of the Cardinal, the palace was divided. That part toward the Rue de Richelieu came into the possession of Marquis de Mancini, nephew of the Cardinal, and was called Hotel de Nevers. The other part, facing the Rue Neuve-des-Petits-Champs, fell to the share of the Duke de Mazarin (de la Meilleraie), and bore the name of Hotel de Mazarin till 1719, when it was bought by the regent and given to the India Company. The Exchange was afterwards established there, and subsequently the Royal Treasury; where the latter remained till 1829, when it was removed to the new structure in the Rue de Rivoli. Upon the failure of Law's financial system, in 1721, the Hotel de Nevers, in which his bank had been established, being left uncoccupied, the regent determined to make it the seat of the royal library, which was accordingly transferred thither from the houses in Rue Vivienne, and there it has remained ever since, the buildings of the Hotel de Mazarin having been annexed to it upon the removal of the Treasury, in 1829. Its stores were greatly augmented under the reign of Louis XV., at whose death the number of printed volumes amounted to more than one hundred thousand.

Upon the suppression of the monasteries at the Revolution, most of the manuscripts and printed volumes contained in them were transported to the

library, which then took the title of Bibliotheque Nationale. The number then added is computed at nearly one hundred thousand volumes. Whilst Napoleon was first consul, it was enriched by some of the valuable treasures of the Vatican and other libraries of Italy. Upon the occupation of Paris by the allied armies in 1815 the greater part of these were restored, and the library, which was then called Bibliotheque Imperiale, resumed its name of Bibliotheque du Roi. Its imperial designation is now restored. An annual grant is made by the Government to the Library, for the purchase of books, manuscripts, engravings and antiquities.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AMINA'S STORY.

BY JOANNA GRANT.

Each one a wondrous history gave of giants, dwarfs, and gnomes;  
You would have thought their vast exploits might fill an hundred tomes.  
Then was Amina called upon to speak, and to unfold  
Some past experience, and thus her simple tale she told:

"'T was when the heralds of the morn with crimson streaked the gray,  
I woke, and in the dawn a voice within my soul did say—  
'Go forth and leave this rest supine, and I will be thy guide;  
Seek Good and Truth through every guise, whatever may betide.'"

The stars within their azure tent were curtained from my sight,  
And the eastern sea was all a flame with waves of gold-en light,  
As through the sylvan solitudes companionless I strayed,  
Fearing the unseen shapes that lurked within the leafy shade;

The tangled briars before my steps did fling their thorny arms,  
And things I loved not crossed my path, and filled me with alarms.  
With care-fraught heart and weary feet I trod the devilous wild,  
And my fainting spirit sighed, 'O Father, save thy child!'

The heavy vapors chilled the air; the foliage dense and dark  
Obscured the day; no open space my anxious eye could mark,  
When soft a chime of silvery bells rang out their music clear.  
I followed the sweet tones that brought Hope's promise to mine ear.

And soon I reached a lightsome glade, and spied a forest nook  
Where on a rustic altar lay a yet unopened book—  
A volume bound in burnished gold, with many a gem bedight;  
Like a fair star its beauty beamed and caught my gladden sight.

On mossy seat, like velvet soft and gay with emerald sheen,  
I sat amid the silent woods, and looked the leaves between;  
With reverent touch and earnest eyes, I combed the legends o'er,  
And the silent woods grew vocal then with songs unheard before.

As if in thousand varied tones and many-measured lays  
A myriad winged poets sang the great Creator's praise.  
I combed the legends o'er and o'er, and each personal seemed  
The waking to a golden day of one who darkly dreamed.

The pages opened in bright expanse, and by my heart were named  
Fair transcripts of the Ideal Good, in living pictures framed.  
The tiny letters every one shone like a fairy face—  
A beauteous form of Truth divine illumined with angel grace.

The happy tears rained from mine eyes; my cup with bliss ran o'er,  
As in the cloistered shade I knelt, God's beauty to adore.  
The lovely things that bud and bloom within the forest aisles,  
Grew all instinct with conscious life, and blessed me with their smiles;

And flamy lustres glanced and played in rainbow-tinted light,  
While rock, and tree, and stream, and flower, seemed empires of delight.  
Then did the gentleness divine, in whispered accents say,  
'This holy science now I give to dwell with thee alway.'

That Good, and Truth, and Beauty, are an undivided three,  
Love blent in perfect oneness, and sphered in harmony.  
In dear embrace I clasped the book—it melted through my heart,  
And of my being it became a living, breathing part.

The sovereign sun in festive joy, had drunk the tears of night,  
And all the ambient air was filled with effluence warm and bright;  
While o'er the honeyed chalice the blushing flowers upbore,  
Were living jewels hovering on wings of filmy gold.

With fragrant garlands and rich fruits the bending trees did nod,  
As homeward with undaunted feet the verdant paths I trod;  
And the tangled briars they offered no bright rubies as I passed,  
While the eyes of all the creatures seemed with Love's own mirror glassed.

Then did I learn that in each form of dim and dark disguise  
Some gracious use which God hath given, in hidden distance lies,  
Waiting the resurrecting voice that comes and sets it free,  
To crown the patient watchers and to bless humanity."

A Woman's Heart.

The most precious possession that ever comes to a man in this world is a woman's heart. Why some graceful and most amiable women whom I know will persist in loving some men whom I also know, is more than I know. I will not call their love an exhibition of perverseness, though it looks like it; but that these men, with these rich, sweet hearts in their hands, grow sour and snappish, and surly and tyrannical and exacting, is the most unaccountable thing in the world. If a pig will not allow himself to be driven, he will follow a man who offers him corn, and he will eat the corn, even though he puts his feet in the trough; but there are men—some of them of Christian professions—who take every tenderness their wives bring them, and every expression of affection, and every service, and every yearning sympathy, and trample them under feet without tasting them, and without a look of gratitude in their eyes. Hard, cold, thin-blooded, white livered, contemptible curmudgeons—they think their wives weak and foolish, and themselves wise and dignified. I beg my readers to assist me in despising them. I do not feel adequate to the task of doing them justice.—*Zimothy Zimcom.*



## POOR PURSE.

BY THE DEATH OF BRAY.

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,  
I'd just build a sweet cottage—no more;  
In a deep-valleyed glen, far away from rude men;  
But when will that time be—ah! when?  
And when the sunbeams come to open my eyes,  
I'd forth with the bees, and the bright butterflies,  
And my children all fresh from their sleep;  
And we'd cut brightest posies,  
Sweetest wall flowers and roses,  
And our hearts in blest gratitude steep.  
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But, what's worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,  
I'd open the lattice, and widen the door  
Of my heart and my mind, and all human kind  
I'd invite to come in, and a true welcome find.  
From sunset to dawn I'd seek out the forlorn—  
Lean poets, wan artists, frail daughters of scorn—  
Oh! I'd hurry all in to the feast;  
And we'd hail one another,  
As sister and brother,  
Till the bright sun of hope came to gladden their  
East.  
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But, what's worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse!

Oh! if I had money galore—in store,  
That cottage should ring from the roof to the floor,  
With glad voices of joy from old men and boys,  
From age, with her crutch, to the child with his toys.  
And the warmth of the heart should melt out the cold—  
Which they say is the soul and the spirit of gold;  
That is—to the mean and cold-hearted.  
And our hearts should arise,  
To our God in the skies,  
Each night when my guests and I parted.  
Oh! they say that great wealth is a curse,  
But, what's worse—  
Far worse,  
My heart is too big for my purse,  
Poor purse!

## Original Essays.

## SPIRITS, AS CULTIVATORS AND WORKERS WITH MANKIND.

BY AMANDA M. SPENCER.

ARTICLE THREE.

Is it necessary that either men, or spirits, should interfere with, or take any particular care of, man's human and divine natures? Will not these natures fare just as well, in the long run, if left in the keeping of God, or of the principles of nature, without any special care or cultivation from finite intelligences?

The principles and elements of nature are deaf, blind, unintelligent and unconscious of their own movements, and of the results which they are producing. The frost knows not that it is nipping in the bud the fruits and grains of the husbandman. The sunbeam and the drought know not that they are parching the grass and the leaves of trees, and withering and destroying all vegetable life. The cholera knows not that in its steady march round the whole earth, nations everywhere bow before it. The earthquake and the tempest know not that they are leveling cities to the ground, and burying fleets and navies in the ocean. The frost, the sunbeam, the cholera, the earthquake and the tempest, know neither themselves nor their work; neither is it possible for them to undo what they have done, or to check themselves, in mid career, as though they were conscious of the havoc they are producing, and as though they had relented and taken pity upon man, beast and plant. No one expects such manifestations of feeling, hearing and conscious intelligence in the elements and forces of nature. Neither do we find any evidence that there is, behind those forces and elements, such an intelligence, which is superior to them, and which becomes eyes, ears, mercy and intelligence to them. On the contrary, in practical life we are all so well satisfied of their being no such intelligences, that we endeavor to become eyes, ears, mercy and intelligence to the elements and forces of nature. We strain our eyes into the mysteries of the frost, the sunbeam, the cholera, the earthquake and the tempest; that we may learn how to protect all life from their destroying influences. We try to go before them and prepare the way, that in their onward sweep they may leave humanity and beast and plant unharmed. Listen! Listen! Can you hear a simple sigh, or a plea, or a voice of mercy or of warning, saying to the elements and forces of nature, "Wither not vegetable life; nip not the buds, the flowers and the early fruits; stifle not man with poisonous vapors and deadly miasms; engulf him not in the waters of the ocean; mangle him not; bury him not in the ruins of fallen cities, or beneath floods of burning lava?" I listen everywhere among the elements and forces, and in all places where I think, perchance, Omnipotence lurks and hides himself from us; but nowhere, in none of these places, do I hear any such pleadings or any such mandates from an Omnipotent power, saying to the elements and forces of nature, "Do ye merciful unto man, beast and plant." In man alone do I find mercy; in man alone do I find intelligence; man alone hears and sees and is conscious—man alone and intelligences limited like himself—the offspring of the earth—the outgrowth of nature—the highest, the best that is anywhere to be found. To him and them do we look for that protecting mantle which shall envelop the whole earth.

If principles and elements are thus blind, unconscious and unintelligent, it is evident that, although in the universal diffusion of forces and elements, the kingdoms of vegetable and animal life are preserved, and taken as a whole, regardless of specialities, seem to thrive and flourish; yet, when we take the case of a single individual in either kingdom, we find that it is in a world of chance, where it may live, or it may perish, just as it happens to be favorably or unfavorably related to those elements and forces which know not of their own existence, still less of its existence; and which, therefore, can take no particular care of it, nor make any special effort for its preservation or development. Thus, in the solitude of the forest, a ripened acorn drops silently from the oak. Who knows it? Nobody—nothing. Who knows, or who cares, what its fate shall be; whether it shall perish, or be developed to a full grown oak? Nobody—nothing. Who knows, or who cares, whether it has fallen upon a bed of rich loam, or upon a rock, or upon a sand-heap? Who knows, or who cares, whether it shall ever put forth the first green sprout? Who knows, or who cares, whether in its young and tender days it shall not be overshadowed by the parent oak, or destroyed by the first drought or the first winter? Nobody—nothing. That single acorn, therefore, is in a world of chance; and although the forest of oak trees may thrive and flourish for ages, yet millions upon millions of acorns shall fall and perish, and sprout and perish, and reach mid-life and perish; and only here and there, at remote intervals, will one pass safely through all the perils and uncertainties of a world of blind, unconscious and unintelligent forces and elements.

Now see the difference, where the individual is taken out of the sphere of chance—out of the un-governed action of blind, unconscious and unintelli-

gent forces and elements, and put under the protection of intelligence. A man who, we will suppose, understands the whole science of the physiology and hygiene of the oak, picks up a ripened acorn from the surface of a barren rock upon which it had fallen, and where it must surely have perished. He plants it in suitable soil; he supplies all of its wants; he protects it from all influences likely to injure or destroy it; as it grows up, he trims and prunes it, and keeps its trunk erect. The result is, that that individual surely lives, and surely reaches a full development and a perfect form.

The germ of a human being is no more a speciality, or a favorite with nature, than is the acorn. The former, like the latter, is dropped into a world of principles and elements which know not of its coming, make no especial preparation for its reception, and have no particular concern about its perfect or imperfect development—no particular interest in protecting it from hunger and thirst, the diseases that lurk in the atmosphere, the perils of the sea, or the dangers that dwell in the solid earth. Hence it is that thousands of human germs perish as germs; thousands perish in embryonic life; thousands perish in infancy, thousands in childhood, thousands at every stage between childhood and puberty, thousands all along the line between puberty and the ripeness of old age. Therefore, although the human family endures, and nations endure in the midst of the uncertain play of nature's forces and elements, yet the fewest number of prepared human germs reach that maturity which drops from the tree of life from mere ripeness. The chances, then, are against each individual human germ, just as they are against each individual acorn. But absolute science may take the single human germ out of the sphere of chance, just as we have shown that it may take the individual acorn out of the sphere of chance. The intelligence of man, granting it the requisite knowledge, may take any particular human germ, and carry it safely through all the natural stages of its development from infancy to old age, just as it may take any particular acorn safely through all the natural stages of its development. Moreover, unless the intelligence of man, or of spirits, does thus take the individual out of the sphere of chance and make it an object of special care, it will never be done by any other power; for there is no other intelligence that will or can do it; and hence no rational mind in practical life ever looks to any other intelligence to do it.

It is very true, that, in this direction, man has not accomplished a great deal as yet. Man has not yet reached that exalted state where his highest pleasure, and his noblest science, will be cultivation of all the forms of life, particularly the different types and degrees of humanity. It is true that man is a cultivator, incidentally; but it is only incidentally, not intentionally making that cultivation the primary aim of his pursuits, the primary object of his researches, and the primary end of his labors; and not looking to the beauty, the perfection and happiness of the thing cultivated for his first and highest reward. He cultivates the vegetable kingdom; but it is, first of all, for the sake of the increase and the marketable proceeds, not for the pleasure of giving to that form of life its highest and most beautiful expression. He cultivates the inferior animals, that they may be made more valuable workers for him, or that they may contribute more highly to the gratification of his palate; not for the pleasure of giving to conscious existence all that is capable of becoming, and all that is capable of enjoying.

Man is also a cultivator of his own species—of men, women, and children; but alas! here, also, his selfish nature, and his limited and circumscribed aims and ambition, give character to his work. When we analyze the motives with which man cultivates his fellow man, we find such motives as these: "My child shall be a star in the world," and accordingly the aim is to make the child a star; and in the prosecution of that selfish aim, true development is lost sight of; and hence, early in the morning of its existence, the light of that star begins to fade and grow dim, and, long ere it has reached the meridian of life, its place in the firmament is empty. "My child shall be a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a statesman, a president," and accordingly the cultivation and the stimulation begin; but while the aim is to convert the being into one or another of the above artificialities, it cannot be equal to the aim to conduct that child, that youth, healthfully through each natural degree of his development; so that as a boy he shall be wholly and exclusively a boy, with the fullest development, mental, emotional, and physical, of boyhood that his nature will admit of; and as a youth, that he shall have the physical mould and elastic temperament of a perfect youth; and as an adult man, that he shall be the unfoldment of all the possibilities that slumbered in the germ; and that he shall be a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a statesman, a president—never.

The doctor is a cultivator of our bodies; but oh, how remotely! He doctors for the fee; he prizes into the mysteries of the human body for money and for fame. But where is the doctor whose aim is not simply to cure the sick, or to write learned treatises, but to cultivate healthy, flexible bodies for boys and girls, beautiful sweet ones for women, and strong, majestic ones for men? And who can look around upon the fruits of his labors, and seeing such bodies for boys and girls and for men and women, made beautiful and strong and healthy through his culture, rejoice with a joy that is pure and unselfish, transcending all the joys of wealth, fame, honor, or position among men?

The politician is a cultivator; but it is in spite of himself. It is because sometimes his ambition can only be gratified, or he thinks it can be, by doing something, or permitting something to be done, the results of which are good beyond his calculations and beyond his capacity to have anticipated. The politician is wholly and exclusively selfish; not more so, however, than all others who are living the human instead of the divine life. There are those who occasionally search human hearts; and I am sure that, as they penetrate into the mysteries of national and state legislation, they find that every word and act of the politician is bought—bought with some bribe that the individual either bribes himself with, or that others bribe him with—some temptation that appeals to his own selfish interests—something that makes personal reward and personal gratification the motives of his actions and the inspiration of his utterances; it may not be money—but what of that? It is an inspiration that is just as limited and just as partial as that which proceeds from money; and hence such persons know nothing of the majesty, the fullness, and the overwhelming power of that inspiration which is plenary, because it is unselfish and divine. It will be a long time yet, before this class of human cultivators shall become conscious, intentional cultivators. It will be a long time yet, before they shall

upon all occasions, small as well as great, allow the public good to outweigh every other and all other considerations. It will be a long time before, even the presence of a great national question, such as that which now agitates us, shall, from the very magnitude of the interest involved, overawe and subdue all passions, all prejudices, all partialities, and strip legislators and public men of all private ambition—of all desire to exalt themselves, at the expense of a nation in ruins. No wonder that our public men have seemed impotent when a real demand is made for strength. They are weak, because their inspiration is partial, not plenary; and their inspiration is partial, because their motives are selfish. Where is the world of divine life that will, or can, inspire such men—that can pour the full stream of its power through such narrow channels—that can expend itself in gratifying one man's selfish desires, or in gratifying the ambition of thousands that are equally selfish? All such men are weak, because they do not throw themselves into the great current of unlimited power—weak, because they stand alone, or are sustained by others who are as weak as themselves.

But let a man, even if he be but a second rate man, forget himself, and let him feel in the depths of his being, that he has no personal ambition, partiality, prejudice, whim, aim, theory or notion to gratify, or carry out; that he is stripped of every element of his human nature, and stands as a naked, unearthy spirit before the great question of the day, and in the presence of all the interests of society that are involved, and in the presence of all intelligences, whether external or interior, that are conscious of what is going on; and let him, in the depths of that divine spirit, abandon himself to the right and to the true, throwing himself unreservedly and without a question into the midst of that body of intelligences, which exists somewhere in the Universe, and which knows what is the right and what is the true, even if he himself do not; and that very state in himself will command the power of that sphere of intelligence, I care not where it is located—that very state is the lightningrod, penetrating the sphere of divine life, which, by a law of its very nature, cannot refuse to descend, but must and will stream down the established channel irresistibly. Such a man at once becomes a leader. He inspires others with confidence. He moves with power, because he has tapped the fountain of unlimited power. The divinity of his nature seems like a thing worthy to be worshiped, when compared with the rudimental, selfish natures of other men.

From what we have said, it is evident that cultivators of all departments of man's nature are needed—not merely accidental cultivators, but intentional cultivators—cultivators who have wisdom sufficient to enable them to take all rudimental and growing human beings, and all rudimental and growing divine beings, out of the sphere of mere chance—out of the uncertain action of the blind, unconscious, unintelligent elements and forces of Nature. Cultivators, who have no passions, no prejudices, no malice, no lust, no ambition, no preferences based upon blood, locality, or association, no human feelings of any kind to satiate or to gratify. Cultivators, whose loves are universal, unlimited, divine. Such cultivators man has. In that capacity, and in that alone, are the divine love and wisdom of interior intelligences related to us.

## Judge Edmonds on the Times.

This discourse, delivered at Dodsworth's on the 5th of May, as reported in the BANNER OF LIGHT, advances suggestions which confirm the views of government that were entertained and taught by John C. Calhoun. That distinguished statesman described the mass of the people as an ignorant rabble, a mob incapable of self-government, that must be controlled and restrained by an intelligent minority. Judge Edmonds says, "We may learn a lesson even from our enemies. The new constitution of the South was not submitted to the people; it proceeded from an intelligent ruling class, who confronts us with it, do." I have dwelt upon the life and character of Judge Edmonds, with respect, admiration and love, and such doctrine from his mouth struck me with astonishment and dismay. The power must be taken out of the hands of the people, "because," to use his own words, "the existing crisis is showing us how unsafe it is to put the power of the Union into hands unfit to use it."

As I have before had occasion to remark, there is no half-way house between aristocracy and democracy. If the majority cease to rule, the basis of free government is totally subverted, and the only remaining question is, "Who shall govern, you or I?" and this question can only be determined by force or fraud.

The conduct of the Southern leader is perfectly consistent in adopting a system of government and imposing it upon the people without their consent. They control two classes of slaves. The government of the black slave is essentially the unrestrained whim of the moment—that of their kindred whites, by the mockery of constitutions and odes created nominally under the sanction of the people, but "not submitted" to their knowledge or will.

This very arbitrary feature, which is held up by our distinguished friend for imitation, is not only the distinguishing feature, but the fundamental and sustaining principle of human slavery.

How was it possible that such doctrine could be commended to the American people at such an hour as the present? At the very moment when fratricidal hands, armed and set in motion by this fell spirit, are aiming their deadly blows at the existence of the only free government ever permitted to man on earth; whilst that immensely preponderating portion of this great nation, wherein each man feels and knows that he is a sovereign, comes forward in one solid and united phalanx to shield those glorious institutions, the work of their own hands, from the impending danger.

What more convincing evidence can be afforded, now or hereafter, that the people can govern themselves, than the present glorious uprising in defence of their institutions; and, on the other hand, what more convincing evidence, that constitutions attempted to be established, "without being submitted to the people," are a wicked usurpation of power that cannot fail to terminate in ruin.

JUST ONE BITE.—While walking down State street recently, "the subscriber" came up with two negro boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "jes one bite" of it.

"Well," said the younger one, firmly, "I'll give you jes one bite, but do n't take no more'n jes one bite."

The larger one took the apple, opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound cat-fish, and brought it down on the fruit, leaving a very small share on the other side.

"Jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple and give me the bite!"

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## EXPERIENCE AND OBSERVATION.

BY A. H. DAVIS.

## CHAPTER XV.

A VISION—MARY AGAIN—A PLEASANT WALK, A GLASSY LAKE, A GREEN FIELD, AND TRUE SOUL ENJOYMENT—THE VISION VERIFIED—LED TO THE GRAVE OF ORIMEL DRAKE, UNION, MAINE—A TEST—DIRECTED TO LOOK THE SAFE IN THE COUNTING ROOM—ANOTHER GOOD TEST OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCE.

If man is not capable of judging of himself—at any rate so far as sensation or feeling is concerned—who is? If he cannot tell how he is affected by certain relations and results, who can? It may seem to some, that I am attaching too much importance to what I am about relating, and that it was nothing but a common dream. But I claim that I am the best qualified to judge. If I am in fault at all, it is in being too skeptical; and, doubtless, if I had been less so, I should have experienced less.

To dreams I have never attached any particular importance. I seldom remember dreams; and if I do, they never afterwards trouble me. But once or twice during my life, I have had, what at the time seemed like a dream, which impressed me strongly, and which I have since been led to regard as a vision, rather than a dream.

Soon after the events recorded in the last chapter, one night I seemed to be in a sweet, gentle, soothing sleep—just such sleep as I used frequently to enjoy that winter and spring. I seemed to be in a strange place, and in a strange house. But there was one thing that did not seem to be a stranger. It was Mary. I knew her, and seemed to be happy in her presence. We seemed to converse, but I could not remember, afterwards, much that was said. It was not what was said, so much, that left an impression on my mind, as it was being in her society. I seemed to realize that she was not of earth; but still the thought did not trouble me. At length I became tired, and said,

"I will go out and take a walk."

I arose to go. She said,

"I will go, too!"

Without paying any heed to what she said, I passed out of the door, and walked on several rods without her, and had arrived at the brow of a hill when she overtook me, and throwing her arms around me, we walked down the hill together. The ground upon which she trod seemed to be covered with a substance, resembling white pulverized sugar. It was not snow, for it was in mid-summer. The grass was tall and green, and on the sides of the hill, and in the valley below, men were at work mowing it down. At the foot of the hill there was a beautiful glassy lake, as clear as crystal. Around it there seemed to be a winding path, and on the bank a green plot newly mowed and shaded by a grove of green trees. We walked down the hill, and in the path around the lake, and seated ourselves on the green bank. How long we sat there, looking upon the lake, and watching the workmen, I cannot remember; but I do remember that my soul was filled with pure and heavenly joy. I came out of the vision, feeling almost sorry that it had passed.

The June following, I was at Union, Maine. It was Sunday evening. The sun was just setting. I sat at the window, looking out upon the western horizon, and viewing what they called there, "the Italian sunset." The scene was new to me, and very beautiful. A friend came in and asked me if I should not like to make a call upon a near neighbor (Bro. Alden). I responded in the affirmative; and, soon after taking my hat, went out in advance of the friend. The house was situated about midway down a hill, and at the bottom of the hill, some distance from the road, was a lake. I had gone about a hundred rods from the house, when suddenly I was stopped short in the road, by an indescribable influence, which thrilled through my whole being. There I stood, nailed to the spot, gazing and wondering at what I saw and experienced!

I do not know as the vision had entered my mind since I left home. But it was now all plain. I had come out of the house just as I had in the vision. I had reached the same relative spot on the hill, when I was overtaken by my invisible friend, whose presence I now felt, as sensibly as though she stood by me in an earthly form. The snow-white path was not there, nor the mowers—but the glassy lake and the winding path around the lake, and the beautiful green grass on the opposite bank, were all there; and I afterwards had reason to believe that the vision did not end here.

In a former chapter I alluded to the death of Orimel Drake, whom I saw in a clairvoyant state, either just before, or just after he passed out of the form. While I stood at Union, I felt anxious to visit his grave; and his friends there had promised to go with me. I had a class in Phonography, which kept every evening; I usually prepared some exercise in the copy books during the day. On the forenoon of the last day I was there, while preparing the exercises; I found it difficult to proceed, and felt like resting. Accordingly, I lay down to rest, as I thought. Immediately I was in a gentle magnetic slumber (for such I then considered that condition). Soon, however, I was aroused by my invisible attendants, who said to me,

"Go out and walk!"

I immediately got up and went out; but I had not walked far before I was impressed to go back and get my portfolio, in which I kept conveniences for writing. Again I went out, and as I was passing down the hill, I met Mr. Drake, father to Orimel, going toward the house. It was then about half-past eleven in the forenoon. Mr. Drake asked,

"Where are you going?"

I replied, "I am going to take a walk."

Again he remarked,

"It is nearly noon. You had better wait till after dinner."

I replied, "I shall probably be back by dinner time," and kept on, not knowing where I was going, but following as I was led. I soon left the road, and followed in a path which wound around the lake, toward the village, till I arrived on the opposite bank, when my path led me into the road, and from thence into the burying ground, on a hill which overlooks the lake and the village.

The yard is divided into two parts, by a fence or wall, running, I should think, nearly east and west. I entered the yard through a gate on the north part. I had never been in there before, and knew nothing about it, more than I could gather from the eye, a mile or more distant. From the gate I passed in a westerly direction, I should think, thirty rods or more, and then, in a straight line, in a

° The winter and spring of 1859. The reader will bear in mind that during that winter I used to sit in my room an hour each night, with my door locked,

southwesterly direction, to the head of a new made grave, which afterwards learned was the grave of Orimel Drake. There was no slab or monument at the head or foot, or around it, to designate it as being his last resting-place, or of any of his family connections. Nor was there anything to distinguish it from other new-made graves which I afterwards noticed. I was impressed to write. I sat down at the head of the grave, and if I were ever influenced to write, I was then, and most sensibly, too. What I wrote or how long I wrote, I am unable to tell. It was a communication to the family. It did not seem long to me then, but I must have written a long time, for it was nearly three o'clock before I reached the house again.

During the winter or spring preceding the event just related, Mr. Llewellyn Gushue, who resides in this place, but who belongs to Appleton, Maine, was at my house one evening, when I felt a strong influence, which seemed to come from some one of his spirit-friends. I had noticed for some time that whenever I came into his sphere I felt this influence, and could not account for it. On this occasion I was influenced to go to my room, which I did; and wrote a communication to him from a spirit-friend, who could not clearly impress the name, but tried to make herself recognized by alluding to scenes which transpired in their childhood days. I handed him the communication, and he recognized it as coming from a lady—Ellen, or Helen Hastings—who died in Appleton a year or two before.

The next day after I visited the grave of Orimel Drake, I was at Appleton. I took tea with a Mr. Meserve, father-in-law to Mr. Gushue. After tea I went out to walk and view the place. I walked up the hill, and, when near the summit, I turned into a path which led into the burying-ground. I thought I would go in and search for the grave of Miss Hastings, whom I supposed was buried there. I looked around without being able to find the grave, but found myself standing at three graves, and on the grave stones the name Meserve was engraved.

While I stood at these graves, I found myself under influence, and was led diagonally across the yard to the northeast corner. I did not understand this, but thought perhaps I was being led to the grave I sought, but found myself standing in that part of the yard where the Roman Catholics buried. Being satisfied that her grave was not there, I turned to go back to the house. I had not proceeded many steps, before I was turned "right about face," and influenced to go back again to the spot from which I started. The spot was over a grave which I should judge had been made some time. But no monumental stone or slab announced the name, nor rank, nor age of him or her who lay buried there. As I stood near the grave wondering why I was led back, my guide came to me again, and said:

"A relative of the man where you stopped was buried here." Ask him and he will tell you."

I went back to the house. I told Mr. Meserve that I had been into the burying-ground to find the grave of Miss Hastings, and asked him if he would not go with me. He then went with me and showed me her grave. We then went to the corner I had left before returning to the house. Again I stood in the vicinity of the grave before alluded to. I told him how I had been influenced, and what was said to me. He replied:

"I don't know that I have any relative buried here."

We went on then, conversing about other matters. Still remaining in that vicinity, he made this remark:

"My father was buried somewhere here. I cannot find the grave. I wish some medium would show it to me." To this I made no reply. To me it was a good test, whether it was to him or not. In the course of a half hour afterwards, I left Appleton, and have never seen him since. I have no doubt in my own mind that his father was buried near the grave alluded to.

I will give one more test which I received in June of this year, (1859), and then close this chapter.

In relating my experience, I have frequently alluded to the counting-room. From April, 1853, to the time I now allude to, I kept the books of F. Hancock & Co.; the firm being Franklin Hancock & George Hood. I closed with them in May, 1859, the Company being dissolved, but still wrote occasionally in the same counting-room. It was invariably my practice when I left the counting-room at noon, to lock the safe and leave the books out. When I left at night I always placed the books in the safe, and then locked it. Excepting the instances which I shall now notice, I do not think during the six years I was in that counting-room, I ever deviated from this rule.

On this occasion, having eaten my dinner, I took a seat in the parlor to rest. I had not been there more than a minute or two, before my invisible attendant said to me:

"We want you to go the counting-room!"

I could not conceive of any possible reason for going to the counting-room, and took no notice of it. Shortly after it was again said:

"We want you to go the counting-room! You have left the safe unlocked."

I did not remember whether I had locked it or not, but supposed I had, as I always did. However, I thought it was best to go back and see. I went into the kitchen and told one of my family what was said to me, and that I was going back to see if it was so.

"What shall you think if you find it looked?" it was asked.

"I shall think I was deceived," I replied.

I immediately went to the counting-room, and I found the safe not only unlocked, but the door was swung wide open, and the back of the chair in which I had been sitting, and which I left at the table, was resting against the partings inside of the safe.

Some one had evidently been there. For had the door been swung open when I left, I could not have passed it without noticing it, and should have shut it and locked the safe; and the chair I am positive I left at the table. This to me was perhaps as convincing a test of spirit-agency and intelligence as I have ever received. To others it will be a test no farther than they rely upon testimony.

° That is "in this immediate vicinity" was meant, and not in the grave to which I allude.

FEMININE FRANKNESS.—The best of women (I have heard my grandmother say) are hypocrites. They do not know how much they hide from us; how watchful they are when they seem most artless and confidential; how often those frank smiles which they wear so easily are traps to cajole, elude, disarm;—I do not mean in your mere coquetries, but your domestic models and paragons of female virtue. Who has not seen a woman hide the dullness of a stupid husband, or coax the fury of a savage one? We accept this amiable slavishness, and praise woman for it; we call this pretty treachery truth. A good housewife is of necessity a humbug; and Cornelia's husband was hoodwinked, as Poliphus was—only in a different way.—Thackeray.



## HENRY CLAY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

With words and men of stern control,  
He stood among the great and proud,  
And words of fire burst from his soul  
Like lightning from the tempest cloud.  
His high and deathless themes were crowned  
With glory of his genius born,  
And gloom and rain darkly frowned  
Where fell his bolts of wrath and scorn.

But he is gone, the free, the bold,  
The champion of his country's right;  
His burning eye is dim and cold,  
And mute his voice of conscious might.  
O, no! not mute—his stirring call  
Can startle tyrants on their thrones,  
And on the hearts of nations fall  
More awful than his living tones.

The impulse that his spirit gave  
To human thought's wild, stormy sea,  
Will heave and thrill through every wave  
Of that great deep, eternally;  
And the all-circling atmosphere,  
With which is blest his breath of flame,  
Will sound, with cadence deep and clear,  
In storm and calm, his voice and name.

His words, that like a bugle-blast,  
Ere rang along the Grecian shore,  
And o'er the hoary Andes passed,  
Will stirring on forevermore,  
Great Liberty will catch the sound,  
And start to newer, brighter life,  
And summon from Earth's utmost bounds  
Her children to the glorious strife.

Unnumbered pilgrims o'er the wave,  
In the far ages yet to be,  
Will come to kneel beside his grave,  
And hail him prophet of the free.  
'Tis holier ground, that lowly bed,  
In which his moldering form is laid,  
Than fields where Liberty has bled  
Beside her broken battle blade.

Who now, in danger's fearful hour,  
When all around is wild and dark,  
Shall glow with voice and arm and power,  
Our freedom's consecrated ark?  
With stricken hearts, Oh, God! to Thee,  
Beneath whose feet the stars are dust,  
We bow, and ask that Thou wilt be  
Through every ill our stay and trust.

ANALYSIS OF THE PERFORMANCES OF  
MR. H. MELVILLE FAY, IN THE  
CITY OF NEW YORK.

The BANNER of May the 15th contained a report of the proceedings of a circle held by Mr. H. Melville Fay, in the city of New York. My name among others was signed to the report, which closed with the following expression of opinion: "We are satisfied that the manifestations were not produced either by Mr. Fay or any member of the circle." Subsequently, more thorough investigations of the manifestations through Mr. Fay have brought to light many facts which have compelled me to reverse that opinion. I am now satisfied that everything which was done at that circle, as well as at all the other circles held by Mr. Fay in New York, was done by Mr. Fay himself. I feel compelled, therefore, in justice to the truth, but with no vindictive or unkind feelings toward Mr. Fay, to make a public withdrawal of my former testimony in favor of his mediumship, and, at the same time, to give the public the benefit of all the facts which have compelled me, in spite of my own wishes, to pronounce judgment against all of his performances in the city of New York. Let the contrary might be inferred, I will state that I commenced my analysis of Mr. Fay and his manifestations without any prejudice against him. On the contrary, my inclinations and partialities were, from the outset, all strongly enlisted in his favor; so much so, that I did all in my power to introduce him to the Spiritualists of this city, assisted in getting up circles, and was so well pleased with the manifestations which I witnessed at his second circle in New York, that I wrote out the report of it, to which reference has already been made, and urged upon the editors of the BANNER the importance of its immediate publication, in order that Mr. Fay while in New York, might have the full benefit of its influence.

I would further remark, that my final conclusion upon the subject has not been reached as hastily as my first one; but it is the result of a patient investigation, continued through three or four private sittings with him, and six or seven of his public circles.

With these preliminary remarks, I will now proceed to demonstrate the truth of my present opinion, namely, that everything which was done at all the circles held by Mr. Fay, in New York, was done by Mr. Fay himself.

The following five classes embrace all the performances of Mr. Fay in this city.

A.—Tying himself in the dark; handling horns, bells, violins, &c., in the dark, when apparently thus tied; then untie himself in the dark.

B.—Untie himself in the dark after having been tied by a committee chosen by the circle.

C.—Handling members of the circle, when it was apparently out of Mr. Fay's power to do it without being detected.

D.—The apparent transportation of objects from a distance to the circle, without human agency.

E.—The turning of water into wine, without human agency.

CLASS A.—My reasons for believing that Mr. Fay himself did everything embraced in this class of his manifestations, are the following:

1st. I have discovered that I can tie myself up in the same positions in which he was tied, and with just as imposing looking knots between my wrists as those between his; also, that while thus apparently tied, tightly and securely, I can, in five seconds, loosen the loop, which surrounds one or both wrists, and handle the instrument, and then, in five seconds more, put my wrist or wrists back into the loops, and tighten them up so tightly as to puzzle the most scrutinizing committee to detect the trick, unless they understand the secret of the loops. This tie I exhibited to the Sunday Conference at Dodworth's Hall, in this city. I there learned that Mr. Wm. P. Coles, whose name is also signed to the report above referred to, had discovered a similar process by which to tie and untie himself, which he also explained to the Conference.

2nd. One of the most common performances in the dark, when Mr. Fay was thus tied up, was the talking through the horn. Now, at one circle at which I was present, a dim light was unexpectedly and unintentionally let into the room where the circle was in session, and Mr. Fay was distinctly seen holding the horn up to his mouth talking through it. On another occasion, when I was present, some marking ink was smeared around the mouth of the horn, and when the light was struck, after the usual talking through the horn in the dark, the marking ink was found upon Mr. Fay's mouth. In both these cases, that is, when he was seen holding the horn up to his mouth, and also when he got his mouth spotted, he was untied; but the voice which spoke through the horn, and which in these instances was his, was precisely the same as that which came through the horn on all other occasions, whether he was tied or untied. Therefore, it must have been Mr. Fay talking through the horn when he was supposed to be tied, and he must have made

use of the loop already described, by which he could liberate one hand in a few seconds after the light was put out, handle the horn as freely as he pleased, then slip his hand back into the loop, tighten up in a few seconds, call for the light, and exhibit himself tied just as he was before the light was put out.

3d. Mr. Fay was always found tied in the same way, that is, his hands, which were placed either before or behind him, were always crossed at the wrists, with the same kind of knots between the wrists. His hands were never found separated, and tied one before and one behind, or one on one side and one on the other. This shows that some studied form of a tie was used, which admitted of a quick liberation of the wrists, and a quick tying of them up again, and also which being between the wrists prevented a satisfactory examination of it.

4th. All the handling of instruments, talking through the horn, evaporation of water, &c., was done when thus tied by himself. In no instance were the instruments handled, the horn talked through, or the water evaporated when he was tied by a committee.

5th. His hands were never found tied up closely and firmly against anything; but there was always a certain amount of slack rope between his wrists and the object to which they were tied. Without that slack rope the loops around the wrists could not be opened so as to permit the withdrawal of the hands. I also noticed that when committees were examining him, he always pulled upon that part of the rope so as to keep it taut, and keep the loops tight around his wrists, thus avoiding detection.

6th. He always prevented a close examination of the knots between his wrists by holding his arms and wrists stiff, and complaining of pain if any one attempted to part the wrists in such a way as to get a fair view of the knots.

7th. He declined letting me cut the rope from his wrists, leaving the knots entire, so that I might examine them more satisfactorily.

8th. He and his pretended spirits promised, but failed to allow me to apply the simplest tests, by which I might have determined whether he did, or did not, remove his hands from the loops in the manner indicated, such as putting a slip of paper between his wrists, and then have the instruments handled, or having the instruments played upon, or handled when there were no ropes on him, his hands being merely strapped down to a table by means of strips of paper coated with a solution of gum.

9th. The wrist furthest from the table on which the instruments were placed, generally bore a distinct deep mould of the rope, indicating, in such cases, that that wrist had not been taken from its loop during the performance of the experiments; but the wrist next to the table was always marked with a more diffused redness caused by the repeated withdrawal and introduction of that hand in order to handle the instruments.

10th. If he happened to be provided with a rickety, squeaking chair, (which he always tried to prevent by testing them beforehand,) then just before he called for a light to exhibit himself, with his hands tied behind him, considerable squeaking of the chair was always heard, and also that peculiar snapping, or cracking of the rope, caused by its slipping when tightly drawn over certain parts of the chair. These noises were heard just before the light was called for, because, with the loop ties referred to, the tightening of the loops around the wrists is of course the last thing that is done before the light is called for. These noises were also heard only when he was tied with his hands behind him; for when his hands were tied in front, they were tied to his thigh, and, of course, the tightening of the loops would not necessarily occasion either the squeaking or the snapping sounds. Furthermore, if spirits tied him, there was no necessity for either of those noises.

With regard to the alleged dissipation of water, which comes under this class of the manifestations, there was nothing to prevent Mr. Fay from drinking it. When papers were put between his lips, he could of course remove them.

CLASS B.—My reasons for believing that Mr. Fay untied himself when tied by committees, are these:

1st. I have discovered to my surprise, that the process of untieing oneself, after having been tied by another person, is not as difficult as I at first supposed, especially when a common sized bed-cord, which long service has rendered smooth and flexible, is used, as was the case with the ropes used by Mr. Fay. On one occasion I allowed Mr. Fay himself to tie me with all three of his ropes. As the secret of his art was in question, he tied me as securely, I presume, as committees generally tie him; at any rate he pronounced me safe; but in less than five minutes, according to his own acknowledgment, I untied every knot. I will acknowledge that he tied me again, so that I could not untie myself; but he drew the rope tighter, and pressed it deeper into my wrists than I had ever seen done on him by a committee. In fact, the tie was so painful, that I was compelled to call upon him to release me at once. When I explained this to the Conference at Dodworth's Hall, I found that Mr. Wm. P. Coles had also solved this mystery in the same manner that I had, he having on several occasions submitted to some of the same kind of ties which he had seen put upon Mr. Fay, and having untied himself without much trouble.

2nd. In some cases, where committees are careless, the knots about the wrists can easily be reached with the fingers and untied. Generally, however, the main difficulty is in starting the first loop of a knot on one of the wrists, so as to liberate one hand. To do this, it is generally necessary to pull back and forth on the rope, first to one side, then to the other; and where the knots are tight, great effort is required. Hence, the first sound which I would hear, after the light was put out, would not be the drawing of ropes through loops, over chair rounds, &c., which ought to have been the case if he was being untied in the ordinary way; but I would first hear the creaking of the chair, and the snapping of tense ropes, as they slipped over different parts of the chair, indicating that the medium was writhing and struggling to loosen the knots about his wrists. When those sounds ceased, I knew that the feat was accomplished, one or both hands were free; and very soon I would hear what ought to have been heard in the beginning—that is, the drawing of ropes through loops, and over chair rounds, and their flapping back and forth in the air. In a little while the medium would be untied and the light ordered.

3rd. Whenever the untieing was a long and difficult process, Mr. Fay always perspired very profusely, and seemed tired, evidently having struggled hard.

4th. In such cases, I observed that one or both of his wrists were very much chafed, not simply being red from the pressure of the rope, but the skin was rubbed up in scales, and in one instance raw and almost bleeding, caused by the friction of the rope in the struggle to loosen the knots on the wrist.

5th. Mr. Fay always tested his chair, so as to get one that would creak as little as possible.

6th. He required all the members of the circle to join in the singing, evidently to drown his own noise.

CLASS C.—In this class of experiments the experimenter is made to believe that he is touched and handled by spirits. The following is the position of the parties: A member of the circle sits near and facing Mr. Fay, the experimenter placing one foot upon Mr. Fay's feet and one hand upon Mr. Fay's head, and his other foot upon the other party's feet, and his other hand upon that party's head. Mr. Fay then clasps with his two hands, each in a different place, one arm of the experimenter, while the other party clasps the other arm of the experimenter in the same way. The light is put out, and the experimenter feels hands touching his face or body; yet he is not conscious that Mr. Fay removes either hand from his arm. I am sure, however, that Mr. Fay did, in all cases, remove one hand from its position, manipulate the experimenter, and then replace it again. My reasons are these:

1st. I find, upon trial in the dark, that one of the hands can be removed from the arm of the experimenter, be brought in contact with different parts of his face and body, and then be replaced on the arm, without the experimenter being aware of either the removal or the replacement.

2nd. In some cases, however, the experimenter declared that they felt Mr. Fay remove one of his hands.

3d. Mr. Fay, though I often requested him to do so, did not allow the application of such means as would have removed all doubt from this class of the manifestations—such as tying his hands to the arm of the experimenter, or laying a strip of paper, coated with gum, across both of his hands.

4th. Dr. Hallock, myself and others observed, in this experiment, that just before the supposed spirit hand touched our faces, we felt the approach of a peculiar, dense, warm and slightly suffocating vapor, with a peculiar smell, somewhat between that of sulphur and phosphorus. This we thought very remarkable and very spiritual; and we deemed it a very striking evidence that there was something unearthly around, and at work. But when I began to get suspicious, I went into a private room with Mr. Fay, shut my eyes, and told him to bring his hand slowly up to my face. He commenced; and as his hand approached, there came to my face and nose the same "dense, warm and slightly suffocating vapor, with a peculiar smell somewhat between that of sulphur and phosphorus," which I had smelt before in the dark circle. It was surely Fay's hand on all occasions.

In this class of performances, myself and others declared that we felt different sized hands touch our faces. This, however, was all a delusion. I have since learned by experiment, that if the fingers of the hand are pressed and rubbed pretty firmly against the face of the experimenter, he will think that the hand is large and rough; whereas, if the same fingers are thumbed or rubbed very lightly and delicately over his face, he will think that the hand is very small, soft and delicate.

CLASS D.—The apparent transportation of an object from a distance was attempted only once by Mr. Fay, in New York. It was under these circumstances. The circle had closed, and we were in the street, on our way home. Suddenly Mr. Fay, under the appearance of an influence, ordered us all back into the house, leaving him alone in the street. We went in. Presently he came in, and, after talking a good deal about an effort which was then being made to bring a letter from a great distance through the window to the circle, at last declared that the spirits could bring it no further, and were compelled to drop it on the doorstep. One of the circle went out and found a letter, at the place designated. Now the following are my reasons for believing that Mr. Fay himself wrote that letter, and placed it where it was found.

1st. There are unmistakable points of resemblance between his handwriting and that of the letter.

2nd. Mr. Fay came into the house last, and could easily have dropped the letter on the doorstep.

3d. It was stated by him, when in the state of apparent influence, that the letter had been transported from the woods to the house, which would be at least two or three miles. A power which could carry it that far, could certainly have carried it five feet further and put it in at the window, which Mr. Fay had opened for that purpose, as he said.

CLASS E.—The sham of turning water into wine was attempted but once in New York. The circumstances were these: At the close of the circle, Mr. Fay ordered all of us into one room, and himself into a separate one. We went to our room, and he to his alone. We were, in a few minutes, called by him into a room adjoining his, and into which he had gone through the folding door-way. When we had all arrived there, he told us to search him; but it was, of course, too late to search him then, as he had been alone in the adjoining room some three or four minutes, and could have concealed there, and did, no doubt, conceal there his wine materials. We searched him, however, and found, of course, nothing suspicious. Then we were ordered out of the room, leaving him there alone again. In five or ten minutes he called us back again, and directed us to look on the table, where we found a tumbler nearly full of what was evidently nothing but water which he had dragged until it looked like brick dust and tasted a little like Peruvian bark, without the slightest taste of wine, but with a feeble, almost imperceptible alcoholic aftertaste. Mr. Fay, however, said that that was wine, made from the water which he had been supplied with by the gentleman at whose house we had met. This performance needs no further argument or comment.

The importance of this subject will, I believe, justify this detailed analysis of the five classes of performances which Mr. Fay has, for a long time, been exhibiting in different parts of the United States, as genuine manifestations. There were others before him in the same field of operations, and there are others beside him now in the same field, offering the same kind of performances to the public. Some of them may be, and I doubt not, are genuine mediums, (from certain decided mental phenomena, I believe that Mr. Fay is a medium); but they have been so often detected in tricks of one kind or another, that, perhaps, as many persons have been set back as have been set forward through their influence. The analysis which I have given will, perhaps, assist others, in testing the genuineness of anything which they may offer to the public. If they really have medium powers, a rigid investigation of all their performances in a spirit of generous determination will drive them from all their sham manifestations, and ultimately compel them to fall back upon their real medium powers, be they little or much, and relying upon them alone, do justice to themselves, to spirits, to the public, and to the truth.

In view of the importance of the matter, I may, at some future time, have occasion again to ask the use of the columns of the BANNER, to make a few general remarks about dark circles, the conditions which should be granted to the mediums, the conditions which should be claimed by the investigator, and the methods by which manifestations given in such circles may be made as satisfactory and as demonstrative of spirit-power as if given in the light.

Yours truly,  
PAYTON SPOONER.  
New York, May 28, 1861.

## Banner of Light.

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## FREE SPEECH.

It is always proper and necessary that men who have opinions to express, should be thoughtful enough to express them judiciously; that is, with due regard to the feelings, sentiments and rights of those around them. And, on the other hand, every community of men who presume to style themselves free, by which is especially implied the entertainment of all shades of opinion, and uninterrupted expression of them, must keep steadily in mind that this same freedom of speech and opinion is the sheet-anchor of all their boasted freedom, whose violent and tyrannical curtailment by irresponsible power, is the most deadly blow that can be struck at its permanent liberty. There are no two sides to a question of this kind; unless the practice of free speech be universally allowed, subject only to those checks and correctives which naturally belong to a healthy public sentiment, we may as well bid farewell, first at last, to everything of liberty which we have held so dear.

For who is to establish the standard, up to which, or down to which, all other men are to be allowed to speak? Who is to be the censor of the tongue and the press? In a community where all are equally at liberty to talk and publish, what right has one man, or one party of men, to dictate in respect of what shall, or shall not, be spoken and written? Is it answered that the prevalent tone of the popular sentiment shall form the safe standard to which all tongues and presses shall conform? Yes; but how are we to ascertain, without mistake, what that tone, for a time, is? Somebody must fix it. Who shall be the person? And by what superior claim of right, or authority, does he go to work to do it? And then, again, how is that prevailing tone of popular sentiment ever to be changed, or even modified, if it is a settled rule that a dissenter shall no where be tolerated? All this is worthy to be considered by our people, and considered seriously; for we are at no moment to forget that even in the noblest cause, an unreasonable enthusiasm begets fanaticism, and fanaticism in turn, frenzy; and then the cause itself parts with its originally noble character, and passes over into the arena where mob passions tear and trample it, and make it seven fold more "a child of hell" than themselves.

We hold the highest bench before which a citizen can be carried for trial, on a charge of abusing his indisputable right of free speech, is the bench of public opinion, which, of course, is supposed to rest upon the foundations of reason and toleration. Foundations less firm and enduring than these, are of sand, and worthless. According to this rule, if a man rashly and foolishly gives utterance to sentiments that he knows to be widely obnoxious, reckless of his own responsibility as a man, then he is merely to be carried before this high court for trial; and his condemnation he shall speedily read in every face he meets. To go further than this, is to invite the flood of popular prejudices to burst their bounds, and, pouring down over the inalienable and indisputable rights of each and every man, sweep all with a single strong wave away.

Nothing is easier to the superficial vision, than to keep down a divided sentiment by applying the law of brute force; but the same power, resting on passion and impulse alone, is as likely to be applied against us to-morrow, as it is certain that it works on our side to-day. In such a wild chance for the establishment of public order, where are we to turn? What are we to do? Is the tyrannical power of popular passion to be trusted to at all? Does not the very first appeal to it open the door not only to overwhelming abuses connected with the topic immediately in hand, but with all other questions whatever, on the slightest pretext, or no pretext at all? If we once consent to pass through this door, how long will it be, how long can it be, before we shall find that, by the very operation of our own rule, we have made a Pandemonium for ourselves from which escape will for a sorry length of time be impossible?

## The Welcome Spring.

All are not gone off to "the wars!" There are those left behind who have it assigned to them to till the soil, and bring forward the crops for the annual coming of the harvest-time. It is they, chiefly, who have been extending the old time welcome to the joys and the robins, the orioles and bobolinks, whose gay singing still makes glad the very sunshine that glitters in our meadows and pastures; and, though the season is lamentably backward, and the various products of the year are certain to be more or less sufferers in consequence, our friends along the hillsides and down across the meadow-lands, do hardly the less enjoy the dear delights of their fields and woods, growing healthy of heart every day with their pastoral occupations, and making us wish more and more, every year, that we were with them and of them, thoughtful and at ease in their uninterrupted solitudes. In these times, the country is peculiarly attractive and beautiful; perhaps more so, because the contrast with war and violence so forces itself upon the attention.

Let no sentiment of a warlike nature tend to ex-

pel that of Nature, which sleeps in every healthy human heart. In fact, let no sentiment whatever interfere with that of love for country, delights and country solitudes. That is one of the best and most enduring tokens of happiness at the core of the being. The freshness of the woods, the sweet influences of grass and dews, the scents of earth and sod, all enter in so insensibly into the nature of him to whom they are presented, and he becomes, he knows not why, a renewed person. We ask all who are thus naturally inclined, to indulge all their old love for these things to a greater extent than ever. We beg them to omit nothing from the list of their customary enjoyments, but rather to indulge to a greater extent than ever. For this is to be one of the most potent influences in keeping souls sweet and whole, in times when excitement is liable to boget confusion of sight, and to induce a fogginess of the serious calm in which alone all expansion is born.

Ha! Ha!  
We had to laugh, and "most comendably," too, the other day, on receiving a number of the BANNER returned from Virginia (we won't mention the town), from a liberal friend, perhaps a little excited, who has been taking the BANNER for some time, but does not seem to have read it to much practical profit. On the first page of the paper was endorsed the following foaming paragraph, and our friend ought to have considered that he was violating our post office laws in smuggling written matter in this style through the mails:—

"Refused, in disdain. Why don't you come to help put down the great Rebellion—to force a government of oppression on an unwilling people? Let us alone, is all we ask! We are not going after you. We can do without you, in all respects. If you choose to come to meddle with us, you will find out what sort of stuff Southerners are made of, to your sorrow! Our motto: 'Victory or Death.'"

Now we have been thoughtfully casting about, wondering what we could say to our Virginia friend, who thinks he feels such disdain for us, and with our heart filled with love and good-will to him, all the while; and during the cogitation, a reply came to our attention in a most unexpected manner, and in the following side-splitting lines, which were first produced in a Hartford contemporary. We beg our friend to get them by heart, and, after extracting all the juice out of their meaning that he can, to sit down in a more composed mood and write us again:—

"ALL WE ASK IS TO BE LET ALONE."  
As Venice I walked by a dismal swamp,  
There sat an Old Cove in the dark and damp,  
And at everybody as passed that road,  
A stick or a stone this Old Cove throwed.  
And whenever he flung his stick or his stone,  
He'd set up a song of "Let me alone."

"Let me alone, for I loves to shy  
These bits of things at the passers by—  
Let me alone, for I've got your tin  
And lots of other traps snugly in—  
Let me alone, I'm riggin' a boat  
To grab whatever you've got afloat—  
In a week or so I expect to come  
And turn you out of your 'ouse and 'ome—  
I'm a quiet Old Cove, say he, with a groan:  
"All I axes is—Let me alone."

Just then came along, on the self same way,  
Another Old Cove, and began for to say:  
"Let you alone! That's comin' it strong!"  
You've been let alone a darned sight too long.  
Of all the sarce that ever I heard!  
Put down that stick! (You may well look skeered.)  
Let go that stone! If you once show fight,  
I'll knock you higher than any kite.  
You must have a lesson to stop your tricks,  
And cure you of shying them stones and sticks.  
And I'll have my hardware back and my cash,  
And knock your scow into round man's ash!  
And if ever I catches you 'round my ranch,  
I'll string you up to the nearest branch.  
The best you can do is to go to bed.  
And keep a decent tongue in your head;  
For I reckon before you and I are done,  
You'll wish you had let honest folks alone."

The Old Cove stopped, and the t'other Old Cove  
He got quite still in his cypress grove,  
And he looked at his stick, revolv'n' slow  
Vether 't were safe to shy it or no—  
And he grumbled on, in an injured tone,  
All that I axes vos—Let me alone.

## What is Education?

We remember to have read an excellent article in the editorial department of Harper's Monthly, on this topic, nearly ten years ago, to which we have recently reverted with so much pleasure that we are tempted to extract a few paragraphs for the sake of our appreciative readers. The writer makes this general answer to the question—"What is education?"

"It is everywhere the spirit's health, as a good person, as something even higher, and better, and therefore more desirable than happiness, or pleasing sensations—as, in fact, a true end in itself, irrespective of anything else to which it may contribute any incidental aid or utility. . . . Its intrinsic beauty is the source of its utility; its dignity, of its value; its glory, of its strength."

When we have settled what this health of the soul is, both intellectually and morally, then whatever contributes to such an end is education. Whatever tends to some other end is not education. In any other use of the term, we not only burst the bounds of any practicable definition, but are stopped from denying the claims of any other profession, trade, or business, to a like conclusion.

"The true idea, then, of education is catholic, in distinction from what is partial in human pursuit. It is that which pertains to man, as man, in distinction from what belongs to him as a farmer, a mechanic, a lawyer, an engineer, or a merchant. It embraces not the trades, the businesses, but the humanities. Let the word be properly qualified, and there is then no serious objection to applying it in this partial and sectional way. We may thus have mercantile education, mechanical education, professional education. To prevent confusion, some other word would doubtless be better here, such as training, or apprenticeship; but when we speak of education in general, and of the schools in which it is to be attained, the catholic idea must be preserved, or all ideas are lost, and we are declaiming on a matter to which there are no possible bounds, except such as are imposed by each man's arbitrary conception."

## On the Reformatory.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, is announced to speak in New Bedford, Sunday, June 10th. Few men in the field of Spiritual reform have had a wider and more varied experience in all the phases of the phenomena; and, although he does not claim to be a polished orator, he never fails to interest an audience.

Prince Alfred arrived at St. John, N. B., May 30. He will immediately proceed to Quebec.



## Louis Napoleon.

Noman for the last dozen years has been a greater marvel and mystery in the eyes of the world, than the ruling Emperor of the French, the Third Napoleon. It has seemed as if he has been the instrument in the hands of the higher powers for the working out of results none could have dreamed of from the beginning. American censors have taken upon themselves to call him "Napoleon the Counterfeit," but he has already shown the glint of a metal in his composition, such as the great Napoleon would have been more successful, at least, in the possessing.

It is a fact, more or less widely known, that Louis Napoleon has been ever since its advent in France, deeply interested in the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. Frequent sittings are held, at the Tuilleries and Eugénie has herself become developed as a medium.

But we were led to making these remarks by the following extract from a work lately published in England, entitled "The Early Life of Louis Napoleon," written by an English lady, in relation to a prophecy given to Queen Hortense, in 1834, or 1835:

"One day, when she was residing at Arenberg, the conversation turned on mesmerism, on those prodigies of divination before which human reason recoils in affright and astonishment, although their authenticity is, in some cases at least, undoubted. The Queen was anxious to put it to the test—to see if any hand possessed the power of raising before her that mysterious curtain that veils the future from our eyes.

Dr. Bailly, who happened that day to be on a visit to the chateau, chose for his subject a negress, named Malvina, who was in the service of the illustrious exile. He mesmerized her, and placed her in communication with the Queen, who demanded if she could see her son—the Prince being that day at the camp of Thion.

On receiving a reply in the affirmative, she next inquired what he was then doing and about to do. "I see him," replied Malvina, "surrounded by soldiers, who crowd round him, shouting and brandishing their sabres."

"Is he in Switzerland?"  
"No, but the people speak German."  
"What more do you see?"  
"Alas! all is over—he is taken prisoner."  
"And whether are they conducting him?"  
"To America."

"Shall I follow him there?"  
"No; illness will prevent you doing so."  
"And what then—can you see nothing more?"  
"Heaven! what do I behold? suddenly resumed Malvina, as though dazzled by a vivid burst of light; 'he is here all-powerful; the sovereign of a great nation!'"

"Of what nation?" exclaimed the Queen. "Of the French?"  
"Yes," replied Malvina; "he is in France."  
The negress was not mistaken in her first prediction. Two months afterwards the Prince went to Strasbourg, was there taken prisoner and sent to America, whither the Queen, having been taken ill, was unable to accompany him. As to the second prophecy, our readers can judge for themselves how far it has been accomplished.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

An able and eloquent discourse, by L. Judd Pardee, delivered in Boston, May 26th, phonographically reported for the BANNER, may be found on our eighth page. Subject: "UNITY WITH GOD, INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL."

We shall publish next week a discourse recently delivered in New York by Rev. T. L. Harris, on "Self Love."

A letter from Bro. Wash. A. Danskin, of Baltimore, will appear next week.

H. P. Fairfield may be addressed at Elkhart, Indiana. He will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. He will attend to the sick. Mr. F. will also act as Agent for the BANNER.

People are getting justly disgusted with the daily newspaper war news. The sales of these papers are falling off in the country rapidly, in consequence. Whenever we receive authentic information of "passing events," which we deem of sufficient importance to lay before our readers, we shall give it—not otherwise.

War changes men's opinions, inquiring brother. This is all we have to say.

The Lewiston, Me., Journal, asks what is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies, one faces the powder, and the other powders the face.

"COMING ON THE SOLE," a pretty little sentimental gem—words by Wm. M. Robinson, music by P. Cameron—is having quite a run. Published by Russell & Tolman, 236 Washington street, Boston.

It is said that the ladies of Troy have invented a new feature in their fair. A parcel of handsome girls set themselves up and allow the "fellows" to kiss them for twelve and a half cents a kiss. One girl made \$62 in one evening. One man took \$11 worth. Digby thinks the Troy girls must have been in a "puck" to make money.

Spiritualism is a gospel of positive facts, positive philosophy, positive reform, positive religion; and it is the business of its believers, mediums, advocates and editors, to recognize some positive, uncompromising ground. That ground covers the whole of human needs. It is our mission, as mediums of the angel world, to occupy an elevated standpoint from which we can reach the minds and hearts of all without excluding the least of mortals, or repelling a single soul seen as sacred in the sight of God and Heaven.—*Spiritual Courier.*

A well known citizen of Haverhill, A. G. Towle, says the Essex County Democrat, committed suicide there, May 21st, by cutting his throat with a razor, owing to pecuniary embarrassments. He was about forty-five years of age, and leaves a wife and seventeen children. Wonder they did not say Spiritualism was the cause. Perhaps they left that for the Newburyport Herald to do.

How to cure Drowsy—Take a lemon, chop it fine, mix with sugar, and eat one the first day, two the second, three the third, and so on, increasing one daily, for seven days. Then reverse the rule, taking one less every day. This may be considered a hard dose; but we are authorized to state that it has proved a successful remedy in a very severe case.

On Wednesday afternoon Michael McCorty of Gloucester, while passing to Boston, went to the platform of the car, and being somewhat intoxicated, fell across the rail at the opposite track in North Chelsea, his head laying directly on the rail. The down train was approaching at the time, and notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of the engineer, his head was severed from his body. The deceased was a laboring Irishman, thirty-five years of age, and has left a wife and two children in Gloucester.

A thousand members of the Masonic Fraternity of Ohio and Kentucky called on their brother, the hero of Fort Sumter, at Cincinnati, the other day. In response to an address by Judge Handley, Col. Anderson made the statement that, during the whole time of his confinement by the siege of Sumter, he was never once recognized by a single one of the Southern masons. The fact, says the Cincinnati Gazette,

is a striking comment upon the bitterness which Southerners have been infusing into this contest, as well as upon the extraordinary kind feeling they constantly professed to entertain for the gallant officer whom they had shut up in the beleaguered fort.

SUNSET AND MOONRISE TOGETHER.—Buchanan Reed, in a poem describing a poet's "Memory of a Night-fall," has given us one of the most exquisite similes we have ever seen:

I saw in the silent afternoon  
The overladen sun go down:  
While, in the opposing sky, the moon,  
Between the steeples of the town,  
Went upward, like a golden scale  
Outweighed by that which sank beyond.

Write not while anger lasts. A stroke of the pen is often more fatal than a stab with a dagger.

Mr. Pierce, bearer of despatches from Fortress Monroe, from General Butler to Governor Andrew, is of opinion that Government has decided to declare fugitive slaves contraband of war.

A brilliant young gentleman remarked to a lady with whom he was bowling, "I think, miss, that you would make a capital baker." "Indeed, sir, why?" "Because you make such excellent rolls."

No only is impious who conforms to the worship of gods feigned by the crafty priests, and imposed on the vulgar.

North Carolina formally seceded from the Union on Tuesday, May 29th. She will be forced informally to secede from secession, ere long, we opine.

The Post, in an article on the war, says: "The Crisis of the Union approaches with rapid strides. On the result of the next six weeks hang destinies not recently crowded into so short a space. The locality of the strife has been narrowed to the soil of Virginia and to some five or six districts of that State. The result will either drive the Rebel army back into the Cotton States, and necessitate their abdication of usurped power or their utter extermination, else it will put them into possession of Washington and all the insignia of the American Government."

The Louisiana sugar crop is reported as promising a large yield, the latter being estimated at 400,000 hogsheads.

Rice paper can be had in Water street.

It has well been said, that many a man has missed being a great man, by splitting into two middling ones. Concentrate your energies, if you would make a figure in the world.

The nose of a mob is its imagination. By this, at any time, it can be quietly led.

A "Southern Mississippiian," writing to Prentiss, of the Louisville Journal, says: "I see you are trying to keep out of the sick. It is said there is a place between Heaven and Hell called paradise. The Union is Heaven. If you keep out of the sick you will be in Paradise—we are in Hell."

We like the New Orleans Mirror. It is a capital paper. Hope you'll get back into the Union, brother, by-and-by.

Capt. Ingle, from Fortress Monroe, reports Sewall's Point almost impregnable. It is occupied by 4000 rebels, strongly entrenched. Gen Butler's plan is to surround and cut off their supplies, thus forcing them to surrender.

Nor ALL DEAD YET.—Jeff. Davis has had the credit of being rather smart, but he is evidently unable to comprehend the strength of the Federal Government, or he would know enough to Come In when It Relines!—*Vanity Fair.*

"Sir," said an irascible man to his opponent, "sir, I believe you are either a Deist or an Atheist."

"Wrong, sir," was the rejoinder, "I am a Dentist."

Digby inquired of Brad, yesterday, if he could tell him the cause of the famine in a certain part of India?

"No!" was the abrupt reply.

"Because," said Dg., "the English have Sainde," (sinned).

Digby was thereupon sentenced to help Mrs. Partridge's "Ike" finish "them" peanuts he has been munching so long, according to the Gazette.

LT. ABBOTT has been drummed out of Fort Warren to a very unpopular tune, for expressing himself rather too freely against the policy of the General Government. Served him right.

Spies are always despised, however necessary they may be in time of war.

VIEWS OF A LEADING SECESSIONIST.—Governor Ploken, of South Carolina, in a letter to a gentleman in New York, holds the following language: "I trust that a merciful Providence will yet guide and direct us in all the paths of wisdom and patriotism, so as to bring order out of confusion, and yet bless a people who have been spoiled by prosperity, and corrupted by pride and luxury." Amen.

A bachelor editor, who had a pretty sister, recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate. Please exchange. Two good notices under the marriage head were the result.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—"Beauty draws us by a single hair," says the poet.

It will be seen by the following letter from Col. Ellsworth to his parents the night previous to his death, that he had a premonition that something disastrous was to happen to him:

"CAMP LINCOLN, WASHINGTON, D. C., May 29, 1861."

My Dear Father and Mother:—The regiment is ordered across the river to night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force has arrived there as I am. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the conclusion that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty, and am to night thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past. I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who notheth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me.

My darling and ever-loving parents, good-by. God bless and protect and care for you. ELMER.

Dr. Howe suggests that the Massachusetts regiments should be furnished at all times with men instead of women, to do the washing, because men can accompany the regiments upon campaigns, and because they can fight as well as wash.

A BRAVE VIRGINIAN.—In Warwick county, Virginia, so far as is known, but one vote was thrown in favor of the Union, and that vote was cast by a poor farmer, who exhibited his patriotism at this important crisis at the hazard of his life. At Hampton but two votes were cast against secession.

COMPANIES ORGANIZED IN MASSACHUSETTS FOR THE WAR.—The number of companies organized in this State since the 6th of April is 161, and the number of men enrolled in them is probably about 14,000. The number of men enrolled in companies previously organized is not far from 60,000 more. This makes the number of Massachusetts men in service, or ready to go into service, about 74,000. Several thousand more belong to home guards, and drill companies. Fifty of the new companies were organized in Boston.

## Notices to Correspondents.

J. L. BROWNE.—We never preserve rejected manuscripts. We have no notified correspondents respectively. We regret that the writer of the lines in question should feel offended at our notice. We have no desire to wound the feelings of any one—much less a woman. Had we printed her production, she would doubtless have had more cause of regret, as others are critics as well as editors.

"W." LEONISTER, MASS.—See Herald of Progress of May, 25th, (vol. 2, No. 14), under the head of "Whisperings to Correspondents."

Reported for the Banner of Light.  
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,  
TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 28, 1861.

SUNSET.—What effect has the premature death of the body upon the soul, or spirit?

J. WETHERS, JR., Chairman.

DR. CHILD.—The moment that we begin to live, we begin to die. The run of every man's life through matter is strewn with a series of involuntary suicides. Neither this that we call life, or that which we call death, are attributes of real life; for they pass away, and life continues. What we call life and death are only surges on a water that ever holds its own level. We thought that anguished passions were life, and their cessation death; but we find that these are only the phenomena of life. So what we thought life was, is only an effect—a perishing product; and it is the fulfilling of this product that we call death. All when we recognize them, are detachments already falling from real life. Could we see life, we should see a reality; but life's effects are what we see and recognize as being life; the effects of real life after a time cease to bear evidence of life; this cessation is called death. Death is a phenomenon of life. And what we call life is only a phenomenon of life—of soul. All that we know of life is but an evidence that comes of its productions, which evidence is no criterion of the real, yet unknown thing itself. The phenomena of life perish, but not life itself. And it is these perishing products that sensuous perception calls life, and hence arises the claim that life can die. To life there is no death. What philosophy calls life and death, are only its productions, which can have no influence upon the real, invisible thing, the soul, the spirit, the immortality of existence, which is a thousand times more durable than steel, a million times brighter than diamond; it wings its flight even through tornados, thunderbolts and chains of lightning, untouched, uninfluenced. Halts not around men's necks, bayonets run through men's hearts, poison turned down men's throats, pestilence, war and famine, and all the man-killing influences of the earth, being only phenomena of human life, produced by real life, can have no more effect upon the indestructible soul, than pulp oratory can have upon the starry heavens. All earthly things bear to us evidence of a life that lies behind and produces them. But we have no evidence that this unseen life is in any way influenced by its productions.

Death is life at every period of human existence, from tender infancy to aged manhood. Now if death be but a product of the soul's life, and the soul be positive to its own production, (as it seems to me no one can deny) what influence has this incident, called death, upon the soul in an early period, differing from that of a later period? Not any. What effect does the going out of a candle have upon the eternal, unseen laws and elements that make it burn? Not any. These laws and elements abide; all else that belongs to the candle perishes. The visible flame, it is true, is defunct, but the producing power abides in the unseen world forever. What effect does the going out of the lamp of life have upon the eternal, indestructible soul that makes it burn? Not any. This soul abides and passes through all the attributes of matter that fall and perish, unmoved, unshaken by them. So it matters not at what period our death may come; whether it come early or late, it is the inflexible control of the soul, of which it is a phenomenon. Our volition does not control this incident, death; no, not even in suicide. Early and late are attributes of matter and its philosophies. To the soul nothing is too early, nothing is too late. Premature death is a thing of time, not of eternity.

REV. MR. TYRRELL.—I once thought I had an opinion on this subject; but the more I consider the subject the firmer I am fixed in the conclusion that there are strong arguments on either side—both as to the good and the evil effects of the premature death of the body. I am sure the premature death of the body can have no effect upon the soul in the ultimate; the only question is as to its immediate effect in progressing or impeding the soul's growth. It is a question whether we can receive as authority and put confidence in what we receive from spirit-life. We find that spirits differ as to the effect of premature death, but they all seem to agree that the physical body, the material structure of man, is a clog to the spirit. Now if this be the case, it would seem to me the sooner the spirit got rid of the body, the sooner it would rise in progression. But on the other hand, if the spirit is dependent upon the body for its unfolding and rounding out into perfection, then the spirit must suffer loss by the separation. This seems to be an important question, and one I could wish to know more of; but it is too intangible for us mortals to deal with. If the spirit of man is a spark of God's divinity, then it would seem evident that the body was a clog and impediment, and the sooner rid of it, the quicker the spirit or soul achieves its grandest estate. I believe the soul is deathless, and that the phenomena of life and death, as we call them, are only the manifestations of life to the sensuous vision. I am not so sure now as I was six weeks ago, that it is necessary for us to live out our allotted days—or till the spirit wears itself free from a mortal body. Judge Edmonds says his son, who died when of age, was capable of coming back and entering into rapport with him and sharing his joys and sorrows; while a younger child was utterly incapable of this faculty.

MR. WETHERS.—If this were a debate, instead of a Conference, I should like to touch deeply Brother Child's remarks. He is always too deep for me. He seems to handle this question too intangibly. I know nothing of the soul as he describes it, but I believe the future life is as real and tangible as this. He distances metaphysics; but it seems to me that these things that come under the head of metaphysics are as much more important than physics as can be. We cannot know what another person thinks. No one can know whether Diogenes or Alexander was the happiest man. I do not know but the fact of life is its mere phenomena; and it seems to me the question is the phenomena of premature death and its influence on the phenomena of life on the other side. No man, nor book can demonstrate eternity. We know it, instinctively, but we must live through it, to know more of it. Modern Spiritualism has taught that we grow in the next world, and gain in wisdom and perfectness. All that is precious to us is what is called phenomenal. I don't care what or where I was before I was born. The question is, what will come of us when we have crossed the river Styx, if you are a classic, or Jordan, if you are orthodox? I think death has little to do with the soul in the end; but it seems to have much to do with us as we are now. It seems to me when we were sent into the world, it was the intention that we should live to a good old age; but I should be sorry to believe the soul was put back by an early death of the body. It seems hardly just and Godlike for one having no direct agency in a result, to be held culpable and be punished for it.

DR. GARDNER.—This subject, it is remarked, is a metaphysical one; but it is hard to find a subject not metaphysical, that can be discussed. What is life? Who can tell its workings, with demonstrable certainty? We all of us labor on in the dark more or less. Much the world called knowledge is little better than guesswork, after all. I know of none who are competent to answer this question, save those who have experienced the passage of death. Though premature death may not effect the soul in the ultimate, we have had evidence that it has a palpable effect in the immediate future. It is a matter of consequence to us whether the spirit will

be harmed by a premature death-life. It would seem to impugn the goodness, justice and wisdom of the Creator, to say that no good would result from the vicissitudes of earth-life. It would seem sometimes that the spirit could have become just as well perfected without the anxious cares and afflictions of life; and as though an all-wise Being would have transferred us to a plane where we could have avoided those bitter experiences, and that bloody sweat of agony. But the invariable testimony of spirits is, that no disaster can befall a human being so great as not to be for his good; and this accords with our ideas of human destiny. If I believed as Dr. Child does, I should step through on to the other side of life as soon as possible; but I know from abundant testimony that the suicide's punishment is a terrible one. A medium in this city—good, pure and beloved—a few years ago put an end to her existence by suicide, but returned to say that she had gone into the new life before she was prepared for it, as it were, and would be impeded in her progress in consequence of her act.

MR. SPOONER.—If we acknowledge that a Supreme mind governs everything in the universe, and creates everything around us, we must acknowledge that everything taking place in the universe, takes place just at the right time; if not, we may suppose everything to be out of joint, and not know the better from the worse. As philosophers, we must accept the first hypothesis, but acknowledge we do not sometimes look far enough. Could we see both primates and ultimates at a glance, we should see everything as "right," but looking only within the narrow scope of reason, we are compelled to decide some things to be good and others bad. This is the case with the present question. But I would like to make the suggestion, that if the next stage of existence is an advanced one, why does it impede the soul's progress to go there as soon as possible? If the next sphere of life has the relation to this that barbarism has to civilization, why is it not better to live in the most elevated state of the two? My idea is, that we have a series of lives, each better than the other, and our faculties become enlarged, and our natures spiritualized as we progress. There is an advantage in living out all our days, in the cultivation of certain faculties and powers. It does me good to meet occasionally in the street, such specimens of men as Josiah Quincy and Dr. Jackson, both in the neighborhood of eighty years old and I have no doubt a long life like theirs is desirable, provided it can be in the enjoyment of health and plenty, and with unimpaired faculties, and, besides, as we all know little about what the future has in store for us.

DR. GARDNER related incidents which had come under his observation, of the disastrous effects of premature death. A citizen who was instantly shot at the recent battle at St. Louis, entered a medium in this city a few days ago, exhibiting through her the most violent passions of his nature. He was a secessionist, and was so overflowing with malignant feelings he could hardly contain himself. He was killed in full life, and could only realize he was dead by the deprivation of his body, which he demanded should be restored to him. Can any one doubt that this man's death will be a disadvantage to him, and an obstacle to his progression? I have had children come to me—my own, some of whom were stillborn—and they have told me they were obliged to come back to earth and learn the experiences of those whose plane of existence they departed from. Persons who have died by their own hand tell us the same thing, and say they would give anything to be permitted to return and occupy and use their bodies again—those bodies they so much despised. You know as much of the spirit-land as you do of the Sandwich Islands. You have never been there, but others have, and they bring you back testimony concerning them. Probably, ere many suns rise and set, the war between the government and the rebel forces will have commenced in good earnest, and thousands of spirits will be thrust into the spirit-world, heated and maddened with the excitement of war. Death is an imaginary line over which we step, and are the same beings still, only having changed the outer garments.

MR. DIX.—In speaking of premature death, I suppose we mean premature birth into the spirit-world. Our lives are set at three-score and ten years in length, and if we die before that time, it is prematurely. But many individuals having lived all these years, may in one sense pass away prematurely—that is, less prepared than many individuals who have lived only half that number of years. The correct meaning of the term premature, I should think, to be before one has fully prepared himself for the change; he is premature whenever he gets there. The school-child advances through one class of study up to another. A child may be placed in a high class, but he will never be fitted to stay in that class till he has learned all the lessons of the class before him. He can attain a thorough education in time, but he must begin with the A, B, C, and the A's, before he goes to college. It would be foolish to thrust him at once from the primary school into the college. So it is with us. It is necessary we should prepare ourselves in the primary school of life, and we cannot skip any of life's lessons, without having to go back and learn them.

MR. TYRRELL.—From the Doctor's remarks, I infer he takes the position that the soul is disengaged from the body, and as a matter of course, the soul cannot gain a knowledge of earth-life, except through the human organism, which knowledge it will be impossible to progress without. But if the soul is separate and distinct from the body, and was a prepared conscious thing before it entered the body, it cannot possess any very delicate affinity for it; but if the spirit is created with the growth of the body, this hypothesis may be rational. I believe the body of man is the ultimate of matter, and it is owing to its discordant condition that the soul cannot exist in it any longer, and the separation takes place; and common sense tells him it is better to live without a body, than with a body rendered of no use to him by disease or discord.

MR. WETHERS.—The spirit must have a form in the spirit-world, and that form must be made of matter. Most people prefer to live in this world, than go to another which they comparatively know not of; and they do not know how hard they will struggle to retain existence when in danger, though they affect to despise it, and court death. But in spite of this, I have no doubt it would have been better for Nero and for Benedict Arnold, if they had both died in infancy, instead of making their names infamous in history, and their souls black with crime. The money-getting man goes into the spirit-world with just the same narrow spirit he had here, and cannot come into rapport with noble minds, but must plaster himself down among his affinities. Had he not better have died before his soul became so seared and shriveled? This is, after all, a pretty even question. And, further, we can take into account the testimony of spirits, who, though they regret their premature departure, do not one of them desire to come back to earthly existence again.

DR. GARDNER explained his position to be, that the spirit must embrace the experiences of the lower lives before he can enter into the higher.

The question will be continued another week.

## Meeting of Friends of Progress.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Indiana Friends of Progress will be held at Cottage Grove, Union Co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 15th and 16th of June, 1861. It will be a Grove Meeting, if the weather is suitable—if not, it will be held in the Free Hall. Speakers and others who may be passing this way, are cordially invited to attend. We propose to have a good time.

JNO. SWAIN,  
SECRETARY.  
ALEX. COOK,  
VALMONTIE NICHOLSON,  
WILSON D. SCHOOLEY,  
Committee.  
For particulars, address OWEN THOMAS, Corresponding Secretary, Richmond, Ind. May 18.

## Harmonical Celebration.

The Fourth Annual Celebration of the Harmonicalists of Grand River Valley, will be held at Laphamville, Kent Co., Mich., on Thursday, July 4th, 1861. Mrs. M. J. Kuitz, and other local speakers, will be in attendance, and all speakers who can make it convenient, to do so, are cordially invited to meet with us, and take part in the proceedings.

Speaking will commence at 10 o'clock A. M., and the exercises of the day will be concluded by a Social Party at Pickett's Hall, in the evening.  
JAMES DOCKERTY, Sec. Com. Arr.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, DORSET.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and at 7 1/2 P. M. J. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Circle meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the BANNER.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"What effect does the premature death of the body exert upon the soul or spirit in the world of spirits?"

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

CHANDLERSTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening.

NEW BEDFORD.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. H. H. Burr, June 2nd and 9th; Miss E. DeForce, June 16th, 23rd and 30th; Mrs. F. O. Hizer during August; Mrs. Macomber, during October; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in Wells' Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss L. Eaton in June; H. P. Ambler in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chas. three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

GLoucester.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday, at the Town Hall.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. Davis, June 2nd and 9th; Dr. H. E. Gardner, June 16th; Dr. A. B. Child, June 23rd; Rev. E. W. Johnson, June 30th; J. B. Kuitz, July 7th; A. H. Hizer, July 14th; J. B. Loveland, Aug. 4th and 11th; Miss DeForce, Aug. 18th; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 25th and Sept. 1st; Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 15th; Miss Della Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22nd. Warren Chas. during January.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1/2 and 5 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fanny Davis, June 10th; Mrs. A. J. Kenney, June 30th.

LEONISTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leonister hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 1 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.

PUNNAM, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows:—Miss L. E. A. DeForce, Aug.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. Townsend, first Sunday in June; Mrs. M. Macomber last four Sundays in June; Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForce during October; Warren Chas. during November; G. B. Stebbins, during January.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. F. O. Hizer in June; Laura E. DeForce in July; Mattie F. Hallett in Aug.; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two, and Mrs. M. M. Macomber the last two for each Sabbath of Oct.; Col. Scougal in Nov.; Leo. Miller in Dec.

COLUMBUS, PA.—The Spiritualists of this place hold meetings the first Sunday in each month in their church.

## Meeting Postponed.

The undersigned are authorized by the Harmonical Association of this place, and also by the friends of reform in this vicinity, to state that the Annual Jubilee Meeting advertised to be held in this village in July next, will be indefinitely postponed.

The reasons for this postponement are, chiefly, the intense war excitement which is unavoidably absorbing the leisure time and spare money of the whole community, and also the stringency in financial affairs, which render it impossible to carry forward such a meeting with any degree of success.

We would not have been restrained that there is any great dearth in Spiritualism through this vicinity, or that the friends of reform are anywise lukewarm in well-doing, for such is not the case.

We are holding meetings regularly every Sabbath; have an interesting juvenile class organized, which is receiving proper instructions, unbiased by sectarian prejudice; and are doing what our feeble means will admit of for the promotion of human progress, the elevation of mankind, and the advancement of general reform.

H. B. VINGENT,  
S. G. ANTIDALE,  
Chapin Falls, Ohio, May 27th, 1861.

## Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Bradford will hold a Grove Meeting at Bradford Corner, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 20th and 27th. A general invitation extended to all. Mrs. A. M. Spence and other speakers, have been engaged to address the meeting.

Bradford, Me., May 25th, 1861.

Anniversary at Middle Granville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville and vicinity will hold their Anniversary at their Free Hall, on Saturday and Sunday, June 16th and 16th. Speakers and friends are cordially invited to attend. Arrangements have been made with a first class hotel for board and lodging, at 10 cents per day. Trains arrive from Rutland at 6:45 A. M., and 4:15 P. M. from the South.

G. H. BULL, Committee.  
G



## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner* we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Coover, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than *spirit* beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it.

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

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from any one they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Friday, May 17.—The Wages of Sin; Polly Spinney; Daniel Coover; James Quinn.  
Saturday, May 18.—The Past; Ab. Thompson; Isabel Banks; John Norton.  
Sunday, May 19.—God; John, a slave; Surtess Sawtelle.  
Friday, May 24.—Destiny; Sarah Jane Burrows; William Fletcher; Ichabod Price.  
Saturday, May 25.—War; John Elkins; Ellen Murphy; Michael Flinders.  
Sunday, May 28.—Invocation; Sylvanus Thompson, St. Louis; Catherine Elderley; E. K. Avery; Johnny Sullivan.

### Our Circles.

We commenced regular sittings on Wednesday, May 8th. Admittance ten cents. Free tickets for those who are unable to pay will be given.

### Love of Money.

If the love of money, or that which will purchase the pleasures of earth, is indeed evil, it is not time, high time, to slay the cause of human woe?

Much has been done to do away with the effect of the cause, but nothing to stop the growth of the evil. It has been said this is the root of all evil, and for one conceive it to be a mighty truth. What will not the love of money bring men to? What crimes will it not tempt man and woman to commit? Money brings to you the tinsel of earth; you may own every one of them. I did, and I judge you from my own experience. Inasmuch as money will buy those things nothing else will, you spare no pains to get it. Your arm is outstretched to grasp it, and you forget almost everything else in your eagerness for gold and silver.

Is it not true something was done to stop the growth of this evil—this basis from which every human woe springs? Surely you ought to think of the cause, and not upon it, but you have never done it; and because you have not, millions of souls are wandering in spirit-life, with no place to call their own. The woe, the death, has not ceased with the mortal, but has entered the spirit-sphere, and become the spirit's life here. It has become a more than death of the human. Oh, blessed are they who have no part in the second death.

Men seek for money, because it gives them position in life. Man may have the intellect of a Webster, and if he has not money to back it up, it is good for nothing. Intellect can never take a high stand with you without money. When the world sees you have no purse, it looks upon all your undertakings with fear of failure.

If it be true that something should be done to stay the evil, what shall you do? You should do all you are able, to stay the unequal flow of money. You should make laws to stay the thing. When a man and woman have enough to use well through the journey of life, then the law should step in and place a barrier between them and more gold. But you have never thought of this; you know nothing of it. Men and women look too much at effect. They do not go beyond and see the cause. Although one tells you that money is the root of all evil, you do not take a step to crush it out.

If it were not for the inordinate love of money the North and the South would not be at war to-day. The South tries to stand as high as you stand. She tries to have as large a golden altar as you have—as large a golden calf of worship; and because she has it not, she goes to war with you.

If the human tears wrong from the hearts of your widows and orphans could be presented to you to-day, with the cause for which they came, you would stay the evil; but, oh, the tears come one by one, and you see not the cause.

A wife's broken heart and children's tears are before me constantly. I say a wife's broken heart—her crushed and bleeding spirit is before me constantly. What is the cause? Money—a desire to possess it, that I might hold my position in life, that the world might not distrust me.

A very fine doctrine has grown up among you to-day, from those who can find rest beneath its folds, but not for those who cannot see it. This doctrine is, that whatever is, is right. It is right that one man holds his millions of wealth, and another his crust of bread—it is right you have your widows and your orphans—all right, say the believers. Some can rest in this doctrine, but I cannot. All wrongs will be made right; but while they wear the robes of evil, I cannot see those robes as beautiful. Though the end of all things may be what Jehovah designed it to be, yet I cannot conceive of your right to lengthen out the chain of human misery, when it might be short. It is well that some can rest in peace under that doctrine. They might not find rest anywhere else; and I, for one, am disposed to let poor humanity rest where she can.

The Christian church has always told us we should worship God continually; that we should not make unto ourselves any graven image. But the Christian church has never taken any care to crush out the evil which dwells within her, but on the contrary, she has encouraged it. She has watered it from the wine of her communion; she has sanctified it by the robes of her priesthood; she has welcomed it in all her temples. Then is Christianity right? If she is not right, you protect the world. What she sanctions and protects, is protected indeed. But does she protect her poor? Let but one of your poor church people make a public profession of spiritual belief, and the church ejects him. But let a rich member avow such belief, and the church does not eject him. She worships in this case the only God she ever worshipped, the golden calf. She says, We will keep him as long as we can; we will keep it secret. But if the wheel of fortune should turn, and he become poor, how quickly would he be cast from them!

Oh, the power of gold! You have never realized it as your God—the root of all evil.

Oh, yes, the broken heart of my wife and the tears of my children are before me whenever I return to earth. Would this have been so, if my love for gold and silver had not been my reigning passion while here? Oh, no; I should have been willing to have stood upon my natural gifts, instead of standing upon artificial gifts. And so would the mass who are with you. You had better see to this thing before many more souls pass from earth as I passed out. If you have the highest seat in the kingdom of heaven, you will do it. For, believe me, the kingdom of heaven is not paved with gold. It forms no part of heaven with us. It can only serve you in this poor world, and it curses and damns you in the other.

So stay the unequal flow, and if you see one having enough for himself, you should do all you can to stay the flow to that channel. In years to come the man will thank you. But if you assist him to gain more, the time will come when he will curse you, and, believe me, he will have just reason so to do.

May 14.

Caroline Everett.

It is a terrible thing to be a slave to any particular besetting sin. None can realize how terrible a thing it is, unless they are tried in the same fiery furnace. It is only about three months since I became conscious that I lived as a spirit, though I have been informed that I have dwelt in the spirit-world nearly three years. The cause of this state of unconsciousness was intoxicating liquor. I drowned out my soul's highest faculties by the wine-cup. There was a time when I struggled, very hard, too, with the terrible besetting sin, but I was unable to

free myself from it; and it was only by using a variety of means that my family were not dragged to my condition. The world never knew that I was what I was; and when the words were spoken over my poor body, and my own dear mother told me that she felt the full force of their untruthfulness, oh, it was well that I slumbered, for I was spared that much of sorrow.

If the world could know what effect the habit of drinking has upon the spirit, they would throw a stronger guard around themselves. It seems to me, there might be some way devised by which these poor slaves may gain their freedom, before they go to another world.

I am unhappy. I would not come back to tell my friends that I was happy. I suffered intensely. The laws of my physical form were transgressed every day and hour. I knew the terrible effect the sin had upon my spirit, and I should have struggled hard to overcome it. Oh, how few know what an effect it has upon the spirit! There have been none coming back from the shadowy land to tell them how dark is the stain it leaves.

I have a pardon to ask of my family. I did not do my duty by them. I feel it now. I lived a mere cipher in their midst, as far as consciousness was concerned. They were obliged to exercise care and caution with me, and I thank them for it. I wish it were possible for me to speak with them—to break down the barriers of society; but I fear I have not the power. Yet I come, thinking I may be able to benefit the poor slaves of drink. I did not resort to the wine-cup to drown my sorrows. I had all that wealth could bestow; but there seemed to be something in my nature which continually called for drink. Had I understood myself, I should never have caused so much sorrow to my family.

Perhaps I may heal the wound I caused. But if it has already healed by reason of forgetfulness, it will be better that I return and open the wound, that nature may heal it in her own way.

The last words I spoke to my dear, beloved earthly companion, were these. I give them here, for they were only spoken to him and the recording angel. I said:

"My husband, can you forgive me? Will you shed as much as one tear over my grave? You who know how much trouble I have caused you, can you overlook it?"

His reply was, "Caroline, I have nothing to forgive. I pity you. Receive my blessing, as you always had it."

After thanking him for having kept the knowledge of this from the great world, he said:

"Caroline, banish all this from your thoughts. Think only of your present and the future. Let the past alone. You have gone through with it; henceforth you have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, I have not done with it. It is inseparably connected with my future, and I must ask his pardon for it. I do call it up, and ask him before the world to receive me as a spirit."

I shall only give my name. I feel it would not be right to call up more recollections.

May 14.

Caroline Everett.

### Susan Waverley.

A good deal I'll come back and confess my weak points! The world has no right to know of them.

The devil of it is, I cannot stay from earth. I never had a chance to come but once, and that was through a medium, who is with us now. Mrs. Porter—Fanny, we used to call her.

Were you ever down Chamber street? Did you ever go into 69? I died under the name of Susan Waverley. Now wouldn't you like to know my real name? Well, I've got somebody I do not want to run against. But you just say that I would like to come to some of the folks in the house at the time I died. The woman's name was Brooks I boarded with. I went down to Fan's, once—that medium—and a friend went with me. I told her that I would tell her some things, if she would go again, but the medium died, and I could not do it. Now I have got another picked out, and I want my friend to go to her. Her name is Fanny. She is known to them. My friend's name is Frances. That is her right name—honest true—her first name.

My gracious, if this do not put me in mind of a time about six or seven years ago. I was in a place, once, where they asked me a good many questions, and because I did not answer them as they wanted, they shut me up.

The year I saw lost here was 1859. It was in the winter. What month it was I can't tell, for I had too much else to do. If I can get a chance to go back and talk as I had to here when that medium was alive, it will be all I want.

I lived in Boston about eight or nine years ago, with a woman by the name of Saville.

May 14.

Charles W. Burgess.

Mary, your presence inspires me with new hope. I am not asleep, but wide awake, and only wanting in power to control, that I may give all my friends demand.

May 14.

Charles Todd.

My friend Brown thinks I am a *laid*. Please tell him the contrary.

May 14.

Stephen Gerald.

Let me rest in peace, and do not call for me again.

May 14.

Invocation.

Oh our Father, while the earth is putting on her most glorious robes in white to offer her richest praise to thee, we will clothe ourselves in the garments of humility, and bow before thee in humility, also. Though the mental horizon seems heavy and dull, yet beyond the clouds we are permitted to see thy smiling face. Beyond all the darkness, thou hast given us to look—beyond the present, and there to see thee reigning in thy love.

Our Father, while the nations are stricken in thy power, while earth and her sons seem to be groaning in the majesty of thy wisdom, may they be permitted to see thee as thou art.

Our Father, thou hast given us to see that by wisdom we are to be saved, to enjoy all the reality of life. And oh, our Father, we thank thee that this wisdom is growing strong, like the mighty forest tree, spreading out its branches to shield and protect us, and give us that strength that can alone come from thy wisdom.

Oh, our Father, we thank thee for the gift of life, and though it may be dark at times, and shadows may flit across the heavens, yet we thank thee for it, for what better gift canst thou bestow upon us? And while life is ours, which will be throughout eternity, we will not forget that thou art our Father, who doeth all things well.

May 15.

Robert Morrison.

I'm here, but I hardly know how I got here. It is harder to do what you have to do after you lose your body than before.

I was born in Philadelphia the 6th day of March, 1833. I am the son of Robert and Elizabeth Morrison. My mother was a native of Massachusetts, my father of Philadelphia. I have living a brother, and three sisters dead. I have two brothers who died before I came to life. This is new to me. I have no experience in holding bodies in this way. I knew something of the spiritual doctrine, but had no practical knowledge. I read considerably on the subject, but never sat with a medium.

I have a father near eighty years of age, living in Norfolk, Va. There's where I last hailed from. I know I am among enemies, but I can't help it. I suppose you of the North are all enemies to us. I died fighting against you, and you ought to be. I was at Fort Moultrie, and at the second shot from Sumter, I was wounded slightly, and at the fourth shot was killed outright, with seventeen others, as I have been informed. My father and the rest of my folks have no knowledge of my death.

I am not sorry I went, for I then believed I was doing right. I do not feel so now; but as I did what I thought was right at the time, so I am not sorry. If I had gone against my own judgment, I should have been sorry. There was such an immense crowd at Moultrie, it was impossible to work

May 15.

Elkanah Priest.

I am almost sorry God did not bestow two earthly lives upon me. It is a very pleasant thing to be able to look on and see what is going on among people here. But it would be more pleasant to take a part in the doings of to-day. I'd like to live right here among you, and I thought I should be of service to my country in this trying hour. I used to think that a man hardly knew how to act aright until he had lived the length of his days on earth, and had to wish it was possible for me to return and live aright. I am very much afraid people take too much of the honor of what they do to themselves. It seems to me it is not just the thing, when we have a God we serve. If we achieve any victory, we ought to give God the glory.

I do not believe in a personal God, but I believe in a God embodied in the good acts of man.

I say I wish I was here in the body, that I might work in the body and glorify God; but as it has gone from me, I believe I shall try to be submissive to the will of God. I'd like to help you gain your freedom, and not only you, but those you are fighting against. I'd like to give you all wisdom. You need such wisdom as those who have lived in such political times as these can give you.

The best advice I can give you is, when you hear large stories of evil against those you are fighting against, do not get prejudiced against them, but be sure you are right first.

My name was Elkanah Priest. I used to live here pretty near this place. It is now over sixty years since I left my body, but I'm like an old man who feels that he is still a child. I am a spirit, who still feels that I have an interest in earthly affairs, and though it is over sixty years, it seems though it was hardly sixty weeks.

Now remember one thing—be sure you are right, then go ahead, and after you have once started, push ahead.

May 15.

Slavery vs. the Bible.

Consistency has been called a jewel, but very few have found out its value—very few know anything about the jewel. I came here to-day to speak a few words upon a subject very near to me, if not very dear. But I'm a plain, old fashioned man; I knew but little here, and I have not made very great progress since, so my friends will bear in mind that I am not infallible, and what I may say they will consider as coming from me only, consequently it may be imperfect.

Consistency has been called a jewel. Now I, for one, should like to see this jewel shining in the religious principles of every Christian. I should like to see it in every church in the world, in every Christian life. But I have never been able to see it—no more at home than anywhere else. Our Christian friends who live at the North, love the Bible very well—exceedingly well; so do we at the South—for I am a Southern man, or was. Perhaps I may be considered as an enemy among you, but I shall do you no harm.

Now the Bible very distinctly upholds the system of slavery. There's no dodging it. You may try as much as you will, but you cannot do it. We base all our right to hold slaves upon the Bible. You believe—that portion of you who love your Bible so well—that you would be doing something not only very wrong, to out of a portion of the Bible, but would damn yourselves. The Book says, Whoever takes from or adds to it, shall be punished eternally. I do not find anything among the teachings chronicled in the Bible but upholds slavery and sanctions it, in every way, and through every moment. From the days of Moses to the days of Paul, they each and every one countenanced slavery. Even Jesus himself countenanced slavery. When Paul wrote to the churches, he says to the servant, "Obey your master in all things, as you would the Lord your God." He might have said, "Your master is to you what your God is. He is the representative of your God." Now the Christian of the North loves Paul and his sayings well; but we of the South have marked it well, that you have been prone to step lightly over the parts which favor slavery. It is time you are silent on these points. There is not a theological teacher among you but has sealed his lips on this subject. He dare not take sides with Paul, whom he loves so well—so he holds his peace.

Now you must do one of two things to make yourselves look right in the sight of your enemy. You must either throw aside your Bible, and say you have ascertained it is good for nothing, or come right out and countenance slavery. The time has now come when the inhabitants of earth are in such close rapport with the inhabitants of spirit-life, that there is no such thing as doing or thinking without having the act or thought felt and seen. Now the things which were done in secret are proclaimed upon the house-tops. You may bury them in the very secrets of your heart; but the first you know somebody in the form, or out of it, will dig up those thoughts and proclaim them.

This is the day of resurrection. It is not only the resurrection day of the spirit, but of man's hidden thoughts. Now what are you going to do—uphold your Bible, and cease to preach upon the abolition of slavery? or will you throw away your Bible, saying, "This book will not do for me to-day?"

You must take a decided stand; and the war you are plunging into will force you to take this stand. It is not only a sectional warfare, but a religious and spiritual warfare; you are not only fighting for things on the surface, but for those which have been buried in the past.

So long as the subject of slavery is heralded forth from your pulpits, as it has been, so long your Southern brethren will distrust you—and, not only the master, but the slave. You forget that the master has taught the slave that the Bible sanctions slavery; you forget that they love their Bible, and that most of them would yield up their lives in support of their religion. Now the only way for you to do is, to uproot this foundation. The foundation of slavery is the Christian religion, and the foundation of this is the Bible.

Now you have got to throw away the Bible and fight for freedom. No man can serve two masters at the same time. You must either lay down one or the other. The time has come when you must do it. Your own intuitive perceptions have long been telling you you ought to do it—have long been pointing to a something wrong. There has not till now been a power brought to bear upon you sufficient to bring you under the law of force; but that time has now come. You cannot preach up the abolition of slavery, and at the same time hold in sacred reverence your Bible.

I am not in favor of slavery of any kind. It is an evil, a curse—the greatest one the church ever thrust upon humanity. The slave suffers most terribly; the master suffers, too. But in blue cases out of ten, the master is as incapable of throwing off his chains as is the slave.

There are two conditions of slavery. You have not looked at one. Now it is high time that you look into the condition of the master as well as the slave. I do not blame you for fighting for liberty. It is just what you should do. But I do blame you for fighting under the condition you now fight under. I do blame you for telling your hearers that they must believe every part of the Bible; that they will be damned if they do not; and at the same time preach up the abolition of slavery.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. There have been too many sides to your houses. But the time has now come when you will have none at all—when your religion will be as broad as the Universe. It has been too much cramped up. You have taken the sword in your left hand too much. There is not so much power in that as in the right, for the right is near akin to God, combining strength and wisdom.

The ignorance of the past will not serve you any longer. So, then, in God's name, which is the name of your immortality—in God's name, when you stretch forth your hand to fight for liberty, do not call on the few alone to sit under the tree of liberty.

My name was William Kent. I formerly resided in Memphis, Tenn. Friends I have there, who will be glad to hear from me. Although the message comes far from home, yet I know they will be glad to hear from me.

If I have said anything to offend the least of you, I ask your pardon. I can do no more.

May 16.

Joseph Brown.

I ha'n't got much learning. I'd just as lives not talk here, if you'll let me go out a bit.

My name used to be Joseph Brown; I lived in Boston. I picked up chips, shoveled snow, fetched in coal, and went to school. I was thirteen years old when I died. I'll be damned if I know what I died of. I did n't know then. I was took sick a good many days before I died, in Vinal place. I died in 1860, in the winter.

I've got a father here, dead. I have got one sister and two brothers here, with you. My mother is Irish, my father was English.

If you'll let me go out just a bit, I'll come back. I want to hunt up the folks.

I want my mother to go to some medium like this, so I can talk to her as I do to you. I want to talk to her, and the old man would like to talk, too, if he could. My father died coming from the East Indies here. He was cook on board the bark Charlotte, owned in New York. It was most nine years ago.

May 16.

Ann Kempton.

Oh, if you will only do what you may be able to, to assist me in coming and talking to my children, you will certainly receive my reward.

My name was Ann Kempton. Before marriage it was Colcord. I belonged in Hallowell, State of Maine. I died there six years ago, of what was supposed to have been consumption.

My children are here in Boston, two of them. They stand in need of a mother's counsel as much as they ever did. The youngest is but seventeen years of age, and the eldest in her twenty-first year. They were left to my care when very young. Their father died, and I brought them up as best I could, on the small means left me; but ill-health took all, and more than all I had, and when I died they found it hard to get along. The smaller one was taken in charge by some of her relatives, until she gets to be able to take care of herself. The elder one was able. They are strangers to the new religion. I died believing I should sleep until the morning of the resurrection; but I soon learned that that morning came when I was free from my body. I sought to instill into the minds of my children all the points of the Christian religion which were instilled in me, and I now come back to tell them that if I have not found a more beautiful religion, I have found a more natural one—one they can better comprehend.

My youngest one cannot realize the truths of the religion I believed in, and I think her mind is thus more open to receive the new religion, so I shall make the direct appeal to her. She has also that power which is at the same time a curse and a blessing to those possessing it—the power to commune with the invisible world. She cannot have lived here so long without learning something of those persons through whom spirits manifest. I want her to find one, and when she has, to give me the privilege of talking to her. Anne is her name, or Anne Elizabeth. Martha is the name of her sister.

May 16.

Charles Hobson.

You have a novel way of doing things. Very good you are to dress up in petticoats!

My name is Charles Hobson. I used to live in Boston, and I went on the other side from New York about eleven months ago. I want to go back. I have a wife; I'd like to visit her. I was thirty-four years old—a few days over it only—when I died.

I lived in New York seven years. I was in honorable trade, just as honorable as any other. I kept a prop table. So far so good, or so bad. My wife feels bad that I got shoved over here too quick. I lived too fast, drank a little too much, turned night into day too often, and mixed things up pretty extensively—and mixed things don't go. But I want to tell her to cheer up; it will do me good. I am one of that kind who never cry for what I can't help. I was in Boston once. I was in better business here, or worse, I do not know which. I was most of the time down here at the cottage. I'm pretty happy here—pretty jolly; but I'd like to go to the little woman and cheer her up a little. I've an idea if I can get a chance to talk to her, I'll fetch her up right and cheer her up. The old woman is kind of leaning to Spiritualism, but my wife is a little afraid of it. She thinks it is something bad, any way. I want her to throw that off, and go where I can talk to her, and I'll set things right.

I'm one of the kind that like excitement. I'd like to be here just now. I don't know as I'd go South, except I went on my own hook.

My wife's mother lived on Lind street. I lived with my wife on Waverly Place. Tell my little woman I'm happy. She need n't shed any more tears, thinking I'm gone to hell, because I escaped that place wonderfully well. Good-by.

May 16.

She Never Leaves Him.

Look at the career of a man as he passes through the world; that man, visited by misfortunes! How often is he left by his fellow-men to sink under the weight of his afflictions, unheeded and alone! One friend of his own sex forgets him, another abandons him, a third, perhaps, betrays him; but woman, faithful woman, follows him in his afflictions with firm affection; braves the changes of feeling, of his temper, imbibed by the disappointments of the world, with the highest of all virtue; in resigned patience ministers to his wants, even when her own are hard and pressing; she weeps with him, tear for tear, in his distresses, and is the first to catch and reflect a ray of joy, should but one light up his countenance in the midst of his sufferings; and she never leaves him in his misery while there remains one act of love, duty or compassion, to be performed. And at last, when life and sorrow end together, she follows him to the tomb with an ardor of affection which death itself cannot destroy.

An Ohio editor once attempted to describe the powerful effects of warm weather, and here is one instance: A small negro boy judiciously leaned against the sunny side of a house, and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to soften, and in three-quarters of an hour he ran all over the yard. His mother dipped him up in a wash tub.

May 16.

A Vision of Wail—1861.

In the red sun shone Wacondah, Shone the Father of the nations; In his left hand held the war bow; Many deaths were in his quiver; In his right the blazing hatchet, And the deadly spirit rifle, Over the Heaven of Indian spirits, Through the glowing mist of rainbows, Shone the Father of the nations. All as one they spoke, beholding, "Tis our Father! let us hear him! Then the warriors held their council.

Rich with swamp were their blankets; Wrought with plumes of eagle feathers Were the foreheads of the sachems. "Lo!" they sang, "behold the Aztec! In the subtle space of Nature, Where the rattlesnake and wildcat In the fire-rocks have their dwelling; See, they snuff the air of carnage. Lo! the Spaniard, fierce and lustful, Joins them with his veiled freebooters. Ha! the swarming spirit tigers Westward troop o'er ocean waters, O'er the pleasant land of Michigan, O'er the Chesapeake and Hudson, The Ohio and the Wabash; Rushing swift as comes the small-pox To the happy forest wigwams; Spouting murder from their bosoms, Like the white man's fierce fire-water."

Shone the Spirit Sun thrice glorious, Then the Chief Mahtah of Wacondah, Poured his spirit on his people: Six full days they smoked in council; Then the men of Len-Lenape, Then the hosts of the Six Nations, Sped in silence to their lodges. Coming forth they bore the war tree, And the death point on their faces, Painted deep for years of battle. They had found the new war hatchet, Very sharp and very bloody. "See!" they cried, "Wacondah gives it." Southward, down the Alleghenies, Wearing moccasins of silence, Sped the Braves upon the war path, In the subtle space of Nature.

Outward stood the Negro Seller, Dark with death were the plantations. "Slavery is made eternal!" Cried the white chief to his council. Then the Aztec and the Spaniard, Glaring through their scornful eyeballs, Hissed on their lips of venom, Echoed the dread incantation, "Slavery is made eternal!"

High in Heaven the Wacondah Answered from His house of thunder. "As the smoke that leaves the peace-pipe, As the white mist flies the meadow, Slavery shall fail and perish." Then the crooked Evil Spirit Armed the white Braves in his armies; They are his. Where streams are flowing For the fields of cane and cotton, For the rice and the tobacco, There is death abroad, Oh brothers, There the crooked Evil Spirit Coils himself in pleasant sunshine. Now the wretched Teocallis, High in air o'er doomed New Orleans, Bears the idol of the lust god. And the black man's heart before him, Palpitating on the altar, Torn from living human bosoms. There they beat the dreadful war-drum, Fashioned of the skin of serpents: There the red moon rises dreadful; In it stands a shape gigantic, Lifting naked hands imploring. He shall smite with foundations; He shall scourge with yellow fever. There the black sun shines terrific: Dark with anger is Wacondah, Anger at the white man-eater. Very crooked is the Serpent, Very cruel is his wisdom. But the fire-breath of Wacondah Pierces with the unseen arrows: He shall feel it, he shall perish.

Who will save the negro people? "Will," thundered the Wacondah, "I'll save the negro people." First the Aztec shall be scattered, Then the Spaniard fell the hatchet, And the larvae fall despairing, Then the hatchet must cleave deeper, Striking down the negro trader



dispatch. Orders solicited.



[CONCLUDED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.]

The die was cast! Leonora had been seen alone with him in his lodgings late at night, and but one interpretation would be given. Richmond looked at his companion—timid, abashed, with the blush of wounded modesty yet burning, and her heavy masses of chestnut hair escaped from the comb, falling in glossy waves below her waist, who was as innocent and sorrowful a picture as could be imagined, yet underlying all was the irrepressible delight at a future with him so loved.

"Leonora," he said, tenderly, taking her hand, and laying her shining head against his shoulder, "I will be to you father, brother, and husband, and as I deal with you in your purity and inexperience, so may God deal with me when I come to need his mercy!"

Then going to his writing-desk, he took the half-finished letter, with a low, tremulous sigh, and deliberately tore it in two.

"Thus perish my dreams!" he inwardly exclaimed; and from that moment Richmond Murray devoted himself to the sensitive and fragile being, who lived but in his presence, and, to the last of her earthly sojourn, was loth to leave this world even for heaven.

"See, Judith," said my husband, after the narrative which have I given in condensed form, "here is her likeness."

I took the miniature. Had I been less sure of Richmond's constant nature, a pang of jealousy might have shot through me, but I understood that his motives had been precisely as he stated, and that it was the watchful care of a brother rather than a warmer passion which had soothed the few bright days poor Leonora enjoyed with him.

A mist of compassionate tears dimmed my sight, and it was with a feeling of unmingled tenderness that I pressed my lips to the soft appealing violet eyes. It was a face almost childish in its sweet naturalness, and touching in its capacities for true womanly greatness in time to come. I mourned her short, sad existence, as one might a flower entirely withered, yet I was thrilled with gratitude that "He who doeth all things well" had seen fit to give me my dear, noble guide over life's rough sea.

Yet fear are the storms that have fallen on us as yet. But I anticipate.

"Now tell me how you became Richard Yarrington?" I asked, when the picture of Leonora was laid aside.

"That, also, was thrust on me," he replied, smiling. "After my mother's letter was received, denouncing me as a son, and commanding me never to approach her in future, I was deeply affected in mind and body. I strove successfully to conceal both cause and effect from the innocent being who had rendered me an exile from home and family. She often asked me why I did not take her to the grand old homestead, and the stately mother I so worshipped. I always replied that the fogs of England would destroy a constitution that even the finest climate in Europe could not keep unimpaired."

Soon after she left me alone, indeed. Then an old gentleman, who existed only at German Spas was attracted by seeing so very melancholy a young man. I was patient with his garrulity, until he fairly attached himself to me, and begged I would not refuse to enliven the remnant of days yet left him. There was a paternal interest in his bearing, which was pleasing to me in my loneliness, and I acceded to his request, ignorant of his circumstances or character, save that he was a true gentleman of the old school, in manners and education.

At his death, however, he proved to be an East Indian nabob, childless, friendless, and had constituted me his heir, with the simple request that I would adopt his name, as he had me long since in his heart. The appellation I bore was embittered by a thousand remembrances, and I was touched by this humble expression of his wishes. So much for the name—the title was won in a struggle with the Hungarians for liberty—but my most precious preference is recently conferred and received at your hands."

Each year of my marriage is more full and beautiful. Lady Eugenia visits us frequently, and is likely, by her indulgence, to ruin a bright-eyed boy of some eight years, the counterpart of a picture of his father that hangs in the portrait gallery, taken at that age. He will revive the old time in all its glory, for he makes Richmond Murray to be no longer a sound of the past—much to the content of the faithful Armstrong, who, though venerable, is yet my housekeeper, and hopes to see another Mr. Richmond as bonny as the first pride of her eyes, and in her fond partiality she always concludes:

"And may be bring as welcome a bride to Morton as his mother was and is."

Vainly I deprecate the praise, for my husband smiles approval, and adds:

"Let her say her say, or I will tell what I think." Thus every one emulates his neighbor, to fill my hours with sunshine, and exclude all clouds and chilling winds.

May you, reader, ever be as happy!

#### A Remarkable Test of Spirit Painting.

In the Banner of Light of February 2nd, I read a communication in regard to spirit painting, by J. B. Fayette, Esq., of Oswego, N. Y. Being very anxious to get the portrait of my spirit mother, and having had a communication from her to the effect that she would sit for Mr. F., on the 25th of February, I simply wrote to Mr. F., stating that I wished to have the portrait of my spirit mother, and that she would sit for him on the day above named. Some three weeks ago I received a letter from Mr. Fayette, stating that he received, on the day appointed, the portrait of a lady, giving a description of it. I immediately sent for, and have it now in my possession. My surprise can be imagined, when, on opening the box, I recognized in it a true portrait of my spirit mother—true and perfect in every particular.

Now the most remarkable feature is this: My mother was born in Germany, and died there about eleven years ago. Her portrait was never taken in her lifetime, and her attire was entirely different from any fashion in this country. Mr. Fayette knew nothing of all this. To my astonishment and delight, the painting exhibits not only the true and perfect likeness of my mother, but even the particular fashion of her dress, and the very one that she used to wear before her last sickness.

Any one who wishes, can see it at any time by calling at my residence. CHRISTIAN FISCHBACH, St. Louis, Mo., April 1st, 1861.

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that alumber on the ocean; and where the bright beings that now pass before us like shadows, shall stay in our presence forever.

## Pearls.

"And quod vides, and jewels five worlds long,  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time  
Sparkle forever."

### WEALTH AND POVERTY.

Out in the fields where the sun is bright  
Upspringeth the yellow corn,  
It springs and grows in the shining light  
Till the beautiful acres are sown;  
The reaper reapeth on golden ground,  
And the sun-tanned glens gleam,  
And the wheels of the mill go busily round  
With the rich white grain between.  
But the hungry live in the crowded street,  
In poverty, sickness and pain—  
'Tis the blessed and beautiful grain they entreat,  
Not the light that has ripened the grain!  
In the wealthy granary corn is stored,  
But the poor look up unfed.  
The rich man prays, "Give us light, O Lord!"  
The hungry, "Give us bread!"

In instructing others, we improve ourselves. He who is engaged in the tuition of others, acquires a proficiency in his attainments of which he was not previously conscious.

### CHASING SHADOWS.

There's a rippling and warbling  
Of the fountain in its play,  
And a gushing and gliding  
Of the streamlet on its way,  
And the humming of the wild bee,  
And the wild bird on the wing!  
All things lift their joyous voices  
To make glad the hours of Spring.  
And the sunbeams and the shadows  
Go dancing o'er the lea,  
Waiving down through field and meadow,  
Resting 'neath each green wood tree!  
O, I love to watch them dancing,  
For a time to mind they bring,  
When, a child, I chased the shadows,  
In the pleasant days of Spring.

Our duty toward our intellect is to raise it to as high a point of knowledge as is possible, so as to attain the highest degree of confidence in relying on our own judgment.

### BRIDE THE TONGUE.

Many a friendship has been broken,  
Many a family's peace overthrown,  
Many a bitter word been spoken,  
By the slander-loving tongue.  
Many a flower has drooped that flourished,  
Many a heart been rent and torn;  
Seeds of discord sown and nourished,  
By the curious meddling one.

It requires much virtue to be able to live with those who are destitute of any.

### PRAYER.

Like the low murmur of the secret stream,  
Which through dark alders winds its shaded way,  
My suppliant voice is heard: Ah! do not deem  
That on vain toys I throw my hours away.  
In the recesses of the forest vale,  
On the wild mountain, on the verdant sod,  
Where the fresh breezes of the morn prevail,  
I wander lonely, to commune with God.

## UNITY WITH GOD, INDIVIDUAL AND NATIONAL.

A Lecture by L. Judd Pardee, Esq., at Alston Hall, Boston, on Sunday Afternoon, May 26th, 1861.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The following is a full report of the able and eloquent discourse delivered, in trance, by Mr. L. J. Pardee, at Alston Hall, on the afternoon of Sunday, 26th ult.:

At the outset, we affirm that in all ages man has been in union with God. But the question is, what kind of union has it been? As no man can get outside of the universe, away from the presence and power of the Infinite, we cannot conceive that any man has ever been in dis-union with God.

Christ came to exemplify the possibility of obtaining this unity, but it was such as does not at all ignore other kinds of unity. Because all men have not attained the state that Christ enjoyed, of celestial union with the celestial Infinite, are they, are their hearts, therefore, out off from Deity, so as not to receive the reflex pulsations of that Infinite heart which beats with everlasting love for the lowest man?

Now, this inquiry is exploited upon just such an hypothesis, or basis, rather, as the fact that all men are religious. There is no man, in whatever sphere—individualistic, Romanist, Protestant—but is religious. But then, all men are not religious alike. What is religion? An affectional consciousness—not an intellectual consciousness. A heart consciousness of one's co-relation to the Divine. The Divine is everywhere. Say not that nature is carnal and un-divine. By the great law of uses, divinity is in the external, as in the highest heart of the angeli, inmost, with the same vast measure and august splendor. Whose light is it which radiates from the face of nature, and sets all her features aglow in the fresh spring-time?

Wherever there is a use, there is an attestation of divinity; and you cannot evade the sphere of uses. Go where you may, in the lowest dens of vice and crime, where the misdirected haunts the victims of misdirection—the unseen pushing on by secret stimulations the seen to further evil—even there God is. And he who has not this large, celestial sense of uses, has not swept the compass of divine existences. There being uses everywhere, God is everywhere. It is through an attachment to uses that man is religious. Through a perception of uses he is scientific; but when a man comes to lose use, that is religion. If a man loves his wife, his child, his popularity, his wealth, his horse, his dog, this makes his religion—on that plane. He may have a higher religion than that; but to the extent he is attached affectionately to that object, bonds and bows before it, and permits his individuality to come to it negatively—as all great attractions make man negative to them—in that sense he is religious.

Now, the idea is, that we have to transfer our love from lower uses to higher uses; not permit the highest religion to be magnetized all away by the lower; not become negative to the higher, positive to the lower.

There are three great planes of the divine existence. How many may lie beyond, the celestial arch-angels alone know. Every man knows that there is an external, or natural, to which he is related by his body, perceptions, intellect. And any man who believes in spirit communion, knows that there is a spiritual, to which he is related by his intuitive powers, his spiritual faculties and affections. And there is an innermost, or celestial, to which man is related by his very celestial magnetic soul-substance, his deepest consciousness. Now, on whatever plane a man's existence permanently is, he is religious therein, and that religion may have higher or lower forms.

Christ was raised up by a special, that is, an adaptive providence, to exemplify by growth celestial love. Hence the religion which he exemplified was that of a celestial idiosyncrasy; he was attached to celestial uses, universal uses, to such an extent that he seemed to forego his relations to the outer. And to this extent we do not think that he was the fully harmonious man.

One of the problems of the times is, not simply to develop the body, perceptions, intellect, not simply

to develop the spiritual faculties, not simply to have intensified and inspired deepest and inmost consciousness, but to have all three beautifully developed and harmonious. The true harmonious man is one in whom not simply the top brain and back brain are both utilized, but in whom the outer, the inner, the innermost, the natural, the spiritual, the celestial, are beautifully harmonized.

How, then, is man in unity with God? In the first place, through his love for, his attachment to natural uses in the world around him; and by no possibility could he get away from them. There are uses in everything; even extremes meet in uses. We do not affirm that men ought to seek all uses. In trade, occupation, labor, confined simply to this executive, external sphere, all men are so far in union with God. If he could, by any possibility, make an underground railroad out of creation, and get away from the Infinite, then perhaps he might cut off this connection with God. All the race fallen away from God, indeed! On the contrary, the race has grown up toward God.

You accept the fact of immortality and spirit-existence, and the possibility of spirit-communion; you are in union with God on a higher plane than one who may apprehend largely the external sphere of the understanding, yet lacks spirituality. In the sense that external reason dwells primarily with external things, not at all primarily with internal things, it is carnal, belongs to the natural, the fleshly. But just as soon as man ascends from the cellar of his existence, the passions, and beyond that to the first floor, his perceptions, to the second floor, his intellect, and to the third floor, his moral faculties—when he comes up to the skylight of himself, the dome, and looks out everywhere, where spiritual lights flash and glow, then he comes to be spiritually in union with God.

Let it be understood that any union with God, on whatever plane, does not interfere with that upon any other plane. And here we have to note that very many Spiritualists seem to think that Spiritualism, of itself, as to its present unfoldings, has about done all that it is going to do; and some are going back. They do not apprehend and feel the sweep and compass, the immense area and scope and aim of this unfolding, which with one hand lays hold upon omniscience, and with the other upon governments, and whose keen eyes look through the rottenness of society.

Celestial redemption is not to be won except by large price. Christ himself was made Captain of Salvation by affliction; and those who would be captains of salvation in this day, who would by force of thought and earnestness of heart open the pathway of salvation to others, must conquer salvation for themselves. The day of judgment impends upon all of you. If the spiritual life and fire has come down and stirred your inner natures, if you have felt somewhat the magnetism of spirit, if you have been troubled with false communications, if, time after time, you have forewarned all spirit-communion, it is but an indication that you have got to battle your way up to the secure states of celestialism. And the times demand that you see to it that the holier influx of the celestial does its mission with you. The divine revelation which has come to a few, from out the unseen, by-and-by will come to all. The few trickling drops of inspiration which fall upon chosen ones, will become a vast shower, wetting, burning, or nourishing the soil, the souls of all humanity.

It is said, and it has been taught largely, that the world should be destroyed a second time by fire. That is true, but then it is true only in its right interpretation. We do not say that the world was destroyed first, and by water. The celestial magnetism which is coming down, finer and more penetrating than spiritual magnetism of angelic thought and life, is like a burning fire where it rests. It is not lighting simply upon selected persons in the mediæval ranks. All men are beginning to feel it; and the crisis in your national affairs has been ripened by the stimulus of celestial magnetism.

In the past was taught a religion which embodied the high feeling which sought not simply union with God on the natural and on the spiritual planes, but was an evident response from soul-substance to celestial spheres. You have got to experience that. This philosophy comes not at all to do away with any uses of the past; but it comes, as part of its mission, to re-vitalize and to reform all the goods and truths of the past.

So, in this sense, it is not opposed to Christianity. Christianity is the palpitant heart of the vast framework of this composite dispensation, opened; and if, in the past, were enjoyed by Christ and apostolic ones celestial union with God, you are to see to it, if you would reach highest states, that you come to that also. There are uses in all theologies. All religious errors are based upon indestructible Divine truths. But this Spiritualism, or Spiritualism, all isms, denominations, forms of thought, notwithstanding they have some uses in them, are not celestial. The time is not so very far distant when there will be such a keen insight, springing from the celestial development, as shall lead to the calling out and combining of these many uses into one great composite whole; and a new religion shall arise, the Christ religion returned, but with larger scope, with grander channels to work through, and, as to its effect, with more beneficial ultimates—a religion which shall have its priesthood of men and women, and, if any, form such as springs from the spontaneous creation of light itself.

Men must not mistake the feeling good for being good. They must not only feel good, but must do good. Many men translate self-satisfaction to holiness; that is a natural tendency of human nature. The present, vital, living communion with angels, gives a man a profound consciousness of holiness, which also confers humility; but that is quite different from that strange self-satisfaction which springs simply from the external, or a little lower. And a man that has not gone through somewhat of trial to save himself, may well doubt whether he is saved.

Every man is divine. There is not a faculty and use about him but is divine; the sin is in the excess and abuse. All men's natural faculties, all men's spiritual faculties, are divine. But there are differences of divinity; and until a man has experienced celestial union with God, through development, he cannot be said to have been regenerated in the highest sense—until he becomes positive within him to the outer. That is the sense in which we understand regeneration—a being made positive celestially. But, understand, there must have been in the soil a germ, a seed—and that is the celestial man. All the sunlight and inspiration there is, all the dew and rain, could by no possibility produce a crop, unless there were seeds in the ground; and unless there were divinities in the depths of man, there could not by any possibility be brought divinities upon, or into, or out of man.

So much for individual unity. There is a national unity; because, as many individuals come together and make a grand man, nations are formed. Man is a governmental animal, simply because he is a social one; and government is not so much for man, as for men. Man alone, by himself, disconnected from all others, would have but very little incentive, as certainly he would have no occasion for crime. But while the world exists by the aggregation of innumerable units in society, regulations are necessary; hence governments are established. And it will be found that they are always more or less adapted to the condition of the people. It will not do to get up an estimate of a government, and foist it upon a people. Just as the states of a people differ, so must their government; and their states differ as do their climate, their soil, their education.

But now, as respects national unity with God. We find that nations have a certain union with the plans of God, and thus with Him. We hold that there is a destiny over every people, in its collected national mass—not simply a general destiny, but a special one. We maintain that there is such a thing as divine government over man, as an intelligent, social being. No man doubts that there are laws supreme to him in the natural universe. The laws of nature control man; and they are but the ways, the wills of God.

Now the ways, or wills of God in nature are persuasive; they seek to induce men to yield pleasantly to them. All laws seek to persuade you to obedience.

That is love. God is first love; but if you do not obey—whether through ignorance or through knowledge, it does not make any difference—then force comes in. And you may depend upon it that the external is but a transcript, in its general regulation, of the internal. Just as the laws of God in nature control man, so the laws of God in spirit control man. If the laws of God as to climate, as to soil, control nations, the laws of God in spirit, by spiritual intelligences, special, because adapted to States, control nations.

Nations, we say, have special missions. Why? Because they have uses to fulfill. All men have missions, undoubtedly general missions; some have special ones. The general mission of every man is, to do the greatest amount of good he can, and the least evil; and the special mission of religious, political and social reforms is indicated, from time to time, in the hands of God, that is, in the hands of individuals, intelligences of the higher life. If we cannot accept this fact of God's government over the world, nationally, all history becomes a blank page.

All nations have missions; else the strange events which constantly happen seem like so many confused, interlocking, vast masses, not responsible to the working of law. Over every race is an angelic host, and these delegates in the universal congress mark out the fate of nations, raise up their men to carry out their plans, and, acting upon the principle which the Jesuits have used, that ends justify the means, they give a man a power which no righteous man has had in modern times.

And now in this day, when the black hell flag of slavery wants to plant itself over the white walls of Washington, the hand of God has raised up, through serious experiences and educations, a band of men who will sacrifice their lives for liberty. It seemed for a time as if the honor of the people had become deaf and blind. The spirit of trade and the spirit of political partisanship had closed up their aural and optic avenues; but the first thunder and lightning of rebellious cannon unlocked the spiritual ear, and tore the film from the eye of the North, and the people see that liberty is divine. And in six weeks two hundred and fifty thousand Northern men were in danger of an attack of inflammation of the heart, because of the earnest desire for the justification and defence of liberty. [Applause.]

This nation has a mission, undoubtedly, like all nations. It may go to pieces as a government, but as a nation, never. To say nothing of the eight millions below Mason and Dixon's line, think of the twenty or twenty-three millions in the Northern, Western, and Canadian States, educated, disciplined, civilized, yet not arrogant, not cultivated intellectually at the expense of veneration toward God. This nation had a mission seventy years ago; it had a mission, by the grace of God, long before the fulfillment began. Christ's mission was foreseen and prophesied hundreds of years before his coming. So when Columbus, with the eye of faith, saw an undiscovered world beyond the sea, yes, and before that, was foreseen the planting of a colony, which should go on and become the cycle of the New Jerusalem kingdom, at last, on earth.

But no man claims that this government is the New Jerusalem. You have advanced and grown, have grown large and strong, and somewhat corrupt and in blood. When a man increases very rapidly, there is always a tendency to plethora, scrofula, rheumatic attacks, gout, apoplexy. So it is with a nation. The unprecedented advance of this nation signifies that it is not all right. We are not here simply to appeal to your patriotism. We say the North is right, right in armed suffrage, right in the advocacy of principle, right, because inspired to take up arms which at last shall result in the utter demolition of slavery. There is a future to the North, then.

We hold that this Administration has a mission to perform, though it is perhaps the last Administration elected under the present Constitution. This nation has got to experience the Day of Judgment, and pass through its trial hours, that it may be thoroughly redeemed, religiously, politically, and socially. Any man who believes that this grand philosophy comes to do a little work and then die away, to stir the church up a little, and not to walk into the government to cleanse the Augean stables there with its fire-blood of divine light—any man who imagines that it is going to leave all the corruptions of society, does not apprehend that this truly is the Day of Judgment, and that because humanity has ripened up the angelic hosts come to disintegrate institutions, and thence to construct new ones. You must be prepared for such times as you never yet dreamed of.

What is the mission of this nation? Abraham Lincoln, in the hands of God, has a mission, to dislocate the neck of Southern arrogance and influence, and to break the backbone of its slavery. But the government will get its own backbone broken, too. The higher life will control the secret springs which guide the nation, will yet snarl up events so that ulterior designs which are now kept out of view shall be brought uppermost before you.

What unity with God has the nation, in its church, its state, its society, in the grand, pure sense? As yet Spiritualism has reached but a small way; and you have a church without a God, and a state without a God of justice. What union with God can there be in the Constitution of the United States, when woman is denied the right to legislate? So any nothing of this great black curse of slavery, the blacker curse of woman's denial, from which man is suffering, there stands ignored by the Constitution. The sound of political cannonading must be heard long times to come, and severe penetrations of discipline must wake up blood-currents now stagnant, for purity's sake in the body politic.

You think that in a short time the present difficulties will be settled, and all things relapse into their original state. Oh, how mistaken! Do you not understand that "revolutions do not go back?" This is not merely a political revolution; it is a spiritual revolution, reaching the heart of hearts of things, in state, church, and society. First, indeed, the power of Spiritualism was felt in the church, somewhat, then, in the sphere of politics; now it has got to go back again into the church, and stir up a deeper religious sense of the wants and defects of this people. And then the hideous falsehoods of society will stand upon their dread falsity, and men shall see things as they are, not as they seem. Then it will be seen that the Day of Judgment has come, in the trial, and the result, of falsehoods with truth.

Here is the Roman Catholic Church, a grand centre, a whirlpool round which sweep the forces of unconvertible Protestantism; and these Protestants who cannot become Spiritualists must go somewhere, and will gravitate there. It seems as if the heart of old Rome were dying, and her extremities, in this country, were kicking a long while; and here she will kick hard and strong, and fight a bitter battle for her life.

And as the war goes on, all the questions of reform which have been put out of sight and kept there will come in for solution. As the war goes on, and trade becomes harassed and embarrassed, as money becomes scarce, crops occasionally fail, homes and hearts desolated, then it will appear that there is a day of judgment over the North as well as the South. The North must be passed through new processes of civilization, to be made the vanguard of the nation's glorious transformation into New Jerusalem States.

The next government which shall arise over this people, and which is even now drawing nigh from out the angel world, will be a Theocratic Democracy—God ruling through mediævalistic man. And woman shall take her place in legislative halls and on the judicial benches, and by her subduing and refining and celestializing influence feminize the masculinity of justice.

Aside from the slavery question, such heterogeneous elements as compose the union between the North, Northwest, and South, could not always keep together. A people so remarkably dissimilar and diverse, climatically, as to soil, and in social institutions, could not possibly long continue as one nation. Soil and climate have a great deal to do with the character of a people; and unless there is something of homogeneity in these accidents and in the institutions of a people, there is none in their character, and there is no spiritual cement to stick them together.

Now we maintain that the Canadas are more like

the North, and notwithstanding their present monarchical government, have strong predilections for democracy. No two pens are exactly alike; and homogeneity is not dead sameness. What is wanted to make a beautiful, strong, and happy nation, is homogeneity; and the North, Northwest, and the Canadas would afford that. And then, as Spiritualism and Celestialism march over the land, the men's souls once denizens of time will guide men's feet, the spiritual congress up above will guide in all wisdom and truth the councils assembled here below. And men and women now in private life so destined to the new legislatures of this nation. The true men and women of the crisis are not out yet; they are not looked up; they have got to come forth, led and guided by the hand of God, from the Egyptian lands of affliction. But in private they are experiencing the providences of God, and in due season they will come forth for the justification of the designs of high Heaven.

It will be seen by-and-by, when this nation is in the throes of political death, when the government can no longer satisfy the demands of the people, awakened to a vigorous apprehension of great reform principles, and when the people run to and fro, crying, "God, help us!" then it will be seen that angels are a power, and can guide humanity. The past comes back again, too, from the present. The ancient heroes and law-givers, the teachers and guides of the race, come back to guide mediævalistic men and women to ultimate God's wills among this nation. And this youngest born daughter of God shall be the standard-bearer to all other peoples and kindreds and tongues; and her admonitions and warnings shall be like rumbling thunder to the tyrant's ear, and like sweet voices of love to them whose ears are unlocked to holy truth. God's will must be done on earth, as in the highest Heavens.

## TO INVALIDS.

He is the best Physician who most alleviates the sufferings of Mankind.

Prof. B. H. BRITTON and Dr. S. S. LYON, Electro-pathic and Magnetic Physicians, have recently removed from New York, and established themselves in the quiet and beautiful village of Lancaster, Mass., where they will attend to the duties of their profession, bringing the most subtle and powerful agents in Nature—Vital and Galvanic Electricity, Human Magnetism—to their aid in the preparation of remedial agents, and the general practice of the Healing Art.

The location they have selected must be eminently suited to the wants and tastes of all who desire to seek relief, and pleasure in retirement, away from the noise of war, the glitter of fashion, and the strife of business. While the country about Lancaster has none of the bold features and rugged aspects that distinguish the scenery of Northern and Western Massachusetts, it nevertheless possesses unusual attractions. The principal village is on a beautiful eminence that overlooks the Nashua river valley. In addition to good society, pure air and water, productive fields and excellent roads, we have—most agreeably diversified—all the charms that greet the eye, fertile meadows, stately trees, and clear, flowing waters contribute toward a pleasing landscape, and a quiet but delightful summer retreat for invalids.

Doctors Britton and Lyon have Rooms for the reception of patients directly opposite the Orthodox Church on Main street, Lancaster Centre. Persons from abroad who desire to place themselves under treatment can be accommodated with board at reasonable prices, according to the means of the patient and the accommodations required.

Office hours, daily from 9 o'clock A. M. until 5 o'clock P. M., Sundays excepted. Persons applying at other hours should call on the residence of the parties, at North Lancaster, one mile north of the Centre.

Letters addressed to either of the parties named, at Lancaster, Mass., will receive prompt attention.

Dr. Lyon is an Eclectic Physician who was never shackled by medical creeds and formulas, who brings to the discharge of his duties the results of a large and varied experience. Prof. Britton—in evidence of his claims to a comprehensive and familiar knowledge of the laws of Vital Electricity and Human Magnetism, and of the application of the Electro-psychological processes to the treatment of disease, and the equilibration of the vital forces and organic functions—respectfully submits the following explicit testimonials:

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Professor Britton, whose philosophical lectures on the phenomena and laws of Life and the Mind have awakened great interest on a profound subject, pursued the study of Electricity and Magnetism—we are credibly informed—some twenty years ago, under the instructions of the venerable Professor Steele of New York, (deceased), who was distinguished in his day as an electrician, chemist and mechanical philosopher, and as having been the pupil of Benjamin Franklin. For the last fifteen years Professor Britton has made the facts and laws of Vital Electricity and Animal Magnetism, in their relations to the human body and mind, his principal study.—*Louisville (Ky.) Journal.*

In a notice of Mr. Britton's contributions to the science of Life, the Home Journal says: "They are written in a style at once classic and popular; in a manner which philosophy spirit pervades them, and they abound in scientific facts and suggestions, in which all have an interest. Prof. Britton has evidently studied man much more thoroughly than many physicians and chemists of highest pretensions."

Professor Britton has not only been successful in explaining the philosophy of his subject, but eminently so in the practical application of its principles to the successful treatment of some of the most aggravated forms of disease. The case of Miss Sarah E. Lockwood presents a striking example of the facts as well known in this community, and they have been said to have occurred within the sphere of our own observation.—*Springfield Republican.*

Mr. Britton's theory is, that the human mind has a direct power over electrical agencies, by which means physiological effects can be produced. He illustrates this view by a large variety of illustrations drawn from the accredited records of science, as well as by his own private experiments.—*New York Evening Post.*

Professor Britton continues to excite great interest by his remarkable psychological developments. The relief administered by him in several cases, is a very curious fact. To outsiders it is a great mystery as the milk in the cocoa nut.—*New York Daily Tribune.*

To cure the chronic ulcer of a boasting skeptic, "Prof. Britton gave him an emollient without a particle of medicine. The gentleman vomited in less than one minute, and the ulcer, which he needed medicine, should take the Professor's intellectual pills, as they have no bad taste, and the operation is sudden and effectual."—*Springfield Republican.*

At the conclusion of a public lecture a young lady present of herself to Prof. Britton, stating that she had a very bad cold and a consequent sore throat, and—wonderful to relate—in less than ten minutes the young lady was entirely and permanently relieved of all hoarseness and soreness.—*Jersey City Sentinel and Advertiser.*

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