

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
TO CHARLEY.

FROM PHRANQUE.

Charley, don't be a fool, in times like the present; Think what the future has for you in store; To have "time to kill," no matter how pleasant, Is a species of folly you'll live to deplore!
Do n't waste golden time in luxuriant kisses Of one who seems ever to break from your clasp; Bide your time! bide your time! the future has blisses A thousand times richer, awaiting your grasp.
Put a price on yourself; and above par to keep; Every effort exert you have power to command; In the eyes of this catchpenny world, to be cheap Is the greatest misfortune that ever was planned.
Waste no time in vain hope love of others to gain. Perhaps they may bless in declining to give. And will save your true heart from unmeasured pain. And cause you to bless them as long as you live!
Glasses may brim for you—women may smile— Both *ignee fatui*, luring you on To play on the beach with soft pleasure awhile. Till the breakers leap after you, laughing with scorn.
Woman's beauty, like lilies, is fragrant a day; But the fount of eternal youth waters it never. Brows wrinkle, cheeks wither, and fingert's turn gray: 'Tis only her *caritas* that lives on forever.
Then don't be a fool, Charley, do n't be a fool— Take a lesson from me, in my sober old age. Avoid wine and women—beware of their rule. And who knows but the future will dub you a sage?

Written for the Banner of Light.

GIOVANNA;

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

BY CHARLES A. SKYMOUR.

CHAPTER I.

"I remember
"The fair Giovanna in her pride at Venice,
"Gods! what a mystery enveloped her!"
"They say all breathing nature has an instinct
"Of that which would destroy it. I of these
"Feel that abhorrence!"
"The loss of a beloved mother, who had been for
"long years my chief companion and guide, left me
"an orphan; and I might almost add friendless, in
"the great city of New York, which my parents—
"natives of "Merrie England"—had made the home
"of their adoption soon after my birth.
"It was the fall of the year 1851. The extreme
"chilliness and frostiness of the air, even in October,
"seemed to indicate the coming of a winter of more
"than usual severity. My never robust health, con-
"siderably impaired by long watching at the bedside
"of her who had from earliest childhood directed my
"attention to the study of the beautiful, both in na-
"ture and art, and the terrible pangs of a final
"separation with the sainted dead, seemed to require
"some more powerful panacea than herbs and tonics.
"The good-hearted old physician, who had from the
"first hour of my cherished mother's illness, evinced
"a strong degree of interest in my health and
"future welfare, the more acceptable to my sorrow-
"scarred heart because of its unexpectedness, perse-
"veringly insisted upon my making a tour of
"Europe, with the view of softening, in a measure,
"the violence of a grief which had thrust its deadly
"fangs so deep into the heart of his patient as to
"make him tremble for the security of the earth-
"oasket which so delicately enshrined the tiny seat
"of life.
"Yielding like a submissive child to the old physi-
"cian's paternal-like persuasions, I closed up my stu-
"dio, which, when brightened by my mother's loved
"presence, had been to my art-worshipping heart a
"sort of Earth-Paradise, but for long weeks neglected,
"because of the dark shadow which the Death-Angel
"had thrown athwart its snowy walls enveloping in
"its shadowy embraces the numerous art-treasures
"there collected, and gave orders to my trusty servant
"John, to have my trunks packed for a long journey.
"Having made my adieux to the small knot of
"friends my artistic proclivities had drawn about me,
"I sadly stepped on board the gallant steamer At-
"lantic, and soon found myself on route for Liver-
"pool. The solemn bass-like tone of the parting gun
"still lingered upon my ear, as I stood silent and
"alone near the wheel-house, where were assembled
"Captain West and two of his most distinguished
"passengers, Jenny Lind, that simple-minded and
"gifted child of Sweden, who had so lately breathed
"forth the richest melody of her woman's soul in her
"marriage vows, and her almost boyish spiritual-
"faced husband, Otto Goldschmidt, sorrowfully wav-
"ing their adieux to the large concourse of people who
"still lingered upon the landing, filling the air with
"their loud hurrahs, as the proud steamer slowly but
"surely bore from their fond gaze the Queen of Song,
"whose plaintive soul-stirring "Home, sweet Home,"
"still seemed floating back upon the quiet morning
"air, to their entranced ears.
"I gazed about me. Nearly every eye upon deck
"was moist with tears. Mine alone were clear and
"dry, although Heaven knows, there was not a heart
"present upon ship-board so thoroughly desolate and
"grief-stricken as that which slowly pulsated and
"throbbled within my breast.
"A fortnight's sail, during which time our ship's
"crew experienced a strange mixture of the agreeable
"and disagreeable emotions to which all voyagers
"by sea are more or less subjected to, and our sen-
"sitized eyes at last joyfully caught sight of Liver-
"pool, seen through its customary haze of coal-smoke.
"The various hand-shakings and leave-takings with
"fellow passengers—between whom there is almost
"imperceptibly established a bond of strong and last-

ing sympathy—accomplished, and I with no com-
"pany but my two trunks, was soon lumbering along
"in one of those shabby and most uncomfortable green
"cabs—to ride in one of which, makes a person feel as
"if he were being carelessly dragged along the
"pavements by a strap attached to a horse's neck—
"which are the horror of every comfort-loving travel-
"er from this side of the Atlantic, toward the
"Adelphi, the first-class hotel in Liverpool.
"A single night spent in that confused and dis-
"ordered ante-room to the great English Metropolis,
"where the noise and bustle which a lover of quiet
"frowns upon in the streets there, is only a prelude
"to that storm of harsh and discordant sounds, which
"he may as well prepare his sensitive ears to en-
"counter with a good grace, and I found myself, after
"a few hours ride by rail, in London.
"Speedily establishing myself in genteel yet retired
"lodgings in Hanover Square, I sallied forth after
"lunch for a stroll in Hyde Park. This beautiful
"breathing place of the English capital seemed at
"that particular hour of the day to have been con-
"verted into an immense nursery, so great was the
"crowd of children accompanied by their healthy-
"faced nurses, present. Groups of strangers, whose
"varied dialects betrayed their American, French,
"and Italian birth, strolled listlessly along the "taste-
"fully laid out walks of this justly admired thorough-
"fare, with an air of satisfaction visible upon their
"countenances, and an ease of movement that seemed
"to say to a casual observer, "We are at home; pray
"make yourself so."
"Yet amid the crowd that surrounded me upon all
"sides, I felt an indescribable sense of loneliness
"gradually stealing over me. I retraced my steps,
"and passed the remainder of the afternoon in sight-
"seeing among the thronged streets of that great city,
"where the tramp of human feet, like the ceaseless
"flow of many waters, is heard through the live-long
"hours of the night. So very deceitful is an English
"twilight, the sun frequently remaining visible until
"near nine o'clock in the evening, that I took no
"thought of the lateness of the hour, until suddenly
"drawing forth my watch, I found it to be full half
"past seven. Turning my steps once more in the di-
"rection of Hanover Square, I soon arrived at my
"lodgings, where my kind hostess had carefully set
"aside my dinner for me, fearing that I had either
"forgotten the exact dinner-hour, or had lost my way
"among the numerous streets and lanes of the great
"city.
"About nine o'clock I retired to the spacious cham-
"ber appropriated to my use, which like most apart-
"ments in old mansion-houses in England, was rather
" quaint and homely in its aspect. No carpet covered
"the smooth oaken floor. A wood fire burned low in
"the broad, open fireplace, casting grotesque shadows
"upon the opposite wall, and causing the brightly
"polished andirons upon the hearth to shine with a
"glory not all their own.
"One thing seemed to relieve the natural sombre-
"ness of the apartment. It was the spacious bed
"with its soft and elastic mattress, its lavender-
"scented linen, and its snowy curtains gracefully
"looped back upon either side with knots of blue rib-
"bon. After making a few notes in my diary and
"puffing away most vigorously at a choice cigar for a
"half hour or so, by way of dispelling the feeling of
"home-sickness which seemed to have taken strong
"hold of my sensitive heart, I prepared to taste the
"luxuries of the white enameled couch, whose downy
"pillows seemed to invite the traveler to repose.
"Carefully locking the door of my apartment, I ex-
"tinguished what little fire remained upon the hearth,
"by throwing a glass of water upon it, blew out my
"candle, and jumped into bed. I soon fell into a
"sound slumber, from which I was suddenly awak-
"ened about midnight. The curtains of my bed,
"which I had taken the precaution to unfasten before
"retiring, the better to insure my night's rest, were
"carefully drawn aside. Leaning over my pillow
"stood a tall and gloriously beautiful woman. Light
"wavy hair fell like a golden veil over neck and
"shoulders of faultless symmetry, and thence down-
"ward to her waist. A robe of pure white muslin
"shrouded a form of such rare grace and perfection,
"that a sculptor being allowed to feast his eyes upon
"its matchless beauty, would unhesitatingly have
"stooped and kissed the hem of her garment, out of
"sheer reverence for the power which had created so
"glorious a creature.
"In one exquisitely shaped hand my nocturnal
"visitant held a light, while the other seemed to
"be employed in holding back the curtain upon one side
"of my couch. Eyes of heaven's own azure were
"beamed full upon my face, with a look of unutterable
"tenderness and love, while the thin coral lips were
"slightly parted with a smile more angelic than
"earthly.
"So powerful was the fascination of those won-
"derfully beautiful eyes that I was conscious of
"nothing like fear, as I gazed with mute rapture upon
"those divinely chiseled features. Instinctively I
"stretched forth my hands to clasp the beautiful
"siren to my heart, when lo! the fair disturber of
"my dreams suddenly vanished from my bedside,
"leaving me in darkness and disappointment.
"To spring out of bed and strike a light was but the
"work of an instant. After glancing cautiously about
"the room, I moved quickly toward the door, fully
"expecting to hear the sound of retreating footsteps
"along the corridor. Judge of my great surprise,
"upon finding the door of my chamber still carefully
"locked upon the inside, as it had been upon the oc-
"casion of my retiring to rest.
"This circumstance had the beneficial effect of
"bringing me to my senses. A hearty dinner eaten
"a short time before retiring, together with the great
"bodily fatigue I had experienced, had caused me to
"dream. Satisfied with this mental explanation, I
"congratulated myself upon my good luck in having
"encountered so beautiful a vision in my dreams, in-

stead of being subjected to the more loathsome terms
"of nightmare. With the determination of transfer-
"ring to canvass those lovely features upon the mor-
"row, I once more extinguished my light, and again
"submitively yielded myself up to the gentle care of
"the drowsy god.
"I could not have slept more than an hour, before I
"was again awakened by a flood of light pouring in
"upon me, which, in my excessive drowsiness, I at
"first mistook for daylight. Turning my eyes in-
"voluntarily in the direction of the window near my
"bed, I beheld with a sense of mingled amazement
"and horror, the same beautiful creature who had
"previously visited me in my dreams, leaning over
"my couch, holding firmly in one small upraised hand
"a stiletto, evidently aimed at my heart.
"A stifled cry of terror escaped my lips, as I glanced
"hurriedly toward the white-robed creature who so
"mysteriously held my life in her hands. For a single
"moment she seemed to contemplate her victim
"with that half-plying, half-fendish gaze which we
"have seen at the opera depicted in the countenance
"of Norma, when bending over the couch of her inno-
"cent babes, whom she has resolved to slay. The
"next instant, and while I still contemplated with
"half-suspended breath the strangely beautiful crea-
"ture before me, I perceived, with increased horror,
"that the look of tenderness and pity which had mo-
"mentarily illumined the azure eyes of my nocturnal
"vision, was fast being superseded by a gleam of tri-
"umphant revenge.
"Once more the fair hand, whose alabaster whiten-
"ness and symmetry had at first attracted my atten-
"tion, lifted the glittering stiletto with its richly
"chased golden handle of antique workmanship above
"my head; and now, despite my fears, I perceived,
"with surprise, a small red mark upon the inner sur-
"face of the arm—situated a little way below the
"wrist—whilst the extreme looseness of her white
"sleeve had in its disarrangement thus suddenly ex-
"posed to view. I remember with frightful vivid-
"ness, as if it were but last night, the fierce smile
"of satisfaction and heart-felt revenge that over-
"spread the classical features of my midnight enemy,
"as she quickly prepared to sheathe the murderous in-
"strument in my breast.
"Actuated by that natural impulse of self-defence,
"which has through all ages led mankind to combat
"with great firmness any recognized destroyer of
"their lives, I hurriedly raised myself in bed, and
"with one blow of my strong hand, quickly turned
"the murderous weapon from its destined course. I
"distinctly heard the noise produced by the falling of
"the dagger upon the uncarpeted floor, and fancied
"that a deep sigh, as of disappointment, escaped the
"trembling lips of my companion, as instantaneously
"extinguishing the candle upon the table near by,
"she again let fall the curtain her hand had drawn
"aside, and softly glided away, leaving me once more
"shrouded in mystery and darkness.
"A second time I arose, re-lighted a candle, as speedily
"donned my dressing-gown, and slippers, and once
"more proceeded to make the circuit of my chamber.
"At one extremity of the apartment, I now paused
"before a small door, which from its resemblance to a
"closet, I had failed to lock upon retiring. Although
"tightly closed, I now determined to explore its im-
"aginary depths, half-expecting to find crouched behind
"some worn-outen old chest, the mysterious creature
"whose beauty and wickedness had both fascinated
"and awed my heart. Placing my fingers upon the
"yielding latch, I soon found myself standing in what
"appeared to be a narrow and deserted corridor, at
"the further extremity of which, I perceived a steep
"flight of stairs, which, in all probability, led to the
"garret above.
"Being in no way anxious to explore the sombre
"passage way, in whose gloom I had so unexpectedly
"found myself enveloped, I returned to my room,
"bolted the door, and set about kindling a fire where-
"with to warm myself; for the natural dampness of
"the room, together with the scantiness of the toilette
"I had made, caused me to shiver all over.
"By the light of the crackling fire upon the hearth,
"and an additional candle which I chanced to find
"upon the mantel, I proceeded to examine every nook
"and crevice of my apartment, not omitting to follow
"the fashion of American ladies, in looking under my
"bed. No traces of either the beautiful, but evil-
"disposed disturber of my dreams, or her glittering
"weapon, were to be seen anywhere; so I set about
"finishing my toilette, which concluded, I seated my-
"self in a stiff-backed old arm chair before the fire,
"with the intention of whiling away the remaining
"two hours which must necessarily elapse before day-
"light, by a re-perusal of "Jane Eyre," which I had
"bought that very afternoon of a bookseller, while
"strolling down Farringdon street.
"That morning after breakfast, I settled my bill
"with my landlady—a melancholy-looking widow, who
"had evidently seen better days—and before noon was
"en route for Paris, with spirits by no means enlivened
"by the remembrances of the ghostly adventure of
"the preceding night.
"CHAPTER II.
"I had not been many days a resident of Paris, be-
"fore my miserably depressed spirits began to regain
"their former elasticity and buoyancy. Although as
"far as acquaintanceship was concerned, a perfect
"stranger in the French metropolis, I nevertheless
"felt a thrill of returning happiness, the first moment
"my Americanized foot touched Parisian ground.
"There was something in the atmosphere of universal
"gaiety by which I was surrounded on all sides, that
"seemed to work like a charm in dissipating the
"cloud of grief which had for months shrouded my
"desolate heart like a funeral pall. The pleasures of
"a new world seemed opening to my hitherto blinded
"gaze, and thanking God for the change he had so
"miraculously wrought in my being, I gave myself up,
"heart and soul, to the joys of the new life outspread

before my eyes, like a gorgeous panorama. Frequent
"visits to those art-repositories, the palaces of the
"Louvre and the Luxembourg, where I paid by turns
"a student's homage to the immortal creations of
"Raphael, Murillo, David and Paul Delarouche; morn-
"ing walks upon the Boulevards, afternoon loungings
"in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and evening attend-
"ance on the various theatres and public masquerades,
"made my life—late so dull and spiritless—a perfect
"carnival of earthly pleasure.
"Occasionally, the remembrance of the terrors of
"the single night I had spent in London, would flash
"across my mind; and once or twice when attempt-
"ing to transfer to paper a rude sketch of the beau-
"tiful face which had so mysteriously stolen into my
"bed-chamber with the seeming intention of taking
"an innocent man's life, I became conscious of a vio-
"lent trembling from head to foot, succeeded by a
"kind of stupor, in which lethargic state every nerve
"seemed paralyzed; thus preventing the slightest
"exercise of my pencil. How to account for this
"strange feeling I know not, unless, indeed, it held
"some secret connection with the singular optical de-
"lusion I had experienced a few weeks previous. By
"no means anxious to witness a recurrence of the
"strange phenomenon which had first intoxicated my
"senses, and then struck a thrill of terror to my sen-
"sitive heart, I determined to banish from my mind
"as far as possible, the remembrance of so myste-
"rious a circumstance, by directing my hitherto
"gloomy thoughts into a new and brighter channel.
"Among the most pleasurable sports of the winter
"season in Paris, may be mentioned sleigh-riding. In
"this amusement, young and old, rich and poor, par-
"ticipate, with a zest and degree of fervency rarely
"witnessed in America. Being naturally a person of
"rather sedentary habits, I had always looked upon
"this amusement in our own cold latitude, with the
"same practical eyes as did Benjamin Franklin; but
"to be in Paris during the winter months, and not
"improve the first deep snow, is to be out of fashion,
"in common parlance, and consequently out of the
"world—that is to say, the Parisian world.
"Yielding to the earnest entreaties of a young Ger-
"man student—one of a club of six, who had come to
"Paris for the ostensible purpose of studying surgery,
"but in reality for a winter's frolic amid the gayeties
"of the French capital; and who lodged in the same
"story of the hotel I had temporarily christened as
"'Home, sweet Home'—I found myself, one bright De-
"cember afternoon, swiftly flying over the crisp white
"snow that lay thick upon the "Bois de Boulogne," by
"the side of one of the most mischievous and reck-
"less of students that Paris could boast, and behind
"one of the fleetest of bay horses that ever graced a
"harness.
"Giving up the reins to Fritz, who, notwithstanding
"his characteristic recklessness, was nevertheless, a
"most careful driver, I occupied myself with study-
"ing the various faces as we rode along—some roseate
"with the glow of health, and the keen wintry air,
"others pale and passionless, as if they had been cut
"from solid marble; while a few, pinched by age and
"sharpened by disease, looked limidly out from be-
"neath their fur-lined hoods, as if fearful that Boreas
"might, in his utter disregard for persons, imprint a
"smart kiss upon their withered and hollow cheeks.
"An hour's sport in racing to and fro upon the Bois
"de Boulogne, and, at my suggestion, Fritz turned
"our tired horse's head in the direction of home. At
"a sudden turn in the road, I perceived, with alarm,
"a span of terrified horses dashing along with light-
"ning-like velocity, drawing after them a light sleigh,
"in which was seated a lady. The speed of the
"horses and the unprotected situation of the female
"occupying the vehicle, told me at a glance that all
"was not right.
"Quick as a flash, I sprang from my seat beside
"Fritz—who, in his merriness for the exhausted beast
"had driven so rapidly, was walking him along at a
"moderate pace—and quietly placing myself in front
"of the excited steeds, soon succeeded in staying them
"in their mad career. Upon regaining the reins,
"which were hanging carelessly over the dasher, I now
"perceived for the first time, that the sole occupant of
"the sleigh—a young and strangely beautiful girl of
"perhaps seventeen summers—had swooned from
"fright.
"By the kind aid of Fritz, whose sympathy was
"thoroughly aroused at sight of the fainting girl, we
"soon succeeded in restoring the fair stranger to a
"state of consciousness. Her first inquiry was after
"her uncle, whom she informed us had been thrown
"from the vehicle soon after the horses took fright.
"For a few seconds she had held firm hold of the
"reins, with the hope of checking the wayward horses
"in their rapid flight. But vainly; her physical
"strength failing her, together with her fears for the
"safety of her guardian, the fingers of the young girl
"gradually relaxed their hold upon the reins, until, at
"last, she became lost to all consciousness.
"Placing myself beside my unknown companion,
"whose dark Italian eyes looked the thanks her pale
"lips refused to utter, we were soon retracing our
"steps in search of the lost man. Fritz, in his great
"desire to see how the adventure was to terminate,
"rode quietly behind us. A ride of ten minutes,
"during which time but few words were spoken by
"either party, and we at last arrived at a small store
"kept by a jeweler, outside whose door were cluster-
"ed a group of men, women and children whom curi-
"osity had led to the scene of disaster.
"Giving the reins to a man who stood near by, I
"assisted my companion to enter the artisan's store,
"where we found the old man lying upon a low couch,
"moaning with pain, and calling at intervals for his
"lost Henriette. A faint smile of recognition passed
"over his wrinkled face, as, regardless of those around
"her, the overjoyed girl threw her arms impulsively
"about the neck of her wounded uncle, and imprinted
"kiss after kiss upon his blood-stained brow.
"By the advice of the physician in attendance,

whom the kind-hearted jeweler had speedily sum-
"moned to set the arm which had been broken in the
"fall, I obtained a close carriage, and after seeing the
"old gentleman comfortably placed in it, carefully at-
"tended by the surgeon and Henriette, I sprang into
"the sleigh in waiting, and closely followed by Fritz,
"I rode quickly along toward the stable where Hen-
"riette informed me her uncle had procured the team,
"and after making matters all right with the keeper
"of the establishment, I walked rapidly home, not
"even pausing to look at the card which Henriette
"had hurriedly thrust into my hand upon parting
"with her at the carriage window.
"Judge of my surprise when upon ascending the
"steps leading to my lodgings, I saw the close travel-
"ing carriage containing the injured man and his at-
"tendant, stop before the door of the opposite hotel,
"Henriette, the beautiful unknown, and I, were, then,
"near neighbors; though for how long a time we had
"been so, heaven only knew!
"To lend my assistance in conveying the wounded
"man to his apartments—a suite of handsomely fur-
"nished rooms occupying the third story of the build-
"ing—was only the work of a few seconds. After
"seeing his patient carefully in bed, and leaving par-
"ticular orders with Henriette in regard to adminis-
"tering the medicines prescribed, as well as of the ne-
"cessity of keeping the injured man perfectly quiet,
"the surgeon left, promising to call early in the mor-
"ning.
"With a blush of gratitude, the young girl accep-
"ted my delicate offer, to share with her the vigils of
"the sick room, during the coming night. Soon after
"daylight, the interested surgeon again appeared, and
"only confirmed in words what I had already sus-
"pected, that a violent brain fever had seized the pa-
"tient. For seven long weeks Henriette de Courcy
"untiringly hung over the couch of her aged relative.
"Refusing the combined entreaties of the faithful
"doctor and myself, to resign her place in the sick
"room to an experienced nurse, she uncomplainingly
"performed the arduous duties, which every new day
"brought with it, until I quitted, with a feeling of
"sorrow, that the blush had quite died out from the
"pale olive cheeks, and the dark, soul-lit eyes hollow
"and listless.
"Fritz Werner laughed at me for what I was
"pleased to call my brotherly attentions to the orphan
"girl, Henriette de Courcy, but what he winkingly
"attributed to, a stronger feeling than mere fraternal
"regard.
"At last Monsieur de Courcy was pronounced by
"the physician to be convalescent; but, sad to say,
"with her uncle's return to health, the spirits of Hen-
"riette began to droop perceptibly; while her grace-
"ful form began to lose that roundness and fullness
"of proportion which had added so much to her dark
"style of beauty. Her mourning robes, which she still
"wore for her deceased mother, only made her slight
"form look still more spirituelle, besides harmonizing
"with the sad expression of her pale olive face. Mon-
"sieur de Courcy, who had grown to look upon me as
"a kind of humane benefactor, accordingly laid great
"stress upon whatever I said and did. After consult-
"ing with the physician in regard to the failing
"health of Henriette, I proposed to her uncle a plan
"which the medical practitioner had recommended—
"namely, that of taking the young girl to London,
"with a view of affording a change of scene.
"To this proposal Monsieur de Courcy at once ac-
"quiesced, on one condition, which was, that I should
"accompany him and his niece on their anticipated
"excursion. Conscious of my own great love for my
"friend's ward, and by no means insensible of Hen-
"riette's deep regard for me, I immediately declared
"my passion for Miss de Courcy to her uncle, who
"surprised me by yielding a hearty assent to my
"wishes.
"The fact of our engagement being now a settled
"thing, our little trio at once set out upon the jour-
"ney. Our arrival in London was the signal for a
"marked change in the spirits and looks of my be-
"trothed. Establishing ourselves at one of the finest
"hotels in the city—I myself taking the precaution
"to keep always at a respectful distance from the
"scene of my former ghostly experiences in Hanover
"Square—we were soon the centre of an agreeable
"circle of acquaintances, the letters of introduction
"which the brevity of my former visit had precluded
"me from delivering, being now turned to good ac-
"count.
"Among the permanent boarders at the hotel where
"our party had domesticated themselves, was an En-
"glish Jew, by the name of Moses Harper—a man
"about sixty-five years of age, who had devoted the
"best part of his years to the pursuit of coining
"money, wherewith to fill his coffers. For the last
"ten years of his life, however, he had lived a life of
"dissipation and extravagance, gaining for himself in
"London club-houses, the sobriquet of "the fast old
"boy." Few, if any, liked him, except for his in-
"fluence among moneyed men, in which community
"he held an undisputed position. Repulsive in looks,
"he was still more so in all those miserable traits
"which go to make up the character of a London
"rascal.
"By bestowing numerous little attentions upon
"Monsieur de Courcy, the base-hearted libertine prob-
"ably hoped to worm himself into the favor of Hen-
"riette. But as his overtures of kindness and cour-
"tesy were exceedingly disagreeable to the latter, I
"took an early opportunity of telling him so, at the
"same time asserting my own especial claims for the
"companionship and society of my betrothed. This
"disclosure made me not only a rival, but an inveter-
"ate enemy in the person of Moses Harper.
"Having succeeded in ingratiating myself into the
"favor of Monsieur de Courcy, the impudent Jew
"increased his attentions to the niece of his newly-
"made friend, thrusting himself constantly into her
"society, and begging her acceptance of the most
"costly gifts, all of which were firmly refused by the

young girl, to the great indignation of her guardian, whose foolish pride was flattered by the attention which Henriette resolved from the hands of a man of such acknowledged wealth.

Perceiving the influence Moses Harper was fast gaining over his weak-minded friend De Courroy, the young girl at once proposed returning to Paris. Being particularly interested in the matter, I at once seconded the motion, and a few days later found us once again in the French metropolis.

Three weeks after my return, and while spending a few days in company with Fritz, at the residence of a relative of the latter in Marseilles, I received a short note from Henriette De Courroy, begging me to consider the engagement existing between myself and her broken; and apprising me of her intended acceptance of the hand and heart of Moses Harper. I bade adieu to Fritz, hastened back to Paris, packed my trunks, and immediately left Paris for Italy.

CHAPTER III.

"Does Signor Seymour receive pupils?"

The question startled me; and looking up from the table where I was engaged in mixing colors, I glanced surprisedly at the lad, who, with cap in hand, stood bowing low before me.

For six months I had been vacillating between the principal Italian cities, and had at last returned to Venice, the bride of the Adriatic, for the purpose of resuming the use of my pencils, which had become stiff and dry from disuse.

"Does Signor Seymour receive pupils?"

My prolonged stare at the boy before me had sent a flush of crimson to his brow, over which his thick black hair fell in short clustering curls.

"I beg pardon my good had for not having before answered your question, but I was wondering within my own mind how you know that I was an artist, when I have been located in Venice so short a time."

"You forget, Signor, that your card is upon the door," replied the boy in a pleasant tone, at the same time carelessly throwing back the heavy masses of dark hair from off his sun-browned brow.

"True, but then I believe the card says nothing about my receiving scholars. To be honest with you, my dear fellow, I must tell you that if you are in search of a master, you had better go to Rome. As for myself, I am only an amateur in the glorious art of painting, and, properly speaking, a mere student myself. But tell me, have you any knowledge of drawing?"

"Not much, signor," said the youth, as he bashfully drew forth a portfolio, containing a few rough sketches, from under his left arm, and timidly presented them for my examination.

Glancing hurriedly over them, I saw at once that the boy's chief forte lay in the drawing of heads, rather than in landscape copying.

"Have you never received any instructions in crayon drawing?" I inquired, as I examined more closely a by no means poor head of "Beatrice Cenci."

"None, sir, whatever. As I am destitute of parents and fortune, I feel it incumbent upon me to put the few talents God has given me to the best use, in order that I may gain for myself an honest livelihood."

"Your frankness pleases me, boy; and did I feel myself capable of essaying the office of teacher to so promising a scholar, I would not hesitate to receive you into my studio. As it is, I can only wish you success in the grand work which is before you, and which, with proper discipline and application, I feel sure you will accomplish. Here, my good fellow, is a bit of money, which may be found useful in procuring you a night's supper; for artists, though they may sleep in the air in this delightful clime, are not so chameleon-like as to be able to subsist entirely upon air. God bless you, my boy, and now adieu!"

Thinking that this last act of mine had brought to a close an interview by no means desired upon my part, I once more turned my back to the door for the purpose of resuming my labors.

A low sob fell upon my ear. Turning suddenly, I beheld the boy still standing where I had left him, his head bent low upon his breast, and tears falling thickly upon his small and delicately shaped hands. The sight of his tears touched my hitherto indifferent heart. Advancing toward him, I besought him to reveal to me the cause of his grief. The tenderness of my tones seemed to inspire his confidence, for the next moment he said earnestly:

"Good Signor, it is not your money that I am in need of, so much as your sympathy and friendship, although heaven knows I am poor enough. Let me but share the trials of your artist life, and I will ask no greater blessing!" and the tearful eyes bent upon my face an imploring look I could not resist. Since the loss of Henriette's love, nothing had so wrought upon my feelings as this scene with the poor Italian boy, whom accident had led to my door. Truly the good angel must have troubled the waters of the fountain of my heart, for the next moment we were both mingling our tears in common, clasped in each others' arms.

The next morning found Luigi Montani—as the boy had bade me call him—at the door of my studio. Clad in a neat, though coarse grey suit, (such as is commonly met with among the Venetian peasantry,) his short, wavy hair still partially shading his low, broad brow, the handsome youth looked like some miniature page shorn of his costly trappings, yet still preserving his native grace and refinement. First and last at the studio, working incessantly at my side, the dark eyed Italian boy soon grew to fill a brother's place in my heart. Somehow, since I had known and learned to love his agreeable society, I had ceased to think so hardly of Henriette De Courroy's conduct. Once I had stigmatized her as cold-hearted and perfidious; now I pitied, where I had before condemned and scorned. Truly, thought I to myself, this Luigi is an angel, sent to me from heaven by God, to sow the seeds of forgiveness and mercy in my obdurate heart, and make me a purer and better man!

It was not many weeks before I discovered that the poor Italian boy possessed the elements of a great artist in his composition, and once or twice I hinted that Florence or Rome would afford a broader field for the development and exercise of his genius; but his face always assumed so sad an expression, and his manner grew so tender and grateful toward me, that I at last fully resolved never to mention the subject to him again.

I had not been more than a month in Venice, before my fame as an artist had spread throughout the city. Invitations to soirees and dinner-parties now poured in upon me from all quarters. Having determined to devote myself exclusively to the study of my art for a year or two previous to returning to America, I encouraged but few female acquaintances, among the most esteemed of which was Lady Merton, a beautiful widow lady of forty years, who had taken up her residence in Venice, with a view of reestablishing the health of her only child, a fair-English girl of sixteen years, who had inherited

from her father that terrible disease consumption, which had lain Lord Merton a few years previous in his grave. For male acquaintances, I had met no one during my sojourn abroad, whom I loved so well as good-hearted, mirth provoking Fritz Werner, until chance threw in my way Luigi Montani. The only letter I had received from Fritz, after leaving Paris, was one apprising me of his immediate departure for Germany; but shame to say, as it also contained the intelligence of Henriette's anticipated marriage with Moses Harper, I instantly threw it into the fire as soon as I had devoured its unpleasant contents. All that remained to me, then, was the memory of our Parisian friendship, for without the companionship of Fritz even life in the French metropolis would have been tame and insipid to me.

Wherever I went, went also Luigi. The beloved companion of my studio, he was also my constant attendant at parties and musical reunions. One evening found Luigi and myself at the tasteful villa occupied by Lady Merton and her daughter Blancha. A friend of the aristocratic English dame—a most beautiful woman by the name of Giovanna Ossoli, and the acknowledged queen of beauty in Venetian circles—had expressed a wish to be presented to the American artist, Signor Seymour. Proud of her own friendships, and desirous of retaining the favor of the wondrous Venetian beauty, about whom hung an impenetrable mystery, Lady Merton had accordingly arranged that our first meeting should take place in the drawing-room of her own villa.

At an early hour in the evening, Luigi and myself presented ourselves at the door of Lady Merton's villa. A hearty welcome from Blancha and her mother, soon put us quite at our ease, and entering the brightly-lighted saloon, I must confess that I was not sorry to find ourselves among the earliest of visitors.

From Lady Merton I now learned the fact that Giovanna Ossoli had first become interested in me, through the mediumship of my pencil. During a short visit to Florence, she had accidentally seen a picture of mine—a portrait of Lucrezia Borgia—which I had been prevailed upon to place in the Art Gallery at Florence. Hearing, upon returning to Venice, that I had taken up my residence in that city, she had expressed a strong desire to make the acquaintance of the artist of whose genius she was already enamored.

Time flew on, and guest after guest arrived, until the brilliant saloon of Lady Merton's graceful villa was filled with a large and select audience. Luigi, whose admiration for Blancha was perceptible to both Lady Merton and myself, was enjoying a tete-a-tete with the frail English girl, in the thickly curtained recess of a window, at one extremity of the saloon, while I myself was holding a pleasant conversation on subjects relating to art, with a group of Italian sculptors and painters, in a cosy corner of the apartment, when a servant announced the Countess Ossoli. Immediately a calm seemed to have fallen upon the entire assembly present; for nearly every voice was hushed, while the eyes of the admiring company were bent with one accord, upon the face of the new comer. A voice at my elbow whispered in my ear, "Look! 'tis the beautiful Giovanna." Hastily turning my eyes in the direction indicated, I saw advancing toward me my hostess and the lady whose arrival had created so great a sensation. They paused before me, and lifting my eyes, I beheld in the glorious creature at my side, the white-robed vision which had twice haunted my sleep during the first night of my arrival in London. The tall and symmetrically moulded figure, the shining tresses of golden hair, and the azure eyes were those I had seen in my chamber. A remembrance of the dagger-scene flashed across my mind, and a sickly sensation began to creep over me. Blazing from my seat, I stretched forth my hand to clasp the proffered hand of the strange beauty, as Lady Merton gracefully introduced us. The lace sleeve fell backwards from her delicate wrist, and lo! I beheld the same red mark upon the arm which had so arrested my attention months before. Merciful heavens! was it a blood stain, which, like Luigi Macbeth's, might never be washed out—or was I still laboring under the effects of some terrible dream? A cold shudder ran through my frame, as the cool touch of the jeweled hand met my own. That hand had once lifted the stiletto to destroy my life! I felt its steel-like fingers tightening about my own, and with a violent jerk, I freed myself from its iron clasp, and with a low groan sank swooning into my seat.

When I awoke to consciousness, I found myself upon a low couch in the conservatory, whither I had been borne for the more beneficial effects of fresh air and quiet. Kneeling beside me were my faithful Luigi and Lady Merton, whose anxious countenances were bent upon my pale face, with an eager questioning look. I felt weak and exhausted, and expressed a desire to return to my lodgings. Lady Merton urged me to remain, but my mind was not in a fit state to enjoy longer even the agreeable company there assembled. Expressing my regret for the annoyance I had caused, and begging my friend to excuse my singular conduct to the Countess Ossoli, on the score of faintness, I willingly accepted the offer of the English lady's gondola, and was soon landed at the steps of my hotel, together with Luigi, whose fears for my health had made him desirous of watching with me.

For two weeks I was confined to my couch with a species of slow fever. Lady Merton, and her friend the Countess Ossoli, came often to see me, and by degrees I began to lose my old feeling of terror, upon meeting with Giovanna. Luigi, however, seemed to have taken a strong dislike to the lady from the first time he beheld her, and always looked troubled whenever he ushered her into my chamber.

Report said there was a strange mystery enshrouding her life; and one or two artist friends went so far as to hint that the beautiful Giovanna was allied to the Borgia family. These scraps of intelligence Luigi imparted to me with trembling lips and a sorry shake of the head, which denoted his distrust in the professed friendship of the beautiful Giovanna. I soon perceived with sorrow, that the fair Venetian began to look with suspicious eyes upon Luigi, and once or twice she hinted to me, when alone with me in my studio, that the boy Luigi Montani was an imposter, and that no good would ever result from our great intimacy.

These malicious remarks at once broke the spell of enchantment which the beautiful Circe had for a time woven about me. She was jealous of my love for the poor boy, whose happiness was so dependent upon my watchfulness and affection. I could hate her for such an assertion, and I told her so.

My words stung her proud heart, and with the quick movement of an enraged tigress, she drew forth a small stiletto from her girdle, and aimed it at my heart, exclaiming loudly:

"Wretch, feel what it is to rouse the Borgia's wrath!"

"Help! help, for heaven's sake!" I shrieked, as

the perfidious woman pursued me madly from one end of the room to the other. A sudden thought struck me. Would this woman kill the man she loved? Falling upon my knees before her, I tore open my vest, and baring my heart, I coolly bade her strike. My sudden courage seemed to excite her admiration; for the next moment she let fall the dagger from her hand, and fell upon my neck, murmuring passionate words of endearment. At this critical instant I looked up, and beheld Henriette De Courroy standing in the door-way, with a look of deep surprise visible upon her sad countenance. With a quick movement, I shook off the embraces of Giovanna, and hastily securing the dagger which lay on the floor at my feet, I sprang to meet my long lost love.

The memory of her marriage rose suddenly to mind, and checking my first impulse to fold her to my heart, I respectfully extended my hand to her, with the commonplace remark that I hoped she was in good health.

"Well, well, Signor Seymour, is this indifferent greeting the only return you can make for three months' brotherly devotion to you?" exclaimed a voice which I at once recognized as Luigi's.

"Merciful heaven!" I ejaculated, as the truth of the whole affair flashed upon my brain, "how have my eyes been blinded, Henriette!" and I drew her yielding form fondly toward me.

"And your heart, too, Charles," she added, with an arch smile; "that is, if I may judge from your lover-like position with the lady present, at the time I entered."

The embarrassed Giovanna turned from the window, where she had been standing for a few seconds, and looked to me for an explanation of the affair.

"Another time I will explain matters satisfactorily," I said, in reply to Henriette's remark. Then taking my long-lost Eurydice by the hand, I presented her to the confounded Venetian, saying a little sarcastically,

"I trust, Madame, that my future wife, Miss De Courroy, will meet with more favor in your eyes than did the poor student Luigi."

Without vouchsafing a reply, the haughty beauty swept proudly out of the studio; and the next morning I sent her the stiletto which she had contemplated sheathing in my heart, together with a note, bidding her an eternal farewell. Henriette and I were married, and left immediately for Paris, where Monsieur De Courroy received his runaway niece with open arms. To avoid marrying a man whom she loathed and despised, the brave girl had made her escape from her uncle's house, on the very night of her intended marriage; and, embarking for Italy, soon found out my whereabouts, intruding herself into my studio by the successful disguise of a poor art student. Monsieur De Courroy came with us to America—still the home of our mutual adoption—but his earthly remains now repose in Greenwood Cemetery.

Twice my wife and I have encountered Giovanna Ossoli since our marriage—once in Rome, and once in Paris. The last time I saw her, she was draped in mourning for the loss of her husband, of whom report says she has had several, who, strange to say, rarely live beyond a year or two after their union with the fair Venetian beauty.

Written for the Banner of Light.
NELLY COOK.

BY DAVEY JONES.

Yonder on the sloping green
Stands the oat beside the mill;
There a greater house is seen—
Farmer Cook's upon the hill.

Through the orchard, down the lane,
Here she lightly trips along,
Quick, I'm there a bay again,
Greeting her with chattering tongue.

Through the meadow, o'er the heath,
Soon our path with berries fill;
Now we twine a myrtle wreath,
Loitering down behind the hill.

Seated in the dappled shade,
We build castles in the air,
Where I sit and little maid
Shall be lord and lady there.

Twenty years have come and gone,
Since, a stripling by the brook,
I much fame and honor won,
By the side of Nelly Cook.

Many changes time has wrought,
Early hopes have fled away,
Neither fame nor honor's caught,
Always something in the way.

I'm at odds with all the race,
Sannering idly down the street,
Entering now this sacred place,
Surely goodness here I'll meet.

What has made this whisper rise,
Silks are rustling all awhile—
Oh! it is the banker's wife,
Slowly moving up the aisle.

And that's he in costly gear,
All arranged by proper plan;
Rosy youngsters in the rear
Plainly prove a family man.

There she sits in queenly style,
Gravely opens the gilded book,
Never deigns to cast a smile,
Once, the laughing Nelly Cook.

Many greetings there are had,
By his wife and banker Holmes.
In a corner, looking sad,
Lonely sits poor Davy Jones!

What is a Gentleman?

It appears from Mr. Russell's late letter in the London Times, that the traitors with whom he conversed at the South, claimed for themselves and their associates, exclusively, the appellation of gentlemen. Nothing can vary more strangely than the standard in different localities by which the important question is decided, who is a gentleman and who is not. Let us illustrate:

Very many years ago, a brother of ours, utterly disgusted with the airs and arrogance of his English servant—such a one as Punch designates by the nom de guerre of John Thomas—resolved to make trial of a native. He advertised—"one from the country preferred." Shortly after, Elnathan Doty proposed, and was accepted. One morning he came into the parlor with,

"A feller's out to the front door, and wants you to come out."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"Well, he's a stoutish sort of a feller."
Our good brother who had been expecting a man to repair the pump, directed Elnathan to ask the fellow to go round to the back yard. Elnathan soon returned, and said—"The feller larfed right out, and says he'll see you hanged first." Our brother went instantly to the door, and there found his friend, the late Col. T. H. Perkins, who, supposing the request to go to the back yard to be sent in jest, he replied to it in kind.

Elnathan was reprimanded, of course, and directed to bring no more messages about fellers. He was almost as literal and unpoetical as Cowper's translation of Homer; and, in less than a week, he came in, and announced the fact that two gentlemen had come to sweep the kitchen chimney.

A PLAN FOR FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M. D.

There is no kind of work that contributes so largely to our comfort and well being, as the cultivation of the soil. Our tables are thereby supplied with bread and butter, potatoes and meat; chickens, ducks and turkeys; pies, cakes and puddings; apple sauce, cranberry sauce, and preserves; pickles, salads and fruit. Take the products of the farmer's hand from our tables, and in a few days, or weeks, our physical bodies would all be inmates of the dead-house. Mechanical work is of necessity blended with farming; so is science; and farming stands first and pre-eminent, above all human work that is necessary for our earthly existence. The man that earns his own bread, by the sweat of his own brow, is the man who directly, immediately and substantially does the necessary work of life. The farmer lays the corner stone, builds the walls, and makes all the necessary parts of the building—the structure of physical life—complete. Science and mechanics necessarily aid the work. Music, poetry and art add to the superstructure what is not of real use, but what is elegant, beautiful and agreeable—the cornices, the ornaments, the trellises, the pillars and balustrades.

The farmer produces what we need; the theologian, the lawyer, the merchant, produce nothing that we really need. The farmer is *de facto* stock, that pays an honest dividend; the three latter are fancy stocks that pay nothing, except on pretence. State street and Milk street never yet produced one head of wheat, or one Irish potato, to feed humanity with. The farmer has produced many. No theologian, church or cathedral, ever assuaged the sufferings or supplied the wants of men; the farmer has. No lawyer or court house ever dealt out the necessities for living, for which all seek; the farmer has. The farmer furnishes that which covers our nakedness, makes us comely, and protects us from the winter's cold. Wool, flax, cotton, silk and hemp. The merchant only plays a game of folly over these things; adds nothing to them, but takes therefrom a portion for himself. The artist makes pictures of them. The minister tells us not to love them, but wants his part saved out. The lawyer shakes dice over them, and wins his share.

Thus it is, all who do not by honest labor produce the necessities of life, are virtually gamblers—I mean legal gamblers. Thus I cannot avoid the conclusion that all well men who add nothing to, and labor not, to produce the necessary things that are essential to this physical existence, are only lawful gamblers, and constitute a class who, by many and various ways, seek out inventions to get their living any way save by that of producing by labor. We talk of an unlawful gambling house as being bad; such a house is true to its profession. The theologian, the legal, and the mercantile world make up a lower class of the same school to which gamblers belong, and are not advanced enough yet to hang out their sign. All these multitudes of men add not a tittle to the essential means of livelihood, while the farmer and mechanic are the real men in this material world. All gambling is lawful to its cause, whether it is in keeping with written statutes or against them; all gambling, whether it be called legal and acceptable, or illegal and unacceptable, has been necessary, true and right, to the condition out of which it has had its birth. I would not be understood to say that all men who have heretofore played at the game of trade, have done wrong in so doing; they have done right, and have been true to their place. So have lawyers and ministers; all have been just and true to their time, place and condition; but a better time, place and condition awaits us all.

Commerce is an exorcism of civilization, that breaks down prosperity; commerce is a great many miles this side the goal of true Christianity. Commerce is only lawful gambling. The products of the farmer's hand are larger and more important than the products of any labor, of all labor. I speak descriptively, without condemnation, for all things as they are ordered to be; they have a place, and they are right. The bitter cup we have to drink in life is well, but we all prefer to have it pass from our lips. We take life as it is, and shape our course accordingly. We know that many occupations exist which add nothing to the common wealth and comfort of the people; such as that of gamblers—I mean all gamblers, all speculators, all cheats; all merchants, all lawyers, all preachers, all law makers, and all law executors; all banks, all brokers, and all smugglers; all loafers, all soldiers, and all courtesans. All these classes add nothing to the necessities of our daily lives here or in the hereafter; yet they have a place, and I cannot doubt are ruled by wisdom. And we act outwardly according to our surroundings, and inwardly according to our conditions, at all times.

There are none, however "high progressed," that would not like to have a little more money than they now possess—and to such I would say: Of all business that men do to make money, if judiciously conducted, in the long run, farming is the best and the surest. Though I am well aware, in making this statement, that it is generally considered the most unprofitable business that a man can do to get rich by. There is hardly ever a failure in the business of farming, while in the mercantile business failures are sooner or later almost certain. Then is it not better to satisfy the desire, so rife in human hearts, of money-making, by producing something that is useful, than it is to make money by playing games over what is already produced? Which will add most to the prosperity of all? Farming has been neglected; it has been mangled; it has been distorted; it has been abused; it has been miserably done; it has been depreciated and scandalized by superficial perception, while it is really the basis, and the superstructure, too, of all our earthly prosperity. There is no earthly work over, which the work of farming shall not hold supremacy, and this supremacy can be recognized sometime in the pursuits of all men. It is the abuse and neglect of farming; the isolation, the inconveniences; the hard toil, the uninviting, unlovely manner in which farming has hitherto been directed, that has caused millions on millions of farmers' sons to abandon the business, and seek elsewhere for that which the young heart craves, in the unproductive occupations of mercantile pursuits, and foolish, futile professions, that do nobody any good, and add nothing to this world or any other world's prosperity. I say it is only the want of judicious direction in farming pursuits that has led so many vigorous young men away from a healthy and useful occupation, where every man may have a competence, and fill a professor's chair at home, into useless, sickly occupations, the fruit of which adds but affliction to themselves and to others. What makes so many young men and women crowd into the turmoil and corruption of a large city, leaving the glory and the dignity, the usefulness and the comforts, concealed behind in a farming

home? Nothing but the yet undeveloped, undiscovered home attraction of a farm; and of society that may be produced there; of facilities and delights that the scheme I am about to propose must necessarily develop. The farmer's home, as it now is, is attractive in some things, but not in all; not in many. It may be made attractive in all.

In the present systems of society, not more than one person out of three in the whole population actually produces anything that is useful—that contributes to our well being on earth. In this plan, every person will be led on by attractions, and, sooner or later, will be a producer of something that is useful to live upon.

Soldiers produce nothing that is of use to humanity. Lawyers produce nothing that is good for eternity. Ministers produce nothing that is good for eternity. Commerce really produces nothing. "Gentlemen" and "ladies," and all lazy idlers produce nothing. Law makers and law executors produce nothing. All these creatures live on earth, and produce nothing that subserves the real demands of humanity; but each one and all make use of that which the honest hands of some hard working man have produced. This scheme, not by compulsion, but by invitation will tend to divide the labor of producing, and make it easy and agreeable; make it exalted and dignified; make it desirable and healthful.

By this combination of labor, its productions will be so abundant that two hours' labor in twenty-four for each person will be ample, and more than ample, for a generous support. It is the non-producing classes of men that distort and mar the harmony of living, in this now inharmonious world.

I do not propose in this article to enter upon the detail of this scheme for a farming corporation; I only design to present some outlines of a plan, not yet well defined, which, being governed by the same general features of other corporations, it seems to me, when tried, promises certain success. Nor do I care to, for the present, tell of the results, or picture the improved condition that must accrue from such a scheme. But this I will venture to say—that no step taken by the human family would tend so largely to ameliorate suffering; to stay the onward march of crime, and make men industrious, honest, faithful, just, and trustworthy, as that step which by agreeable attractions will invite and induce men to do, each one, his part of the necessary work that is the lawful demand of every one's physical existence. To make labor attractive, and to be industrious—I mean industrious to the extent that each one shall do a little something that shall contribute to the common necessities of life; to lessen the dangers of coming want by the production of a competence for our subsistence—to accomplish this, will lessen the mania love of money that now moves and rules men, the result of which love fills the world with crime. This scheme shall be a palliative remedy that by degrees will allay the universal phrenzy that makes all men mad with the love of money. All men, in this direction at least, are insane, and the remedy is to be given at first so as to indulge the insanity, now so deep and chronic, or having its own way for a time. I mean that the love of gain must for a time be indulged in, but in the ultimate it will become useless, and die a natural death; and a better condition will follow. I have not time or place to tell why all men love money so well—but I will venture to affirm that a farming corporation in judicious operation will be the death of the monomania called the love of money. And it is this monomania, so wide spread and universal, chiefly, that makes the conduct of men appear so naughty.

Cotton cloth is made a great deal easier and cheaper, with a great deal less labor, by a corporation, where men combine their interests to facilitate the operation of making it, than it could possibly be made by one man who tries his hand at it singly and alone, with insufficient capital and without the combined aid of others that would make the operation easy and successful.

A corporation can make cotton cloth and calico with far less than half the labor by which each single family could spin and weave and print its own calico. A corporation can carry a traveler from Boston to New York with far less than half the expenditure of time and labor than it would cost him to carry himself there by private means. A corporation can affect a paper currency that is valid in the market, in the form of bank bills, a great deal easier than a single man can, though he be as rich as Croesus.

Corporations for making cloth, traveling, making a paper currency, and for various other purposes, though many evils attend them, have proved themselves to be useful to our well-being here on earth. These things that are now successfully produced by corporation, contribute to our well being here. But above all the things of earth that contribute essentially to everybody's subsistence, the products of the farm hold supremacy.

Corporations have worked successfully for the production of necessary things that are less essential for the subsistence of all and each than are the products of a farm and garden. And now I ask why may we not have corporations to facilitate and make easy the most important of all productions, the productions of the soil, that shall be equal to the labor saving results of a corporation, for the productions of minor things? I answer, we may. It is practicable; it is easy; it is within the reach of two men, of five men, of one hundred or a thousand men, to combine their interests and make a farming corporation.

No corporation yet instituted, that has been successful, has deprived a man of his liberty in any degree, of the sacred loveliness of a private home; of his own house, of his own garden, and a corporation for the production of the soil need not, should not do this.

Many schemes of associated interests in living, by noble and philanthropic men, have been devised and have failed. They have failed because they have reached beyond the present, existing practical demands of humanity. Communities that have heretofore been tried, have taken from men what selfishness yet clings to—that which every one holds dear, viz.: "my house," "my home." These things are yet sweet to the affections of every one. No link in the chain of human progress can be left out.

In the plan I am about to propose, every family shall have its own house, shall have its own home, disencumbered; shall be domestically as free, as independent, privately, as each now is in the present isolated, desolate, forlorn, way of living and farming, or of doing any useful business without the combined aid of others.

The right to hold individual possessions, in greater or lesser proportions, corporations have not heretofore interfered with, neither will this plan. I do not propose to interfere with rights and privileges as they now exist; selfishness shall not be opposed. A man may be rich or poor, ignorant or learned, high or low, and still be equally benefited by this plan. He

may be as fastidious as the lady who fainted at the bleeding of a strawberry; or as nonchalant as a Texan ranger; or as capricious as the lady who handled the beef on the dish with her fingers, but was nauseated because another used his knife to cut the butter on the dish—and yet, in this plan, find all freaks, caprices, and lawless latitudes humored and in place; the same as it would be at Parker's, in Boston, or Taylor's, in New York—excellent dining halls, where each family sits by itself, at its own table, and where all grades and conditions of life are fed from the same fountain, the same store-house, the same cooking range. In this plan, all are provided with food, clothes, houses, and fuel, by the same corporation.

I present here only that part of the plan that will commence the work. The details of mechanical operations follow in their course, when this part of the plan is carried into full operation. Of the moral results that must necessarily follow, I have not room here to but barely touch upon.

THE PLAN.

We will, for convenience of illustration, suppose that sixteen families, of five persons each, consisting of men, women and children, are engaged to prosecute the plan of a farming corporation—though this number of families is not essential. It may be started by two families, or by any number not too large for the consumption of what a league of land would produce. For sixteen families, twelve hundred acres of land are purchased that is well adapted to farming purposes.

Sixty acres of this land is laid out in a circular form, surrounded by a hedge fence. This circle is just one mile around, and encloses sixteen private gardens, each containing about three and one half acres of land, on each of which is built a neat cottage-house. These houses are the private residences of each family. These sixteen gardens consist of sixteen equal divisions of the enclosed sixty acres, save a lesser circle, of about four acres that lies exactly in the centre of the sixty acres. Around this inner circle that encloses four acres, the cottage houses are built, each one fronting the centre, and being an equal distance from the centre, and equal distances apart. These houses are built alike, and are constructed with special regard to convenience, neatness and economy. This inner circle of four acres, which is exactly in the centre of the sixty acres, is the property of the corporation, with a large block of houses in the centre, to be surrounded by a flower garden and ornamental ground for the benefit of each private family, which is immediately in front of every house. In the rear of each house are three and a half acres of private garden, for each family to cultivate at its own pleasure, as separate and distinct from the interests and control of the corporation, as is also each cottage house. The gardens and the cottage houses are private property to all intents and purposes. But with the cottage and garden is inseparably connected a share in the corporation, the property of which covers the whole twelve hundred acres. The corporation builds the houses and lays out the gardens, after which it has no control over them; but the proprietors of these cottages and gardens control the corporation.

Sixteen houses, more or less, fill this inner circle. If the scale is larger, there may be more; if smaller, less. In the plan for sixteen houses, the distance from house to house is about five rods, and the distance to the farthest house from each, is about twenty-six rods, which is the diameter of the inner circle that runs round immediately in front of each cottage house. On this line is a carriage way that comes immediately in front, by each cottage, making a distance of about a quarter of a mile around this, with no unsightly fences to mar the beauty, but is ornamented on both sides with trees, mostly fruit trees.

All the land that lies between this inner circle that runs around in front of each cottage and within the circle that runs around the sixty acres, and the cottage houses thereon, is the private property of the stockholders of this farming corporation, and is to be used as they please to use it, for private benefit. The four acres that lie in a circular form in the centre of the sixty acres, and immediately in front of each cottage, is the property of the corporation; and is cultivated and controlled by the corporation. Exactly in the centre of this four acres, the corporation has a large block of buildings, consisting of a library and reading-room; a large and small hall, a large dining-room; a large kitchen and laundry, and a large store-house and counting-room. These are made by, supported by, and controlled by the corporation. The distance from each cottage to the centre of this block, is about thirteen rods; which is less than two minutes walk.

The library and reading-room will contain all fresh and interesting books, papers, periodicals and magazines of the day, provided by the corporation. To this reading-room and library, all the sixteen families of the corporation have free access.

Next adjoining the reading-room is a large hall for schools, lectures, amusements, conversation, or any other purpose for which the corporation may see fit to use it.

Next adjoining the hall is a dining-room, large enough for the accommodation of sixteen families. Each family have a table of its own; and is served three times a day from this table with food produced and cooked by the corporation, in every variety to meet the taste and desire of each as the corporation directs.

Next to the dining-hall is a kitchen and laundry, under the provision and direction of the corporation, that does all the cooking and washing for the sixteen families, so that it is not necessary that any cooking or washing should be done in the private houses.

Next adjoining the kitchen is the store-house, where all necessary productions for the food and clothing of the sixteen families are carried by the corporation, and are accounted for both in receipt and expenditure.

The inner circle on which stands this central block, is laid out not only with a street passing in a circle directly in front of each cottage, ornamented its entire length with trees, but is also cut in quarters by four streets that lead from the centre to the outside of the outer circle. These streets are also on each side ornamented with trees. There is a gravel pathway leading from each cottage house to the dining-hall in the central blocks. These streets and walks divide this inner circle of four acres into triangular beds, that are cultivated for ornamental and useful purposes, covered over with trellises and running vines, flowering shrubs, perennial roots, annual and perpetual flower roots, and all the loveliness and beauty that a flower garden can produce—thus making beautiful ornamental grounds, a lovely flower garden, and bearing fruit trees directly in front of every cottage and all around the central block of buildings.

Each line that runs from the inner to the outer circle, divides the private gardens, and is to be

marked by a line of fruit trees; not a fence. The only fence necessary is the line of the outer circle; this may be a beautiful orange hedge. Also on the line of the outer circle is a row of three hundred and twenty fruit trees that enclose the whole sixty acres along the line of the orange hedge. The sixty acres enclosed, is only the drawing-room of the corporation; outside of this, the heavy and profitable operations go on. This sixty acres is the home, the resting place, the place for refreshments and recreations, the place for enjoyment and improvement in the poetry of life. Give ten years growth to this large number of fruit and ornamental trees, grapes, roots and little fruits and shrubs, and it is sixty acres of a garden that is better than Elysium.

The most important inquiry now rises in the mind of the business man—How is this plan to be supported? Are these sixteen gardens of three and one-half acres each, to support sixteen families? No; the land outside is to be cultivated by the corporation, and the products of this are to be the foundation support of the sixteen families. I doubt not that a garden of three and a half acres may be so judiciously cultivated that it may produce in value that which is equal to the support of a family of five persons. This could only be done by the available advantages of a corporation; and by this corporation this may, in the ultimate, be adopted. But to make the success of starting a new and important scheme certain, in the onset, we will rely exclusively upon farming done by the corporation outside the boundaries of the sixty acres; leaving the gardens to be cultivated exclusively as their private owners see fit, and their products to be credited to the private interests of the several owners.

We will suppose this corporation to be located on a fertile prairie of Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, or Ohio. Outside of this sixty acres enclosed, are at least one thousand acres of good farming land. This is the paying property of the corporation, every acre of which, except wood-lands, when judiciously cultivated, will yield seventeen and one half dollars per acre profit, annually, over and above all the cost of work to produce the crop and the interest on the cost of the land included. Statistics show this assertion to be true. This profit, which is set at the lowest figure, and that, too, in the isolated way of farming, will hold good in the raising of all kinds of stock; pork, dairy, wool, beef, corn, hemp, flax, wheat, oats, rye and barley. Either of these products may separately and alone have the attention of the corporation, or a part, or all of them together.

The advantages and profits resulting from the combined interests of a corporation would be vastly larger per acre than those of the isolated way of farming. But to make the following figures within the limits of certainty, we will estimate on the lowest results of isolated profits, viz., seventeen and one half dollars per acre, above all the expenditures of cultivation.

Eight hundred acres under cultivation will produce fourteen thousand dollars profit annually. With the advantages resulting from the combined interests in living, it may be safely set down that five hundred dollars will handsomely feed, clothe and warm a family of five persons. Sixteen families at five hundred dollars each, would cost eight thousand dollars; which eight thousand deducted from fourteen thousand dollars, would, after paying for all the rent, board, clothing and fuel of the sixteen families one year, leave in the treasury of the corporation six thousand dollars. This would pay all contingent expenses, and then leave an annual dividend for each family of three hundred dollars. All this it will be noticed comes to each stockholder without any of his own labor; it comes simply from the investment of the amount of one share in the corporation.

All this farming work is done outside the enclosure of sixty acres, by the direction of the corporation, hiring hands that are not stockholders, the same as railroad corporations hire hands to do their work, that are not stockholders. The stockholders may or may not do work for the corporation; if they do, the pay for their labor will be accounted to their private interest—entirely a separate thing from their stock dividend.

Barns, yards, granaries and dairy houses, etc., will be located outside the limits of the stockholder's homes and gardens; outside the sixty acres enclosed. Thus each stockholder is left at liberty, with a sure support of his family, and an income over, to turn his hand, at pleasure, to any business that he chooses. He has a garden of three and a half acres, which is his own, not the corporation's, that will invincibly induce him to produce three or four hundred dollar's worth of fruit and vegetables annually, that will accrue to his own private interest above his other profits.

In this scheme, every person, man, woman and child will be seductively invited to enlist in some producing business that will add to prosperity and make life more lovely. And thus from the attractive charms and invitations to do something that is useful, men will be led away from naughty actions to the pursuit of happiness in good actions; and every individual effort in goodness will be an effort that shall benefit all. And, as before stated, it is probable that the cultivation of these gardens alone ultimately would support the whole sixteen families; and thus, not only shall men get rid of the toilsome, harassing efforts of providing the necessities of life, which is the cause of, and often leads to deception, crime and suffering, but they will be supplied with a superabundance, for which they will desire to take no pay from others that may be in need. For if a man has everything in the material world that provides for the present and the future, what need has he of pay? It is the love of pay—it is the love of money that not only builds our State prisons and county jails, but it is the love of money that supports them with inmates. By the time the love of money dies, prison houses may be used for something else; so may meeting houses. And nothing is so certain to destroy the love of money as that step which will make money useless by producing the essential things that we are now obliged to have money to purchase. Nothing will so strongly influence men to be good, as freedom to give them a chance to be good.

Let the necessities of life be supplied without pay, without money, and the love of money goes to the grave. The inordinate love of money that now makes men rob, steal, lie, cheat and murder, when dead, will cease to feel these crimes, and they will die a natural death. When men have everything supplied that money brings, their love of money is a useless thing. All the money of State and Wall streets is only loved for to buy what we want; and can we have all we want without this money, we no longer have love or use for it. It is probable that humanity in the past has needed the isolated tugs and hardships of living, and the innumerable courses of money-loving, to sandpaper off the love of this world sooner; so all our afflictions and hardships have been right and in their places; but the onward march, the growth and development of the world, opens now and better conditions for us—and thus it seems reasonable and consistent with the claims for human progress, that a better state of things should dawn upon us. Whatever is, is right for the time and place, but everything is, in the condition of becoming better.

In this scheme every stockholder has a voice, a vote, a government, and a plenty of work to do, if he chooses, in his own way and as he pleases. The facilities here afforded, from combined interest, largely lessen the amount of labor necessary for a specified amount of produce. Besides lessening the amount of labor, all labor that is necessary is made easy, and becomes a pleasure instead of a task. Abundance of time is afforded to each laborer for rest, health, literary and scientific luxuries; for recreation and amusements, and for communion with angels without pay. All these blessings, with ample means to furnish them, are placed within the reach of all, without the harrowing fears and forebodings of coming want, that every business man feels now, more or less, in the present systems of producing the great staples that feed and clothe humanity, or in obtaining them by the various means that are resorted to. In this scheme of living, every effort of one stockholder that aids another thereby aids himself tenfold. It will doubtless be remarked, that the love of money here has free scope with every stockholder. This must of necessity be so. This monomania needs great indulgence. But if the stream is out of that feeds it, it will cease to live. A hard and formidable amount of labor that every one now believes is necessary if he earns his own support with his own hands, is repulsive to the laziness that comes of the universal mania of money loving.

So this scheme, at first, designs the plan to blend the order of the past with the present, and have men who are desirous of pay indulge their own desire, and that of others, too. But, ultimately, I confidently believe that this scheme of living will make every one desirous of laboring two hours in each day, which, if well directed, will be enough for the production of his own support.

It is the object of this plan to supply the most essential requisites of our earthly existence—viz., food set upon the table, for each one to eat; clothes fitted, for each one to wear—with less labor than the system now in practice can do. And, in addition, to institute a more social, agreeable, and easy mode of doing the toilsome, dreary task, than has hitherto been, in tilling the soil. These are the great essential things that continue our lives on earth, which we must have, and they must be produced. It is the object of this plan to adopt an easier way for their production than has heretofore been adopted, and thereby make men better, truer, more trustworthily and more happy.

All literary and scientific books, magazines, and papers shall be at the command of each, with one sixteenth of the cost of our present facilities. Sixteen daily papers may be taken, sixteen weeklies and sixteen monthly magazines, at the same cost to each family that one of each could be obtained, in the isolated mode of procuring these periodicals, such as now exists with the present order of things. Every family will have access to every publication. The same facilities hold good in regard to all new books. The library may be supplied with every new and valuable book, costing each family only one sixteenth part of its value.

Another object is the enjoyment of social pleasures and friendly society without the expenditure of time and money in traveling. Every day, while at work, is a gala day of friendly intercourse; and every meal has all the pleasures of a picnic party. The whole settlement being so compact, a party may be called forth at the central hall at a moment's notice. The reading-room will be a pleasant resort at all times; and the hall may be, on every evening, a place for social and intellectual entertainment, without expense or effort. From each private house to the hall is only one or two minutes' walk. Lectures, exhibitions, amusements, schools, etc., may be had in this hall, for the benefit of the sixteen families, without any trouble in traveling, or any expense privately—and with but a trifling expense to the corporation. Both the larger and smaller hall may be occupied daytimes for the education of the young (and old too) in all the various branches of knowledge that contribute to our earthly well being. Each one can talk with angels and commune with God, without instructions, either in or outside the hall.

The dining hall will be on the European plan, where the sixteen families will take their meals. Each family will have its own private table, and all will be supplied from the same kitchen, by the direction of the government of the corporation. For eighty persons a great variety of food may be provided, and being produced on the corporation's farm, at home, it may be of the freshest and best quality, so that every taste, however fastidious, may be gratified. The economy of producing the best tables here, in this combined interest, over the isolated way of separate families, each providing their own, is immense. The cost of cooking and serving in a superior manner food upon tables in this way will not cost above one eighth part what it would to cook it separately, and serve it separately to single families. And so will the production of the main articles of food by the corporation's farm be an immense saving over the systems now practiced. So we may reasonably conclude that this system of living affords better food, better cooked and served, in greater variety, with but a mere fraction of the cost of our present manner of living.

In the kitchen, not only all the cooking is done under the direction of the corporation for the sixteen families, but also is done all their laundry work. Cooking and washing removed from a private house takes away a great amount of toil, hardship, trouble, dirt and expense. Every private house is more agreeable without these things, and is supported with much less labor and expense.

The store-house, above supplying the wants of the corporation, furnishes, at cost, everything that each individual may order, and charges it to the account of the order; and also receives and credits to the producer whatever the private gardens may produce, or whatever may be produced by mechanical labor, or any other producing labor, at a price fixed by the government of the corporation—which government shall consist of the stockholders of the corporation, or the directors that they may choose from the stockholders. Everything in the government of this corporation is after the manner of other corporations, and is directly in compliance with the laws of the land.

This plan is practicable on the sterile soil of Massachusetts, where the long cold winters cost one half, if not two thirds, of the farmer's labor to keep the cold and frost from doing damage to property and property. But it would be easier to carry it

into a more perfect system of operation in a more westerly or southerly direction, where the soil is richer and the climate is less severe—is more genial and more healthy, where million on millions of acres lie untouched, uncultivated, sending forth their rich spontaneous productions to be wasted on the air, instead of being used for the comfort and prosperity of man, who, for the want of them, resorts to all kinds of deviltry, in order to live.

A corporation of this kind will be a success, for the reason that when carried out in detail, it will compare with all the natural, reasonable desires of men in this world. All men have a desire for a competence; this scheme, set in motion, is a means that will produce it. All men want a home—a home that is comfortable, pleasant, social and permanent; which this scheme will produce. All men desire to feel a security in the prospect of annual successes, that shall supply the necessities of living; this scheme is as sure to this end as anything of this earth can be.

All men, or nearly all, desire to be rich; in this scheme a man has laid and secured the foundation of the support of his family, and he is free to run in any direction after riches that he desires, disencumbered almost of all the heavy drawbacks of family expenses; so he can run after and catch the phantom if he desires to do so.

All men like profitable investments; every dollar here invested doubles annually, if accompanied by easy labor and judicious management. It is estimated that fifteen hundred dollars each judiciously invested in a farming corporation by sixteen stockholders, will give sixteen families each one share in the corporation, a private cottage house, a garden of three acres and a half, which promises a good sure support for the remainder of their earthly lives. This is done without labor of the stockholders or their families. In sickness or in health this support is the same. But this, it may be said, does not look like every man's earning his own bread by the sweat of his own brow; this does not look like every man's producing with his own hands what his own physical being demands. I admit that it does not; but it is in this very result of this scheme that we shall find the hidden key that will unlock the way for every man to become a producer for that which benefits the people and adds to the necessities of our physical being.

In answer to this question, I will say that the present state of men is such, that each one who has money enough would prefer to pay that money to have another do the hard labor that his own physical system demands. This preference must be regarded and indulged in, at first. Men cannot and will not be forced, though force were to carry them even to heaven's gate. Attractions will draw men, while compulsion will make them turn and fight. Make labor attractive, and let men that have been engaged in non-producing, useless efforts, become acquainted with the usefulness, the healthfulness and prosperity that flows from the well directed efforts of productive labor, and they will inevitably fall in and go as the strongest attraction carries them. There is a demand in the nature of every one for some exercise, and each one is led out where the strongest attraction calls. Every feature of this plan is attractive, which attraction must in time charm every one into labor and make the labors of all productive.

There will be enough of everything, so that both legal and illegal stealing, being unnecessary, will lose its charms and cease to be; it will be overcome by productive labor.

I have presented this scheme, with the shares of the corporation at fifteen hundred dollars each, and the number of shares sixteen, so it may perhaps be inferred that a capital of fifteen hundred dollars and sixteen families are deemed necessary to start and carry out this plan—but this is not so. Two persons, three, or five, may begin a farming corporation alone, and on credit, and the beneficial result of their associated efforts and labors in one year would be surprising to them.

The great practicability of this scheme will be found to exist in its uncompromising, unbending demands to stockholders. A man may own a share in a farming corporation made after this plan, and it will have no more restraint upon his freedom, upon his privileges, upon possessions that he holds or does not hold, than it would to own a share in the corporation of the Boston and Maine Railroad, or in the corporation of the Pemberton Mills. This corporation is to be governed by laws that are to be as strictly observed as are the laws of any corporation now successfully working for the prosperity and comfort of humanity.

In order to convey more definitely some of the advantages of associated interest, we present the following extract from a writer on the subject: "We see here and there a few examples of Association, referable to instinct or accident merely, which should have led to further investigations. The peasants of Jura, in Switzerland, finding that the milk collected by a single family will not make a cheese which is very much esteemed, called *gruyere*, unite and bring their milk daily to a common depot, where notes are kept of the quantity deposited by each family; and from these small collections a large and very valuable cheese is made, which is divided *pro rata* among those who contributed to it.

We see Association in some countries introduced also into minor details of rural economy—into a common oven, for instance. A hundred families composing a hamlet, know that if it were necessary to construct, keep in repair, and heat a hundred ovens, it would cost in masonry, fuel and management, ten times as much as one oven in common—the economy of which is increased twenty and thirty fold, if the village contains two or three hundred families.

It follows, that if Association could be applied to all the details of domestic and agricultural operations, an economy on an average of nine-tenths would result from it—indeed from the association of hands employed in other functions. We do not, therefore, exaggerate in stating that domestic association on the smallest scale, say of four hundred persons, would yield a product six times as great as that which is now obtained from our present system of incoherent, isolated, piece-meal and disassociated cultivation.

Certain classes—soldiers for example—are forced from necessity to resort to the economies of association. If they prepared their scanty meals separately, as many soups as there are individuals, instead of preparing for a large number at once, it would cost them a vast deal of time and trouble, and they would not be as well served, although the outlay would be increased three-fold. Suppose a monastery of thirty monks had thirty different kitchens, thirty different fires, and everything else in the same ratio; it is certain that, while expending six times as much in materials, cooking implements, and hire of servants, they would be infinitely worse served than if there was unity in their household organization.

How has it happened that the politicians of the present day, so immersed in their minute calculations and economies, have not thought of developing these germs of social economy, and of extending both to rural and city populations some system of domestic association, examples of which we see scattered here and there in our present state of society? Could not some mechanism, in which landed and

other property would be represented by stock, divided into shares, be discovered, that would induce three hundred families to form an association, in which every person would be paid according to his three following qualifications—Labor, Capital, Skill? No economist has directed his attention to this important problem; nevertheless, how great would be the profit in case one vast granary or barn, well managed and overseen, could be substituted in the place of three hundred little barns, exposed to rats, weevil and fire!

As the problem is solved, and association is discovered, we must not be stopped by apparent obstacles, but investigate the immensity of the economies of association in the smallest details.

Instead of a hundred milkmen, who lose a hundred days in the city, one or two would be substituted, with properly constructed vehicles for performing their work. Instead of a hundred farmers who go to market, and lose in the tavern and groceries of the city a hundred days, three or four to manage and oversee, with as many wagons, would take their place. Instead of three hundred kitchens, requiring three hundred fires, and wasting the time of three hundred women, one vast kitchen, with three fires for preparing food for three different tables, at different prices, for the various classes of fortune, would be sufficient; ten women would perform the same function which now requires three hundred.

We are astonished when we reflect upon the colossal profits which would result from these large associations. Take fuel alone, which has become so expensive—is it not evident, that for cooking and the warming of rooms, association would save seven-eighths of the wood and coal which our present system of incoherent and isolated households waste and consumes?

The parallel is equally glaring, if we compare theoretically, or in imagination, the cultivation of a domain in association, overseen like a single farm, with the same extent of country, cut up into little farms, and subjected to the caprices of three hundred families. Here one family makes a meadow of a sloping piece of land, which nature destined to the vine; there another sows wheat where grass should grow; a third, to avoid buying grain, clears a doleful field which the rains will strip of its soil the following year; while a fourth and a fifth misapply the soil in some other way. The three hundred families lose their time and money in barricading themselves against each other, and in lawsuits about boundary lines and petty thefts; they all avoid works of general utility, which might be of advantage to disagreeable or detested neighbors, and individual interest is everywhere brought in conflict with public good.

The civilized world talks of economy and system. What system does it see in this industrial incoherence, this anti-social confusion? How has it happened that, for thirty centuries, it has not discovered that association, and not cultivation carried on by isolated households, is the destiny of man, and that so long as he is ignorant of the theory of domestic association, he has not attained his destiny?

Written for the Banner of Light.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MISS E. L. BAILEY.

What heaves the mighty Ocean's waves?
What aways the forest trees?
What guides the forked lightning's flash?
What wakes the light,
Dispelling night?
Truth abides and error flies.

Does man bear up the Ocean's wave?
Do forests heed his will?
Can he the vivid lightning stay?
Or bid the day
Drive night away?
Truth conquers error still.

If man would know the secret things
Of God the Infinite,
Hidden with Christ his life must be;
For light reveals
What night conceals,
What Truth will e'er unfold.

When morning stars together sang,
And Wisdom talked with Love,
The union they declared complete
When holy light
Burst o'er the night,
And Truth did onward move.

Let us, in our own image, make
Children, that we may see
Uprising to perfection's height,
As day rolls on
And night is gone;
The glorious Truth of Deity.

And never yet has God declared
That Wisdom, without Love,
Could well direct the Universe;
Scatter Death's night
By living light.

Truth's mighty power to prove,
God has ordained the right of man,
Should not exceed His own;
The male and female joined in one;
Thus mid-day sun
Has night o'ercome;
Truth's fadeless garlands shown.

When mortals vainly seek to know
What Woman's Rights may be,
In meekness let them turn their eyes
To God's own light,
Where is no night,
And Truth shall make them free.

Then can they read in Nature's laws,
What rights to her belong;
Wisdom and Love are here combined,
To wake the light,
Dispelling night,
Truth teaches nothing wrong.

Nashua, June, 1861.

The Sailor and the Actress.

"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecuted the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope. I have not a friend in the world.' 'What, will no one be bail for you, to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery spring over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for you (turning to the frightened actor) if you do not bear a hand, and shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come a-thwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was indescribable, peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his dainty messmates in the gallery, preparatory scraping of the violins from the orchestra, and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, shouting me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my miserable persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager pretending to arrive and request me, with a profusion of theatrical bank-notes."

Banner of Light.

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UNCOUNTED PLEASURES.

As a people, we do not believe in the amusements and modes of relaxation that are cheap and simple. It has been our national habit to value things chiefly for their cost in money.

We are impatient at the delay which Nature invariably puts between cause and effect—between the cost of labor and the pleasure of enjoyment. And not only are we in such an everlasting hurry, not only are we in despair if all things cannot be accomplished in a jiffy, but we seem to care nothing for any sort of pleasure that is not talked considerably about; we refuse to find enjoyment in the quiet paths, where the green pastures are, and the truly living waters, and feel satisfied with no pleasure that is to be had beyond the reach of the public gaze and the public admiration.

Why this is so, is not now pertinent; it could but be wished it were not so. It is, however, an unhappy evidence of the fact that we look for our pleasures where they certainly are not to be enjoyed in their greatest purity, and that we place far too little reliance upon our own judgments in such matters, deferring without any reason to the prejudices, bigotry and half-sight of those around us.

As soon as we can all teach ourselves to be in quest of just such pleasures as are specially adapted to our own wants and capacity for enjoyment, and to disregard the fictitious values which interested persons upon this, that and the other mode of securing personal recreation, or personal happiness, we shall, first of all, be greatly astonished to find to what hitherto unnoticed sources we owe so large a number of our pleasures. We shall observe, with all the relish of a first discovery, that, where not a dollar of money was laid out, we not unfrequently had "the best time;" that we were just as happy as we could be, or can ever expect to be again, when we had taken no thought about it beforehand; that we took as much delight in quiet, and often in solitude, as most persons persons profess to take in the foins of public observation; and that, more frequently than otherwise, what was simple and inexpensive, what was quite unlooked for in itself—what, indeed, we took no special heed of in the passing, and did not cost us a heavy reflection afterward, and was just as much after nature and her innocent suggestions as might be, brought us the solidest and most enduring pleasure, and left behind a priceless hint of what could be pursued as a rule for all time afterwards.

The world, in fact, is filled with these beautiful sources of happiness, even as the swelling hills are with springs; only it is requisite that we should ourselves go in quest of them. But the fountains at which so many now drink, are much more commonly the fountains that give forth only bitter waters. Many a man thinks, for example, that a venison and champagne supper is the come of human bliss. It is only because he has not thus far, got beyond venison and champagne. Each is good—very good; but they are not ends, nothing more than means—not results and conclusions, only incidents and accidents. Others believe there is as much pleasure to be got out of the theatre as any other place; it is

because they have progressed only so far. Others, again, want to be made happy by possessing something which their neighbor has not got, something that envy is the high water mark of their desires, up to this point of their lives. Then comes one who enjoys nothing but the irresponsible privilege of criticizing everybody and condemning everything—a professional carper and fault-finder, dissatisfied with all men, one to be shunned and kept out of sight of; that is, perhaps, a sort of pleasure for a human being, but it can be so only because the soul has become morbid and diseased to a shocking degree.

The variety of resources accessible to different individuals for securing their personal enjoyment, is hardly to be spoken of as it should be; it is fully as great as that of individuals themselves. As we have just remarked, the world is full of them. Only let us first put ourselves in right condition and right relations, and at once we are able to discern all things which are now hidden from us by the closing of the door. There, now, is so much in Nature to be observed with the eye of enjoyment; little things that generally attract no attention; trifling bits of scenery, that most would pass by because they were not first shown them by somebody else; characteristics, of which few, perhaps, take cognizance; incidents, that do not interest everybody; and generally, occasions regarded as slight, or more likely not regarded at all, by those who give out that they are in quest of happiness and nothing else.

As a rule, we let all the little objects and occasions pass unimproved, and chase industriously after the larger ones; vainly supposing there can be but little virtue in small things, any way, but that the universal Ruler condescends to take cognizance only of what appears imposing and grand. We forget that He who made the heavens, regards likewise the falling of a sparrow, and even numbers the hairs of our heads. If, however, the truth were told, we should suddenly make the discovery that we have been happiest when we least thought of it, when it cost us nothing, when we made no preparations or predictions, but trusted all to fortune and Heaven, frolicsome in spirit as children, and fully as eager. It is a mistake, too, to suppose that we must take much time to get ready to enjoy ourselves; the preparation too frequently takes away all the enjoyment, so that when we get to where we think it is, it is not there. All calculation beforehand, is lost and thrown away; true delight, like true wit, comes always as a surprise; it is not sought after, is not looked for in advance, does not come when called for. We do not go toward it as boys make a long jump, with a run and a spring, but imperceptibly and without thinking of it.

The single lesson inculcated by everything, seems to be that of simplicity; all the while of simplicity. The common things of the world are the best. Air, light, water, they are to be had on all sides, without money and without price. And just so with all things else that make up existence. It is the common, homely, simple things, that furnish us with our true delights and gratifications. If we were happy only when we planned to be, or willed to be so, we should escape being so altogether. And, again, it is to be recollected, that all happiness is made up of trifles; there is no such thing as happiness in the lump; all coming at one time, or because of a single incident or occasion. We put the little pleasure of to-day along with the little pleasure of to-morrow; piling one upon the other, as the coral piles its little life upon that of another, till at last reefs and islands are built up firm and solid in mid-ocean. As the troubles and trials do not all come at once, so neither do the pleasures and delights; else we might all be in spasms of happiness, or the gripping agonies of woe, nearly all the while. If it were otherwise, it is not every one who could manage to stand it. Besides, we are taught a lesson by it; which is, that we are to look around us, close to our own doors and selves, to trifling objects and occasions and circumstances, for our dearest enjoyment, and not stand lost in amazement, gazing only at what is far-off and altogether beyond our reach.

Out of Doors.

It is best for everybody to be out doors, in these times, all he can. The inside air is nothing to what we can get outside. It is wonderful what a ruddy, fresh color the consumption of so much oxygen gives the cheeks, and how it elevates the spirits, what a dance and play it imparts to the fancy, and how much larger grows the disposition in a person to be happy and contented. Our people shut themselves up too much. There is pure atmosphere for miles above us, and in every imaginable direction around us; and yet we crouch up our windows when we build our houses, just as if we were afraid the air would poison us! What nonsense and folly! Why, it is an impossibility for people to be strong and healthy, if they regularly deny themselves draughts of pure air. They can no more expect it than if they were to go without proper food, nor one half as much. We are none of us out doors enough, but stay in the house and mope until we are really become more ill than we merely fancy ourselves. If a strong man should lie in bed without intermission long enough, his friends would be apt to find that he required their personal care, so weak and helpless would he have become by reason of his self-imposed confinement. So with breathing pure air; if we deny it to our lungs and our blood long enough, through a mistaken notion of tenderness or of comfort, we shall just as surely reach the same result, though, perhaps, by a different path somewhat. Air and water are wonderful invigorators; no human soul can be healthy and happy without both of them, and in plenty.

Everett in New York.

The very eloquent Fourth of July Oration delivered by Mr. Everett at the Academy of Music, in New York, was secured for the hearing of the good people of that city by the efforts of no less a person, it appears, than the immortal Bonner. So says the correspondent of the Boston Journal. He writes that Bonner had heard Mr. Everett in Roxbury some time since. He wanted that or some similar oration in New York, and he undertook to lift the whole responsibility, and did so. The men whose names were to the call were not expected to, and did not assume one dollar of the expense. The Academy of Music was engaged by Mr. Bonner, and all other expenses assumed. But an unexpected embarrassment arose. The proceeds were to go to the families of the volunteers. Mr. Everett wanted one half of the profits to go to the families of the Massachusetts soldiers. But Mr. Bonner knew New York well enough to know that would not go down. Bonner had his sword in hand to cut the ugly knot. He handed Mr. Everett his own check for one thousand dollars, to be paid to the Massachusetts volunteers, and then put into the New York treasury the full sum gathered from the vast and loyal throng swayed by the matchless eloquence of the orator of the Union.

Leaving it to God. A friend relates to us the remark of a child, which might well serve as the text of a life time, and constitute the "confession of faith" for all mankind, through all time. A mother whose system it had been to accompany her little boy to his room at the hour of retiring, and to listen while he repeated his evening prayer, was, on one occasion, prevented from doing so. So she told little Johnny he must go alone, and "be sure you say your prayer," was her admonition, with a kiss, at parting.

The next morning she inquired of him whether he had obeyed her injunction. Johnny seemed wounded in spirit at the doubt of his honesty, which the inquiry of the mother intimated, and, straightening himself up to the full height of his dignity, he replied, "Certainly I did, mother; I'll leave it to God if I did not."

The answer seems at first glance to imply no due regard for sacred things, but a want of reverence in the child; but the more we think it over the more deeply does it strike us as embodying the very soul of all human faith, and to indicate the strong, marked character of a child that will some day make a man.

It is a question we may well ask ourselves in the varied conditions of our daily life, whether, when inquired of respecting the performance of any duty to the best of our ability, any one of us dare say, "I'll leave it to God if I did not." There is no moment of our life when we may not either directly or indirectly be accomplishing some good; that is our mission—it is what we are placed upon earth for; it is that we may do this, that the store-houses of God are open, and we are welcome to indulge in its bounties. Blessing without number are showered upon us, that we may learn to go and do likewise upon those whose circumstances shut them off from the great benefits we enjoy, and it is expected by the great benefactor that we will go out heavily laden to return empty handed, but replenished in soul with those gifts with which they who bless are ever blest. This is our duty, our privilege—it is what is expected of us. Some time a little rap will be heard at the door of our heart—it will come to each of us—and a low voice will inquire, Have you done it? Shall we each be willing to promptly respond, "Yes, I have; I'll leave it to God if I did not?"

In the business relations of life, when the principle is put to the test, and temptation to wrong seems heavily upon us, conscience will do its best to show to us that honesty is the best policy. We hesitate. We vacillate between the two courses of conduct. Wrong whispers alluringly in our ears that a fraction of a cent is not much—that every one in business gets the better of his customer when he can—that the idea of honesty in trade is obsolete, and that if we are going to stickle about such trifles we may as well take down our signs, close up our store, and engage rooms in some lunatic asylum. Again, Right puts in her plea; not so bold and blustering as wrong—and one would at first think that she had the weakest ground to stand upon; but calm yet persuasive—simple yet mighty in her pleading. Cleave to the right and take down your sign if you must; close your store if need be; live in poverty if called upon to do so; be reckoned as a lunatic—and yet, if you bear all these for the sake of Right, you shall be happier and richer than he who doeth otherwise. And at last you firmly resolve to deal justly, be the consequences what they may.

And you find your reward. It may not be doled out in gold and silver; it may not be written in your bank book; your neighbors may say you have not received it, and call you a fool. But in the silent watches of the night; in the hours when the din and turmoil of trade and traffic are shut out, the majestic, calm, white browed form of Right presents itself before you, and the question is heard, "Did you follow me?" and in your ability to reply, "I did; I'll leave it to God if I did not," you find your reward. A holy calm pervades your whole being, and you realize that "honesty is the best policy" in a thousand-fold deeper sense than the world ever recognized in that time-honored axiom of truth.

It is well for each of us to bear the honest reply of the child ever in mind; and when opportunity presents itself for us to do good to our fellow travelers over life's road—or to stand up for the Right when bearded Wrong seeks to overcome us—so to act that we may promptly respond to the inquiry of conscience, "Did you do your whole duty?"—"I did; I'll leave it to God if I did not."

Fighting Bishops.

We have all heard and read, how Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, could no longer "contain himself" in the midst of war's alarms, but must needs doff the surplice and don the military coat, in the service of the "Confederate States of the South." There were many to wonder at such a display of zeal in the local head of the church militant, and wonder what was coming, if the holy men could be so wrought up to frenzy on either side. But we have a match, on our side, for the Louisiana bishop, in the person of Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. Since the war broke out, he has been "on the road" between Providence and Washington, with Gov. Sprague's men, a good part of his time; and we find a very minute description of his fighting qualities in a New Bedford paper. At the close of the writer's description of one of Bishop Clark's war sermons, he adds with a good deal of emphasis and earnestness—"If ever man mistook his profession, it is this man. He could have served God better at the head of an army than at the head of the church. What induced such a man to enter the church, I am not informed. But I am fully and sincerely convinced that his talent would have been displayed with equal beauty and honor, learning to sight a gun and outflank an enemy, as in rattling the bones of dead Hebrew doctors, or deciphering the Sanscrit. At any rate, he who now employs his talents in discharging the batteries of Scripture and logic, might well have served Columbiads and Petards."

Italy.

The death of Cavour was a severe shock upon Italian politics, and the prospects of a nation in the early days of its independence, and the eyes of all nations were fixed upon it to see its effect. Fortunately it has not proved so disastrous as some had supposed it must be. The successor of Cavour, Ricciotti, is fully imbued with the true spirit of the times, and has already declared amid much applause, in Parliament, the determination of himself and his Cabinet, to continue the course of general procedure inaugurated by the deceased statesman. We are pleased to know that the cause of progressive reform will take no backward step in sunny Italy. Side by side with political reform, is that of the Church. Dissensions exist, are increasing, and will continue to increase, until the power of one man or of any number of men to lord it over the consciences of mankind will cease to be recognized. Then, and not until then, will real independence exist. That time is rapidly approaching.

Adversity and Prosperity. It is commonly thought that a man is best off when he has the least to trouble him. He may himself think so, but it may be far enough from true, for all that. It takes troubles to bring out the bright side of our character. Were we to have all the comforts and luxuries ready supplied to our hand, very little should we trouble ourselves about labor, or anything else. Just suppose, for a moment, that none of us ever were visited with trials and disappointments, ever subjected to crosses and vexations. Suppose we were not compelled to make exertion, from day to day and year to year. How should we occupy ourselves? Is the first question. How many of us would have aims in life? Who would lay out a plan or a purpose for himself? Besides, every one would immediately put in the plea of "what's the use?" What is the good of working, without a motive? It is in the necessity that the virtue lies; and as necessity has been said to be the mother of invention, it may be asserted that it is no less the mother of industry and progress. Whatever compels us to effort, is good; for we should not always choose, if it were left altogether to ourselves to say whether we would labor or do nothing.

Under a cloud of depressing circumstances, it is hard indeed for a person to see that he appears to the best advantage. And yet nothing can be more true. Then the greatness of one's nature displays itself in its real proportions. Then the stuff there is in a man comes out to the surface, and he is at times astonished at himself and his own power. It is not every one who will acknowledge this, even if he sees and knows it; but it is fortunately seen of other eyes, and does not pass without its true interpretation. Let no man, therefore, lament that he has a hard "row to hoe," or that his lot is worse than that of other men. He should rather keep in mind that he is now bringing all his valuable working capacities out, and doing with his heart what it was meant for him to do. Except for these emergencies he would accomplish nothing, and would go to his grave without knowing even what manner of man he was. Lying always in the lap of luxury, or screened from the trials of life around him, he would live without the development of his spiritual muscle, his heart's highest courage, and hardly know at the last whether he had indeed lived at all.

Without News.

What a stock of excitement is necessary to furnish us with bubulum for our existence! How long, we should like to know, can a man of modern times go without getting his morning or evening news? We some of us talk, now and then, of "going into the country;" but then, we wouldn't think the thing could be endured, unless the city could be taken along, too, with its brandied potions of exciting news every day the earth turned over. A Cookney was once held up for ridicule in one of the British periodicals, because, in giving a glowing and detailed description of a few weeks' shooting down at his box, he dwelt with much emphasis andunction upon the satisfaction he found in regularly perusing his Times! And the writer takes the incident as a fair text for inculcating sound morals on this subject of ruralizing, showing that it is all sheer nonsense to talk about it thus, when it is but a pretence at best—a half thing, and not truly ruralizing at all.

It must be (because we have tried it) a perfect luxury for a man who has been up to his ears and eyes in the work of ferreting out and compiling fresh intelligence, to go somewhere and stay a whole week, and perhaps two, without getting a newspaper. Few can say that they have tasted that very simple delight for themselves, but a good many may, perhaps, be able to realize, through the help of imagination, what it is. At any rate, a person is thrown on his own resources, when he is obliged to do without the papers for a time, and that is a good thing for him. He stops the habit of indiscriminate reading, which converts his mind into a perfect sewer, and teaches himself to think on his own account. This wretched habit of putting his mind in the hands of a telegraph liar, or a scribbling paragraphist who cares nothing for truth and everything for sensation, he breaks away from; and he becomes really surprised to find what a change has come over him for the fortunate experiment. If any of our friends wish to feel particularly odd, and particularly themselves likewise, we advise them to try such an experiment as this, and to stick to their resolution not to read or hear a particle of news for seven days together. They can have no idea what an appetite it will give them for reading, after the proscription of the privilege has lost its force over them.

Mixes and Berries.

The "war press" of New York—so called—is certainly a difficult power to conciliate, and a good deal harder to satisfy. It pitches into persons and things pretty indiscriminately, and more or less without rhyme or reason. It is the President, to-day, and it is Mr. Seward, to-morrow, and General Scott, the day after. Now matters progress too fast, and now they lag unprofitably and without reason. Could they have their way, the war would be fought and won in a very few days, all the rebels captured and a good part hung, the Southern cities ravaged with fire and sword, the slaves freed, and a good deal more that we have neither stomach nor heart to speak of. These same preseses pretend to work for and with the present Administration, too; but no opposition party press could begin to do as much serious harm as they, nor indeed would they permit a paper of an opposite political creed to go on as they do themselves. And thus is the Administration likely to be betrayed and destroyed in the house of its own friends. On behalf of thousands of readers, we ask that if these journals cannot do any good just this time, they cease to do all the harm it is possible for any power in the land to accomplish.

Plenty of Berries.

Though the promise of the larger sorts of fruit is small, this season, that of the more diminutive ones appears to be excellent. Those who like to go berrying will be right glad to hear this. From a recent country trip, plunging directly into the interior, we learned with much satisfaction that raspberries, thimbleberries, and blackberries—high and low—are plenty, and that our special summer favorites, the "huckleberries," are going to be out in a few weeks in full feather. Going off in the solitary pastures, in the month of August, after "huckleberries," is the grandest sort of fun. We know nothing like it. It carries a person straight back again to childhood and innocence. The scents of the berry pastures are beyond all odors found compacted in costly conservatories. The sounds of birds, of winds, of cow bells, and of geese, surpass in point of melody the choicest morsels from the grandest operas. A body who doesn't care to go berrying—or has not yet had his taste developed for the pleasure—has good reason to lament that he is out off from at least one source of happiness that lies wide open to all.

New Publications.

THE GORDIAN KNOT UNTIED. By M. Munson. Concord, N.H. This pamphlet contains a series of letters advocating the right of a State to secede. The author adopts the decision of the Supreme Court, denying citizenship to the colored man—a decision that has a thousand times since its promulgation proved as inconsistent with itself as it plainly is with every sense of justice. The author of this treasonable document thinks it would be an insult to his "Intellectual faculties," to believe that the colored is equal to the white man. We presume that there are many colored men that would gladly return the compliment. The writer says that in early life he was taught to believe, and did believe, that "God made of one blood all nations of men (the negro included) that dwell on the face of the earth"; but now, to use his own expressive words, "I scout this idea, for it has no foundation in truth."

One of the positions, and, indeed, the main one taken by Mr. Munson, is that "the status of the American Union is of the nature of a partnership, made and governed by the partners of the firm; and in its essential nature it is governed by the same general law that rules in partnership firms." Perhaps it is so; but we are inclined to think that the "Union" is somewhat different from a mere joint-stock partnership or a Wall street stock jobbing concern. Yet even if it is, as the writer for his own convenience assumes it to be, is it useful for one party to a partnership to run off, steal all he can lay his hands on, and then, if the deserted member of the firm seeks his rights, to hang him, shoot him, or threaten to do so if he dares approach him?

RELIGIOUS LECTURES ON THE PECULIAR PHENOMENA OF THE FOUR SEASONS. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D. pp. 176. 16mo. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

A new and improved edition of this excellent work has just been issued by the enterprising house whose imprint it bears. Its contents are arranged under four heads: "The Resurrections of Spring," "The Triumphal Arch of Summer," "The Euthanasia of Autumn," and "The Coronation of Winter." An addition to former editions is found in this in an Exegesis of 1st Corinthians, xv: 36-44, respecting the resurrection of the body. The author takes a position against the old idea of a literal rising of the body, and says, "Science would decide that it is not necessary that the resurrection-body should contain a single particle of the natural body, in order to make them identical." Dr. H. has written much and well to reconcile to the reason of the advocates of ancient theology, the discoveries of modern science with the doctrines of their creed. The present book is of this class. It contains a large amount of fine, spiritual truth, and advocates many views in harmony with those of the teachings of Spiritualism.

CHIMES OF FREEDOM AND UNION.—This is a collection of poems for the times, by various authors, published in neat pamphlet form of sixty-four pages, by Benj. B. Russell, No. 515 Washington street. It contains nearly all the popular poems the present epoch has called forth, and, we must confess, some that need to be published in order to be kept alive. Mr. Russell is one of the most enterprising publishers in Boston, in his way. He has published recently excellent full length portraits of Col. Ellsworth, Gen. Butler, Gen. Banks, and others, which he sells very cheap.

FRANKIE'S BOOK ABOUT BIBLE MEN. By the author of "Susan and Frankie," etc. pp. 180. 18mo. Boston: J. B. Tilton & Co., 161 Washington street. A neat volume of sketches of Noah, Abraham, and Joseph, written in an easy and attractive style, printed on fine paper, in a large size, handsome appearing type. The incidents narrated respecting the lives of these ancient mediums will always possess a charm that will interest both young and old.

CAMP SONGS.—A collection of National, Patriotic and Social Songs, for the volunteers, and a pretty little collection, containing the words and music of nearly a hundred popular songs, with many new ones prepared expressly for this work. Price ten cents. Ditson & Co., Publishers, 277 Washington street, Boston.

"What's the Use?"

Of course there is no use, more than half the time. We are guilty of foolish and inexcusable conduct, that can be cleared on no grounds either of sense or precedent. If we sit down for once and run over our lives, we shall be astounded to find what an amount of pure nothingness has been crowded into them; how large a proportion is made up of practices that never did us any good, even if they caused no harm; what a measure of them has been given over to the prejudices of other people, who care nothing seriously about us any way, and would speak of us at all only by way of exalting themselves in the act of ridiculing us.

What is the use, now, in following what people call Fashion? By following the jade, can a person expect ever to catch up with her? By what law, does she compel our obedience? Under what rule is it that she lays down her dogmas, and tells us we must go thus and thus or be accounted nothing? How much reason is there in Fashion? Who declares that if we follow it we shall be thought something of, but otherwise nothing?

What's the use in working like a galley slave for half a dozen years of one's life, that the rest of the life may be free from all exertion, even of thought? Of shutting one's self out from every chance of progress and growth until a fortune can be realized, and then waking up to the fatal truth that the future has brought, and can bring, only misery and mortification? What is the use in wanting to be personally known of so many persons, when it is plain enough that but a very few can be of any value as friends? What's the use in pretending to be this or that, when everybody knows, or ought to know, that it is a pretence and nothing more? What's the use in playing rich, when one is as poor as a church mouse, and finds it the hardest matter possible to keep one's head above water? What's the use in joining a church and wearing a sanctimonious face, when the very blind intended by the trick is so palpable and transparent that it is known for just what it is? And in reference to a great many matters, it may be seriously asked—"what is the use?"

Farming Corporations.

We give several columns on our second and third pages, to the elaboration of a plan for farming corporations, by Dr. Child. The plan, as suggested, is a new one, and the only marvel is that it has never been brought out before. We understand Dr. Child intends to carry his scheme into practical effect as soon as the times are more peaceable and promising.

The Times.

The pressure of the times has, we believe, left but two Spiritualist papers in existence in our country; The Herald of Progress, and our own beloved Banner. The Clarion is temporarily suspended, but will be renewed in the fall; the Rising Tide we have not heard from for several weeks and fear it is at its ebb. We regret this state of affairs, but know very well that it is from no diminution of believers in our beautiful and ennobling faith, but from other causes painfully apparent. About one-third of our country exchanges have suspended, and those who are posted tell us that not three newspapers in Boston are paying their way. We assure our readers, however, that the Banner shall continue to float—its motto shall not, if we can hinder it by any personal sacrifice or denial; for no moment obscured by the clouds, social and political, that now stain the heavens. We thank our readers and friends sincerely and cordially for what they have done to aid us in extending the circulation of the Banner, and for what they may do in the future, although we feel that they have the reward in their own souls—for we know we have sent out into the world those truths and blessings which were foreordained not to fall as seeds among the briars, nor on stony ground.

The War, as it Progresses.

Some think—and give their reasons—that it will be much more difficult to make a peace after this war shall have gone on for a year, than it is now. Among the number, is a writer at Washington for the Journal of Commerce. He likewise adds, that the accepted object of the war is, to eradicate the cause which produced it; and that is certainly what Mr. Sumner means by his resolution in the Senate, recently. But this writer gets at it by two steps, instead of one; that, whereas the object is to destroy the idea of Secession for all future time, and as it is impossible to fight an abstraction, like an idea, therefore the employment of force will be directed against the existence of Slavery itself. He thinks that the war will not continue six months, before it will take that shape. At the December session of Congress, it will not be surprising to find that the actual abolition of Slavery has been proclaimed by the Federal Executive, (we do not believe that) and with the view not only to harass the South, but to secure beyond doubt the sympathies of England and France in behalf of the North. Even at present, wherever the Federal armies may advance in the slaveholding States, they will seize upon all able-bodied slaves and employ their labor. That the next step will be to promise them their freedom, he does not dare to doubt. Unless—he adds—a great change shall occur in the Northern mind on the subject within the coming year, the war will be pursued on a larger scale than has yet been indicated, and with no object short of the abolition of Slavery, but with compensation to owners in the loyal States.

Met.

The mercury must have had a jolly time of it, of late, away up to ninety and thereabouts. We should think it would get itself so high as to feel above coming down again. How awfully hot it has been! Even here in old Boston, where the blessed East winds blow in summer time certainly, as out at Elytown, the scorch has been so hot and strong as to actually stirle our staid and venerable citizens, who believe chiefly in the stability of things, (East winds included), out of their propriety. (What we coming to?—has been the question ready to leap from almost every tongue. No wonder. If this has n't been sweating weather, then "no matter." Corn has grown like fury, they say; but then, peas have paroled, and would be convertible into poor coffee, at that. To see some of the strange antics practised by native Bostonians, on account of the perseverance of the ancient East wind in refusing to blow, would have made a very horse laugh, and left entirely novel impressions concerning the strength of long-enduring prejudices and associations. But, in Boston, one has only to wait long enough, and he finds his reward in an East wind certainly.

\$400,000,000.

That is a pile of money. But if it will pay for the eternal establishment of liberty on this continent, it is a small price; otherwise, the people, we should judge, were hardly prepared for so large a call from the President, although they are better satisfied, on reflection, that the case should be made up and fairly stated, to begin with. The Secretary of the Treasury has various plans in his mind, as made public through his regular report of the affairs of his department, by which to raise so enormous an amount for national and union purposes; among others, that of direct taxation, putting from ten to fifteen cents per pound on teas, and taxes on other articles to correspond. Some believe a national debt of five hundred millions would be a good thing for us; also a standing army; ditto a large sized navy. Many papers already indicate the belief of their conductors, that the military arm is likely to be very perceptibly strengthened, in the future of this nation's history. But there is no telling how matters will result. For the benefit of all the people at last, we confidently hope and trust.

Personnel.

Dr. P. B. Randolph is in the city of New York, seriously afflicted with a disease of the heart. We hope his life may be spared, and his fresh, original, and bold thoughts continue to flow out to the world. Dr. E. L. Lyon is in Onondaga County, New York State, lecturing to large audiences. He is working quietly, but efficiently. Dr. Lyon always commands large audiences, because he preaches with great power. Dr. J. R. Newton is at present practicing in New York City. His cures have of late been made the subject of discussion at the New York Conferences. The oldest living graduate of Harvard College is Hon. Josiah Quincy, of Boston, of the class of 1790. He was born in Boston, February 4, 1772. The next oldest is Dr. John Walton, of Pepperell, Mass., of the class of 1791. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., October 29, 1770. The third in seniority is Hon. Samuel Thacher, of Bangor, Me., of the class of 1795. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., July 1, 1776. There are none living of the class of 1794 or of 1795. In the class of 1796, three are living. In the class of 1797, five; in the class of 1798, four; in the class of 1799, four; in the class of 1800, three.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

"CLEVEA DUNAND."—Please call and see us at your earliest convenience, or let us know where you can be addressed.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde of 8 Lagrange Place, will be absent from the city until the first of September, at which time she will again resume her sittings for the public.

MEDIUM IN CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown have been addressed for two Sabbaths by Mrs. Snow, trance medium, formerly of Bangor, Me. Her lectures have given great satisfaction; but the chief interest has been in the tests and communications given at private sittings and circles. So general has been her success in these respects, that she has been induced by the friends of the cause to prolong her stay in the place for some time longer. She will receive visitors at the residence of Mr. Wing, No. 34 Green street. Those desirous of investigation, or of consulting a reliable medium, will find this an excellent opportunity.

H. W. Ballard, Thompson's Station, Long Island, N. Y., is an authorized agent of the BANNER.

EXTENSION OF BUSINESS.—Purchasers of musical instruments, sheet music, umbrellas, &c., will be pleased to know that the store formerly occupied by Henry Prentiss, and more recently by Elias Howe, at 33 Court street—directly opposite the Court House—has been purchased by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., and will in future be conducted as a branch of that house, under the name of the Junior partner, Mr. John C. Haynes. No better guaranty is needed that a complete assortment of the best musical instruments and merchandises, at the lowest prices, may at any time be found there. We call the special attention of bands, musicians, societies and individuals, to the excellent opportunities presented at this old store in new hands for satisfactory bargains.

"CALER CUSHING" IS AFTER "JEFFERSON DAVIS."—There are certainly some peculiar coincidences in history, but this last is most peculiar to all. No Northern man ever admired Davis more ardently than Cushing. He was his especial advocate, apologist and eulogist. He stood by him at the Charleston Convention, voted for him at the Baltimore Convention, and tried to have him nominated at the Seeding Convention. They were the Damon and Pythias of the Democratic party; they enjoyed its favor, and contributed to its ruin. But alas for history and its changes! Cushing has subsided in Newburyport; Davis is about to subside in Richmond; and we read in the telegraph that the revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing* has left Boston in pursuit of the privateer *Jefferson Davis*. Think over the past year and its events, and then imagine the Cushing towing the Davis into Boston Bay!—*Philadelphia Press*.

Luoy Stone says, "The oracle is a woman's ballot-box." Then we've known some unlawful voting, where two ballots were deposited at a time.

The latest foreign arrival brings us the intelligence of the death of Mrs. Browning—an event which occurred on the 29th of June, at Florence.

ANSWER OF MIND.—A citizen was standing on the curbstone the other evening, viewing the comet, and was much absorbed in heavenly things, when an acquaintance tapped him on the shoulder and asked: "How do you like the President's message?" He exclaimed: "O, splendid, splendid! I nucleus rather thin, but I admire the tail; four hundred millions long, and four hundred thousand broad."—*Adrian (N. Y.) Watchtower*.

Heaven puts the excess of hope in one man, in order that it may be a medicine to the man who is dependent.

Show a haughty man that you do not look up to him, and he will not feel that he can look down upon you.

COL. COWDIN'S CHAIR.—The fact that Col. Cowdin surrendered to his claimant a slave who had fled to his camp, remains unquestioned. That he did it against the earnest wishes of his soldiers, without legal process, without even a show of papers by the claimant, is also admitted. The Colonel has, therefore, done a deed not only illegal, but a deed of gratuitous infamy—a deed for which there is no apology, and for which, as a writer in the *Traveler* says, "he ought to be deprived of his commission, and consigned to the place which he richly deserves." Massachusetts shares in the disgrace of such an act, and our war for constitutional liberty and law will be a theme of ridicule abroad, if this and the like deeds are not decidedly forbidden by the government and execrated by the people.—*Watchman and Reflector*.

Among the honorary degrees conferred by Harvard University, on Commencement Day, was that of Doctor of Laws upon His Excellency John A. Andrew and Lieut. Gen. Winsford Scott. Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, the Catholic Bishop of Boston, was made a D. D.

Hon. Emerson Etheridge, the new Clerk of the House of Representatives, has announced his determination not to keep any man in his employment for a single hour who visits gambling saloons or keeps liquor in his room in the Capitol.

A good result for the time—A politician is occasionally "knocked into a cocked hat."

PIOUS MONOROLY.—Secretary Cameron, in reply to a letter of the Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, they requesting that no Chaplain's Commission be issued to any one unless he could give satisfactory credentials of his official character, says he will do all in his power to carry out their wishes.

It is to be regretted that, in one or two instances, the federal troops have been led into danger; there is consolation in the fact that they have never yet run away from it.

The Mayor of Boston manifested his patriotism on the Fourth, by sending a bountiful supply of punch to one of the forts in Boston Harbor.

Mr. Adams, our new Minister to England, is said to have gone to Court in a dark blue coat, the collar, cuffs and flaps embroidered with gold, white small clothes, white silk stockings, low shoes, and to have carried a sword.

Ex-Gov. Andrew H. Reeder, of Pennsylvania, has declined the tender of a Brigadier-Generalship in the army, on the ground that he does not consider himself qualified to fulfill the duties of the station. What a wonderful degree of common sense! We did not suppose there was a man in the country who did not think himself qualified to discharge the duties of any military position.—*Buffalo Courier*.

It is dangerous for one to climb his family-tree too high, for he is very apt to get among dead and decayed branches.

It has been rumored that Major Benj. Perley Poore, of the Eighth Regiment, will be offered the Colonelcy of the Nineteenth (to encamp at Lynnfield,) as soon as the Eighth shall return, probably about the 1st of August. That would be an appointment fit to be made.

A most ridiculous habit among some young people is the cultivation of melancholy as an interesting accomplishment.

A PLEA FOR MEDIUMS.

From Emma Hardinge.

I am sorry it falls to my lot, Messrs. Editors, to become a fault finding medium; but the circumstances of the case seem to demand it, and I am not the one to shrink from any course I deem a duty, however unenviable the position may be in which its performance places me.

It may be remembered by some of your readers that an article entitled "Compensation of Mediums" appeared some eighteen months since, in your paper. I then wrote under what I deemed a strict sense of duty; and the innumerable letters of sympathy that communication elicited, assured me it was well timed. I can but regret, then, that it seems so soon to be forgotten, for I find the very same conditions that I then deplored as pressing so heavily on the itinerant mediums, must sooner or later crowd us all out of the field, in literal search for bread. The point, however, which more immediately induces this communication, is the constant receipt of letters from various of my co-laborers, complaining bitterly of the pressure their unrequited efforts are inflicting on their health and fortunes, and exhorting me to counsel with them as to the best means of systematizing our work, so that it shall not amount to absolute pauperism. As it appears a certain mode of conduct pursued by myself in my lectures, is cited as one cause of injustice toward others, I beg to give some quotations from a letter just received by me, in which I obey the writer's injunction to suppress names and places, the publication of which she deems would be injurious to her.

"DEAR SISTER—As I am sure you are too generous to wish to injure others, permit me to say I and many others are suffering from the course of action you have pursued as regards the payment of your lectures. Everybody says when engaging me, 'Oh Miss Hardinge comes for just what we can afford; and when we can afford nothing she takes nothing, and often gives us back part of what we offer her.' And so my sister, I who cannot lecture the dime out of an audience as you can, or draw the large crowds that wait on you, am obliged to go from place to place for the few coppers that the liberality of an audience puts in the hat, (always accompanied with a sneer at the collection) and when these collections are not sufficient to pay for rent, printing, &c., as the committees must be paid, the poor medium goes on her way with empty purse, empty mouth, and only paid by the consciousness of having done her duty to the world, but failed, as I think, Miss Hardinge, in having done it to herself!"

Here follows an account of six places visited by our friend, in which all acknowledge she rendered noble service, bringing glad tidings to the afflicted, warning to the bad, strength to the good, comfort and benefit to all, but herself; for after working far harder than the daily laborer, in night and day travel, and that exhaustion of life forces which incessant magnetization in these spiritual lectures requires, she gives me a list of her receipts at each place, and her expenses in reaching them, the balance of which leaves her seven dollars out of pocket in four weeks, which seven dollars she defrayed by the sale of "a ring and one or two little articles of jewelry." The lady I speak of is a well known and acceptable lecturer; and if I were not certain that the parties engaging speakers do not realize the full extent of the injustice they commit in giving Spiritualism to the world and entertainment to themselves, at the poor itinerant's expense, I would publish the statement in its entirety, furnished by our poor friend, names and all.

This, however, is the sum of all: In less than fourteen years, Spiritualism has changed the entire aspect of the religious world on this continent; opened the conservative doors of schools, colleges, and religious trysting-places, and ventilated them with the lights of reason, science and demonstrable facts; proved the immortality of the soul to darkened thousands, and substituted a noble, vital system of life-practice for the hypocritical formulas of ceremonial systems of atonement for sin. It would be impossible in the limits of this entire journal to enumerate all the glorious points of revolutionary thought which Spiritualism has crowded into its short fourteen-year old life, but whatever it has done it has accomplished through the instrumentality of its mediums. Perhaps they have done enough, and like worn out hacks, now the child mind is strong enough to walk without them, they may be left with their remnant of life and wasted strength to seek other drivers. If they are still needed—if public meetings were still susceptible of doing the good they have formerly effected, if the fresh, vigorous, progressive teachings of the spheres be still valuable, those whose organization permits the spirits to use them, are still mortal, and must eat, drink, sleep, support those dependent on them, and travel from place to place; and to do all this, they must have money.

In the article above referred to, I have shown the impossibility of this already overtaxed class (no less than nine out of whom in four years have, in early youth, "by the wayside, fallen and perished—weary of the march of life") already performing any other remunerative avocations than that of traveling mediums.

The countless numbers of half developed mediums with which private life abounds, proves conclusively the truth of a position which, in the above article, I elaborate, namely, that reliable and available mediumship requires the devotion of life and all its forces to the subject; and therefore if the world needs good mediums, the world must henceforth in common justice and humanity, render something of that respectable support to Spiritualistic ministry, which they have so unmercifully lavished on the stuperous and luxurious systems of man-made religions. It is useless to reiterate arguments on the justice and necessity of this point. It is enough for me to own, after the most earnest and uncomplaining efforts on my own part to endure all things for the sake of propagating the beautiful truth, I am constrained to come to this decision.

I returned from lectures this summer sometimes one dollar out and sometimes one dollar in pocket, for the last time. God gave me and mine bodies to be sustained, and endowed me with gifts which I exchange with the world for the means to sustain them. If my mediumistic gift is the one most in requisition, it is no less worthy of being exchanged for bread than any other, and I hereby state to all, such as desire the exercise of that gift, that they must guarantee my expenses and a moderate fee in due proportion to their means, in exchange for my time and services.

I am not in the habit of adopting the cant expression of sects, namely, "Brother and Sister," to express the simple ties of friendship, or human world-wide fraternity. Understand me, therefore, my dear and truly loved Spiritualist friends and co-workers in this cause, when I address you all as "friends," dearer to me even than relatives or countrymen, and ask you if this be not common justice? If the necessity of the times does not advise us all to unite in a similar mode of action?

I have now before me a pile of notices, wherein I am represented as depending on the *copper* "liberality" of the audience to meet my expenses. Many might add, "and our expenses of printing, &c., &c., also." Finding that such a dependence most grievously falls the majority of our poor workers, and puts me very often to the invisible point of my own wit's end, I propose to substitute in future, "our dependence is on the justice of those who need and seek our services."

I am, Messrs. Editors, yours for the truth,
EMMA HARDINGE.

National Conference of Spiritualists.

The Joint Committee appointed by Conferences of Spiritualist and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy, Mass., in October, 1850, and in Sturgis, Mich., in April, 1851, hereby cordially invite their co-laborers in all parts of the country to meet them in a National Conference, to be held in the City of Oswego, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, August 13th, 1861, and continuing over the following Sunday.

It is proposed to devote the first three days (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday) to the especial benefit of Lecturers and Teachers. The sessions will be held in Music Hall, West-First street, and will be spent partly in informal conversation for the promotion of acquaintance, and partly in consideration of the following question:

What are the special demands of the Age upon us as Spiritual Teachers, and how can we best become fitted to meet those demands?

The theme of Spiritualism, and its practical application to Human Improvement, will furnish an ample field for remark in these public meetings, and all speakers will be invited freely to express their views, so far as time and proper rules of order will admit.

Friday (should the weather prove favorable) will be appropriated to a Steamboat Excursion upon Lake Ontario, and a public Grove Meeting, to be held, probably, on one of the famed "Thousand Islands" of the St. Lawrence.

The remaining days, Saturday and Sunday, will be devoted to Public Speaking in Music Hall. Speakers who may desire to address the Conference at length on any specific topic within the general scope of its purpose, are requested to apprise the committee in advance, in order that a suitable time may be assigned them.

The friends in Oswego have generously offered to entertain all Lecturers, and as many others as possible, free of charge during the Conference. Strangers attending the Conference will report themselves at Music Hall, over Gordon & Purse's Store, at East-First street, where the local Committee of Arrangements will direct them to places of entertainment.

Further particulars relative to the proposed Excursion will be announced as soon as arranged.

- A. E. NEWTON, Boston, Mass.
- H. B. BROWER, New Haven, Ct.
- LEO MILLER, Hartford, Ct.
- AMANDA M. SPENCE, New York.
- W. W. STURGEON, Plymouth, Vt.
- F. L. WADSWORTH, Maine.
- M. S. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.
- Eastern Committee.
- S. C. COPPINBERRY, Constantine, Mich.
- S. J. W. TABOR, of Independence, Iowa.
- J. T. ROUSE, Fremont, Ind.
- BELLE SCODDALL, Rockford, Ill.
- H. F. M. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.
- C. W. STURGEON, Yonkers, N. Y.
- G. W. HOLLISTON, New Berlin, Wis.
- Western Committee.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress, far and near, to join with them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove Meeting Church, on the east side of the river in St. Charles, Grove county, Illinois, thirty-six miles west of Chicago, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth of September.

A free platform will be maintained, upon which all persons will be at liberty to express their sincere thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum require, each alone being responsible for views uttered.

No pains will be spared to make all comfortable who attend. The friends in the village and adjacent towns and country will provide picnic refreshments.

A general invitation is extended to everybody, and especially to public lecturers.

By order of the Religio-Philosophical Society.
St. Charles, July 6, 1861.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of reform will hold a three days' Grove Meeting, at East-First street, Harmon Co., Ohio, on the 10th, 11th, and 12th of August.

S. P. Leland, G. W. Holliston, Mrs. C. Stowe, and other speakers are engaged.

Per Order Com.

Obituary Notices.

Passed to spirit-life, in New York city, on Monday, June 17th, 1861, Mrs. D. D. [Name obscured], aged 31 years. She remains were taken to Hartford, Conn., for interment there to rest beside a lovely wife and child, who preceded him a few years in their passage from earth-life. Thus the little body of a child, who had been from friends who loved them. As a husband his devotion was unbounded, and as the loss of those so dear, he was sorely mourned, and often longed for the time to come when he could be with them in their spiritual abode, and heaven has mysteriously granted his wish.

Some time ago, the writer of this lost a dear relative, to whom he was also fondly attached by ties of friendship. When he was informed of her departure he said, "Oh, that I could have been above you now, I did so want to send a message to my loved ones!" He was amiable, kind and true to his soul's pure promptings; his spirituality was largely developed through his constant intercourse with spirits, and he was not without a high and early spiritual elevation, and lived in spheres beyond. He was the medium through whom many spirits have made their presence and existence felt to friends remaining on earth; and who, through him, spoke peace to many a mourning soul. The writer is of this nature, and to contemplate his feeling and transient stay on earth, it seems as if he lived in mystic form among us. Although he has passed away, he has left behind a record of remarkable events in his life; but yet greater than this, he has been written with hands out on the hearts of many dear friends, that can never be erased; and as they retrace from memory's page, they will drop a sympathetic thought, which will vibrate through heavily spheres, until it meets a response from his pure and high spiritual elevation.
H. B. W.

Passed on to her home in heaven, July 30, 1861, from the residence of her father, N. W. Tompkins, Wolcott, Wayne Co., N. Y., CHARLOTTE H. TOMPKINS, wife of James H. White, of Fort Hunt, aged 31 years, in the 31st year of her age. For the last few years the deceased has been a firm and triumphant believer in the glorious and beautiful truths of Spiritualism. By its divine teachings her last days on earth were calm, holy and cheerful. She was possessed of a well cultivated mind, and most amiable disposition—one of the fairest ornaments of society, beloved and respected by all who knew her. Many many friends and acquaintances will sadly miss her bright face and cheerful, kindly voice. She was a true friend, in all its richness and depth. None could comfort her. In the relations of daughter, sister, wife and mother, she was ready, willing, patient, loving, faithful and true. Her work was well and faithfully done, and she is gone to a better world, to rest and await the reward of her good deeds on earth. She has left dear ones on earth too, but they are sustained by the blessed hope of a speedy reunion in the home above, where pain, sorrow and grief are not known.

Her race was fair, but short on earth. Her duty well done; Beloved by all who knew her worth, And all who knew her moody of her age. Like a bright cloud of summer's day, That so softly fades at even, Her gentle spirit passed away From earth, to shine in Heaven. N. W. T.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. P. H. CHAIRMAN. The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the Banner.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is—"In Spiritualism dying out."

In connection with every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Edson, Chairman.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M., 3 P. M., 7 1/2 P. M. Dr. H. D. HESSER is Chairman of the Association.

CHARLESTOWN.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. H. G. Montague will speak next Sunday.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings are held in Williams' Hall, Western Avenue, every Sunday Afternoon and Evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock. Seats free to all. Speakers engaged—Mrs. F. G. Hyzer during August; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, during Oct.; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 1st and 8th.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon in the City Hall.

Speakers engaged—R. P. Amble in July; Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sabbaths in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

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

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, Afternoon and Evening. The following speakers are engaged—Charles A. Hayden, July 21 and 28; Miss DeForest, August 4; J. S. Lovell, August 11; Susie M. Johnson, Aug. 20 and Sept. 1; Miss Emma Hardinge, Sept. 16th; Miss Belle Scodgall, Dec. 1st, 8th, 16th, and 22d; Warren Chase, Dec. 29th.

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1/2 and 5 1/2 P. M.

LEONISTON, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leoniston hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall, services commencing at 1 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M.

PUNTAH, CONN.—Engagements are made as follows:—Mrs. Mary Macomber, four Sundays in July.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during September; Miss Laura DeForest during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, two first Sabbaths in December; G. B. Scobdall, during January, 1862; Belle Scodgall, during February.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged—Laura E. DeForest in July; Mrs. A. M. Spence in September; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, the first two Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scodgall in Nov.; Leo Miller in Dec.

ACROSTIC.

Kindly, from her thousand haunts,
In the forest and the field
Nature offers herbs and plants,
Grateful remedies they yield,
So that sickness may be healed.

By the babbling waterworks,
On the mountain's topmost towers,
Trailing in the slaked nooks,
All through summer's shining hours;
Native herbs this truth have taught:
In the climate where 'tis caught
Cure for sickness should be sought.

Mineral drugs, the wise men say,
Eat the human life away;
Do not trust their fatal power
In the sickness smitten hour.
Can you doubt the power that lies
In Botanic remedies?
Now, our health has spread its wings,
Ere disease leaves fatal strings,
Seek a remedy at KING'S,
No. 654 Washington street, Boston. 31 July '61.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALBERT G. KALL, M. D., Professor of Pathology, & 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 protracted cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the scientific and the general public. It is purely vegetable. No. 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 1.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

SUITSABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plympton's, 344 Washington street, where it can be seen. 17 July '61.

AS THE HIGHER LIFE DIRETS,

I WILL consult with the sick, diseased and suffering as to the best means of relief. Where an examination is desired remit \$1.00. Also upon the laws of re-production, marriage, disease, abuse, &c. The important discoveries which have been made creating means to control nature at will. Address in confidence, with one three-cent stamp, H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass., or call at my office, at Dr. Main's, No. 7 Davis Street, Boston.

From the Banner of Light, March 2: "We are led to think highly of Mr. Bowker, and do not have any fear of recommending him."

From the Buffalo Republic: "We have received satisfactory evidence of Dr. H. L. Bowker's ability as a clairvoyant physician," &c.

From Deacon Henry Barber, Warwick, Mass.: "Mr. Bowker is a man I can heartily recommend as a physician and scientific lecturer."

From Banner of Light, July 6th: "Dr. H. L. Bowker is worthy of all confidence in his medical examinations, &c. We can vouch for his skill as a Psychometrist," &c. July 27.

HAMMONTON SETTLEMENT.

200 FARMS FOR SALE, each of the best quality, the locations the best in the Settlement. Also, very desirable Town Lots will be sold cheap. For information, apply or address, R. J. DYNNER, Hammonton, Atlantic Co., New Jersey.

Hammonton Settlement has no connection with the place known as Waymouth Station, and improperly called East Hammonton.

CHARLES K. LANDIS,
RICHARD J. DYNNER,
July 27, 1861. Founders of the Settlement at Hammonton.

MRS. B. K. LITTLE will spend the summer in New Hampshire. Will be at home the 1st of September at the usual place, No. 75 Beach street. 28 July 27.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned has removed his office to No. 8 HAWKARD PLACE, where he will be happy to attend to all professional calls.

On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays,

MRS. CONANT will be at his rooms for the purpose of making

Clairvoyant Examinations of Diseases.

Persons residing at a distance, who wish to avail themselves of the only reliable method of obtaining a correct diagnosis of their diseases, can do so by inclosing a lock of their hair, together with one dollar and a three-cent stamp. Prescriptions put up with full directions if desired.

Office hours, 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M.
Letters may be addressed to
Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,
July 30, 1861. No. 2 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE MOROSCOPE.

MAGNIFYING objects 600 times, will be sent to any address on the receipt of 25 CENTS and one red stamp. Five of different powers for \$1. Postage free. F. BOWEN, Box 616, Boston, Mass. 41

DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Croup

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the Banner was written by the spirit who gave it, and is published as such, without any alteration or addition.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course. Will those who read one by any one they recognize, write us whether true or not?

Our Circles.

Our circles are now held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3 every MONDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY afternoon and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Almighty and immutable Principle in whom is the beginning and the ultimatum of all things, again we come before thee with thanksgiving and praise. Again we lift our souls unto thee.

Oh, Father, the nations of the earth have long slumbered in material darkness. Now that thy power is moving among them, we thank thee for that portion who fall to know thee—who see the cloud and not the sunbeam; who fall to see thee as a God who careth for every one and permiteth nothing to come to desolation.

Oh God, we praise thee this afternoon for all the blessings thou art bestowing upon us—for us now and forever.

Man's Power over Circumstances.

It is not unusual to hear men say, "I am a creature of circumstances. Let me turn which way I will, there seems to be an outside power by which I am controlled—by which all my own will or intentions are overruled, and set at naught."

To suppose that man, the human and the divine, is not a free agent, would be to rob him of his divinity—his godhead. Very true—while man is in the mortal, he is not able to overcome the conditions by which he is surrounded.

Who says: "I can never overcome the terrible opponent," never will overcome it; but he who says "I will overcome it at all hazards," is sure to do so. The tender plant, as it bursts its prison bars of death, comes forth that it may gain strength and grow—that by being brought in contact with the elements it may grow.

Oh, God, is it not time that humanity understood itself, instead of looking vaguely into the elements, and saying they are too much for them? Oh, if man is a God, he is capable of overcoming all things against him.

My father is a physician; he lives in New York. His name is Sherman. My name is Horace. I was sixteen years old. My father lived on Canal street.

My mother believed I shall be as high as anybody is here, as she calls it, but she don't know about my coming back. I'd like to have my father get somebody to come to the house, through whom I can talk, and I will convince them my trouble existed in the body entirely.

stomach, the blood was thrown to my head, and went into a fit. I think I had as many as three a day about the last of my life, but it's all over now. I'm glad to get rid of the body. My father sometimes blames himself for not doing enough for me; but my dear father may make himself as happy as possible about me, for I am as well off as I can be, seeing I had so poor a body.

Those who have good bodies should take care of them, and not make them useless as mine was. Good day, sir. June 12.

Andrew J. Forbes. My name was Andrew J. Forbes. I used to live in Augusta. I was seven years old when I died. My father's horse kicked me, and broke something about me, and I died. He says there can't anybody that a dead come back; so I thought I'd come, so he'd know they could.

My mother's name was Caroline Hodgden, before she was married, and her father is here with me to-day. When my mother was born, he used to live in Hooksett, on a farm, and afterwards he moved down to Maine. He tells me to tell them, so that my father may know it is me. I can tell just how long I lived after I was hurt. I was hurt in the afternoon after supper, and I lived till most daylight next morning. I've got a brother and sister—one is married; and I have got a little brother here—he came here a baby, and I know what he died with too—with the hooping cough, that went into the lung fever; and I know what my father said to that man when they were talking about spirits coming back. He said, it's no use talking to me about that, for I've got folks there, and they never come back if they could, and he had never heard from them.

Oh, then you art from everlasting to everlasting, again we lift our souls in prayer to thee. Again we wander in the limits of the flesh, feeling we are doing our duty by the wanderers in the dark veil and shadow of death.

Oh, our Father and our friend, while all nature lifts up her voice to thee in praise, shall we, thy children, forget, or shall we fail to send our praises on the wings of every thought, unto thee, our Father? Shall we ask thee to bless sorrowing humanity everywhere? Shall we ask thee to look thy children everywhere to thy bosom? If we look at thee as our loving Father, we cannot but know thy love and care never sleep.

Oh, Father, as the little birds lift up their songs to thee, so will we lift up our voices to thee outwardly, drawing in more and more of thy divine love, and drawing nearer and nearer continually to thee. June 13.

Invocation.

I'm glad somebody can pray; I'm glad somebody feels as though he ought to pray. For my part, I can't see it is of any use to pray. I know I'm excited—not in a fit state to communicate, but I'm afraid if I wait till my excitement be passed over, I shall wait too long.

I can't see how it is you can content yourselves while acting as you are. I can't see how you can be at rest, or feel secure.

My name was once, and it may be that still, Alexander Carson, of Norfolk, Virginia. I can't see what you are intending to do. I want to know. I'm at a loss to define my position. I died but a short time ago, of apoplexy, occasioned by the death of my only son. God help me if I am wrong, but I trust I'm right. He was murdered by you Northerners, just because you didn't do what you ought to do. He was murdered in Norfolk. He was not in battle—if he had been, I should have been content to have seen him die. I say, you Northerners murderers here, why don't you go and help those who are suffering hour by hour? I thought you had a magistrate, but I believe he is asleep. What is the good of men lying idle? While you soldiers are sleeping, we union men are murdered. I might have lived if you had helped us in time. My son might have lived, and he might have taken care of my daughters, left to the mercy of God knows who.

I went from old Massachusetts twenty-five years ago. I've heard all about your forces; but while you are holding back, waiting for you to know not what, your enemies are getting the start of you. I feel that I have lost my life wrongfully. There is but a handful of Union men at the South compared with our enemies. I hope to God you will take care of our women and children—I hope you will. Well, God help you, if there is any. I sometimes doubt if there is one. I tell you there are terrible things there. I am glad to hear that you are not all asleep, but it is very evident you do not know what there is against you. I hope you will do all you can, and not be a thousand years about it. I do not come to save my life—that is gone; but I have a wife and three daughters, and they are in great trouble. June 13.

Samuel Leonard.

My experience has taught me that when a man relies upon any God save his own, he relies upon one that will fail him at his greatest time of need. When upon earth, I was an advocate of the Baptist faith; my name was Samuel Leonard. I preached in Farmington, Maine. I have an especial object in view by coming here to-day, and I hope, yes, I have faith to believe that my God will help me to accomplish what I desire to. I have a son living with his family in Baltimore; he married his wife there—all her connections live there or about there. My son was born in Massachusetts. All her connections are traitors to their country—or at all events a greater portion of them are, and my son is halting between, I opine. He do not know which to serve—his country or his friends. Now he has some little belief in these things. I want him to remember that his grandfather died fighting for his country, and I hope my son and his grandson won't disgrace his name by turning against the American flag. Let him let friends go and serve the cause which is good. He feels he is doing wrong in halting between two issues, and this should be enough to determine him. If his companion does not agree with him, let him sever that right hand, and go forth fighting for his country. I do not want to be ashamed of my son. I hope I shall not be called upon to be. I said it was my experience that when man prayed to any God save his own, he was sure to fall him at a time when he needed him most.

All my time on earth, I thought I served God. I lived up to the requirements of the Church, and I thought of God; but when I died I was terribly disappointed. I had been serving a religious idol set up by the people. I used to often question myself as to the truth or falsity of certain passages in the Bible. There are such strange inconsistencies there, I was inclined to rebel. But I said it was Satan prompting me to rebel. Now Satan was my God prompting me to look at this thing in the light of reason, and prove the Bible to be the work of man.

Thank God, my son is not wedded to religion; when I was on earth I regretted this, but now I thank God that he is not wedded to my religion. I know my son will get my letter, and I do not want him to wait an hour to decide. It is not because he is a coward, but because his friends will be angry with him. Now his God bids him to go forth and fight for the good cause. He need not fear that his friends will forsake him; if they are friends they never will—if not, the sooner he is rid of them the better. This is intended for George Leonard, of Baltimore. June 13.

Maria Parker.

The spirit of Love says, "Come unto me ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Who would not rest upon the bosom of peace? Who would not be free from the wild wars of mortality if he could? But oh, when death comes and sets the spirit free from its body, it does not alone free it from the sorrow of the flesh, for the spirit has been so long bound to the service of the flesh that it

is not easy to sever it. But the spirit of Love is continually calling to us. "Come, and I will give you rest." So we feel sure some day we shall rest from our labors—some day we shall cease to feel troubled in consequence of our sojourn on earth.

I have loving friends on earth, and my spirit yearns over them now as it did in the body. I feel I would give worlds could I give them one word of comfort. But our chances of communion are few, and when we are blessed by one, we are often cursed by the rising up of a wall of opposition between ourselves and them.

I have a husband on earth and children. That dear companion is in trouble, and he cries out, "Oh, that I might die and be free from trouble." But he has no knowledge of the future life. He thinks if I should leave the body, he will rest. But I want to tell him he will find it much easier to throw off the troubles of mortality while he has a body than without it.

He says, "what will become of my children, after years when they grow to know more and more?" I want to tell him that the same God that has cared for him will care for them. There are not many shadows in their future, for their earthly pilgrimage is not long. He sometimes says, "I wish I could believe in the spiritual philosophy." He can't believe until he has some knowledge of a thing. He shall examine for himself. Let his own senses hear and feel the truths of the new philosophy, and he shall well believe. My dear companion has lost his earthly goods, and I thank God for it. I would not bring back one atom of that which he has lost, for I know that when the first sorrow is past, he will flee to a spiritual temple for rest. Instead of fleeing to a material temple, he will flee to the temple of God. He has enough to take care of himself and children. Oh, my companion, trust in God, cast your anchor into the spiritual temple, and the fair breeze shall soon waft you to a heaven of peace and love. From Maria to Henry J. Parker of New York. June 13.

Bon Holmes.

So you are fighting to free the niggers. I don't see what you are to do with them after you get them free. You can't employ them—you have no use for them.

My name is Bon Holmes. I was a nigger myself. I lived here. I worked hard all the time—never found time to rest, and never found the time when I was not obliged to work all the time to keep soul and body together. You want admit nigger to any employment, because white folks must work with us. Now what are you going to do with them? Do you suppose these masters will have them South after they are free? I'd like to see them all free, but I'd like to see you white folk treat the few right you have here. Even in the theatres, you only let us go in the gallery, no matter how well educated we may be. I was a barber by trade. Some of us are smart, but we are excluded from work here, and are not thought of by the whites. The colored population of the South is large, and I have seen slaves who have told me they were well off. I don't wonder that slaves make fun of "free niggers," for they are all poor. White slaves are taken care of. I've got a son somewhere about here. Excuse me—if you can't take better care of the slave than you can of us free niggers, do let them alone.

I did not know as I would be allowed to come here, but I was told I could. It is a nigger here as well as with you, but it is no bar to his mixing in society—he is just as good as anybody here. We carry all the characteristics of our race with us, but they make no difference to us here. I use often to think I'd like to tell every white man in the world, for niggers have feelings, and they are terribly wounded by you. I have a son who is a servant, but his color will always keep him down, here. I thank you for writing for me, sir, and wish you good day. June 13.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

"If my ship that's out at sea Ever safely gets to me, Jostle, dear, A grand lady you shall be. And then, wife, we will see These that scared you to-day—Drove you harshly from their way—Bow the head, and e'en the knee, To you and me, When my ship comes home from sea."

Stir the fire, Jostle, dear, Throw the last stick on the blaze, And light up with smiles of yours Those long-talked-of better days. Cast aside that weary work, Come and sit beside my knees, While we talk of what will happen, When my ship comes home from sea.

You shall dress in silken robes, Trimmed with laces, rich and fine; And the brightest, rarest gems Shall upon your bosom shine; And our house shall be as grand As the Duke's upon the square, And the princes of the land Shall kneel low, and call you fair; I am sure all this will be, Jostle, dear, When my ship comes home from sea.

Then, those ladies, that to-day Cast their scorn full in your face, Drove you harshly from their way, Will discover every grace That I've known and loved so long; And they'll weave into a song The sweet story of your eyes, And your hair so softly brown, In rich masses falling down.

And your fairy hands and feet, It does seem so queer to me That to-day, they're every day. When they meet you in the street, They were all too blind to see Beauty in your sweetest face, And did call you coarse and old. But never mind it, Jostle, dear! You can buy their praise with gold; They will crowd to take your fee, When my ship comes home from sea.

Bear their scorn a little longer, Jostle, dear, It will your make heart the stronger, And believe, now, what I say, You'll have friends enough some day. More than you can love or trust; But your heart will be no kinder, Jostle, than it is to-night, Nor your soft eyes more love-bright, And I do not believe you'll be Any happier, any better, Any dearer unto me, Jostle, dear, When my ship comes home from sea!"

Douglas and Breckinridge.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:

After the close of the last Presidential election, and on the assembling of Congress, Judge Douglas wishing, as he assured me at the time, to wash out any old grudges or ill feelings, and to begin his personal relations with his Senatorial colleagues anew, sent his card to Mr. Breckinridge, who passed him without a bow of recognition. The card remained unanswered.

Subsequently, Mr. Douglas, animated by the same kind and magnanimous disposition, and unaware of the discourtesy of the Kentucky Senator, sent him her usual reception cards. To these Mr. Breckinridge responded by returning his card to Mrs. Douglas, the Mrs. underscored. Such a littleness could not escape immediate recognition. "I thought it," said the Judge to me some time after, "not the best evidence of greatness of mind or largeness of heart, and most certainly would much prefer receiving than giving the discourtesy." I am of the opinion that there are thousands who are of the same opinion. I mention this trivial anecdote as a specimen of the magnanimous civility of a gentleman who has been claimed as a finished, courtier-like Senator.

SPIRITUALISM IN VERMONT.

It has often been asserted by our opponents that Spiritualism is dying out in the Green Mountain State; that the spirit of reform has been extinguished from among us, and that the people are reverting to the creed-bound channels in which flowed the thoughts of a past generation. But if such had been present at a Spiritualist Convention which I recently attended—had listened to the inspired utterances of noble souls among us, and had felt the earnest purpose which actuated all, to seek for and apply to practical life the truths of the universe, they would have realized that we have emerged from the wild whirl of excitement which accompanies the first unfoldings of new ideas, and have attained that individual growth which impels us to quiet and effective labor in behalf of humanity.

The Convention to which I have alluded was held at "Lympus," in the southwest part of Bethel, a town on the eastern slope of the green mountains, on the 28th, 29th and 30th of June, and was free for the expression of all shades of sentiment upon any topic connected with human welfare.

The assemblage convened in a commodious hall, situated in the second story of a pleasant dwelling erected by Mr. Luther Ballard one year since. Mr. B. was formerly an efficient member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lympus, in which he owned a large share; and when a higher light dawned upon his vision, and he desired to hear a free expression of sentiment from Spiritualist speakers and others, he was denied the use of the church—an institution erected for the worship of God, but not for the development of man. In addition, Mr. B. and his family received severe persecution at the hands of many of the church-members; but, with a rare and courageous truthfulness to their convictions of truth, they built and furnished at their own expense, and within their own home, a Free Hall, and dedicated it to humanity; and this hall has become the focus of the liberal sentiment for miles around.

On the first day of the Convention, while the people were coming in, a lecture was given by that noble and efficient pioneer in all reforms, Warren Chase, and from his glowing ideas I herein insert a few, viz.: God is not love, but love is one of his attributes. We cannot violate the laws of God, because we cannot injure them; but when we do not act in harmony with them, we receive injury in consequence. Happiness is the grand motive of the human soul, and this motive is always good; but owing to ignorance of natural laws, our actions are often mistaken, and bad consequences result. Every effort we make here pushes us on toward an attainable hereafter. The most exalted happiness within any one's conception, can be attained at some period in a future sphere. The organization, the education and the surrounding, are the three elements which form human character. The Christianity of the churches is a failure, for it has accomplished nothing toward harmonizing mankind; and it is now suitable only for weak minds—strong ones grow out of it. The only means the Orthodox churches have of perpetuating their ideas, is to excite fears of a punishment from which they claim to have power to save. The churches seek to overwhelm the judgment in a surging sea of emotion; and their prayer-meetings make impressions only through manner and attitude. No man of strong intellect, who has renobed the age of thirty-five, can now be converted into an Orthodox church. We should seek, not to change the belief of people, but to instruct them, and bring them into harmony with nature. Social disorders will become harmonized only when nature's laws are made the standard of action, instead of the Bible.

On Saturday the Convention was duly organized by the choice of Thomas Middleton, of Woodstock, as President, and Julius H. Mott, of Brandon, as Secretary.

After introductory remarks by the President, Warren Chase spoke as follows: The world lives in coldness and formality, and the truly noble and affectional nature is too often scorned and opposed by its stern dictators. This results from the selfish elements of Orthodox Christianity, whose votaries proscribte nature as totally depraved, and borrow their ideas from theology. I rejoice to see thousands among our glorious Green Hills turning to a truly natural religion. There is an age now dawning, when our aspirations will be grandly realized, and our souls will commune with all that is pure, beautiful and true—when every aspiring soul will rejoice in the presence of spirit friends who encourage us, and beckon us onward and upward. Until our souls can be refreshed by the ambrosia of celestial life, and our systems of theology are dispensed with, strife and antagonism will continue. Let us allow our natures to breathe forth affection, as flowers breathe forth fragrance.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Bridgewater, one of our most gifted and poetic of inspirational speakers, spoke of her experience as a medium, and concluded as follows: We who are public speakers desire to live lives of purity and universal love, and to freely impart our sympathies; yet we are often disheartened by having them misconstrued. All love must be free; yet "free love," in the common senses, is association between the sexes on a passionnal plane. We desire to put under our feet the lusts, and to entertain toward humanity a spiritual love, which will link us to them in fraternal harmony. Let us be true to each relation which interlinks us, and let us do our utmost toward purifying and elevating social life everywhere, feeling the glorious assurance of the poet— "The truth shall ever come uppermost, And justice shall be done."

Miss A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, well known as an eloquent inspirational speaker, gave one of her finished addresses, from which I extract a few sentences: There are seasons of winter-time to the individual, when the life-forces are checked; yet, when the summer cometh, these forces can be grandly utilized. Never was a time like this for the development of the human soul, for it throws out its great selfhood, and sends its aspiration, like a cord that reaches across the mystic gulf of Death, to the eternal throne. There are myriad latent forces in nature which shall yet spring into being, and new Platons and Christs shall yet rise and enrich the souls of mankind. The ideas of the ancient philosophers form the granite base of the monument of progress, whose summit shall be ornamented with a figure which shall be a type of Deity. Work and toil with what power you have; and when you have not all you wish, learn that there is a mighty mission in waiting with sublime patience. Earth waits without complaint, amid hurricanes and icy chains, till the summer-time, when she arrays herself in garlands of flowers, and steps forth a queen in her splendor, and bids humanity rejoice. Whether in a proud or a humble sphere, be thou like the God within thee, and go forth to make the world better and nobler. The dew does not send the thunder-

crash and the lightning-flash to herald its approach, but at its touch the parched flower offers to heaven a tear of gratitude, as it blooms in freshened fragrance.

Warren Chase next gave an elaborate address, of which the following is a brief abstract: The question of Progress is the great question which we are to settle, and the great rebellion in our country is incidental to it. As a whole mankind progresses onward to a higher state of individualism, which will ultimate in time into a state wherein every man will be a law unto himself. In our country, more than in any other, the lower classes are being educated up to a position of equality with the higher.

In the Southern States, the black, sadly as he is crushed, is actually better off than the poor white man. No effort is made to make the latter class any better. They despise labor because it is done by blacks, and they have no means of education—hence they are idle and ignorant. Ambitious demagogues have taken advantage of their ignorance to excite them into fendish malignity, by making them believe that we of the North are robbers and murderers, coming to make their condition worse; hence they raise armies against us. Slavery is the cause of their bad condition of society. There is a limiting, aristocratic course of action—ours an expanding, democratic one.

Our free institutions are too far advanced to be conquered by their degrading system, and our moral power will sustain our physical efforts, and extinguish the power and influence they have so long held, and will spread our institutions through their land. The pecuniary loss in the war will mainly fall upon the wealthy, and new avenues will eventually be opened, by the struggle, to the industrial classes in thought, feeling and influence. The spirit world is so near, that the loss of our friends will be less severely felt than ever before, and we shall come out of the contest less selfish and more pure and patriotic. Our progressive movements will be more permanently advanced by this war than by all that has transpired since our independence was achieved, and we shall march onward to the grand destiny that ever crowned a nation.

Mrs. Pratt, of Braintree, a trance speaker, advanced the following thoughts: Inconsistency between theory and practice is the great difficulty today. Every reform must spring up from the interior of man's nature. The sword of wisdom is the one for reformers to use. Let the spirit be firm and strong in the right, whether it hath eloquence or not. Mrs. Brown, of Sandusky, a trance speaker, said: Whatever is not understood is considered wrong. Every sect has fulfilled its mission. Love is the true weapon, not the sword.

Daniel Tarbell, Jr., of Sandusky, spoke in substance as follows: The cause of our national difficulty is corruption in the masses and the rulers. Every office is corrupted. The North and South are equally corrupt. The Northern people are aggressors on the Southern soil. The slaves are not entitled to freedom, and cannot enjoy it till they obtain it themselves. Let them secede!

The President, Mr. Middleton, replied at length to Mr. Tarbell, with the following purport: "A few despotic tyrants in the South, swaying through passion and prejudice, the minds of the ignorant poor whites, contest the palm of government with twenty millions of freemen, whose commerce whitens every sea, and whose mechanic arts spread civilization everywhere. Their pet institution, Slavery, is the apple of discord—an institution which many of them confess to be wrong. Shall we allow our rights to be trampled on, and orange with servility, to an arbitrary power? Forbid it, Heaven!

The South falsely claimed that the election of Abraham Lincoln was the cause of the rebellion; the real cause dates back thirty years. The South has endeavored to overthrow our republican institutions, and institute monarchy. They have acted the traitors' part, and must meet the traitors' doom.

Our Congress and our national officers have been corrupt, and it is because they have been under the control of the Southern aristocracy. India, Australia and even Africa can produce cotton, and Africa is about being colonized for that purpose; therefore the cotton of the Southern States can be dispensed with.

With her ports blockaded, her nationality unrecognized, her credit extinguished, how can the South sustain herself against the vastly superior forces, both physical and pecuniary, of the North? We of the Free North will not submit and pander to those who seek to destroy every principle of civil and religious liberty, but with our cause in support of Truth and Justice, and the aid of the spirit-world in our efforts, we shall press onward to a permanent and glorious victory.

At the close of his remarks, Mr. Middleton was greeted with enthusiastic cheers, clearly evincing the patriotism of the audience.

On Sunday, the last day of the Convention, the audience had increased far beyond the limits of the hall, and accordingly the meeting was held in a beautiful grove, a few rods distant.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Brandon, an excellent inspirational speaker, who has been for many years in the field, gave an address, from which I make a few extracts: Humanity is joined in one mighty phalanx to unfold and apply truth. Science is yet to govern the world, and be the guiding star of man's action. The old dogmas place Heaven in the distance, but time is unfolding the truer and wiser dispensation. Those whose desires reach heavenward will find that earth and heaven will contribute to their elevation. Our philosophy will yet bring up the mind of man to a conception of those principles which survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Boundless as the ocean's waves, the soul reaches out toward the infinite, and vibrates in unison with the harmony of the spheres.

Miss A. W. Sprague, after improvising a poem, gave an impressive discourse, from which I note a few salient points: Our mission is not to be isolated, but to scatter seed by the wayside. There are theologic misers who would catch with a kite the electrical fluid of thought, and confine it in a vessel for their own use, instead of diffusing it among their fellows. The great power and beauty of the eternal doreth forth to every soul, and we should seek to incarnate them in our life.

In the churches those who profess to be God's sentinels keep in their citadels, while the privates are outside without a camp; and the soldiers of the cross are required to give the password without having learned it. Strive not to build up institutions for they are transient; but to do good, for goodness is eternal. Keep up a connecting link with humanity by striving to draw some mind to higher conceptions of its inner life, and live so nobly that you will be recognized by your footprints without being compelled

Written for the Banner of Light. HIDE.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

Accurs, forever curs, be pride Of station, wealth, or fame; It takes the solidness from life, And leaves you—what? A name!

Providence, July 9, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light. BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 10, 1861.

J. WETHERBEE, Jr., Chairman.

QUESTION I.—Is Spiritualism dying out?

JACOB EASON.—This question was suggested by a communication from a good spirit in the form (Miss Lita H. Barney, of Providence,) published in the BANNER. I was pleased with the communication, and would add my testimony in the same direction. Spiritualism is not dying out. Its truths are eternal; they are the words of the living God, which has sought and must continue to seek a perfect and still more perfected form of expression, which is limited by our capacity to hear and pronounce—to receive and express. The soul that has heard the voice, that has perceived the light, cannot remain unmoved in or go back to the literal church. I grant that many inquiring minds that were among us have gone away dissatisfied. They were religiously inclined, and did not find the spiritual associations, influences and teachings their natures demanded. We have no organizations to manage the material matters of well regulated societies. We need some sort of a brotherhood composed of enlightened spiritual minded congenial souls, answering the purposes of a well ordered church, to advise, counsel, and reason together upon spiritual subjects without being subject to the discordant contentions common in promiscuous assemblies. Light cannot blend with darkness, neither can the enlightened spiritual minded loving soul commune with the literal discordant individuals while in their combative condition. It matters not how intellectual or philosophical they may be, they are not qualified to teach. Sensitive souls are repelled—proper conditions are destroyed, and the lambs go away grieved that "fools should enter where angels dare not tread."

Many Spiritualists have withdrawn themselves from public circles and meetings. They cannot accept the sentiments, spiritist practices of many of our public teachers and mediums. They have investigated the phenomena, and are satisfied that spirits communicate, but are disgusted with much that is called Spiritualism. They know, by experience or observation, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." To such minds the phenomena—the literal of Spiritualism, has done its work. To them the husks of truth that have been of so much service, are no longer interesting or instructive. Spiritualism is not dying out; it is unfolding a spiritual capacity to perceive affectional qualities. It demanded a purer love, a more spiritual life and conversation. It is an individual matter which lifts the soul from the sphere of fear and duty, to that of love and charity. What it once regarded as duties, become privileges. Spiritualism in this sense obtains and unfolds from within like the onion and cabbage, (not like trees in circles from the sap with-out.) As the interior unfolds new leaves of life (spiritual activities) the external dies out. As there are some cabbages and onions that will not head or bottom, so there are some Spiritualists that run to stalks and husks; such occasionally go to war with, and professedly renounce what they never saw or were capacitated to believe. Merely an intellectual acceptance of the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, will not reform or regenerate the individual or the world; it may serve as seed for future generations, but unless the truth be received in the soil of the soul, the garden of the Lord, and spring up through the understanding, it withers away, and, so far as the individual or age is concerned, dies out. I have never known a Spiritualist that was born of the water, (intellectual perception of the doctrine) and of the spirit (enlightened affection) that went away. Who is there that ever drank of the well, or entered the way of spiritual life, that did not hunger and thirst for more, and know by experience that such hunger and thirsting was not in vain? Why should they go away? To whom should they go? Where else is the "tree of life"—the unfolding word of God?

Spiritualism is not dying out, it is taking deeper root in the hearts and consciences of those that have accepted it. The present John the Baptist phase of Spiritualism, (that of reeds shaken with the wind), precedes the second coming of Christ (precedes the quickened spirit in our conscious souls)—already the morning light is breaking. There are individual souls scattered all over the country that neither come up to these meetings, nor go to the literal church to worship. They have from internal necessities withdrawn themselves from uncongenial associations, and stand for the present as individual magnets (spiritual lightning rods) attracting light and love from higher life, sending it forth to all aspiring souls to warm and purify the earth.

Mr. BURKE said, I do not feel in a dubious state of mind in reference to this question. I decide in the negative, and say it is not dying out. You see, friends, it is the belief that is not dying out. If I were asked the question if there was any foundation for this belief, my answer would not please you so well; for I think there is not a shadow of truth in it, or basis for it. Ask if one believes mind influences

mind, and who will deny it, whether the mind is on the other side of the Atlantic, or on this? This spirit-rapping, admitted to be devils, as the adventists, or spirits, as you do, is a question of fact, and not of reason; and who does not know that you can never reason out of a man's mind what does not come into his mind by reason; you cannot argue about what a man has seen. Spiritualism will increase, because it is congenial with human nature; but is a thing true, because it is congenial with human nature? [A voice, yes.] Well, we will see. Is war congenial with human nature? [A voice, no.] Are not Kirk, Stone, Parker, Deoher, and other ministers as willing to fight as pray?

Mr. CLARENCE BUTLER.—One of the speakers, (Mr. Burke) defines Spiritualism as "the holding of intercourse with the souls of the departed." I accept the definition as far as it goes; but I think that although it is included in, it by no means encompasses the true conception of Spiritualism. For this intercourse has rendered clear and certain many things that were but dimly guessed before; as, for instance, the perpetual expansion and ascension of the soul through the spheric planes of progress; which assured knowledge is throwing mankind back upon the greatest central truth of life—namely, the common basis of the human soul, and by consequence the common brotherhood of us all. This, in its turn, is pushing the world on into the region of more expanded sympathy and of purer love—as is shown in the more humane and gentle treatment alike of the insane, the prisoner, and of the inmates of our juvenile reform asylum. And among its manifold benign influences, not the least is its effect on literature. It has already half-revolutionized the systems of moral and mental philosophy; and into the literature of imagination it has gone, supplanting the school of formalism and the school of romanticism, with an order of broader scope and wider range, quickening the heart of the world, and showing how under all the diverse forms of life and being, life and being themselves are forever the same. The novels of Charles Dickens, of Charles Kingsley, and of Charlotte Bronte, are permeated with it. The writings of Tennyson, of the Brownings, of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, and others, are so full of its beauty and of its wonderful mystery, that they may be said to have their preternatural, as well as their imaginative side. The whole tone of modern literature may be compared, for its spiritual aspiration after God, to the wailing, perpetual sound of the sea-shell which, it is written, perpetually sobs and sighs for the oneness and unity with its source which it has lost, and in which alone is its true and perfect life. So, in all the literature of the present years, there vibrates an undertone of melancholy, and of wailing, as the expression of minds and hearts conscious of, discord with their own powers, and yearning with outstretched hands after the absolute spiritual perfection which haunts all the wilderness of thought and feeling; and this is the reason why the literature of this age has been said to be tainted with mysticism; it is only the vagueness and mysteriousness which attaches to the expression of every soul that watches its own consciousness, or broods over the borders of the illimitable. It is perhaps true that Spiritualism is losing some of the earlier and cruder of its characteristics, and of this I am very glad; for I think that in just the degree in which it lessens its perceptible influence on individual beings, it silently and subtly diffuses itself among all mankind; just as Homer and Shakespeare, among the poets, having scarcely any direct power over isolated minds, determine in great degree the character of the world's thought and the world's feeling.

My friend Mr. Burke places himself in a dilemma, when, after admitting that Spiritualism is on the increase, he proceeds to deny the fact that spirit intercourse exists at all; because that which has no existence can have no increase, and that which increases must have an existence. This is his dilemma, of which however I will not take advantage, inasmuch as he spoke under a misapprehension of the subject, which is not in regard to the increase of belief in Spiritualism, but to the growth of Spiritualism itself.

His objections to the theory that the mind of one person in a certain room, town, or country, can act upon and influence the mind of another person in a certain other room, town, or country, amounts, in its last analysis, to this: that no person, according to his belief, has ever thus operated or will ever thus operate on his own mind. But this is not proof. For the rainbow spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks vision, and the sweetest melodies are but noise to the soul that has no ear. And yet, because the blind may be cured of their blindness, and the ears of the deaf unstopped, I will not despair of my friend Mr. Burke; believing as I do that messages of truth and of love and grandeur shall some day come to him from worlds not lighted by the sun, to be unto him a perpetual apocalypse of glory, and a beauty and a joy forever.

Mr. DOWKER said, I am interested in this question, and have been ten or twelve years. I am a medium, and have been a close observer; my convictions are, that in its present form it will die. Spiritualism has existed in all ages—no addition of late years. The spirit-world has always followed us—now we follow it. We live in an age of stimulus, excitement. This is fatal to Spiritualism. We live too much on the head; the heart and head of this age are too near together; the intellect can never establish a religion. You might as well judge of music by the eye, and painting by the ear, as establish religion where faculty is the affectional or sympathetic nature, by the intellect. We have spiritual faculties for spiritual things; love comes spontaneously from the faculties, which are natural; so should religion. You don't hold an intellectual argument to prove man has the sentiment of love in him; nor can you convert a man to a belief in immortality by the intellect. A man whose heart is right, has faith in God—never is in doubt of immortality. We are too intellectual, and not instinctive enough; the instincts are fundamental, and should be relied on, so I think the present form of Spiritualism will die out. But from the spiritual faculties, we shall have the natural church of the human heart, and that form of Spiritualism is not dying out, and never can, because it is instinctive, and based on the laws of human nature.

Dr. GARDNER.—I do not know that I am either sorry or glad that it differ from the last speaker. I will say there are now mediums attracting attention. There may not be many prominent rapping or physical mediums; these may be giving place to higher manifestations. One tres of the alphabet, and desires higher conditions—that kind may have served its purpose. Spiritualism can come through the intellect and the affections, both. The world was fast drifting into skepticism, the church at heart was full of infidelity; has it not had the effect of counteracting that tendency, and taught many a belief in immortality through demonstration—that is, through the intellect—but for which, would be entirely without belief in immortality? But so far from dying

out, the present phase, even of the physical manifestations, in other countries is attracting a great deal of attention, kings on the throne, and men eminent in literature and letters, are interesting themselves in it. Those who have large hearts and large bumps of veneration, like Bro. Edson and the last brother, while they have it through the sympathetic, it must come to me through the intellect. I must be satisfied through the facts, and it would commend itself to me in that way; it may to others, as I have said, through the affectional nature.

Mr. WETHERBEE said, This question has taken a turn bearing upon the characteristics of human mentality, now, as I look at your several faces all different. So are your minds—some intellectually inclined, some affectional and impulsive; in some the animal predominates, and generally more or less combined. Now, Spiritualism commending itself to your several minds, is received by those faculties which, by your organization, are in the ascendant; then, of course, the intellectual man will seize and dwell upon the demonstrable part; and the affectional and sympathetic will easily lose the effect of, or the importance of, demonstrative phenomena, but will appropriate the effect it has upon the affectional or the heart; and the brother who said the intellect could have no religious sentiment, any more than you could see love or music with the eyes, in my judgment made a mistake. He is right, perhaps, from his stand point; but a popular writer has said the next religion that opens upon the world will be an intellectual religion, and I think there is soundness in the assertion. I am one of those who believe in the power of the human intellect, and that the cultivation and growth of that tends to the growth or increase of morality; and the reason to-day why we have less persecution, and no inquisition, and but comparatively little intolerance, is owing to the intellect of man, perceiving, as it were, that honesty is the best policy—perceiving, on general principles, the golden rule to be the true standard for a man's interest—not to an increase of the affections or morals, which, as it were, are in essence the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. "Intellect increases," according to Buckle; "morals are stationary." True, the man of feeling and impulse is, and always will be, the man that moves the world. He strikes the key note of human sympathy; but man's reason or intellect sifts and condenses it. We must not deify the intellect; it is the key-stone of the arch. The friend who thinks the present aspect of Spiritualism will die out, because it is not instructive enough, must remember we live in instinct as we rise on the plane of reason, and his idea of progress would be, according to that, to descend on the plane of intelligence. It is a fact which no one can have failed of observing, that from man away down to the lower animals, the higher the grade the less instinct; and whether by nature or cultivation, as we gain in reason we lose in instinct. Now Spiritualism is simply a belief that departed spirits communicate with living mortals; of course it covers a much wider ground, but beyond that it has no distinctive platform from other and all isms. As has been said, we see the influence of spiritual philosophy tincturing all the religions and all the literature, of late years. But this question asks if Spiritualism is dying out; it does not ask if practical, common sense religion is dying out, but if the belief that the departed communicate is dying out; and I say emphatically, No—dying out no more than Christianity was dying out after the manifestations of the first century waned, when it was permeating surrounding paganism, or grafting it with its doctrines—dying out no more than the twig put in the ground covered with foliage, but soon wilting and looking dead, while all the time it is putting forth its seeders under ground, taking root preparatory to vigorous growth. The belief is affecting all, religions, for all men cannot think alike on all subjects; some are gloomy, some are cheerful, and their natural differences will show in their religious beliefs, and still be Spiritualists. Some want more religion, and some want less, and all mankind will find their adapted strata of religious belief; and Spiritualism bringing life and immortality to light, will not die out, but elevate the whole religious world by vitalizing it; and instead of having, as now, a name to live, and yet dead—to have a living faith and a hope of immortality, based on reason and demonstration, and not on uncertain testimony revealed to man thousands of years ago. Same subject next week.

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Tuesday Evening, July 2, 1861.

QUESTION I.—What is the Spiritualistic idea of the mission and character of Jesus Christ?

Dr. YOUNG opened the discussion in default of the proposer of it. In his opinion, Christ was not, nor did he ever claim to be God in the sense of being the creator of this living, breathing, and unmeasurable universe. The idea of what the universe was, is, or might be, had never entered the conceptions of mortality then, nor has it yet, nor was there then, nor is there now, any language competent to the description of the meekest perception of the ultimate of any one thing in nature—and much less of the author of the ALL thereof. "In God we live and move, and have our being," says Paul. "Before Abraham was, I am," says Christ, "I and the Father are one"; he also affirms, and prays, too, the disciples may be one with him as he is as one with the Father, and charges us to "be perfect even as our heavenly Father is perfect," (not as perfect as himself), who "sheddeth his rain" and other good things doubtless "upon the just and unjust, and is kind to the unthankful and the evil." All which phrases, without violation of sense or common sense, mean about the same thing: that God or Good—good to man was and is the highest manifestation of God in the universe that man could formulate or have any conception of, and Christ felt within himself the living spirit of this universal love, and himself as capable of self denial, devotion to, and of fraternal love and labor for all mankind, as the most loving of mothers feels for the nursing of her breast, or as is manifested to the unthankful and evil, to the just and the unjust alike, in the operations of nature. Christ founded no sect—he taught a gospel of fraternity or equality and self denial, even to crucifixion, and love necessary to its ultimatum, which was "the kingdom of Heaven," which, once sought and found, "would add all other and desirable things unto us," and the best institution that has yet sprung from his teaching, aside from that of the immortality of the soul, is monogamic Christian marriages, without which neither the family nor society can rise above the level of the brute. The things he taught are the Christ, the life, the good manifest in man, not the teacher; and this Christ did live, for the teaching lives, inspiring all that is pure and lovable on earth, and begetting its kind

wherever tolerated and cultivated in man or society. His sermon on the Mount embodies ideas and incalculable tantamount to the foregoing—without the observance of which, man can never rise above the animal. We Spiritualists all know and acknowledge we are teachable creatures, and we gladly and reverently, in the main, accept Christ as an inspired Instructor, while we turn with shame and sorrow from the Orthodox notions of His origin and office. All we have to deplore, is the blindness of mankind as to his real meaning, and their perverse tendency to take literally what by the very necessity of the case he intended should be interpreted spiritually, and vice versa, in order to obtain some salvo for conscience, and some apology for the indulgence of their passions, and their indifference to the social welfare of man.

I know of no medium in the present day, that has originated and taught anything superior to or equivalent to the doctrines of Christ, that will not find themselves antedated in him; nor am I acquainted with any class of mediums willing to take up their cross—to live and die for their convictions, as He did; and this willingness is the true test of sincerity. More than this, I challenge all the intellect of the world to teach doctrines more true, just, beautiful, and altogether desirable, than those of Christ; or to devise any new system of social, moral, or spiritual science, better adapted to elevate the race. I do not think any Spiritualist who has ever studied the Gospels will deny the justice of this claim. For there was that species of life in the Man Jesus which identified him with all Humanity—making him conscious of a destiny which was linked with theirs; and in this, aspect he presented the highest development of God through man, by so much as the moral life of the man or state is the highest and the purest example of that life, without which the social fabric could not cohere, and progress would be impossible. Just in proportion as the spiritual teachings of Christ are embodied in human notions, and institutions, will human society approximate to what is desirable and permanent. This is manifested in one section of our own country, which we find ruled by a semi-barbaric race, none of whose acts proceed from a high moral or spiritual basis, or have any better sanction than mere civil justice, legal rights of property, and a savage "code of honor." Just in proportion as we embrace and personally the doctrine of Christ, in action, individually and as communities, will Spiritualism thrive with us, and we with Spiritualism.

Mr. PINK.—Most of you will be ready to admit that the Apostle John understood the character and mission of Christ as well as you; and he said, "We are not of the world, even as He was not of the world; therefore the world knows not of us, even as it knew Him not." That is to say, that if men were not like Christ, they could not know what he was. "We shall see Him as He is, for we shall be like Him." No description of the symptoms of a disease, however vivid and accurate, enables you to realize them in conception, if you have never felt them. I cannot tell you what is the Spiritualist's idea of Christ, nor does it matter, except so far as it leads to actual knowledge. The world has been so long befooled by theories, that it has learnt to stop its ears against them and ask, "What do you know? We are struggling to gain a solid footing. Does any of you know of an ark of refuge, which can float its living freight securely, guided by the hand of God? If you do, tell us of that." Now we have heard enough of the Spiritualist's raft; alas! Old Time has rotted away almost the last of it—though, here and there, a solitary passenger may still be discerned clinging to a log. From the phenomena called spiritual manifestations, you easily draw conclusions destructive of other people's theories, without having proved that these effects are, in reality, the work of human spirits. Or suppose we admit that the hypothesis rests on good circumstantial evidence; the next question is, what is the condition of the spirit in the future world? but, on this point, the testimony is, admittedly, so varied, that either the witnesses are egregious liars, or they differ as widely in the next world, as to condition, as we do here. But this is precisely the point on which mankind desire to rest in perfect assurance. So with regard to the Deity; you maintain that he is never reached, though always approximated—in other words, that His aspiring creatures are always to be deluded with a hope which they can never realize. This is the spiritual philosophy; but if it is true, may we not expect that the wearied spirit which has been thus instructed, when it commences the next stage of its endless journey, will lie down in despair? But I maintain that this is all nonsense—that, without the Divine light and guidance, we shall utterly fail to reach the goal of rest.

You say that Spiritualism removes the fear of death; but men of all creeds make the same claim in behalf of their beliefs, and even Atheists boast their cheerfulness and courage. If your doctrines should prevail, the hopes of all would be crushed; for none could be sure that they had the truth—and almost any Spiritualist can be brought to admit that the immortality of the soul is not quite, but almost proved. But those who have not found truth positive—beyond all doubt—who do not know God to be a Saviour, by perfectly saving the rook of the soul, by rendering it utterly unshakable—all such wander in uncertainty and find no rest. They prove that this is their condition, by always trying to convince themselves; whereas the man who is convinced need make no further effort.

Truth is Christ—the only Saviour—Truth is God, and the spirit of God is Truth. Truth then is God the Father, God manifest in the Son and the Divine Spirit, and these three agree in one; these three are one, and all born of them are one with them. God, speaking through the mouth of Christ, says of men, "All I want of you is to bring you into the condition of rest and peace I have prepared for you, and which you cheat yourselves of by not making the sacrifice I require of you. I cannot be approached by bribes; I have come down to you to convince you it is not I that am unreconciled to you—not I that am unjust—to convince you. I can forgive all sins, and yet be righteous. When weary of theorizing, come to Me and I will give you rest, by revealing the great mystery of being God-like, which is, to have God in you."

The truth is just as Prof. Spence has told you in his essay; every bit of your Spiritualism is nothing but etherealized carnality. The natural man never can attain the heaven he seeks, for dust he is and to dust he shall return. His loves are not divine loves. All your corruptions grow out of these special, limited affections for yourselves and others—and this is because you are not born of God. But when you come into a truly spiritual, a divine condition, you are reconciled to God, and the mission of Christ in you is accomplished.

Dr. BETHOULET.—A remark was once made by an eminent official, to the effect that the peculiar phraseology of the different religious sects is what

chiefly tends to confuse the minds of Christians, and keep them apart; and in this I quite agree. There are ideas conveyed by terms and phrases in current use, which, although they may be perfectly understood by those familiar with them, are by no means equally clear to outside listeners—and illustrations which are not clear, are worse than none. I regret that so much loss of time is the result. I have heard a great deal on his favorite subject from our friend who has just sat down, but I do not fairly understand him yet. But one thing I do understand—that inspiration, in a certain sense, is necessary to the comprehension of any subject. What information can you make out from any ordinary business letter, unless you share in the inspiration, as to the subject it treats of, which is common to the writer and reader, and by which they are enabled to interpret each other's expressions? Mr. Pink has, no doubt, something within himself which he perfectly understands—as is evident from the complacent expression of his eye. I am glad of it, and have a little doubt that many others, if not all—if they could express their sentiments—would be found equally confident of the soundness of their views; and there is probably truth in all of them—for truth is like gold—it is found in small, loose fragments, amid a great deal of rubbish. It is not in human nature to contain all truth. Every sectarian church has had truth enough to hold it in cohesion, and keep it alive, for a limited period; and so with Spiritualism—I do not expect it to continue as a distinct system, permanently; it is something preparatory to further development.

As to my views of the question, I think the Unitarians have the correct idea of Christ's mission—viz., that salvation comes through His life and example, rather than His sufferings and death.

Dr. YOUNG thought that the position maintained by Dr. Spence and Mr. Pink—to wit: that no spirit that had not attained prior to the death a love so universal as to merge in itself all other and special loves and affections, was fallacious. He could not think that the consciousness—the individuality or personality—that by which we identify ourselves and others, could cease—flash out of being, because it had not attained to that perfect self-abnegation we ascribe to Christ. However desirable and possible such ultimate perfection may be, we have no data for the conclusion, no analogy in Nature for it. Whether perfect or amorphous, the crystal still exists.

Mr. ADAMS.—On this question there are probably as many different ideas as there are Spiritualists, and therefore I shall not speak for the latter, as a class, but will merely set forth my own views, as professing to be one of them. I was educated after the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and adhered to Orthodox notions of Christianity, until, within a few years, I found that Spiritual doctrines had effected an entire change in my views. These I will explain: First, as to the nature and origin of Jesus. I believe he came into the world just like all other people, with this difference, so far as relates to preceding influences. By examining their history, you will find that both his parents—Joseph and Mary—were most highly gifted as speaking and seeing mediums, for they saw and conversed with angels, and we are told that the Holy Ghost overshadowed Mary, and presided at her infant's birth; and I think that she and her husband being under the influence of the angel-world, were raised into a superhuman condition to the end, that the nature of the child might be elevated and spiritualized into a medium through which the love and wisdom of God might flow forth toward man in a wonderful and unprecedented manner. This accounts for the unequalled perfection and harmony of Jesus' physical development.

Second, in regard to the office and mission of Jesus. He came to be the spiritual light and example to the world—to which end he was sent as expressly as the light of the sun was made to shine upon the material creation. But the world has not profited by this light as it might have done. There is no reason why a Jesus should not be born in every family, under like conditions; and when we understand perfectly the organization of Christ, and the mode of his existence, we shall begin to act upon this truth, and shall see a new race rising up and talking with angels face to face. If we desire to obtain more of the influences of the heavenly world, we must begin by the introduction of a more harmonious race, through the observance of the laws which will secure it. Christ was most remarkably adapted, as a medium, to show us how we may find access to God—not by self-inflicted severities, but as he is manifested by, and in, and through ourselves. If we were to study faithfully his character, and education, and development, we should discern the divine methods by which we might, perhaps, be exalted into even higher conditions than His. "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto my Father." Jesus improved his gifts. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer, and so came into rapport with the Eternal Fountain of Inspiration, and, speak lightly though you may of prayer, you will never rise into the highest condition of mediumship, until you cultivate the true, earnest, faithful, divine spirit of prayer and belief. "This is what overcomes the world, even faith." Through this, it is easy to see spirits, without seeking development from your fellow-men, but resorting at once to the Great Fountain itself. I tell you there is a Power—a bottomless depth to this new and heavenly Gospel of Spiritualism. We are but paddling on its banks; we need more of this religious element. Show me, if you can, one great leader of God's hosts, who was not a man of prayer, and of a pure life. There is not a man or woman in this room, to-night, who might not be a powerful medium, if they would but themselves be in the right way.

The Holy Comforter, which Christ promised his disciples is simply the spirit of truth—not the third person in a Trinity, but the same Jesus. How often I have heard Spiritualists laugh at the idea of coming into rapport with Jesus. But he said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;" and this applies especially to our circles. Yes, if two or three will surround the table with proper faith in Jesus, they will put themselves into rapport with him, and that table shall be to them a Mount Tabor, where they shall see their spirit-friends. Our spiritual vision shall be opened, and we shall be filled with the spirit of Christ. [In answer to questions.] I believe in the crucifixion of Jesus, as an historical event, and that he died naturally, persecuted to death by the hatred of the Jews, just as any other such medium, coming out as he did, would have done. I do not believe in the doctrine of Vicarious Atonement; Jesus was simply a medium for the light of the world. Every man and woman is to live and die for themselves, and work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. We may work ourselves up, and up, and go just as high as we have a mind to, by observing the proper conditions. It depends upon ourselves, whether we will be good or bad—whether we will have an eternity of joy, or wander in doubt and darkness; and the sooner we place our feet on the rock of individuality, the better it will be for us. We are to work with fear and trembling, because our personal interests depend there wholly upon our own efforts, and can only be secured by earnest, cautious, determined effort to grow better every day we live.