

NO. 25.

BY ALEXANDER T. HATHAWAY.

...and using violence, equipped as

was in her brigand's dress, in his arms, went through the whole story to her. He first narrated to her the mode in which the deed had been practiced, and how Nancie alone had kept the momentous secret. And, with his eyes brimming with tears, he told by what an accident the mistake had been discovered, and the life of his own son had been saved, as by a chance, from the axe of the headman. Before he showed her the package, however, which had been so carefully preserved by the old nurse Nancie, he questioned her closely in reference to the object for which she had taken up arms against Venice.

"That I might in some degree avenge the murder of him I loved—yes, of your own son!" was her answer.

"But he was not beheaded."

"How did I know that he was not? I was myself an exile. I had voluntarily estranged myself from Venice forever!"

"What a sudden resolution it was!"

"Yes," said she, "indeed it was; but not, therefore, unfortunate. I am now restored to Bando!"

"No, no, indeed, Viola," he replied, though the words cost him a pang.

"But why not? Why not restored?"

"You are a prisoner! a traitor to Venice! a brigand and an outlaw!"

Viola was lost in thought. After a moment she raised her head, and answered:

"But I shall be happy, then, to lay my head on the block where he laid his!"

The Doge was deeply troubled.

"I will send for Bando," said he.

"Is Bando near?" she anxiously asked.

"In the palace."

"Oh, send for him, then, at once! Pray, send for him now!"

The Doge rang an attendant, and gave him the necessary order.

Bando in another moment stood before them. Of this encounter, the day before, between the soldier and his former band of followers, he had not heard a word, and of course he was expecting to meet none of them in the chamber; but the moment he glanced at the uniform of the person present, he involuntarily started. Instinctively he approached Viola, supposing, from her dress, that she was a man; but as soon as she lifted her blue eyes to his, he took her in his arms, with a wild cry of—"Viola! my own Viola! It is—she is she!"

"Yes, Bando," she gently replied, "I am indeed your own Viola." And she wept with the excess of her emotion.

"But whence came you?" he asked.

"No time now for explanations!" interrupted the Doge. "I will tell you all that is necessary for you to know. Viola was taken yesterday, while leading your followers against the soldiers of the State."

"Viola!" exclaimed he, gazing into her face in astonishment.

"She was the only prisoner taken, and thus early have I sent for her, not knowing that she could be the one I had so tenderly brought up as my daughter!"

"Nor sent to a convent?" added Viola.

The Doge was sorrowful with thinking of that.

"But now I have you both here," said he, I must let Viola into the fortune that is in store for her, provided she escapes the block."

"For me?"

He answered only by producing the packet left by old Nancie.

Viola was overwhelmed with astonishment. She could hardly believe herself. A moment she looked thoughtfully upon the floor, and then said:

"But of what service is all this to me? I must go to the headsman!"

"Fly, then! Fly at once, both of you!" broke forth the Doge. "I will explain all to the council! Fly out of their reach, before they know of your arrest! Fly to your new home with Viola, in Sicily, and may God above make you happy! Long and faithfully have you loved each other; it would be wronging nature herself to separate two such hearts! Once more, before you leave me, let me embrace you both. There—now fly for your lives from Venice and all that it holds!"

Embracing them, they hastily left the chamber. They proceeded to clothe themselves in complete disguise, and to place themselves beyond the reach of their cruel enemies.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE SLAVES?

BY ENOLA.

Why has so much distinction ever been
Twixt black of heart and scarce more black of skin?
Why do men call for justice, and yet dare
To barter for a brother's soul? They share
Like feelings with us all; like love, like hate,
Like strife against oppression's cruel fate.

The worm will turn at last upon the foot
That to its very life an end would put
And God hath made these men. How then shall we
Defy His laws which constitute them free,
And bind them low with iron chain and will?
Out crying when they struggle: "Peace! be still."

We can no longer crush them! Time has come
When from their humble, far off southern home,
The long, sad wall of bondage must arise
And pierce the cloud-wreaths of our northern skies;
Shall we prove false to this latest trust?
And to ourselves be generous more than just?

Forbid it, law of universal Right!
Forbid it, O, Columbia; in thy might!
If Africa's sons, perforce, must seek thy soil,
Must bear thy burdens and must share thy toil,
Let earth's few simplest boons their dark lot bless,
Life, Liberty and quest of Happiness.

No institution claims indulgence now;
The brand of Cain is on the Master's brow.
Columbia cleanse thy tri-hued robe to-day,
Wash its one darkest, foulest stain away,
Let it deserve the name on land and sea,
Let long has scorn with pride: Flag of the Free!

And when again thy star-gemmed banner falls
In peace and safety on thy outer walls,
Remember, meekly, to what wondrous proven throne
Thy strength has to the world been proven thrice.
Honors may be lonely when the war is done,
Honors may ache sadly o'er each victory won.
Yet, brave Columbia, the thought will rise,
Thou art the freest land beneath the skies!

Be careful of your word, even in keeping the most trifling appointment. But do not blame another for a failure of that kind till you have heard his explanation.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Forty years ago, Nora Kellogg was a child of ten summers. Endowed with strong feelings and acute sensibilities, yet compelled to confine them within her own bosom, and fashion every word and action by the strictest Puritanic rules of the Bluest State in New England, her life was peculiarly sad and lonely. While performing her daily task of knitting the length of her grandfather's finger, on his long stocking, or sewing the seam in a linen sheet, from the web woven by her mother's hand, her thoughts, having few external objects of interest upon which to dwell, were often introverted, with a morbid intensity.

Everything in the large old-fashioned mansion was plain, antique and angular. The straight-backed chairs were placed primly against the dark wainscoting of the rooms, and the small looking-glass hung at a precise angle from the wall. The tick, tick, tick of the tall, straight clock in the corner, alone disturbed the profound silence, unless we take note of the flies that presumed to buzz in through the bright sunshine that came in through the open windows upon the nicely sanded floor.

Without, everything was alike stiff and destitute of adornment, except where the old elm tree in front waved its mighty arms proudly and patronizingly over the dark, steep roof; the rich green grass dotted here and there with dandelions, ventured to peep forth at its base, and the little flower-garden of pinks, maryolds, and ragged ladies, in the back yard, rejoiced in the protecting care of her grandmother.

Nora had laughing blue eyes, and rosy cheeks that would have been kissed by the ringlets into which her light brown hair persisted in forming itself, had not her mother conscientiously combed it back, and plaiting it into one close braid, tied the end to the crown of her head with a brown ribbon. Her dress was invariably of a gray or sombre hue, and made in the plainest manner; for she was taught that gay or lively colors, and the relief of a ruffle or bow were means by which the Devil used to lead wicked hearts, like hers, still further on in the road to perdition. Thus her love for the beautiful, receiving no aliment, was daily starved.

One Sabbath morning, when she was about six years of age, her mother, to her great delight, arrayed her in a new dress, having a tiny blue sprig on its drab ground. Their home being near the meeting house, the minister not unfrequently called to spend the interval between morning and afternoon services, in secret meditation and prayer in the "parlor chamber." On this day, meeting her as he was returning from that room, and noticing the new dress, he placed his hand upon her head, and said, in a severe tone of voice: "Little girl, are you proud?" Had she indeed been so, this reproach, from one whom she looked upon with the greatest reverence and awe, as a viceroy of the Great God, and incapable of doing or saying anything wrong, would have been altogether too great a punishment for the sin. Her sensitive nature was outraged and crushed. She felt as if all the world saw and upbraided her for being a vain, silly, and wicked child. With tears in her eyes, and her head bowed in humiliation and disgrace, she laid aside the pretty dress, and never was pleased or happy in wearing it again.

Her warm and affectionate nature had few living objects to which to attach itself. The one "bosky cat" and little chickens that invariably made their appearance with the sweet spring sunshine, were welcomed by her with an intensity of delight, of which children of the present day, favored as they are with a thousand objects of amusement, could scarcely imagine. But even these simple pleasures were of short duration. In five or six weeks her darling Bossey would disappear from the corner of the barn-floor, where he had been tied, delighting her every day with his antics, and permitting her to pat his head, and smooth his soft sides, and she would be sent crying from the table, when she ascertained he was being served up in the form of a pot-pie, for dinner; while the chickens, growing large, strong and wild, could no longer be coddled into her little hands, or carried in her bosom. Often had she pleaded for a kitten. But, no; the one large, black cat, cross and snappish as he was, was sufficient to keep the mice away, and to have another, for mere amusement, would be a folly and wickedness. Her movements were closely watched, and no rag-baby, broken crockery, or such like vanities and nonsense were permitted to take her precious time from work, secret prayer, or reading the Bible and Catechism.

The parents and grandparents, living together in the same house, denied themselves every pleasure of life, from principle, believing that the gratification of the most innocent desire, unless it was one absolutely necessary to life, was removing some of the armor by which they were defended against the darts of the great enemy of souls, and, as it were, inviting an attack from him. This idea, early inculcated, had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, until it overshadowed and dwarfed almost every other. Natural affection, even, was looked upon by them with a suspicious eye, as a means by which he, the great God Diabolus, would entice them into idleness; or, at least, draw away a portion of their attention and homage from the still greater and more dreadful God, Jehovah, to whom it exclusively belonged, and who would then visit them in his jealous wrath, and chasten them in his sore displeasure for such enormous wickedness, even if he did not send them immediately to everlasting torments.

And so poor little Nora grew up in an atmosphere whose coldness would have paralyzed her inner being, had she not possessed a fountain of love that could not, by any means, be frozen or dried. One day, while standing on the steps leading into the house, her father, entering, stooped down and kissed her. Startled and blushing, she ran into the garden, and behind the currant bushes, where she often sought to hide herself from others. There, seated on the grass, she whispered to the buttercups and sweet cloverheads in a tumult of delight: "Father kissed me! Father kissed me!" Often did she afterwards look up at him with wistful, longing eyes, wondering if he would ever repeat that blissful demonstration. But not he never seemed to see her again, and that one kiss, the first and the last she ever remembered receiving from him, was treasured in her thoughts as a precious pearl, a fragrant, undying flower.

Carefully secluded from the society of children, lest she should learn of them something evil, she was left to her own thoughts, and to the influence of the Bible and Catechism. In thought or action, she was occasionally permitted to visit an old woman in the neighborhood. Her parents, while she was a child, were a storehouse, where had accumulated every wild tradition from the dark ages to that present time, and nothing delighted her more than to fascinate her young auditor from its abundance. As Nora hurried home in the twilight, she would see a witch in every elder-bush or corner of the fence, ready, with bridle in hand, to change her to a horse, on which to ride to the infernal regions; or a "raw head and bloody bones" would stare her in the face with fiendish laugh and diabolical clatter. On going to bed at night, after saying "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," she would repeat, as a kind of a charm, the words—"I guess I shan't dream bad to-night. I guess I shan't, guess I shan't," and thus drop into a fitful slumber. But in spite of the simple spell, this lonely child invented in her misery, the frightful dreams would come, and she be awakened, time and again, trembling with fear, only to see another hideous monster of colossal proportions, in the darkness before her. For more than two years she had no peace, day or night. Whether alone, or in the presence of others, these fearful phantoms of an excited imagination tormented her to that degree, that, young as she was, she grew weary of life, and would fain have been lost in annihilation.

Besides this, her mind was filled with superstitious fears of Death, with all its nameless horrors. He had been represented to her as a skeleton, rattling his dry bones with a diabolical glee, and "grimacing horribly a ghastly smile," as his icy hand felt for the heart-strings of his helpless victims; and the signs of his approach were multiplied in her pathway. Her grandmother would come from her bedroom in the morning, with a solemn face, and mournful voice, saying:

"Ah, children! There will be a death in the family before long, for I dreamed last night, that a grey mare bit my elbow."

If a wood tick was heard in any of the walls of that large old mansion, it was a "death watch" for some one. If a whippoorwill sang his pathetic ditty from door-step, or window-seat, every one stood aghast with fear. Salt sprinkled upon the table; the blossoming of an apple-tree in September, or the sight of a gray spider, were certain forebodings of grievous calamity, if not of death.

But at length, all these gradually faded away before a new, and even greater terror. An Evangelist, as he was called, Mr. D., came into the vicinity, and his mission and style of preaching being something new in those early days, multitudes flocked to hear him. Tall, gaunt and sallow, with black hair, and bushy eyebrows overhanging deep, piercing, and magnetic eyes, he poured forth a stream of language, replete with graphic figures, and startling similes. His audience listened breathlessly, with open mouths, and completely fascinated, yielded themselves to his magic power. The "anxious seat" was nightly crowded with trembling, terrified souls, eager to "see from the wrath of God" that had been so fearfully and vividly portrayed; while the few who yet stood aloof, were subjected to volleys of denunciation and anathemas, which it was morally impossible for them much longer to withstand.

In the midst of all this, poor little Nora, with her nervous system already exalted to a fearful degree, moved as if in a horrid dream. Ever before her, she saw a yawning gulf, where fiery billows madly rolled and roared, and in which devils damned were with pitchforks tossing the writhing, shrieking victims of the wrath of God still further upon the ignominious crests; while "that awful God" himself stood above, with outstretched arms, holding impatient sinners by one brittle thread, ready, at any moment, to let them also drop into the boiling fiery furnace. The phrase, "hair-hung, and breast-shaken over the flames of hell," superseded, in her imagination, the "raw head and bloody bones" of former days, and the reign of terror over this poor child was complete.

Outwardly benumbed, paralyzed, as it were, by its influence, she silently shrank away from notice, only to be drawn from her place of concealment, and cabined and reprimanded without stint or mercy. When Mr. D. visited the house, which he frequently did, she was an object of his particular attention. In the presence of her parents and grandparents, who were apparently approving spectators, he outraged her feelings to the finest fibre of her being, by questions, rebukes, denunciations, and, to cap the climax, by praying God to "stay" his "insulted spirit," and give her one more opportunity to escape from the damnation of hell. Law's Serious Call to the Unconverted, Ailene's Alarm, and accounts of the dreadful death-bed experiences of infidels, were put into her hands for perusal, and "Stop, poor sinner! stop, and think!" "That dreadful day will surely come!" and other songs of a like character, were sung for her especial benefit.

One evening, while Mr. D. to a crowded house was depicting in glowing language the tortures of the damned, her nervous system yielded to the terrible excitement it had so long endured, and with a rapid succession of piercing screams, she was carried home. There she was mercifully confined by a nervous fever, till Mr. D. had left the town, and the religious excitement partially subsided.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch, no exaggeration, but a plain, unvarnished tale of truth. A fear of God; a fear of the devil; a fear of hell; a fear of death; and a fear of ghosts and witches, made Nora Kellogg old in misery, while yet in her first decade.

And here was not an isolated case, though it may have been an extreme one. Men and women in those days, not only lived "real," "earnest" lives, but with an austerity, born of the one absorbing desire to save their souls from hell, they trampled upon every flower in their pathway, as if it had been a venomous serpent, and armed themselves against every innocent pleasure, as if it had been a dart in the hand of Apollyon.

Let us thank God that our children have no experience of this grievous bondage; that the sunlight of truth has dispersed the darkness, and ignorance, and superstitious terrors of the past, and our darling ones may now revel, unchoked by tormenting fears, in the love and beauty and bliss of a New Dispensation.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1862.

An old man, when dangerously sick, was urged to take advice of a doctor, but objected, saying, "I wish to die a natural death."

Original Essays.

DR. CHILD AND HIS "ABC OF LIFE."

MR. EDITOR—Will you allow me space for a thought or two, concerning this somewhat remarkable book. It is remarkable in more senses than one. It was born of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism should not get frightened at it.

The boldness and breadth of generalization the author brings to his book, entitle him to a place among thinkers and reformers. He is not endeavoring to prove theorems, but to announce truths, and we care nothing for his method, if his result is right.

He first startles, then confounds, then convinces. It is hardly to be looked for, that a man shall speak truth and not be critical. He is the sharpest critic who conceals his weapons; the bloodiest General who writes the best laws.

If Emerson says things more classically, our author says them more directly. He sees a wide difference between profundity and fog. There is not wanting in his book what can feed the most particular saint, there are not wanting texts for half a year, nor is there wanting a passage that would have hung a man a century ago. His book is a magazine of explosive material which mere novices may fire to their hurt. He says in paragraph 118, that "gun-houses are the thunderbolt of the Church." Now I submit to the A B C, that paragraph 118 is a little critical.

Imagine a man throwing a bombshell into his neighbor's meeting-house, and then coolly saying, Sir, be quiet; if you criticize me, you will be the incendiary.

He says, (paragraph 114), that judges beckon justice, and wave it back by the hand. He says there is war in the Church, and fraud in the Court House, but disclaims any intention of criticizing those institutions.

He often cuts with smooth edge, but never in the spirit of wrath. Brutus said to the conspirators against Caesar:

"Let's cut and carve him as a dish fit for the gods, not black and hew him as a carcass fit for hounds."

Thus, all assassinations of creeds and laws should approach their subjects. If our critics will carve out truth, let them hew, no matter in whose face fly the chips. All things are critical. Where there are things that do not look alike, each is critic to the other. His thoughts are arrows sped on the errand of reform. His words are not the best, and you have to take his thoughts from them. But the best words would make his thoughts ashamed of them. The best thoughts wear the meekest words.

He makes no attempt at rhetoric, deals but little in metaphor, and for the most part is the commonest Saxon. The idea is always before you, "whatever is, is right." This is the center of the Doctor's system of philosophy, and a center from which good philosophy will not soon slip.

He tells us a man is generally what he declares against; that a critic is a man who makes himself a fool by calling somebody else so. He fires a chance shot, but hits and wounds none the less surely, and where his arrow finds a crevice, it sticks. Modern public opinion has not yet consulted the Doctors and the D.D.s, but Modern Orthodoxy is sure that it is a most pestilent heresy. And no wonder. If an Orthodox saint should be stripped to his spiritual skin, and made to walk through our author's book, he would think himself going through the Book of Revelations, with this difference, that in the A B C, there would be an excess of lightning and smoke. His book is a "creed crusher," wrapped in velvet, and the way through it is exceedingly small. If you should put a spirit through it as you would a block through a machine, you would tear every limb from his body. He is not an apologist of evil; no man feels more than he the force of moral conviction, and no man damns sin with a better grace.

There is a warm and broad charity running through his book; but if "whatever is, is right," what room for charity? He writes chiefly from feeling, and there is in all he says the tinge of a generous passion. In the light of this charity, one-half the clouds that haunt his intellectual atmosphere are dispelled.

As a critic, there is no method in his attack—he takes you at random; and though you may be a practised wrestler, he will throw you. He scorns names and titles, and yet has the audacity to put "M. D." upon his title page, and then refers us to another book he wrote, as if what he said yesterday has anything to do with what he says to-day. He thinks war is a great evil, and tells the churchman that his meeting-house and the gunhouse are on a dead level. He has his way of getting sin out of the world. There are some reformers who make every word they speak a wound, and every sentence a pack of hounds, and with these hounds chase evil out of the world. Our author is not one of these. With him an ounce of love is mightier than globes of wrath like this. There is nothing novel in this method, and he quite plausibly accredits it to Christ.

He insults philosophy, but also is not smart enough to take the hint. He does not admit science into so much as the suburbs of his aerial city. He pulls religion from its proud height as remorselessly as he would crush a mosquito.

There is no mere self in the book, he has not said I once, and it is a rare thing for a man to write a book or make a speech and not say I. Logic, the oldest-faced thing in Nature, smiles at his book; but the man who can weigh intuition upon logic, can get the weight of an argument upon Fairbanks's scales. The truth that comes from logic, comes in squares; that that comes from passion comes in curves. Our author throws off curves. He flashes sometimes, and you see only a rocket, and anon there is a deep exploded thunder. His book can do no harm to the rebellant. A man there would be as likely to be struck by it as by lightning.

His style has a little airing of the dogmatic, but not too much. He never says it seems, but it is; This is an infirmity in error, but a power in truth. Self-conscious truth is the very soul of will and action. What he feels the power of within him never equivocates, in words. Truth shows itself in the power of statement, so truth is dogmatic, earnestness is dogmatic, science is dogmatic, and theology is dogmatic in the solid. But ministers find it difficult to practice what they preach, and more difficult to preach what they practice. Tertullian said, the more absurd a thing is in philosophy, the more credible it is in religion. If Tertullian was right, our author is not far in the wrong. What is more absurd in philosophy, than that vice and virtue

are equally good? And they must be, if they are right; yet how credible an idea when it is transposed!

The Doctor aims at sin, not the sinner; but it jumps out that the sin is in the sinner. He does not say fight, but only pulls the dogs' ears. He is third-handed from the devil, backing up the backs, and he can do more service there than elsewhere.

Everything a man has, his infirmity; genius, wit, love, have their sicknesses. When criticism is an infirmity of bad digestion, it is spur and gally; but when it comes from excess of nerve and good naturedness, it is strong and fragrant of the truth. When a man treads on a serpent, it is not that particular snake he hates, it is malice; he abhors, whether it creeps or walks, and it is this that criticism puts its heel on.

I do not quite agree with his theology. He says the soul is self-existent. He says also that vice inheres in the spirit, (paragraph 262). In 264 he says "virtuous and vicious" are adjectives, and these are describing words—they describe qualities of spirit, for nobody can conceive of a vicious foot or finger. The vice is in the mind; the organs are its instruments.

A man cannot keep himself out of his book any more than out of his daguerotype. There is doubtless some spiritual anatomist that can take paragraph 81, and build the doctor and his book from it, as Cuvier would build an animal from a bone. His book is a plea for sinners, not for sin. There is in it no joke or anecdote. He comes not in the guise of polished rhetoric, nor in the odor of offensive language, but in the air of a blunt honesty, and with a charity and a moral power that lifts us quite above the common view of things.

The highest truth is nature's paradox. Every time she whirls the globe she makes our senses give the lie to our philosophy. There is a vein of charitable satire running through his book—a sort of irony mixed of pity and indifference. He believes a man is just as free as his circumstances. He bids the gate of paradise open at our groans. Suffering carries us to the gate, and love bids us enter. If hell lies between us and heaven, then when we are nearest hell, we are nearest heaven. He throws the mantle of charity over prostitution, not as an apology for animal license, but as a recognition of the law of discipline, and the law of salvation. He believes the democracy of action consistent with the despotism of law. He does not attempt to untie the gordian knot of Providence, but cuts it with great coolness. He sees creeds, forms, customs, faiths, religions tumble about him in ruins, but he sees no chaos. When his intuition builds a paradox, it builds the law for it, and so nothing falls into his mind out of joint.

A man throws off his own image, and then looks at it; and a riotous mind will give the rickets to his Providence. "It is our passion that angers God. His explanation of Providence is law; his explanation of law is justice, and his explanation of justice is God."

He does not deny merit, any more than he denies distinctions. Nature is not a dead level, but life is laid up in tiers, one above another, and the ground tier is nearest the top. He is the "Marco Polo," whose travels and hints will suggest to some philosophers Columbus a new world.

His book is the handsomest vindication of God that has yet appeared. He has been on trial since the world began by Egyptian, Greek, Hebrew, and Christian, and this is the first and only court before which he has been acquitted. They have called the devil to the stand, and he has testified with marvellous uniformity and directness; but this devil vanishes before the summons of our sheriff, into a myth. By this theory the devil is dead, and the burial of his majesty will be the funeral of the church. When evil falls, what stands that man has built? It quits the core from the moral world, and takes plith and marrow from institution, law and religion. Evil holds our society together as the air holds a barrel. Withdraw the air, and you have staves and hoops, but no barrel. To destroy institutions is to extract the wind from empty casks, and let them fall in, and for this purpose our author's book is an "evil" air extractor.

The devil is in all religions. He is in Calvinism as gravitation is in a stone, to give it weight.

Our author is a poet in the high sense, and plucks an angel by the wing, as Byron

"Plucked Apollo by the ear."

All truth is poetry. And when she performs common things, she puts on common clothes. But poetry is no student. It may weep, and laugh, and talk, but it will not study. It dresses itself in long and loose robes; philosophy cuts smaller, but science dresses in tights. In his idea he throws his lead into the upper and unknown sea, and touches bottom. He has crossed the Red Sea which looks beyond the Jordan. When a man gets an idea, he is so much of a poet, because poets are idealists—they are inventors and discoverers, but not always lovers.

Our author is ideal with feeling, not reason. Reason and idealism construct, idealism and feeling persuade, and these are the soul of eloquence. His idealism is positive, his spirituality negative. He is more ideal than real—that is, he looks more at ideas than objects. His mind is of the subjective cast. He rarely reasons upon his perceptions, and rarely perceives his reasons. He is not constructed, but wants method. He thinks in little globes, not in links, so his product is a pile of pearls instead of a chain. His madness in his method is his insanity. His idea makes sure of existence. His idea makes sure that "whatever is, is right," but he has nothing to say as to when or where or how. Phenomena, he tells you, are probable and essential. It may or may not be essential that one should have a broken leg; but it is essential for him to have pain in the broken limb. Legs are not principles. When man was made, his legs were the last things thought of.

A man cannot think without making a book; but he can make books without thinking. The man who invented the idea of commerce, made all the books ever written upon it; and the man who invented the idea of religion, has made the world's polemics.

Dr. Child has given us an idea in direct form, and this idea will build worlds of books. I do not know who was the original inventor, but I had rather be the author of this than all others. I know what sort of man it required—one void of quarrel in himself, and by and by the world shall build him the tallest monument. If there's no evil in the eye there's none in the heart; if there's none in the heart, there's none in the world. The man, that, who first got the evil out of his eye, was the inventor. He that sees nothing wrong, can do nothing wrong—not because he is unable, but unwilling. Now I have no manner of doubt that "whatever is, is right," and however far Dr. Child is from

his statements, may, by from the right, I do not wish to be understood as in any wise, critical. As the Doctor did not criticize in his book, and out of mere excess of good-nature and want of a devil, I hope I have availed myself of the same large charity. I think his ideas higher in its reach and firmer on its basis than anything in our theology. It is broader in its sweep, and sounder in the heart than anything in our philosophy. It is wider in its range and grander in its discoveries than anything in our science. It is more religious than our religion, it is more philosophical than our philosophy. It opens up an ideal world, grand beyond description, and which spiritually peoples with angels, seraphs and gods. It will live when time itself shall rot—and science is as much out of place in heaven as granite boulders.

UNPARDONABLE SIN.

BY JACOB EDSON.

Sin against the Holy Ghost, or the unpardonable sin, is a subject that opens the whole question of evil—its cause and effects for our consideration. Of sin and its effects, we know nothing, except by experience or inspiration. The soul in travail passes many a gloomy spot before it is enabled to see its good and use. Life presents many a cup of mingled joy and grief, which human nature fears to drink. Mother-earth labors in pain as she travails in bonds—swaddling bands of infantile being in existence—but the birth of the coming man, the exhibition of the sea of glass shall compensate each soul for the trials which it necessarily passes through.

Such is life! The universe of truth! The sanctuary of love and the great teachers, sin and pain, that each student must graduate at last through spiritual unfoldment in honor with God!

Original as well as unpardonable sins are conditions of causation essential to the external existence of absolute being. Without them we could not have obtained a conscious love; without them God could not have unfolded his attributes in us, the image of his being could not have revealed himself unto himself, which is the life of God made manifest in man.

Original or unpardonable sins are the unexplored rock of ages, upon which we base our immortality and lay the foundation of future good. That which is called sin is said to be the transgression of the law. If so, it is such a transgression as is in accordance with the law of love and necessarily executes the law of life, as designed by the great first cause. It is such a transgression as is natural to the unprogressed personality, when freed from instinct to control, which binds the brute creation (as conscious entities) outside the moral world. They are not capacitated to die its death.

The effect of what is called sin is moral death, the lowest degree of which is spiritual darkness—inability to do or be, unaided by powers above. Moral death is an essential condition to moral life. It is a state or condition through which all the living germs of divinity must pass in its efforts to create or unfold the coming man.

Moral life and moral death are the extremes of conscious being, within or above which is the absolute good. God, the absolute father, who exists everywhere, and in all things, below or outside of which are finite sparks of divinity, kindling into consciousness in virtue of his presence, is present in such a sense that he may be said to have neither centre nor circumference. Though God, the central essence or substance of love, is, so to speak, the personal cause and veritable centre of the moral world, with him, in it, there is neither beginning nor end, neither centre, nor circumference; no past, present, nor future, but one eternal now. In this now he begets the Christ which unfolded the Holy Ghost, thus revealing himself to himself, without progression. Such a revelation supposes an eternal death, which we will call original sin, a pre-existence in an unconscious state of the entity, unto whom, or through the substance of which, the revelation is made.

There is no new thing under the sun. The new-born Son of God is the manifestation of the new wine; the old bottle must be broken, else the birth of the Son of God, which is the Son of Man, could not occur. Then, and not till then, is the sea of glass, the Holy Ghost, made apparent; then the pure in heart see God and feel his inspiring presence flowing through the spheres of life—a personal reality in the hearts and consciences of all men.

What is called original sin, evil, or the uncreated tendencies of the maternal department of creation, may be defined to be the mother of God, or the condition of substance in which the word, the Son, or second person in the Trinity was begotten, made flesh, and lived in material existence as an embodiment of absolute love. Such a begotment and birth was, so to speak, a death of God, not of the divine essence, but a change which may be called a crucifixion in which the Christ, the unborn essence which exists in the bosom of the Father, was slain in the foundations of the spiritual world. Such a death, or birth, is the legitimate result of what is called original sin. It causatively slays the *Serpent*, transforming its loves through mediatorial conditions or effects of the Light of Life. Such a transformation supposes mediatorial conditions of love, personal entities, spiritual states, which constitute, so to speak, the key-board of creation, through which the Father-God could unfold, himself, his life, the uncreated light, which is the life of man, the substance of which must necessarily reveal the eternal God, its "Prince of Peace" and the Holy Ghost in an individualized or personal form, without which spiritual darkness—inability to do or to be—would have remained triumphant.

Sin, vice and evil are the opposite of light, life and love, and constitute the right-side of nature or mother-part of God. Original or uncreated sin is a necessity which exists in spiritual darkness, and is not of itself a substance, though it appears to some to be. It is an unenlightened condition of mentality, in which may be begotten and brought forth the substance which in reality exists, though it does not in that condition of existence appear to be.

We think we progress. Our fathers thought the *Iron Road*; we know the earth moves. Truth is eternal. The light of life existed before the sun in the heavens. Our condition changes on the eternal dial of life. The finger of God, his Son, is ever and eternally the same. As the universe of spiritual truth dawned upon us, our horizon becomes enlarged, degrees of moral truth are expressed, and the mists of midnight darkness are dispelled by the rising Son of Life in us.

It is natural that the spiritual soul should pause to contemplate the good and use of life, to reflect the divine beauty of the eternal sun over the *Iron Road* above, and cast a lingering look at its apparently

sinks below the spiritual horizon. Such pauses, such reflections, constitute the dividing lines between our spiritual days and nights. They constitute and define the different degrees of moral death or moral life as we journey home to God through regeneration.

Sin against the Father and the Son was a necessity. It is the effect or manifestation of original sin as defined. It opens our moral sight. It reveals the garden of Eden, the living God, the divine sight of the soul in the form of uncontrolled affection, called the serpent, which is not a crime, because it is a necessity in that department of being. It is the greatest good or gift possible from God to man. It is the means, or medium, through which the absolute light of life obtains a positive being in material existence, and through which said being unfolds the absolute ghost of eternal good, as a positive personality in the outer world. The unpardonable sin, or sin against the Holy Ghost, is disobedience to the divine influence, and differs in degree corresponding to our willfulness in opposing its will, which is the manifestation of God's divine right to rule, and may be divided into as many degrees as the soul is steps from God. These steps, so to speak, are gulfs of supposed iniquity that cannot be forgiven, either in this world or in the world which is to come. There is no court of divine chancery, through which the sin may be made null and void; were it so, life would be a failure and religion a curse; humanity would keep on sinning and repenting, so that no flood of grief could save the brooding spirit from its watery grave, for it is the law, as by it Moses turns the water into blood. It is the effect of original sin, a blessing and not a curse as it is.

Grace and truth as by Jesus Christ, turn water into wine, and the world of thought has drank of its cup and gone mad in all manner of theological device but sin. The uncreated, the original and unpardonable exists in thoughts, words and acts, and must, until, through the gift of God, the Holy Ghost shall turn water into love. Then, and not till then, will the light of life flow in and through our regenerate natures, because we shall have been begotten by the Word, and have been born of the blood, and transformed through regenerating births into the expressive image of his person. Then, and not till then, will sin and death have been dispelled, and the kingdom of Heaven be set up in the hearts and consciences of mankind, which shall be the sanctuary of love.

Love, Light and Life, oh God, thou art,
And there's our home in Heaven;
Thou art the jewel of our soul,
Its diamond point derived.

The Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Which in our thoughts we see,
Are not a myth, as we've been told,
They are the One in Three.

Faith, Hope and Love flow free to all,
There from the Father river;
Though naught but sin could let them in,
Thine be the praises given.

The Serpent is our Saviour, God,
Our Christ, our rock, indeed;
That came into the garden Love,
To show us what we need.

It was the work of Sin to show
Our beauty and our power;
Thus it beguiled our souls in love,
That very day and hour.

As naught but Sin could have done this,
We let the sin be damned;
And we'll swim up the river Love,
Toward the better land.

But, as God forgives us sinners,
We'll give to God the praise;
And journey on in love and peace,
Through never-ending days.

The God of Love within us reigns,
His life includes us all;
So not a sparrow nor a dove,
Can be allowed to fall.

Our "God is Love," and from him springs
The germ of things to be;
His life's our light, we are its flame;
It burns, that all may see.

With love we unto others' turn,
Our spark, though small, is sure;
For in God's heart we have a part,
And all its parts are pure.

We love, when God hath given us,
Sweet thoughts of him akin,
Which open the living Fount of Life—
Our heart of hearts within.

We love, as God doth give us,
His life to light our sphere,
To spring the blinding bow of Hope,
Around our pathway here.

We love the thoughts that yield us:
The life of God within;
Which open the gates of Paradise,
Freed from the Serpent Sin.

We love to look in spirit-lands;
Through starry glimpses peer;
And long to see the fruits of Love,
Its angels standing near.

Our "God is Love." He in us, is
Our bosom's brooding dove;
Oh, clothe it mete at seraph's feet,
For angel arms above.

There's nothing from this world we'll take,
Except this brooding dove;
'Tis God's external voice that speaks,
Take it, my child, 'tis Love.

FARMING ASSOCIATIONS.

I see in your excellent paper, and in the *Herald of Progress*, frequent mention of a new, or reorganized association for procuring a livelihood, education of offspring, mental and moral improvement, &c., &c. Now one project, now another. This is all well, but there seems a want of a right beginning, or way, by which to ripen minds to a fitness for the undertaking. We ought to have laid before us a correct history of the various attempts made in modern times to establish co-operative societies, and the cause of their failure.

Having believed for many years that the evils of competition and over-production can never be escaped from but by communism in some form, and having passed three years of my life in one of the experiments which had its birth in the teachings of the noble philanthropist, Robert Owen, now gone to the spirit-land, I have concluded, stiff and clumsy as my fingers are with farming, to place through your paper and the *Herald of Progress*, before the inquiring minds in the land, my experience and observation on this subject.

I have taken regularly, both of these choice weekly papers at the news depot at Peru, over a year. Times are so hard with us farmers, that I have thought to stop one of them, but can't decide which to stop, and so shall keep taking them both. And here let me say that I love Dr. Child, for his bold and manly frankness in publishing unpopular opinions. I love him because he delights in doing good, but when he talks of "separation and half dollar plan" I am not sure, in farming, when I think of the work done, and says the West is the best place for the experiment, when we are selling corn

and have been for months at sixteen cents per bushel, so that one hundred bushels won't raise but sixteen dollars, you will infer that I regret that he has said a word about the profits of western farming. I strongly suspect that when the first successful community is established, it will be by a body of men and women who have rolled up their sleeves, and engaged with little money and big heart, in a five years struggle. There are many things of which I wish to speak that are alone learned in an experiment.

We are very badly educated; don't fit together smoothly. Women are less prepared for associate labor than men. Men always require each other's assistance in their labors. Not so our wives and daughters. I am very familiar with the Shaker system. With the history of Rap's Society, twenty miles west of Pittsburg, Germans, I know not their present status, but they became rich. I was familiar with the very successful experiment at Zoar, in Tuscarawas County, Ohio, Germans. With Bishop's Hill society, in Henry County, Illinois, also very successful, Swedes. Know something of the phalanx at Nauvoo, called Icarians, French, which failed. I was a member of the Forrester society in Coshocton Green County, N. Y., afterwards of the Kendall Community, Stark County, Ohio, from 1825 to 1828.

I am well acquainted with Josiah Warren and his system of pure selfishness, or individuality. I have read and reflected much, and am sixty-six years old, and ought to have some ripe thoughts. I was editor and proprietor of the *Cleveland Liberator* from 1836 to 1839. Then I edited the "Annals of Animal Magnetism" from 1839 to 1840—three years before any other periodical on that subject appeared in this country. Have probably made more experiments on that subject than any other man in America. Traveled by magnetism and clairvoyant experiment out of the rankest materialism into a full belief of immortality and spirit-communion, before the rappings commenced. In 1839 was appointed chairman of a committee by the State Medical Society of Ohio to investigate and report upon Mesmerism. I had made successful experiments for seven years, at that time. I have lectured nearly twenty years on that subject, seventeen of which I have had a little farm on the prairie, where I now live.

Having thus played the trumpeter to give you some idea of him who addresses you, I will resume the subject on which I commenced. I shall not attempt more than an introduction in this article, but will say that the great difficulty to be overcome is, How can we maintain that individual sense of freedom most favorable to self-improvement, whilst yielding entire obedience to rules of organization, and following the lead of those who are appointed to direct each department of business? Nothing can be better proved than that success attends the Shakers; the monks of various orders who labor; the Kapties of Economy near Pittsburg; the Zorists in Ohio, and the Swedes at Bishop's Hill, in Henry County, Ill. But all these are religious sects, which, in the beginning, what they believed to be inspired leaders. In this way, in this order, under a species of theocracy, success crowns nearly every effort. But can a society succeed with inspired leaders? This is the question yet unanswered. I think, however, that I will answer the question, that, in order to succeed out of sectarianism, all the members ought to be inspired. What I mean is, that, unless the members acquire a condition of mind in which each can, to some extent, so delight in making others happy, that they are ready to make great sacrifices for this pleasure, they will not succeed. When men and women seek happiness in trying to make each other happy, they will have discovered the great secret, hid from human ken for ages. All distinction from property must disappear. Each must be valued by their capacity for usefulness. Distinctions, growing out of our fitness to lead, will create no jealousies. Purity of life, capacity for usefulness in every department will excite respect, love, reverence. The cold isolation of Josiah Warren's system has and always will fail. There may be useful facts drawn from his experiments. I said to Greeley and Brisbane in 1842, "Go ahead, but you will fail. But something will be gained."

In future articles, should this appear in your paper, I propose considering the difficulties that have proved insurmountable in such as have failed. I know not the history of Adin Ballou's society, and cannot say wherein its defects consist.

What a glorious thought—to banish poverty, and ignorance, and the fear of want from all. Furnish all the luxuries of mind and body without stint, so far as they may healthfully conduce to our usefulness and happiness. A blending of love and wisdom in active exercise, shedding blessings on all around us. In my next I may show some of your readers why they are unfit subjects for communism.

Fraternally yours, SAMUEL UNDERHILL.
Mt. Palestine, Putnam Co., Ill., Feb. 1, 1862.

DIRECT TAXATION—ITS FRUITS.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, Feb. 23, 1862.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The love of gain is natural to the human race and necessary to its progression. When we hear men declare that they do not desire earthly material possessions, we may get them down either as slaves or fools for every one wishes to subsist in this world comfortably and happily, and to shine among his fellow beings in the collective mass of humanity. And, as in the eyes of the world and the true judgment of men, there is no more melancholy condition for an individual than to have an empty purse, so a nation can be in no more deplorable state than that of bankruptcy. From the beginning of the world, and the inception of its earliest forms of government, down to the present day, one question has been most intimately connected with all political propositions, viz., that as to the ways and means of raising revenue. Every conceivable form of plan, every possible, every conceivable form of taxation, in all parts of the earth.

The Emperor of Morocco, the Bey of Tripoli, and the Pashah of Turkey, raise their revenues by simply sending forth their Mamelukes or Janizaries, to scour the country at their pleasure. They call collecting the tribute which sustains the expenses of the government, and in truth, it is but a trade and the greater portion of the world is adopted through this arbitrary power of collecting revenue from the subjects of the monarchies of Europe, that each of them is in a constant state of bankruptcy. What the true condition of their finances this day spread before

the world, this would be seen to be the case with every one of them, excepting Holland; but this condition is so adroitly concealed beneath a superficial show of prosperity, that the world pays no attention to it. To the general rule, the United States and some of the South American republics are exceptions. We now approach the application of our remarks to your own country.

It will be remembered that the foundation of this Government was laid in the idea of political freedom and equality, and when the Constitution of the United States was adopted, the means of raising revenue did not occur as a first consideration; but it was generally thought inconsistent with established ideas of freedom that there should be an arbitrary power in Government to enforce the payment of tribute. This principle was so fully conceived and adopted that the representative chosen by the people themselves have the exclusive privilege of laying taxes, imposing duties, and ordaining all kinds of imports, and this only when required to sustain and protect the Government. In no other department, whether Executive, Judicial, or Senatorial, is there any arbitrary power in that direction; and the President has no power whatever to raise any funds by taxation, or duties, without the consent of the lower branch of Congress. This leaves the idea embodied in your Government of a free people with equal rights and privileges, in every direction, perfectly stamped on the American character, which has always been accustomed to scout at any proposition imposing permanent taxation; and this general repugnance has continued until quite recently. It was discovered, however, that Government must be sustained in some way, and the public lands which had been purchased from the Indians, under forms which constituted the veriest farce ever witnessed in such transactions, were set apart to meet these necessary demands. This being found inadequate, an idea was carried out still more directly at variance with Democratic feelings, viz., that of establishing what is called a tariff, or duties upon imports. The first protective tariff was received very differently in different sections of the country, the manufacturing and commercial interests being greatly favored by it, and the agricultural class consequently opposed. It was afterwards modified into a form less objectionable to certain States, and though some, especially in the South, have always watched with a jealous eye and secret hatred this limitation on freedom of trade, nevertheless they have acquiesced in it as necessary for purposes of revenue, and until quite recently have been sufficiently compensated. The history of the tariff by a series of discussions which it has aroused, it is not necessary to repeat, but it is well known that at one time they had brought the country to the verge of revolution, and South Carolina, especially, always somewhat intractable, refused to pay her portion. But the difficulty was at last settled by compromise, and the North and South jogged on amicably together as far as this was concerned.

But what was the consequence? We affirm that this taxation, being universal, easily borne, and not directly felt by individuals, has been almost a matter of indifference, and justly so; and in consequence, persons who have been content to enjoy the quiet enjoyment of their means, have been content to sip taxed tea and coffee, smoke taxed cigars, clothe themselves in taxed broadcloth, and regale their friends with taxed French wines, without a murmur. But these people, so contented with tranquil enjoyment, have also contented to have political slaves, while men who lived upon pork and drank cider, or bad whiskey, have been allowed to force themselves into political notions.

The man who really contributes most to sustain the Government, is quiet, and willing to leave it to take its course, and believing that the Constitution stood in no need of his support, and entertaining no idea that it could meet with reverses. The best citizens were contented to pursue their avocations, or amass wealth, or privately cultivate literature, or art, removed from political influences, and leaving the Ship of State to be managed as we shall see by-and-by.

The mercantile class, who are called by a vulgar name, contented to pursue the ordinary courses of life, while all the time, an immense mass of population was emigrating from the Emerald Isle, and all the other homes of the down-trodden, desperately ennobled, and the people are looked to for some other ready at every sacrifice to do America and its inhabitants some service, by nominating themselves to every office and every position of emolument. For many years this has been going on, and now it is an astonishing fact, that every office save that of the Chief Justice, has been filled, and the Treasury, almost all municipal offices have passed gradually from honest men to those indifferently honest, and from them to those whom we forbear to characterize; all our representatives have been of this super-patriotic class, who care only for the spoils; and the public mind has been mostly in their hands, and the people waked up to find the Southern portion of the Republic dissatisfied, the Treasury empty, and the country on the verge of civil war. All patriotic citizens for half a century, have slumbered in apathy, to be aroused by the roar of cannon and the roll of the war-drum. Till this crisis came, they believed the country secure from any slavery—their only anxiety, the Treasury conducted with regard only to its welfare; and so they have been content to pursue their avocations, and simply cast their votes without asking questions.

It is astonishing, also, that, after a war of a year's duration, the resources of the Government are already exhausted, and the people are looked to for some other means of providing sufficient revenue. There are one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually to be paid, in some way, by the people directly. We have always said that great good comes out of seeming evil, and the future record of this country will show that one of the greatest disasters that has befallen it.

The House of Representatives has been for four months, trying to devise some way of relieving the Government of its load of pecuniary responsibility, with expenditures going on at the rate of \$2,000,000 a day—an enormous army waiting for the hour of crowning conflict which will soon arrive. They must do this, and the people for assistance, and the only rational and feasible solution of the problem is to be found in direct taxation. It is a hard pill for a republic to swallow. It is difficult to reconcile it with democratic ideas on the subject. It is difficult for the man who has been accustomed to regard all his money as his own, to make a sacrifice of it to such an interference. The freedom of action, of speech, and of the press, has been among the unspeakable glories of your country, and it will be hard for your people to throw aside their cherished ideas about taxation. But it really matters very little in what form the burden shall be imposed—it must come, and must be borne by willing hearts loaded with arms, and with a firm purpose to sustain the Government.

It is well to bear in mind that the vast amount of taxable products and materials. Your papers, your books, the very words to which you listen from any speaker, and perhaps the light of heaven itself, may be taxed to sustain your present enormous expenditure, or all this you may be prepared, and being prepared, it will not be improper to consider some of its effects.

"We won't stand it," cries the newspaper man; "it won't do to suppress the freedom of the press." The merchant cries that he will not endure it. The laborer and the mechanic, and the farmer, and the man with his vocation, and thus, from every department of active life and individual interests, there must come something, however little, in support of the Government; but yet this burden will be so uniformly diffused that it will not bear oppressively on individuals; those most wealthy will be well able to support it, while the poorest will have the least to endure.

Thus a general and judicious system of taxation throughout the land is the only one which will answer the purpose; and through that very system will be relieved of the vampires who profess patriotism and practice otherwise. In proportion as a man is made to feel that he is paying to support a Government, he wishes to understand what it is, and how it is administered. When taxation becomes general, all the people who have been slumbering while the chariot of State was guided by unskilled or reckless hands, will arouse themselves, assume their rightful prerogatives, and, with all their confidence in the Constitution, will want to know who they are that administer it, and thus, instead of the Treasury being robbed of millions of dollars, that have been imported patriot and retire loaded with wealth and the contempt of the country—instead of the hard-earned means of the toiling multitude, and the very veins of your industrial life being drained to sustain a single villain in official luxury, people will inquire closely into the character, integrity, and purposes of those who are to represent them. Direct taxation, more than anything else will effect this purpose.

There is a form of political influence which will so accurately call out the energies of a good man as such a pecuniary appeal. This may seem at first a poor return to adopt, but at the same time it will be attended with most desirable results. It needs no real glance to see that the nob support of the British Government at this day, is the odiousness, through politics,

(because monarchical) Constitution, which places the exercise of political power almost entirely in the hands of those who have the heaviest material interest in sustaining it; and while England is under aristocratic rule, and does not listen, except on compulsion, to the voice of the people, yet her Government, such as it is, is the best administered of any in the world.

Now your own country, which has the best foundation for a government, with an equally wise administration, would certainly be the best, the wisest, and the happiest on the face of the earth. Throw obstacles in the way of the designing, curb dishonesty, and the rogues who prey upon the public will fall to their proper level; while the honest laboring man, who seeks to be a good citizen, and so most truly represents the government, will be called forth to assume office and take an active part in public affairs. Instead of those howling demagogues who really stand for nothing but their own selfish interests, you will have men versed in the affairs of daily life, and in whom every one will repose confident reliance. At every election you will ask, "Who are these people who represent our interests?—we are willing to give our money to uphold our Government, but we must know to whom it is to be entrusted?" This is what will be the unanimous voice of the people, as the consistent result of taxation, when the people shall find that a uniformly quiet and honest method of administration is better than being the constant prey of political vultures, there will be, first, a desire to find honest men. How long it will take to find one, we are not prepared to say, especially to find one willing to be a politician; but it may be that, when the new order of things is established, there will be discussed for every one of importance, one in whom the people will place such confidence that they will not, under any circumstances, run the risk of removing him, in favor of political vampires.

Gentlemen, the great difficulty this country has to contend with is that not only in several years, but as often as every two or four years, new persons have been elected to office from this needy, noisy crowd, who, with no real virtue or qualification, have been seeking to rob and plunder at the expense of the government, and therefore much of our public expenditure has been foolish and inappropriate. The people have been slumbering, while the Government has been running, and now, the stock market may be stunned for a time, by the change of action, but the final results will be most beneficial. It is like a man who persists in regularly and constantly taking bad food and drink; the penalty is not immediate, but, by and by, he finds his constitution suffering; at last, some disease breaks out, and the only remedy is a general purgative. Just so, this government has been gorging itself with all kinds of political corruption, till gradually, and almost insensibly, its veins became full of poison, and, at last, the noxious, noxious plague breaks out; and, at least, most assuredly, from mal administration. Now, this purging process has begun in downright, wholesome style, in the shape of taxation.

You who have been accustomed to laugh over the blunders and rogueries of public men, and to leave politics alone, who you have often neglected even to deposit your vote, will be at last awakened to see that you have been good citizens, in a negative way, inasmuch as you may never have been indicted for actual crime, and may have quietly pursued your honest avocations, but no man should lay claim to the title unless he sustains the Government by the utmost exertion of his individual influence, and by using his vote for the representatives are placed in office. It is not sufficient to attend a mass-meeting of your party, applaud the nomination of some gentleman with a foreign sounding name, and then vote for him, because the Democratic or Republican ticket must be sustained. You should ask, Who is this man? What are his principles? How much does he pay toward the public expenses? And when you find that he is a poor creature, who can hardly read the Constitution, or write his name legibly, perhaps you will think a little before placing your money in his hands, and you will perhaps say, "Here is an honorable man in good business standing, and of irreproachable private character, and he shall be our representative."

The American people, in this way, will establish a foundation which cannot be shaken, by obtaining the services of those who will not prostitute the national honor or violate the sacred principles on which your institutions are based. This will be as inevitable as the dispersal of the mists of morning by the rising sun. It may seem difficult at first—prejudices will be offended; great contention will arise, and long delay may intervene—but the reform will surely come, though all the heads of the long tailing patriots may cry out, against what is consistent and just. "Down with it!"

Every thinking, earnest, industrious man, who has something to love and something to gain, will agree with us that this is true; and, though we do not stand on the pedestal of prophecy, just as surely as this Holy rebellion is destined to sink into its own mire, so surely will the political miscreants who have brought you to the brink of ruin, and who are even now waiting a renewed opportunity, be driven from position to some far-off refuge, and your country left purer, better and wiser than before. You all have your institutions; you all know that they represent the best principles of principles in the world, and you know they can only be sustained by the efforts of the people, in affording an adequate revenue to the Government. If these efforts are made freely, honestly and generally, they will not be found beyond your strength, and if they result in such an amount of good as is here pictured, it will be the surest evidence that the power of the Almighty is always on the side of justice.

It must be remembered also that persons who are satisfied with the Administration of a Government, do not usually desire the constant excitement of a change at short intervals, such as is caused by the angry wolves of faction. When it shall be found that a honest, conservative and generous administration will recommend to popular favor the requisite amendment of the Constitution, you will appoint the President for life. Why, that would be equivalent to an elective monarchy! cries an objector. By no means. If the Chief Magistrate is a good man, and his term of office is ascertained before the election, why not good for life? And so with the Vice-President and other high officials. Who shall say they should not retain office as long as they have the confidence of the people, and if they should not continue to justify it, impeachment is the lawful remedy. Why should the people meddle with the terms of their senses, every four years, find a better man? All this periodical furor will subside in favor of a consistent system of administering to the wants of the people, nor need the President or any other official have the power to pervert the laws in any form. When the public mind has been thus purified, the country shall have passed away, your cherished institutions will come out brightened and purified, ennobled by the contest, and stronger in the eyes of all the nations of the earth; let them now concede or triumph as they may, they cannot now be blinded. Your financial credit will be renewed, and you will be enabled to pay the great debt which you owe to the future—such the design to be wrought out by Providence—such unquestionably the desire of those unseen, yet constant, workers of another sphere, who hover near you, and by their benign wisdom, have turned this country from the course of ruin, and snatched it from the very jaws of destruction. Such is the wish of every honest lover of this land; not will it be long ere those who are now bitterest in their opposition will see the reason and justice of the plan, as the only one which can raise our declining nationality.

Men of America, who constitute its strength in danger, who have furnished the lion's share of the aid in supporting the Government, have patiently sustained even its perjured officers, and are now awaiting, in silent determination, the decision of the sword, remember that you are capable of bearing any burdens which may be necessary in upholding a just Government and equal laws. Theirs, supported by the intelligence and honesty of the great mass of the people, will be finally triumphant, and they will be consecrated in all future time to the highest and holiest purposes of humanity.

It may seem strange that from a question of money, so sordid and trivial a consideration, in itself, should come such great results; but remember, as little by little, the coral insect raises the structure of a continent from beneath the waves; as little by little, the burdened camel toils on his sandy path; as little by little, the honey-bee gathers fragrant treasures from the summer fields, so do honest and industrious citizens amass the means which they contribute to the support of their country, in an hour like this. Be ponder then ever, to day, that you are Americans, and that you are called on to sustain such a Government, and be more desirous that there should be placed in office those who shall represent the heart, voice, and official strength of this great nation, and not those who would pervert their privileges to purposes of plunder and ruin. Take up your burdens with willing and grateful hearts; and so surely as success must ever crown the honest toiler, so surely this prophetic march on unshaken and come forth at last a new and triumphant, at lords and masters in "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

To keep warm on a cold day, women double the size of their coats; the horns of a bull are made of iron.

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BOY BRITTON.

Boy Britton—only a lad—a fair-haired boy—sixteen,
In his uniform—
Into the storm—the roaring jaws of grim Fort
Henry—
Boldly bears the Federal fortitude—
Into the battle-storm!

Boy Britton is Master's Mate aboard of the Essex.
By the brave Captain's side:
Ready to do and dare—ay, ay, ay, always ready—
In his country's uniform!
Boom! boom! and now the flag boat sweeps, and now
the Essex—
Into the battle-storm!

Boom! boom! All River, and Fort, and Field, are
over-clouded—
By the battle's breath; then from the Fort a gleam
And a crashing gun, and the Essex is wrapt and
shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam!

But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be ever rendered—
Unto God all praise and glory be!
See, Boy Britton, see, Boy, see!
They strike! Hurrah! the Fort has just surrendered!
Shout! shout! my Boy, my warrior Boy!
And wave your cap and clap your hands for joy!
Cheer answer cheer and bear the cheer about—
Hurrah! hurrah! for the Fort is ours;
And "Victory!" "Victory!" "Victory!"

In the shout,
Shout—for the Fort, and the field, and the day,
are ours—
The day is ours—thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, Boy, like thee;
The day is ours—the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee—
The day is ours—the day is ours—
Forever!

Glory and love for one and all; but—but—for thee—
Home! home! happy "Welcome—welcome home!"
For thee!
And kisses of love for thee—
And a mother's happy, happy tears, and a virgin's
bridal wreath of flowers—
For thee!

Victory! Victory!
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam,
The Essex—
Slowly drifted out of the battle-storm:
Slowly, slowly—down, laden with the dead and the
dying;
And there, at the Captain's feet, among the dead and
the dying,
The shot-marred form of a beautiful Boy is lying—
There in his uniform!

Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,
Laurels and tears for thee!
Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the immortal music of the Nation's loving heart.
And blest by the balmy breath of the Beautiful and the
True:
Moist—moist with the luminous breath of the sing-
ing spheres

And the Nation's starry tears!
And tremble-touched by the pulse-like gush and start
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy,
Laurels and tears for thee, Boy,
Laurels and tears for thee—
Laurels of light, and tears of love, for evermore,
For thee!

And laurels of Light and tears of Truth,
And the Mantle of Immortality;
And the tender heart tokens of all true ruth—
For all the brave who rest with thee;
And the breath and bliss of Liberty,
And the loving kiss of Liberty,
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over-calm of God's canopy;
And the infinite love span of the skies
That cover the Valley of Paradise—
For all the brave who rest with thee;
And for one and all who died with thee,
And now sleep alone with thee;
On the solid land or the heaving sea,
Dear warrior-boy—like thee!

Oh, the Victory—the Victory
Belongs to thee!
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou—
He gives it now to thee!
O, Young and brave, and early and thrice blest:
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!
Thy country turns more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently, to her breast:
And whispers lovingly: "God bless thee—bless thee
now!"
My darling, thou shalt rest!"

FORNOTHE WILLSON.
New Albany, Feb. 18, 1862.

LETTERS FROM WARREN CHASE.

Over the Hills.

After an excellent meeting in Baltimore, and tak-
ing leave of many friends, bidding adieu to the hos-
pital and head quarters of "Camp Kettles," I made
about thirty miles on the snowy road into Maryland,
to the home of my old friend and your able cor-
respondent, A. P. McCombs, where a short visit, long
talk, and agreeable time, were soon disposed of, and
I took the iron track that winds its snaky path
over, around, and through the Alleghanies. To my
surprise, the snow decreased gradually to the sum-
mit, and down the western slope to Pittsburgh the
dry land appeared as in Spring, with green fields of
wheat, and full brooks of water. The cattle and
sheep were trying to rake unknown hay with the
rake teeth Nature had so kindly set in their heads,
but they seemed to make little progress in filling
the mows or maws. Soon after noon, we reached
Pittsburgh, whose bottom was mud, and top smoke;
between the two we passed through without seeing
much else that was more pleasant than either.

This sooty Birmingham of America burns and
sells a vast amount of coal, melts a vast amount of
ore, and casts everything that requires hot fire,
from a glass toy to huge guns or a toad-shaped mor-
tar. But the people have so much to do with fire
and smoke, that they know little about Spiritualism,
and seem to depend on Christian sects to save them
from the fires in the other life of which they see so
much in this.

Still journeying westward, we reached the snow
before we reached Ohio, and it thickened all night,
notwithstanding that "lesser light" which God hung
in the heavens to help the stars light the night, was
rounded out to a full, and proved a great blessing to
travelers in a night that would be dark without it.
At such times, I often think (sometimes aloud) what
a pity God made such a mistake in hanging it,
when he could have given us a full moon every
night, at least by putting in seven as he did for
Jupiter, where Christians say there are no human
souls to be saved, or bodies to be resurrected—so
there did not have to go there and die for sinners;
but I often wish two had her moons, such little things
constantly over the thoughtful mind to the wonderful
plan of salvation, and creation, and somehow I see
many mistakes in the Christian scheme of
explaining both.

On reaching the C. & O. road, I turned south-
ward, and this winter's night, I had a vision of
the sleeping car, the axle broke and soon shook

them into wakefulness. We left the crippled car,
but took the sleepy passengers, and in the early
morn I landed in the snow and mud (about equally
mixed), a few miles from Cincinnati, to visit an old
friend, long an invalid, whose gladdened face greeted
me as the smiling sun shone over the snowscape,
made the loaded trees glisten like the scenes some-
times described by clairvoyants, as belonging to that
transparent world where spirits dwell, and of which
some of us occasionally have a slight and momentary
view.

Saturday the railroad fulfilled the contract and
landed me in Cincinnati, and with Bro. Meader I
climbed over the many hills that skirt the great city
of Cin-cin to his house and home among, or above,
the clouds of smoke, at least seven stories above the
roofs, and three above the steeples of the right-angled
part of the city.

In the Sunday morning, when the bells rang and
bells run, we made our way down into the smoke,
and at the new hall on Fifth street met about twelve
baskets full of the fragments of broken and scat-
tered Spiritualists, of which, like the leaves and
fishes in the Christian fable, there are more when
broken and scattered. We had two good meet-
ings, and one big circle, and prepared for more.
Our friends here have not had speakers employed
or much meetings for a short time, for they have
been passing through a season of trial of strength
and patience, probably taking care of the dead and
wounded and prisoners of the enemy who fell into
their hands at the Solferino battle, while a writer
for your paper said was gained by our sister, Emma
Hardinge, when she was last here, and of which the
sectarian enemy do not yet seem to be aware. Or-
der, effort and system will soon be restored here, and
the work go on again.

WARREN CHASE.
Cincinnati, Feb. 18, 1862.

EPI, U. S. A.

Not down on the Nile in the land of the Pharaohs
and rush-bed of Moses, but out in the West, in the
land of the Suckers, with its long line of railroad,
junction of great rivers, and its Cairo quarter of
the great army of the nation. One would think
that Cincinnati better deserved the name, judged by
the ten days I spent there on my way here, only two
of which had a sunshine in them; the others were
mixed from the pavement to the sky, beginning in
mud, black with fallen soot, and ending with pure
air. Along the stratum where human beings walk
and stores and steeples stand, it is a dense mixture
of clouds and smoke, about equally mixed, compel-
ling a person to breathe through the mouth, instead
of the nose. At such times it seems a real blessing
to have a mouth, even though you do not want to
eat, and have nothing to say.

It was an interesting sight on the 22d of February
to see the streets lined and filled with the motley
group of intelligent and ignorant, idle and busy wor-
shippers of the birth of Washington, their heads cov-
ered with all sorts of hats, caps and bonnets—hats
tall and short, bell shaped, with muzzles up and mus-
zle down, and bonnets from the Gleaner style to the
modern scoop shovel, and faces under all very
much such as a Catholic Church would save, above,
and send to heaven to praise the Lord for the mys-
teries of salvation. The feet were covered more alike,
as nearly all were covered with mud, and the broad
skirts of one sex and narrow skirts of the other
were about equally spattered from the bottom up-
ward. The newspapers said it was a great day of
rejoicing, and everybody was glad. Perhaps it was
so, but I thought some were hungry, and some I
know were tipsy, and some I saw looked mad.

Next day was Sunday, fair and clear, and a few
got up early enough to go to church, and we had our
share of them; but it, and all, were small, so we
had about equal evidence that Christianity and
Spiritualism had died out in the city of Cin. But I
had abundant evidence, out of meeting, that Spiritu-
alism had not.

Tuesday I took one more long ride westward, and
landed, late at night, in this Centennial spot, known,
a little way off, as being in Egypt; but like the lo-
calities once subject to milk-sickness, the precise
spot is difficult to find: it is usually a little beyond
or a little back of where you are. Whatever people
may call this south part of Illinois, I can testify from
former visits, and confirm by the present, that in
soil and climate few sections of the Free States are
as good, and in improvements and intelligence few
are behind it, and in honesty and morality it is at
least a good average with Christian communities.

The spring birds are here before me, (in February)
and the grass is already green. The weather is
spring-like, and the ploughman is waiting for the
soil to dry. Many people suppose this region is a
flat prairie, but they mistake. There is plenty of
timber in Southern Illinois, and the land is rolling,
often quite hilly. There is also an abundance of
coal. For peaches, plums, grapes and small fruit, it
cannot be beat by any section out of Dixie. (What
that can do I will not now say.) For grass and
grain it is good; corn often fails for want of late
summer rains, and the same cause brings some
sickness in late summer, but on the whole, it does
not seem more sickly than many sections called
healthy. If people would observe a few simple
rules of living, they would be as well here as in New
England, and could get rich or get a living here with
less than half the labor required there.

This section was originally settled by the poor or
lazy and illiterate Whites from Slave States, but as
Northern enterprise has crowded in among them, they
are fast developing new elements of character.
Fences, dwellings, orchards, schoolhouses, villages,
churches, newspapers, books, and last, but not least,
Spiritualism has a foothold, and the rich treasures
of the soil and soul are coming to the surface for
the use of the next generation.

Young, or even middle-aged people who have become
tired of the snows and rocks of New England, and
who can live without rum, tobacco, pork and coffee,
and can keep their bodies clean and minds calm—
who love to work and read, and be well paid for
both, can find a good country in this region to rear
families and plant homes. Most of the people here
poison their bodies with tobacco and pork, and many
with whiskey and coffee, but they are all bad for
this climate, and would be almost ruinous to eastern
people who come here to live; laziness is bad
enough here, without adding these destructive habits
to it. Some of them, or even all, and swearing, also,
may be tolerated among the hemlocks; and loss of
the North, but are badly out of place among the
peach trees, bland grapes and alfalfa soil of this
section. Who would think of swearing in a per-
fumed atmosphere, or under the influence of gentle
spheres, or who would spit tobacco juice on full-

blown roses? Who would turn hogs or drunken men
into a flower-garden, or silence pleasant dreams
with narcotics? No wonder people have the ague
in the rich valleys of the West; they often need
something to shake them till they will obey the
laws of life and health; then diseases will be scarce.
Centralia, Ill., March 1, 1862. WARREN CHASE.

SPIRITUAL MASS MEETING
AT KENDUSKEAG, MAINE.

Agreeably to appointment, the friends of Spiritu-
alism met at Kenduskeag, February 14th, and continued
their meeting on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Or-
ganized by choosing Chester Weld, Moderator, and L.
P. Rand, Clerk. At first, the assembly consisted of
the Universalist meeting-house, but as it was densely
crowded, and many were obliged to go away without
entering at all, the meeting was adjourned, after two
days, to meet on Sunday morning at the Town Hall—
which was also filled to its utmost capacity during the
entire day.

Persons in Penobscot and vicinal counties were
represented at this meeting. Many mediums resident
in our State were present, and some from abroad. On
the whole, it is believed that the three days meet-
ing at Kenduskeag was the best we have ever en-
joyed in the State since the commencement of the
modern spiritual movement; and the best meeting ever
held in Maine. We speak of it, therefore, as the
Universalist meeting-house, but as it was densely
crowded, and many were obliged to go away without
entering at all, the meeting was adjourned, after two
days, to meet on Sunday morning at the Town Hall—
which was also filled to its utmost capacity during the
entire day.

The speakers present displayed a very agreeable,
and doctored profitable, and in general, almost every
phase of mediumistic power hitherto developed being
represented.

Our first discourse was given through Bro. M. Taylor.
Subject: "For now we see through a glass darkly; but
then face to face." The dark night of error and su-
perstition had about past, and men were beginning to
judge from the light of science, and to see the things
they loved once in heaven. This discourse full of
pathos and stirring facts, was delivered in the after-
noon of the first day, and followed by inspirational
remarks through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport. Both
speakers evinced that they occupied important places
in the field of labor.

The lecture for the evening was given through Mrs.
Laura M. Holt, whose spirited and devotional style
so favorably introduces her lectures to the masses.
Subject: "The impartial beneficence of the Divine Being
—his spiritual blessings given anciently and to-day."
Conference on Saturday morning at nine o'clock.
Singing, reading, and then spiritual invocation
through the organization of Mrs. Smith, from Hampden.
Inspirational remarks through C. Chase, of Newburg.
The subject of the evening was "The spiritual nature
of the human soul." This discourse was full of
pathos and stirring facts, was delivered in the after-
noon of the first day, and followed by inspirational
remarks through Mrs. Morse, of Searsport. Both
speakers evinced that they occupied important places
in the field of labor.

While it is true that the adoption of the proposed
resolution would be merely initiatory, and not, with-
out itself, a practical measure, it is recommended in
the hope that it would soon lead to important results.
In full view of my great responsibility to my God
and my country, I earnestly beg the attention of Con-
gress and the people to the subject.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A Call.
For the consideration of those intending to go to
California, and are friendly to the great cause of re-
form, this call is made.

For twenty years I preached Universalism; but
for the last six years I have been a believer in the
great, life-imparting, and soul-expanding doctrines
of Spiritualism, and lectured occasionally. Last
Spring I started out with the intention of devoting
my time exclusively to the work; but the vicissi-
tudes of the climate have revived an old bronchial
complaint, which admonishes me to seek a milder
climate. And in obedience to that admonition, and
because I wish to remain in the form as long as I
can, and retain my position as a lecturer, in
such a manner that it may be truthfully said
when I pass from hence, that the world has been
benefitted by my having lived in it, I make the
following appeal. Not that I ask charity, but
simply an opportunity to help myself and family,
and at the same time assist those who may render
me the aid I ask, thus bringing into action the
beautiful law of reciprocity.

Those noticing this call, who are going to Cal-
ifornia, and would like to have lectures on the jour-
ney when circumstances would admit, and have the
lecturer with them when they get through, can now
have the opportunity.

Now what I want, is a team fitted out at a fair
compensation, to take my family, not being able to
do it myself, and get the outfit.

If I cannot succeed in this, as it respects the fam-
ily, I wish to obtain a situation as driver of a team,
or hand of all work, and thus work my passage
through, with a boy between nine and ten years old.
For although I have been a preacher so long, and
am now a lecturer, yet I do not consider it degrading
to do anything honorable, whereby I can render my-
self useful. I am a tolerable hand with a team,
and have had a great deal of experience in moving.

Address H. S. Marble, Iowa City, Iowa.

Editors in the West, noticing the above, and feel-
ing a willingness to help roll on the car of Reform,
will confer a favor by giving it an insertion.

H. S. MARBLE.
Iowa City, Iowa, Feb. 24, 1862.

Cheever and Lincoln.

N. P. Willits paints men and things with a deli-
cate, yet vigorous hand. Speaking of the recent
abolition lecture of Cheever in Washington, he says,
in his "Lookings on at the War," in the Home
Journal:

With the charm of novelty, as to time and place—
the additional relish, that is to say, of a game and
season "I have had, to-day, two warm experiences
for mid-winter, at Washington—a summer stroll
through the grounds of the Capitol, and the hearing
of Cheever's abolition sermon in the House of Rep-
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day than January twelfth, and a more volcanic out-
burst of human utterance was probably never lis-
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lative chairs, this Sabbath afternoon. Whether the
hearer did, or did not, believe, in the parallel drawn
from the text—that Lincoln was "Pharaoh," and
Freemont "Moses," that the abolition would be the
"river of blood," and that abolition would be the
"letting God's people go," at the now last command
of an angry Jehovah—the persuading thereto was
oratorically tremendous. At the close of the service,
the portable melodion of the "Hutchinsons" was
brought into the centre of the Representatives' Hall,
and the four famous vocalists broke forth with a
quartet of Wendell Phillips (an and-always hymn)
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just denominated "Pharaoh." A few nights before—
bringing in their melodion (as I had innocently
been delighted to see them do), and doxologizing
in the very same way, the departing guests of a levee

us on that occasion, and many thanks to those minis-
tering angels who hovered over us and breathed upon
the spirit of that wisdom which is from above.
May their influence still be over us, as the inspiration
of the Divine Presence.

L. P. RAND.

Important Message from the President.

March 6th, the President transmitted to Congress
the following message:

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representa-
tives:
I recommend the adoption of a joint resolution by
your honorable bodies which shall be substantially as
follows:

Resolved, That the United States ought to co-operate with
any State which may adopt a gradual abolishment of slavery,
giving to such State pecuniary aid to be used by such State
in its discretion to compensate for the inconveniences, public
and private, produced by such change of system.

If the proposition contained in the resolution does
not meet the approval of Congress and the country,
certainly the end is not it does not commend such ap-
proval. I deem it important that the States and people
immediately interested should be at once distinctly no-
tified of the fact, so that they may begin to consider
whether to accept or reject it.

The Federal Government would find its highest in-
terest in such a measure, as one of the most efficient
means of self-preservation. The leaders of this
movement are the States and people that the govern-
ment will ultimately be forced to acknowledge the in-
dependence of some part of the disaffected region, and
that all the Slave States north of such parts will then
say: "The Union for which we have struggled being
already gone, we now choose to go with the Southern
secession."

To arrive them of this hope, substantially ends the
rebelle, and the initiation of emancipation com-
pletely deprives them of it; and to all the States in-
itiating the point is not that all the States tolerating
slavery would very soon, if at all, initiate emancipa-
tion, but that while the offer is equally made to all,
the more Northern shall by such initiation, make it
the more to the South, that in no case will the latter
former over join the latter in their proposed confeder-
acy, because, in my judgment, gradual and not sudden
emancipation is better for all in the mere financial or
pecuniary view.

Any member of Congress with the census tables and
the treasury reports before him can readily see for him-
self how very soon the current expenditures of this
country would be a fair valuation all the slaves in
any named State. Such a proposition on the part
of the General Government, sets up no claim of a right
by Federal authority to interfere with slavery within
State limits, referring as it does the absolute control of
the subject in each case to the State and its people im-
mediately interested. It is proposed as a matter of
perfectly free choice with the States.

In the annual message last December, I thought fit
to say, "The Union must be preserved, and hence all
indispensable means must be employed." I said this
not hastily, but deliberately. There has been and con-
tinues to be an indispensable means to this end. A
practical re-acknowledgement of the national authority
would be the war unnecessary, and it would at the
same time cease. If, however, resistance continues, the
war must also continue, and it is impossible to foresee
all the incidents which may attend, and all the ruin
which may follow it. Such as may seem indispensable,
or may obviously promise great efficiency toward
ending the struggle, must and will come.

To proposition now made, though an offer only, I
hope it may be esteemed no offence to ask whether the
pecuniary consideration tendered would not be of
more value to the States and private persons concerned,
than are the institutions and property in it, in the
present aspect of affairs.

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resolution would be merely initiatory, and not, with-
out itself, a practical measure, it is recommended in
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bringing in their melodion (as I had innocently
been delighted to see them do), and doxologizing
in the very same way, the departing guests of a levee

at the White House. That the "Egyptian Ruler's"
heart is not altogether hardened, however, and
therefore still worthy to be sung to, I am happy to
bear witness, for, changing to look around at the con-
clusion of this latter song, I saw the eyes of our
tall "Pharaoh" brimful of tears!

Convention at Bangor, Maine.

The undersigned Committee hereby extend a cordial
invitation to all Spiritual lecturers, mediums, believ-
ers, reformers and inquirers, to meet in Conference at
Pioneer Chapel, Bangor, Me., at 2 p. m., March 14th,
1862, and continue a series of meetings on Saturday
and Sunday, 15th and 16th. Accommodations will be
provided for all speakers, and as many others as possi-
ble. Collections will be taken up to help needy speak-
ers who may favor the Convention with desirable ser-
vices.

L. STOKWELL,
B. F. BROWN,
ROBERT DAVIS.

Quarterly Meeting.

The friends of Progress will hold a Quarterly Meet-
ing at Greensboro, Henry County, Indiana, in Beth
Hinsaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday,
11th, 12th and 13th of April. Frank L. Wadsworth
and Mary Thomas will be present to speak to the peo-
ple. Other speakers are cordially invited.
Come all who can and let us have a feast of good
things. By order of the Committee.

FRANK HINSAW,
DEB. HILL,
VALERINE NICHOLSON.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the
best scientific books of the present age. Did the read-
ing public understand this fact, they would have
the work without delay. By reference to the seventh
page of this paper, last column, the reader will find
an enumeration of its contents. This work has found
its way into Germany, been translated into the Ger-
man language by a gentleman well known to the sci-
entific world, and has been extensively sold in that
country. We will send the book by mail to any part
of the United States, on the receipt of \$1.00.

American Steel Pens.

We have been using these pens for some time, and
find they are not only better, but cheaper than foreign
manufacture. We also, learn that *Steel Pens* have
been adopted by the Board of Education of the City
of New York. All persons who want good pens at low
prices, will consult their own interest by addressing a
line to J. P. Snow, Hartford, Conn., or 335 Broadway,
New York, and getting terms, prices, &c. By enclos-
ing \$1. you will get one hundred and forty-four samples,
by return of mail.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCOURN HALL, TOWN STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular course of lectures will continue through-
out the winter, and services will commence at 8 1/2 and 7 1/2
o'clock, p. m. Admission free. Lecturers engaged:—
Mrs. Fannie B. Felt, March 16; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith,
March 23 and 30; H. B. Borer, April 6 and 13; Miss Lizzie
Jewett, April 20 and 27; Miss Emma Harvinge in May; Rev.
J. B. Loveland, June 1 and 8.

CONFERENCER HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—
The Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday eve-
ning, at 7 1/2 o'clock. The subject for next evening is:
"Is Suffering a Necessary Evil?"

CHALMERS HALL.—Sunday meetings at Chalmers Hall at
8 and 7 o'clock, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:
Miss Lizzie Jewett, March 16, 23 and 30; Miss Emma Har-
vinge, April 6, 13 and 20; N. S. Greenleaf, April 27.

MARSHALL HALL.—Meetings are held in Marshall's new Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, March 16; P. L.
Wadsworth, last three Sundays in June.

FOXBOROUGH.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged:
Henry O. Wright, March 16; Miss Lizzie Jewett, April 6;
Mrs. M. M. Macomber Wood, April 20 and 27.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings on Sundays, forenoon and evening, in Wall's Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Belle Scougal, during March.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritu-
alist. Conference Meetings held Sunday morning, and
speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday, forenoon and evening, in the Town
Hall, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the forenoon.
Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers