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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
WE WORK FOR HUMANITY.

BY MRS. D. G. MENDENHALL.

We work for the good of each other,
And strengthen the weak, and the frail;
The lowliest man is our brother,
And over the wrong must prevail;
We stand not aside self-exalted,
Crying, I am more holy than thou,
But strive with a spirit fraternal
To banish the clouds from his brow.

We work for our brother who wanders
In darkness, in gloom, and in wrong,
We join with the angels to aid him,
And help his frail spirit along.
O, join with us friends in the labor,
Let's work in the cause while we may,
Each one doing good to his neighbor,
All cheerily working away.

'T will lighten the sorrows that gather
Above and around you in gloom;
O, work for the good of each other,
'T will banish the fear of the tomb;
For, O! the immortals are coming
To rend the dark veil from the sky,
And mortals commune with the angels
Who live in the mansions on high.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ERNISTINA.

A PAGE FROM THE LONG AGO.
A Legend Newly Told.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

CHAPTER I.

Where the hills press closest on the current of the Rhine, until its waters hurry past in a swift, rapid course, are still to be seen the ruins of an old castle on a rock which juts out beyond a woody indentation of the bank. A small stream still empties into the Rhine from this wood, and old stately trees stretch out their arms from either side of its mouth, darkening the water far up with the remnants of an ancient forest. The stream glides gently away through a level valley, which was long ago quite covered with the wild trees, as its rugged vegetation still proclaims, though cut down yearly by the foresters.

A little village, consisting of a fisherman's and some peasant's huts, has stood in this nook of the shore from time immemorial, while the castle frowning above is now uninhabitable, and stands there as if only to threaten its former appendage with its fragments. The wheel of a water-mill is driven by a course parted out of the stream, and there is nothing to warrant us in saying that it might not have done the same for a thousand years; while behind the great branches reach up into the blue air, still luxuriant in their vegetation, as if nothing but the castle had been subject to the visits of time. A little further on, by the side of the road along the bank, stands a late-erected chapel, whose bell is at all hours sounding to the traveler. If the legend be true, in very old times this place was much the same as to-day, save that you could not see the sky through the towers of the Ritter, and his watchmen stood night and day on the battlements to give warning when any boat or barge appeared on the river.

The thicker took its course back through the wooded valley toward the recesses of the forest beyond, but the ancient Rhine flowed deeply past, shining in the sun, or when the golden light struck only on the highest turret of the castle, keen-edged curves and eddies went glancing down into the deep green shadow thrown from its high bank of hills.

Beyond the wooden huts of the serfs' village stood the mill with its plashing wheel, that clattered and circled by the wall until evening, when the children drove in the cows and the swine from the outskirts of the forest, and the fisherman's skiff pushed to the shore.

Above this dwelt the ballif of the Ritter in a large house which overlooked the rude fields of the domain—a man full and wealthy in the eyes of those about him, who held down their heads when knights or men-at-arms went by, or when some merchant's barge came toiling up the river, for the soil and the water alike seemed to hold them bound in a gloomy chain of thralldom.

This old man had two youthful daughters, a wonder, it is said, for beauty, to all around, so that the heiress of the Ritter, clad in stately garments, and surrounded by her maidens, from her chambers above would often cast a jealous glance toward the door. Katrine, the elder, was commonly accounted the more beautiful; she was dark and full formed, like the grapes of Heidelberg, which the sun makes quickly ripe and fit for wine; like them, men felt her eyes strike fire into their brain, yet she was ever heedless of her power, and scornfully turned from the hearts her splendor had roused. But her younger sister, Ernestina, was sweet and simple, and so fair beside her sister, that, in spite of Katrine's beauty, the bores, in their rude German, compared her to a little white wood rose, or a Rhine lily. She was so cheerful and light-hearted, singing old enatches of old wild songs so pleasantly at her distaff, that the father loved always to have her near, or hear her step upon the earth. Ernestina, he said, recalled her mother to him, and all their kinsfolk whom he loved to remember, whereas for Katrine's beauty the old man was proud of it, but he knew not whence it came. She was like none of his family, and her mother had named her by chance out of an ancient lay that a minstrel had sung to

them, full of strife and passionate blood, from the time of the old heathen gods.

Remote as was the neighborhood, Katrine had many lovers—from the better peasants even to the Ritter's squire; they looked seemingly on Ernestina as an inexperienced child, but Katrine appeared to regard them all with equal coldness, till her father used to say, she waited surely for some noble knight to solicit her smiles and make her perhaps the lady of a castle like the Dunkleberg itself. When this was said she would smile lightly, but the proud gleam of her eyes as she stood erect, the flushing of her deep hued cheek showed them that Katrine rated herself below none. Still no chivalrous form bent before her; there were few save the groveling bores to mark her beauty, and the higher stranger who passed by would have contented himself with a jesting sign of homage, or have deemed it honor to treat her as the handmaid of his fancy.

Sometimes when alone Katrine would gaze into the distant reach of the silver Rhine with a sigh, for she knew it was flowing to peopled towns, to stately palaces and castles, to the strife of men and the array of kings, while to the towers of the Dunkleberg above she cast an eye of scornful hate, since they looked down on her and her's. She was equal to the spirits that rule States and battles—aye, and even such should feel hers tower above them and be swayed by the secret influence of her will. She would make her beauty forever before them as a desire never possessed, when made more glorious by art, if but only she were in amongst the living, ever-moving, ever-changing throng of men. Still further off perchance beyond what she beheld there might be, as men said, a region where the noblest were not found by outward grade, but by consenting themselves with souls truly fit to be their peers; as the strong and stately knights along with beautiful and fearless women, together went through the battle, trampling down with lofty disdain whole multitudes of foes.

To Katrine all the common and homely services of love were contemptible, and at the thought of peasants' fires, the quiet mother sitting with her child upon her knees, or slinging at the distaff, ever and anon turning to look to the cradle and watch the slumber of the jewel set by love in the circle of their affection, the wearied husband entering at night to hear them prattle at his meal, she smiled in scorn—these were the mean realities which were well to satisfy the groveling mind, but they were nothing in her sight—yet through her loftier visions there came in also a flash of proud tenderness with which she would bind up the wounds of fight or deal some blow to aid a wounded mate.

Vain nevertheless were Katrine's musings; no way opened to her of passing to that other world; the leaves twinkling in the air, and the birds singing close at hand, both mocked her; the green solitary forest rose in utter indifference beyond. She was a woman—she was ignorant and helpless; the peasant blood which ran in her veins could not climb into the source of exalted acts—she dreamed and longed alone.

There was at the time a young forester named Henri, who came at intervals from the wild regions beyond the valley, bringing venison and other game to the ballif, and reporting the affairs of the forest, which pertained to the Ritter. He had charge also over the woodmen, who floated down their rafts of timber in the Rhine, on which the forester, his dog and game, would be often conveyed along the stream to Dunkleberg. Henri himself was tall, strong and bold, as well as renowned in the neighborhood for his skill in the chase, for his feats in encountering savage beasts, and the robbers and outlaws that found refuge near the mountains.

To those by the Rhine this forest country seemed a fearful place of abode, so lonely, dark and full of unknown terrors, and it was said to be the haunt not only of bears, wolves and fierce men, but of all kinds of evil beings and strange powers, neither brute nor human. Yet there the forester Henri lived, alone in his solitary hut among the woods, where indeed his father had dwelt also, and he had been brought up as a boy. Now, however, as he had become head of the Ritter's woodmen, his business called him frequently to the ballif's house where he thus often saw the old man's fair daughters, and common fame numbered him among the suitors of the beautiful Katrine. Katrine, however, received him as she did the rest, with haughty coldness, into which, nevertheless, she frequently threw one of her intoxicating glances, for in secret she began to regard the stout gayer and his free forest life with unusual interest. He was strong and fearless, his spirits were bold and gay as her own, and somewhat of the wild beauty of the woods was shed over him; together with his cross-bow, his hunting knife and the shaggy dog by his side, Katrine measured him by the steel-clad knights of her fancy, and it seemed to her that in the boundless, solitary forest, at least with a companion like this, there were freedom, space, and the occasion for many a rare energy uncalled for here. She longed to be freed from the narrow round of home, where things went on day by day the same, little and ordinary; she knew not yet to what aims she might point the daring of him she reckoned already her lover.

A whole scheme of greatness, in which knights and nobles might yet bow before them both, glimmered faintly in the fancy of Katrine, and she only waited for Henri to humble himself first at her feet. But the proud heart of the forester had at once recoiled from the manner of the scornful beauty; the young man had already cast his eyes on her gentler sister Ernestina, whose merry, careless and childlike air, had, perhaps, appeared to him more fit to brighten a lonely hearth in the woods. Ernestina had no dreams or dissatisfied wishes after the world, of which indeed she had not even a conception. She was fully content at home, to please her father, and humor the

wayward Katrine, who, in truth, considered Ernestina as an innocent, simple child, who would in all things be obedient to her, looking up to her as a guardian, and no more likely to cross her path than the lowest peasant girl.

In Ernestina's mind, at first, the regard paid to her by the forester was nothing more than the words and looks of other strangers, so that when a new thought began to break upon her, she was startled and surprised. She could have gone with the idea to Katrine at once, as she would have told her of a bird's nest, or some unusual tidings of the castle, had not something in the very posture of her sister's head, something in the side glance of her eyes repelled her when about to speak, and a secret emotion whispered to her that now she was to deal with that which concerned her own heart and life forever. But when all at once Katrine was surprised by the sight of Henri talking alone with the young girl—when from the door one evening she beheld them walking together gravely along the edge of the wood, the young man bending toward her, and Ernestina playing with a branch in her hand—then the truth struck her like the dagger of an unsuspected foe.

All the obscure hopes and fancies of her proud heart came back on her in a hot, overwhelming flood of passion. She saw herself mocked at, foolish, and pitiable. She looked at herself, at the object of all that cold scorn she had evidenced to others, and as she struggled with the bitter conviction, she sternly drew away from her memory a soft band of childish association between herself and Ernestina. She hated her, she abjured the tie of their common birth. From that hour she regarded her sister as one who had strength of her own, a strength mild, simple and innocently obscure, but with which, almost unknown to herself, Katrine's innermost heart prepared silently to wrestle and overcome. The very feeling of sisterly tenderness could not be got rid of, but turned her thoughts to loathing; for while she would have gladly sported with Ernestina's heart's love, dabbled in its life-blood, moist kisses seemed to touch her lips, an infant's smiling face looked between, which, in her wild dream, she seemed striving more and more to hate, while a shudder of unquenchable love ran through her. Still this slow purpose grew settled in Katrine's mind; she would not check, if she could, their springing fondness; but when it had reached the height, would she pursue and trample it down; going now into their exchange of looks with patience that made her brain whirl, yet predicted sorer evil.

To the young Ernestina it was a step from maiden love into the common bond of understood affection, known and un concealed; she knew nothing, she thought nothing of the wide forest, with all its different distances; there were but two circles, the hearth of familiar home, and that which dimly gleamed upon her through the woods. The question was only whether that offered to her heart a deeper likeness of the same which it had felt till now; sweet desires and invitations drew her out to go; the old remembrances gently pressed her forth even from behind the old man's chair; she looked only in the face of him, who from the unknown distance, had come to seek her, and the pleading glance in turn diffused resistless consent through her inmost being. With perfect trust, for her part, would she yield her hand to go to a new home with him, and loth, though the old man was, to part with his little daughter, he saw the two before him, he remembered himself and her mother in their youth, and bade God and the saints to bless their union.

CHAPTER II.

There was at that time no chaplain in the rude halls of Dunkleberg, and the great Abbey was far across the river, from which ever and anon came some of the holy brethren to receive the dues of the people there, and to perform christening, marriage, or burial; but by the road over the mountain, not far from the dwelling of the forester, stood a little humble chapel of the Virgin, with an oratory for pilgrims, near to which, of late, a solitary priest had made his cell—a strange and hermit-like man, who, for some dreary penance, had chosen out the most desolate and barren rock thereby; living upon the fruits of Nature, or the chance offerings of travelers, and rarely seen even by the woodmen, except far off upon the mountains. Yet to him the forester said they might well resort, so holy was his fame, and befitting the occasion, since he made the forest his place of meditation and sanctity, perchance to pray for its solitary inhabitants. Thus, too, might they all go to install Ernestina in her new abode.

Thither it was, accordingly, that on the marriage day, the bridal group proceeded through the skirts of the forest. Gaily seemed to smile the proud Katrine, like one accustomed to the wilds, as Henri led her horse over steep and thicket, while Ernestina, wondering and silent, sat behind her father, and his servant bores followed in dull carelessness after their steps. The hare sprung across their path, the startled deer plunged into the hollows, the owl and squirrel peered out curiously from above; and mile after mile the green branches parted before, or gray trunks stretched away, until at last the mountain appeared, and the chapel, beside a way which ascended over its barren shoulder against the sky. The hermit himself was besought by Henri to perform the service required, but the strange old man, seemingly with wild emotion, refused so to do. The forester heard him murmuring to himself, and speaking, as it were, with mute companions in his cave, till he deemed him either mad or haunted by evil beings.

At last, however, he appeared to be moved by a sudden sense of compassion, and in a voice now calm, gentle, and kindly, he agreed to the request, on condition of remaining himself unseen the while. Thus at the bridal of Ernestina and Henri, they stood all together in the outer cell before a dark niche in

the rock, from which the hermit's voice came solemnly, pronouncing the words of the rite.

For the first time Ernestina felt an emotion of awe, through which the bond of union seemed to become doubly strong; serious thoughts of the future visited her, that nevertheless passed away in joy as she felt the hand of her husband joined in hers.

Katrine stood regarding them askance, giving witness to their vows in a tone calm with terrible resolve. Still she knew not whether to fear or rejoice at feeling the unseen glance of that mysterious reclus bent upon them from the darkness. If lured with powers of good or evil, she scarcely could divine, except that now whatever was unknown or shadowy, seemed to her full of promise, and to those who stood against her fraught with threatening.

CHAPTER III.

The wooden dwelling of the forester, Henri, stood in the forest near the mountain. Beyond extended the thick old pine-trees, far over to wilder and wilder recesses, where the bear, the wolf, and the boar roamed freely. The dark gloom of the inner forest poured through them upon the opening, or, at intervals a streak of cold daylight pierced between their tall blue stems; here and there the woodman's axe was heard far off in the distant hollows, and above the expanse of leaves rose the smoke of his hut unseen.

Between the forester's cottage and the mountain, lay a green oak wood, in dells and heights, while beyond it there peered up a shoulder of the hill where the hermit lived, seen against the remote western sky. Opposite their casement was a thicket of lofty trees that stooped with large boughs luxuriantly over the shadow within, where sang the merry birds from dawn till night, with a small brook running past hard by. The forest all round was voiceless, and solitary, yet it whispered continually with innumerable blended sounds, and it was filled with a thousand forms of strange life that came daily more and more into notice.

The youthful Ernestina looked and wondered at all till they became familiar, and she ceased to but wonder in her husband's absence; she did not know cause for gloom, while supported by his hands, or conscious of love which would extend between them till it drew him back at night. Often she went with him far into the green recesses, and returned cheerfully alone; or how often have they wandered on together, smiling and talking to each other, while Henri, with his dogs and cross bow, watched the deer, or pursued the track of the wolf, until, at length, Ernestina, accompanied by the shaggy hound which was sometimes her messenger, could even bring the noonday meal to her husband, miles away with the woodman, where they were felling the great timber pines on the hill.

On the very first evening after their marriage, when Henri and Ernestina were left alone, and had returned from bidding their late companions farewell, they were surprised at an object which they perceived from the door of their woodland hut. The eminence above the hermit's cell was now surmounted by a tall wooden cross, made seemingly of the stem and branch of some young tree, and brightly gilded as it caught the radiance of the sunset beyond. The forester said that there had never been anything of the kind in the place before; and, indeed, except when the gorgeous colors of the sky in that quarter called attention thither, it scarcely would be observed even now, from the grey hue of the mountain near, and the variety of branches between. Ernestina felt an unaccountable thrill of curiosity at the sight, mingled with satisfaction. She could not help fancying that this strange sign had reference to themselves, and gave, as it were, continued sanction to their mutual love.

Night by night when the distant cross stood out clearly in the waning sunlight, something glittered from the other side with a sort of golden halo, sometimes appearing to struggle midst a confused throng of lurid clouds, which predicted a storm, would she flung away to herself the vesper words her mother had taught her when a child. Henri and she would look at it together, and the simple object seemed often to give a similarity to their thoughts; she knew not why, but it always recalled to her dim remembrances otherwise irrecoverable, and made her imagine things fairer and purer than usual—things far beyond the ordinary reach of her own mind. Thus, when Ernestina, too, became a mother, did it mingle itself with her new hopes, her sweet unaccustomed wishes, and happiness, that wandered she knew not whither; the mystic symbol was like the mark of all these, of their unknown goal. Such vague feelings she was unable, with all her pains, to make Henri participate in, yet she taught her little boy when he began to lis and babble, and delight in bright playthings, to clasp his hands and laugh when his now familiar object was illuminated by the glow of the evening sky.

To Ernestina herself, in truth the hermit's cross was each time like the first note of a word some one was trying to teach her. At times she would look round on the forest, the earth, the mountain, and the blue sky, feeling that same sense of nameless mystery in the whole, which attached to the sign upon the hill. Day after day it was more curious to mark it so steadfastly the same, whatever was her mood or emotion, and in spite of the changes made by the seasons or the weather upon things around.

CHAPTER IV.

Hitherto the happiness of Henri and Ernestina had increased in unbroken peace; the forester's active life, and the young wife's household solitude, were alike crowned by that now, joyous presence, which seemed but to be leading in a future infant chorus of hopes and pleasures yet unborn. Ernestina, indeed, was almost sad at the idea of going to Dunkleberg, where the old man often wished to see his

daughter again. There it was that Katrine saw their mutual affection redoubled in its common pledge; yet against the very front of this strength was it that she now resolved to commence aiming her shafts, having waited for the great promise and state of love to reach its highest flight with a patience and resolve, which, worthy of a nobler cause, had called into action all the powers of her nature unused to bear restraint of any sort.

At first she had despised her sister's hold on Henri, and him, too, she thought she hated; but now Katrine felt that Ernestina's power was great in its simplicity, and as the long constrained passion of her nature was drawn out toward the young forester, she only bitterly envied Ernestina. But Katrine's art was deep, noiselessly and subtly moving like the snake; she did not set herself over against Ernestina. When Henri spoke of her, she praised her. She disdained, as it were, to hide or detract from one of Ernestina's merits, but the praise of Katrine was like the higher talking of the lower creature, and all the while she was gazing into the sky, or looking into Henri's eyes with a calm, undefinable expression, which rather startled than attracted him.

Still, while Katrine thus described Ernestina to her husband, his wife, for the time seemed to shrink into a small figure, distant and apart, while Katrine, queenly and mysterious, overshadowed her between. When Ernestina returned to the forest, their father would have it that Katrine should go with her, meanwhile, for company and aid. Katrine neither offered nor refused, and Ernestina, in spite of a vague uneasiness and secret disinclination to have her solitude broken in upon, knew not why to reject it. So while she stayed in the house with her new occupations, her sister often accompanied Henri through the woods, sharing his fatigues, and seeming to take a particular delight in danger and adventure.

The forester insensibly began to feel the power of Katrine's spirit; intercourse with her brought forth something new in his nature, and without betraying any of her passion, she led him on from thought to thought until he could dare conceive of her beauty as attainable. Something of this, not in her husband, but in Katrine, was, at last, divined even by the innocent purity of Ernestina; she only feared her sister's heart was unconsciously in danger, and with the grave kindness of her place—grave but modest—she said to Katrine it was time she should return. Katrine assented in apparent meekness, but full of the bitterest resentment; yet having done all she wished to do in this way, she departed, leaving the fatal arrow in their hearts.

CHAPTER V.

Ernestina was again at ease, and Henri appeared at first to relapse without difficulty into their former life. But alone in the forest walks he would often think of Katrine, and more freely than ever; he felt a want which he had not before felt, either there or at home. Ernestina's heart was trustfully devoid of suspicion, but her love was acute to notice, when, instead of the fruit, the empty husk was offered to it; it made her feel, ever and anon, how Henri was trying to be fond of her and her child, or to be as of old. She then trembled to think that, perhaps, Katrine had not been alone in her danger; and such a gulf of misery opened before her for the moment as she shuddered even to have escaped.

Then she strove to bring back her husband fully to herself, by every sweet and quiet grace, by all the secret, speechless appeals of which household union is capable, or a soul boundless with affection. And when a little infant girl was added to their home, Henri did appear to enter with her into its sacred bond, to exchange his heart with hers, and to gaze from face to face with the unspeakable emotion of their first vows.

As Ernestina remembered with horror that late division and all its possibilities, as she felt the difficulty of retaining another's heart, did she the more welcome the coming of a new angel to her assistance. The associations of the dark, solitary forest had, unawares, filled her mind with images so wild and sad, as well as of its happy ones, that she sometimes viewed life as a struggle, in which the good were aiding each other against the evil powers; and thus the hermit's wooden cross above the distant trees, looked to her like the sign of her own first felicity. She had grown so accustomed to it, that if, on a sudden, it had vanished, she would have been only anxious for that; now and then her heart was so eager and unsettled, that a dark sky behind, the signal made her for an instant doubtful if it were still there.

Time passed on, and again some hostile influence seemed to be troubling Ernestina's peace.

CHAPTER VI.

This time, indeed, it was from afar; unseen, shadowy, and mysterious, it was not the less real, carrying but the greater force. Henri was often gloomy and abstracted, the house appeared to be dull to him, as if he shrank from all things that were quiet and homely, and was even indifferent to his children's faces. But as this moody state increased, he was at times almost fierce to Ernestina herself. If he looked up and caught her eyes anxiously fixed on him, as frequently they were, he would start up, and with an angry exclamation, go out into the woods. Why it was she could not understand—with unutterable pain of heart sometimes attributing it to her own want of fitness to retain one whose nature she looked up to, as higher than her own. Hardly did she think of owing it to Katrine, nor did the thought enter her mind with any force, much less that Katrine meant her any ill. But Katrine it was, whom she had not seen for long, that from afar diffused this shadow over her affections.

The old man at Dunkleberg was now dead, and

Katrine, comparatively wealthy, honored, and mistress of herself, lived alone at the village. The forester, on his occasional visits there, had now opportunities of seeing her freely. Her character of mind, her beauty, and the station which she held, filled him more and more with wishes which at first he dared not name to himself. Somewhat there was of mingled respect, and wild intoxicating temptation in the manner with which he was received by her; now passion, and now higher sympathy prevailed in his emotions, as Katrine seemed by turns to invite him by her beauty, or to make him think of other things, without ever fully revealing to him that his desire was returned.

But not always could the guilty pair conceal from each other their lawless passion, with its secret aim: and when the forester discovered, indeed, what in spite of Katrine's ungoverned love to him was the sole price of its position, he then shrank away in horror at himself. Katrine's pride and vengeance would suffer no compromise; without Ernestina's utter humiliation and casting away, she would go to some other country and leave him.

Time after time did the forester struggle with this dire alternative. He remained out of sight of Katrine at the forest, striving, as he imagined, by active pursuits, to get rid of the phantom purpose. At that time Ernestina wondered more and more to find the old tenderness in Henri's voice and acts; she thought him growing again what he was once; he fancied himself conquering his temptation when he was but pitying, unawares, the victim whom his dreams had already sacrificed. Even, as the idea hovered before him, the crime and wrong about it seemed only to add some delicious ecstasy to the draught; the darkly-glittering eyes of Katrine drew him back out of the woods, and from Ernestina's fingers, half terrible, but full of resistless fire, so that looking at Ernestina's pale face asleep, he dreamed himself overcome by some strong and hidden magic.

He dreamed again and again that he saw Katrine by the dark wood in the moonlight, gathering plants to give him in her wine; he saw her drop them in the cup, but when he looked they were beautiful flowers, and Katrine's face smiled over it wonderfully fair, and he drained it always to the last drops. In these dreams Ernestina was yet unspeakably youthful, sweet and lovely—his heart pleaded for her, and he would fain have saved her, breaking loose from Katrine as from an evil spirit. But when he awoke in the actual day-light, this latter was forgotten, or appeared childish. Every day Henri more and more sought occasion for harsh words, for quarreling with his meek and humble wife, until he despised her for her gentleness, or left her alone.

His journeys to the castle became more and more frequent. Ernestina looked at him only in silence and with tears when he returned, but at last, when Henri sought purposely for some pretext of furious anger, her spirit once or twice aroused, as she replied with dignity, that shot strange thrills into her husband's inmost heart. With the rage that would have trampled her and her familiar claims to dust, there struggled in him, as it were, a sense of admiration, as if a soft and beautiful angel were suddenly to wind its arms around the frame of a giant; and the swaying of their feet in struggle went up to his brain with agony untold.

CHAPTER VII.

Still above the woods beyond the hut stood the hermit's cross; and to Ernestina in her misery, it was the symbol of blessedness and holiness, steadfastly remaining while she parted from them. Evening by evening it glittered under the evening-star, as another star more mysterious, from which she was falling slowly down, but beholding it unchanged.

Now were the long summer nights; and far on, almost to the morning, a still pale radiance lingered behind, on which the figure of the distant cross was clearly drawn. Ernestina could no longer bear to be perplexed with the sight of this strange memorial, and not know its meaning; it reproached her now, as it were, with the neglect, seeming to contain, perchance, some unknown help or some unknown light against those who were unfriendly to her.

In the morning she set out alone to visit the cell of the holy man, with the vague purpose of seeking this aid from him. The moist, green branches parted before; as she stole hastily through the woods, they closed rustling behind, and Ernestina fancied now, in her loneliness, that hostile feet pursued her out of the forest depths, and that all its rude forms and living things were joined in mockery of herself. She reached the solitary abode, panting, breathless, and with a drooping heart; the shoulder of the hill was above her head, with its stern misshapen crags and grey stones, nor could she see from there the well-known sign which was fixed upon it.

The anchorite no doubt observed her as she ascended, and Ernestina found the outer door of the cave open, but the interior was closed as formerly, nor was the inmate to be seen. Again and again she called him, and more and more imploringly; there was neither answer nor token, until she supposed the hermit to be absent.

While she sat waiting there, with clasped hands gazing into the darkness above the inner door, which looked out on her so deeply and silently, she perceived a parchment volume lying open upon the stone seat. Its pages were full of figures, colored and illuminated, which represented various scenes, which by degrees caught Ernestina's eyes, leading her on from one to another. They were of diverse import, frequently strange and mysterious, but so clearly drawn and contrived, that in every case she could not fail to conceive a sort of impression from them.

To her surprise, in all of them predominated the forms of women; in the first pictures generally with a melancholy air, or in some degraded and inferior position; some were like slaves, others clustered round a single man with toys and instruments; others were nursing and feeding a child whom they crowned with garlands and clothed with robes, bending to his feet. In the very midst of this lowest series of humiliations, after a crowd of bacchanalian, dancers, and naked, shameless figures, there appeared all at once one mild, pure, and serene, who held smilingly a beautiful infant in her arms. Again there was a throng of mournful, weeping shapes, that seemed in vain to look for something; but animated all by a lofty desire, one of these stretching her arms to the sky. Anon there knelt a whole multitude before the large marble statue of a woman exquisitely beautiful; next, warriors and minstrels, looking back to the same image, were each bowing over the head of some real woman in the crowd. Then two stately companions, a man and a woman, were seen going hand in hand into the distance, from whence came out to meet them the same wondrous child as before, now strong, fair, full-grown, but with a face forever young. The strangest scene of all, however, was the last, where a group of all sorts of forms and faces, men, women, and chil-

dren, were wildly entangled together in the struggle for a flower hung far off in the air, while every one had a stiller flower unseen upon their own breasts; at the same time one with a gentle countenance appeared softly to discover it, and was stepping away across a stream apart, beyond which thousands of flowers were growing alive, and many radiant shapes in flowing garments were giving them to each other.

As Ernestina followed this quaint succession of pictures, her pain seemed dimly spread out into them; a strange sense of nameless consolation, which she could not grasp, slid into her heart, but still more did she wonder to find all these scenes marked in the horizon with the symbol of a cross, resembling that she was acquainted with, although every one was painted in a different form, and with increased vividness of color, till at the end it was but the dawning sun that shot his large, bright rays through a cloud, in burning splendor.

The time had passed while she perused them; she looked again to the hermit's secret recess, half bewildered, half conscious; nothing appeared there, and she turned away to depart. Suddenly she was startled by the presence of the old man quietly issuing from his cell; his face was white and worn, his hair bleached like snow, his eyes hollow, having more the semblance of a spirit than of a human being, as if the contentions of his solitude had been with death, perplexity, and evil. He laid his hand upon her head, and said:

"Alas, Ernestina, I cannot help thee; the heart knows its own sorrow! From mine to thine I sent a signal, that even as the earth lies athwart the sky, so life is crossed by suffering. Only at last can each of us behold the particular meaning of his existence, sustained between their twofold mysteries, as a figure crowned in its pain with triumph. But confide thou, my daughter, in Heaven. The head, the feet, the outstretched arms of the upright afflicted mark out all quarters of the universe for aid; and from depth and height, from length and breadth, flows to them the unutterable help of Heaven! Farewell, Ernestina; when thou needest it, I, too, shall be sent to thee!"

Ernestina bowed her head in silence, and returned musing through the forest paths.

CHAPTER VIII.

Day after day went on, but the heart of the forester, Henri, seemed only more estranged from his young, innocent wife. In vain the children prattled about him, in vain she strove with all the wiles and plans and instincts of a loving heart, to win him back. Ernestina's youthful beauty was fading away out of her pale cheek; her eyes were dim with the drops that fell often fast over her distaff as she spun, and she could barely suffer the agony of seeing her wondering babes looking into her face with painful inquiry; her face was anxious and looked old except when she was asleep. At last she felt that either she must speak or die. Once her husband was going out into the woods with his axe and crossbow. She followed him to the door, and said, with clasped hands, her whole life hanging upon the words:

"Henri, Henri, what have I done?" Then nothing more could she do but weep bitterly.

The forester did not turn until he had gone a few steps, but afterwards he looked at her coldly and laughed, as he hewed some twigs from a tree with his axe.

"Why, nothing, girl, nothing," he said; "who blamed thee? Only thou pesterest one with that eternal question!"

But all day long while marking trees in the forest, those words rang in his ear, till he was uneasy and well nigh mad with anger that he could not answer the question, nor yet punish her for asking it.

The next day Henri told Ernestina in an indifferent tone that he was going to Dunkleberg, and how Katrine, perchance—nay, certainly—would return with him to live henceforth at the forest. Ernestina saw in his eye and voice the secret purpose; her spirit was once more roused, and she said that, first, she would depart from his house and find shelter in the forest, or in some woodman's hut. Henri no longer disguised his wrath, and he declared his resolve to be obeyed, pretending to cast upon herself the scorn of her suspicious thoughts; and bitterly keen were his words to Ernestina at parting.

The third day of his absence Ernestina lay on her bed in the forest hut; the heartstrings of her affection, of her inward life, had suffered a final blow, and were quickly parting asunder; it was only a dim, weak and oppressed sense of unconquerable love that now remained. Till that evening the fever of blood and brain had sent a host of stormy images through her mind more wildly vivid than any dreams; love and anger, joy, despair and hope; scenes of meeting, parting, and terrible separation; of strife, of entreaty, of danger, of evil done or endured, of death, and strange, indescribable emotion beyond it. In all these fancies were mixed up mystic figures of the hermit's cross—now fearful, now benignant; at one time it was herself or Henri or Katrine that stood up with outstretched arms in the rigidity of agony from amongst the battling of the forest trees, with their dark leaves and mighty branches; again, it was as the glittering handle of an angel's sword that plunged into the contest, bringing forth victory and peace, while the calm sunset skies diffused themselves above it, and the cross appeared in the midst, motionless, as if newly sheathed by a celestial hand, and turned into a sign of adoration. When she awoke from this visionary tumult Ernestina was as calm as an infant, but she could neither rise nor move. The door of the hut stood open, and she saw out toward the forest trees where little Henri and Ernestina were playing in the open space with the old wolf-hound.

It was a peaceful summer evening; the birds sang, and the heads of soft shadows from behind crept slowly over the grass toward the golden fringe of sunlight, which slanted through the glade and low. The low window before her looked into the heart of the shadowy grove hard by, and it was dark and deep as the night which was coming on; while the other, that faced the west, seemed drinking in the liquid radiance of Heaven; yet to it Ernestina could not lift her head. She wished to call in her children, for now she felt she was about to die, but the voice sank in her throat, and she was not able, until they came in of their own accord. She was lying with their little hands in hers, bidding them only good-night, till she could whisper no longer, when the light was darkened at the door, and the strange figure of the hermit entered. Ernestina's eyes were raised and dropped again, as if she had looked for some one else; but the old man knelt down and spoke by her ear. A momentary brightness flickered over Ernestina's features. She pointed toward the western casement, and the hermit lifted her up so that she might have seen the well known sign glittering over the woods in a perfect flood of splendor. An expression of unutterable faith, even of ecstasy and joy, ap-

peared in Ernestina's death-pale face, and slowly passed from it; nevertheless could the hermit see that her eyes were soon vacant, turned inward, and unable to perceive the objects before them; even the next minute did he feel her die in his arms, and laid her body gently down upon the bed of soft forest leaves and fern.

At midnight the old man arose from his silent watch of meditation by the couch and taking a spade and axe from behind the door, went out of the hut, in which the children were still unconsciously sleeping. In the furthest recess of the tall birch grove, before the low window of the dwelling he dug a grave for Ernestina, and returning for her body, he carried it out alone, and buried it there. Strangely careful was the anchorite to efface all traces of his work, like one striving to conceal an evil deed, or as if there were some magic in the earth's secrecy and the undisturbed growth of the wild herbage under the trees. When it was done, the hermit took a branch of birch wood and cutting the bark from it, with the axe shaped it in the figure of a white cross; this he fixed above the place where Ernestina lay, so immersed in the deep shadow of the trees and overhung with their drooping branches, that no one from the hut could see it unless the face was laid to the ground. From thence, indeed, it gleamed forth from among the faintly streaked birch stems, like a silver crucifix borne by spirits approaching, while in the daytime it would have been confused with the twigs and boughs around it. Then, before dawn, the hermit returned to his lonely cell by the mountain.

CHAPTER IX.

Henri and Katrine dwelt together in guilty companionship at the hut in the forest. At first the empty house and the silence which received her smote on Katrine at her entrance like a blow from an unseen hand. She missed the opposition she had looked for, and all the rightful claims against whose jealous rivalry she was to contend in triumph. They knew not why Ernestina was absent, nor where she was gone; the boy Henri only said, as the hermit had told them both on his departure, that his mother had gone away, and never would come again. Something in the child's mind prevented him from adding that she had promised to send for his little sister and him in due time. To Katrine's thinking, it was some plan devised by Ernestina to reclaim her husband. Ernestina was still her rival, stronger than formerly in her power of secrecy and compassion, so that she set herself to throw over Henri the whole claim of her own presence and attractions. They surrendered themselves freely to the lawless passion, which gained zest from the thought of Ernestina still alive, curiously watching them, and contriving schemes for their separation. Henri, too, seemed to find, at length, in Katrine the equal partner of his life—bold in thought and act, responding to his fiercer passions, quelled by no imaginary reverence, stretching in her aims even beyond what he had before dreamed.

With prouder gait and statelier habillament she walked through the spots marked by Ernestina's youthful, unreserved tenderness, and every token of Ernestina's regard was to Henri but the favor granted by, at least, his peer and fellow-actor. Ernestina's lawful claims, with their holy vows and seal of ceremony, appeared but things to be free from and to defy, while the names of sister and wife enhanced the reality of rude nature and its wild liberty. They both laughed loud to see that the distant cross beyond the wood had vanished, leaving nothing but the bare hill and the green rim of the forest. But by degrees, as nothing more was seen of Ernestina, and from the chance expressions of the little ones, there stole into the forester's mind a suspicion that she was in truth dead. The mystery of her disappearance secretly impressed him, yet still more the sense of that fancied rivalry, that watchful neighborhood and cherished purpose having been all unreal. A still mute helplessness, an utter absence without any approach, were at that time in the place of Ernestina. He mused at night, sometimes after a busy day in the forest, upon this thought.

When the moonlight, like an airy tide, came pulsing up to the window without, a thin shadow would seem to come against it, with long disheveled hair, and looking upon him and the sleeping Katrine, beckoning with its hands or wringing them as it went away. While the wild wind cast the withered leaves on the horn casement, gushing out of the dead woods, sad unutterable wails were in its low murmur, and he knew that Ernestina walked outside in the dreary midnight, but he dared not go to let her in. Night by night this feeling increased in him. The presence of his wife seemed always hovering round; he had not seen her die, he knew not where she was, but still felt that she was dead and buried in the earth. He listened to her voice calling her children away, and then Katrine and he would be left alone in the gloom.

Katrine saw that something now came between herself and Henri, making him moody and gradually estranged from her; she strove to reassure his mind, and lead him on by new motives and endearments. This woman, steeled and hardened, otherwise, was faithful to her partner in evil, to whom she had committed all passions, hopes and aspirations; she beheld a secret antagonist molest their peace, and all Ernestina's memory, her children, her very spirit were fearful to her, but more hateful still; when she was no longer to be dreaded, utterly rooted out and conquered, then only would she pity her with the old nameless feeling that still lurked at her heart-strings.

One still midnight Henri lay awake on his couch, wearily returning in mind to the same thought, his heart too proud for the old sweet love to it in revive; but despite himself the image of Ernestina, her shape and air, would grow steadfast out of the depths of remembrance, and continue gazing on him, as from an unspeakable remoteness. It was an agony to see it, without being able to pity her even, as before; love or pity toward that silent form would have been as impossible as toward a radiant angel. Through the low casement of the hut, before his reclining face, the moonlight came suddenly in upon the floor, like a spirit entering. He looked along it and across the open grass into the shadowy heart of the tall birch grove. The upper branches of the trees stretched far out, making a deep gloom within; their highest tops in showers of delicate leaves bent over from above out of a silvery flood of moonlight, and the silent grove looked like the stately hearse of some noble virgin lady, or the tombs of maiden princesses in the chapel of a cathedral, where white feathers and ancient banners droop over funeral emblems below. But as Henri lay gazing into the darkness underneath, it seemed to him, as if from far away out of the shadowy recesses there were slowly issuing the figure of a white cross, that grew clearer and more distinct out of an immeasurable gloom behind. Before or around it thronged the grey shapes of the birch-stems, which seemed turn-

ing into living things, where a crowd of twisted arms and gleaming hands were thrust from the darkness, and here and there a keen eye was fearfully bent upon him; but still through midnight hollow, and from black night beyond, was that white symbol advancing onward, while before it the angry group of fiends appeared to make way. As the moonlight poured upon the grass, and all the space outside was full of ghostly light, Henri thought that the white cross, with its wondrous bearer was coming nearer and nearer, and would stand the next moment in mighty size above the roof. He hid his eyes with his mantle, and a muttering whisper of evil voices, which he had not observed before, seemed to pass away from round the hut, like that of dismayed watchers. *She*, he thought, had taken their place, and was at that moment keeping guard over them both, even over her who slept at his side; but the outer air was more terrible to him with that thought, than if a legion of demons had stood there. Again and again did this happen to him when awake at night, though night only, as it seemed at that hour and from that spot, where the air was still and the moonlight clear, and where he lay with his face upward from the low couch in sleepless musing. Yet, at other times, when he looked at the corpse, or passed it by in daylight, nothing unusual appeared there; the green leaves hung idly in the air, and the birds sang sweetly from within, but Henri feared to enter it, he knew not why.

CHAPTER X.

The bare winter woods were covered with snow; the wild wide forest was full of wondrous white tracery, and strangely gorgeous configurations, that ran from glade to thicket, and from root and trunk to the highest twig, in which all shadows had passed away. The trees, with mighty, patient hands, supported their burden silently; wreaths driven up by the winds at night, rose over their broad crests into giant shapes; the white mountain, with its dark rocks, stared through their upper branches, rising still and distant above; while before the windows of the forester's hut huge icicles hung down, dripping into the snow beneath.

The children, little Ernestina and her brother Henri, wandered in the wood; Katrine, from the window, saw them straying into its white opening and through the hazy path beyond; a secret hand plucked at her heart, but she turned away and spun thread after thread at her distaff ere she looked again. Then the old wolf hound came running from the wood, and pulled at her mantle, whining on her to follow. Katrine rose hastily at the pleading of the dumb beast's eyes—her thought was horror to her; she pursued the footsteps of the children far into the cold, snow wreathed brake, where they wound dazling and bewildering toward the deeper forest. But the swift winter darkness was striding on, and already the pale Christmas moon stood above the white trees, to change it again for unearthly light.

Katrine still hastened forward; the dog, without wavering, led her still. As she came before a dreary hollow, where the drifts lay deep, it seemed to her that she beheld a childish figure like that of little Ernestina wandering on betwixt the snowy trees. But by her side there appeared to walk another whiter than the snow itself; now it hovered before the child, now bent over her without touching or being seen by her, in attitudes of unutterable care. It was like a form unable to reveal itself, yielding before the child's stumbling footsteps, wrapping its arms around her without saving her from the cold showers which the boughs let fall, or from the sinking heaps of snow that scattered in a white, powdery mist around her. Now, indeed, it seemed to take her hand and lead her further in along the frozen moonlight, as if guiding the child away from life and warmth, and from home. Katrine dared not go. Whether it were but a white wreath of snow or a living shape, she knew not, that sat leaning over with the child at last in its chill bosom; but she knew that little Ernestina was sleeping unto death, and she shuddered as she retreated step by step from the place.

The footsteps of the boy, and the faithful hound which had followed him, led toward the hermit's abode, and it was thither that the father in his wild agony pursued them. Nothing, however, did he see of boy or hound, nor any traces amongst the rocks near the anchorite's cell. He entered the outermost cell and found it vacant; in the inner recess a lamp was burning, but the old man himself was stretched beside it, dead! His countenance was most calm and peaceful; even a smile lay upon his closed lips, as of attainment of joy and tranquility at the end.

CHAPTER XI.

Many times had the forest put forth its leaves and lost them again, when a wayfarer came down by the road over the mountain, from the German lands which lie beyond the Rhine. He was darkened in his features, he had armor beneath his garments, and wore a cross-hilted sword. But especially upon the breast of his mantle was woven the figure of a white cross, betokening return from the deliverance of the Holy Sepulchre in Palestine, where the warrior's red cross was changed by victory and peace into a purer hue. He saw the chapel above the way, and entered it to offer a vesper prayer. He knew, also, as it seemed, the hermit's cave beyond, at the entrance of which there sat a grey figure looking down upon the forest.

The pilgrim would fain accost the holy man, and seek shrift from him of his sins ere travelling onward through the woods to the Rhine. The solitary gazed upon him minutely, but the wanderer's garb and aspect appeared to affect him wonderfully; for the hermit was old, care worn, and rude of guise, while the crusader was a stately youth, comely in despite of eastern suns, and his air must have been strange in that lonely wild. The old man listened to him, and seemed to whisper over his rosary, but with a wavering and vacant eye, until the pilgrim began to confess himself of a deadly sin, for which he sought here, he said, more fitly to be absolved. He had been born in this very forest, and from this spot might see the part of the woods where his father's hut had stood. He told how, when a boy, he and his little sister were lost in the snow and parted, but their dog had guided him to a fire which some outlaws had made in the forest to attract the deer, and how, on their searching for his sister, they had found her dead and cold in a lone hollow filled with sinking snow.

They had carried him away to a tower among the hills, where he was brought up for years among the band, and had gone with their leader to the crusade in the troop of a neighboring baron. But as he grew to manhood, the remembrance of his parents and their household life had come even more clearly out into his mind. As he recalled the things which had then occurred, with his mother's face and her words, he felt that she had suffered much from his

father's nets. He remembered that she had gone suddenly away, and that another had filled her place; all things conspired to make him believe that they had done something to bereave her of life and joy.

He went even to the sacred tomb with hatred to his father burning within him. Amongst the throng of faces there, he had all at once beheld this very woman, richly arrayed and beautiful, and he drew his sword to slay her. But she remained alone behind the rest, and as he stood near, she was bending down weeping, with her head bare and disheveled; and the face of his mother rose up at that moment so vividly before him that he could not strike the blow. And ever since then his mother appeared in dreams—sweetly smiling and pointing to the white cross upon his breast, and whispering to him to carry it back and find his father. Her looks were full of longing, and she seemed to stretch her arms toward some one afar off as she went away.

But no one knew where the forester, Henri, was gone; he had been lost from that region for many a year. At these last words the gray-bearded hermit fell upon the young man's breast, murmuring:

"Henri, Henri, give me the white cross from the Holy Land! Me, Henri, me, thy father! She took thee away, and has sent thee back! Oh, Ernestina, Ernestina, is the penance ended?"

The two descended the hill together, the hermit leaning on his companion's arm, and went into the woods toward the wooden hut, which was now deserted and decayed, the new forester having built another at a distance. The young man gazed curiously upon the abode of his childhood years; a strange succession of scenes hitherto unremembered crowded with wonderful distinctness into his mind. He looked for the hermit, who had gone among the trees opposite to one broken casement of the hut, and found the old man lying extended on the grass, under their shadow, where it was slightly worn with the track of footsteps, seemingly often imprinted there. He appeared to be clasping the level ground in his outstretched arms, and his face was buried among the green blades of grass; but when his companion stooped down to him, he saw that the solitary was dead.

Some years after, the travelers who passed over from the hill would see a tall cross of stone erected on the height that looked to the forest. It was said to be placed on the very spot where, according to the legend, the anchorite had set his wooden sign; but it was not known who caused it to be built. As long as it stood, even till recent times, this was called by the peasants and woodmen, "Ernestina's Cross;" and not long after its erection, one morning an inscription was found graved upon it, containing a request to pray for the soul of "Katrine." From thence the long rays of golden light at sunset pierced far into the green remnants of the forest, alighting here and there upon silent "knots of grass, moss grown roots, which the woodmen every evening can still see, and have the story brought affecting to mind—how, in the ancient ages, life, and affection, and feeling, with their trial, were experienced there.

Written for the Banner of Light. OUT OF THE DARKNESS INTO THE LIGHT.

BY WILFRED WILKES.

O! I walked all sad and lonely,
Wrapped in more than mortal pain;
Darkness on my weary spirit,
Madness raging in my brain.

Doubt, the fiend, hung ever o'er me,
With his gloomy, midnight wings;
Slow distrust was surely choking
In my bosom all its springs.

O! I strove to grasp the hidden—
Strove with impious gaze to see
All God's deep and wondrous secrets,
Which were never meant to be

Opened to mortal vision,
Save by power of faith alone—
Man must learn to wait in patience,
Trusting hidden things for known.

Yet my soul kept ever walling,
From the bitter gloom 'twas in;
Walling to escape from darkness,
Walling, to escape from sin:

Longing to enjoy the sunlight
Of a pure, unalloyed trust;
To come up from bitter darkness,
To arise from choking dust.

Yea! my soul cried out in anguish
From the blackness of the night;
"God, O, God! my blessed maker,
Grant, oh grant one ray of light!"

But the skies above seemed brazen
And the earth was steel below;
And they would not hear my walling,
And they did not heed my woe.

The Heavens turned back with scornful—
Earth, all earth refuses rest;
Hell—what is Hell? Can it give me
Calm for my disturbed breast?

If so, 'I seek its chambers
With damned fiends to dwell;
The Earth consumes my spirit,
It can't be worse in Hell.

Up from my night of anguish,
Up from my realm of pain;
Up where the sun was shining,
And Heaven was bright again:

Up where the flowers were blooming,
And grass leaves clothed the sod;
Up from the mouth of Hell gate,
To the city of our God:

Up from my withering blindness,
Up to the hours of light;
I was guided by an angel,
Who restored my blessed sight—

Who restored my soul from sorrow,
Taught me this, and this alone:
I must work, and wait for wisdom,
Trust the unknown for the known.

Oberlin, O., July 7, 1861.

CURIOUS DECISION.—The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, in its last session at Liverpool, would not accept a congregation at Exeter, because they had an organ in their church. The *Israelite* of New York calls attention to the fact that the organ was excluded from the Church of England on the ground that it was a "Jewish instrument, and Judaizes the Church," while some of the conservative Jews would not have an organ in the synagogue because it is a Christian instrument, and Christianizes the synagogue!

THE SEX OF EGGS.—M. Genin has addressed the Academy des Sciences on this subject. He says he is able, after three years' study, to state with assurance, that all eggs containing the germs of males have wrinkles on their smaller ends, while the female eggs are equally smooth at both extremities.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

TWELFTH PAPER.

Its Presentiments, and the Identity of their Verification.

Amid all these particular thoughts, or egotistic displays of different temperaments, behold the one indivisible ideal. Davis.

"THE PANTHEON OF PROGRESS," from which the motto of this paper is taken, is a complete illustration of the humanitarian fact, that Hope, as the prophet of Destiny, employs the imagery of experience as the only language of conception to symbolize the superior realities of our future career. Reason is the sole interpreter of this symbolism; and that, though "the flower of the Spirit," is yet a disciple of Sense, and learns gradually the induction of principles from facts, and then the pre-conception of facts from the certain operation of principles. Add to this that each generation is wiser, because older, than its predecessors; also that all contemporaries are not of the same age, experience, and consequent intelligence; and you have both certified the inferiority of presentment to pre-conception, and discovered the rationale of their distinction. It must be a careless and indiscriminating mind that can ever mistake sheer anticipation for fore-knowledge. The latter is either the confirmation or abnegation of the former. In like manner a presentment may be literally true or false, and is in no case to be taken for granted until ratified by pre-conception. And yet, I want it to be understood that all universal presentiments must be founded in Truth, and are certain to be verified in something more real than their literal acceptance. The former part of this twofold assertion is warranted by the ulterior reflection that all universal presentiments are innate, and whatever is innate is truthful; and all truthful presentiments in harmony with aspiration, are certain to eventuate in something better than their literal terms imply, because these are not the chosen language of Hope, but the inadequate diction of common sense, the symbol of use of which is ever liable to be misconstrued by Reason, and much more by Fancy, not above, but always below, the intent of Absolute Wisdom toward which all are graduating.

If Hope is the prophet of Destiny as aforesaid, the logical force of these prefatory remarks is, that every living soul has some natural impression, moulded in time into an overhauled thought, not only of its own immortal birthright, but of the approaching weal of mankind—a presentment as diverse in different minds at the rational ability of each to penetrate the superb meaning of this Divine Revelation. That is to say, if the Age of Virtue as the means of Universal Happiness is a future earthly reality, no soul is without some notion of this truth; every person of good sense has a thought of its blessedness, though none may be able to conceive perfectly its Inex. I now assume this to be the actual predicament of mankind; and am about to call up the principal of these various Presentiments, which, as I hope to maintain, are all fully ratified by pre-conception, not as exact photographs of Human Destiny, but as imperfect pictures of a transcendent reality confounding the letter of all zealous advocates of its unequal descriptions.

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; His soul profound sense never taught to stray Far as the solar walk, or milky way. Yet simple Nature to his hope has given Behind the cloud-topped hill, a humbler Heaven, Some safer world in depth of woods embraced, Some happier island in the watery waste, Where slaves once more their native land behold, No fends torment, no Christians thirst for gold. To be, contents his natural desire, He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire; But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company."

Here is a single phase of the universal aspiration—the desire and hope to be happy. There is no objective difference between the prayer of the savage and that of the sage, as was seen in the last paper. The apparent difference is wholly in the qualities of information as to the means by which the essential end is to be successfully sought. The author of the above picture has given us also another out of his own heart—another and more rational form of what he calls "the Universal Prayer," from which I take these stanzas:

"Thou great first Cause, least understood, Who all my sense confined, To know but this, that thou art good, And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate, To see the good from ill; And bin'g Nature fast in fate, Left free the human will:

What Conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do, This, teach me more than felt to shun, That, more than Heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives Let me not cast away; For God is paid when Man receives: To enjoy is to obey."

Had Pope fully realized that this prayer is universal, and that "Deus Optimus Maximus," to whom it is addressed, is verily Great and Good enough to answer it, his preconception of Man's propitious destiny would have quite superseded the beautiful presentment of the Age of Virtue which these pithy rhymes represent. I contend that this presentment is as general as the ability to comprehend the poet's reason for the common prayer, "To enjoy is to obey," and this idea is native to every generous mind. If all were thus to conceive and begin now to live fully up to the conception of this truth, the Age of Virtue would at once evolve and this prayer of all would be answered. There is in every youthful soul an instinctive prophecy of this ultimatum of human progress, which is the world's oracle of Revelation, and to which are to be imputed all the religious mythologies of mankind. The Elysium of classic bards, the golden orchards of the Hesperides, the blessed Isle Atlantis, the old Canaan of young Hebrews, the New Jerusalem of expatriated Jews, and the Millennium of persecuted saints, are all one and the same pledge of Hope, suited to the variations of national taste.

The origin of each popular presentment was probably a well-digested theory—a child of some philosophic brain, to be reckoned in the same category with Plato's "Republic," Bacon's "New Atlantis," More's "Utopia," and the anonymous "Esperanza" of a live enthusiast. In the written labors of such as Charles Fourier and Robert Owen, there is manifest more of pre-conception than presentment to the same end. But, for want of communities to live as individuals think, the social systems of these idealists appear to have gone to wreck in the hands of their own disciples experimenters. Until better personal materials come to hand, "Socialism" is a decided failure. Yet I see in the Hopelade Community," in Shakerism, in every partial "Phalanstery," and even in the discomfiture of earnest

adventurers at "Modern Times" and other "Trials," of "Individual Sovereignty" and "Free Love," the impulsive workings of a mis-informed Presentment of Man's self-salvation—the symbolic utterances of the world's oracle, which are yet to be interpreted and applied to universal success.

I suppose nobody thinks less than this, and I can not say more, in favor of all or any of the great religious and political systems, reformatory movements and other general endeavors of mankind, to be rid of Evil and obtain Good—the *Summum Bonum* of existence, as represented by various sentimental appellations, the principal of which are *Liberty, Salvation, Happiness and Heaven*. Experience has written "Failure" upon all human instrumentalities and efforts to the end of Aspiration; though there has been a steady faith in trial, if not always an evident approximation toward achievement. This "faith is the substance of things hoped for," or rather their natural prophecy, and thus the evidence that the end of Aspiration is yet to be reached. It is in this light that I now ask the reader to look at Man's persistent labors in behalf of the four nominal phases of Aspiration just named, or, as I shall call them, *Presentiments*, as proof of their universality, and then at their only possible verification in the Age of Virtue. Look first at

THE PRESENTIMENT OF LIBERTY.

It is in vain we go to the dictionary for the meaning of the word *Liberty*, which represents something not to be seen or handled—an invisible, imponderable, immeasurable, intangible, inconceivable and never quite appreciable need of the soul. I say this of *Liberty* as a *Presentiment*—the abstract and superlative sense of the word. The various definitions which lexicographers have given are deduced from its special applications, which are as numerous and diverse as the attitudes of mankind and the consequent infringements of human want. Liberty in the mouth of Patrick Henry and other seekers of Independence, or release from foreign domination, is more magnanimous than in the speeches of Howell Cobb and the slaveholding seceders from our anti-slavery republic. It is still more earnest, emphatic and exigent in the burning brain of a fugitive from King Cotton and the cruel masters of Nigardism. Yet in quality it is the same in all cases. It is not an objective aspiration in any case, but a repulsion of subjective privation. The revolutionist asks no favors, but merely throws off the yoke of a disagreeable allegiance; the seceder seeks nothing but elbow-room; and the fugitive from slavery is not flying for anything desirable, so much as fleeing from an intolerable nuisance. In a more general sense, the three characters in this illustration are seeking a common end—to escape from oppression, either real or fanciful.

According to this deduction, *Liberty is liberation from wrong*; not a full answer to that cardinal petition in the World's Prayer—"Deliver us from Evil," but deliverance from the first recognized source of evil. But even this is too grand for human comprehension; and therefore mankind have always aimed only to escape so much of wrong as experience has taught them to conceive as wrong. Our trans-Atlantic fathers who came to these shores in pursuit of liberty to obey Conscience, banished Roger Williams for trying to realize his better conception of this sacred right; and for about two centuries the people of Massachusetts bound themselves by legal penalties to attend church and never to amend their creed. So monarchy was once thought to contain the pith of Liberty. So the children of Uncle Sam will by-and-by look back with contempt on our devotion to "the Union"—the dead body poltro of the Yankee Nation, whose soul is translated. Every nation has progressed thus far by alternate institution and revolution. The reason is, the proneness of the popular mind to measure the Presentiment of Liberty by a limited conception of wrong. The end is never yet; but at each political overturn a manifest measure of wrong is happily suppressed; and this temporary success is presently resolved a finality. Wrong being thus suppositiously disposed of, a season of introspection naturally follows, when the lessons of experience are conned anew; and this evolves a new revelation of *Error*, as the second recognized source of Evil, which arouses and effectualizes.

THE PRESENTIMENT OF SALVATION.

The origin of all religious rites is fear—nominal "fear of the Lord," which the Bible inculcates as "the beginning of wisdom." But this *Lord* of the Old Testament is not God, whom it is impossible to fear. Jesus taught that we should "love God with all the heart;" and brother John assures us that "perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love." We are told by the more ancient oracle that "the fear of the Lord is, to hate Evil." This may be the beginning of Wisdom, though not much of its essence.

If this harmony of scriptures is good for anything, it is for its aptness to suggest the motive to ostensible worship. This biblical suggestion is fully sustained, and its point is more positively indicated, by the unanimous profession of all saints and the single proffer of universal priesthood. "Salvation" is the word of every sacerdotal leader, whether Brahmin, Buddhist, Druid, Jew, Israelite or Christian; and this is the lone "Star of Bethlehem" to every prostrate worshiper in every age and clime. Salvation from Hell, Tartarus, Sheol, Hopeless Death, or Perdition in the infernal kennel of Cerberian Siva, Ahirman, Shaitan, Loke, Pluto or Devil—the polyonymous personification of Evil by guilty Ignorance. Salvation from "the bottomless pit"—this is all that sin-sick souls are dreaming of when they cry out, "What shall I do to be saved?" all that penitents are seeking at "the anxious-seat;" all that shouting Christians mean when they sing—

"Salvation! O the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears, A sovereign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.

"Salvation! let the echo fly, The spacious earth around, While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

"Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs; Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues."

Nought but a word of delusion—a cordial for flitting fears—a hopeful sound in the ears of mistaken fright. But the priestly remedy is not always adequate to the end even of poor superstition. To some temperaments the process of church discipline seems favorable. Conscience is in a measure pacified, and fear occasionally turns to a sonorous ecstasy, as exemplified in the hymn just quoted. In such cases I have often heard a rapt Christian exclaim, "If this is delusion, it is a blessed delusion;" and I presume it is—very much like that of a hashish eater. But such spiritual balloons often descend quite unexpectedly, and are capable at times of dilating woefully on their foggy experiences along "the cold streams of Babylon." Other converts,

whose tongues are less flippant, and whose ears are not quite so sensitive to "the joyful sound," are perplexed with doubts as to the validity of rites and doctrines, and the reality of the fundamental miracles of their faith. These are the very victims of religious suspense to whom one of the apostles refers as being "all their lifetime subject to bondage through fear of death." Few believers are accustomed to affirm positively of their own conversions or election; and, indeed, the most orthodox professions of evangelical hope, are commonly worded with another hope that the former is well-grounded.

Now I presume the reader sees as I do, that the special Salvation which these wretched believers are seeking, is best found in being well rid of their religion. They want to be saved from, not by their faith. In a larger sense, the only Salvation that anybody needs and all are groping for, is *liberation from Error*. There is a universal Presentiment of this Salvation, which makes the faith of all moral endeavors. *Liberation from Wrong, and liberation from Error*, would answer the prayer of all for deliverance from Evil. But Evil is the want of Good. It is as darkness to light, or as cold to heat. We cannot escape Wrong except by enacting Right, nor be rid of Error but by finding Truth. It is only in the consummation of life's positive aims, that deliverance from Evil is possible. Thus it appears that the negative Presentiments of Liberty and Salvation are contained in the ulterior aspiration for substantial Good—in

THE PRESENTIMENT OF HAPPINESS.

"Man never is, but always to be blest." There is more truth than poetry in Pope's immemorial line. The anticipation of earthly good affords a sort of delight which is never found in possession. Yet, like a soap bubble, it is too frail to be touched: it vanishes the instant one is conscious of it. We never call ourselves happy, therefore, until anticipation is realized. We prize foretaste only as a promise of pleasure, and expect to be very glad when it is fulfilled. It often is; but, alas! never to our satisfaction. The dream of matrimonial bliss is never substantiated by marriage. The charm of courtship is broken by the honeymoon, which generally quarters in disappointment. Youthful expectation is always smothered by the cares of manhood, and the Heaven of age is invariably pushed over Jordan. This is why thoughtful persons are accustomed to call childhood the happiest stage of life; whereas it is the most illusive. Yet it takes a lifetime to undeceive us. To the end of our days we keep grasping at nothing. There is no substance in fame when you once get it. The prestige of a name is nothing to the great. There is no zest in luxury; no enjoyment in place; no use in affluence, and nothing but vanity in glory. The morsel of want is really richer than the feast of plenty. The worth of everything, just like the beauty of a landscape, depends on its distance. Nothing avails us but to earn; nothing delights us but *Endeavor*. Why fruition is always so rapid, they are wise who understand. The Muse of Mystery long ago declared the world a cheat. Nevertheless,

"Hope springs forever in the human breast."

The prophet of Destiny assures us that Happiness is before us, and even within our reach. Why else is there so little discouragement for this constant frustration of Endeavor? Why so few who are willing to believe in the utter falseness of everything that is fair? Why does anything look fair in which nothing but disappointment has been found? I tell you it is the Presentiment of Happiness—the innate assurance of finding what we seek, not only hereafter and elsewhere, but possibly now and here, which is not and never can be balked by defeat. Experience is apt to teach us of error as to the way we have sought Happiness, but not as to the object of pursuit. In that respect, the folly of mankind is marvelous. The historic age of the world would seem to be long enough to repeat the same experiment to the constant result of failure, and without a suggestion of the practical law of Endeavor—that no end whatever, much less the ultimate of all being, is attainable without a Method. And what is the method of Happiness? Is not Human Nature one thing? Is not Society a unit? Can one live alone? Are not all mutually dependent? Are not all mankind members of one body? If a man should forget that his hands and feet are parts of himself, and so neglect to provide for each member, would not all suffer together? So it is with mankind. Every soul is a part of MAN. All must be happy or miserable together. But everybody ignores this relationship, and seeks exclusively to be happy, with no like regard for the welfare of others. Some are ready to serve themselves at the entire expense of their fellows; will cheat, rob, murder, and even enslave whom they can to this selfish end; and hardly a man seems to love his neighbor as himself. Thus Happiness has been sought hitherto only in the sphere of self-love, whereas it is attainable only in that of Universal Love. None can be happy while any are wretched. Wherefore the Presentiment of Happiness merges in a more comprehensive instinct which I shall call

THE PRESENTIMENT OF HEAVEN.

Every soul in time comes to realize the impossibility of finding immediate Happiness; and then, by this temporary defeat of Mankind, the fulfillment of Hope's prophecy seems to be indefinitely postponed. In this juncture one experiences, not an empty disappointment, but an ineffable longing—a certain aching void which nothing of this world can fill. The object of Aspiration transcends all conceptions of sublimity good, and one cries out in the depths of spiritual want, perhaps in the diction of a hymnist:

"In vain I trace Creation's e'er In search of solid rest; The whole Creation is too poor To make me truly blest.

Let Earth and all her charms depart, Unworthy of the mind; In God alone this restless heart Enduring bliss can find."

And inasmuch as God is not an object of sensuous worship, and the soul is mortally bound to quit the world of sight, it is natural to think death is the way to God, whose dwelling-place is Heaven. Thus the Presentiment of Happiness dies to be born again, Immortal Faith assuming still a natural body, now with a new song of life in her mouth, something like this from the Muse of old Psalmody:

"There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides, And never-withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore."

But this purported picture of the Heaven over

Jordan is plainly a mundane photograph, with a varnish of spiritual aspiration. It is made up of earthly realities refined, beautified and immortalized into a perpetual Spring of amaranths, evergreens and holy hearts. It is these which fill the gaze of Hope; these that would beautify the place and happily the soul, wherever found. Thus the post-painter mak's Beatitude the climax of natural Good. But, by all that I can learn of those who have crossed the river, his picture is as inapplicable there as here. As yet, it is of no locality, but Heaven is as much a thing of anticipation to our angelic predecessors as to us. I will tell you why.

Though many of our elder brethren have graduated to a sphere of seraphic harmony as compared with our unheavenly state, yet, being united to mankind by indissoluble ties of sympathy, it is impossible they should be indifferent to our wrongs and sufferings. Therefore they are disturbed by the prayers, and even ugly thoughts, of all below them; just as a mother is troubled, now by the helpless ories and then by the quarrels of her children. The angels of God, who "rejoice over a sinner that repenteth," weep also for human depravity, as Jesus did for the fate of Jerusalem; and grieve for "the spirits in prison," embodied and disembodied, for whose deliverance love's labors are often lost.

Thus you see that Heaven, though born above, must yet descend below before it is Heaven indeed. And what hinders this event? Nothing, certainly, in the substance of Nature. Not the want of fadeless flowers and ever verdant fields; for

"Variety is the spice of life, That gives it all its flavor;"

and that is as much a thing of time as space, requiring transformation as well as diversity. The wants of Man are better supplied in the rolling year as it is, with the varied bounties of the four seasons and all the vicissitudes of heat and cold, wet and dry, and light and shade, than they could be in one abiding Spring. Winter makes us glad—when it is over; perishing flowers are an offering of fragrance; clouds are freighted with autumnal plenty; night brings repose and a glimpse of other worlds, and day is long enough for the sublimity pastime of immortal spirits. And are we not as immortal now as we ever shall be? Verily, nothing would be more dreadful than the kind of immortality that some are dreaming of—a dead stand-still. For one, I rejoice to know there is no everlasting life but what is consistent with Progression. We must be willing to grow, if we would be happy anywhere. Then, I ask again, what prevents the birth of Heaven on Earth to-day? Nothing, as I have often repeated, but the want of holy hearts and worthy heads. Righteousness is the fruition of all Goodness. When the world shall have learned this truth and how to apply it, there will be no more looking exclusively up for Heaven; for angels will become the visible guests of men, and the tabernacle of God will be everywhere.

Thus I see in the Age of Virtue the consummation of all human wishes—the fulfillment of Hope's prophecy, and the conjunctive verification of the four inter-related Presentiments of Liberty, Salvation, Happiness and HEAVEN.

West Acton, Mass., April, 1861.

THE GREAT COMET OF 1861.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

"Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight? The illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds On glazing nations, from his fiery trail Of length enormous; takes his ample round Through depths of ether; coats unnumbered worlds Of more than solar glory; doubles wide Heaven's mighty cap; and then revisits earth, From the long travel of a thousand years."—Young.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to present him with a brief account of some of the great comets that have made their appearance in our region of the universe, in different ages of the world, including the one that is now visible, and of their nature and physical constitution. The superstitious notions that were formerly connected with comets have not entirely vanished from the minds of men, even in this enlightened age and nation. There is something, indeed, in the sudden apparition of one of these celestial visitors—as in the present instance—that is well-calculated to arrest the attention of the most careless observer of Nature. The ancient notions respecting their being the manifestations of divine pleasure, and the harbingers of impending calamities, have, in a great measure, given place to more correct views respecting their nature, and the part they are intended to subserve in the great fabric of the Universe. Science has revealed their true character, and it has informed us that they are as harmless in their effects on mankind as the stars that twinkle on the "azure bosom of night." They are even now being made the instrument in the (mental) hands of the astronomer to reveal the existence of some hitherto unknown active forces in the solar system, that promise to afford an explanation of some of their most mysterious phenomena.

In Europe the recorded appearances of comets do not extend back to a very early date; but the Chinese annual afford records of the appearance of comets several centuries before the Christian Era. The great comet of 1680 was thought by Newton and Halley to have made its appearance in the year 43 B. C., during the celebration of the games at Rome, in honor of the goddess of Venus, and which some historians have made to announce the death of Julius Caesar, and whose soul the poets said it was, transferred to the skies. During the year 1106 A. D., the above astronomers thought the same comet returned to its perihelion, and became visible all over Europe as a magnificent spectacle. These dates give the comet a period of revolution of five hundred and seventy-five years.

In the year 1264 there appeared a splendid comet, that exhibited a tail one hundred degrees long. This comet passed its perihelion on the 20th of July, 1264. According to the newspapers our present comet is a return of the comet of 1264—a thing that is scarcely probable, since the great comet of 1680 is supposed to be an intermediate return of the same body, giving it a period of about three hundred years. But it has been proved by a Dutch mathematician that the comet of 1264, and that of 1680, are not identical. When the former was nearest the sun, its distance from it was 166,000,000 miles; while that of 1680 approached the sun within 48,000,000 miles, which gives a discordance in this one element decidedly too great to be reconciled with each other, to say nothing of the other elements, which differ nearly as much from each other.

In the year 1456 a splendid comet made its appearance, (now known to be a return of Halley's comet) which frightened the Pope and his subjects half out of their wits. The Turks then seemed destined to overrun all Europe, and it is said that the Pope anathematized both the Turk, the devil, and the comet, in the same bull. Since then this comet has regularly appeared at intervals of about seventy-

five and a half years, its last appearance being in 1835.

During the year 1618 a very splendid comet appeared, whose tail appeared of greater length than any other on record, being one hundred and four degrees. This was the third comet of that year. A great comet, which appeared in the year 1652, is said to have appeared so large as to resemble the moon when half full, but it shone with a pale light. This comet is the first whose phenomena were minutely described (by Hevelius.) In the year 1668 a great comet made its appearance in the south of Europe and in Brazil, S. A., which is thought to be identical with the great comet of 1843. In the year 1689 a great comet was seen, which had a tail sixty-eight degrees long. In 1744 a great comet appeared that exhibited the remarkable appearance of six tails. In 1769 a great comet was seen with a tail ninety-seven degrees in length.

The great comet of 1811 (there were two during that year, and this was the first one,) was one of the finest comets of modern times. It continued visible to the naked eye for about six months. The apparent length of the tail of this comet was but twenty-three degrees, but its real length was 123,000,000 miles. According to Sir William Herschel the diameter of the head of this comet was 127,000 miles, and that of the envelop, or the hair surrounding the head, was 643,000 miles. Its nearest approach to the earth was 141,000,000 miles, and yet it was a very conspicuous object.

During the early part of the year 1843 the most remarkable comet on record made its appearance in the southwest region of the heavens, having, like the present one, suddenly made its appearance, unexpected and unlooked for. It is the most remarkable for the great length of its tail, which, according to Prof. Pierce, when it was greatest, was 200,000,000 miles, (the apparent length, according to Lieut. Maury, was more than eighty-five degrees) for its near approach to the sun, and for its great velocity.

The great comet of 1858 furnished more information respecting the physical structure of comets than all its predecessors. Its tail was sixty degrees long, and 61,000,000 miles. Its greatest diameter, including the nebulosity, was not more than 100,000 miles.

The earliest observation on the present great comet, that I have seen, was on the evening of June the 30th. I did not see it till the 3d of July, it being cloudy previous. It was very brilliant, and the tail extended from the constellation Great Bear, to that of Taurus Poniowski, a distance of one hundred and three degrees. The western side of the tail could not be traced for a space greater than forty or fifty degrees. It seemed to spread out from the eastern branch (which was much the brighter) to a distance of ten degrees, leaving a dark space between. The brighter portion of the tail was not more than thirty-five or forty degrees in length. It is growing fainter from night to night, the tail last night not being more than ninety degrees in length. It is rapidly receding from the sun, at the rate of five degrees daily, its motion being almost wholly in right ascension. The usual division in the tail that seems to commence near the head, is not so perceptible in this.

When examined with a common telescope on the evening of the 3d inst., magnifying fifty-seven times, the nucleus was not well-defined, but the nebulosity was fully equal to the apparent size of the moon. On the evening of the 5th and 6th the nucleus seemed to be better defined; the head, altogether, appearing like a hazy star in the centre of a bright nebula.

In another article I shall treat of the orbits and physical constitution of comets.

Perry City, N. Y., July 7th, 1861.

Written for the Banner of Light.

Respectfully dedicated to the friends and companions of the lamented Col. E. E. Ellsworth.

BY SARAH B. JENNES.

Ah! behold o'er the grave where the young hero sleeps How the nation is mournfully bending,

While the tears of sad sorrow it manfully weeps With its prayers and its praises are blending.

O'er the grave where loved beauty and manhood and worth In the glow of life's bright rosy morning,

Were of late, ah so sadly consigned to the earth Amid emblems of honor adorning.

O'er the grave where true greatness and valor repose In the promising dawn of their glory,

Like the orient morn, as in grandeur they rose Sadly claimed by the Death Angel hoary.

He has gone from the midst of his brave warrior band Like the sunshine of hope from the billow,

But we know his bright presence oft 'mid them will stand, When they think of his cold clayey pillow.

And while memory lingers, while her altars are green With the conqueror's palm-wreaths enduring,

They will think how he fell, of that sad mournful scene, That dark ensign of treason securing.

They will think how he fell, like the heroes of old, While the cause of his Country defending!

And this thought shall each footstep with valor make bold 'Mid the strife and the contest impending.

Ay, this thought like a flame in their bosoms will burn When the grass o'er his grave long is growing;

When the light of his smile, which no clouds can inurn, In the mirror of vision is glowing.

Bring the brightest young blooms from the laurels of fame, Which the hand of fond blessing may gather,

And around the dear memories encircling his name Twine them with his bright virtues together.

There henceforth to remain to the gaze of the world, Brightly graven on History's pages,

When the banner of Peace shall in hope be unfurled, Shining on with the march of the ages.

Atlanta, Ind., 1861.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THE AMERICAN SOLDIER.—All the Year Round thus analyzes the spirit and composition of the American army:

"It is not the ambitious, the restless and insatiable who enter the American army; but men who wish for adventure, who like command—for in America there is no influential class, as with us, to invariably throw their influence into the scale of war. War is too expensive a luxury for the American nation, and the great and admirable method of instituting an expensive profession, the expenses of which are paid by the masses, to support rich men's sons, has not yet been dreamt of by the American philosopher.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
BOSTON SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 23, 1861.

J. WETHERED, Jr., Chairman.

QUESTION.—Is Spiritualism dying out?

Dr. Child.—In the month of July, 1858, there were in the list of lecturers published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, seventeen Spiritualist lecturers announced; in 1859, the same month, there were thirty-four; in 1860, in the same month, there were fifty-seven; in 1861, in the same month, there are one hundred and thirty-three. These announcements double yearly, and they are not pretences; they signify something; they signify that Spiritualism is dying in, rather than dying out. The increase of Spiritual meetings, and the numbers who attend them have kept pace with the increase of lecturers. But what avails the popularity of that which stands and goes alone; that which comes without calling and abides without holding; that which grows spontaneous without physical culture? Spiritualism is the last ism of this falling world. The ism part of this word belongs to matter, and is the last coat worn before falling into the grave of matter. All isms lawfully belong to things that fall. Ism is a tag, that by pretence, alone, has been tied to spirit. The ism, with time, will find an end—but the spirit will endure forever. The last sect of isms that we pass in our earthly love is Spiritualism, and in passing through this, we recognize spirit as the basis of all sects. In this school of Spiritualism we learn that the true church of God is the whole family of humanity, every single soul of which is a true and faithful member; every man and every woman that now lives on this earth, and ever has lived here, is, and was, each one, a true, faithful, dutiful member of the true church of the ever living, infinite God; and that so far as gone, each one has fulfilled his and her mission of membership to the letter, in obedience to the unseen power that directs and governs all; so when Spiritualism has led us to this recognition, the ism will fall from the Spiritual as being no longer useful. Is Spiritualism, as a sect, dying out? No, this will not, cannot be until all Spiritualists recognize every other sect that has an ism as being just as good and true as their own sect that has an ism. While a man believes that his sect is better than another sect he needs an ism; and thus while Spiritualism, like other isms, think its sect better than other sects, the ism tag will dangle at its follower's heels. The first class in school is no better than the last class; the first ism is no worse than the last ism, and all isms will some time lie in the same heap of decay and ruin; but Spiritualism is the sect that takes us by the hand and leads us to see this; leads to the recognition of humanity as being a brotherhood. It is the last sect we have to do with; for every other sect has died out of the bosom of the Spiritualist, and Spiritualism, as a sect will, surely, certainly die some time; but this will not be until its time; and this time will be when every poor devil, I mean so esteemed by sects, shall be recognized as a true, lawful and faithful child of the same God that is our God. It is the air of distinction that make and support sects, and keeps them from dying out. By the time that a Spiritualist gets thoroughly through with the last ism that belongs to earthly love his air of distinction that make him think that he is better, purer, higher and holier in spirit than others, will be all scattered to the winds, that go whither, we know not. The ism that is claimed for this terribly undressed sect called Spiritualists will go to hell where all earthly jewels go; but the spirit can never die; and it is this spirit that each and every member of the household of God, the family of humanity, has equal claims to, and is equally possessed of. Is spirit dying out? We may as well ask, is immortality dying out? Is the unseen power that produces and sustains all existences dying out? Is God dying out? All that is worth anything in Spiritualism cannot die out. Spirit cannot die, for it is the thing itself, of immortality. Beliefs and isms die, as autumn leaves die and fall off, but spirit, that makes and sheds these falling leaves, cannot die, for spirit is God, and God is spirit. All of Spiritualism that is unseen, can never die; but all its falling products that conscious eyes can see, that can be grasped by any physical sense, by outward evidence, by philosophy, will fade away and cease to be; will be left behind the great company of human souls that are marching on the roads of eternal progression.

JACOB EASON.—Spiritualism is destructive as well as constructive and creative in its effects—the Christ, or quickening spirit, comes not in its first coming to bring peace to the soul. It comes to bring the sword to create discord, contention, and strife. It divides the house against itself. The external, the animal department (in which the unregenerated man lives) is divided against its internal or spiritual, which allies to God and celestial influences. The Divine Spirit, the infinite Father and Mother, or Christ within the holiest of the holy, is not divided; it is the fathers and mothers-in-law, and their demonic associates, which are divided and opposed to the Divine will, and strive together for the mastery. The house thus divided cannot stand, it must be destroyed, the external or first phase of modern Spiritualism must pass away. Jesus, in whom the Christ, the quickened spirit obtained and through whom it spoke, said in exhibiting the Jewish Temple, (the model) it shall be destroyed, there shall not be one stone left upon another, in contemplating his physical dissolution (the dispensation of blood), the destruction of the Jewish Temple (the dispensation of rights and shadows), and the end of the world (the dispensation of external authorities, creeds and canonicity)—speaking of them as one and the same thing, said, "I have power to destroy this temple and raise it again in three days," (dispensations, periods of time, standpoints of perception, or show of good and use.) The religious world has passed through two of these dispensations: the mosaic, that of fear and force, the Gospel, the first—the literal coming of Christ, the dispensation of love—and now modern Spiritualism comes to introduce the third dispensation, that of wisdom, which is the product of an enlightened understanding that affects the hearts and consciences of men, and writes the three dispensations in the first one. Spiritualism, the Christ, cannot die; its work is to destroy the literal church, the external temple, the house divided against itself, and causatively construct, or creatively reveal the new church, the spiritual temple, as it exists in the divine mind. The dispensation of wisdom cannot dawn upon all souls at one and the same time. The coming Christ depends upon our interior capacity to perceive and comprehend; it finds us occupying different standpoints, each differently capacitated from all others, for spiritual enlightenment. We cannot see the same light, hear the same voice, or feel the same good and use, only as we arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth. The great majority of us are still in the house of bondage, the dispensation of force and fear.

Few, very few, have had those tables of stone broken within them, so that the light of love can reflect the law of the Lord as it is written within.

The actions which we condemn in ourselves and others, which many regard as positive proof of spiritual death and moral destruction, I accept as evidence of spiritual life and future well-being; they are the external manifestations of internal and spiritual activities, and may be medicinal in their tendencies. The discordant contentions and conditions most Spiritualists pass through while in the house of bondage, and in the process of spiritualization, render them exceedingly sensitive to surroundings, and liable to demonic infections while in the unregenerated condition. While passing the Red Sea, and journeying through the wilderness home to the New Jerusalem in the spiritual Canaan, there awaits the unfolding soul successive trials and temptations calculated to unfold and embody the perfect light, love and life, which is rest (perfect action) to the weary.

I do not suppose this condition can be fully obtained while we remain in the mortal body. We know by experience and observation that dissatisfaction, unrest, and suffering, do not always depend upon our own grossness or short comings. Such is the solidity of society, such are relations to each other in the great humanitary man, the soul of the universe, that we necessarily suffer for others, and must continue so to do until all are brought into an attuned at-one-ment with the highest good. The more refined and spiritually beautiful the unfolding soul may be, the more intense the agony, and long after nothing remains in the regenerated affections to tempt or respond to temptation, the soul may be so conditioned as to almost despair, and be caused to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

PROF. CLARENCE BUTLER.—We must not narrow this large question down to the little limits of spirit manifestations, technically so called; nor think that the growth of Spiritualism is dependent on, or its ratio determined by the numerical increase of its media, or its professed advocates and followers. We must endeavor to find out, not how far it has succeeded in erecting itself into form, but in what degree it has shot its divine impalpable aura into and underneath all forms, transfiguring them with the supersolar splendors with which, as with a garment, itself is clothed. I mentioned, at our last meeting, certain of its influences on Art, Literature, and Philosophy, in regard to which I desire to say another word or two. I think it is gradually bringing the whole realm of literature into rapport with the heart of universal life, giving to it a purer idealistic aim, a greater vigor, a more earnest veracity. For amid all the crudities and absurdities of this age, the primal movement toward a radically stronger and nobler theorem of life and literature—a deeper theosophy and a more transcendent philosophy—cannot fail to be noted. It is leading us back to the search after a more satisfactory solution of all the problems that affect human existence, and its concerns; that has turned criticism upside down; that is sweeping away the old "curiosity shop" of Aristotelian logic and ontology; and that is laying the foundations of a vast and splendid fabric of august truth and beauty, whose pillars shall reach up unto heaven. In proclaiming, as it does proclaim, the worth of the individual soul, it strikes at all tyranny, whether social, political, or religious; and in its perpetual reference to the grand finalities of life and purposes of being, it sweeps away the mischievous arbitrary distinctions which have been drawn between sacred and secular, between saints and sinners, between the elect and the condemned; and places us all on the equal footing of simple brotherhood, with the beneficent wings of the Divine Love brooding and hovering over us all. Herein, to me, is its beauty: for anything that will increase charity, and strengthen love, and widen the area in which human affections play, I accept thankfully and reverently, believing it to be of God.

This spirit is on the increase; for this is the impelling force of all reform in all fields of social and moral ethics; and even now, if only our ears were delicate enough to catch its full utterances and meanings, we should hear it working and toiling in the sorrow and the strife and the gloom, "yearning to mix itself with life," striving to leaven with its sweet influences the gross fleshliness of men and the no less gross materialism of institutions—seeking to lift us into that upper region in which serenity is strength; where the soul, lapped in the central peace which subsists at the heart of endless agitation, discerns causes and principles; and—strongly trusting in the Lord, who is over all—strongly believing "that all is well, though faith and form be sundered in the night of fear," is content that Love is sole King—and therefore reposes and is at rest.

Mr. WETHERED said, I do not think Spiritualism is dying out; to be sure I judge from my point of view. I have had facts which have demonstrated to my intellect the fact of existence after death. Of course with me that is positive knowledge, and is indelible; and, outwardly looking at it, neither do I think the subject to be on the wane; dying out no more than vegetation is dying out after the equinox is past, and night expands at the expense of day, because like it, it has the life-principle of existence and continuity in it. If it is not a truth, then the sooner it dies out the better, and Spiritualists will all subscribe to that sentiment. They all want truth, and not delusion. Now has the advent of modern Spiritualism made the truth of immortality cognizant to the intellect, or is it an assumption? From my standpoint I think it has. Certainly, it has to me. The spirit-world has ever been knocking at the door of our hearts, to let the light enter. All the teachings of the past, the prophecies, and signs, the wonders and mysteries of which the world is full—no village escaping its legend or recorded fact—ghosts, mysterious noises, or haunted habitations, prove to the heart of man a contiguity to the spirit-world. The instincts of man have ever inclined to recognize immortality for man; his forebodings, his yearnings, his hopes and fears, have always indicated a north star of immortality. If obscure and not visible, by man's unaided vision, still it was indicated by the perturbations, or tremulous attractions of this needle of the human soul, ever pointing, so to speak, due north; as above all the winds and currents around us, way up in God's blue ether, the wind blows over and forever W. S. W., (west, south-west.)

Spiritualism is a fountain, and not a tank. Those who thought it the latter, and expected it to grow and increase as other tanks or isms have, and in the same manner, will be disappointed, and perhaps say it is dying out; but it is a fountain, and flows forever. I recognize it in the past. I see it flowing through all religions. I see it at the conflux of Paganism and Christianity, to go no further back, and as the Christian stream flowed down centuries, we see it drawn off in ponds, representing all the va-

rious sects, more or less isolated. Spiritualism is the connecting current, the life of all—and modern Spiritualism is the realizing of that fact, and as I see the beliefs and religious orders around me, like so many tanks, it suggests the bottles in a chemist's shop, all marked with the contents, "Nitro," "paracetic," "tincture of bark," "sulphuric acid," &c., all representing different creeds. How well the last named would stand for Orthodoxy, in analyzing it—one-fourth sulphur, three-fourths gas, odor offensive, inflammable and very volatile and all the various religious creeds around us, would, in the various tinctures, find their analogy. Some stimulants, some blood purifiers, some soothing and quieting, and all more or less disagreeable to take, and injurious to the system after being taken, and all by the growing intelligence of the age, more and more sparingly taken, and the doses beautifully less. In this connection, Spiritualism is the pure Cocchituate; its flow increasing so long as the Long Pond of God lasts, and forming more or less the body of the others, diluting them, weakening their odor and bad taste, and I trust will do so more and more, till they all grow nearer and nearer to pure water. No, Spiritualism is not a quantity of water cooped up in a barrel, but is spilled all over the ground, moistening and fertilizing the soil, making, or will make all human vegetation alive with beauty and fragrance.

Mr. BOWKER said, I feel more inclined to speak of it, touching remarks which were made last week, but as I often take a different point from what I expect when I rise, I will utter the thought that suggests itself to me now. Do not misunderstand me when I say it will die out, and think I mean that spirits will ever stop communicating with mortals, for they never will. The present form of Spiritualism will die out; the intellect, as I have said before, can never establish a religion, and the present phase will die out, because it is not supported; the mediums who devote their time to it, not being remunerated for their labors. The complaint among all mediums is to that effect. Miss Hardinge in the last BANNER writes a letter on the subject, which expresses the opinion and experience of all. The most talented individuals who would command remuneration in other callings and departments, impoverish themselves in this. All the papers devoted to this fall on the same ground, and there are one or two remaining, and they do not receive the support they deserve from the great body of Spiritualists. Men must have bread to eat, and my experience and observation is, that it is not self-sustaining, and in its present form must die out.

Mr. GEORGE A. BACON.—Notwithstanding the lamentable history which friend Bowker has just given us, as to the miserable pecuniary success of those who have devoted their time and talents to public promulgation of Spiritualism—and what he has said in this respect, we know to be true—still this is far from satisfying me that even the present forms of spirit manifestations are soon to be reckoned among the dead things of the past. Because this is a very partial, superficial, one-sided method of justly testing the real question.

For one I am "fully persuaded in my own mind"—thoroughly and entirely convinced that Spiritualism, as such, is not dying out; indeed, that it is no more dying out than human sympathy, love and affection are being divorced from the nature of man. So long as we hold our present relation to the human family, and this world bears the relation to the spirit world which it has from time immemorial—so long as the lower precedes the higher, Spiritualism cannot die out. So long as the clear intuition of man, and his reason, "prime minister of the soul," are capable of perceiving that which makes him happy, good, and spiritually wise, so long as man has in view his own individual good and the welfare of the race—and even longer—will it be impossible for Spiritualism to cease.

So long as there is such a feeling as friendship, affection between parent and child, between brother and sister, between any two whose thoughts, desires, purposes and aspirations are as one—as long as these things are natural to the simple heart of man, Spiritualism will exist to bless him evermore. When these things become foreign to the nature of man, then, and not till then, need we fear of Spiritualism dying out. Now sympathy, affection and love are immanent in man, and therefore must endure throughout the endless cycles of eternity.

One evidence to me that Spiritualism is not dying out, but on the contrary, is constantly gathering increased life—is found in the fact that the fundamental doctrine of Spiritualism—spirit communion—is gently, gradually, surely permeating the great body politic. Already is its influence discernible in every great department of life, the arts, the sciences, mental philosophy, literature, and religion. Savans, public teachers, and conservators generally, though surrounded by a Chinese wall of prejudice, are nevertheless obliged to acknowledge the phenomena, the power, and the intelligence which characterizes this philosophy. No nowhere, perhaps, is its power so apparent, its benign influence felt so generally, as in the church organizations throughout the land; and in proportion as this becomes true, will these ecclesiastical bodies again become valuable and the spiritual wants of the communicants be more satisfactorily met. This is certain: the dogmas and superstitions of the past are fast being dissolved beneath the genial rays of Spiritualism. And so I say, the world at large is becoming every year more and more conscious of the presence of this incontrovertible fact in their midst. And as the fact cannot conveniently be got rid of by the customary method of misrepresentation, ridicule, &c., it will inevitably and in good time become popular. Every candid, unbiased mind, it seems to me, must acknowledge that this faith and this philosophy is steadily marching on in spite of every earthly obstacle, and as it advances, its influence is leavening, liberalizing, spiritualizing.

If God is an omniscient spirit, and man is allied to this Infinite source of all things by reason of the divine spark or germ in his nature, then spirit communion has existed as long as man has had a separate and individual consciousness, and will continue as long as this is so.

The communion of spirits grows out of the needs and necessities of man's nature, and forms the basis of his thoughts, desires and aspirations; and thus so long as human nature remains the same, so long will it be impossible for Spiritualism to die out. The law of gravitation is coeval with matter; but till the depths of Newton's imperial understanding revealed and explained it to the ordinary comprehension of man, it was as sought to him. So in a measure with Spiritualism: till the fact was demonstrated and made plain, man groped in comparative spiritual darkness.

The present manifestations of spirit power may change—must necessarily change as circumstances and conditions vary, but that spirit communion will cease to be, is to my mind simply impossible.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.—Longfellow.

Banner of Light.

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POLITICS AS A PROFESSION.

In a representative democracy, like ours, it must needs be that all men are, to a certain extent and at stated periods, politicians. That is to say, as we profess to govern ourselves, we must perforce engage our attention very considerably with the science, or at least with the art, of self-government. It is not to be explained, therefore, in an exousing way, that all of us take an interest steadily in public affairs and their proper management, for unless we did, to whom should we look for guidance in emergencies or to extricate us from the entanglements of deceit and diplomacy?

And it is just because we have not taken the trouble to familiarize ourselves, from time to time, with the great questions of government, of trade and commerce, of foreign and internal relations, so that we should have minds on such topics ourselves as well as the men we delegate to act for us, but rather have fallen into the easy habit of leaving all to them to manage and unravel, that we find ourselves suddenly embarrassed in a much more serious way than we could have suspected possible. A storm has broken with thunderous voice directly upon our heads, and we had been lulled into the baseless security that nothing could come high up to harm us, and that if all was fair without, it could not but be peaceful and safe within.

Taking advantage of a fact which their own selfish shrewdness early led them to espy, a distinct class of men has sprung up, that has gone between the government and the people, and has proffered its own wishes to those of the nation; this class of men has been well named the politicians. They make a living, and manage somehow to thrive, too, on the necessities of the honest masses. With characteristic quickness of foresight, they readily comprehend what is likely to be the next popular demand, and they proceed to introduce it into the world as its sworn sponsors, to trade upon it, to play their secret games with it, and to thrive both in purse and popularity upon the proceeds. By art and chicanery, with the clever devices of caresses and conventions, by the help of opportunity, seizing their advantage when the people seemed least suspicious of wrong, they had managed to ingratiate themselves so far with the public mind and sentiment, that nearly all power was confidently entrusted to their hands, and it was thought that all the masses had to do was simply to give ostensible effect to edicts already registered on the books of clans and cabals. So corrupt was the system become, with long and unchallenged practice, the people themselves having been seduced into a sincere subscription to its demands, that integrity and ability were of secondary account when the filling of a vacant office was under consideration, and votes were transferred from this side to that, and back again, for a price perfectly well understood both hand, and blustering partisanship had bulled back pure and modest patriotism to the retreats of private life, confronting all interrogators with a face that felt no shame and a voice that roared with brute passion, and usurping to itself, in fine, pretty much all the powers and privileges of the body politic.

Under auspices so lamentable as these, and despite drawbacks sufficient to have overwhelmed a nation

less youthful and recuperative than ours, we had grown to be a first-rate power on the earth, and to secure respect for our name wherever our flag was known to wave. But it was not in consequence of such fatal mistakes and mismanagement, but in spite of them. We have been favored of Heaven before almost any other people under the sun. Our lines have indeed fallen to us in pleasant places. The example of our success has been a bright beacon to struggling people all over the world. The eyes of the oppressed of Europe have been turned in gratitude to it, and innumerable prayers have ascended to Heaven for the bestowal of like spirit and like gifts upon themselves. And while this had been going forward, the silent and treacherous undertow has been taking euro hold of our national foundations, and to-day they are awaying this way and that in the hands of its almost relentless power, as if it were a matter of luck, or fate, which result—a fortunate or an unfortunate one—should finally ensue. It is a complete surprise to us all. We do not allow, as yet, that we can fully comprehend the reasons for so sudden a turn in our national fortunes. We see, at length, that we have been drifting—drifting on, until we have reached the edge of the great fall, over which precipitation appears to be a natural necessity. And still we hold up our hands in astonishment—nay, in horror, and wonder what possible combination of circumstances, what dark and direful fate could have swept us on to the very verge of the abyss, and we all so secure and unheeding of danger.

The chief cause is to be looked for close at hand. We never need go far to learn wisdom, for she is to be found in the public streets. Had we studied the science of self-government with half the industry and zeal with which we have pursued our own individual plans for the increase of our material prosperity, we should not now be in the web of the dilemma in which we find ourselves entangled. If we could have consented to give up to the wants of our common country a tithe of the time that we have allowed to be absorbed in purely selfish pursuits, all would now be well. But we foolishly believed we could go on acquiring, retaining, and enjoying, without molestation from any quarter, let the government under which we lived be what it may. It was little care to us who ruled, or upon what distinct principles the Government might be administered, if only we felt not the weight of its hand on our persons or property, and peace was maintained within our borders. Federalist and Republican, Whig and Democrat, were one and the same, and had like significance. And thus, in due time, it very naturally came to pass that the people willingly gave up their liberties into the keeping of a chance body of irresponsible men, who had persistently been urging them to do that very thing. And thus, too, it has come about that the politicians were able to invent machinery, by which the people were persuaded that they still held all power in their own hands, while nothing more was left them to grasp, save its vain and empty shadow.

The reader of discernment and reflection needs not now to be told, therefore, that if this country of ours has had any single curse, it is the very one we speak of. Egypt had its afflictions in the line of frogs, and lice, and locusts, but the politicians beat them all, and devour far more precious substances as they go, for they eat out the heart and vigor of a nation. It makes but little difference whether we are subject to the tyranny of one man, or of several; indeed, on the score of responsibility the one man rule deserves rather higher esteem than the irresponsible rule of the mob. And so may we as well be governed by a respectable and responsible monarch or autocrat, as by the merely riotous power of a gang of self-created and self-authorizing politicians. To secure and distribute the "spoils" has long been the loftiest idea seriously held out to the nation, by the leaders on one side and the other, for which to strive to obtain power and the administration of public affairs. If such really is the inspiring thought and purpose of the nation, then it has no right to expect length of days, for it cannot fail to fall of its own inherent weakness and corruption.

That a certain class of agents—call them politicians, or something else—are absolutely necessary to the proper transaction of public business, nobody will deny. And it is equally well understood, that they ought to be trained and disciplined for the tasks that are imposed upon them by the public needs. They should be allowed to gain all the valuable experience they can, by fair means and in the regular exercise of duty. And, besides this, we concede that ample allowance should be made for the healthy play of human selfishness, ambition, and pride, in these matters of office-seeking and office-holding, so as not to cut off or shut out men whose motives might be more or less mixed—as whose, indeed, are not? All this being admitted and understood, the standard still rises far out of the reach of that of the mere place-hunter, the corruptionist, the spoilsman, the buyer and seller of his fellow-countryman's priceless liberties. That a class like the one that has for so many years almost indisputably controlled us in our national going in and coming out, our national rising up and sitting down, should have been suffered to creep into and safely rest itself in power, is disgrace enough to any enlightened nation, however inseparable the evil may be from the existence of popular governments generally. We can but wonder that the people have never risen and thrown them off. And we do sincerely rejoice, that present events are leading us all to discern rightly where the fault of our democratic system lies, and to discover and establish the best method for its removal.

If we are to have politicians, then let every man be one for himself. If he realizes the sacred responsibility that rests on his hands, he will be one as a matter of course; and he cannot properly become one until he does. Were we all politicians, we should be far better citizens, and ours would be a much better country. The trouble is a radical one with our affairs; the good men have left the whole business with the bad ones, and the insincere ones, and thus have been ruled themselves. Whereas, they ought rather to have become as willing teachers among the masses as the selfish office-hunters and spoilsmen, scattering the seeds among them of a better knowledge of government and society, elevating their thoughts that they might comprehend living principles, and thus assisting to arm them against the designing men who seek only a personal advantage at their hands.

A better day—we do believe—is dawning for us. We are to have—it is hoped—better men and larger souls at the head of affairs. Now and grander questions are to come up for popular arbitration, by which the popular spirited element is to be more generally developed, the finer qualities of man to be stimulated into active growth, and a higher and broader idea of nationality is to receive unfoldment. Welcome the day! God speed the time! We know that labor and capital maintain delicate relations one to the other, which years' of discussion

may not suffice to settle upon a firm basis; but if it could come about that each side to the question looked at it from a higher plane, and took a genuine spiritual view, how countless are the blessings that are likely to flow from it in the no remote future! Let us all work and hasten the brighter day.

Emerson at Tufts College.

Before the Matheson Society (a literary society of young men) of Tufts College, recently appeared Ralph Waldo Emerson, sometimes called the "Sage of Concord," and our very excellent friend, B. P. Shillaber, Esq., likewise styled, now and then "Mrs. Partington." The poem recited by the latter gentleman was pronounced very fine, and altogether after the mode, and modulation of his own genius. Mr. Emerson opened his prose address with saying that he trusted the poetic associations of the booming of cannon with the idea of defending liberty would not turn the heads of studious men and scholars, but that such would never cease to remember that their's was a higher than the brute force of cannon, because it controlled and guided the latter. A General, he said, was better than a park of artillery; which any one is ready to acknowledge. The thinker is he who reduces truth to proportions that permit it to be handled and made a familiar possession. The final hope of this country is in the supremacy of the college—in the spread and sway of sound and solid wisdom.

Many have written of the revival of religion and of letters; the orator wished for a revival of the human mind, that man's duty might extend to the proper use of his intellectual powers. All this change must be brought about from a new revival of the proper science of mind. Every man who looks sincerely and with thought will find somebody within him that knows more than he. Simple wisdom is beyond all acquisitions. This inner knowledge is the same in all, though often darkly clouded. It is felt in its presence only, like the ubiquitous rays of the sun. This inner knowledge, when it flows forth under happy circumstances, is called genius.

Then the orator proceeded to recommend to all integrity, over all partial knowledge or skill—a strict homage to truth. The most elegant writer cannot establish a lie. You cannot write up what gravitates down. To one proficient in twenty different languages, the answer was made that there were twenty expressions for one idea; better one expression for twenty ideas. He further remarked that, in these times, he could wish to see a great orator like Mirabeau rise up. He likewise advocated the stimulating system of awarding prizes. Keep your intellectual position sacred, said he to the students. Wait long and patiently. Go sit with that hermit within you who knows more than you do, and learn of him. You are all to stand before an examining committee of the world. He exhorted his hearers most earnestly to aim at a high standard, to aim to be not readers of poetry alone, but Dantes and Shakespeares themselves, as if every man had a divine power within him, if he would but give it play and let it come out. The one mistake with us all is, that we go gadding after other men's opinions, when we have within us a deep and clear well of wisdom all our own. Until men learn to revere the God that is in them, rather than run after strange Gods without, whom they will never find, they cannot expect to grow wise or become in any true degree exalted.

The Man and his Rank.

Fortunately, we do not tolerate ranks and orders, in this country. That is to say, the laws do not take notice of one man's position as being superior to another's, so far as the holding and the disposal of property is concerned. But in spite of that interdiction, nature comes in and asserts that there is a difference between men, and she does all she can to classify them according to the rank implied by such a difference. We may agree to say that we will have no aristocracy in this land, and yet the influence—amounting to authority—of the best class of men and women is not to be resisted by any one, because it cannot be resisted, and so Nature has ordered it.

Burns's well known verses come freshly up to the thoughts, when this topic is advanced:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for 'at' that."

and serve to point the moral for each one's serious application. If, indeed, there is no rank but that which every man earns and makes for himself, then Burns was right; and no man felt that he ought to be right more than he. It is one of the professed privileges of this land of ours, that we are all at liberty to carve out our own rank and fortunes; and, although, a few snobs, who effect to keep the door for the titled few, are at first unwilling that "new men" should be recognized, at the last they are very eager and glad to step forward and proffer tokens of their cheap recognition. A true soul turns its back upon these offers; for they are no more in its eyes now than when they were so patronizingly held back. The noble proud spirit remembers that ignorance always desires those objects chiefly which will help it to conceal itself, and likewise make a better appearance than it has a real right to; and hence, rich ignorance likes to make what it terms lions of the great and the clever, desirous that the public should think it has a property in them, and can trot them out or lead them in at its serene and stupid pleasure.

To respect one's self, without running wide into a habit of selfishness and egotism, is a great art to become the master of. In order to be just that quality, and not another, it must have a genuine bottom, or it has become suddenly no more than pretension. Any one who happily exercises that privilege, must inevitably command the admiration of all, even of those whose vanity and envy are most sorely wounded. We must say we admire a self-sustaining character; one that is sufficient for itself, full of self poise, and yet sweet and sincere and without exaggeration. This last quality is the bane of our modern men and women; as they do so enlarge and emphasize and exaggerate, as if they were afraid to trust what is truly in them to carry them safe over to the other side. Not too fast; leave something to time; we work with nature, and not of and by ourselves.

Mrs. Spence's Psychological Institute.

Read Mrs. Spence's letter in another column. She has inaugurated a noble enterprise, which, if Spiritualists will encourage her in it, will become one of the finger-points of the progress of the nineteenth century. No one acquainted with the lady and knowing her power of mind, can for a moment doubt her ability to treat cases of that nature successfully. She has made it a study for a long time, and while engaged on her lecturing tours, has given much time to visiting insane and idiotic schools and institutions, to gain experience from her observations.

New Publications.

The "ATLANTIC" for August.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, publishers, seem to be making every exertion to place the Atlantic at the very apex of magnanimity. Each succeeding number seems to go a little beyond the one before in merit. The number for August contains several fine papers and poems, from the best American pens. The first article is on "Trees in Assemblages," and bears the impress of a mind in love with Nature in all her graces and extravagances. "Miss Lucinda" is a story, partaking strongly of the humorous. "A Soldier's Ancestry," lines with a trite moral. "Fibrilla" is in elucidation of the new staple which so many claim will speedily supplant the use of cotton. We have devoted space to this subject in times past. "Nat Turner's Insurrection," is a historical paper, concerning one of the most extensive slave insurrections ever planned in the United States. "Concerning Veal," is, as it claims to be, a Discourse on Immaturity—suggestive, witty and humorous. "Reminiscences of Stephen A. Douglas," is a noble tribute—honest, but kind. "Our River," lines of The Merrimack, by Whittier; "Agnes of Sorrento," continued, by Mrs. Stowe. "Mail Clad Steamers," is full of timely suggestions. "Parting Hymn," by Holmes, is apropos to the times. "Where will the Rebellion leave us?" is a political article, probably from the pen of Prof. Lowell. "Theodore Winthrop" is a sketch of the life and death of one of the Atlantic's contributors, at Great Bethel, in the fight with the rebels. It has a melancholy interest, as embodying the last unfinished pages he had written prior to that event, for this number of the magazine. "Dirge," for one who fell in battle, is a strange, beautiful poem. Reviews and Literary notices remind one of the Scalpel, as much as ever.

"GLORY, HALLELUJAH," the song the soldiers sing at the forts and encampments, and others catch up and serenade us with every evening, along the streets and beneath our windows, is published in sheet music style by Dison & Co., together with new words arranged for and dedicated to the Fourth Battalion of Rifles, of the 13th Mass. Regiment.

Personal.

Emma Hardinge will spend September in Quincy, Cambridgeport and Boston. Prof. Clarence Butler, who has been recently driven from the professor's chair of English Literature, in Bastrop College, Texas, is a bold and eloquent advocate of Spiritualism. His firm, loyal sentiments were the cause of his banishment. He barely escaped with his life, after having a rope placed around his neck for hanging, which, by the earnest interposition of the President of the college, was removed, and the mob sentence commuted to tar and feathers. He was badly bruised by the cruel and merciless treatment of Texan secessionists. All that he had of earthly goods was taken from him. He may tell his own story now without fear. We will claim him now as our Professor of Spiritual Literature, for since he has been in Boston he has shown masterly powers in this direction. All who have heard him have been charmed with the eloquence that he has poured upon them. He will make his home in Boston for the present, and his letters may be directed to the care of Dr. A. B. Child, 15 Tremont street, Boston.

W. F. Von Vleck has enlisted as sergeant in the President's Life Guard. Wm. Fishbough, (A. J. Davis's former scribe) is chaplain in the same department, and the colonel, Mr. Goodwin, is a prominent Spiritualist.

Down the Bay.

In these sweltering times, these times of sulphurous war and much too warm nights, a grand thing it is to be handy of access to such regal advantages as one may enjoy in and around the beautiful harbor of Boston. Its many islands, all carpeted with verdure, its fortifications—now bristling with guns and armed soldiers—its fresh breezes, right from the swelling bosom of old ocean, are all attractions as for tourists and casual dwellers. When, for instance, one can secure so many solid and substantial pleasures, not to speak of the health part of the question, by stepping on board a beautiful little steamer like our "Nelly Baker," and winding his way around and among the islands of the harbor, going down even to that bold and breezy bluff named Nahant, it would be wonderful if he did not appreciate his advantage sufficiently to improve it on every occasion. The Nelly Baker is as truly a "Boston Notion" as the Common is, or the Parker House, or Loring's little bison of a bookstore. We tell our friends and readers away in the far west, we sincerely wish they were all here to occasionally enjoy these blessings with us.

For the Conference!

Persons in Boston and vicinity, who design to attend the National Conference at Oswego, provided a reduction of fare to half-price, (about \$10 for the trip) can be obtained, are requested to give immediate notice to the undersigned. A. E. NEWTON, 221 Washington street, Room 8.

Our Circles.

Will be held on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon of each week, instead of Monday, Thursday and Saturday, as heretofore. Reader, please take notice, and tell your friends.

Wanted.

At this office, a few copies of numbers one, two, nine, and ten, of the present volume of the BANNER, in order to complete our files. We will pay double price for them.

"RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE."—Whittier's poem of this name we republish on our sixth page. It was written nearly twenty years ago. How prophetic are the last few verses! Alas, Virginia, prostituted as thou art by the vile monster of disunion, and whose sons plot treason over the graves of patriots, truly the poet sighs:

"Oh, more than all thy dead renown,
Were now one hero living!"

To Correspondents.

W., LEONISTER.—The article you send us is in reference to the subject of Non-Immortality, upon which the abstractionists have spent about enough ink, paper and patience; and though your article conveys many good points, we decline to publish it, intending henceforth to keep our columns closed to the mooted question.

A. H. D., NATICK.—The first chapter of your new series of papers will appear in No. 21, of this Volume. We will attend to your request, as you desire.

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

JULIUS H. MOTT, Woodstock, Vt.—You shall be gratified next week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Ross & Towner, Bookellers, 121 Nassau street, New York, who are the general agents for the sale of this paper, have every facility for supplying all parts of the country with books.

It will be seen by reference to his advertisement in another column, that Professor Huse, the seer, has returned to the city, and is now ready to receive the calls of his friends and the public as usual. He is truly a remarkable man.

We call special attention to the communication on our sixth page, from the spirit of Dr. Sanborn of Northampton, N. H., in reference to a subject all should be interested in—the treatment and cure of hydrophobia.

Was a strange "defeat" our troops encountered at Manassas, when both armies run away from each other fast as legs and horses could carry them!

Judge — of Toledo, Ohio, has a little four year old boy, who, one day, when company was present, wished a seat at the table, but was sent away with the remark that his whiskers were not long enough for him to sit there. The little chap took a seat by a stand, where the servant gave him his dinner. While eating it, the house cat came purring around him, when he said: "Oh! go off! your whiskers are big enough to eat at the other table."

When a Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little babe, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; contrive so to live, that thou mayst depart in smiles, while all around thee weep."

Governor S. F. Rague and Colonel Burnside commanded the Rhode Island men, who behaved very bravely. Receiving the first tremendous fire of the enemy, they stood it without flinching, though the dead fell at every step. When the Governor's horse was shot under him, he shouted: "I am not dead; forward boys, for the honor of Rhode Island."

Nothing can be had in this world without paying its price. The foolish sportsman fears to let her son pursue the natural sports befitting his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price for bravery and manliness, and therefore her child grows up a cowardly booby.—Emerson.

As the Rev. Mr. M. — was one day walking out he passed two little lads, one of whom make a very manly bow. As he turned his back upon them, he heard the following very amusing conversation: "Why, John, did n't you know that man was Parnon M. —, our minister?" "Yes, of course, I did." "Well, then, why did n't you make a bow to him?" "Why? My mother don't belong to his meeting!" Many a Venus as beautiful as she who rose from the white foam of the sea, has risen from the black foam of the poet's inkstand.

A sermon in four words on the vanity of earthly possessions: "Shrouds have no pockets."

If a man is contented with what he has done, he has lain down to die. The grass is already growing over him.

"Let's go and join a privateer," said a scapegrace to a young companion. "No, I'll be hanged if I do," replied the sensible lad.

THE VEGETABLE GIRD.

Behind a market stall installed,
I mark it every day,
Stands at her stand the fairest girl
'Tis met with at the bay;
Her two lips are of cherry red,
Her hands a pretty pair,
With such a pretty turn up nose,
And lovely red hair.

'Tis there she stands from morn till night,
Her customers to please,
And to appease their appetite
She sells them beans and peas.
Attracted by the glances from
The apple of her eye,
And by her Chili apples, too,
Each passer by will buy.

She stands upon her little feet,
Throughout the livelong day,
And sells her celery and things—
A big feat by the way.
She changes off her stock for change,
Attending to each call;
And when she has but one best left,
She says—"Now that beat's all!"

—Taylor.

High happiness, in this world, is a picture which the imagination forms, rather than a reality, which man is allowed to possess; and he, whose wishes, respecting perishable possessions, are reasonable and bounded, is likely to lead the safest, and for that reason the most desirable life.

THE RELAX HOUSE.—This house, which is located at Salisbury Beach, Mass., near Newburyport, has done a good business thus far this present season, simply because the landlords, Messrs. Nichols & Kimball, know how to "keep a hotel." They intend to enlarge their establishment next season, when they will be enabled to accommodate all visitors.

A full account of the Battle of Manassas will be found on our eighth page.

The first graduate in the first examining class at West Point, recently, was a poor Irish boy named Peter O'Rourke, who, at the age of sixteen years, did not know his letters. This lad had saved the lives of several persons on Lake Erie, who, out of gratitude, offered him a considerable sum of money, which he declined, on condition that they would secure him an education. They complied with his request, sent him to school, and afterwards secured him a situation at West Point, where he has just graduated with the highest honors. It is out of such stuff that the great men of this country are made.

When is woman like bread, man's staff of life? When she is more needed (kneaded) at home than toasted abroad.

A French gentleman was one day caressing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed very fond of it. "Y-a-a-s, I love de cats, de dogs, de oses; and, in short, I do love everything dat is beastly."

A LITERARY ANECDOTE.—The first translation of "Corinne" did not pay. The disappointed publisher, when asked his opinion of the work, not caring to conceal his disgust, exclaimed, with the most contemptuous pshaw! "Stael, flat and unprofitable!"—London Punch.

M. Lalande, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he jocosely said, "I may thank my oo for it."

It is almost as difficult to recover a lost reputation as a lost umbrella. Children make men better citizens. When your own child has learned in the streets to swear, it makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality.

"Look here, printer, you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Well, sir, I am not a pointer—I'm a setter."

In the rushing, noisy crowd, and amid sounds of gladness, and a thousand mingling emotions, the pulsations of some melancholy chord of the heart, touched by an invisible hand, are distinctly audible.

National Conference of Spiritualists.

The Joint Committee appointed by Conferences of Spiritualist and Reform Lecturers, held in Quincy, Mass., in October, 1860, and in Sturgis, Mich., in April, 1861, 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 special 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 questions:

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

The claims 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 purposes, 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, on West 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. SWAN, Hartford, Conn.
LEO MILLER, Hartford, Conn.
AMANDA M. SPENCER, New York.
A. W. SPRAGUE, Plymouth, Vt.
F. L. WADSWORTH, Maine.
M. S. TOWNSEND, Taunton, Mass.

S. O. COPPINBERRY, Constantine, Mich.
S. J. W. TABOR, of Independence, Iowa.
J. T. BROWN, Newmont, Ind.
BELLE SCODGALL, Rockford, Ill.
H. F. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio.
C. M. GROVE, Vandalia, Mich.
G. W. HOLLISTON, New Berlin, Wis.

Eastern Committee.

Western Committee.

Spiritualist Picnic.

A Spiritual Picnic and Grove Meeting will be held at Churchville's Grove (Camp Meeting Ground), near the Junction of the M. & P. D. C. W. & B. V. Railroad, fourteen miles west of Milwaukee, Wis., on Thursday, the 22nd day of August, 1861.

Arrangements for the picnic will be made by the above mentioned Railroads for half fares to and from the ground. The cars arrive at the Junction from Watertown and Milwaukee at 9.45 A. M. From Madison at 10.30 A. M., and will leave the Junction at 6.30 o'clock P. M.

A general invitation is extended to everybody to come and hear the Truth.

No notice will be spared to make all comfortable who attend our Picnic.

Public lectures are especially invited to attend.

W. S. HAWKINS,
E. CAMPBELL,
GEO. TUBBS,
W. D. HOLBROOK,
H. SHOREMAN,
D. VAN KLEE.

Waukegan, July 21, 1861.

Annual Festival.

The Religio-Philosophical Society invites all friends of progress far and near, to join them in a three days' Festival, at the Grove and 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 views, thoughts, without restrictions further than the ordinary rules of decorum requires, 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.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The seventh yearly meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins will be held in a building erected for the purpose, in Tucker's Grove, one mile west of Kerr's Corners, Erie County, N. Y., on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of August, 1861, to commence on Friday, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Among the prominent speakers we notice Philip D. Moore, of Newark, N. J., and C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, N. Y.

LEVI BALDWIN,
GEO. W. TAYLOR,
LEVI BROWN,
WILSON ROGERS,
LUCK HAWLEY,
RACHEL SMITH.

Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Newburg and vicinity, will hold a picnic in the Grove at South Newburg, near Albert Whitney's, on Sunday, August 11th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. W. K. Ripley of Bradford, and Mrs. Hollis of Belfast, have been engaged to address the meeting.

Grove Meeting.

The friends of reform will hold a three days' Grove Meeting at East Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August.

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

Per Order Com.

Married.

In this city, July 21st, at the Church of the Unity, by Rev. Geo. H. Newcomb, M. D., of Newburyport, to Miss JEANETTE WATERMAN of South Scituate, Mass.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. J. C. Child, 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—"The Spirit of the Age." The subject for the following evening is—"The Spirit of the Age." A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Eason, Chairman.

New York.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 29th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 8 P. M. by Rev. H. D. Dresser is Chairman of the Association.

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

CAMBRIDGE.—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. O. Hizer 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 Sunday, forenoon and afternoon in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Mary M. Macomber in August; Warren Chase three first Sundays in September; Miss Fanny Davis in October.

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

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1/2 and 5 1/2 P. M.—Miss Elizabeth Bolton will speak Aug. 4th; Miss Fanny Davis, Aug. 18th.

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

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sunday, forenoon and afternoon in Wells's Hall. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizette Doten during September; Miss Laura DeRenne during October; Miss Emma Hardinge, two last Sabbaths in December; G. B. Bell, during January, 1862; Belle Scodgall, during February.

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TRANS.—A limited number of advertisements will be inserted in this paper at the rate of 10 cents a line for each insertion. Liberal discount made on standing advertisements.

HEDBARD'S PATENT OIL!

No More Accidents by Burning Fluid. A Safe Substitute to burn in Fluid Lamps.

THIS OIL is prepared to burn in all kinds of Lamps without Chimneys, such as Fluid, Spirit or Lamp Oil Lamps, and will burn at half the cost of Fluid in all Lamps fitted yet discovered. It gives a steady, clean and soft light, and does not choke the lungs with foreign matter, such as soot, and is generally from using kerosene and kerosene oil, and will burn in Kerosene Lamps free from smoke and smell by taking off the cap and chimney.

It is also a complete substitute for Spirit and Lamp Oil, and is just as safe and harmless as kerosene, and may take the place of the common fluid and other dangerous compounds that have been thrown into the market of late.

The above Oil is perfectly clean and free from grease and smoke or unpleasant odor, and is now considered the safest and most Oil ever offered to the public. It is a most desirable article, and what is more than all, it is unexpensive.

Any person can have samples sent by express, if desired. State, County and Town Rights for sale, with full directions to make, by addressing the Patent Office, at Washington, D. C. Caveat applied for and granted Feb. 24th, 1860. Letters patent issued Feb. 10th, 1861.

The above oil retails at \$1 per gallon. Wholesale 80 cents. Kerosene and other dangerous compounds are sold at 10 cents per gallon. Orders solicited and filled with dispatch. Letters promptly answered.

W. F. HEDBARD,
Newport, Mass.

MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. KALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, and author of the N. Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle, may be consulted on the treatment of every form of disease, from common colds, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is a restorative, and effects, reliable in the most prostrate cases, and justly worthy of the confidence of the afflicted. All the Medicines used are pure vegetable. No 250 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

Eight Lectures by Miss Hardinge.

BY numerous solicitations from the Friends of Progress, I propose to publish the second series of Miss Hardinge's Lectures within a short time. Said lectures were delivered in Chicago last February.

The various parties having the first series of Miss H.'s lectures for sale on consignment, are respectfully requested to remit the amount my due up to the present time, thereby aiding me in publishing the second series.

Each copy will contain a splendid PORTRAIT of Miss Hardinge, price, bound in cloth, 75 cents. A liberal discount made to the trade.

In addition to a general assortment of Reform Publications, I have the "WILD FIRE GLOW," by Emma Hardinge, which should be in the hands of every investigator. Price, postage paid, \$1.

Address W. C. BRUSH, Box 2640, Chicago, Ill. August 3.

NOTICE.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits beings. We believe the public should know of the spirit-world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good in it. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Thursday, July 11.—Invocation: Inspiration: Mother Wing; Priscilla Lawrence, Liverpool, N. S.; Charlotte Keyes, New Orleans; Edward L. Bason, Enterprise, Florida.
Saturday, July 13.—Invocation: The deficit of a Spirit-ualism; Walter B. Holbrook, New York; Stephen Barrows, N. Y.; Clara Frances Aldrich, New Orleans.
Monday, July 15.—Invocation: Astrology; John McCarthy, Boston; Samuel D. Thompson, Honolulu, N. H.; Frances Elizabeth Price Chicago.
Monday, July 22.—Invocation: Need of Spiritual enlightenment in times of War; News from the East of War; Ralph Farnham; Anna Yuleo, St. Augustine, Florida; D. Lindsay.

Our Circles.

Our circles are now held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM No. 3, every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY afternoon, at three o'clock, and are free to the public.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Divinity, to whom all nations bring their offering, we ask to know more of thee; that thou wilt stand still nearer to us, that we may comprehend thee, not only in the external, but in the inner sanctuary also.

We hear thy voice in the storm, and listen to it in the soft evening zephyr; but, Oh Divinity, we know thee not; and we ask thee to let us know more of thee. That we must worship thee we know, for our souls gush out to something, and that something we feel to be our Creator.

Oh, Father, for such we feel thee to be, wilt thou come nearer to us at this time than ever before; and unto thee we will give all the praise, as all nature hath given her offerings to thee in the past.

June 14.

Unrest.

Why is the spirit of man forever dwelling in a condition of unrest?

Unsatisfied forever is the soul of man—continually desiring contentment, peace and rest, but never finding it. Why is it so? Has the soul ever stopped to inquire? Has the individual ever lived who has turned within self to find the cause?

Poets tell us of a place where the weary find rest, but no soul hath found it; no tongue hath spoken of such a condition. There is something in every spirit that breathes, that prohibits a perfect condition of rest. Eternal longing, no satisfaction! This is the condition of the human spirit. This must be, because there is something implanted in the breast of every spirit, by which it is to progress eternally. What is that something? It must be that very condition of unrest, or that from whence it springs.

Were the spirit of man content with the joys of a present time, all nature would cease to go onward, cease to become beautiful and still more beautiful year after year.

Every year earth and every other sphere of existence becomes still more beautiful. We read of an Eden in the ancient record far to look upon. There are many upon earth who suppose there is nothing like it on the earth at this day. What a great mistake. The Eden of the past would be a wilderness uncomely to look upon at this time. Nature hath taken rapid strides, and the great spring of progress may be found in this feeling, *Unrest*, lingering in the breast of every spirit. Man asks for more and more continually, and his prayers are answered, and thus Nature grows.

There may be a time when the enlightened races of humanity will cease to expect that goal of eternal rest; they may cease to expect it as an eternal gift, and thus they shall be satisfied. But wisdom and progress shall give this to man.

Death walks the earth, taking away the choicest things that belong to human hearts. But is he the grim messenger so badly pictured by perverted minds? To us there is nothing dark, nothing evil, nothing that is not precisely as it should be; and when the human spirit shall have thrown off enough of its crude material to see into the things of spirit, it shall behold all things glorious, beautiful, grand. But the desire to have something more beautiful must continue as long as life holds out, and that, we are told, is immortal.

So, Oh human and divine, linked together in earth's sphere, cease to look for eternal rest, and then, when you enter the spiritual sphere, disappointment shall not linger about you, but those expectations that are natural shall be realized, and nothing more.

June 17.

Lydia Ferguson.

Oh, it was a cold, dreary night—the last I passed on earth. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and the frosts of misery lay thicker on my heart; and when I came back I feel again the most terrible feeling. I see again those most terrible scenes, and all seem mine again.

In my early days I was happy, as happy as it falls to the lot of any to be. I had a kind father and mother, and I was their only child. My father was a traveling preacher—an itinerant Baptist clergyman. He died early of consumption; my mother was an orphan. When seventeen years old, I was left an orphan. Then came my sorrow. I supported myself for a while by my needle. After that I tried to get a living by teaching a few children in the neighborhood, but was unable to do it. My youth was an objection, and perhaps I had not a sufficient education to insure success.

I went to the great city, New York with a hope to make myself a home. After being there two years, I married, and saw one year of peace and quiet. I thought heaven had favored me. I'm sure I thanked God, but perhaps not enough. After that my husband took to drink, and to vice that generally go with it. I saw him going down day by day, and that he was dragging his family with him. I had two children. When I died, my youngest was only a few months old. I went out at sundown to get something for my children, for my husband had gone, and had not been heard from for days. I have learned since that he was taken up for drinking and for theft. It was a bitter cold night. I went home as I came, nearly obliged to death, too. I prayed to God to send me help, but somehow he did not. I tried to comfort my children, but there seemed a terrible something creeping over me, and I had no strength to relieve myself. I suppose I froze to death. I think I did. My children lived. They live now. Their lot is hard—it is cast among hard hearts, that think alone of themselves, and gather the good things of life only for their own use. It is now only seven years since.

This is the first of my coming back, although I have made attempts, and have communicated by writing at New York. But when I came near enough to use a body, I have felt so much of my last distress, that I have turned away with a shudder. The youngest, poor child! I have tried to find a way to relieve her, for hard hearts hold her now. My oldest is better off, and with those who profess to believe in the return of dead mothers. Oh, I would to God those who believe in these things could only see the dead mothers, and the suffering in their souls!

I do not come to complain of those who bellow and have my child, but Oh I do ask them to let a portion of that belief penetrate the heart of my child, and she will be better for it. The youngest

bears my name, Lydia. My name was Ferguson. My oldest child is named Mary Ellen. They say, who know him well, that the father of my little ones still lives. Perhaps one stronger than I will lead him to the path of right, and to the children desert. Should my messages reach him, may his heart be softened toward them, is the only prayer I offer.

June 15.

John B. Spencer.

Here I am, turned up a regular tramp. I've been thinking all the while as to how I could come. I have wandered if I could come all right. My name was John B. Spencer. When I got to be about eighteen years old, I was called Jack. I have been out of the box only a few months. As hard as I can reckon, it is about four months. I bargained with the old fellow for a long life in my body, for I was never sick in my life till the first and last time, and I made a mistake, and turned up on the other side, terribly disappointed. I could not do a thing. The dice would not turn up for me, and the cards would not come right. I'm blessed if I wasn't pretty hard up after I came here.

I have got somebody here on earth who may like to hear from me, if I am a rough individual. I got the tremens, and shook myself out—had a kind of brain fever hitched on to it.

I hailed from New Haven, the first starting place, and latterly I turned up in Albany. That was my last stopping place in these parts. I sported there. To be right down sober, honest, and right, I've got a wife I want to talk to—one of the best little women that ever lived. I sucked her in like the devil, and she mourned awfully. She thinks I've gone to the devil. She has heard about coming back, and if she will only go to one of these dressed up images we use, I want to come. I'll set her all right about the hell business—her old man cracked her a little about that, if he was deacon of the church. I did not have much to do with this, and used to get lectured hard about it.

Well, I'm rather miserable, for all the things I used to have are taken away from me. I'd like, though, to convince that little woman that I'm in hell. She had a fit of sickness once, finding out I was what I was; but I was good to her, and she'll say I did all I could to please her. She thinks too much of me, and mourns because she thinks my doom is sealed, and some of the fellows down below have got hold of me. But that is not so, and I want to correct it.

Now I propose to make myself known to her, if she'll go to some one I can talk through as I do here. I want her to try to find me, and if she fails, try again. Such must come after awhile. Then, again, she has got folks here—church folks—I do not meet them very often, for they have their way, and I have mine; but they want to talk to her, and will, if she will find the machine for us to talk through. I can't be plous—I must be just what I am. Now she knows something about these things, but the meeting folks have a hard rig on her. I'll tell her some things to open her eyes.

I came to Boston about eight years ago, with a friend of mine, Killbridge; he was one of those chaps who would blow your brains out. I saw him draw a revolver and shoot a man dead, merely for contradicting him. That was in New Orleans. I was always a little shy of him after that. That was after we were in Boston. Well, he had his bad streak in one way, and I in another. I never would do that, but I drank. All day to you. June 17.

Addie Severance.

You should not let such wicked folks come and talk. I don't live with such folks. My name was Addie Severance; I was five years old; I lived in Boston. My father's name is George Severance. He's gone to California; my mother, too. I didn't go; my body was left here. I have been in the spirit world most four years. I want to send a letter to my father and mother, to tell them how much I like where I live. They never have scarlet fever here, nor any sickness, nor do we not get hurt, and nobody sounds me. I've tried to come many times, and Aunt Lucy has tried, but she's afraid she'll have to die if she comes back here; but I was told I could leave as easy as I came, and it is easy enough to come. Everybody has flowers here that want them, and you do not have to stay in the house if you don't want to.

My mother has been sick, and the folks have thought she was going to die. I wish she was, but she is not. She's going to live a good while. I want to go to my father and mother and talk. Can I? Won't you tell them I like very much where I live, and am always happy, and don't want to live here again?

If my mother will find somebody for me to talk through, I'll come and talk with her.

Am I my father and mother's Addie now? It's my body they call "our Addie." That's on my gravestone. It is in Forest Hill, Dorchester.

Ans.—I have been away, and have other folks to love, and if my father and mother have forgot me, I do not know as I love them so well; but if they love me, I shall love them, and Aunt says they do.

June 17.

Invocation.

Oh, Father, while all things beneath us in nature offer up praises unto thee, shall we forget to acknowledge thee in every hour and every moment of our lives? Do we not know that thou art the Father and the Creator of all conditions of life, of light as of darkness, of evil as of good? We will not forget, Oh, Father, to praise thee for all, for all are good in thy sight.

Oh, God, we thank thee that we are again enabled to take upon us the fleshly tabernacle of humanity, and from the body of death to offer praises unto thee. Though the flesh is weak, and though we know darkness may shroud the earth for a time, yet we know the clouds shall break away, and we shall behold thy shining face.

Oh, God, shall we ask thee to bless thy children of humanity? We know all thou doest is in blessing, and that thy arms of love encircle all thy children. Thou, Oh God, but knowest the wants of all who call thee Father, and so we ask thee for nothing, for thou blearest us in everything and always. What- ever conditions we find around us we will accept and bless thee for, believing they are right and good.

Oh, Divine Spirit of the Universe, we would thank thee also in behalf of thy great family, who seem to forget thee. For them as for all, we know thy guardian care is extended, and like all things in lower nature, they shall learn to continually bless thee!

July 9.

Benajah Sanborn.

It has been said that he who alleviates the most of human suffering, is the best physician. This saying seems to be good and true, and no doubt it is so.

I am not accustomed to speaking through a body that is not my own; but I somehow feel that I may be of benefit to a few of the human family, and I believe when one feels it to be a duty to do or not to do a certain act, that person can do nothing else till the thing is effected. I find this to be so in my case. I have tried to get a chance, in my new condition of life, to come to earth and throw off that which seems to me a great responsibility.

My name is Sanborn—Benajah Sanborn. I was a practicing physician in Northampton, N. H. I invented or discovered a remedy for that terrible disease—hydrophobia, when I was here in a human form, and I feel it to be my duty to return and inform earth's people of that remedy to-day, knowing the present season will bring you more cases of this terrible disease than you have had for twenty years in this vicinity. The conditions of the atmosphere and of the people of earth demonstrate it to be so. I repeat it—the present season will be characterized by a prevalence of hydrophobia in your midst, to an extent you have never known before.

Now you ought to know what remedy to apply, to overcome the poison of this terrible disease; and I have come to give you the advantage of my experience. The remedy is not one only a few can reach, or obtain, but within the reach of all, high and low, rich and poor. None need be without it. And when properly administered, it will cure, in nine cases out of ten—and even the tenth, by perseverance and industry, may be cured. There never need be a fatal case. I know I am somewhat excited to-day, but

the condition of the atmosphere and of the medium make me so. Now the remedy I have spoken of is nothing more nor less than lobelia. Give a dose at the first symptom of hydrophobia, and if no more than half an hour is allowed to elapse after the first symptom of the disease makes its appearance, your patient is saved. But you must follow it up, dose after dose, till the system is completely prostrated, and the patient is utterly unable to lift a hand.

Hydrophobia is a violent disease, and consequently requires a violent remedy. Lobelia is quite inimical to hydrophobia, and if proper care is taken, it will not kill the patient, as all physicians know.

Now before I go, let me say to all who hear me to-day, and to all who peruse my letter, to remember this prescription, and when you find one who is a victim to this terrible disease, be not slow to administer the remedy, or get some one else to do so, and the sufferer will be saved, and will thank you in spirit-life, if not before—for those who pass on into the other life in consequence of hydrophobia, suffer to a greater extent than you can conceive of, and are necessarily held down to the lower circles of life, and bound to the animal race, from which they received the poison; and it is long, very long before they can come forth from this condition. The poison of hydrophobia has a peculiar effect upon the spirit as upon the body; and under its power, you not only lose command of the physical body, but of the spirit. Men and women are too apt to look lightly upon such things, when no immediate danger is to be apprehended; but, oh, if you could only look upon the future, you would use every exertion you could summon, to prevent diseased souls from going into the spirit-life. Take care of your hydrophobia patients, and you will have enough to do. So says Benajah Sanborn, of Northampton, N. H.

Eliab Grimes.

I have rested from my earthly labors since the 7th of November, 1848. For about five years I have been trying to make some demonstration of my power as a spirit to those I have left behind me here; but I have been wholly unsuccessful, thus far.

I was born in the town of Pittsburg, Mass. My name was Eliab Grimes. For twenty-one years I was shipmaster at Honolulu. At the time of my death, however, I was in company with my brother, in San Francisco, Cal. I was in my seventeenth year—about sixty-nine years and seven months old. I died, I suppose, of some disease which I think commenced in the stomach and extended to the lungs.

I was not sick long.

I feel so much out of place in a small body like this, that I hardly know how to proceed. The firm was known as E. & H. Grimes.

Now I left my earthly affairs in somewhat of a confused condition—so much so that some of my friends had a little trouble after my decease. But I do not come back here to make any increase of dollars and cents for them. I only say this that they may understand that I know what was going on after I parted from my body. But there are a few things of a domestic or private nature, that I should feel gratified had I the privilege of speaking of to my kindred, or my brother in particular. Now, young man, I want you to be sure and write my communication as I have given it. I was told before I came here that it would be published, and my brother would get it. If there is a correct telegraphic apparatus formed, I cannot see that there would be any difficulty in sending messages upon it correctly; and if my friends who receive this have any wish to speak to me, I will gratify them. I suppose the proper way would be to ask them to meet me at some telegraph office—where there is a medium through whom I can talk.

We do not do nothing without the proper tools. Those who live on earth ought to know much more than they do about the spirit life. It is a terrible thing to go over to the other side of Jordan, without wisdom. I used to think it was a terrible thing to be ushered into the presence of the Almighty; but a knowledge of the future life adds much to the happiness of the voyage over Jordan.

Now, if any of my friends want to meet me, Eliab Grimes, they must meet me at some such place as this is, and if the arrangements suit me, I'll talk. I did business on Front street, in San Francisco, little over a year—in 1848. I died in November of that year.

Ann McGraw.

Oh, my God—my God! I can't be that I am back here. I thought it might not be right to come; but I think I have suffered enough to lead me to make an effort to change my condition.

My name was Ann McGraw. I lived on what was called the Shell Road, in New Orleans. I was murdered on the night of the thirtieth of February, 1849. An innocent man was executed for my death, and the guilty one still goes at large.

I kept a small place for the sale of tobacco and small liquors. There were four persons lodged in my house the night I was murdered. The public thought there were only two. One of these was taken, condemned and executed. He was innocent, and could I have spoken then as I do now, I would have caused his acquittal. The poor fellow is now in a worse hell than I have ever been in.

I had some money. I suppose—yes, I know, I was murdered with a view to get it. But 'twas not found, and the poor fellow who murdered me got nothing to reward him except the continual stings of conscience—which is the worm that never dies.

I was born up here a little ways, in New Hampshire, but went South with my parents when I was quite a small girl. They are not now living on earth, nor have I any near connections living; but the person who was executed on my account has. He has children living, and it may be a great source of comfort to them to know that their father was not a murderer. The knife, the hammer, and an instrument I do not know what name to give to, were found in his possession—with his clothes; and this made the case look very dark; but they were put there by the one who murdered me, and his name was Coffey. I do not know how to pronounce it. He was of French descent, I know, and I know him now to be a rascal. I expect he'll get my letter. The dead can speak, and the graves are open. I know it used to be said that dead folks cannot tell anything; but now-a-days they can tell everything, and deeds of crime are not kept secret.

It was said by some that I was a drinking woman. This was false. Though I sold wines and some small liquors, I never drank a glass of strong liquor in my life.

My condition here at first was a very wretched one. I felt and for some time, and I found my sudden death a great curse to me. I felt I had not lived up to my appointed time on earth—yet I would not let the world change places with him. I tell you what it is—all who get shoved out of their tenements here before their time to go, cannot find a tenement ready for them on the other side.

[A visitor: "Is this the case with those who die in a good cause?"]

It is the case, no matter how good the cause is. Nature does not turn out of her way for causes.

I had a little girl who lived with me. I had adopted her, and intended to give her all I had. I'm sorry she got nothing, and has seen so much trouble since. She was no relation—only an adopted child. If I could speak to her, I should like to.

[A visitor: "Was your money buried—or why was it not found?"]

Buried? No. Do you suppose I was a miser? I said he could not find it. The girl was no relation of mine, and I had made no disposition of my property, and the nearest in relationship took all, for the law gave it to them.

Perhaps the gentleman who was so kind as to send me this side of life, would like to talk with me. If he would, I'd like to talk to him; and if I can do him no more good, I can teach him an easier method of disposing of his future victims than he took to send me here.

I do not care to say anything more. July 9.

Yankee Sullivan.

How do you do, sir? I've been told you publish a paper, in which you print letters or communications from those on our side.

I have a friend on your side, whose name is Johnny Ling. He made a certain request to me a short time since, and I come here to-day to tell him I'll

grant that request if I can. I'm not positive, but I'll try. This, I suppose, may be nonsense to those who do not understand me, but it's good sense to those who do. I'm Sullivan—the called me Yankee Sullivan. I gained the cognomen of Yankee, I suppose, rather unfairly. It was given me by my seeling fit to decorate myself with the American flag once, while fighting in England. No matter, I'll take it—it's something to be proud of; and though I've no real right to the title, I'm proud to take it.

[A visitor: "Do you have any boxing in the spirit land?"]

Yes, sir—plenty of it. I shall be happy to try a round with you when you come here.

[A visitor: "Have you seen Belcher Kay since he died?"]

Yes. I meet him frequently.

[A visitor: "Will you tell us how you were killed?"]

Oh, Death killed me—not the vigilance committee.

[A visitor: "What was it you did to help yourself out of your cell?"]

I beg your pardon, sir, but that is a secret between Death and myself. The vigilance committee did right. I have no fault to find.

July 9.

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Oh, Mother Earth! upon thy lap
Thy weary ones receiving,
And for them, silent as a dream,
Thy grassy mantle weaving,
Fold softly in thy long embrace
That heart so worn and broken,
And cool its pulse of fire beneath
Thy shadows old and oaken.

Shut out from him the bitter word
And serpent hiss of scolding;
Nor let the storms of yesterday
Disturb his quiet morning.
Breathe over him forgetfulness
Of all save deeds of kindness,
And, save to smiles of grateful eyes,
Press down his lids in blindness.

There, where with living ear and eye
He heard Potomac's flowing,
And, through his tall ancestral trees,
Saw Autumn's sunset glowing,
He sleeps—still looking to the West,
Beside the dark wood shadow,
As if he still would see the sun
Sink down on wave and meadow.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune!—in himself
All moods of mind contrasting—
The tenderest wall of human woe,
The scorn-like lightning blasting:
The pathos which from rival eyes
Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought,
Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
A classic beauty throwing,
And laureled Olio at his side
Her storied pages showing.

All parties feared him: each in turn
Beheld his schemes disjoined,
As right or left his fatal glance
And spectral finger pointed.
Sworn foes of Court, he smote it down
With trenchant wit unparing,
And, mocking, rent with ruthless hand
The robe of pretence wearing.

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished,
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.
While others hailed in distant skies
Our eagle's dusky plume,
He only saw the mountain bird
Stoop o'er his Old Dominion!

Still through each change of fortune strange,
Backed nerve and brain all burning,
His loving faith in Mother-land
Know never shade of turning;
By Britain's lakes, by Nova's wave,
Whatever sky was o'er him,
He heard her rivers rushing sound,
Her blue peaks rose before him.

He held his slaves, yet made withal
No false and vain pretences,
Nor paid a lying price to seek
For southern defenses.
His harshest words of proud rebuke,
His bitterest taunt and scolding,
Fell fire-like on the Northern brow
That bent to him in fawning.

He held his slaves: yet kept the while
His reverence for the Human;
In the dark vaults of his will
He saw but Man and Woman!
No hunter of God's outraged poor
His Roanoke valley entered;
No trader in the souls of men
Across his threshold ventured.

And when the old and wearied man
Laid down for his last sleeping,
And at his side, a slave no more,
His brother man stood weeping,
He latest thought, his latest breath,
To Freedom's flag he clung.
With failing tongue and trembling hand
The dying blest the living.

Oh! never bore his ancient State,
A truer son or braver!
None tramping with a calmer scorn
On foreign hate or favor.
He knew her faults, yet never stooped
His proud and manly feeling
To proud excuses of the wrong
Or meanness of concealing.

But none beheld with clearer eye
The plague spot o'er her spreading,
None heard more sure the steps of Doom
Along her future treading.
For her as for himself he spake,
When, his faint frame upracing,
He traced with dying hand "Remorse!"
And perished in the tracing.

As from the grave where Henry sleeps,
From Vernon's weeping willow,
And from the grassy path which hides
The Sage of Monticello,
So from the leaf-strewn burial-stone
Of Randolph's lowly dwelling,
A warning voice is speaking!

And hark! from thy deserted fields
Are sadder warnings spoken,
From quench'd hearths, where thy exiled sons
Their household gods have broken.
The curse is on thee—wolves for men,
And briars for corn-shaves giving!
Oh! more than all thy dead renown
Were none else here living.

One Book.

If a person wishes to know the effect of sticking to the study of but a single book—say Burns, the Bible, Shakespeare, or Montaigne's Essays—he can most effectually surprise himself by trying the experiment. Men are spoken of by writers, from time to time, whose achievements in letters, or at least in the culture of their own minds, were indeed surprising; and it was laid to the exemplary fact that they chose some single book which stands as the permanent record of genius, and studied its pages with a closeness and eagerness that could not but betoken steady exaltation of the mind, and wide and established improvement of its faculties. No man, in this land, but can find time to read at least one book; and let that be chosen either from the individual's own tendency that way, or because of its peculiar adaptedness to his wants and his future; and the progress he will make under such a rule, if persistently obeyed, will be as astonishing to him as the results will be solid and satisfactory. One book, thoroughly studied during a course of years, will produce fruits we could scarcely believe possible. And yet, it is by just such a course that our great and true intellects have been developed for their usefulness.

Reported for the Banner of Light.
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT CLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, July 9, 1861.

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

Dr. BENTHOULET.—I did not intend, at our last meeting, to say that I did not suppose Christ to have been a medium. I think we are fully justified by recorded testimony in concluding that he was prominently endowed in this respect. It surprises me that any should affect to doubt the Gospel testimony respecting Jesus. I would almost as soon doubt of my existence as reject a history so rational and consistent as his—nor does it seem to me a whit less credible, because in great part it is confirmed by modern Spiritualism. Every one acquainted with the Scriptures is well aware that much in the Old Testament has reference to Jesus.

Mrs. PARNUM.—I believe that the physical organism of Jesus was like that of other men. But, before his birth, the earth, as now, was the scene of progressive and mighty changes, and humanity had been prepared and developed, so that the whole globe was like a great man, pervaded by living forces, and active, also, in its spiritual elements; until, in the fullness of time, it brought forth a being superior to all who had gone before, and, perhaps, to any who have since appeared. I do not, however, mean to say that these elements may not, in the future, converge to the production of a being superior even to Jesus; on the contrary, all history and experience encourage the idea. Probably every world, besides our own, has had some personage embodying its highest attainments, at some particular time; and who, as in the case of Jesus, may remain superior to any other of its productions during centuries after; for the process of development, though gradual, is fluctuating, and may be apparently arrested, during long periods.

The character of every individual must, of necessity, grow out of and correspond with the conditions, circumstances, and elements which surround him. Hence the character of Christ must have been compounded of the purest elements in the spiritual universe; must have been the resultant of its mightiest forces. Such being his nature and origin, he must have been eminently adapted to learn and understand, in all departments of knowledge, not as we do, for the most part at second hand, and by the painful study of books, but by a process of intuition, analogous, in kind, to what we call common sense, which is not to be imparted by instruction, but is the result of mother-wit, and natural powers of observation, and which, as we all know, constitutes the best species of learning. In Jesus, this endowment was exalted into the most constant and intimate sympathy with all the elements and powers of Nature, and of the Spirit, by which his being was so linked with the universal frame of things that he looked into, and understood, and spoke of, not only the Past; but the Future, as being a central

1 point of his own case of self-cure. 11 Jan

Pearls.

And quoted edes, and jewels five words long.
Think on the stretched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

WHY?

Somehow or other my heart leaps upward;
Somehow or other I feel my wings
Playing in air that is bright and golden,
Lifting me up to immortal things.
Somehow or other the dross is melting;
Somehow or other the gold appears;
Somehow or other I see the roses
Growing along my future years.
Somehow or other the stars are singing;
Somehow or other the moonbeams talk;
Somehow or other a hand is flinging
Beautiful jewels wherever I walk.
Somehow or other my soul is climbing,
Living in beautiful realms above;
Somehow or other—I know the secret—
Angels are filling my heart with love!

With many readers brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines underground.—*Longfellow.*

GOD GIVES.

God lent him, and takes him, you sigh;
Nay, then, let me break with your pain—
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he ever can take back again.
He gives what he gives. Be content.
He resumes nothing given, be sure;
God lend? when the usurers lent
In his Temple, indignant he went
And scourged away those impure.
He lends not, but gives to the end
As he loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream.—*Drowning.*

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily inhale from it what is either healthful or infectious.

TYRANTS.

Tyrants are but the spawn of ignorance,
Beggotten by the slaves they trample on;
Who, could they win the glimmer of the light,
And see that tyranny is always weakness,
Or fear with its own bosom ill at ease,
Would laugh away in scorn the sand-wave chain,
Which their own blindness feigned for adamant.
Wrong ever builds on quicksands; but the right
To the firm center lays its moveable base.—*Lovell.*

Great souls hold fast to heaven and let the world roll on under them.—*Schiller.*

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL INSTITUTE,
For the Reception and Treatment of the Mentally and Morally Disturbed.

TO THE PUBLIC:—The mental and moral natures of man are as liable to disease as his body. Outside of lunatic asylums, however, there is no practical recognition of this fact. Even in lunatic asylums, although the various forms of insanity are to some extent regarded as mental and moral diseases, yet, as a general rule, this fact is not made the basis of the system of treatment which is adopted. In nearly all of the existing institutions for the reception and treatment of the insane, the remedial agents which are to a great extent relied upon, are not such as act directly upon the mental and moral natures of the patients, but upon the different organs of the body, such as the brain, the stomach, the circulatory system, &c. I am well aware that within the last few years the medical theory of insanity has approximated somewhat nearer the truth than the theories which preceded it, and that, as a consequence, a better system of treatment has been adopted in the insane asylums of this country and of Europe. This improved treatment consists in a more judicious application, not of medicines, nor of physical remedies—such as blistering, leeching, cupping, bleeding, searings, &c.—but of influences and surroundings which play directly upon all the senses, and through them reach the mind itself, and in that way raise the action of certain faculties and lower that of others, according to the special requirements of each particular case. That certainly was a forward step; but the knowledge and the science of the day demand a still further advance.

Magnetism, human and terrestrial, are now known to be powerful remedial agents, and their influence upon the mind is as great, and even greater, than their influence upon the body. This is certainly true of human magnetism. Then there are those peculiar influences of mind upon mind which are embraced under the term psychology, and which, imperfectly understood as they are, nevertheless give us the promise and the assurance of almost infinite results in the application as remedial and hygienic agents to the mind. Yet neither psychology nor magnetism has found its true sphere of usefulness in the curing and preventing of mental and moral diseases. There is no public or private insane asylum of this country or of Europe in which these important curative agents have been introduced. Their immense value in this department is not appreciated or even suspected; yet they must eventually become the leading remedial agents in all such institutions, superseding all other remedies except such as are purely hygienic in their mode of action.

Then again, within the last ten years a system of "healing" diseases of all kinds has been inaugurated with methods and results which are wonderful, beyond all precedent, unless we go back to the "laying on of hands" and the "healing" of the Apostolic Ages. Thus far this method of curing disease seems to have been directed mainly to the diseases of the body; at any rate, although it has been successfully applied to the restoration of the mentally and morally diseased, yet such cases, not being very numerous nor very obvious to the general observer, have attracted but little attention. Still the "healing" of modern days will soon be extended into the mental department, where its results will be as valuable and as wonderful as the present obvious results of its action upon the diseases of the body.

It is obvious that the subject of mental and moral diseases is one which deserves the most serious consideration of the philanthropist and of the reformer, who aim to lay the axe at the root of the ills and evils which afflict mankind. As one of the many zealous and determined workers in behalf of the race, I am moved to make the attempt to inaugurate, in a systematic manner, a method of treating the mentally and morally diseased, which shall embrace an application of all that is good and useful in medicine, in magnetism, in psychology, and in the invisible forces and agents which play so important a part in that "healing" of modern times, which finds its only counterpart in the "healing" of the early days of Christianity.

As a preparatory step in this important enterprise, I have visited many of the lunatic asylums in the New England States, and have ascertained from the resident physicians what are the present systems of treating the various forms of insanity. I have also conversed with many of the lunatics themselves, and with their nurses and attendants, with the view of obtaining a better knowledge of insanity in all its grades. It is my intention to visit other lunatic asylums in the United States, with the same object in view. Thus far my observations and my investigations satisfy me that, in many cases, great injustice is done to the inmates of such institutions by a system of discipline which has no higher aim than the simple restraining of the patient by mechanical force, thus intensifying instead of soothing and subduing mental excitement; that, in other cases, the physicians, nurses, and attendants, fail to enter into rapport and sympathy with the feeble trace of mind that still crops out from beneath the general wreck of the moral and intellectual faculties; and that, in all cases, the system of treatment falls far short of the demands of the age, ignoring and neglecting, as it does, the application of the great remedial agents to which reference has already been made. I feel assured, from my own personal examinations, and also from my impressions, that such an application can be and will be made of those remedial agents, and that the result will be a more speedy restoration to mental and moral health of all whom it is possible to restore by the methods of treatment now in use; and, furthermore, that thousands of insane, whom the present methods cannot possibly benefit, and thousands who would actually be made worse by the present methods, will, under the operation of the new method, be soon brought back to a state of permanent sanity.

With these objects in view, and acting under these feelings and impressions, I take this method of informing the public that I shall, as soon as outward conditions can be made favorable, open in the city of New York, an asylum, under the name of the Psychological Institute, for the reception and treatment of those who are laboring under any form whatever of insanity, lunacy or mental or moral derangement. I would also add that I expect to receive and treat not only such persons as are generally considered proper subjects for the lunatic asylum, but also of those cases of disturbed or peculiar psychological states which it is impossible to classify or analyze, and which, although not requiring the confinement or the ordinary treatment of a lunatic asylum, yet require mental and moral treatment to restore them to a healthy equilibrium. There are also, undoubtedly, a great many cases in which the disturbed or unbalanced state is caused by a spiritual rapport with the individual—that kind of lawless, unregulated rapport, which I recognize as Obsession, and which sometimes puts on all the outward appearances of insanity, and at other times merely gives rise to extravagances, eccentricities and psychological disturbances, that destroy the happiness of those thus afflicted, and remove them from the sphere of all rational and pleasurable communion and association with their friends and relatives. The Psychological Institute is intended for the reception and treatment of all such cases also.

The name of the Institution foreshadows the leading feature in the system of treatment which will be inaugurated and relied upon. The treatment will be mainly psychological, but it will not ignore or reject the valuable aid that can be derived from animal and terrestrial magnetism, and from the materia medica of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms.

With this explanation of my purpose I would respectfully and earnestly solicit the friends and relatives of those who are fit subjects for such an institution, and who have confidence in the proposed method of treatment, to write to me as early as possible, giving a description of the history and nature of the case, and also informing me how soon the person could be sent on to New York. As the charges will depend upon the nature of the case, the age of the patient, and other circumstances, nothing definite can now be said about that subject, but it must be left as a matter to be agreed upon through a correspondence or personal interview with the parties interested.

Address New York city.

Yours truly, AMANDA M. SPENCER.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE UNION.

MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: I desire to speak to you a few strong, honest truths. Truth is often as unpalatable to the mind as medicine to the stomach. It stirs up the bile of old prejudices and preconceived ideas, but in the end it is sure to impart to us a purer and a healthier growth. The great Truth-teller of Galilee understood this law of our nature when he declared that, although a man of peace, whose kingdom was not of this world, yet he had come to bring the sword, and to array brother against brother. In other words, he knew that there would be an "irrepressible conflict" between his own divine teachings and the gross prejudices and passions of our imperfect humanity.

Sitting under the awful shadow of that great spirit, who walked the earth eighteen hundred years ago, drinking in with our souls those inspired utterances which have stamped the destiny of the ages, and are now as fresh and redolent of immortal truth as when first spoken on the shores of Galilee—let us, O, my countrymen, endeavor to lift up our minds above the fetid atmosphere of mortal hate which now hangs like a thick, pestilential mist over our unhappy land—let us ascend, with strong eagle effort, to those pure regions of fixed, immutable principles, which shine calm and bright as the stars, while the storm-clouds of passion and prejudice lash themselves into vain fury below.

Truth is subjective, as well as objective. Pure, absolute truth can exist only in God. Man's conception of it must always be relative. A truth however pure in itself, yet when filtered through our individual organizations, and acted upon by the influences surrounding us, must become more or less modified—tinged with our peculiar modes of thought—even as the whitest light becomes discolored by shining through stained glass. It is to differences of organizations, and early influences of education, of modes of thought, of climate, and customs of life, to which we must look for the solution of the strange enigma, why men of equal intelligence and honesty can religiously believe each other to be the greatest fools and scoundrels in the world. And it is our ignorance of this important principle in our nature that leads us to man's inhumanity to man, and aggravates, more than any other cause, the horrors of civil strife.

There is a mental, as well as material atmosphere pervading every marked locality, produced by the prevailing local ideas, which we denominate "public opinion." Men breathe in this atmosphere from their birth, until it becomes incorporated in their very souls, and gives the general tone to their character and sentiments even throughout their after-life. In some localities, public sentiment is so dis-

posed, that men seem as if afflicted with a mental and moral jaundice, and see everything through a false, discolored light.

My fellow-countrymen, we are in the midst of a terrible struggle; but let us understand that this struggle is not with men, but through men, with those false principles which have debauched their minds, and alienated them from our blessed Union!

Holding fast to the moral code of Christ as our sheet-anchor, let us do everything for justice—nothing for revenge! In the sacred cause of justice, we may war to the knife, but we should pity the victim while we strike the blow. The sternest judge recognizes this principle in the case of the worst criminal, when, after sentence of death, he adds, "and may God have mercy on your soul!" Fear not those who kill the body, but fear those who poison the soul with mortal hate. The worst punishment my enemy can inflict upon me, is to make me hate him; for then he robs me of that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. A high moral conviction of duty loses nothing by association with human sympathy, but becomes more godlike by the union, and imparts far more steadiness to the nerve, strength to the muscle, and courage to the heart, than the mere blind impulse of brute passion. No man was more feared by his enemies, and no man possessed a nobler heart or broader sympathies, than George Washington.

Mind is mightier than matter. Ideas rule the world, and even grim lead and gunpowder become their obedient slaves. When a man strikes down his enemy on the field, it is not bone and muscle that do the work. Back of that bone and muscle is the electric nerve-power; back of that nerve-power is the brain which generated it; and back of that brain is the impalpable, but immortal idea which originated the blow, and directed the entire process. "Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just." One great, living idea acts like inspiration, and is stronger than a battery of rifled cannon. France, under the cohesive magic of Bonaparte's name, became fused into a perfect unit—one huge, gigantic man, beneath the tramp of whose feet Europe shook to her center.

My countrymen, we have a higher inspiration than France had under Bonaparte. The great, central idea that moves us is nobler than that of mere man-worship. It is the UNION OF THESE STATES, sanctified by the blood, by the struggles, by the sublime virtues and sacrifices of our fathers—that union which we recognize as the bounteous parent of all our present prosperity and blessed privileges, and the only hope of the millions yet unborn. Let us not descend from our high moral vantage ground of law and order, of constituted authority and popular liberty, to the low plane of mob-fury, or mere wanton violence. Although the stern necessities of war may compel us in some instances to depart from the established precedents of peace, yet, while holding the sword of justice in one hand, let us not lose hold of the olive branch of peace in the other. The thunder of no cannon should be loud enough to drown the "still, small voice" of Christian peace and brotherhood in our hearts.

Washington City, D. C.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

THE ADVANCE BY MOONLIGHT—THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT—ITS PROGRESS AND RESULT—HEROISM OF THE UNION SOLDIERY—THE VICTORY WON—FINAL CHARGE OF THE ENEMY—THE GREAT PANIC—THE DEFEAT AND ITS CAUSES.

WASHINGTON, Monday, July 21, 1861.

At 2 o'clock this morning, I arrived in Washington, having witnessed the great conflict near Manassas Junction, from beginning to end, and the gigantic rout and panic which broke up the Federal army at its close. I stayed near the action an hour or two later than my associates, in order to gather the final incidents of the day, and fully satisfy myself as to the nature and extent of the misfortune.

PROGRAMME OF THE ADVANCE.

On Friday, the day succeeding our repulse at Bull's Run, Major Barnard, topographical engineer of the general staff, escorted by Co. B of the Second Cavalry Regiment (under Lieut. Tompkins), made a wide reconnaissance of the country to the north, in order to examine the feasibility of turning the enemy's flank by a strategic movement in that direction. A route was discovered by which it appeared that such a measure might be successfully executed. In a letter on the defenses of Manassas Junction, I pointed out the different roads leading thitherward from Centreville. One—the most direct—is that passing through Thursday's battle field; another, further north, leading, to Warrenton, beyond the Manassas Gap Railroad. From the latter, a minor road, branching off still more to the north, was found to open to a fork half-way between Centreville and the Bull Run ravine. The road could be used for the rapid advance of men and artillery, preceded by a corps of sappers and miners. A plan was at once projected by Gen. McDowell for a decisive attack upon the enemy's line of defenses, to be made simultaneously by three advancing columns, from the several points of approach. The various division encampments were already advantageously located for the inception of such a movement, and orders were swiftly issued for the entire army to start at 6 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. It was afterward discovered that our stock of heavy ammunition embraced no more than nineteen rounds to each gun, and that we must need to Fairfax for a better supply. It was also thought advisable to have the army arrive in sight of the enemy at sunrise, and the first orders were accordingly countermanded and fresh ones issued, appointing 2 o'clock of the ensuing morning for the hour of leaving camp. Three days' rations were to be served out by the commissary, and the tents of each regiment to remain standing and under guard.

In the moonlight of the stillest hour of the night our force of 30,000 men began to move, in pursuance of the following arrangement for the advance. On the left, or southernmost road, the gallant Col. Richardson, be it remembered, had continued to hold the approach to the field where he fought so bravely on Thursday, his command consisting of the 4th Brigade of Tyler's Division, viz: the second and third Michigan, the first Mass., and the twelfth New York Regiments. It was rightly determined that those troops, if they fought at all, should be appositioned to ground of which they already had practical knowledge. Behind Richardson, and near Centreville, Col. Miles was to take up his position in reserve, with his entire First and Second Brigades. These included the Eighth (German Rifles) and Twenty-ninth New York regiments, the Garibaldi Guard and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania, the Sixteenth, Eighteenth, Thirty-first, and Thirty-second New York regiments, and the Company G (2d Artillery) battery—the one lately brought from Fort Pickens. Thus Richardson could call to his support, if necessary, a reserve of 7000 men, in addition to the 4000 with which he was instructed to hold his position, to prevent the enemy from moving on Centreville past our left, but not to make any attack. The centre, on the Warrenton road—commanded by Gen. Tyler, consisted of the First and Second Brigades of the Tyler Division, embracing the First and Second Ohio, and Second N. Y. regiments, under Gen. Schenck, and the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth and Thirtieth New York, and Second Wisconsin, under Colonel Sherman. Carlisle's, Rickett's and Ayre's batteries accompanied this important column, which numbered 6000 men, and which was supported in the rear by the Third Tyler brigade, under Colonel Keyes, consisting of the First, Second and Third Connecticut regiments, and the Fourth Maine—a force of 3000, available at a moment's call. On the extreme right Col. Hunter took the lead, with two

brigades of his division, viz: the Eighth and Fourteenth N. Y. regiments under Col. Porter, with a battalion of the Second, Third and Eighth Regular Infantry, a portion of the Second Cavalry, and the Fifth Artillery Battery, under Col. Burnside; the First and Second Ohio, the Seventy-first New York, and two New Hampshire regiments, with the renowned Rhode Island Battery. After Hunter's followed Col. Hentzschell's Division, including the First and Fifth Massachusetts and the First Minnesota regiments, with a cavalry company and a battery, all under Col. Franklin, and the Second, Fourth and Fifth Maine and Second Vermont regiment under Col. Howard. To about 14,000 men was thus entrusted the difficult and most essential labor of turning the enemy by a circuitous movement on the right, and these troops, as it eventuated, were to experience the larger part of the sanguinary fighting of the day.

On the night preceding the battle Gen. Cameron visited the camp, reviewed the Third Tyler Brigade, passed a few hours with Gen. McDowell, and then left for Washington, in spirits depressed by no premonition of the disaster which was to befall our arms, and the private grief which would add a deeper sorrow to the feelings he now experiences. After midnight a carriage was placed at Gen. McDowell's tent which was to bear him to the scene of action. In order to be ready to move with the army, I went down to the familiar quarters of Lieut. Tompkins, whose company was attached to the General's escort, and there slept an hour while our horses ate the only forage they were to have for a day and a half. At 2 o'clock we were awakened; the army had commenced to move.

THE BATTLE.

From the point where the road slopes down to a protected ravine we caught the first glimpse of the enemy. A line of infantry were drawn up across a meadow in the extreme distance resting close upon woods behind them. We could see the reflection of their bayonets, and their regular disposition showed them expectant of an attack. After a moment's inspection General Tyler ordered Carlisle to advance with his battery to the front, and here one could think of nothing but Milton's line—

"Vanguard! to right and left in front unfold."

The ancient order for the disposition of advance ranks is still in military usage. For the second and third Tyler brigades under Schenck, were at once formed in line of battle in the woods on either side—the First Ohio, Second Wisconsin, Seventy-ninth, Thirtieth and Sixty-ninth New York Regiments succeeding each other on the right, and the Second Ohio and Second New York being similarly placed on the left, while the artillery came down the road between. A great 32-pound rifled Parrot gun—the only one of its calibre in our field service—was brought forward, made to bear on the point where we had just seen the enemy (for the bayonets suddenly disappeared in the woods behind), and a shell was fired at 615 A. M. which burst in the air; but the report of the piece awoke the country for leagues around to a sense of what was to be the order of the day. The reverberation was tremendous, shaking through the hills like the volley of a dozen pebbles, cannon, and the roar of the revolving shell undecipherable. Throughout the battle that gun, whenever it was fired, seemed to hush and overpower everything else. We waited a moment for an answering salute, but receiving none, sent the second shell at a hill-top, two miles off, where we suspected that a battery had been planted by the rebels. The bomb burst like an echo close at the intended point, but still no answer came, and Gen. Tyler ordered Carlisle to cease firing, and bring the rest of his battery to the front of the woods and our column, ready for instant action. It was now 7 o'clock. For half an hour but little more was done; then skirmishers were deployed into the forest on each side, in order to discover the whereabouts of our nearest foes.

Before us lay a rolling and comparatively open country, but with several hills and groves cutting off any extended view. In the western distance on the left, we could see the outskirts of Manassas Junction. The woods at whose edge our line of battle formed, extended half around the open fields in a kind of semicircle, and it was into the arms of this crescent that our skirmishers advanced. Soon we began to hear random shots exchanged in the thicket on the left, which proved the existence of an enemy in that direction. At the same time, a scout on the right captured a negro native, who was led to the General, shaking with fear and anxious to impart such information as he had. Through him we learned that the rebels were quartered among the woods on the right and left, and in the groves in the open country; that they had erected a battery on a distant hill, and had kept him at work for three days, assisting to fell trees, so that a clear range of the road we occupied, could be obtained. By this time our scouts reported the enemy in some force on the left. Two or three Ohio skirmishers had been killed. Carlisle's battery was sent to the front of the woods on the right, where it could be brought to play where needed. A few shells were thrown into the opposite thicket, and then the Second Ohio and Second New York marched down to rout out the enemy. In ten minutes their musketry was heard, and then a heavy cannonade answered. They had, without doubt, fallen upon a battery in the bushes. For a quarter of an hour their firing continued, when they came out in good order, confirming our surmises. After advancing a furlong they saw the enemy, who exchanged their fire and retired through the forest. Suddenly, from a different direction, a voice was heard, exclaiming: "Now, you Yankee devils, we've got you where we want you!" and several heavy guns were opened upon them with such effect, that Schenck finally ordered them to retire, which they did in perfect order.

A few dead and wounded began to be brought in, and the battle of Manassas had begun. Carlisle's howitzers and the great rifled guns were opened in the direction of the battery, which answered promptly, and a brief, but terrific cannonade ensued. In less than half an hour the enemy's guns were silenced, two of Carlisle's howitzers advancing through the woods to gain a closer position. But a fatal error was here made, as I thought, by Gen. Tyler, in not ordering in a division to drive out the four rebel regiments stationed behind the battery, and to seize its eight guns. Through some inexplicable fatuity he seemed to assume that when a battery was silenced it was conquered, and there it remained, with its defenders, unheard from and unthought of until the latter portion of the day, when it formed one cause of our final defeat. It is actually a fact that while our whole forces were pushed along the right to a co-operation with Hunter's flanking column, and a distance of miles in advance, this position on the left, close to the scene of the commencement of the fight, and just in front of all our trains and ammunition wagons—a position chosen by all spectators as the most secure—was, through the day, within five minutes' reach of a concealed force of Infantry and a battery which had only ten "silenced." No force was stationed to guard the rear of our left flank. It was near this very point, and with the assistance of this very infantry, that the enemy's final charge was made, which created such irretrievable confusion and dismay. And after the first few hours no officer could be found in this vicinity to pay any attention to its security. All had gone forward to follow the line of contest. Meantime, Richardson, on the extreme left, could not content himself with "maintaining his position," for we heard occasional discharges from two of his guns. However, he took no other part in the action than by shelling the forces of the enemy which were sent rapidly from this vicinity to the immediate point of contest.

From the hill behind we could see long columns advancing, and at first thought they were Richardson's men moving on Bull's Run, but soon discovered their true character. Indeed, from every southward point the enemy's reinforcements began to pour in by thousands. Great clouds of dust rose from the distant roads. A person who ascended a lofty tree could see the continual arrival of cars at the nearest point on the Manassas Railroad, with hosts of soldiers, who formed in solid squares and moved swiftly forward to join in the contest. The whistle of the locomotive was plainly audible to those in our advance. It is believed that at least 50,000 were added during the day to the 30,000 rebels opposed to us at the onset. It was hard for our noble fellows to withstand these incessant reinforcements, but some of our regiments whipped several corps opposed to

them in quick succession, and whenever our forces, fresh or tired, met the enemy in open field, they made short work of the opposition. At 10 1/2 A. M. Hunter was heard from on the extreme right. He had previously sent a courier to Gen. McDowell, reporting that he had safely crossed the Run. The General was lying on the ground, having been ill during the night, but at once mounted his horse and rode on to join the column on which so much depended. From the neighborhood of Sudley Church he saw the enemy's left in battle array, and at once advanced upon them with the Fourteenth New York and a battalion of regular Infantry—Col. Hunter ordering up the stalwart Rhode Island regiments, ordered by that model of the American volunteer—Burnside—the Second New Hampshire, and our own finely disciplined Seventy-first.

Governor Sprague himself directed the movements of the Rhode Island Brigade, and was conspicuous through the day for gallantry. The enemy were found in heavy numbers opposite this unexcelled division of our army, and greeted it with shell and long volleys of battalion firing as it advanced. But on it went, and a fierce conflict ensued in the northern battle-ground. As soon as Hunter was thus discovered to be making his way on the flank, Gen. Tyler sent forward the right wing of his column to co-operate, and a grand force was thus brought to bear most effectively on the enemy's left and centre. The famous Irish Regiment, 1600 strong, who have had so much of the hard digging to perform, claimed the honor of a share in the hard fighting, and led the van in Tyler's attack, followed by the Seventy-ninth (Highlanders) and Thirtieth New York, and the Second Wisconsin. It was a brave sight—that rush of the Sixty-ninth into the death-struggle! With such cheers as those which won the battles in the Peninsula, with a quick step at first, and then a double quick, and at last a run, they dashed forward and along the edge of the extended forest. Coats and knapsacks were thrown to either side, that nothing might impede their work, but we knew that no guns would slip from the hands of those determined fellows, even if dying agonies were needed to close them with a firmer grasp. As the line swept along, Meagher galloped toward the head, crying: "Come on boys! you've got your chance at last!" I have not since seen you, but hear that he fought magnificently, and is wounded. Tyler's forces thus moved forward for half a mile, describing quite one fourth of a circle on the right, until they met a division of the enemy, and of course, a battery of the enemy's most approved pattern.

THE HEAT OF THE CONTEST.

It was noon, and now the battle commenced in the fierceness of its most extended fury. The batteries on the distant hill began to play upon our own, and upon our advancing troops, with hot and thunderous effect. Carlisle answered for us, and Sherman for Hunter's Division, while the great 32-pounder addressed itself resistlessly to the alternate defenses of the foe. The noise of the cannonading was deafening and continuous. Conversely to the custom of the former engagements, it completely drowned, in this period, the volleys of the musketry and riflemen. As the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-ninth wound round the meadows to the north of this hill, and began to cross the road, apparently with the intention of scaling it, we saw a column coming down from the further perspective, and for a moment believed it to be a portion of Hunter's Division, and that it had succeeded in completely turning the enemy's rear. A wild shout rose from us all; but soon the lookouts saw that its ensigns bore secession banners, and we knew that Johnston or some other rebel general was leading a horde of fresh troops against our united right and centre. It was time for more regiments to be sent forward. Hunter was ordered to advance with the 1st Tyler brigade. The three Connecticut regiments, and the Fourth Maine came on with a will; the First Connecticut was posted in reserve, and the other three corps swept up the field, by the ford on the right, to aid the struggling advance. All eyes were now directed to the distant hill-top, now the centre of the fight. All could see the enemy's infantry ranging darkly against the sky beyond, and the first lines of our men moving with fine determination to the attack, and upon our flanking upon our advance, the struggle upon the hill-top, the interchange of position between the contestants, were watched by us, and as new forces rushed in upon the enemy's side the scene was repeated over and over again. It must have been here, I think, that the Sixty-ninth took and lost a battery eight times in succession, and finally were ordered to advance, and to resign the completion of their work to the Connecticut regiments which had just come up. The Third Connecticut finally carried that summit, unfurled the stars and stripes above it, and paused from the fight to cheer for the Union cause.

Then the battle began to work down the returning half of the circle, which the enemy described during the day, driven before the desperate charges of our troops, until they reached the very point where Tyler's advance commenced the action. Down the hill, and into the valley thickets on the left, the Zouaves, the Connecticut and New York regiments, with the unconquerable Rhode Islanders, drove the continually enlarging but always vanquished columns of the enemy. It was only to meet more batteries, earthwork succeeding earthwork, and making our advance. Our fellows were hot and weary; most had drunk no water during hours of dust and smoke and insufferable heat. No one knows what choking the battle atmosphere produces in a few moments until he has personally experienced it. And so the conflict lulled for a little while. It was the middle of a blazing afternoon. Our regiments held the positions they had won, but the enemy kept receiving reinforcements, and continuing a flank movement toward our left—a dangerous movement for us—a movement which the rebels in the rear perceived, and vainly endeavored to induce some general officer to guard against. Here was the grand blunder or misfortune of the battle.

At this time, near four o'clock, I rode forward through the open plain to the creek where the abatis was being assailed by our engineers. The Ohio, Connecticut and Minnesota regiments were variously posted thereabout; others were in distant portions of the field; all were completely exhausted and partly disordered; no general of division, except Tyler, could be found. Where were our officers? Where was the foe? Who knew whether we had won or lost? The question was quickly to be decided. A sudden swoop, and a body of cavalry rushed down our columns near the bridge. They came from the woods on the left, and infantry poured out behind them. Tyler and his staff, with the reserve, were apparently cut off by the quick manoeuvre. I succeeded in gaining the position I had just left, there witnessed the capture of Carlisle's battery in the plain, and saw another force of cavalry and infantry pouring into the road south to accelerate their flight, and grain, and wheat, and which the South Carolinians, who manned the battery silenced in the morning, had doubtless all day been lying concealed. The ambulances and wagons had gradually advanced to this spot, and of course an instantaneous confusion and dismay resulted. Our own infantry broke ranks in the field, plunged into the woods to avoid the road, and got up the hill as best they could, without leaders, every man saving himself in his own way. By the time I reached the top of the hill, the retreat, the panic, the hideous headlong confusion, were now beyond a hope. I was near the rear of the movement, with the brave Capt. Alexander, who endeavored by the most gallant but unavailable exertions to check the onward tumult. It was difficult to believe in the reality of our sudden reverse. "What does it all mean?" "It means defeat," "It means defeat," "We are beaten," "It is a shameful—a cowardly retreat!"

Who ever saw such a flight? Could the retreat at Borodino have exceeded it in confusion and tumult? I think not. It did not slack in the least until Centreville was reached. There the sight of the reserve—Miles' Brigade—formed in order on the hill, seemed somewhat to reassure us. But still the teams and foot soldiers pushed on, passing their own camps and heading swiftly for the distant Potomac, until for ten miles the road over which the grand army had so lately passed southward, gay with unstained banners, and flushed with surely of strength, was covered with the fragments of its retreating force, shattered and panic-stricken, in a single day. The route of the retreating train, and had it not been for the timely aid of Hunter's Division had caught the contagion of the flight, and poured into its already swollen current another turbid flood of confusion and dismay. Whoever saw a more shameful abandonment of munitions gathered at such vast expense? The teamsters, many of them, cut the traces of their horses, and galloped from the wagons. Others threw their loads to accelerate their flight, and grain, pick, and shovels, and provisions of every kind lay trampled in the dust for leagues. Thousands of muskets strewn the route; when some of us succeeded in rallying a body of fugitives, and forming them in a line across the road, hardly one but had thrown away his arms. If the enemy had brought up his artillery and served it upon the retreating train, it had not been long before the route of the panic, the rout of the Federal army, seemed complete.—*Cor. N. Y. World.*