

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.
TO CHARLEY.

FROM PHRANQUE.

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

GIOVANNA;

OR,

THE BEAUTIFUL MYSTERY.

AN ARTIST'S STORY.

BY CHARLES A. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER I.

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

ing sympathy—accomplished, and I with no com-
pany but my two trunks, was soon lumbering along
in one of those shabby and most uncomfortable green
cabs—to ride in one of which, makes a person feel as
if he were being carelessly dragged along the
pavements by a strap attached to a horse's neck—
which are the horror of every comfort-loving travel-
er from this side of the Atlantic, toward the
Adelphi, the first-class hotel in Liverpool.

A single night spent in that confused and dis-
ordered ante-room to the great English Metropolis,
where the noise and bustle which a lover of quiet
frowns upon in the streets there, is only a prelude
to that storm of harsh and discordant sounds, which
he may as well prepare his sensitive ears to en-
counter with a good grace, and I found myself, after
a few hours ride by rail, in London.

Speedily establishing myself in genteel yet retired
lodgings in Hanover Square, I sallied forth after
lunch for a stroll in Hyde Park. This beautiful
breathing place of the English capital seemed at
that particular hour of the day to have been con-
verted into an immense nursery, so great was the
crowd of children accompanied by their healthy-
faced nurses, present. Groups of strangers, whose
varied dialects betrayed their American, French,
and Italian birth, strolled listlessly along the "taste-
fully laid out walks of this justly admired thorough-
fare, with an air of satisfaction visible upon their
countenances, and an ease of movement that seemed
to say to a casual observer, "We are at home: pray
make yourself so."

Yet amid the crowd that surrounded me upon all
sides, I felt an indescribable sense of loneliness
gradually stealing over me. I retraced my steps,
and passed the remainder of the afternoon in sight-
seeing among the thronged streets of that great city,
where the tramp of human feet, like the ceaseless
flow of many waters, is heard through the live-long
hours of the night. So very deceitful is an English
twilight, the sun frequently remaining visible until
near nine o'clock in the evening, that I took no
thought of the lateness of the hour, until suddenly
drawing forth my watch, I found it to be full half
past seven. Turning my steps once more in the di-
rection of Hanover Square, I soon arrived at my
lodgings, where my kind hostess had carefully set
aside my dinner for me, fearing that I had either
forgotten the exact dinner-hour, or had lost my way
among the numerous streets and lanes of the great
city.

About nine o'clock I retired to the spacious cham-
ber appropriated to my use, which like most apart-
ments in old mansion-houses in England, was rather
 quaint and homely in its aspect. No carpet covered
the smooth oaken floor. A wood fire burned low in
the broad, open fireplace, casting grotesque shadows
upon the opposite wall, and causing the brightly
polished andirons upon the hearth to shine with a
glory not all their own.

One thing seemed to relieve the natural sombre-
ness of the apartment. It was the spacious bed
with its soft and elastic mattress, its lavender-
scented linen, and its snowy curtains gracefully
looped back upon either side with knots of blue rib-
bon. After making a few notes in my diary and
puffing away most vigorously at a choice cigar for a
half hour or so, by way of dispelling the feeling of
home-sickness which seemed to have taken strong
hold of my sensitive heart, I prepared to taste the
luxuries of the white canopied couch, whose downy
pillows seemed to invite the traveler to repose.

Carefully locking the door of my apartment, I ex-
tinguished what little fire remained upon the hearth,
by throwing a glass of water upon it, blew out my
candle, and jumped into bed. I soon fell into a
sound slumber, from which I was suddenly awak-
ened about midnight. The curtains of my bed,
which I had taken the precaution to unfasten before
retiring, the better to insure my night's rest, were
carefully drawn aside. Leaning over my pillow
stood a tall and gloriously beautiful woman. Light
wavy hair fell like a golden veil over neck and
shoulders of faultless symmetry, and thence down-
ward to her waist. A robe of pure white muslin
shrouded a form of such rare grace and perfection,
that a sculptor being allowed to feast his eyes upon
its matchless beauty, would unhesitatingly have
stamped and kissed the hem of her garment, out of
sheer reverence for the power which had created so
glorious a creature.

In one exquisitely shaped hand my nocturnal
visitant held a light, while the other seemed to be
employed in holding back the curtain upon one side
of my couch. Eyes of heaven's own azure were
bent full upon my face, with a look of unutterable
tenderness and love, while the thin coral lips were
slightly parted with a smile more angelic than
earthly.

So powerful was the fascination of those won-
drously beautiful eyes that I was conscious of
nothing like fear, as I gazed with mute rapture upon
those divinely chiseled features. Instinctively I
stretched forth my hands to clasp the beautiful
siren to my heart, when lo! the fair disturber of
my dreams suddenly vanished from my bedside,
leaving me in darkness and disappointment.

To spring out of bed and strike a light was but the
work of an instant. After glancing cautiously about
the room, I moved quickly toward the door, fully
expecting to hear the sound of retreating footsteps
along the corridor. Judge of my great surprise,
upon finding the door of my chamber still carefully
locked upon the inside, as it had been upon the oc-
casion of my retiring to rest.

This circumstance had the beneficial effect of
bringing me to my senses. A hearty dinner eaten
a short time before retiring, together with the great
bodily fatigue I had experienced, had caused me to
dream. Satisfied with this mental explanation, I
congratulated myself upon my good luck in having
encountered so beautiful a vision in my dreams, in-

stead of being subjected to the more loathsome terms
of nightmare. With the determination of transfer-
ring to canvas those lovely features upon the mor-
row, I once more extinguished my light, and again
submissively yielded myself up to the gentle care of
the drowsy god.

I could not have slept more than an hour, before I
was again awakened by a flood of light pouring in
upon me, which, in my excessive drowsiness, I at
first mistook for daylight. Turning my eyes in-
voluntarily in the direction of the window near my
bed, I beheld with a sense of mingled amazement
and horror, the same beautiful creature who had
previously visited me in my dreams, leaning over my
couch, holding firmly in one small upraised hand
a stiletto, evidently aimed at my heart.

A stifled cry of terror escaped my lips, as I glanced
hurriedly toward the white-robed creature who so
mysteriously held my life in her hands. For a sin-
gle moment she seemed to contemplate her victim
with that half-plying, half-fiendish gaze which we
have seen at the opera depicted in the countenance
of Norma, when bending over the couch of her inno-
cent babes, whom she has resolved to slay. The
next instant, and while I still contemplated with
half-suspended breath the strangely beautiful crea-
ture before me, I perceived, with increased horror,
that the look of tenderness and pity which had mo-
mentarily illumined the azure eyes of my nocturnal
vision, was fast being superseded by a gleam of tri-
umphant revenge.

Once more the fair hand, whose alabaster white-
ness and symmetry had at first attracted my atten-
tion, lifted the glittering stiletto with its richly
chased golden handle of antique workmanship above
my head; and now, despite my fears, I perceived,
with surprise, a small red mark upon the inner sur-
face of the arm—situated a little way below the
wrist—while the extreme looseness of her white
sleeve, had in its disarrangement thus suddenly ex-
posed to view. I remember with frightful vivid-
ness, as if it were but last night, the fierce smile
of satisfaction and heart-felt revenge that over-
spread the classical features of my midnight enemy,
as she quickly prepared to sheathe the murderous in-
strument in my breast.

Actuated by that natural impulse of self-defence,
which has through all ages led mankind to combat
with great firmness any recognized destroyer of
their lives, I hurriedly raised myself in bed, and
with one blow of my strong hand, quickly turned
the murderous weapon upon its destined course. I
distinctly heard the noise produced by the falling of
the dagger upon the uncarpeted floor, and fancied
that a deep sigh, as of disappointment, escaped the
trembling lips of my companion, as instantaneously
extinguishing the candle upon the table near by,
she again let fall the curtain her hand had drawn
aside, and softly glided away, leaving me once more
shrouded in mystery and darkness.

A second time I arose, re-lighted a candle, as speed-
ily donned my dressing-gown and slippers, and once
more proceeded to make the circuit of my chamber.
At one extremity of the apartment, I now paused
before a small door, which from its resemblance to a
closet, I had failed to look upon retiring. Although
tightly closed, I now determined to explore its im-
aginary depths, half-expecting to find crouched behind
some worn-out old chest, the mysterious creature
whose beauty and wickedness had both fascinated
and awed my heart. Placing my fingers upon the
yielding latch, I soon found myself standing in what
appeared to be a narrow and deserted corridor,
at the further extremity of which, I perceived a steep
flight of stairs, which, in all probability, led to the
garret above.

Being in no way anxious to explore the sombre
passage way, in whose gloom I had so unexpectedly
found myself enveloped, I returned to my room,
bolted the door, and set about kindling a fire where-
with to warm myself; for the natural dampness of
the room, together with the scantiness of the toilette
I had made, caused me to shiver all over.

By the light of the crackling fire upon the hearth,
and an additional candle which I chanced to find
upon the mantel, I proceeded to examine every nook
and crevice of my apartment, not omitting to follow
the fashion of American ladies, in looking under my
bed. No traces of either the beautiful, but evil-
disposed disturber of my dreams, or her glittering
weapon, were to be seen anywhere; so I set about
finishing my toilette, which concluded, I seated my-
self in a stiff-backed old arm chair before the fire,
with the intention of whiling away the remaining
two hours which must necessarily elapse before day-
light, by a re-perusal of "Jane Eyre," which I had
bought that very afternoon of a bookseller, while
strolling down Farringdon street.

That morning after breakfast, I settled my bill
with my landlady—a melancholy-looking widow, who
had evidently seen better days—and before noon was
en route for Paris, with spirits by no means enliven-
ed by the remembrances of the ghostly adventure of
the preceding night.

CHAPTER II.

I had not been many days a resident of Paris, be-
fore my miserably depressed spirits began to regain
their former elasticity and buoyancy. Although as
far as acquaintance was concerned, a perfect
stranger in the French metropolis, I nevertheless
felt a thrill of returning happiness, the first moment
my Americanized foot touched Parisian ground.
There was something in the atmosphere of universal
gaiety by which I was surrounded on all sides, that
seemed to work like a charm in dissipating the
cloud of grief which had for months shrouded my
desolate heart like a funeral pall. The pleasures of
a new world seemed opening to my hitherto blinded
gaze, and thanking God for the change he had so
miraculously wrought in my being, I gave myself up,
heart and soul, to the joys of the new life outspread

before my eyes, like a gorgeous panorama. Frequent
visits to those art-repositories, the palaces of the
Louvre and the Luxembourg, where I paid by turns
a student's homage to the immortal creations of
Raphael, Murillo, David and Paul Delarouche; morn-
ing walks upon the Boulevards, afternoon loungings
in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and evening attend-
ance on the various theatres and public masquerades,
made my life—late so dull and spiritless—a perfect
carnival of earthly pleasure.

Occasionally, the remembrance of the terrors of
the single night I had spent in London, would flash
across my mind; and once or twice when attempt-
ing to transfer to paper a rude sketch of the beau-
tiful face which had so mysteriously stolen into my
bed-chamber with the seeming intention of taking
an innocent man's life, I became conscious of a vi-
olent trembling from head to foot, succeeded by a
kind of stupor, in which lethargic state every nerve
seemed paralyzed; thus preventing the slightest
exercise of my pencil. How to account for this
strange feeling I know not, unless, indeed, it held
some secret connection with the singular optical de-
lusion I had experienced a few weeks previous. By
no means anxious to witness a recurrence of the
strange phenomenon which had first intoxicated my
senses, and then struck a thrill of terror to my sen-
sitive heart, I determined to banish from my mind
as far as possible, the remembrance of so myste-
rious a circumstance, by directing my hitherto
gloomy thoughts into a new and brighter channel.

Among the most pleasurable sports of the winter
season in Paris, may be mentioned sleigh-riding. In
this amusement, young and old, rich and poor, par-
ticipate, with a zest and degree of fervency rarely
witnessed in America. Being naturally a person of
rather sedentary habits, I had always looked upon
this amusement in our own cold latitude, with the
same practical eyes as did Benjamin Franklin; but to
be in Paris during the winter months, and not im-
prove the first deep snow, is to be out of fashion,
in common parlance, and consequently out of the
world—that is to say, the Parisian world.

Yielding to the earnest entreaties of a young Ger-
man student—one of a club of six, who had come to
Paris for the ostensible purpose of studying surgery,
but in reality for a winter's frolic amid the gayeties
of the French capital; and who lodged in the same
story of the hotel I had temporarily christened as
"Home, sweet Home"—I found myself, one bright De-
cember afternoon, swiftly flying over the crisp white
snow that lay thick upon the "Bois de Boulogne," by
the side of one of the most mischievous and reck-
less of students that Paris could boast, and behind
one of the fleetest of bay horses that ever graced a
harness.

Giving up the reins to Fritz, who, notwithstanding
his characteristic recklessness, was nevertheless,
a most careful driver, I occupied myself with study-
ing the various faces as we rode along—some roseeat
with the glow of health, and the keen wintry air,
others pale and passionless, as if they had been cut
from solid marble; while a few, plucked by age and
sharpened by disease, looked limidly out from be-
neath their fur-lined hoods, as if fearful that Boreas
might, in his utter disregard for persons, imprint a
smart kiss upon their withered and hollow cheeks.

An hour's sport in racing to and fro upon the Bois
de Boulogne, and, at my suggestion, Fritz turned
our tired horse's head in the direction of home. At
a sudden turn in the road, I perceived, with alarm,
a span of terrified horses dashing along with light-
ning-like velocity, drawing after them a light sleigh,
in which was seated a lady. The speed of the
horses and the unprotected situation of the female
occupying the vehicle, told me at a glance that all
was not right.

Quick as a flash, I sprang from my seat beside
Fritz—who, in his merriment for the exhausted beast he
had driven so rapidly, was walking him along at a
moderate pace—and quickly placing myself in front
of the excited steeds, soon succeeded in staying them
in their mad career. Upon regaining the reins,
which were hanging carelessly over the dasher, I now
perceived for the first time, that the sole occupant of
the sleigh—a young and strangely beautiful girl of
perhaps seventeen summers—had swooned from fright.

By the kind aid of Fritz, whose sympathy was
thoroughly aroused at sight of the fainting girl, we
soon succeeded in restoring the fair stranger to a
state of consciousness. Her first inquiry was after
her uncle, whom she informed us had been thrown
from the vehicle soon after the horses took fright.
For a few seconds she had held firm hold of the
reins, with the hope of checking the wayward horses
in their rapid flight. But vainly; her physical
strength failing her, together with her fears for the
safety of her guardian, the fingers of the young girl
gradually relaxed their hold upon the reins, until, at
last, she became lost to all consciousness.

Placing myself beside my unknown companion,
whose dark Italian eyes looked the thanks her pale
lips refused to utter, we were soon retracing our
steps in search of the lost man. Fritz, in his great
desire to see how the adventure was to terminate,
rode quietly behind us. A ride of ten minutes,
during which time but few words were spoken by
either party, and we at last arrived at a small store
kept by a jeweler, outside whose door were clus-
tered a group of men, women and children whom curi-
osity had led to the scene of disaster.

Giving the reins to a man who stood near by, I
assisted my companion to enter the artisan's store,
where we found the old man lying upon a low couch,
moaning with pain, and calling at intervals for his
lost Henriette. A faint smile of recognition passed
over his wrinkled face, as, regardless of those around
her, the overjoyed girl threw her arms impulsively
about the neck of her wounded uncle, and imprinted
kiss after kiss upon his blood-stained brow.

By the advice of the physician in attendance,

whom the kind-hearted jeweler had speedily sum-
moned to set the arm which had been broken in the
fall, I obtained a close carriage, and after seeing the
old gentleman comfortably placed in it, carefully at-
tended by the surgeon and Henriette, I sprang into
the sleigh in waiting, and closely followed by Fritz,
I rode quickly along toward the stable where Hen-
riette informed me her uncle had procured the team,
and after making matters all right with the keeper
of the establishment, I walked rapidly home, not
even pausing to look at the card which Henriette
had hurriedly thrust into my hand upon parting
with her at the carriage window.

Judge of my surprise when upon ascending the
steps leading to my lodgings, I saw the close travel-
ing carriage containing the injured man and his at-
tendant, stop before the door of the opposite hotel.
Henriette, the beautiful unknown, and I, were, then,
near neighbors; though for how long a time we had
been so, heaven only knew!

To lend my assistance in conveying the wounded
man to his apartments—a suite of handsomely fur-
nished rooms occupying the third story of the build-
ing—was only the work of a few seconds. After
seeing his patient carefully in bed, and leaving par-
ticular orders with Henriette in regard to adminis-
tering the medicines prescribed, as well as of the ne-
cessity of keeping the injured man perfectly quiet,
the surgeon left, promising to call early in the mor-
ning.

With a blush of gratitude, the young girl accep-
ted my delicate offer, to share with her the vigils of
the sick room, during the coming night. Soon after
daylight, the interested surgeon again appeared, and
only confirmed in words what I had already sus-
pected, that a violent brain fever had seized the pa-
tient. For seven long weeks Henriette de Courcy
untiringly hung over the couch of her aged relative.
Refusing the combined entreaties of the faithful
doctor and myself, to resign her place in the sick
room to an experienced nurse, she uncomplainingly
performed the arduous duties, which every new day
brought with it, until I noted, with a feeling of sor-
row, that the blush had quite died out from the pale
olive cheeks, and the dark, soul-lit eyes looked hol-
low and listless.

Fritz Werner laughed at me for what I was
pleased to call my brotherly attentions to the orphan
girl, Henriette de Courcy, but what he winkingly
attributed to, a stronger feeling than mere fraternal
regard.

At last Monsieur de Courcy was pronounced by
the physician to be convalescent; but, sad to say,
with her uncle's return to health, the spirits of Hen-
riette began to droop perceptibly; while her grace-
ful form began to lose that roundness and fullness
of proportion which had added so much to her dark
style of beauty. Her mourning robes, which she still
wore for her deceased mother, only made her slight
form look still more spirituelle, besides harmonizing
with the sad expression of her pale olive face. Mon-
sieur de Courcy, who had grown to look upon me as
a kind of humane benefactor, accordingly laid great
stress upon whatever I said and did. After consult-
ing with the physician in regard to the failing
health of Henriette, I proposed to her uncle a plan
which the medical practitioner had recommended—
namely, that of taking the young girl to London,
with a view of affording a change of scene.

To this proposal Monsieur de Courcy at once ac-
quiesced, on one condition, which was, that I should
accompany him and his niece on their anticipated
excursion. Conscious of my own great love for my
friend's ward, and by no means insensible of Hen-
riette's deep regard for me, I immediately declared
my passion for Miss de Courcy to her uncle, who
surprised me by yielding a hearty assent to my
wishes.

The fact of our engagement being now a settled
thing, our little trio at once set out upon the jour-
ney. Our arrival in London was the signal for a
marked change in the spirits and looks of my be-
trothed. Establishing ourselves at one of the finest
hotels in the city—I myself taking the precaution
to keep always at a respectful distance from the
scene of my former ghostly experiences in Hanover
Square—we were soon the centre of an agreeable
circle of acquaintances, the letters of introduction
which the brevity of my former visit had precluded
me from delivering, being now turned to good ac-
count.

Among the permanent boarders at the hotel where
our party had domesticated themselves, was an En-
glish Jew, by the name of Moses Harper—a man
about sixty-five years of age, who had devoted the
best part of his years to the pursuit of coining
money, wherewith to fill his coffers. For the last
ten years of his life, however, he had lived a life of
dissipation and extravagance, gaining for himself in
London club-houses, the sobriquet of "the fast old
boy." Few, if any, liked him, except for his in-
fluence among moneyed men, in which community
he held an undisputed position. Repulsive in looks,
he was still more so in all those miserable traits
which go to make up the character of a London
rascal.

By bestowing numerous little attentions upon
Monsieur de Courcy, the base-hearted libertine prob-
ably hoped to worm himself into the favor of Hen-
riette. But as his overtures of kindness and courtes-
ies were exceedingly disagreeable to the latter, I
took an early opportunity of telling him so, at the
same time asserting my own especial claims for the
companionship and society of my betrothed. This
disclosure made me not only a rival, but an inveter-
ate enemy in the person of Moses Harper.

Having succeeded in ingratiating himself into the
favor of Monsieur de Courcy, the importunate Jew
increased his attentions to the niece of his newly-
made friend, thrusting himself constantly into her
society, and begging her acceptance of the most
costly gifts, all of which were firmly refused by the

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

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

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

CHAPTER III.

"Does Signor Seymour receive pupils?"

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

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

"Does Signor Seymour receive pupils?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

from her father that terrible disease consumption, which had lain Lord Merton a few years previous in his grave. For male acquaintances, I had met not one during my sojourn abroad, whom I loved so well as good-hearted, mirth-provoking Fritz Werner, until chance threw in my way Luigi Montani. The only letter I had received from Fritz, after leaving Paris, was one apprising me of his immediate departure for Germany; but shame to say, as it also contained the intelligence of Henriette's anticipated marriage with Moses Harper, I instantly threw it into the fire as soon as I had devoured its unpleasant contents. All that remained to me, then, was the memory of our Parisian friendship, for without the companionship of Fritz even life in the French metropolis would have been tame and insipid to me.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.
NELLY COOK.

BY DAVY JONES.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What is a Gentleman?

It appears from Mr. Russell's late letter in the London Times, that the traitors with whom he conversed at the South, claimed for themselves and their associates, exclusively, the appellation of gentlemen.

Nothing can vary more strangely than the standard in different localities by which the important question is decided, who is a gentleman and who is not. Let us illustrate:

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

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

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

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

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

A PLAN FOR FARMING CORPORATIONS.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M. D.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PLAN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let the necessities of life be supplied without pay, without money, and the love of money goes to the grave. The inordinate love of money that now makes men rob, steal, lie, cheat and murder, when dead, will cease to feed these crimes, and they will die a natural death. When men have everything supplied that money brings, their love of money is a useless thing. All the money of State and Wall streets is only loved for to buy what we want; and can we have all we want without this money, we no longer have love or use for it. It is probable that humanity in the past has needed the isolated tugs and hardships of living, and the innumerable courses of money-loving, to sandpaper off the love of this world sooner; so all our afflictions and hard-

ships have been right and in their places; but the onward march, the growth and development of the world, opens now and better conditions for us—and thus it seems reasonable and consistent with the claims for human progress, that a better state of things should dawn upon us. Whatever is, is right for the time and place, but everything is, in the condition of becoming better.

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

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

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

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

Another object is the enjoyment of social pleasures and friendly society without the expenditure of time and money in traveling. Every day, while at work, is a gala day of friendly intercourse; and every meal has all the pleasures of a picnic party. The whole settlement being so compact, a party may be called forth at the central hall at a moment's notice.

The reading-room will be a pleasant resort at all times; and the hall may be, on every evening, a place for social and intellectual entertainment, without expense or effort. From each private house to the hall is only one or two minutes' walk. Lectures, exhibitions, amusements, schools, etc., may be had in this hall, for the benefit of the sixteen families, without any trouble in traveling, or any expense privately—anal with but a trifling expense to the corporation. Both the larger and smaller hall may be occupied at times for the education of the young (and old too) in all the various branches of knowledge that contribute to our earthly well being. Each one can talk with angels and commune with God, without instructions, either in or outside the hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In order to convey more definitely some of the advantages of associated interest, we present the following extract from a writer on the subject:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.
WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MISS E. L. BAILEY.

What heaves the mighty Ocean's waves?
What waves the forest trees?
What guides the forked lightning's flash?
What wakes the light?
Dispersing night?
Truth shines and error flies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nashua, June, 1861.

The Sailor and the Actress.

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

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

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ISAAC B. RICH, . . .
 er, for the Proprietors.

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

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

We are pleased to know that the cause of progress
side reform will take no backward step in sun-
Italy. Side by side with political reform, is that
the Church. Dissensions exist, are increasing, a
will continue to increase, until the power of one
or of any number of men to lord it over the con-
sciences of mankind will cease to be recognized.
Then, and not until then, will real independence
exist. That time is rapidly approaching.

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

We give several columns on our second and third pages, to the elaboration of a plan for farming corporations, by Dr. CHILDS. The plan, as suggested by a new one, and the only marvel is that it has not been brought out before. We understand Dr. CHILDS intends to carry his scheme into practical effect as soon as the times are more peaceable and promising.

I have now before me a pile of notices, wherein

1916

The Messenger.

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

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

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

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

Saturday, June 14.—Invocation; Unrest; Lydia Ferguson; John B. Spencer; Addie Severance.
Monday, July 2.—Invocation; Dr. Benjamin Sanborn, Northampton, N. H.; Ellab Holmes, San Francisco; Anna McGraw, New Orleans; Yankee Sullivan.
Thursday, July 11.—Invocation; Inspiration; Mother Wing; Elizabeth Lawrence, Liverpool, N. S.; Charlotte Keyes, New Orleans; Edward L. Bascom, Enterprise, Florida.
Saturday, July 13.—Invocation; The delusion of Spiritualism; Walter S. Holbrook, New York; Stephen Barrows, N. Y.; Clara Frances Aldrich, New Orleans.
Monday, July 15.—Invocation; Astrology; John McCarthy, Boston; Samuel D. Thompson, Henuiker, N. H.; Frances Elizabeth Prince, Chicago.

Our Circles.

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

Invocation.

Almighty and immutable Principle in whom is the beginning and the ultimatum of all things, again we come before thee with thanksgiving and praise. Again we lift our souls unto thee. Again we find ourselves clothed upon with flesh, walking in the midnight of mortality and death, and for this we thank thee, Great Cause. We offer thee homage in behalf of the nation. Though she sits seemingly in the valley of destruction, yet we behold the sun of glory rising even out of desolation, and for this, oh God, we thank thee. We thank thee, oh Spirit of reform, that thou hast drawn unto man more of the spirit calling thee in to each life, and all mortals nearer to thee.

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

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

Man's Power over Circumstances.

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

We say it is not unusual for us to hear expressions like these, and whenever we hear them, we are disposed to think that those who utter them are not so active as they ought to be. Instead of possessing power of spirit sufficient to overcome all obstacles in the way, some are devoid utterly of that power by which the spirit of man is to overcome evil. And while we see them thus conditioned, we are led to inquire as to the cause, and ask, "Why is it that such and such of the human family think they are more to be handled by conditions and circumstances?" and as we ask the question and seek the remedy, we are quite sure to find it, and in that positive power that says, "I will—and all the elements shall not oppose me."

To suppose that man, the human and the divine, is not a free agent, would be to rob him of his divinity—his godhead. Very true—while man is in the mortal, he is not able to overcome the conditions by which he is surrounded. But there never was a time when he could not combat them, and gather new strength whereby to overcome them. And as man stands at the apex of all the universe, we are to suppose that there is nothing which in time he may not conquer. I care not where it is—even the very elements that speak forth the thunder of the curses of God are subject to the will of man.

Whenever the human find that the conditions and circumstances by which he is surrounded are contrary or antagonistic to his best Spiritual demands, should he yield to these conditions quietly? Certainly not. It is his duty to bring all his power into the field against them, that he may gain strength to overcome at some time.

Who says, "I can never overcome the terrible opponent," never will overcome it; but he who says, "I will overcome it at all hazards," is sure to do so. The tender plant, as it bursts its prison bars of death, comes forth that it may gain strength and grow—that by being brought in contact with the elements it may grow. Man should learn a lesson from the conditions that he is surrounded by. He is placed among them that he may overcome them—not that they may overcome him. We read of one who sits at the right hand of the Father, because he overcame all things; and we are told that all men may do as he did. And yet professing Christians are often heard to say that conditions overcome them.

Oh, God, is it not time that humanity understood itself, instead of looking vaguely into the elements, and saying they are too much for them? Oh, if man is a God, he is capable of overcoming all things against him. Again, we say, there are many conditions in the infantile career of man which he may not overcome, yet he must not stand in the over-coming, but he must stand in the over-coming, by actual combat with those things which seem to be too much for him. Oh, that we could graft our words upon every soul in the universe. We do—then they would be up and doing, instead of sitting in the shade of idleness and weakness; for by strength comes glory eternal. June 12.

Horace Sherman.

My father is a physician; he lives in New York. His name is Sherman. My name is Horace. I was sixteen years old. My father lived on Canal street. It was supposed, when I lived here, that I did not know as much as other folks. I was kept at home a good deal, on account of my parents thinking I did not know as much as others. Well, I suppose I did not. My father wondered what the cause was, and whether I would be so in spirit existence. I want to tell him I am not as I was. My father could not tell the cause, but if he had submitted to my body's being examined, he would have found out. There was a hardening of certain parts of the brain, which had almost formed into a bone or gristle. I have been told the cause of that was a want of that which goes to make up fluid in the system, and too much of that which goes to make up bone. I was sick, when an infant. My father thinks my spirit was idiotic; but though I was not quite as smart as some of my age, I have got along very fast. My spirit could not get ahead on earth because of the organic difficulty. When I died I knew as much perhaps, as a child of seven years, no more, and the disease had got such hold of me that my spirit could not get ahead at all; before that it went ahead, but very slowly.

My mother believes I shall be as high as anybody is here, as she calls it, but she doesn't know about my coming back. I'd like to have my father get somebody to come to the house, through whom I can talk, and I will convince them my trouble existed in the body entirely. I was in the habit of having fits, occasioned by a trouble in the circulation of the blood in the head. If I ate anything, which lay in my

stomach, the blood was thrown to my head, and I went into a fit. I think I had as many as three a day about the last of my life, but it's all over now. I'm glad to get rid of the body. My father sometimes blames himself for not doing enough for me; but my dear father may make himself as happy as possible about me, for I am as well off as I can be, seeing I had no poor a body.

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

Andrew J. Forbes.

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

My mother's name was Caroline Hodgden, before she was married, and her father is here with me to-day. When my mother was born, he used to live in Hooksett, on a farm, and afterwards he moved down to Maine. He tells me to tell them, so that my father may know it is me. I can tell just how long I lived after I was hurt. I was hurt in the afternoon after supper, and I lived till most daylight next morning. I've got a brother and sister—one is married; and I have got a little brother here—he came here a baby, and I know what he died with too—with the hooping cough, that went into the lung fever; and I know what my father said to that man when they were talking about spirits coming back. He said, it's no use talking to me about that, for I've got folks there, and they never come back if they could, and he had never heard from them. The man's name was Mooney he was talking with. I was there and heard it, so I can tell. I know something else. I had forty-six cents in my bank when I died. Nobody knew that but my father, and he kept it because it was mine. I have a good many things to tell, but not here. June 12.

Invocation.

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

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

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

Alexander Carson.

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

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

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

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

Samuel Leonard.

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

If his companion does not agree with him, let him sever that right hand, and go forth fighting for his country. I do not want to be ashamed of my son. I hope I shall not be called upon to be.

I said it was my experience that when man prayed to any God save his own, he was sure to fall him at a time when he needed him most.

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

Thank God, my son is not wedded to religion; when I was on earth I regretted this, but now I thank God that he is not wedded to this religion.

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

Maria Parker.

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

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

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

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

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

From Maria to Henry J. Parker of New York. June 13.

Ben Holmes.

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

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

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

'WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jostle, dear,
When my ship comes home from sea."

Douglas and Breckinridge.

The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press says:

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

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

SPIRITUALISM IN VERMONT.

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

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

The assemblage convened in a commodious hall, situated in the second story of a pleasant dwelling erected by Mr. Luther Ballard one year since. Mr. B. was formerly an efficient member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lympos, in which he owned a large share; and when a higher light dawned upon his vision, and he desired to hear a free expression of sentiment from Spiritualist speakers and others, he was denied the use of the church—an institution erected for the worship of God, but not for the development of man. In addition, Mr. B. and his family received severe persecution at the hands of many of the church-members; but, with a rare and courageous truthfulness to their convictions of truth, they built and furnished at their own expense, and within their own home, a Free Hall, and dedicated it to humanity; and this hall has become the focus of the liberal sentiment for miles around. On the first day of the Convention, while the people were coming in, a lecture was given by that noble and efficient pioneer in all reforms, Warren Chase, and from his glowing ideas I herein insert a few, viz.: God is not love, but love is one of his attributes. We cannot violate the laws of God, because we cannot injure them; but when we do not act in harmony with them, we receive injury in consequence. Happiness is the grand motive of the human soul, and this motive is always good; but owing to ignorance of natural laws, our actions are often mistaken, and bad consequences result. Every effort we make here pushes us on toward an attainable hereafter. The most exalted happiness which any one's conception, can be attained at some period in a future sphere. The organization, the education and the surroundings, are the three elements which form human character. The Christianity of the churches is a failure, for it has accomplished nothing toward harmonizing mankind; and it is now suitable only for weak minds—strong ones grow out of it. The only means the Orthodox churches have of perpetuating their ideas, is to excite fears of a punishment from which they claim to have power to save. The churches seek to overwhelm the judgment in a surging sea of emotion; and their prayer-meetings make impressions only through manner and attitude. No man of strong intellect, who has reached the age of thirty-five, can now be converted into an Orthodox church. We should seek, not to change the belief of people, but to instruct them, and bring them into harmony with nature. Social disorders will become harmonized only when nature's laws are made the standard of action, instead of the Bible.

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

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

"The truth shall ever overcome,
And justice shall be done."

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

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

Warren Chase next gave an elaborate address, of which the following is a brief abstract:

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

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

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

Mrs. Pratt, of Braintree, a trance speaker, advanced the following thoughts: Inconsistency between theory and practice is the great difficulty to-day. Every reform must spring up from the interior of man's nature. The sword of wisdom is the one for reformers to use. Let the spirit be firm and strong in the right, whether it hath eloquence or not.

Mrs. Brown, of Sandusky, a trance speaker, said: Whatever is not understood is considered wrong. Every sect has fulfilled its mission. Love is the true weapon, not the sword.

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

The President, Mr. Middleton, replied at length to Mr. Tarbell, with the following purport:

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

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

Our Congress and our national officers have been corrupt, and it is because they have been under the control of the Southern aristocracy.

India, Australia and even Africa can produce cotton, and Africa is about being colonized for that purpose; therefore the cotton of the Southern States can be dispensed with.

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

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

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

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Brandon, an "excellent inspirational speaker, who has been for many years in the field, gave an address, from which I make a few extracts:

Humanity is joined in one mighty phalanx to unfold and apply truth. Science is yet to govern the world, and be the guiding star of man's action. The old dogmas place Heaven in the distance, but time is unfolding the truer and wiser dispensation. Those whose desires reach heavenward will find that earth and heaven will contribute to their elevation. Our philosophy will yet bring up the mind of man to a conception of those principles which survive the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds. Boundless as the ocean's waves, the soul reaches out toward the infinite, and vibrates in unison with the harmony of the spheres.

Miss A. W. Sprague, after improvising a poem, gave an impressive discourse, from which I note a few salient points:

Our mission is not to be isolated, but to scatter seed by the wayside. There are theologic misers who would catch with a kite the electrical fluid of thought, and confine it in a vessel for their own use, instead of diffusing it among their fellows. The great power and beauty of the eternal doreth forth to every soul, and we should seek to incarnate them in our life.

In the churches those who profess to be God's sentinels keep in their citadels, while the privateers are outside without a camp; and the soldiers of the cross are required to give the password without having learned it.

Strive not to build up institutions for they are transient; but to do good, for goodness is eternal. Keep up a connecting link with humanity by striving to draw some nobly to higher conceptions of its inner life, and live so nobly that you will be recognized by your footprints without being compelled

ASYLUM FOR THE AFFLICTED!!
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Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and their address plainly written, and state sex, and age.

Office hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and 2 to 5 P. M.

The doctor would call particular attention to his invulnerable

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A medicine much needed at this season of the year.

July 21

TO THE AFFLICTED!

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Rooms, No. 168 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
(Between of Light Office).

Mr. C. is controlled by a circle of rollable Spirit Physicians, who will examine patients, give diagnoses of all diseases, and prescribe for the same. Those who reside at a distance and cannot conveniently visit his rooms, may have their cases attended to just as well by transmitting a lock of hair by mail, by which method the physician will come into magnetic rapport with them.

He will furnish patients with Medicines when required, prepared by Spirit direction, having superior facilities for so doing.

TUNES,—Examinations and Prescriptions, at office, \$1.00, per visit, \$2.00; by letter, \$1.00 and two three-cent postage stamps.

Family practice respectfully solicited. The best of references given.

August 18.

SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.
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TRANCE, SPEAKING, HEALING, AND TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. WELTHEA SNOW offers her services to the public as a Medium for either of the above forms of Spirit

Manifestations. For examinations of disease especially, and as a reliable Medium, she can supply the best of references. She has been consulted by the members of the American Address until August last, care of J. H. Cook, Storer, Pa. Westbrook, Me.; and after August last, care of the American Address of Amos Cummings, Jr., Reading, Mass. Terms reasonable. 2mo June 22.

street, Boston. Reception Room, No. 8, up stairs, open day and evening. May 11.

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance Speaking and Healing Medium, Rooms No. 2 Jefferson Place, leading from Bennett, near Washington street, Boston. Hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. Sunday and Wednesday afternoons excepted. examination \$1. Will attend funerals. Can be consulted

evenings at his home, No. 3 Emerson street, Sumerville,
Mass. 8mo5 April 6.

MISS M. C. GAY, Business Clairvoyant and Trance Medium,
gives sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. Circles,
Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings. Sittings 50
cents; Circles 12 cents. Office, 624 Washington street, oppo-
site Common street. 8m5 May 11.

MRS. E. M. HARLOW, (formerly Mrs. Tippie.) Clairvoyant Physician, 43 Wall street, Boston. Patients at a distance can be examined by enclosing a lock of hair. Examinations and prescriptions, \$1 each. 8m Nov. 17.

MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER, Rapping, Writing, Test, Medium, No 52 Pitts street, near Green street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms Moderate. 6c.

MRS. S. J. YOUNG will continue her private and public Circles as usual at 93 Beach street, until the first of April, 1881. Feb. 9.

MISS JEANNIE WATERMAN, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, No. 22 Elliot street, Boston. 4mos? May 4.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Seeding and Trance Medium. 140

M Court street, Boston, Mass. 3m Jan. 14.

New York Advertisements.

The Early Physical Degeneracy of

JUST PUBLISHED BY DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, a Treatise on the Causes of Early Physical Decline of American People; the Cause of Nervous Debility, Consumption and Marasmus.

This work is one of high moral tone, written in chaste, yet thrilling language, and appeals directly to the moral consciousness of ALL PARENTS and GUARDIANS especially, doctailing scientific and reliable aids and treatment for cure.

It will be sent by mail on receipt of two 3 cent stamps.

Parents and Guardians! fail not to send and obtain this book. Young Men! fail not to send and get this book. Ladies! you too, should at once secure a copy of this book.

A Word of Solemn, Conscientious Advice to those who will reflect!
A class of maladies prevail to a fearful extent in community, dooming 100,000 youth of both sexes, annually to an early grave. These diseases are very imperfectly understood. Their external manifestations or symptoms, are Nervous Debility

consumption and exhaustion; Anæmia; of a wasting and consumption of the tissues of the whole body; shortness of breathing, or hurried breathing on ascending a hill or a flight of stairs, great palpitation of the heart; asthma, bronchitis, and sore throat; shaking of the hands and limbs, aversion to society and to business or study; dimness of eye sight; loss of memory; dizziness of the head, neuralgic pains in various parts of the body; pain in the back or limbs; lumbago, dys-

pepsia or indigestion; irregularity of bowels; derangement of the kidneys and other glands of the body, as leucorrhoea or fluxus albus, &c. Likewise, epilepsy, hysteria and nervous spasms.

Now, in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred all the above named disorders, and a host of others not named, are Consumption of the Lungs, and that most insidious and virulent form of Consumption of the Spinal Nerves, known as the

Dorsales; and *Tubercles mesenterica*, have their seat and origin in diseases of the *Pleura Viscera*. Hence the want of success on the part of old school practice in treating symptoms only.

Dr. Andrew Stone, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institution, is now engaged in treating this class of modern maladies with the most astonishing success. The treatment adopted by the Institution is now; it is based upon scientific

principles, with new discovered remedies, without mineral
or poisons. The facilities of cure are such that patients can
be cured at their homes, in any part of the country, from ac-
curate descriptions of their case, by letter; and have the
medicines sent them by mail or express. Printed interrogatory
stories will be forwarded on application.

Consumption, Catarrh and diseases of the throat, cure
as well at the homes of patients as at the Institution, by

The system of treatment which has been found so universally efficacious, practiced by this Institution for Consumption and Throat Disease, is the *Cold Balsamic Medicated Vapors*—one of the new developments of the age.

The attending Physician will be found at the Institution for consultation, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M., of each day, Sunday excepted, in the forenoon.

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Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs.

TO FEMALES....MRS. DOCTRRESS STONE,
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Who is thoroughly read and posted in the pathology of a more than many afflictive and prostrating maladies of more modern origin, will devote exclusive attention to this class of disease peculiar to her sex. Among the many diseases daily men-

The Medicated Ascending Douche: a most important curative, for arousing the nervous forces. Price, \$4 and \$6.

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WARREN & LUDDEN would call the attention of business men to their NEW PATENT COMBINATION PEN, which slides upon a wood pencil. This is the most flexible, cheapest and consequently the most desirable pen in use. It is diamond pointed, the points being selected from the best Iridium, and warranted to give entire satisfaction. The testimonials received from numerous sources—(which will appear from time to time in public print)—are

the most flattering character. The great excellence attained in the production of this pen has been accomplished by a series of experiments extending over eighteen years.

It is reasonable to suppose that ere long this pen must take the precedences of all others now in use.

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March 16. 180 Broadway, Room 3 Gilley Building, New York

Written for the Banner of Light.
PRIDE.

BY LITA H. BARNEY.

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

"What's in a name," when Death draws near,
And anguish knots the brow;
When soul and body rend apart—
Doth it avail thee now?

It blots the aspiration high,
It chains the uplifting soul;
As all things gross, if we allow,
The spirit will control.

The strength to do, and dare, and be
What'er is good and true;
It takes from those who feel its power,
But know not what to do.

It throws its frozen fetters o'er
The love-light in its glow;
Enroast with ice, the winter stream
Runs just as swift below.

It makes one live a false, false life,
A false, false death to die;
And what the other life may show,
We know not—you and I.

Accuse, forever curse, be pride
Of station, wealth, or fame;
It takes all happiness from life,
And leaves you—what? A name!

Heaven give us strength to overcome
All vain and sinful pride;
That we a higher life may gain,
When—on the other side!

Providence, July 9, 1861.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 10, 1861.

J. WETHERBEE, Jr., Chairman.

QUESTION:—Is Spiritualism dying out?

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

Many Spiritualists have withdrawn themselves from public circles and meetings. They cannot accept the sentiments, epistolary practices of many of our public teachers and mediums. They have investigated the phenomena, and are satisfied that spirits communicate, but are disgusted with much that is called Spiritualism. They know, by experience or observation, that "evil communications corrupt good manners." To such minds the phenomena—the literal of Spiritualism, has done its work. To them the husks of truth that have been of so much service, are no longer interesting or instructive.

Spiritualism is not dying out; it is unfolding a spiritual capacity to perceive affectional qualities. It demanded a purer love, a more spiritual life and conversation. It is an individual matter which lifts the soul from the sphere of fear and duty, to that of love and charity. What it once regarded as duties, become privileges. Spiritualism in this sense obtains and unfolds from within like the onion and cabbage, (not like trees in circles from the sap with-out). As the interior unfolds new leaves of life (spiritual activities) the external dies out. As there are some cabbages and onions that will not head or bottom, so there are some Spiritualists that run to stalks and husks; such occasionally go to war with, and professedly renounce what they never saw or were capacitated to believe. Merely an intellectual acceptance of the facts and philosophy of modern Spiritualism, will not reform or regenerate the individual or the world; it may serve as seed for future generations, but unless the truth be received in the soil of the soul, the garden of the Lord, and spring up through the understanding, it withers away, and, so far as the individual or age is concerned, dies out. I have never known a Spiritualist that was born of the water, (intellectual perception of the doctrine) and of the spirit (enlightened affection) that went away. Who is there that ever drank of the well, or entered the way of spiritual life, that did not hunger and thirst for more, and know by experience that such hunger and thirsting was not in vain? Why should they go away? To whom should they go? Where else is the "tree of life"—the unfolding word of God?

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

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

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

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

My friend Mr. Burke places himself in a dilemma, when, after admitting that Spiritualism is on the increase, he proceeds to deny the fact that spirit intercourse exists at all; because that which has no existence can have no increase, and that which increases must have an existence. This is his dilemma, of which however I will not take advantage, inasmuch as he spoke under a misapprehension of the subject, which is not in regard to the increase of belief in Spiritualism, but to the growth of Spiritualism itself. His objections to the theory that the mind of one person in a certain room, town, or country, can act upon and influence the mind of another person in a certain other room, town, or country, amounts, in its last analysis, to this: that no person, according to his belief, has ever thus operated or will ever thus operate on his own mind. But this is not proof. For the rainbow spans the heavens in vain for the soul that lacks vision, and the sweetest melodies are but noise to the soul that has no ear. And yet, because the blind may be cured of their blindness, and the ears of the deaf unstopped, I will not despair of my friend Mr. Burke; believing as I do that messages of truth and of love and grandeur shall some day come to him from worlds not lighted by the sun, to be unto him a perpetual apocalypse of glory, and a beauty and a joy forever.

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

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

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

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

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, July 2, 1861.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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