

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. IX.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

NO. 13.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO CHARLEY T. IRISH.
BY COUSIN BENJA.

I have sat me down that my soul might think,
And commune in its home above;
For this great world with its joy breast,
Will not accept its love;
And but few can understand it aright,
Suspicion with them is so high—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley—
I wonder are you thinking as I?

I often have painted my heart below,
As every heart should be;
A spot where the fountain of love should flow
In rivers so pure and free
That the angels would love to bathe in its dew.
As they come from their homes on high—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley—
I wonder are you thinking as I?

How I wish I could take the great world in my heart,
For I know there is plenty of room,
And give them bouquets from my garden of love,
If they would let them bud and bloom.
Though some may condemn, the rivers must flow,
The fountain is getting so high—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley—
I wonder are you thinking as I?

I sit down and think, as the night goes on,
How pretty this world would be,
If man would exchange his selfish love
For that of the pure and free.
Then I open the blinds and look to the east,
Far over the fields of rye—
But I wonder are you thinking as I do, Charley—
I wonder are you thinking as I?

Thatchwood Cottage, June, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CONVENT BELLE; OR, Life Unmasked, AND HEARTS UNVEILED!

BY THEO. AUSTIN.

CHAPTER IV.

Around the breakfast-table sat Mr. Emery and his family, consisting of his wife, a son ten years old, a very self-sufficient, military looking individual, and a young lady of about twenty-four. Mr. Emery was dark, and saturnine, with a face expressive of a narrow mind and set ideas, but a glance from him could hold in awe even the young hopeful then present, which is saying a great deal.

Mrs. Emery, a native of Georgia, possessed the true Southern languor and elegant indolence in her every look and motion. Quite a nonentity, although petted by the whole household, she was charming to look at, not very intellectual, or strong-minded, yet like most women of her class, winning, self-sacrificing and affectionate where her own family was concerned.

Oscar, the son and heir, was so ugly a child, that it seemed impossible he could claim such a lovely mother. He was small, sandy complexioned, with a freckled face, flat, snub nose, and a disposition to correspond with this amiable exterior.

The military gentleman was Mrs. Emery's brother, by name and title, Colonel Alexander Wallace. Vain and pompous, slow of comprehension in respect to joke or satire, but invariably turning with uncoined complacency, every compliment to himself.

The young lady, Miss Brandon, was the girl already introduced in the Convent at Baltimore, as Sister Agnes. No longer in the eclipse of a nun's robe, her stately figure was set off by a fashionable attire of exquisite taste; her hair freed from the envious coil, was folded in heavy plaits about her head, and, rarest gift of nature to the lowly born, there was a graceful, high-bred dignity, almost amounting to haughtiness in her manner, that forbade all question as to the right of this queenly girl to any caprice or bearing she chose to assume.

All these persons were Catholics, and consequently bound to the service of the church. The Emerys were ignorant of the true position or character of Agnes, but supposed her to be an orphan and heiress to a large Southern property, representing her to their friends as an acquaintance, Mrs. Emery never inquiring into the reason for her sojourning among them. Her reception in society under these auspices, was brilliant in the extreme, offering every facility for accomplishing her purpose.

Agnes received frequent visits from Father Jerome, and her hosts were much edified at her apparent piety—perhaps had they overheard the plotting of the two, they might have altered their opinion.

But as these parties sat at the breakfast-table that morning, all had good faith in each other, and the silence was broken by Mrs. Emery, who, addressing Agnes, said:

"Did you ever see a more beautiful picture than Amy Campbell presented last evening at Mrs. Densmoor's party?"

"She is very lovely, indeed."

"But did you notice her exquisite dress? White gauze, embroidered in silver—it was ordered for the occasion. By the way, they do say it is a fact that she is engaged to Captain Stuart. Won't she make a lovely bride, Alexander?"

The gentleman thus appealed to, condescended to suspend a lively attack upon a plate of muffins, and pompously replied:

"Mary, you know, or ought to know, my opinion of Miss Campbell. I consider her a vain, haughty

girl—not entirely destitute of beauty, but setting too high a value upon herself. I am surprised at your extolling her charms, Mary."

Whereat Mrs. Emery was much surprised at herself, and humbly begged pardon for not knowing that Miss Campbell was a disagreeable subject to him. Colonel Alexander, now coloring highly, declared with rather more warmth than the occasion seemed to demand, that the young lady was a matter of indifference to him, but that he did not consider her a person deserving of an eulogium.

N. B.—Colonel Alexander Wallace had been refused by the young lady a fortnight previous, and as soon as the idea had penetrated his mind that she, or any other woman had actually refused him, with the low spite of vulgar minds, he made her the object of his spleen, whenever occasion offered.

Of this, however, Mrs. Emery was ignorant, and having repeatedly heard the Colonel praise this young beauty, Agnes was keenly struck by a sense of the ludicrous, when she humbly asked pardon for not being aware Miss Campbell was an object of extreme dislike.

Mrs. Emery was five years younger than her brother, whom she had always been accustomed to regard with reverence; he was a sort of demi-god in her eyes, and it was always "Brother Alexander says," or "Brother Alexander thinks," and by this standard, all words, thoughts, and actions, were judged.

But Agnes, who delighted in drawing the Colonel out, and who had detected an incipient admiration for Belle Collamore, the reigning beauty of the season, as witty and mischievous as she was handsome, observed:

"Miss Collamore looked well, don't you think so, Colonel?"

"Miss Collamore never looks otherwise than well. Yet last evening she shone as a bright, particular star," replied the gallant officer, with a bow.

"Is it a fact that she, too, is engaged, and to Edward Stanley?"

The Colonel showed signs of a decidedly belligerent nature, as he replied in an authoritative manner: "I should presume a lady of Miss Collamore's good sense would hardly engage herself to a gentleman of Mr. Stanley's youth, when there are others so much more suitable every way"—and the speaker pulled up his collar, and hemmed very significantly.

"I am sure Mr. Stanley cannot be less than twenty-four, and the lady is not twenty-two. There is less difference in the ages of many very sensible couples—but I presume you are right—her short-sightedness is certainly a great loss to herself."

And Agnes threw a quizzical glance at the discomfited Colonel, who, secretly aware of his inability to hold a warfare of wit with Miss Brandon, was greatly enraged, until he bethought himself as a consolation, that men of the greatest and most solid minds are seldom quick at repartee, which, after all, was but a weak argument, and the weaker resort of shallow women.

But the last sentence had aroused even the unsuspecting Mrs. Emery to unfeigned amazement, that any one should dare assail her idolized oracle. Mr. Emery, however, secretly despised his brother-in-law, and delighted at the effectual manner in which Miss Brandon put him down, inwardly declared her to be a very clever woman—and Colonel Wallace could not make up his mind whether he liked or hated Miss Brandon, uncertain whether she were quizzing him, or erred through ignorance, although she should have had a sense of his importance sufficient to restrain the sallies at which himself and sister looked on. Judging it best to beat a hasty retreat, he opportunely remembered an important engagement, and swallowing a cup of hot coffee, departed with a visibly heightened color.

Mr. Emery presently followed, and Oscar, finding the coast clear, began to manifest signs of waking from the torpor induced by his father's presence, and to show a most fascinating activity and intelligence. He chiefly displayed itself in tracing maps with enormous bays and sundry rivers, on the tablecloth in coffee, for which, on perceiving, Mrs. Emery sharply reproved him—at least as severely as it was in her nature to do. But Agnes, amused beyond bounds at a ferocious threat on the gentle creature's part of some direful punishment, said:

"Now dear Mrs. Emery, pray do not punish the poor child; as our friend, Mrs. Boggles, would say, it is only an excessive development of the brain—the predominance of idealism and constructiveness."

Mrs. Emery's countenance relaxed, and with a merry laugh at her own vexation, and the ideas called up by Agnes' allusion, rang for the servant to take Master Oscar away.

As Mrs. Emery and her guest rose from the table, the former proposed shopping, and a few calls, to which Agnes assented. During the morning they entered a fashionable confectionery to lunch. The place was thronged with ladies, many of whom were among Mrs. Emery's acquaintances; and she amused herself with remarking upon each person present, silencing her conscience with the belief that everybody was talking just so about herself in return.

A young girl of about sixteen brought their orders, and Agnes was quite enthusiastic over her beauty. Her slender but beautiful figure presented a contrast to the pallid, wasp-waisted forms of the other attendants. The dimpled cheeks, and merry, mischievous light of her golden brown eyes, were rendered more roguish by long lashes; and her auburn hair was wreathed in broad plaits about her little head. Every movement was grace, and there was a quiet depth of good sense under this arch exterior, which showed her fully competent to take care of herself.

While Agnes was following this young girl with her eyes, two ladies entered and seated themselves. The elder might be nearly thirty, with a countenance

of unmistakable refinement, to which smiling dark eyes and rich brown curls gave a charming expression. Her companion was a young lady about eighteen, gentle and dignified, with dove-like eyes, delicate but expressive features, wavy dark hair and light graceful figure.

"See," said Mrs. Emery, "these are two of our acquaintances—Misses Lucy and Amy Campbell."

But what was the astonishment of the speaker, when the same girl advanced to take their orders who had waited upon her, and was cordially greeted by the ladies, and detained a few moments in conversation. As she turned away, they caught the words, "dear Rose," from Amy Campbell.

"Is it possible," inquired Agnes, "that there is no more distance observed toward one's inferiors at the North, than Miss Amy's manner would seem to indicate?"

"Really," said puzzled Mrs. Emery, "I am sure I can't imagine the cause of such familiarity, for Amy is as aristocratic as possible. It cannot be that the Campbells are cursed with 'poor relations,' for I have always heard it remarked that they are one of the very few families equal to their pretensions, and have no 'black sheep' among them—indeed, it would be strange if they had, as Gen. Campbell, Amy's grandfather, and his son, came from Scotland only twenty years ago, and the latter married a lady from one of the first families in the country. But I am determined to find out," she added, with as much interest as an opposing counsel might display in endeavoring to prove an opponent guilty of sheep stealing.

Accordingly, leaving Agnes to sip her chocolate alone, Mrs. Emery crossed over to the Misses Campbell and seated herself beside them, commencing a conversation in her usual soft, bland tones.

"Good morning, Miss Lucy, and dear Amy—how well you are looking, after the fatigues of last evening. Did you ever know such a jam as there was? so many people one does not know. I wonder Mrs. Densmoor invited so many."

"You forget that Miss Collamore is visiting there this winter, and that brings two sets together—then what with Susan's and Frederic's friends, to say nothing of Mrs. Densmoor's, there is a large circle of visitors for one family," said Miss Campbell.

"Well, it's a pity, but I suppose it can't be helped—but Mrs. Mortimer Lennox invites only those who keep a carriage; to be sure that is not a great number, but the fewer people, the more aristocratic."

"For that reason the Hamiltons invited only themselves," observed Amy, laughing, "and a more stupid set never existed. But that is apt to be the punishment when we attempt to be too exclusive."

"Why, Amy! I am astonished to hear such Plebeian sentiments from those Patriotic lips. I fancied you thought a great deal of family."

"And so I do in a certain sense. If one can look back upon a noble line of brave, wise, and virtuous ancestors, it is apt to create and bring out a generous nature, that the roll may not be marred, and the escutcheon blotted by a degenerate scion, who may in a single day tarnish the glory his ancestors were centuries in building up. But I am too enthusiastic on the subject, and this is hardly the place to discuss pedigree," the young lady added, laughing at herself, and pitying Mrs. Emery's look of surprise and incomprehension. So I will end by saying that I admire high birth only when it actuates one to noble conduct, and scorn of low meanness and petty motives."

The latter part of the sentence only Mrs. Emery understood; but, determined not to be distanced by any superiority of intellect on the part of Amy, she replied in her usual languid manner:

"To be sure, I perfectly sympathize with your feelings. I often take delight in thinking that brother Alexander inherits all the military ardor which characterized every member of our family before him, as a long list of Generals, Colonels and Captains will certify."

Amy bit her lip; but her aunt, with a mischievous twinkle in her dark eyes, replied:

"Exactly! and I have no doubt that Col. Alexander Wallace is a fit representative of his forefathers."

Amy glanced up quickly, fearful lest Mrs. Emery might feel wounded at the remark; but Miss Lucy had calculated far better, for the unsuspecting lady bestowed a mingled glance of pride and approbation upon the speaker.

How fortunate that some people in the world are clad in an armor which defies the spear point of sarcasm and ridicule.

But Mrs. Emery's object was not yet accomplished, and glancing around the apartment, she observed:

"What a beautiful girl that is—I mean the one who is crossing the room."

"With plaited auburn hair?" inquired Amy—

"That is my foster sister."

"Ah!"

There was nothing more to be said, though Mrs. Emery demurred at the decided manner so different from her own soft insipidity. After a few unimportant remarks, she returned to Miss Brandon.

"What success?" inquired Agnes with a smile, having watched the progress of matters unobserved.

"I declare it is strange how some people acquire a reputation for politeness. I think Amy Campbell positively rude."

"For instance?"

"Why, after taking infinite pains, I drew toward the question with admirable tact, and then incidentally mentioned the girl; Amy answered quite curtly, as I thought, 'she is my foster sister'—while her one indicated as plainly as words, that there was nothing more to be said, and I ready with a dozen questions! But I don't believe, after all—I'm quite certain it's some low connection—a cousin, like enough—that she's ashamed to own. Foster sister, indeed! really, we are getting quite aristocratic."

"Did Miss Campbell say nothing?"

"Oh, yes, she's a perfect lady—but I will find out about that girl yet, if only to mortify Amy;" and with this charitable resolve, as they passed out, Mrs. Emery inquired the girl's name.

On learning that it was Rose Lee, she cast a significant glance at Agnes, saying:

"A high sounding name! Oh, she's some relation, depend upon it," and stepping into the carriage, they were driven home.

CHAPTER V.

It was a pleasant home-like an apartment into which the rays of the setting sun poured and lingered as if loth to leave a scene of so much true and quiet comfort; a few choice pictures hung in various lights against the walls, and the deep seated windows were curtained with crimson, through which the sun's golden beams shone with additional life. A piano in one corner with a well filled music stand showed the harmonious taste of the owner and a large vase of hot-house flowers stood by the centre window, which was converted into a summer arbor by an enormous stand of beautiful flowering plants.

This apartment was situated at the back of the house, and little of the noises in the street reached the occupants; it was Mrs. Densmoor's own sitting-room, and though far less grand than the drawing-room, was the favorite resort of the family.

In a large easy chair, by the glowing grate, sat the lady of the house, and looking gracefully in a rooking chair opposite, was her daughter, a young lady about twenty-three years old, lazily embroidering a bit of muslin, while their guest, Miss Collamore, read aloud from the last new magazine.

Presently a serving man, who had evidently been in the family many years, opened the door, and announced that Miss Lovering had arrived. Immediately a stir ensued, and the quiet was broken by cheerful welcomes, opening and shutting of doors, and the tramp of feet as the baggage was carried up stairs. Minnie was taken into the warm, pleasant parlor, her hat and cloak removed, and after a few questions respecting the home she had left, Susan Densmoor (the young lady of the needle) offered to show her to her apartment, and accompanied by Miss Collamore, they left the room.

"This," said Susan, opening the door of a charming chamber, "this is your room, if you would like to occupy it with your cousin; or you can take this one," throwing wide the door of another. Minnie preferred the former arrangement, and at once proceeded to unpack her trunks.

"Stop an instant," said Susan; "I will ring for my maid to do that for you," and she laid her hand on the bell-rope.

"No, thank you," said Minnie, "I prefer doing it myself—Aunt always says do what you can for yourself, and then you will be independent and sure of being pleased."

"Oh, how droll," laughed Susan. "I must say for my part that I don't see the good of servants if you don't use them—I don't intend for my part any in this house shall be troubled with apoplexy." "You must not believe all Susan says of herself," said Belle; "she gives a worse account than any one ever sees in reality—but you will let me help you."

At this moment Susan was called away, and the cousins were left together.

"I am very glad you are come, Minnie, for I have been curious to see you. I have heard so much from Aunt about 'little Minnie,' and you will be charmed with the Densmoors. But can you dissipate? for I warn you there will be one round of party giving and going all the season."

A look of terror was the mute answer.

"Why, you are not afraid of people, are you? But never mind, you will be quite at ease when you are better acquainted, and until then, I'll keep you under my wing. But is n't this a pleasant room?"

As Minnie looked round she could not but assent. At the further end of the chamber was an archway festooned with curtains, leading into a little gem of a dressing-room, which the sun's last rays were flooding with light.

"That is our chamber, but this is a miniature parlor set apart for our private use," said Belle, "and I hope we shall enjoy much within its pretty walls. But let us go down now, for I believe Frederic and Mr. Densmoor have just come in, and I want you to become acquainted as soon as possible."

When they re-entered the sitting-room, they found an addition to the family circle; a fine, pleasant, white-haired old gentleman was seated in the leather backed arm-chair, who was introduced to Minnie as Mr. Densmoor, grandfather to Susan. Then a very handsome young man about twenty-three years, and was named as Frederic Densmoor. He was a manly looking fellow, with a frank face, round which clustered close thick curls of a rich golden shade, and a clear light shone out from the brilliant full blue eyes, while his whole air and manner was spirited, yet reserved. Minnie thought they should never be much acquainted—he was so dignified and she so timid.

They all resumed the subjects which Minnie's entrance had interrupted, except Mrs. Densmoor, who kindly endeavored to draw her young guest into conversation, till Minnie soon forgot her shyness, and looked with admiration on the ease which pervaded all the family movements.

Presently the door opened, and two gentlemen entered, one of whom Susan introduced as Gen. Densmoor, and his companion as Capt. Stuart. Gen. Densmoor was a noble looking man of forty-five, with a broad brow, firm mouth, and eyes with the flashing light of gleaming steel, whenever occasion for the exercise of authority occurred. His children nearly worshiped him, though his slightest word was law, but his promises were inviolate as the decrees of the Medes and Persians.

Capt. Stuart was in naval undress, which received a grace from his fine slender form. There was music in his clear voice, as they passed out, Mrs. Emery inquired the girl's name.

Supper was now ready, and the different members, talking and laughing with the freedom so delightful in a family circle, entered the dining-room, where a table spread with a most tempting variety invited immediate attention, while the fragrant curls of steam from the tea-urn were quite irresistible after the cold and fatigue of a journey.

Minnie was seated between Frederic and Belle. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Densmoor, tall and full in figure, with an air and manner reminding one of the stately matron heroines of the Revolution.

There was no such appearance about Susan—she was evidently a promenade and ball-room belle. A crimson chenille head-dress contrasted finely with her wavy black hair, which lay upon a fair round face, of easy, good-natured expression, beneath which, when roused from her *sang froid*, sparkled forth wit, and sometimes sarcasm. The younger members of the family were quite willing to let Sue's tongue remain sheathed.

But it was Belle Collamore on whom Minnie gazed with the most interest, and she was proud of the cousin whom she already loved. Belle was called a beauty, yet her form and grace of motion were more remarkable even than her face; she was a blonde, with most luxuriant pale brown hair; soft wavy curls shaded her face, which had a tinge of rose on the cheeks, and was lighted by a pair of gentle yet brilliant blue eyes, clear and radiant as sapphires. She was finely educated, and made as much mirth with a quiet face as any three ordinary persons. Wherever Miss Collamore was, there also were literary people, beaux and belles, musicians and poets, watching for the witty fancies of her quick brain. But woe to the luckless wight whose effrontery, vanity, or unprincipled sentiments made him a target for her raillery and satire.

Yet with all this keenness of observation, and extensive knowledge, Belle was as unassuming and open-minded as a child, except where her principles were involved; then no signs of the sweet, yielding disposition which induced her to give up many things for friendship's sake was perceptible; she was unwavering, though polite—and one always knew where to find Belle Collamore.

The next day after Minnie's arrival was Sunday, and all the family attended church in the morning. The pulpit was occupied by a stranger, a pale, intellectual young man, with a spiritual expression, and an appearance of ill health. It was a discourse that found its way to the hearts of the hearers, and as the congregation left the church, Susan remarked:

"If I could only hear such sermons oftener, I should surely be a much better Christian."

"Are you quite sure that the same effect would have been produced upon your mind, if those very words had been uttered by Dr. Evans?" inquired Belle.

Susan colored slightly, but she answered bravely, with a slight laugh:

"By no means; the good Doctor with his prosy manner would deaden words of fire written with a pen of flame. But I do not think my appreciation is wholly on account of the interesting appearance of the gentleman."

"No, indeed! I would not do you so much injustice; but here comes Frederic, he will know who the minister was."

"It was the Rev. Mr. Harrison," he replied.

"Harrison," repeated Susan; "I wonder if he is any connection of the Baltimore Harrisons."

"What difference would that make with the sermon?" inquired Frederic, roughly. "I suppose if you should discover a first cousinship to Queen Vic., you would break the first commandment in his favor?"

"You are insufferably rude. How you can delight in such remarks passes my comprehension."

Frederic remained silent a few minutes, and then started off for his mother and Minnie, who were in advance.

"Do you know, Miss Lovering, that you are invited to a grand party to-morrow night?"

"I!" exclaimed Minnie in astonishment, "you are joking?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Frederic is in earnest," said Mrs. Densmoor.

"Mrs. Lennox, hearing you were expected to visit us in season for her party, included you in the invitation."

But Minnie was rather uneasy, for Frederic teased so mysteriously about the matter, and said there was to be a large and fashionable gathering, from which she shrank, yet trusting to Belle for assistance, she dismissed the matter from her mind.

CHAPTER VI.

Monday dawned bright and clear, and on the advent of the dressmaker, a consultation was held. Miss Snippings, a tall, spare, sharp nosed maiden, declared in favor of white for Miss Lovering, and when Minnie's rounded white shoulders were inspected, the matter was decided.

All day the house was the scene of busy confusion. Minnie declared if such arduous preparations were the penalty for parties, she should think people would carefully avoid them, and in her innocence was amazed to learn that this disturbance was considered by many the most delightful part.

Evening came, and the young ladies assembled below stairs, to wait for their chaperone. Mrs. Densmoor soon joined them, and in half an hour the

whole party entered the already well filled rooms of Mrs. Lennox.

Susan and Isabelle, whose circle of acquaintances was very extensive, were constantly busied in nodding to their friends, a la maniere, as Frederic Denmoor remarked; but Minnie, being a perfect stranger, leaned on Belle's arm in sober silence, until Denmoor, observing the awkward fact, took her under his especial charge, saying:

"As you will have plenty to occupy your attention, ladies, I will do myself the pleasure of attending Miss Lovering, and introduce her to some of our acquaintances."

Belle assenting, the young man commenced the circuit of the rooms with Minnie, who was exceedingly grateful to him for his kindness, and equally distressed at the prospect of a tete-a-tete with the reserved and dignified Frederic Denmoor, of whom she stood slightly in awe. But to her great surprise and relief, her companion displayed a most unexpected fund of wit and anecdote, which put her completely at ease, and before they had completed their promenade, she wondered she had ever thought him distant or haughty.

"Oh, who is that elegant lady crossing the apartment alone?" Minnie inquired.

Her companion looked in the direction indicated, and saw the tall, splendidly arrayed figure of Miss Brandon, leaving a group to rejoin Mrs. Emery.

"I must introduce you. Do not be frightened by her stately manner, for she is haughty to everybody. Oh, dear! what a blunder," he ejaculated, as Minnie shrunk back, displaying anything but eagerness to make the acquaintance. "I have given you a strong reason to be prepossessed in her favor, certainly, but now I owe the lady a chance to vindicate herself. So you must come with me before she is engaged for the next dance." And advancing, Frederic presented Minnie to Miss Brandon.

The beauty condescended to greet the young girl with more cordiality than any other person had yet received at her hands, and even showed a disposition for conversation, when a gentleman joined them and claimed her for a quadrille; but while accepting the arm of her escort, she turned to Minnie, saying:

"I shall be very happy to renew our conversation after this dance, Miss Lovering."

Minnie bowed, and expressed the same desire, while Denmoor wondered at Miss Brandon's sudden graciousness toward a little timid girl, no more versed in the ways of fashionable life than a child.

"Let us find a place in this quadrille," said Frederic, as they passed to the head of the room.

As it happened that Susan and Belle were in the same set, Frederic narrated the flattering reception Minnie had met with, and when at the end of the dance he accompanied her to his mother, Mrs. Emery and Miss Brandon were already there.

The latter made room for Minnie, and entered into an animated chat with her, while Mrs. Emery victimized Mrs. Denmoor with her never ending theme of "brother Alexander," who had taken up his station beside Miss Collamore's chair, saying but little, and that with disgusting pomposity and insufferable self-conceit.

But Agnes unbent from her usual stately indifference to a most fascinating case, which charmed Minnie, whose timidity soon wore off; and she eagerly questioned her companion about her southern home, which Agnes constructed from her imagination with as much fluency and fervor as even Claude Melnotte displayed upon a similar occasion.

Meanwhile Mrs. Denmoor was relieved from her insipid companion by Miss Campbell, who seated herself upon the sofa to await the arrival of Amy and her father. Mrs. Emery instantly rebuffed herself of Rose Lee, and hastened to question Miss Lucy, before Amy's presence should prevent any disclosures. The subject was approached with such infinite caution, that Miss Campbell was compelled to smile; at last, as if actuated by a sudden thought, Mrs. Emery exclaimed:

"By the way, I met our friend Mrs. Lennox at C's the other day, and she was so much struck by the beauty of that young woman who tends there—Rose Lee, I believe—that she declares if the girl were not so old, she would like to adopt her. I think you take an interest in her."

"Yes, she is Amy's foster-sister, and of a very respectable family."

"Then why does she tend in a confectioner's shop?"

"Because she is not fitted for any other occupation, and the proprietor of the establishment is in some sort a protector, having promised Mrs. Lee to look after Rose when she was taken away."

"But has she no friends who will take her into their families?"

"Yes indeed, but Rose is very independent, and prefers supporting herself."

"I did not know but she might be some relative of yours," said pitiful Mrs. Emery, heartily vexed at the unsatisfactory information she had obtained.

"Not the least, though I should be proud to claim her as such," said Miss Campbell, with a quiet dignity which made her companion uncomfortable.

Just then Amy Campbell advanced, leaning on her father's arm. They had hardly reached the group, before Captain Stuart left a party of gentlemen, and, joining her, requested the fulfillment of her promise to dance her first quadrille with him.

Miss Campbell glanced archly at her niece, as Stuart led her away, and Mrs. Emery said:

"Ah! is that the case?"

But Miss Campbell replied quietly:

"Only a bit of pleasantness between Amy and myself," for she had no intention of putting Mrs. Emery's unruly little member in motion about her niece's affairs of the heart. And besides, there was no engagement, though it only depended on Amy's giving Stuart an opportunity of declaring himself.

At this moment Mrs. Emery caught a glimpse of Col. Wallace, leaving the group around Belle Collamore with a most portentous frown, as in a fever of anxiety she arose to join him, hoping to allay his anger by a timely oblation of flattery.

With a sense of relief, Miss Campbell turned to Mrs. Denmoor, remarking:

"Brother Alexander is a good thing sometimes. I have been wishing to speak to you all this evening. Is that young lady on your other side Miss Lovering?"

"Yes—but have you not been introduced?" and she performed the ceremony in a familiar manner, that left Minnie at liberty to continue her conversation with Miss Brandon, for Mrs. Denmoor had observed the growing attachment of Captain Stuart, and on account of his relationship, as well as the great degree of intimacy between the families, she felt justified in speaking on the subject to Miss Campbell.

"Captain Stuart is very attentive to Amy; do you think it will be a match?"

"Why, I think she is rather young to know her own mind yet," said Miss Campbell, smiling. "You

are aware I am one of those old-fashioned people who disapprove such early marriages as some giddy creatures are hurried into—yet I think Amy likes Captain Stuart, and I know no one who appreciates her so truly as he."

"I hope it may be an engagement, then, for I consider them admirably fitted for each other. But there is another couple in the room that in my opinion, will be more than friends before long."

"Which is it?"

"Cast your eye toward the left hand corner—you will see a young lady with several persons grouped around her. Unless I greatly mistake, one of them is a favorite."

"Why, that is Belle Collamore. Do you mean the Hon. Thomas Ellis?"

"Nonsense! That gray-headed gentleman, old enough to be her father! Guess again."

"Well—then it is probably Gustavus Melton."

"Out upon you, Lucy! I gave you credit for better taste than to choose that conceited coxcomb—pray redeem your blunders."

"Ah! now I see a certain young gentleman who has been hidden before, but is now bending over Belle's chair, and urging her to join this quadrille—yes, it must be Edward Stanley."

"You are quite right; he is the favored individual. But what in the world is Susan? Only two dances to-night, and talking with Mr. Harrison this half hour; she is getting altogether too peevish, when she would rather listen to any clergyman, however eloquent, than hear her own praises, and there was a dash of good humored railery in Mrs. Denmoor's manner."

Frederic now advanced to the ladies, requesting Minnie to accept him for this dance, as supper would follow immediately, and he wished to hand her down, while Colonel Alexander led off Miss Brandon.

"How artless and unaffected Miss Lovering's manners are," said Miss Campbell, as Minnie entered into the spirit of the dance, with childlike delight.

"There is such a joyousness about her—but is she not rather young to be in society?"

"She is only sixteen, to be sure, but her aunt thought the company of young people would be a benefit to her, and I believe she is right. Minnie is very timid and distrusts herself too much."

"She is co-heiress with Miss Collamore to Madam Richmond?"

"Yes, the cousins never met till this winter; still I think there is a strong affection between them already."

"Do not you consider Miss Brandon very peculiar? I never saw so independent a young lady before, but I should not judge that she was very happy."

"Her haughty reserve and almost lawless manner seem to me put on to divert her mind from unpleasant reflections—but perhaps we mistake; she has probably been spoiled and petted all her life, and it may be, is restless from satiety. I think it is a misfortune to be the only child of wealthy parents—it requires such a strong mind to withstand flattery and caresses."

"At any rate, she seemed delighted with unsophisticated little Minnie; it is the first time I have seen her roused from that cold apathy of indifference."

"She is a very interesting girl, and I think some fault of education must have chilled a fine spirit. I hope Minnie will do good by awakening her interest in something," and with a sigh of pity, Mrs. Denmoor changed the conversation to more general topics.

"The evening passed pleasantly, and with a promise to Miss Brandon to call on her soon, Minnie sank back in the carriage highly delighted with her first party."

"What was the great attraction this evening, Sue, that you should sit listening to Mr. Harrison, instead of dancing, when there was quite a crowd urging for the honor of your hand?" asked Miss Collamore, gaily.

"Simply because the gentleman was giving a most interesting account of a six months' residence in Paris, and some amusing incidents connected with it."

"I thought it a miracle that my gay sister should be smitten with a sober young minister," said Frederic.

"I am sure he is not sober, Fred; he is the most entertaining person I ever met; and I think his eyes are splendid."

"Oh! there is no danger but you are heart-whole, while you dare praise him so warmly. I rather think he owes his favor to a discovery of good family. Eh?"

This was Sue's weak point, and she replied with slight acidity:

"It is no wonder I think so much of good family; ours is not overstocked with politeness or dignity."

"Susie is tired," said Isabelle. "Pray cease tormenting her."

Frederic turned his attentions to Minnie, and as they separated for the night, to her enthusiastic assertion that she had never before passed so pleasant an evening in her life, he replied:

"I take all the credit to myself—it was entirely owing to your cavalier."

Again Minnie wondered that she had thought Frederic Denmoor haughty and reserved, while she was enthusiastic in praise of Miss Brandon, much to the surprise of Miss Collamore, with whom she was not a particular favorite.

The next day invitations were received to pass an evening at the Campbells, and Minnie having overcome her timidity of meeting strangers, anticipated much pleasure. The afternoon before the party, each of the young ladies received an elegant bouquet. Isabelle hesitated to carry the one directed to her, lest it should be a gift from Col. Wallace; but Sue declared he would never forget his stiff, formal dignity so far as to send such an airy, graceful affair—so the matter was settled. Sue concluded that she was indebted to Capt. Stuart, and Minnie thought Frederic had a share in her gift.

As Minnie entered the cloakroom at Mr. Campbell's, she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and at the same moment a pretty, graceful girl rose from a seat, and advanced to meet her.

"Why, Rose Lee! how came you here?" exclaimed Minnie.

"Miss Amy requested me to assist the ladies to-night, and so I obtained permission to leave the shop; but how glad I am to see you, and how is Madam Richmond?"

"Well, thank you; but where did you become acquainted with Miss Campbell?"

"She is my foster-sister—did I never speak to you about her? But how long it is since I have seen you, and how much you are altered, though I see that is because you have put up your curls. Is Lily still with you?"

At this moment Miss Campbell came forward, and greeting Minnie—

"You seem to be old acquaintances," she said in surprise.

"Yes, indeed," Minnie replied, "we were play-

mates long ago. She used to live near —, and Mrs. Lee cowed for us. But I did not know where Rose had gone since her mother's death. You must come out and see me this summer, Rose."

Rose promised, and Minnie joined her friends, who were waiting to enter the drawing-room.

The discoveries of this evening were that Sue found that Capt. Stuart did not send the bouquet, but she vainly attempted to discover who did, and Minnie, in untying the flowers of hers, brought to light a strip of paper with her name on it, which Isabelle said was in Frederic Denmoor's handwriting.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE UNCONQUERED.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

The conqueror's hand was laid upon him; he had fought nobly and bravely, but all, alas! in vain; this was the conquest that his foe had madly sought, and now no power could win it back again. Yes, Uncas, with a greedy thirst for vengeance dire, had burned within him like a churning flame, had prayed for victory's hand to quench the wasting fire.

That filled his spirit—and this hour it came.

The Narragansett Sachem knew his doom was sealed, and in the dusk he sat in silence down—No more the tomahawk or scalping knife to wield—No more to startle nations with his frown. But not one plea for mercy from his mute lips came, No look of fear was in his burning eye, No tremor shook or thrilled his broad, athletic frame; He looked the power he felt—to nobly die.

They killed and scalped his warriors there, before his face;

He saw them one by one in silence rest, And still his stoic features bore no slightest trace Of mighty anguish, surging through his breast. The fierce delight of Uncas was but half a joy, To see his captive foe unbending still, Revenge but half revenge; for though he might destroy, The haughty spirit bent not to his will.

"Why speak'st thou not, brave Sachem?" a haughty Uncas said;

"Why not for life that now belongs to me? Thy power is gone, and all thy bravest chiefs lie dead; If thou hast conquered, I had asked of thee. Speak I ask for mercy at my hands in this, thine hour, If thou hast any wish to longer live;

"Revenge is sweet," I hold thee fast within my power; 'Tis thine to ask—mine, if I will, to give."

Miantonomo heard—he knew his hour had come, Yet not a muscle by that thought was stirred; His spirit sat within majestically dumb—

His calm, defiant lips spoke not a word. Though stripped of royalty and power—defenseless now—

The sport and pastime of a monarch's will, The mighty crown of grandeur sat upon his brow—

When conquered most, he was unconquered still.

And felt in his grandest hours of victory and might, Never he such power as woke within his soul;

Towering like mountain peaks to catch the morning light, His mighty spirit stood above control.

He was the conqueror, though the world might say he fell

Beneath the brave Mohegan's craft and power; How better could his fearless spirit nobly tell

Its own great strength?—he knew his triumph hour.

And each succeeding year, when came the fated day, That marked the time their brave old chief was slain, His followers came and sang his dirge, and stones would lay

To mark the spot we now call "Sachem's Plain." And though that injured race of red-browed, forest chiefs

Have strangely passed like autumn leaves away, Such fearless souls as his will stand in bold relief, And while a true heart lives, in memory stay.

And it were well if in these later times, such hearts As boast of courage and then shrink from test, Would nerve themselves to do a hero's part;

And when most falling, then to do their best;—If 'ere reformers had the souls like his to bear, Unflinching still throughout the darkest day, In victory or defeat to nobly do or dare,

Unconquered live, unconquered pass away.

• Do Forrest's History of the Indians of Connecticut.

Startling Phenomena.

A few weeks ago, says the *Pulsaski*, N. Y., Democrat, a lady in this town was folding clothes in the evening, at the table; she heard, as it were, footsteps on the floor; she looked about to see who it was, supposing one of her children had got up for something, as they had retired to bed. When she looked about, she saw no one, but something took hold of her dress and moved her nearly around. She became frightened, and went to an adjoining room and told the family residing there she was fainting, and desired help. They came to her assistance. After she had revived, she rehearsed what she had heard and felt, adding that she believed her mother was dead. Next morning, (Saturday) about 4 o'clock, she and her husband again heard a noise in the room. He arose, to see if the children were there, and they were not. The sequel appears to be, that the lady's mother died in Syracuse, about 4 o'clock on the morning spoken of; but had been insensible the night before. Some time before she died, she told her daughter that when she did die, she would manifest herself unto her. The daughter requested her not to do so, as she would be frightened. The mother replied that she need not fear her when dead more than when alive. In addition to the foregoing, another lady, an intimate acquaintance of the deceased, living in this town, saw the daughter the next Sunday, and told her "her mother was dead," for she had manifested herself to her the night before, at her house. Upon these manifestations, the husband went to Syracuse, and found that the mother was dead, as before mentioned.

Beards.

Somebody, after the order of Solomon, says of these superfluities—"The vain man curleth his beard with his fingers; the conceited man stroketh it with his hand gently; the choleric man hath it short and crisp; the sensual man thick and coarse; the man of sentiment hath it soft and flowing; the timid man sparse. The boy is beautiful with the 'down upon his chin'; the white, flowing beard of a Nestor is magnificent. We never think of the princely Abraham, except as with a long white beard and turban. The fine old cavaliers of Elizabeth's time were brave and courteous, because of the beard; the Roman inquisitor is cruel because he is shorn. Truly, there is philosophy in a beard." No doubt; and there is vanity, too—as he says; and there may be *use*, likewise, in it. But then, beards are so very common! Its sign of a man of mark, just to be without one.

ON THE IMPOSSIBILITIES.—To avoid doing anything that might excite envy or malice against you,

Original Essay.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEADMAN.

ELEVENTH PAPER.

ITS OBJECTIVE CORRESPONDENCE TO THE INTEGRAL PRAYER OF HUMANITY.

The whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.—Paul.

My last offering to the reader concluded the substance of my impressions concerning the *Characteristics of the Age of Virtue*. I am not interiorly advised to offer more upon that branch of the general subject, except to review the completed portion of our study, as a sort of connecting link to other branches which are about to claim our attention.

Nine of the foregoing papers have been devoted to the pleasant task of elucidating the seven promising features of Human Maturity, which, in the order of my conception and presentation, are PEACE, FREEDOM, COMPETENCE, SELF-GOVERNMENT, SOCIAL ORDER, INDIVIDUALITY AND COMMUNION; the last embracing the three distinctions of *sub-human, inter-human, and super-human*, or Communion of mankind with the lower orders of creation, with each other, and with the inhabitants of the spirit-world. With all these ineffable endowments of Human Nature realized to the full of every aspiring soul, after the reader's imagination, or even the imperfect sketches of my pen, what more could man desire? What heart would not be satisfied? To me it seems too plain a point to argue, that these seven co-incidents of Universal Rectitude are so many modes of Divine Munificence, implying as much of Heaven as this world can ever hold; that they are the very forms of worth which all are groping for, with little or no conception of what they seek. I therefore affirm, and shall proceed to demonstrate, that the Integral Prayer of Humanity is, and has ever been, for the Age of Virtue; and that for lack of its characteristics and longing for them, "the whole Creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now."

These alone will "deliver us from evil." That is "The Kingdom of God."

To evince the truth of this bold assertion, I begin with announcing the truism that Happiness is the end of all human desires, as well as the intention of all human efforts. I mean that this is the *reason*, either direct or indirect, of all our wishes and endeavors. Some sort of present or future enjoyment is the real object of every earthly aim, however erring. Ask yourself *why* you act in any way, or why you hope for any thing, and some remove from pain to pleasure, from uneasiness to comfort, or the winning of some expected gratification, is the only answer of consciousness. This motive is both instinctive and rational. The Creator has made no other, and reason conceives this to be all-sufficient. It is, therefore, natural, Divine, universal—the *only* motive.

Man has not been wanting in *energy* to realize his inmost wish. The motive is irresistible. It cannot be said that anybody is indifferent, or that all have not labored hard and earnestly enough to have reached the end in view. Nobody is willing to be wretched; everybody tries to be happy. Indeed, we do nothing else, and mankind never have done anything else, but try to be happy. To every soul, day after day, week after week, and year after year, from the cradle to the grave, life is one long incessant struggle for Happiness, yet without success. Man has always missed his aim, and nobody is happy. Happiness is not yet an earthly reality. All are more or less unhappy; many become intolerably wretched and involuntarily quit the stage of mortal suffering; and everybody who is not blind to realities, is ready to admit that the present sphere of life is not in itself worth the endurance of half its pains and disappointments.

Why is this? The question is not new. It is prompted in every hour of suffering, or of incited attention to the miseries of mankind, but not answered to the rational satisfaction of one in a thousand. It has been put in print, but rarely to better purpose than to elicit a fabricated response. And the questioner has been over-awed and silenced by the superstitious powers of darkness, through all the rolling centuries of the first cycle of Progress, from "the fall" of ignorance to this resurrection age of reason, till hundreds of generations have come and gone, none knowing whither, "the whole Creation groaning in pain and travailing" with this supposed inquiry—*Why?*

Fancy, brooked by hoary Ignorance, has been as confident of her ability to solve this mystery as others. She has also displayed her usual versatility of theoretic talent, whereby she suits the taste of every varying mind. Three of her most popular explanations are hardly to be overlooked. The first conjecture is, that the Devil is at work in all Creation, as the staunch antagonist of Omnipotent Goodness. The advocates of this theory, have of course, no faith in human progress, except in the backward, downward way, to where the most of all past generations have tumbled off the shores of time into the bottomless abysses of perdition. They hold that "the world is waxing worse and worse," and the only hope of the favored few—an infinitesimal number of saints who are yet to "inherit the earth," is in "the speedy coming of the Lord," who, erst "the Lamb of God" that was to "take away the sin of the world," is about to show himself as "the lion of the tribe of Judah," that is, the spirit of Divine vengeance in the vision of old prophets, "rending down the wicked and trampling them in his fury. The 'followers of the Lamb, *alias* lion, do not expect to be happy till their enemies are thus destroyed.

The larger and more respectable divisions of the Christian body have taken a milder view of the difficulty. They tell us it is not according to the gracious decrees of God that man should be happy in this transient world of sense. Perhaps Infinite Wisdom can see that our affections would become glued to perishing things; that earth would never wear, and consequently the soul, when it comes to be translated to the skies, would grow homesick and sigh to return to the land of its nativity, if perfect bliss were first experienced here. All this is very poetical and plausible; but it is flatly opposed to "the Lord's Prayer," or the Sermon on the Mount, and, indeed, the whole Gospel of Jesus, whose very mission, according to all the relics of his teachings, was to impress mankind that "the kingdom of God," might, could, would and should come to earth, and the will of God be done below as it is in Heaven; whereas all the happiness of Heaven must follow.

Then there is a class of non-religionists who answer the question by referring all natural vicissitudes to fate, all events to chance, all terminations of voluntary endeavor to fortune, and all unexpected incidents of good and evil to luck. Fate is the father of all pos-

sibilities; but Chance rules the weather and turns the tide of human affairs, while Fortune smiles or frowns on all our undertakings. Her smile is normal, so her frown is called *misfortune*. Luck is a clever mediator between mankind and the three older Deities thus *unluckily* associated. It is his chosen business to harmonize the discordant trinity, by flattering the humor of Fortune and conciliating Chance with Fate. This he is not always able to do; a condition of which we are too unmindful. When he succeeds, we show our gratitude by calling him *good*; but when he fails, we are dissatisfied, and thoughtlessly call him *bad*. According to this secular mythology, the world may sometimes come right-side-up. Who can tell? But all we know is, that what never has happened never may happen.

To these expostions of Fancy, let me oppose the answer of Reason. This is contained in two words—*ignorance and error*. Man fails to be happy because he errs, and he errs because he is ignorant. He does not know how to be happy. He has not as yet discovered either in what happiness consists, or the only means and method by which the boon of universal desire, hope and endeavor, is to be reached. Therefore he seeks, but seeks amiss; he strives, but not aright; and the sequel is, defeat—his efforts are all abortive, and his golden wish is frustrated. Happiness is the fruit of virtue, but man is not virtuous; this is why he is not happy—the reason of all human wretchedness.

For evidence of this, we have but to look at the ways of mankind individually and collectively, and trace the inevitable connections between the various degrees and qualities of human suffering and their corresponding specifications of wrong-doing. First, look at the conduct of each and all, and "mark the perfect man," if you find him; for you will quickly lose sight of him in the crowd of sinners, and may never see his like again. He is a character that I have never had the fortune to meet at all, and must be as rare as the reputed appearance of "thesea-serpent," if not in fact as mythical. Where is the living worthy whom friendly acquaintances have denominated *righteous*? Where is the honest man or woman that pretends to do in all respects as well as one knows how, and is conscientiously urged to live?

Where?

In truth, human wisdom, though not as yet equal to absolute virtue, is nevertheless the pioneer of reformation—the vanguard of moral progress. But how few are the world's true reformers! Not every one has any thought of growing. Rare indeed is the earnest inquirer after the narrow way of discipline—the "straight gate" of personal rectitude. The great majority are sheer victims of indulgence, asking no questions of experience, projecting no better ways of living than those of present gratification. This is the case not with epics of vulgar name alone, but with the million, including all ranks, who affect to be temperate, respectable, Christian. Do all church-members eschew tobacco and "good bar-bains"? Are all good citizens, so called, all "gentlemen and ladies," polite enough to do as they would be done by? Do all the people get enough to eat who earn a living? and does nobody eat too much, or what is opposed to the demands of lawful appetite? Not so. Wrong, wrong, is written all over man, on all his habits and social relations. Misery surely ought to follow his habitual disregard of the rigid laws of life—misery as various as his transgressions. That he is miserable enough, is so obvious and generally admitted, that I need not repeat what I have already stated to this effect.

But I want it to be observed that all are *not alike* wretched. Why should they be, when some are less erring and wrongful than others? Please take notice that of all the children of folly and wickedness, the most reckless sinners, other things being equal, are the greatest sufferers. The natural award of evil is duly apportioned to individual aberrations; and this with no allowances for ignorance—no mitigation in behalf of foolish innocence, because the use of evil in the economy of Divine Justice is not punishment, but admonition to the end of reformation. God makes no account of *guilt*; it is only from *error* that he would reclaim the soul, not hating sin, but loving the sinner whom he would happily. Some are happy, comparatively. All are measurably blest according to their respective degrees of fidelity to principle. But perfect happiness is not the fruit of individual exertion alone. Man has social wants which personal virtue will find only in the fountain of universal righteousness. Hence mankind have always leaned toward each other, as having a presentiment of mutual interest; and many are beginning to look hopefully in each other's faces, as if persuaded of the future reality of all living wishes through certain coadjutant means. From individuals, therefore, let us turn to communities, and glance at the dolings of mankind collectively.

What do we see?

Political states—ecclesiastical organizations—educational institutions—conjugal alliances—reform movements.

Nothing else?

Brothels—rum holes—gambling halls—penitentiaries—poor houses—serfdoms—slave ships—battle-fields.

Well, let these pass; but what of the former?

From the position heretofore assumed, that happiness is the end and reason of all our wishes and efforts, it follows that all legislative, religious, preceptorial, domestic and reformatory combinations of personal power, originate in the weakness and inability of individuals to realize their natural wants; and therefore that all these specific agencies are co-operative to the common desideratum, which, however variously misconceived, can be nothing else but happiness. And since there is but one method of happiness—that is, *righteousness*, the intelligent hope of all must point to THE AGE OF VIRTUE, and the only successful aim of each must be directed to one or more of its general characteristics—peace, freedom, competence, self-government, social order, individuality and communion. Beside that heart-born integrity of intention, and this head-born rectitude of endeavor, these social powers should be mechanically adequate to the enterprise for which hope has called them into being; that is, be able as well as willing to make all their constituents happy.

But the deplorably overt fact that nobody is happy, that many in every age have been intolerably miserable, forestalls the claim of every conventional power to all these qualifications. All communities—all forms of association which have ever been attempted, have been tried long enough to demonstrate their hopeless inefficiency as agencies of happiness, without at least some modification in their structure or increase of information as to their effective operation. Now, as mankind fail of what they seek in their individual capacity, not so much because of constitutional defects, either in body or mind, as for want of special intelligence, so I incline to think humanitarian man fails of happiness in

A wretched plumber, writer to another plumber says, in a foot-note, "Piping times, these!"

ern companies, after which the stock was multiplied by five so as to amount to some millions.

War and Peace.

Mr. Wm. Lloyd Garrison, having come out pretty strongly for War, in the expectation of turning it to account in the work of overthrowing slavery on this continent, a sweet hearted and healthy-souled abolition friend in Philadelphia has addressed him a long letter on the subject, through the columns of the "Liberator," from which we are pleased to make extracts as follows:

"The cry goes forth—'This war is the death-blow to slavery.' But I must say I doubt it. I cannot yet think that so sublime a virtue—a child so pure, a consummation so prayerfully desired—can be the offspring of so corrupt a parentage as war.

"The world's history is the world's judgment-book." I have examined history, and I find no permanent, substantial and fully satisfactory liberty has ever been achieved by force of arms. The demoralizing influence of this means of victory permeates every institution, and inoculates the whole system of government, and may inaugurate many kinds of slavery and oppression.

A people so diverted from the even tenor of their way, so automatized by the one dress, one step, one motion, one command—taking away their individuality, and blunting their consciences and accountability to God alone—will be likely to imbibe such a love for contention as will cheapen life, engender an irritability that will cause dissatisfaction with everything, and give such a way to evil passions, that, when they return from warring with the South, they will fall upon the abolitionists, and say: 'You have been the cause of our troubles, and will make you suffer.'

"The animal nature must be overcome; for it is not our spiritual nature that prompts to bloodshed, even for the slave. It is out of love for him that we espouse anti-slavery sentiments; and yet he is far more innocent than the slaveholder; and if we love our enemies as we should—if we love our misguided brethren as we are required to—surely, our love for the slaveholder should not be forgotten. Some call them savages and brutes; and though their acts might justify the impression with some, still, the more they err, the more they become objects for our sympathy, solicitude and reformation—they become more than brothers, and we should meet out kindness, goodness and love to them, together with an earnest, resolute vindication of the rights of the enslaved. This was being done by you, Mr. Garrison, and others, with large hearts. Is it any time to change your tactics? Oh, hard as it is to resist the war feeling, because there may, through some spectacles, seem a dim prospect for the slave, think of the magnificent position you would occupy, if, with all their insults, with all their bitter denunciations, you continued magnanimous! The grandest conflict is that which successfully resists temptation, and the most complete victory is that which successfully overcomes it."

"These appeals are not lost upon mankind, not even upon our Southern brethren. Who are they? Look into their relationships: are they not interwoven with us by all the laws of consanguinity and nationality? They are not so wonderfully different from us. We have our faults and foibles. We are not infallible. They have some noble traits, they are children of the same impartial Father, they all have consciences. Yes, consciences! Touch, then, that fountain of goodness. You cannot do it with the sword—that breeds revenge, and killeth. You can touch it with the whisperings of the spirit of love. It is an easy matter to love those that love us, yet empty of rewards. The triumphs of this life are gained by overcoming evil with good. Yet we must not be impatient, or we may accept the speed of war, so seducing is it to carry out devout ends, and thus retard rather than hasten. Some may say, 'This will do very well when the millennium comes, but that is not yet.' Why, we make millenniums—every man can make them for himself? They are the development of our spiritual nature, attainable only by lives of purity and virtue, by abjuring the use of carnal weapons, and by a system of universal benevolence and love to mankind. Let us work indefatigably, but consistently. Our course is the highest in the scale of moral excellence. Let us adopt those means that are the most peaceful, fraternal and Christianlike.

Sometimes think, that if this cause of the abolition of slavery requires the consecration of blood, how much better it would be to have that of the pure and innocent, rather than that of the guilty, who are less prepared to render up an account of their stewardship. As at present planned, the war may cost the blood of thousands; while under a pure non-resistance, no army, and especially no army of Americans, would sacrifice many lives, but eventually grant all the rights and privileges that could be ransomed by the victorious sword, and this without the heir-loom to our children of military spirit, and without the drunkenness, profanity and disgrace which are visible in our midst under the war influence.

There is an omnipotence in a fearless, dignified, humanitarian non-resistance—the sublimity of moral courage—fearing no death to the body, earnest alone for the life of the spirit. It conquers eventually. God's self is in it!"

Col. Ellsworth's Presentment of Death.

Col. Ellsworth's last letter to his parents, which we published in the BANNER a fortnight since, indicated, in some measure, an anticipation that the expedition against Alexandria might be his last. The following conversation shows still more plainly the forebodings of the gallant young officer. The reporter of the Philadelphia North American learned the facts from Mr. Brownell, Col. Ellsworth's avenger:

"On the night before his regiment left Washington, Ellsworth and some of the captains of his regiment were in quarters, preparing for the morrow's march.

Capt. Wilsey, of company I, was, perhaps, the favorite of poor Ellsworth. The two soldiers, in the same room, were selecting their apparel for the next day's march. Capt. Wilsey had laid out his ordinary dress, and was preparing to put it on. Ellsworth had done the same thing, but as Wilsey was robing, Ellsworth stood in musing attitude.

"Why don't you dress yourself?" asked Wilsey who was robing with considerable expedition.

"I am thinking," said Ellsworth, slowly, "in what dress I shall die."

"Die, my dear fellow! What do you talk of dying for? Before you die you will see the American flag floating over every city in the Union, and all the secession ringleaders will have been hung or exiled."

Ellsworth shook his head sadly, and said nothing for a moment. He then smiled his peculiarly sweet and pensive smile, and opening a trunk produced an entire new uniform, as yet fresh from the hand of the tailor.

"If I am to be shot to-morrow," said he—and I have a presentiment that my blood is immediately required by the country—it is in this suit that I shall die; and suiting the action to the word, he donned the handsome uniform, and in a few minutes was as gay and jocund as though, instead of preparing for battle, he was preparing for the festivities of a wedding party. Five hours afterward a bullet sped through his heart, first cutting in two a badge of Engine Company No. 14, of New York, that glittered upon his breast."

Mass Grove Meeting.

By referring to another column, our readers will see that the first Spiritualist Picnic of the season—an event anxiously looked forward to every summer by thousands of Spiritualists in New England—will be held at Abington Grove, on the Old Colony Railroad, on Wednesday, June 20th. The arrangements are in the hands of Dr. Gardner, whose executive ability is sufficient guaranty of their being made to the satisfaction and pleasure of all who attend.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men to their friends.

Of no Use.

A writer in the Boston "Investigator," having asked us to explain what we meant in a paragraph printed some weeks since on the war, and having obtained his answer, now returns to the topic he would discuss. And he does it in this way: He asserts that he believes in "no God," and asks us how it can be that, if God really permits this war, he is not the author of it; and then concludes that if this does follow, there can be no God, for it would burden him with attributes which "such a Being should not possess." If the writer is unable to form a conception of a Divine Ruler, how can he state satisfactorily what attributes such a Being ought to possess? But as he does not believe in the existence of God, and we do, any discussion on the number of steps between Divine permission and authority, or on the never-to-be-settled questions of Fate and Free Will, would manifestly be fruitless even to himself, for the result would not affect his faith any way.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

One of the most excellent of the fine essays on the Age of Virtue, from the pen of George Stearns, Esq., of West Acton, will be found on our second page.

Another lecture by Professor Lawton, of St. Louis, is on file for publication. These sterling essays have been extensively copied from the BANNER by the press of the United States.

UNCALLED FOR.—Brad says, after the first battle is fought between the Federal forces and the Rebels, most of the latter will not only become good Union men, but many of them will even be free sellers.

CAUTION TO DRINKERS OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.—A writer in the Investigator says:—"Cases of poisoning by low-priced, common spirits, frequently occur, and they are caused by the fuel oil which is produced by the fermentation of mixed grains. Newly distilled spirits generally contain salts of copper, of lead, of tin, derived from the condensers in which the vapors are reduced to a fluid form. The quantity of copper salt contained in the bulk usually taken at a draught, is sufficient to produce the symptoms of metallic poisoning. The cumulative character of these poisons may even lead to fatal consequences."

WAS N'T AN OSTRICH.—A rather "verdant" specimen of humanity from the "kederity" found his way into Peckham's eating house, the other day, says the Wide World, and called for a small plate of baked beans. The waiter, having several orders on hand, called out:

"Baked beans! roast beef! fried smelts! oyster stew!"

"Thunder! I didn't call for all that, mister!" yelled the astonished countryman, starting from his seat as if he had "set down" on a pin.

"All what?" asked the equally astonished waiter.

"Why—baked beans, roast beef, fried smelts—and oysters, tew! I only called for beans. Do you think that I'm an ostrich?"

It comes, it comes, or soon or late. Despite your butcher's hordes— The hour when right shall smite might, Ideas conquer swords.—Burritt.

Jo Cose, who is a bit of a farmer, and always talking about garden stuff, ventured to say to us the other day that what the people down South want is, *Lettuce*, alone; but instead of that they'll get *Beet*.

The steamship Canadian, from Liverpool for Quebec, struck on some sunken rock, eight miles south of Belle Isle on the 4th inst., and sunk in thirty-five minutes. One hundred and eighty passengers were saved in boats. From twenty to thirty were lost, including six cabin passengers. Part of the mails were saved. The mail agent and second officer of the ship were lost.

A number of the friends of Mr. Douglas, representing various States, held a meeting at Washington, the 13th inst., for the purpose of concerting measures to erect a suitable monument in his honor, and to make preparations for the delivery of a eulogy on the deceased, on the evening of the 4th of July.

The Southern mails have been suspended.—*Exchange.*

If the government had suspended certain males there some time ago, we should not have been in a state of war to-day.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor than silver and gold.

Hon. Edward Everett has been appointed by Gov. Andrew as Trustee and Agent of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in the construction of a monument to commemorate the Declaration of Independence in the city of Philadelphia.

General Ignorance was in command at Great Bethel. That is the reason our troops got *pierced*.

A lady in Rochester sent a dress to a dyer, with instructions to dye it in colors that would not run. The patriotic dyer returned the dress covered all over with the colors of the American Union.

Diogenes did not spare the vices of the rich and powerful, and he ridiculed the religious superstitions of the age, which gave great offense, and the consequence was, that he suffered much obloquy, and was made the subject of ludicrous and disgraceful calumny. Had he lived to-day, he would have been a mighty spoke in the great wheel of reform.

EPITAPH ON JOHN HALE, OF PORTSMOUTH.

God takes the good,
Too good by far to stay;
And leaves the bad.

Too bad to take away.

A strange spectacle was witnessed on the Illinois River a few days ago. In tow of the Resolute, going north, was a barge on which reposed a two story frame house. This house is the property of a man who lived in it in St. Louis. Becoming alarmed at the late commotion, he had his house moved as stated, and taken to a Free State. His family went along with him. While going up the river the man's dog sat in the door, the cat reclined lazily at a window, and the good wife carried on the household work as usual.

The youth who compared his Betsey to a look—because she was something to a door—slipped off the handle, and was obliged to bolt.

How to SELECT FLOUR.—First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft and is sticky, it is poor. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers, and we make no apology for printing them, as they pertain to a matter that concerns everybody, namely, the quality and staff of life.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE for June is a capital number. In copying some remarks made by Bro. A. E. Newton, at the late Conference of Lecturers at Worcester, from a report in the BANNER, the editor prefixes them as follows:—"For want of space, we can only give the heads of Mr. Newton's discourse. Spiritualism has produced no more kindly and Christian advocate than A. E. Newton—one of more thoughtful sweetness and broader charity—no one who could better write by heart, and acquire the sympathy of a larger class—no one who has more freely sacrificed self in pursuing and proclaiming his mission of love. The world is never just to such, and we would hope that not only from his own country, but from England, some token of gratitude may be shown toward a man, of whom it is enough to say, that the world will be better when it has more sons like him. We hope that the breadth of his opinions will be admired, and—that is better, acted upon."

H. Melville Fay lectures in Quincy, Mass., the last Sunday in June; two first Sundays in August in Stamford, Ct. Will hold circles for physical manifestations in Cambridgeport, Quincy and Boston the latter part of June and first of July. All business letters for engagements, addressed Cambridgeport, care of Geo. L. Cade, 379 Main street; Quincy, care of Mr. Rogers. At all the lectures and circles the Life, History and Imprisonment of the Davenport Boys can be procured, he being the only authorized agent for the sale of these works in the East.

Union is not strength, as the toper said when he put water in his brandy.

The laws natural, and consequently most practical, which govern each individual, are the least understood.

JUNE.

At leisure now, O let me once again, Once, ere I leave the cultivated fields, My favorite Patty, in her dairy's pride, Revisit; and the generous steeds which grace The pastures of her swain, well pleased survey. The loving kine, see at their customary hour, Wait the returning pail. The rosy maids, Crouching beneath their sides, in copious streams Exhaust the swelling udder. Cattle large And broad, by the sweet hand of neatness cleaned, Meanwhile, in decent order ranged, appear. The milky treasure, strained through filtering laws, Intended to receive.—Doddley.

THE TOBACCO TRADE.—The stoppage of the export of tobacco will lose to England the sum of twenty-one millions of revenue, Holland twenty millions, and France eighteen millions—besides the loss of the cotton supply.

The term fugitive, as applied to the poetry which fills the corners of newspapers, is not a bad one. Such poetry is generally of the common run.—*Emerson.*

"Have you improved any in riding?" asks Bob

"Not exactly; I have fallen off a great deal lately."

It seems to be conceded, now, by the law officers of the British crown, that prizes captured by Southern privateers can be taken into British West India ports and legally condemned there, by a Prize Court sitting in Charleston, New Orleans, &c. This is the "neutrality" of our cousins across the sea!

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

GENERAL SCOTT'S BIRTHDAY.—General Scott is seventy-five years old to-day. The hero of Queenstown, Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane; the conqueror of Mexico; the great pacificator of the borders; the always incorruptible patriot—these are some of the titles by which the love and veneration of twenty millions of people are expressed. The principles of honor have guided his life too long; the wreaths that adorn his grand old brow are too much made of the amaranth that is immortal; the rewards of eternity are too near—to allow the voice either of praise or blame any influence upon the fidelity which is now so fitly crowning his heroic life.—*New York World*, June 13.

Late advices from New Granada state that a severe battle, of an entire day's duration, took place on the 17th of April, between a force under Mosquera and a considerable body of Government troops, in which the losses on both sides were very severe, and the result of which was undecided. The battle was followed by an armistice, which, however, was broken by the Government forces, and a series of minor engagements followed, in one of which the Government forces, getting the advantage, were guilty of the grossest barbarities. The latest accounts, however, from the Pacific side, state that a final battle had been fought, which had given Mosquera the capital, Bogota, and in which President Ospina was wounded.

The Methodist Camp Meeting at Ashbury Grove, Hamilton, will commence on the 12th of August.

Why ought a pig to be the smartest of animals? Because he has a hoghead of brains.

MARRY EARLY.—At the commencement of the Reform Medical College, Ga., an oration to the graduates was delivered by O. B. Cochrane. The following concluding remarks are applicable to all classes of young men:—

"As a means of resisting the temptations of youth, I would repeat a long entertained conviction that young men should marry early in life, and commence its career with some loving heart to lean upon, and the inspiration of some soft, sweet voice to nerve him for the conflict of care which he enters. Let her be no painted butterfly to lead him along the path of pleasure; but let kindness warm her heart, affection beam in her eye, truth cling to her lips, and, above all, her intelligence be linked with religious convictions. With her, life's darkest hours will brighten with hope, its worst fortunes be met with courage. She will bring heaven to earth, to cheer you with its promises, and even through her tears will rise a bow of happiness to span your future, and betoken a brighter to-morrow for your fortunes."

Digby wishes to know if a *pius* look is the same thing as a *Holy* See?

Bacon is selling at thirty-five cents per pound at New Orleans. The secessionists had better surrender, and so save their bacon, as well as their money.

Night is the time to muse;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Desires attain the abyss of night
The dawn of unclouded light.

PROGRESS.—The Austrian Diet has determined that women shall have the right to vote in the election of its members. Here's a change! Formerly, Austria used to whip her women for taking part in politics, and now she confers upon them powers which they do not have in the most liberally-governed nations of the world.

A gentleman, while in church, intending to scratch his head, in a mental absence reached over into another pew, and scratched the head of an old maid. He discovered his mistake when she sued him for breach of promise of marriage.

The shoe business of Lynn is now almost at a dead stand. Only about one thousand pairs of shoes are manufactured weekly, when in good times the number swells up to at least fifty thousand pairs.

The Governor of Missouri has published a proclamation, which sounds very much like a declaration of war against the United States Government. To give force to his proclamation, he calls upon the militia to assemble in arms to resist what he calls the invasion of the State by the Federal forces. The Governor has commenced hostilities by destroying the bridges on the railroad connecting St. Louis with Jefferson City, the capital of the State. Gen. Lyon, who commands the U. S. troops at St. Louis, is taking active measures to counteract the designs of the Governor.

It is said that young men, too bashful to "pop the question direct," have adopted a style which does not put their courage to so severe a test as formerly, says a California paper. In the course of conversation, a "marrying man" now alludes to the progress of California, her wealth, &c. Finally, he asks his "charmer" if she is in favor of an increased population. The lady, having the welfare of the State at heart, answers, of course, in the affirmative, when the would-be husband exclaims, animatedly: "Well, Miss, why the deuce do n't you 'populate,' then?" This hint is sufficient, and the ice being thus broken, the preliminaries are soon arranged, and our census is thereby increased.

The Southern sun affects the Northern troops somewhat severely. June 12th, two of the privates in the Second Michigan Regiment fell under sunstroke while marching. They will recover. The women of Washington are making great exertions to supply every soldier with haversacks.

Every man in Virginia, between the ages of sixteen and sixty, is required to enter the service on or before the 13th inst.

Punch desires to know "if figs are sold at sixpence a pound by the drum, how should they be sold by the trumpet?" and "if £5 per ton is the price of lead in sheets, what it would be worth by the quire?"

The salaries of all public officers are far too high. Many loafers receive thousands of dollars as officers for what they hire others to perform for hundreds.

THE MOURNER.

I have seen man's glory pass away,
The warrior's plume laid low,
And the brilliant bloom of youth decay
In its first, fairest glow.
I have seen the day that proudly rose
In sunshine and in mirth,
Grow dark and lowering toward its close,
And blight the hopes of earth.
I have laid the young down side by side
In the same silent grave,
For they faded in their spirit's pride,
The lovely and the brave.
And I said then, in bitter grief,
To sorrow man is born;
For autumn brings its with'ring leaf,
The summer rose its thorn.
But a voice spoke that grief was given
To try thy faith and fear;
And would that thou share the bliss of Heaven,
Thy faith must guide thee here.

[M. H. G. Cruikshank.]

The London Spiritual Magazine says: "In the next number will be commenced a most interesting series of articles by Mr. B. Coleman, being his notes of Spiritualism and Spiritualists during a short visit to America, from which he has just returned. He has brought with him a series of photographs, some instances of direct writing, and several drawings, done without fleshy hands, in the presence of Mrs. French, in a few seconds; these last are the most marvellous specimens of spirit-power which have ever been seen in this country."

The war demand for cloth is so great that the Lowell mills are running night and day, Sundays included.

Men talk of the genius of Mr. Jefferson Davis. He is the evil genius of America.

It is reported upon high authority, that in case of the interference of England in the affairs of this country, the Emperor Napoleon will side with our Government in its efforts to put down rebellion. Napoleon will not permit England to cripple her greatest maritime rival.

The fleet that England is to send to our coast will number thirty vessels, armed with 500 cannon, and manned with 6000 men.

Extract from a speech made by Henry A. Wise, at Richmond, Va., on the 1st inst.:

"I rejoice in this war. Who is there that now dares to put on sanctity to deprecate war, or the 'horrid glories of war'? None. Why? Because it is a war of purification. You want war, fire, blood, to purify us; and the Lord of Hosts has demanded that you should walk through fire and blood. You are called to the fiery baptism, and I call upon you to come up to the altar. Though your pathway be through fire, or through a river of blood, turn not aside. Be in no haste—no hurry and flurry."

It is rumored that Hon. B. C. Clark of this city, consul of Hayti for Boston, and James Redpath, General Agent of Emigration and consul of Hayti for Philadelphia, have been appointed Commissioners Plenipotentiary to the Government of the United States for the purpose of procuring the recognition of the independence of Hayti by the United States.

Obituary Notices.

In Dover, Vt., Sunday evening, June 3d, Mr. CALVIN BRADZEX, Jr., aged 30 years, passed from an earthly to a spiritual existence. He deceased was a firm believer and advocate of Angel Manifestations; has been used as a trance speaker occasionally for the last four or five years, until disease laid his wasting hand upon him, and brought the earthly tabernacle to mingle again with its native dust. His disease was consumption, combined with numerous other diseases. His earthly remains were taken to the meeting house in his native town, where a discourse from Rev. 22:17: "The spirit and the bride say come," &c., was delivered by Mrs. E. B. Demis, a trance speaker, to a large circle of relatives and friends, and after singing by the choir, and remarks by the medium above mentioned, his body was consigned to its final resting place. The deceased was the one upon whom the patients were to lean on their journey through their declining years; yet they showed a calmness in this hour of their affliction, together with the brothers and sisters, that exulted in the fact that he had been a devoted and worthy of being called a follower of him who advocated our cause eighteen hundred years ago.

Passed on to higher life, on the 27th day of March, 1861, the spirit of WALTER H. HAZZ, of Stoughton, aged 54 years. Mr. Hazz was sick two years and six months, but bore his sickness with patience. He was visited by mediums H. W. and a good medium, and a kind hearted woman, did all she could for his comfort while he stayed in the town of Stoughton. In his last moments he selected this passage for his wife to read after he was born into spirit-life: "In my Father's house are many mansions; and he selected another to be spoken upon at his funeral."

Passed away, at Cornish, N.H., May 14th, 1861, in the 50th year of her "life on earth," Mrs. MARY WATSON, (mother of Frank L. Watson) from her physical frame, to experience the joys of her "life in spirit." She was, while here, a Spiritualist. She passed away peacefully—a happy example of the effect of her belief. How much she will be missed by friends who were wont to be with her, but most of all by those to whom she was so kind and helpful. She was a true, loving mother, and a true, loving mother, may it be seen by all that "The grave itself is but a covered bridge, leading from light to light, through a brief space of darkness," that here they may be comforted with the hope of meeting her again.

Asthma or Phthisis.

A spasmodic affection of the Bronchial Tubes, which are covered with a dry, tenacious plug, known as "Bronchial Trochæa," will, in some cases, give immediate relief. If of long standing, persevere with them—they will alleviate in time.

"An old lady friend having tried many remedies for Asthma, with no benefit, found great relief from the Trochæa."—*Rev. D. Zeitz, Frankfurt, H.*

GRAND MASS MEETING

OF

SPIRITUALISTS.

AT ISLAND GROVE, ABINGTON,

On Wednesday, June 20th, 1861.

THE Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity invite all their friends to meet them as above, for the purpose of a Grand Social Union. Eminent speakers are expected to take part in the exercises on this occasion. An excellent Band of Music will furnish the music for dancing. Refreshment stands, or exhibitions of any kind, allowed upon the grounds, (for sale or for exhibition), except such as are furnished by the proprietors of the Grove, and of these an abundant supply will be found.

A special train of cars will leave the Old Colony Railroad Depot, Boston, for the Grove, at 8.45 A. M.; and returning, leave the Grove for Boston and way stations at 4.30 P. M., or in season for the friends from Lowell, Waltham, Woburn, Salem, Marblehead, Lynn, stations on the Worcester Railroad, Revere, and the South Shore Railroad, and stations between Boston and the above-named places on the different railroads connecting therewith, the same evening.

On the Fall River Road, from all the stations between Fall River and Middleboro', the friends will be conveyed to and from the Grove at one-half the usual fare by the regular trains. The friends in New Bedford, Fairhaven, and Tannock, can make their own arrangements upon favorable terms, thus preventing confusion.

Fare from Boston to the Grove, and return, (by Special Train):—Adults, 60 cents; Children, 30 cents. Tickets for sale at the Depot.

Friends from all the way stations between Boston and South Braintree, will take the regular train that leaves Boston at 8.30 o'clock A. M., just in advance of the special train. Fare from the Way Stations will be as follows:—From Harrison Square, 60 cents; Neponset, 55 cents; Quincy, 50 cents; Braintree, 45 cents; South Braintree, 40 cents; for adults; children half price.

Should the weather be stormy, the Excursion will take place on Friday, the 28th inst.

Boston, June 14th, 1861.

Dedication.

The new meeting-house nearly completed in Somers, Conn., and owned by me, will be dedicated by suitable exercises, according to the Spiritual faith, on Wednesday, the 20th instant. The services will commence at ten o'clock A. M., with an address from Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn. At one and a half o'clock P. M., Mrs. E. A. Ostrander of Troy will speak, and at five and a half o'clock Miss Susie M. Johnson, of New York. Each address will be delivered in the trance state. Other mediums are expected, and may address the meeting.

All persons, of whatever religious faith, are cordially invited to attend.

Should the day prove stormy, the exercises will be deferred until the next fair day. CALVIN HALL.

Somers, June 12th, 1861.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists and Reformers of Hastings, N. Y., cordially invite the friends of Human Progress to meet with them at a two day's meeting, to be held on Saturday and Sunday the 29th and 30th of June, 1861. Should the weather be unfavorable for a Grove meeting, a Hall will be used. Let the friends in this section unite with us, and we shall make two days progress in the right. Ira L. Hitchcock, A. G. Donnelly, Sophia L. Chappel, Geo. M. Jackson, A. Wolsen, and others, have been invited, and are expected to be present as speakers.

A. H. MOSES,
J. DOUGLAS,
A. H. PRESCOTT,
N. CLURE,
Committee of Arrangements.

A Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists, of Florida, Boone County, Illinois, will hold a two days' meeting the 29th and 30th days of June in Robinson Grove, four miles south of Belvidere. Care will be taken to have speakers to make it interesting and profitable. Speakers and others who may be passing this way are cordially invited to attend.

A. S. ROYAL,
O. MOREAN,
G. ROBINSON,
C. DEAN,
E. LOVETT,
Committee.

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. Kultz, 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 DOCKERY, Sec. Com. Arr.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Bradford will hold a Grove Meeting at Bradford Corner, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 28th and 29th. A general invitation extended to all. Mrs. A. M. Spence and other speakers, have been engaged to address the meeting.

Bradford, Me., May 28th, 1861.

Grove Meeting.

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the *Banner of Light* was written by a person who has been through the spirit-world, and who has returned to the material world, and who has been able to communicate with the spirits of the dead. The messages are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We have to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly 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?

Saturday, May 25.—War; John Elkins; Ellen Murphy; Michael Flinders.
Tuesday, May 28.—Invocation; Sylvanus Thompson, St. Louis; Catherine Edgerton; E. K. Avery; Johnny Sullivan.
Wednesday, May 30.—Lewis K. Foster; Deborah S. Buckingham; Wm. E. Cutler; Anna Bowen.
Thursday, May 31.—Invocation; Total Depravity; Ellen Riley; David T. Osgood; Mary Frances Moore.
Friday, May 31.—Washington Heide; Evil; James Maloney; Harrietta S. Sprague.
Saturday, June 1.—Uses of the Body; Martha Yates; Al. Port Richmond.
Wednesday, June 6.—Invocation; Nature; Stephen S. Dike; Laura Ringo.
Tuesday, June 11.—Human Will; Orlin Barker; Charlotte Ann Peavy; Louisa Robertson.
Wednesday, June 12.—Invocation; Mary Power over Circumstances; Horace Sherman, N. Y.; Andrew J. Forbes.

Our Circles.

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

The Indians' Influence in Spirit Life.

While the white man remembers to call after the shades of his sires, he forgets to ask where dwell the shades of the red man—he forgets to ask what part they are taking in the great contest of the age. Every Indian mound that rises from the Mississippi to the furthest lake, will answer with a voice of thunder, that the ashes of the Indian are full of the magnetism of hate to the white man.

The white man calls for the shades of his sires to aid him, but the shades of his sires arise not. They are silent, for they see there is great wrong in the midst of the whites. The spirit of oppression and bigotry that walked among the whites centuries ago, that did its mission among the red men, driving them from their hunting-grounds, causes them to return with double power upon the white man.

And now the great chief of the nation is calling his armies together to conquer this spirit. But behold the spirit has waxed strong, and shall the great father quell it? No, not till the red man has been avenged.

And the shades of the red man, what do they do in these trying times? They work for the remnants of their race who linger here. They work for the race who have arisen against the great father of the nation.

The red man has learned to give no credence to the white man's tales. When the white man says he is honest, the red man believes him a thief. Every particle of lust that is in your hand is full of revenge! Every brook, every river, is filled with the red man's revenge! He skins your waters in his shadowy canoe, and looks at your hearts, and knows them to be wrong.

The red man looks into the future, and he sees the white man, looking strong now, weak. The white man says, "I will rear a tree of liberty;" but he knows nothing of liberty.

The white man rears mighty temples for the Great Spirit; but the Great Spirit comes not into the white man's temples.

The oppression of ages back has returned upon the white man. He brought it from afar—he imposed it upon the soul of the red man, and now the red man hurls it at his feet, having lost nothing of its force.

Does the white man think that because the Indian's ashes alone remain with you, that his ear is closed? All the Indians in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit have heard this thunder, and have come forth. The shades of the red man are more mighty than the mounds that slumber here. While you fight for shadows, the red man fights for revenge.

[The balance of this communication was so full of hate that we did not care to report it. We did not number this message, or the succeeding one, in our list; but on reflection concluded to publish them.]

A Southern View.

You Northern men boast of your free institutions—everything with you is free; so I suppose I may claim the right to speak as I choose.

It is but a few years since I ceased to occupy a body of my own. I regret I have not that body now, for I should use it for myself and others.

You people at the North are trying very hard to subjugate us of the South. Smart as you have been, you can never do it. You measure your power by a false estimate. You talk about your freedom, but everybody who lives here a week can see differently.

A Southern man is not wholly devoid of honor and Christianity, although you may think all are. You Northern folks have been continually encroaching upon the South. You mistake us. Old Massachusetts is determined we shall bow to her rule, but she will find there are others who will not agree with her.

A few fanatics have controlled you—your majority has not ruled you. When the South sees you hanging up your Northern abolitionists, she will think you are friends to her.

There is an undercurrent at work, and there will be as much of an insurrection among you as there will with us; and I acknowledge everything is tending to that with us of the South.

Your poor will rise up in judgment against you, for you know your manufacturing corporations are rotten to the core. Yes, the poor will rise up against the rich among you, as well as among us.

Answer.—Yes, there were many killed at Charleston. The fanatics who curse the South, and who are striving for rule, gave out there were none killed, for it would not do to tell the people. I think, so far as I can judge, there were about two hundred and thirty killed of us. We may not see all, but others do, and, like you, we have to rely upon the statements of those we have confidence in.

If you would or could exterminate your fanatics, North and South, then harmony and peace would be restored; but if you will not, there will be civil war continually, almost. Every man, and woman ought to do just as he or she has a mind to, if that mind does not interfere with anybody else. But when it does, they ought to be out of it.

A.—This is a free country. The majority has a right to rule and crush out the minority, red or white; but remember that when you crush out the body, you do not crush out the spirit, and hatred grows larger and larger, and the spirits return and take on the very magnetism they leave in the dust of the earth, and use it to tear down your nation. The spirits of those who have been brought under your general law, have returned. The Indian says, "The whites have driven us from our lands—have crushed us out, and the nation has not protected us." Shall they crush out their natures, and return to do good, and not evil? It is their law to revenge, and they will do so. Suppose they should continue to be subjugated for ages; their natures would progress by acting out their natures. Your system of religion, has sent thousands of Indians into the spirit-world, to come back and fight against the white race. He was in the minority, and you have driven him out, and now he returns to tear down your nation, strengthened by his life in spirit-world.

A.—Freedom is carried too far, even in your matter of wealth. No man has a right to have more wealth than suffices for his wants. If he has more, he robs another. You better find out what true freedom is. It is not in your constitution. Why not form an institution for feeding the people, for

clothing them, just as much as you do for educating them? You have your free schools, and it is well. We have none at the South. Don't you see you would be compelling the rich man to help the poor, by taxing him for the clothing shops?

You will find your old system of liberty will die out, and new ones will come up. Right will rule, and not might, which has ruled in consequence of your wrong ideas of freedom.

God.

Ever since I had residence in the world of spirits, I have been trying to find the mystery, God. And there is only one way by which I can satisfy myself that there is indeed a God in the Universe, and that by Him, or by that, or by it, we live and move, and are just what we are from time to time.

I have looked in the high and I have looked in the low of the Universe, and I find everything just the same in the higher of life as it is in the lower. I find no sphere of mind anywhere wholly good, wholly positive, and I conceive the position true, because good and evil, light and darkness, life and death, are inseparable everywhere. I believe that God exists in the evil condition of life as well as in the higher condition. I believe that evil, or darkness of mentality, is as necessary to the development of good and purity, as the night is necessary to the development of your day.

Men of all ages, minds of all classes, have speculated upon God, but there was never one class of minds which have come to even one half perfect conception of God. Even the spiritualistic minds of to-day suppose that all evil is to be at some time separated from the good. Now this God, or this principle, could not be perfect, could not create, the very moment he ceased his connection with the other principle, if I may call it such, of evil. There must be a negative, in order that the positive may work out its mission, and there must be a positive in order that the negative may work out its destiny. The world is looking forward to a time when they shall have done with all imperfection. They may as well look forward to a time when nature shall cease her law-giving, or when this principle shall cease to create, or to call into life, all those atoms which make up the living world.

Men pray to God as though he were a person good and holy, and possessed of infinite power. But men pray in ignorance—they do not understand themselves or their God. Of what good is prayer, except as it calls to one a class of individuals in harmony with himself, and thus he gathers strength to his weakness.

Man should not or will not expect a direct interposition in his behalf of the powers that be, when he has wisdom.

Nature everywhere teaches you that Progress is Eternal. Then God, or this principle, continues to work out new forms of life eternally. If this be so, there must be an eternal union between the power of light and darkness, or good and evil—or God and the Devil, that you may not misunderstand us. There is nothing in the vast universe that hath not a something by union with which it forms a higher created life. Every atom in the world or the elements is a combination of good and evil, or the God-principle. Now, then, if this mass, this unity, must be eternal—and it must be—if God must work eternally, why pray to a far off God to deliver you from the power of Evil, and give you a seat in some far off heaven you never can reach? Instead of invoking the aid of those who dwell apart from you in the spheres of mortality and spirituality, you better invoke the atoms around you. Ask them if there is not a most perfect harmony between good and evil, light and darkness.

Oh, what a volume of light is wrapped up in the grain of sand! Man may read in it his whole destiny. But when man endeavors to fathom that mystery which has created him, he has gone too far off, when he should look at the little things of life for the learning he seeks from thence. Oh yes, so long as our God continues to work, to give us new and glorious manifestations of power, so long as we see this thing and that which is new springing into life, so long must light and darkness, good and evil, be united. This duality of the universe will ever remain the same. It must forever retain all its power in order to carry out its work—it cannot lose a part of itself and live. The sons and daughters of Earth will ever long see a most glorious marriage of the true principles of life. They have been wedded from the beginning, but man in his childhood cannot see them as they are; but as he grows he shall see all things true; he shall look at the evil things of life and see them a part of God—"that out of evil good shall grow." Oh, if man would only worship the negative as well as the positive of nature, man would see God in evil as well as in good, would know that he is found in Hell as well as in Heaven.

May 23.

John.

'Cordin' to that man's idea of life, if light is one side, there must be a dark side, too. That's the reason, I suppose, why God made niggers. They are the dark side.

Massa, I waited most two years to come here. I did not have to work hard to come back, but I had to stand one side and let folks come what knowed more.

I come from Baltimore. I hired out, massa. I worked for Massa Parker. Used to hear about ghosts coming back, from Kiddy, who used to live at Massa Danksin's. My name was John. I belonged to Massa Parsons. I said, if ghosts could come back, I'd come round where folks hear me. I went to Massa Danksin's, but they don't have any ghosts come what haent got any folks.

I come, cause niggers like to see if their ghosts come. I went 'long with Kiddy, to see if I could get a sight of Massa Danksin, when ghosts have her. There's black ghosts and white ghosts.

I speak I'll be done most forgot down there, I been gone so long. Massa Taylor has ghosts come to his house, I been down there, but couldn't get in. I want to tell Kiddy I'm as well off as white folks here. I don't like to say it, massa, but I do want Kiddy here with me. She left Massa Danksin's just before I came here. Yes, massa, that jest what I want, to tell her how well I'm off, and that niggers are as well off as white folks.

May 23.

Sextus Sawtelle.

I have a very limited knowledge of your manner of proceeding here. I have been in the spirit-world only a few months, and feel on returning, something of my old weakness. I died of consumption. I was sick, more or less, fifteen years, but I have a great many very dear friends living in this vicinity and in Lowell, and I should like to make myself known to them, if I can. I promised some of my friends, if it were possible to come back, I would do so. I found it possible, but not at any time, and have been waiting, as the darkey did, for the water to be troubled so we could have our time. Many of us who make these promises are so anxious to fulfill them, it eats up our strength, and then we are deprived of the privilege for a long time.

To the boys who were my friends, I will say, the change of death is nothing that it has been represented to be—at least it was not so in my case. From the time I was what is commonly called "struck with death," I did not suffer. It seemed as though the nerves of sensation were paralyzed. I was conscious of all that was transpiring, but I was not laboring under any physical suffering. I believe all who pass the portal of death lose all physical suffering after they come within a certain distance of the spirit-world. It is the general opinion that we suffer more after being struck with death than at any other time. But it is an error which ought to be dismissed as quickly as possible.

When I became conscious in spirit-life, which was about twelve or fourteen hours after I was separated from my body, I thought I would look about and see what was the chance for me to return. I thought I should have no trouble in doing so; but I soon found that I had many obstacles to overcome before I could return, and what was harder than all, I had to do all myself, thus making the Biblical saying a true one, which tells you you must work out your own salvation.

I think my friends will be glad to hear from me; but there is so much doubt mixed up in the minds of people in regard to the phenomena, that people

who desire to know the truth, fear to look into it for fear they may be led astray. If there are any who desire to hear from me, let them take the proper steps to do so, and I will take such as fall upon me. I have taken the first step.

With regard to my occupation, I may be called a musician—then, again, a musical instrument maker—then, again, a pianist. My name was Sextus Sawtelle. I lived at Lowell. Consumption is a good key to the spirit-world, but it makes a bad bridge for one to travel back again on. Lingering bodily ailments are bad passports there. My age was near thirty-eight. I was about five feet seven inches in height, fair complexion, weight varying from one hundred and twelve to one hundred and fifteen pounds. Consumption makes a fellow light, you know.

May 23.

Destiny.

The poet says: "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough how they come how we may." A great, mighty truth is contained in these words. A destiny—where is it? We conceive it to be folded up in every heart in life—a something by which it shall unfold its mission, or ultimate itself. This destiny may be called the propelling power of the universe of individuality—that mighty force felt throughout all nature, but which has never been understood. As the ages progress, as time gives them more wisdom, we find they begin to know something more of their destiny, this something "so to be," this law that fits them, moves them, gives them the power to do and not to do. Though man has had an intuitive perception of this something, he has ever been prone to look where he is some far off, instead of giving it a home within himself, he has placed it in some far off heaven that he may not and never will reach.

Destiny! There is then a certain ultimatum appointed to every atom of life. But we understand there are as many ways of outworking our mission here, as there are individual thought. Though the destiny may be marked out, we conceive man may reach it through whatever avenue he may see fit. We believe that whatever seems to be imperfect, will in time be perfect, that what seems to be dark now, will at some time be made light; but man must not conceive, because he has a certain end to attain, he has nothing to do himself. He has everything to do; inasmuch as the destiny lies folded up in the interior of his life, so also there is a power folded up within by which he may become perfect, divinely good. You need not go to Hell to find Heaven. Though the Book says, straight and narrow is the way, we find there are many ways by which man is to become happy; and the only sure way for man to become happy is to follow out the dictates of that within himself. Go within and ask that interior light what you shall do, and you can never go astray when you do this.

Because all humanity are destined to become at some time supremely happy, pure and good, and in every sense Godlike, you are not to suppose that that eternal principle which hath planted destiny in that form, is to govern you aside from your own reason. Inasmuch as he hath given it, he asks that you may use it. He gives you feet and hands and every member of the spiritual body, that you may use them in gaining that which shall bring you peace and joy. Man has never placed that confidence in his intuitive powers that he should have placed. He has ever been too prone to read the inscription he finds on the world's temples—ever been too prone to wander out to the temples of theology, to find some way or means whereby he may become happy after death? Oh, there is a temple in every human soul so holy that the angels come and dwell there. God himself hath baptized it with the Holy Ghost, and he bids you go there to worship. Seek for no God outside of your own soul, and when you have sought and found him, you may know you are worshipping the one true God.

What though this sphere is destined to become glorious and perfect? Has Nature no more to do? Is it not our duty to seek to know all the mysteries which pertain to her life? And man should never cease to seek for the best means to enter heaven. "A destiny! God has ordained it to be thus and so, say many of the sons and daughters of earth, and why should I trouble myself about what I cannot help? Oh, you children! If you are servants of the living God, seek not to place your burden upon other shoulders—seek to bear each your own burdens, and then when you stand upon the ultimate of life, how sweet to be able to say, This hath been well done; I have not entered hell in order to find heaven, but have ever walked in accordance with the light God hath given me as an individual!"

May 24.

Sarah Jane Burroughs.

Some folks have to wait a long while before they get to heaven, and some jump in as quick as they want to. Oh, I think it is queer we were ever made at all. I'm going to talk, whether anybody wants to hear from me or not—I've made up my mind to talk, and I shall. It has not been long since I had to talk this way—only about a year and six months. I did not believe there was anything after death especially terrible. But I'm blessed if there is not more than when I was here. I've got two children—one five years old, and the other eight. They were taken charge of by some of the good folks who take care of children, but that isn't enough. I don't want my children brought up to pray to any such a God as the church pray to. Even the day before I died, the minister told me the biggest lie anybody ever told me. He told me that if I prayed to God earnestly, sincerely, He would hear me, and would take away all fear of death, and I should be happy after I died. I did pray sincerely, but it did no good, and I found after I got here that all the rest he had told me of heaven and hell was a lie. I don't want my children brought up in any such a way.

I used to live in Battery-march street. I was a widow. I did washing, and anything I could get to do. I'm sorry for our thing; to tell the truth, I drank too much. That is the greatest curse a body ever had. You don't know anything about it. Once I was sober, and appeared decent, but after awhile I did not appear decent. I am not happy here. I do not feel that there is much of a heaven for me any time.

They told me about coming back here, and that I should be better off after I came. But I can't talk to my children, and I can't reach the folks that have them. Oh, if I were where there was rum, I'd drink—that's the only way I can find comfort.

My husband is better off than I am. He was a mechanic—a mason. He was better than I was. His name was James Burroughs. He was a good man. I do not want to talk about him. If it had not been for me, he would not have died. He took a fever, and I drank, and neglected him. I drank more after that, and that is the reason I am here.

My name was Sarah Jane. Oh, it's a bad thing to look back and see that you have done what you ought not to have done.

I was born right here in East Boston; my maiden name was Carroll. All I ask of the folks who have got my children is, to bring them up right, and not to let them to any religion.

Oh, I am miserable! I did a great deal worse after my husband died, for I killed him, and I did not care what became of me after that.

May 24.

William Fletcher.

My name was William Fletcher. I have a mother, I suppose, living in Ohio State. She went there with my brother about two years ago, as I heard.

I wish to talk with her, if I can. I do not know how to do so. I was in my thirty-second year. I died in consequence of receiving an injury from a fall. I was attached to Sand's and Lent's circus. At the time we were in Missouri.

It's a long road, this coming back here. There are so many crooks in it, you don't know where you are going to till you get to the next one.

Father and mother are pious people, inclined to pray; but I was a "rough cuss," and didn't attend to the soul much, and I think it's as well for me as if I were pious. My mother thinks I have gone to the old gentleman with the horns and cloven foot; but I have not seen the gentleman yet.

But her prediction about me was true. She said, "William, if you don't leave that company, you will come to some dreadful end." I dreamed so, and I believe it is true." Well, the old lady was right. I

fell and hurt me, and something grew inside of me. I wanted a good deal of blood, and didn't get over it. But about the old lady's religion—I don't want to be unkind; but it is not good for anything here. If she don't believe me, the old man will come and tell her the same thing. He died with the prayers of Christians, and was pious; but I believe I tell the truth when I say he is not a bit better off than I.

There's an old quaker in Ohio, whom I can go to sometimes, and I think he is not far from my mother; and if my brother will take her there, I'll bring my father, and will try to give her a little insight into this world.

This quaker has a little place where he lets the spirits come and do as they please. He works on his farm in the day time, and in the evening he talks with the spirits, and has helped many of them. My mother's name is Polly, but she has always been called Mary. My brother's name is Richard Adams. The old lady may be shocked at my coming back to tell her religion is good for nothing; but it's the truth. My father has been here a great while; but he is not any better off than I am, and he was no better off than I was when I got here.

May 24.

Ichabod Price.

I come here for the purpose of communicating with a man whom I once knew. My name was Ichabod Price. I lived in Boston, and died in Boston in 1838. The man I wish to communicate with, in 1832 was porter in the City Bank, Boston, and his name was Wyman Osborne. There are reasons why I wish to commune with him. Nearly all my own kindred are in spirit-life with me. I have been unable to find the person, but was told if I came here I should be led to him.

Oh, how mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence! We live our earthly lives over again in coming here and communicating a few short moments. I was a merchant in Boston.

May 24.

THE OUTCAST.

BY PHIBBE CARRY.

She died at the middle of night—
And brother not sister, lover nor friend,
Came not near her bed to tend,
Ere the spirit took its flight.

She died at the middle of night—
Food and raiment she had no more,
And it was the middle of the night before
'T was a pitiful, pitiful sight.

She died at the middle of night—
No napkin pressed back the parted lips;
No weeper, watching the eyes' eclipse,
Covered them up from sight.

She died at the middle of night—
And there was no taper beside the dead;
But the stars, through the broken roof o'erhead,
Shone with a solemn light.

She died at the middle of night—
And the winter snow spread a winding-sheet.
Over the body from head to foot,
Dainty, and soft, and white.

She died at the middle of night—
But if she heard, ere her hour was o'er,
'I have not condemned thee—sin no more,'
She lives where the day is bright.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, May 28, 1861.

QUESTION.—What relation does Spiritualism bear to the events of the present epoch?

DR. HALLOCK.—This is a practical question, and, as such, eminently worthy of our consideration. In my view, there is an admirable fitness in the sequence and relations of existing events, to our spiritual experience. Our first Revolution was preceded by the Protestant Reformation, and there can be little doubt that had Catholicism succeeded in holding its ground as the universal and highest expression of religious ideas—that Revolution, if it had taken place at all, would have been born out of due time, and would not have attained to even its present crippled condition of manhood. The decline in the spirit of the constitutional liberty has always kept pace with the decrease of religious faith. The Revolution through which we are now passing, was immediately preceded by a Reformation in all our forms of thought and of religious truth, and it was perfectly consistent with the exigencies of the case, the nature of man, and the principles of the Divine Government, that it should be so. Under the ideas which were previously more and more prevalent, and causing a steady decline of vital faith, men were losing all regard for principles, as such. The great doctrine of expediency was engulfing us all as a people. Now to attempt a civil Revolution without some previous discipline of the popular mind in morals and religion, is to shed blood in vain; and probably there is just sufficient light—just enough of consistent ideas extant among us, as to the nature and destiny of man—to make the coming victory of the sword fruitful in results of great value to our people at large.

I have thus indicated one of the prominent relations which Spiritualism bears to the events of the day; and in this way we may learn what is the only true source of power over the minds of men. Our experience in psychical facts has taught us that the great forces which move human masses, are invisible and silent; and that a man may be a most efficient laborer in the cause of Liberty and Reform, and yet in his proceedings, as noiseless as the planets in their march around the sun.

Hence, too, we learn not to confide too much in externals. For we find that ideas are ever widening in their extent and influence, and that the fire of an earnest endeavor, kindled in one heart, warms other hearts by transfer; and the light thus spreads through infinity. We have supposed that the power of this nation was lodged with Cabinets and Departments at Washington, but not so. It had all the time been lodged in its local habitation, and Lloyd Garrison for its name. A man strong in nothing but the simple truth, has been the actual controlling power in the movement which is now inaugurated throughout the land. The nation is unrolling to battle under his banner, and all these rifles and bayonets are but the exponents of a mighty idea, which those who are most active in the conflict are least aware of. In this transfer of power, lies the secret of the efficacy of prayer. So even in mechanical inventions; scarcely an important patent secured, before the ingenuity of another suggests an improvement. The laws upon which these effects depend, it is the proper business of the spiritual student to investigate.

DR. GRAY.—As I understand the doctrines of Spiritualism, they tend to a heresy as respects the politics of the present day. Spiritualism to me, teaches that the process of crystallization (so to speak) into forms of human society and government, should always be spontaneous and never forced. Use is the fundamental law of the Universe; and the functions of use should flow from center to circumference of the body politic, and vice versa, like the vital current in the human frame. Spiritualism teaches that a normal government is based upon a fundamental law of affinity; whereas, the world has hitherto been taught that Government is despotic. Slavery is a government of despotism; Freedom is a government of law; which law in a Republic is an attempt to recognize, in the moral and physical plane, the higher and universal administration of God—the eternal and irrefragable law of God in Nature. The relations of man to his fellow-man, under a government of law, cannot be permanently set aside by the arbitrations of legislatures.

Law is the foundation of this free government of ours; not written law, which may be only an awkward attempt to express it. The law under which we really live is not incorporated anywhere; we set up no image to worship; we reverence only the interior bond of Humanity; and, so recognizing law, we endeavor to express it in our legislative acts. The whole of the Free States are earnestly groping and reaching forth to find this perfect higher law; while

the Slave States are crystallizing on a nucleus of pure despotism. Now, Spiritualism inculcates that each of these parties should be allowed to try the experiment for itself—to work out its own problem. The slave governments are founded on injustice; but yet, the slave and the master can both agree, truly, that their actual relations are such as to render this government absolutely essential to the safety of the free world for a single hour.

I maintain that our Southern brethren are entitled to live under an administration of despotism; and that, on our part, we are bound to sustain the unchangeable law under which we are living. Our government is a crystal, whose nucleus is the Declaration of Independence, and it will stand to eternity. The rival government of despotism is in its nature temporary; it must inevitably soon perish, but its crystal ought not to be disintegrated by the sword.

I have this day placed all my available means at the disposal of the government for which my father fought, and for which I would die, if needful; yet, speaking as a Spiritualist, I would advise to let these inharmonious forms crystallize each upon its own base and each find its own historic crisis. The Government is practically right in aiming to repossess itself of what has been stolen from it; but it can derive no right, from the gospel of Spiritualism, to invade the sanctity of the Southern fire-jets, and break up their social system. When we have recovered our property, we should not attempt to force the gospel according to Garrison down the throats of our brethren by the points of our bayonets. They should be left, on the contrary, to elect their representatives, and go on in harmony with their fundamental despotism. The present state of things at the South can only result in an iron-heeled military rule—for this will be necessary in order to absorb that frightful power of Lynch Law, which, now invisible, stands behind every judge on the bench, and beside the clergyman in every pulpit.

It is their own affair. They who choose to live with Slavery as the basis of their social structure, and despotism, present and future, as their only safeguard, let them stay there. And let those stay in the opposite situation, who cherish liberty and public justice, and all the beautiful relations of humanity in a state of freedom. But it is no part of the reformer's duty to force his creed, or his practice, on any individual or community. Such arbitrary process is only in accordance with the ideas of the despotic system. We must leave the crystal of social order in any community wholly to its own normal and regular form of development, and if that should conduct it into a gnarled and knotted condition of subjection to despotic rule, it is to no purpose that we attempt to force upon it the results of a broader and older growth.

Mrs. SMYTH thought Dr. Gray had expressed spiritual truths in a very liberal and candid manner. Such truths were only to be reached by taking a retrospective and comprehensive view of creation, and doing justice to all. The great fundamental principle in nature is, then, found to be that of progression, or development, or what might be called the law of causes, which is the key to all scientific knowledge, as it is applicable to all forms of being, whatsoever. When applied to the races of men, they are found capable of being classed according to an harmonic series of seven, answering to the notes of the gamut, and the colors of the spectrum. The monkey tribe is now decided to be the embryo of man. There is but a small remove in intelligence and in anatomical structure, from the Gorilla, to the "lowest tribes of man, such as the New Zealanders, Bushmen and Hottentots. In Africa we find an improvement as we ascend to the higher latitudes, where in Nubia and Abyssinia, and in the interior of the Continent, there is a certain degree of civilization. But on the whole, the African races exhibit the infantine type of humanity. Next in the scale comes the Hindoo or Malay race, with brown complexions, more regular features, and higher religious conceptions. Third, we have the red race, including the American Indians, Tartar tribes of Asia, and the Japanese. Their tendency is toward a free and wild mode of existence. Fourth, the yellow race, among whom are the Chinese, the Aztecs of Mexico, and that astonishing nation which occupied Peru at the time of the discovery of America. Fifth, we reach what is commonly termed the Caucasian or white race, which first appears on the borders of the Caspian Sea. It includes in the North the Scandinavians, the Germans and the Scythians; and in the South, the inhabitants of classic Greece and Italy. The invasion of the South by the Northern nations, from sinking into utter dissolution, by an infusion of warlike vigor and the spirit of liberty. The sixth race is the Anglo-Saxon, which was formed by an amalgamation of different nations. Its first seat was Britain, where grew the first true spiritual ideas; and the foundations of reforms were laid. Accordingly, it rises higher in the development of the coronal region of the brain, or that which indicates the love of freedom. The seventh race has not yet appeared; but present indications allow us to denominate it the Anglo-American, and to consider our own nation as shadowing out its fully developed type. It will be especially characterized by an

Pearls.

And quoted each, and Jewels five words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever.

HAPPINESS.

Delusive phantom, light as air,
Whose shadow we pursue;
Each rising morn with anxious care,
We still the chase renew.
Elate with hope we persevere,
Still flattered with success;
Yet unforeseen events defer
Our visionary bliss.
With Wisdom dwells our dearest bliss,
Abiding with increase;
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."
Lay hold on her, and you'll possess
The treasure you have sought;
Her price beyond the ruby is,
Or gold from Ophir brought.

Expect not that events should conform to thy desires;
but reconcile thy desires to events. This is the way to be happy.

"THE LAND ABOON."

The virgin rose, in modest pride,
Blossoms here to wither soon;
But roses all are glorified
Within the Land aboon.
The scented cowlip decks the field,
Brief as the young May moon;
But smiles in constant grace revealed
Within the Land aboon.
The virgin, like the blushing rose,
Puts by her beauty soon;
But bears the fairest grace disclose
Within the Land aboon.
Love's cowlip blossoms fade away,
As falls the young May moon;
But Spring, with angel beauties gay,
Within the Land aboon.

—Herald of Light.

A happy life consists in tranquillity of mind, and health of body.

LITTLE EFFIE'S DREAM.

"Mamma, dearest, I was dreaming,
As I lay last night in bed,
That an angel came from heaven,
And she guarded o'er my head;
She looked upon me, and she smiled,
And methinks I see her now,
As she bended down and kissed me
More than once upon my brow."
"Yes, my child, the holy angels
Come from heaven in the night,
And they guard you from all evil
Till the morning's cheerful light.
They bring you sweet, refreshing dreams,
From their home of bliss above;
They whisper gently to your soul
Sweetest words of peace and love."

The acquisition of knowledge is so solid a good in itself, that it can never be lost.

DISTRESS.

Oh! Distress is a ship in many must sail,
But Providence with us, we'll weather the gale;
If breakers ahead set our safety in doubt,
We'll starboard the helm—put the vessel about;
Whist a rag of her canvas the tempest can dare,
We'll battle misfortune, and scorn to despair;
Still true to our colors, we'll never turn soft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.
The fair-weather sailor in luxury lies,
Not a scowl on the wave, not a cloud on the skies;
But helpless he'll prove when his fortune is checked,
In the very first storm of adversity wreck'd;
Whilst we, bred to danger, still danger can meet;
Still weather distress, and misfortune defeat;
No matter how trying, no matter how oft,
While there's Hope for our pilot, and Mercy aloft.

The uniformity of nature could not be preserved, if its principles were not certain and universal.

DEFENCE OF H. MELVILLE FAY.

Reply to the late letter of Professor Spence.

Prof. Spence, in the BANNER of June 8th, proceeds to give an analysis of the manifestations given through my mediumship in the City of New York; and our non-immortal brother hints of my being implicated in gross deception. Surely what a dangerous position our worthy brother has placed me in before the world? He ascribes to me powers almost equal to the wonderful transformations of an Aladdin; superhuman, muscular exertions of the physical that rival in power the athletes of the old world. Surely the brain of our brother must be controlled by the wizards of past ages; that, by a simple turn of the wrists, he transcribes his thoughts on paper. But in the first place I would say to Brother Spence simply these words, upon which I base all my arguments. The genuineness of my mediumship is a fact, and what man can do or say to the contrary is as powerless as would be his efforts to extinguish the sun. Therefore I would say to the skeptics and Spiritualists, north, south, east and west, after you have carefully given an analysis in your own minds of the chair-queaking, ink-daubing, light-revealing, wrist-twisting, letter-writing, hand-slapping, Peruvian bark theory, as presented by Prof. Spence, in the BANNER of June 8, and after you have examined thoroughly his wonderful theory, just consider Mr. H. Melville Fay, of Ohio, an obedient servant to the public still; and that however the Coles and Spences may affirm to the contrary, I am still open for investigation as a public medium, and openly, proudly, publicly and honestly, challenge all candid investigation. If you can slip my hands, after spirits have tied me up, you are welcome to do it. If you can detect me diluting water with Peruvian bark, you are welcome to do it.

Prof. Spence also argues that my mouth was found blacked, after the horn was talked through, upon lighting up. I deny the charge in toto. A man slipped up to the table in the dark, and blacked the horn, and then tried to put some on me; but he made a slight mistake, and caused a little streak to be seen under my left eye, I being all the while veiled with ropes. Now if I had talked through the trumpet, the black would have been in a circular rim around my mouth. I claim that in relation to lights being let into the room, and I being discovered talking through the horn, it is not so. False lights were never produced in the circles that I held in New York City. I claim that in the way and manner in which I am tied, that it is a physical impossibility for me to produce any of the manifestations; for my feet are marked on paper, my hands severely tied, and at times my mouth filled with water, and gagged.

In relation to tying up, or untangling, Prof. Spence seems to place peculiar stress upon this point. I claim that I can tie any living man with three feet of rope so that he cannot untie himself with his own

powers, but I claim that you have not got cords or ropes enough of reasonable size, (for we do not claim that spirits can untie string, or very small cord, when drawn tight, and the reasons I should be willing to state, only for the want of room) and you cannot produce enough in the whole United States, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, to tie me down, and leave me in a dark room, and give conditions, so that I will not be untied. Now under this say-so, dare men stand up and show their true colors? I will ask the world if it is fair?—yes, the skeptical world of to-day, and the answer will be as clear as the inspiration of eternal truth itself. A thundering Yez will drown all the assertions of Cole, Bly and Spence, and sink their twisting absurdities deep in the gulf of eternal nothingness.

Prof. Spence knows full well prominent names in the literary, scientific, and spiritual ranks of to-day, who have investigated my mediumship and know its truthfulness.

What Prof. Spence says is his own opinion, and of course he is responsible for it. What I say I assert from a knowledge of the truth, and I want the world to judge me for it. All I say is, test me, test me, and when I am weighed in the balance and found wanting, come up like a man and tell me so. But be sure you are right before you do it. Then go ahead, and not, like some, strike too soon and receive the blow, recoiling ten-fold back upon your own head. Let facts tell their own story, and not be limited in their sphere of action.

I will now lay before the public a few propositions—which at any time during my travels I am willing to comply with.

First. I will sit for tying before a public circle. That individual does not live to-day, who can tie me, and give me conditions so that I cannot be untied.

Second. No man, or set of men, lives who can slip my hands after being tied by spirits.

Third. I can tie Prof. Spence or William P. Coles with three feet of rope apiece, so that they cannot untie themselves, and they cannot tie me with five thousand feet, and give conditions which are in order in the circle and darkness, so that I cannot be untied.

Fourth. I will submit my person to the spirits for tying in a certain position, which generally takes them two minutes, which you cannot untie; and I will give myself up to you, and you cannot untie me under six hours.

Fifth.—Private test. I can be locked in a room alone—any room the committee may select. Place one barrel of pure spring water in the room with me. Look all the windows, and darken the room, and the spirits will evaporate the water without your finding one single drop in the barrel.

Now I want the world to look at these propositions, weigh them well, and look at them as sensible beings should look upon any fact placed before them for a solution.

And now, to close, I would say to Prof. Spence, if he wishes to take the position he has lately assumed in relation to physical manifestations, I am ready to meet him and defend my position through the columns of the Spiritual press, in a spirited discussion, if necessary. I claim to have been developed with two as truthful mediums as the light of the sun ever shone on—the Davenport boys; and in the same ratio that they have been persecuted, do I expect to be; but still there is only one thing that helps me through this mighty war of opinions, and bids me be true to the last, and that is truth, eternal and immutable as the Rock of Ages.

Yours for angels and humanity.

H. MELVILLE FAY.

Cuyahoga, N. Y.

Spiritualism Abroad.

Our contemporary of the other side of the Channel, the Revue Spiritualiste, states that Mr. Squire is again in Paris, after a month's sojourn in Algiers and Tunis. He had been invited to Algeria by a Spiritualist friend residing there. "Among those," says the Revue, "whose astonishment was excited by the phenomena witnessed in Mr. Squire's presence, was the illustrious Duc de Malakoff." Mr. Squire was equally well received by the Arab Squires there, who interest themselves, like all of their race, in facts of a spiritual order, always approaching them seriously and religiously.

The Revue concludes an article on the subject of Mr. Squire's mediumship thus:—"For us who have often been present at his seances, and have heard clairvoyants, separated from each other, exclaim at the same moment that they saw the spirits round the table used in these experiments, for us who have minutely observed the phenomena in the presence of this young American, we hesitate not to declare that they are attributable to the action of intelligence exterior to himself. But all are not obliged to come to the same conclusion. There are those who may pretend to be able to do the same. In page 321 of the third volume of our Revue, we offered our columns to evidence that any one could, without the intervention of spirits, and under the same conditions as Mr. Squire, do the same. No one to the present time has done so. We still wait for some one to present himself who will throw, at a single cast, over his head and against the wall, the heavy table at our office, with his left hand, and without making the least movement.

The Revue also contains the following narrative, with the editor's signature appended: in translating we have slightly abridged it:—

"On the 25th of January last, died suddenly of apoplexy at Villacore, not far from Paris, Madame Ermine Chauvet, wife of a landed proprietor. She was much beloved by her sister-in-law, a Madame Lefebvre, who lived in the vicinity. On the evening of the burial, as the latter was preparing for bed, she was startled by a noise, as of a violent blow on the glazed door of her room. Two days after, while rising, she heard a blow on her garden door, where no one from without could come. The noise was as loud as from a piece of ordnance, and was heard by the other inmates of the house. The bar of the door was loosened by the concussion. Next evening, and the following day, noises were heard and shocks felt. Madame L., a pious and impressionable woman, thought she must be falling under some evil influence, and gave herself to prayer. But two days after the noises troubled her and her family again.

Several times during the same period, a ladies' boarding school in the village was disturbed by similar noises. One of the scholars was thrown by them into an alarming state. The hall bell of the house was often rung in the night; no ringers being visible. Officers were posted about the house, yet the ringing continued. These disturbances became the topic of conversation through the neighboring villages. Hearing thus of them, we went to pay a visit of inquiry, accompanied by Monsieur Petit, a resident of the village, and others.

Poor Madame L. was ill, having slept but little since these noises had begun. She attributed them to evil spirits, and had had a mass said to stop them. I told her that I thought they were to signify the presence of her sister-in-law, who, dying suddenly, had not satisfied her conscience by religious acts, or that she may have departed without imparting some secret, or expressing some wish; that these noises might be made to attract her attention, and failing that, of the inmates of the school, among whom might be some pious and impressionable persons whose presence afforded spirits a power of manifesting themselves.

I undertook to return in a few days with a clairvoyante, who could see and describe spirits, and through whom we might be able to elucidate the mystery. I returned on the 12th February with the medium, Madame Delange.

manifestations had not diminished; noises at the door, in the wardrobe, in the safe, in the bedstead—everywhere. One night she and her husband heard a piece of money fall at the bedside; presently another piece fell, then more. Madame L. rose, and lighting a candle, found the pocket of her dress, which she had laid on the bed, turned inside out, and her portable lying, shut, by it on the coverlet. The coins on the floor had been taken from the porte monnaie.

Having listened to these additional particulars, we formed a circle in the room. Having uttered a prayer, I invited the spirit making these manifestations, to communicate the cause. Presently we all felt several electrical shocks. To our interrogations, made in the usual way, we learned that it was the spirit of Madame L.'s sister-in-law, who was desirous of attracting her attention; that she needed her kind thoughts and prayers; that such expansion of the soul in her regard would, by spiritual magnetism, relieve and comfort her. To make sure that the communication was from the spirit in question, and not from an adroit deceiver, whether in or out of the body, I adjured the spirit to show herself to Madame Delange.

Madame D. had never even heard speak of the deceased. Presently she saw a female spirit, and described her face, stature and figure, even to the particular of her being a little lame. The family recognized the spirit. Madame L.'s sister-in-law by this description. The spirit, through Madame D., said, that the manifestations would continue nine days more, during which she entreated that prayers and acts of devotion should be made in her behalf.

On taking leave, we received many thanks from the family. Everything passed as the clairvoyante said. After the ninth day the manifestations ceased. Monsieur Lefebvre has just paid me a visit of thanks, and tells me that nothing has occurred since.

The facts here stated can be easily verified; the place and people being well known.

Z. J. PIERART."

—[London Spiritual Magazine.

THE AFFAIR AT GREAT BETHEL.

General Butler's Official Report.

The following is General Butler's official report of the affairs at Little and Great Bethel. It gives the details as far as they have come to the knowledge of General Butler, and will be read with interest. It will be seen that, despite the unfortunate circumstance which marked the expedition, General Butler thinks that more has been gained than lost, in view of the test to which his soldiers were put, and the experience which they have gained during the affair.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA.

FORTRESS MONROE, June 10, 1861.

To Lieutenant General Scott:
General—Having learned that the enemy had established an outpost of some strength at a place called Little Bethel, a small church, about eight miles from Newport News, and the same distance from Hampton, from whence they were accustomed nightly to advance both on Newport News and the picket guards of Hampton to annoy them, and also from whence they had come down in small squads of cavalry and taken a number of Union men, some of whom had the safeguard and protection of the troops of the United States, and forced them into the rebel ranks; and that they were also gathering up the slaves of citizens who had moved away and left their farms in charge of their negroes, carrying them to work in entrenchments at Williamsburg and Yorktown, I had determined to send up a force to drive them back and destroy their camp, the headquarters of which was this small church. I had also learned that a place a short distance further on, on the road to Yorktown, was an outpost of the rebels, on the Hampton side of a place called Big Bethel, a large church near the head of the north branch of Back river, and that there was a very considerable rendezvous, with works of more or less strength in process of erection, and from this point the whole country was laid under contribution.

Accordingly I ordered General Pierce, who is in command of Camp Hamilton, at Hampton, to send Durfee's regiment of Zouaves to be ferried over Hampton creek at one o'clock this morning, and to march by the road up to Newmarket Bridge, then crossing the bridge, to go by a by-road and thus put the regiment in the rear of the enemy, and between Big Bethel and Little Bethel, in part for the purpose of cutting him off, and then to make an attack on Little Bethel. I directed General Pierce to support him from Hampton with Colonel Townsend's regiment, with two mounted howitzers, and to march about an hour later. At the same time I directed Colonel Phelps, commanding at Newport News, to send out a battalion, composed of such companies of the regiments under his command as he thought best, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, in time to make a demonstration upon Little Bethel in front, and to have him supported by Colonel Bendix's regiment, with two field pieces. Bendix and Townsend's regiments should effect a junction at a fork of the road leading from Hampton to Newport News, something like a mile and a half from Little Bethel. I directed the march to be so timed that the attack should be made just at day-break, and that after the attack was made upon Little Bethel, Durfee's regiment and a regiment from Newport News should follow immediately upon the heels of the fugitives, if they were enabled to cut them off, and attack the battery on the road to Big Bethel, while covered by the fugitives; or, if it was thought expedient by General Pierce, failing to surprise the camp at Little Bethel, they should attempt to take the work near Big Bethel.

To prevent the possibility of mistake in the darkness, I directed that no attack should be made until the watchword should be shouted by the attacking regiment, and in case that by any mistake in the march the regiments that were to make the junction should unexpectedly meet and be unknown to each other, also directed that the members of Col. Townsend's regiment should be known, if in daylight, by something white worn on the arm. The troops were accordingly put in motion as ordered, and the march was so timed that Col. Durfee had got to the position noted upon the accompanying sketch, and Lieutenant Col. Washburn, in command of the regiment from Newport News, had got into the position indicated upon the sketch, and Col. Bendix's regiment had been posted and ordered to hold the fork of the road with two pieces of artillery, and Col. Townsend's regiment had got to the place indicated just behind, and were about to form a junction as the day dawned.

Up to this point the plan had been vigorously, accurately, and successfully carried out; but here, by some strange fatality, and as yet unexplained blunder, without any word of notice, while Colonel Townsend was in column en route, and when the head of the column was within one hundred yards, Colonel Bendix's regiment opened fire with both artillery and musketry upon Colonel Townsend's column, which, in the hurry and confusion, was irregularly returned by some of Colonel Townsend's men, who feared that they had fallen into an ambush. Colonel Townsend's column immediately retreated to the eminence near by, and were not pursued by Colonel Bendix's men. By this almost criminal blunder two men of Colonel Townsend's regiment were killed, and eight more or less wounded.

Hearing this cannonading and firing in his rear, Lieutenant Colonel Washburn, not knowing but that his communication might be cut off, immediately reversed his march, as did Colonel Durfee, and marched back to form a junction with his reserves.

Gen. Pierce, who was with Col. Townsend's regiment, fearing that the enemy had got notice of our approach, and had posted himself on the line of march, and not getting any communication from Col. Durfee, sent back to me for reinforcements, and I immediately ordered Col. Allen's regiment to be put in motion, and they reached Hampton about seven o'clock. In the meantime, the true state of facts having been ascertained by Gen. Pierce, the regiments effected a junction and resumed the line of march. At the moment of the firing of Col. Bendix, Col. Durfee had surprised a party of an outlying guard of the enemy consisting of thirty persons, who have been brought in to me.

Of course by this firing all hopes of a surprise above the camp at Little Bethel was lost, and, upon marching upon it, it was found to have been vacated, and the cavalry had pressed on toward Big Bethel, Col. Durfee, however destroyed the camp at Little Bethel, and advanced. Gen. Pierce then, as he informs me, with the advice of his Colonels, thought best to attempt to carry the works of the enemy at Big Bethel, and made dispositions to that effect. The attack commenced, as I am informed, for I have not yet received any official report, about half past nine o'clock.

At about 10 o'clock General Pierce sent a note to me, saying that there was a sharp engagement with the enemy, and that he thought he should be able to maintain his position until reinforcements could come up. Acting upon this information, Colonel Carr's regiment, which had been ordered in the morning to proceed as far as Newmarket Bridge, was allowed to go forward. I received this information, for which I had sent a special messenger about twelve o'clock. I immediately made disposition from Newport News to have Colonel Phelps, from the four regiments there, forward aid if necessary. As soon as these orders could be sent forward I repaired to Hampton, for the purpose of having proper ambulances and wagons for the sick and wounded, intending to go forward and join the command. While the wagons were going forward a messenger came, announcing that the engagement had terminated, and that the troops were retiring in good order to camp. I remained upon the ground at Hampton, personally seeing the wounded put in boats and towed round to the hospital, and ordering forward Lieut. Morris, with two boat howitzers, to cover the rear of the retreating column, in case it should be attacked. Having been informed that the ammunition of the artillery had been expended, and seeing the head of the column approach Hampton in good order, I waited for General Pierce to come up. I am informed by him that the dead and wounded had all been brought off, and that the return had been conducted in good order, and without haste. I learned from him that the men behaved with great steadiness, with the exception of some few instances, and that the attack was made with propriety, vigor and courage, but that the enemy was found to be supported by a battery, variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty pieces, some of which were rifled cannon, which were very well served, and protected from being readily turned by a creek in front.

Our loss is very considerable, amounting, perhaps, to forty or fifty, a quarter part of which you will see was from the unfortunate mistake—to call it by no worse name—of Colonel Bendix.

I will, as soon as official returns can be got, give a fuller detail of the affair, and will only add now that we have to regret especially the death of Lieut. Greble of the Second Artillery, who went out with Col. Washburn, from Newport News, and who very efficiently and gallantly fought his piece until he was struck by a cannon shot. I will endeavor to get accurate statements to forward by the next mail. I think, in the unfortunate combination of circumstances, and the result which we experienced, we have gained more than we have lost. Our troops have learned to have confidence in themselves under fire, the enemy have shown that they will not meet us in the open field, and our officers have learned wherein their organization and drill are inefficient.

While waiting for the official reports, I have the honor to submit thus far the information of which I am possessed.

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,
BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major Gen. Commanding.

Jefferson Davis.

There are some important facts in the history of this very conspicuous and very despicable person, which have not yet been made known. It has been repeatedly announced, that Jefferson Davis will command the Southern Seppies in person, in the campaign now commencing. I hope he will lead the way on their first battle-field, for I mean to be there myself. But I very much doubt whether Mr. Davis has the courage to expose himself to the peculiar risks—not of immediate death, but of capture—which he would incur in that position. Some of "our boys" are bound to "have his carcasses" alive, if it costs a thousand of their lives.

By the way, if Jefferson Davis should lead the secession army in person, it is to be hoped that his memory (or courage) won't fail him, as it did at the battle of Buena Vista, when he permitted to give the third and essential command to throw his regiment into solid square: "By the right and left of flank battalions! To the color, march!" The consequence of this *hatus vale defendens* was that his regiment was left stranded in the form of a V, to receive the charge of four thousand Mexican cavalry coming down on them in full career, on the slopes of Buena Vista. The survivors of that regiment know that nothing saved them from annihilation but their long practiced, deadly marksmanship with the rifle.

Perhaps it was well for Jefferson Davis that Zachary Taylor was his father-in-law, though unwillingly so. A sterner and more Brutus-like commander might have ordered a court-martial on the spot, that would have condemned him to be shot for cowardice or moral incompetency.

In my opinion, Jefferson Davis should have been court-martialed for his disgraceful misconduct in that battle, as soon as it was decided. Perhaps he would have been but for his peculiar relations to Zachary Taylor, whose daughter he had married by stealth, in opposition to the expressed wishes and positive commands of her father. General (then Colonel) Taylor said to his daughter, "If you marry Lieut. Davis, I will never see your face again, dead or alive." The infatuated girl, nevertheless, eloped with Davis, who had taken advantage of the patronage of his commanding officer, and violated the laws of hospitality by secretly gaining the affections of his daughter. In such abhorrence did Zachary Taylor hold Davis, that he kept his word with a firmness that may be deemed pitiless cruelty. When, in the course of time, his disobedient daughter lay on her death-bed, she sent to him a penitent message, entreating him to visit her, that she might die in peace, with her father's blessing, or his forgiveness, the stern reply of the inexorable old man was: "I warned you that if ever you married that man, I never would see you again, living or dead, and I never will." And so the unfortunate lady died, unblessed and unforgotten by him.

When Davis came under the immediate command of his father-in-law in the Mexican war, Gen. Taylor refused to recognize him in any way, except officially, as in giving orders, and in other matters of purely military form and duty.

There was a two-fold obstacle to Taylor's performance of his duty in the Buena Vista matter. Davis was his son-in-law, and was at the same time known to be the object of his hatred and abhorrence. He could not well have escaped suspicion of bad motives or personal feelings, in either view.

A friend to whom I read the foregoing a short time since, gave me the following sketch of Davis's relations to an old Mississippian, renowned for desperate and reckless courage:

Alexander McClung often proved himself on the battle-field and on the duelling-ground, a man of dauntless and unsurpassed valor, showing an absolute contempt for death on every occasion that presented. He killed many men with his own hand, and finally shot himself in the head.

I happened to be in constant communication with Col. A. R. McClung, of Mississippi, in 1849 and 1850, and had almost daily conversation with him in relation to prominent Mississippians. As a matter of course, Jeff. Davis was frequently named, and for him McClung entertained the most supreme contempt. He said that Jeff. was not a man of true courage—that he wished to be regarded as a duelist; but in giving a challenge would always cast about for a non-combatant, and would exercise enough prudence to keep out of accepting one from an antagonist over whom he had not a great advantage.

McClung said on one occasion:

"I am very sorry I ever fought a duel. It is not a pleasant business; and yet I would like to fight one more, with one man, and that man is Jeff. Davis, because I think the United States will be better without him. He will not fight me—he is too great a coward. In fact, he is not now, never was, and never will be a brave man, in the true sense of the word."

He is a dangerous and wily politician, loaded down with vanity and self-conceit, wishing only for his own aggrandizement, and he cares not at what expense or how many desolate households. He thinks of himself, and of himself only, and I should not be surprised to find him, one of these days, taking a step in public as will place his neck in a halter, for he is a bad man and a scoundrel, and I have frequently denounced him as such before the people of Mississippi; and the dirty paltrous and artful villain never had the courage to resent it."

These conversations occurred on board the ship, B. Gardner, master, on our passage from New York to Valparaiso. Mr. McClung was on his way to Bolivia, as Charge d'Affaires from the United States. Dr. OLMSTEAD.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TERMS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at fifteen cents per line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.
DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy the confidence of the attendance of the medical men used as purely vegetable. No 230 Washington Street, Boston Mass. Oct. 1.

TRANCE, SPEAKING, HEALING, AND TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. WELTHEA SNOW offers her services to the public as a Medium for either of the above forms of Spirit Manifestations. For examinations of disease especially, and as a reliable Medium, she can supply the best of references. She will answer calls for lecturing during the summer. Address until August 1st, care of J. H. Cook, Stevens Plains, Westbrook, Me.; and after August 1st may be found at the residence of Amos Cummings, Jr., Reading, Mass. Terms reasonable. June 22.

CONSUMPTION AND ASTHMA CURED.—DR. L. JAMES, discovered while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Colds and General Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. Delirious during his illness, he will send to those who wish it the recipe, containing full directions for making, and successfully using, this remedy, free, on receipt of their names, with stamp for return postage. There is not a single instance of Consumption that is not at once taken hold of and dispersed. Night sweats, peevishness, Irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficulty of expectation, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. Address:—

CRADDOCK & CO.
June 22. 110 225 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NEXT OF KIN WANTED.

Hundreds of Millions Pounds Sterling.
IN CHANCERY, BANK OF ENGLAND, &c., waiting claimants. A Catalogue of the heirs, and names of those to whom letters should be addressed in England, will be sent post free, on receipt of 50 cents in gold, or two for \$1. Old claims must be presented at once. References:—A. E. Hill, Boston; J. Burnham, Old Point, N. H. Address: W. W. S. OHLSTON & CO., Box 250, Post Office, Boston, Mass. June 22.

FREE TO THE SICK.

I WILL send prescriptions and advice to the sick free, when their complaints are for Chronic Catarrhs of the Lungs, or Pysometrical Reading of Character, enclosed 1 and two three cent postage stamps. Address, H. L. BOWEN, Natick, Mass.

P. S.—Important information has been received concerning the Laws of Reproduction, which forever removes the evils of unadvised maturity. For further particulars, address as above. June 16.

WAR, WAR WITH DISEASES.

MRS. A. H. SWAN, Clairvoyant, gives sittings daily to examine and prescribe for the sick. Also sits for business, finds lost goods or money. Will call on patients, and their sending a lock of hair, enclosed in a letter, with one dollar; they will receive an answer by return mail. Office, No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. All letters to be addressed to T. Clark, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. June 16.

HORACE DRESSER, M. D., LL. D.,
Office No. 184 West 24th Street, City of New York.

WILL attend to patients personally at his office, at their houses, or to their cases by letter. For Chronic Catarrhs of the Lungs, or Pysometrical Reading of Character, enclosed 1 and two three cent postage stamps. Address, H. L. BOWEN, Natick, Mass.

P. S.—Important information has been received concerning the Laws of Reproduction, which forever removes the evils of unadvised maturity. For further particulars, address as above. June 16.

"PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF."

This saying of Hippocrates has lost its force in the practice of Dr. J. H. SWAN, Clairvoyant, who has found that the only case he will report here, as evidence of his skill, in the many cases coming within his charge:

For several years I was declining in my strength and vital forces, till at length I was evidently consuming away; respiratory becoming difficult, and I lived a constant couch, with expectation attended with raising of blood. This condition continuing, I was finally forced to relinquish business (the profession of the law, then pursued for twenty years) and give up to sickness. Rested almost to a skeleton, and suffering pains beyond my power of description, violent hemorrhages from the chest set in, whose frequency and frightfulness foreboded speedy dissolution of the relations of body and spirit. The most violent and longest in duration, which occurred in my case, at any time, continued three days and three nights consecutively, there being six discharges, or vomitings of blood in each twenty-four hours, in large quantities. During all this time I was unable to lie down.

At this time and on other occasions of hemorrhage, physicians of every school and philosophy, tried their skill, but all their efforts to arrest the bleedings were unsuccessful. Having studied for the medical profession, and being a student of the law, I dismissed all physicians, and self-prescribed, and to try my own skill. The result was, I recovered, and, for some years, have been well able to practice my speciality in medicine, above named, and to heal others in the like desperate condition.

Dr. J. H. SWAN, Clairvoyant, gives sittings daily to examine and prescribe for the sick. Also sits for business, finds lost goods or money. Will call on patients, and their sending a lock of hair, enclosed in a letter, with one dollar; they will receive an answer by return mail. Office, No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. All letters to be addressed to T. Clark, 14 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. June 16.

DR. A. N. SEEBMAN,

Eclectic Physician and Healing Medium.
WILL attend to patients personally at his office, at their houses, or to their cases by letter. For Chronic Catarrhs of the Lungs, or Pysometrical Reading of Character, enclosed 1 and two three cent postage stamps. Address