

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FELICIA ALMAY;

OR,

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION!

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ENGLISH HOME.

At Linden cottage, the hawthorn hedges bloomed, and the sweet magnolia exhaled its perfumed breath; white and red roses twined around the casements, and luxuriant honeysuckle graced the porch. The house had been enlarged considerably, and a conservatory built, that was filled with the choicest flowers from all climes. Many changes, too, had taken place in the interior. In place of the former humble appliances, there reigned an air of elegance and ease; the furniture was chosen with due regard to beauty, as well as use; many works of art, fine paintings and noble specimens of sculpture abounded. The sounds of music were wafted on the breeze, and the sweet, thrilling melody of Teresa's voice often listened to with delight, by the chance passers by. Time, with his healing ministrations, had left some traces of his mission on the hearts of the suffering ones within that blessed home.

The lady Teresa, erect, majestic, beautiful, with the graces of a queen and the gentleness of a Christian matron, had folded to her breast the loving peace of resignation. Mrs. Almay, verging fast upon the allotted years of human life, was truly venerable with the loveliness of old age. Her white hair glistened from beneath her closely fitting cap, was to her a crown of glory; her mild, hazel eyes were still clear and bright; her thin cheeks wore a slight tinge of healthful color. She looked better, and was much happier, than she was years ago, when first she met Teresa; ere the mighty bond of a common sorrow had united and upraised them both unto a divine content and sublimation.

Old Allen had gone home to the heaven of his pious dreams, and his wife was called old Margary, although her square form was as erect, her motions as nimble, as before; but her hair had whitened, the wrinkles on her face had deepened, and she wore the widow's sombre garb and cap.

They were, as ever, a contented household, though a stranger occupied the place once held by faithful Allen; and Margary shed tears unseen for the loss of the kind words she should hear no more on earth.

"Leave all to the Lord, Margary, woman."

Young Mrs. Almay, as she persisted in calling Teresa, had a maid of her own—a young, flippant, Spanish thing—whose heart Margary thought was in the right place, but whose shocking frivolities in dress adorned the good creature to exclaim with pious commiseration:

"She is no more nor less than a heathen! She acts and dresses just like—a peacock, for all the world! It took my good man, Allen, to find the what d'ye call 'em—sim-lee. I'm no hand at making parlor-ones."

Nevertheless she and Inez were on the best of terms, for there was no place for envy or resentment in her devoted heart.

The lady Teresa has been abroad several times, and is fully reconciled to her uncle, who, living yet in Cadiz, has delivered into her hands the bulk of her property. Simple in her attire, yet wearing the black dress she prefers, she uses the golden boons of fortune more for the benefit of others, than for personal satisfaction. Having enlarged and beautified the house, she is, with her mother, the benefactress of the poor, the sister of the unfortunate, ever clinging to the hope of once again beholding the child torn from her arms by treachery. She has traveled all over the kingdom, but her search for the lost was all in vain. In her native land—on the continent—the mother distributed her wealth with a lavish hand, in the endeavor to gain tidings of the father and young child.

Mrs. Almay had given up the last vestige of the hope of ever again beholding or hearing from her son. Every day of her life she prayed for Rose, the gentle being who had so twined around her heart; but she entertained not the faintest expectation of ever folding in her arms the grandchild she had never seen.

But the mother's heart hoped on with a tenacity that no disappointment could overthrow. Her chastened soul had learnt all the beauty of resignation; she accepted the cross of earthly discipline, and wore it serenely and with peace. Never more manifesting a violent grief in the presence of her aged mother, it was only in the silence of her chamber that she poured out her full and yet sorrowing heart unto the Gracious Disposer of all good.

To the wretched toilers in the miserable village where her great calamity had first befallen her, Teresa sent a munificent donation, to be equally divided among the families there. She visited the place some time afterwards, and was gratified with the improved aspect of the dwellings—the better condition of the people, that her benevolence had secured.

There are threads of silver through her raven tresses; but her smile, though pensive, is enchanting; her eyes beam with a subdued radiance; there

is a tinge of healthful color in her cheek. The uses of adversity have borne their heavenly fruits.

One lovely summer morning Teresa sat in her own cosily retired sitting-room, with a young man who was their guest. That room had been fitted up by her own exquisite taste, and was indeed an elegant retreat, opening to the garden path, and leading to the choice conservatory. The lofty windows, over which, outside, the rose clambered and the vine leaves spread, were draped with curtains of pink silk and delicately wrought lace. The carpet, with its vivid, life-like coloring, seemed an enameled flower plain of Nature's own formation; the furniture, light and graceful, was of some odoriferous, foreign wood; there were tables inlaid with pearl and mosaic, with ivory and tortoise shell; fine paintings, and oval mirrors in elaborately carved frames. There were ottomans and lounges covered with pink silk, and a fleecy coverlid of lace was thrown over the harp, whose thrilling and devotional chords were so oft awakened by the lady's hand.

With a glance of motherly tenderness and commiseration, Teresa looked upon their melancholy guest.

"I am truly grieved, Percy, to see you in this condition," she said in excellent English, but with a slightly foreign accent. "It makes me sad to behold the son of my best friend in such a state."

Percy Macdonald sighed, and his voice was like a strain of plaintive music, as he replied:

"Dear friend, I have but just recovered from a long illness. I came near the gates of eternity, while in St. Thomas, and I have not yet recovered my strength. I am a miserable company enough, I am aware of that."

"No self-condemnation, if you please, Percy. But that is not all; something more than the mere languor of recent illness hovers about you. You have a secret, Percy! Would it not be well to confide it to your best friend—to one who has always esteemed you in the light of a son?"

"Dear Teresa! dear motherly friend, you are in the right; but pardon my weakness—it was not want of confidence in you that sealed my lips, but, even to my father, I have not breathed a syllable of the sorrow gnawing at my heart. It is a grief for which there is no consolation! Time cannot efface its remembrance; all the world's efforts cannot chase it to oblivion! Friend, mother, Teresa, in a distant land, I have left my heart, my hopes, all my ambition! All that made life enchanting and valuable. I told you how I was wrecked and cast upon the waves at midnight; how a brave, old fisherman rescued me from the raft; but I have not told you yet how an angel ministered to me; and that by her I was wrecked a second time—and for life!"

"I do not well comprehend your meaning, Percy. Come, I have sometimes soothed your childish sorrows. In Cadiz I was your confidante; in London, your maternal adviser. When you came to our country home, you always gave to me the trust of a child; do so now. Perhaps I can again give you relief."

He shook his head, and taking her hand, continued:

"I gave myself up to the fairest dream that ever found a resting-place in the human heart. I loved a young girl! She it was who bent over me on the wet sands when I first opened my eyes from what I deemed the awakening from death; she was beautiful as the saints of your former worship; with Madonna eyes, and waving, golden hair. I was borne to her parents' house. I recovered speedily, and I lingered in that tropical Eden, charmed by her smiles and nurtured by delusive hopes. One day, I heard that she was betrothed; that she loved the suitor who was expected on the following day. Mother Teresa, the One above could only fathom the depths of my soul's agony. I fled from the house—the town—and for weeks I lay prostrate with brain fever. Then I set sail for Cadiz, as you know; paid my respects to the dear father, who was shocked at my altered appearance. I have been ill again in London, and I came here with the express desire of pouring out my sorrows to your compassionate ear; for, mother or Teresa, I knew you, who have suffered yourself, would pity me."

"Poor child!" she said tenderly, rising and bending over him and imprinting a maternal kiss upon his brow.

"It is a sad trial to love in vain!" and she sighed deeply. "But even for this severest heart-wound, the heavenly Consoler has a balm!"

"She is by this time the wife of another; lost—lost!—forever lost to me!" he exclaimed despairingly.

"Percy," said Teresa, drawing a low ottoman beside him and taking his hand; "has your father ever told you the story of my sufferings—of the overwhelming griefs that fell on my early life?"

He looked wonderingly into her face.

"He told me you had suffered deeply in your marriage relations; but he never entered into detail. He said your experiences were too sacred to be made a theme of conversation; but he ever prized you as one of the most tried and exalted of women. He ever spoke of you with enthusiasm; with a deference such as he gives not to any other."

"I will tell you my story, Percy," she said, and her cheek paled, and the moisture gathered in her soft, dark eyes.

"In my youth, your father loved me and offered me his hand. I admired his noble qualities, his cavalierly grace, his princely generosity, his true and loving spirit, and my heart was nearly won, when another appeared, whose magnetic presence drew me irresistibly toward him. My son, for him I left my home and friends, without a parting word. I consented to a clandestine marriage, and I became a wan-

derer with the strange, mysterious husband I had chosen. I became the happy mother of a little child and he—oh, Percy! after these many years, the recollection thrills me with an unspeakable grief and horror—he was strange, moody, absent, harsh and cold. He left me frequently; alone, with my infant, he left me to poverty—to the misconstructions of those around. He had won me under an assumed name; even that name he would not permit me to use. He demanded my child! I indignantly refused to give her up. By means to this day unrevealed to me, he tore her from my arms while I slept—a deep, unnatural, lothargic sleep it was, and when I awoke from it I was childless. And never have I seen my husband since, and my child—oh God! I have never listened to the music of her prattle; I have never felt the blessed touch of her little hand. She has been lost, lost, ever since that fatal day!"

She buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed.

With an impulse of affection and reverence, the young man knelt before her and kissed her hand.

"Providence directed me hither, to his mother's house," she said. "I came here a raving, distracted maniac. Mrs. Almay cared for me as such hearts only can, though she then thought me a poor erring outcast. Ever since she discovered our relationship, I have held her a daughter's place. Widowed and childless, not by the sacred hand of death, but by the treacherous cruelty of the man I loved, bereft at once of all that life had given me, could my sorrows find a parallel? Percy, my son, what is your one grief to mine?"

He could not speak for emotion; he bowed his head, and his tears fell on the hand he held.

"Yet," she continued, "I am now resigned; for if I never clasp my daughter's form on earth, I surely shall recognize and own her in the better world. I have grown submissive to my Father's will; and yet the hope that I have borne through years is not all extinguished yet; still I cherish the fond, intense, sad longing, that may never be fulfilled—the hope of embracing my long lost child."

"God grant it!" uttered Percy, fervently; and before the revelation of her mighty woe he felt abashed, rebuked and chastened.

They spoke long of the past trials that the disciplined soul had borne; of the great wrongs by selfishness inflicted; of the mutation of human affairs, and the overruling Providence that ever brought the ultimate good to pass.

Percy felt a peace pervading his heart to which it had long been a stranger; and when Mrs. Almay entered, he looked more cheerful than she had seen him since his arrival. As he strolled forth for a walk in the fields, Teresa, looking after him with a truly maternal solicitude, said audibly:

"God comfort him, pure, noble spirit! that he is. May the recital of my life's sorrow bring consolation to his breast!"

"Why, my dear Teresa, what has befallen our friend?" queried Mrs. Almay anxiously.

"He is suffering, mother; he is passing under the fiery ordeal, and his untired heart is almost broken."

"From what cause, my daughter?"

"From the same cause that has brought anguish to so many; from the fond, weak, idolatrous worship of—love!"

She hastily kissed her mother's brow and left the room.

"She bears yet the arrow in her bosom," murmured the venerable lady. "God bless her! nobly has she borne the lonely, loveless lot. Oh, Philip, my wretched, sinful, and forgetful son! oh, Rose, unhappy victim! where are they both? The grave gives no reply, and from their living lips no tidings come. Oh, that I could live to see the mystery unravelled—to know of Rose's fate; of my poor son's destiny! But thy will, not mine, be done!"

"The prayer of the righteous availeth;" and the desire of her heart was fulfilled.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAND OF PROVIDENCE.

The next day Percy announced his intention of returning to London. He would devote himself anew to the literary pursuits he delighted in. Exemplified by fortune from the necessity of labor for subsistence, he had given much time to the inspirations of the muse, and was already famous in the world of letters. There was in his soul a restless desire for occupation, and he resolved to write out for the world's benefit, the end and simple story of his life. He would go to the Metropolis to make some necessary arrangements, and then return to the delightful hospitality of Linden Cottage, and pen within the shelter of his favorite rose-arbor the effusions of his heart and brain.

Old Margary, standing in the doorway as he bade farewell to both ladies, was enraptured with the grace and dignity of his deportment, and deeply troubled by the wanness of his face, and the shadow dwelling in his deep blue eyes.

"He's just as lovely as a painted angel," said the good woman, "and he's just as good; as charitable as—as a—lord, as they say the baro-footed friars are, that young Mrs. Almay tells about, that save people out of the snows, with large dogs and cordial bottles round their necks. Poor Mr. Percy! something has overtaken him; but my good man used to say that the Lord knew best. May he keep and preserve and guard the young gentleman! And talking of preserving makes me remember I must see to the pickled onions I put in vinegar yesterday;" and she hastened from her post of observation to the kitchen realm.

Sunset flooded it its golden and rosy splendor

the rich green woods, and the rippling wavelets of the stream. The mountain crests glowed in emerald and azure light, while the shadows stole creepingly athwart the sunlight patches, and the forest choristers attuned the farewell song of day.

Percy walked slowly toward C—, gazing with the admiring eye of the poet upon the varied scene, and contrasting it with the tropical region where he had learned the bliss and pain of love.

"This English paradise," he thought, "only needs her presence to equal the romance of the sunny land."

He passed leisurely along the streets of the quiet town, and proceeded to the "King's Arms," the best inn of the place. It was his intention to take the stage-coach for a neighboring town, which he could reach by midnight, and remaining there until the next day, continue his journey to London. Traveling then was not as expeditious as at present, and the now old-fashioned lumbering stage-coaches were yet in vogue.

Requesting to be shown to a room, he followed the obsequious landlord, who insisted upon waiting on the young gentleman himself. When, after many bows and scrapings, the ruddy Bonifacio left his guest to the entertainment of his own thoughts, Percy, glad to be left alone, took a seat by the window and thought of Teresa, her blighted life and holly accepted griefs.

He heard a light step in the entry, and a voice that thrilled his very being so that he arose and gasped for breath, called hurriedly:

"Can I not speak with you a moment, landlord?"

"Yes, miss; with pleasure, miss; at your service, miss, your ladyship!" replied mine host, as he retreated his steps.

Percy walked to the door which had been left open, and for the first time in his life played the eaves-dropper.

He saw the portly form of the proprietor of the "King's Arms," standing in respectful attitude in the passage; but of the lady who addressed him he could only see the flutter of a mourning robe, and hear the voice whose accents penetrated his soul with a strange and mighty power.

"I wish to inquire the way to the residence of Mrs. Almay—Mrs. Meroy Almay, if you please. I have been told that she lives near this town. Will you obtain a conveyance to-morrow morning for myself and attendant?"

"Yes, miss, of course, your ladyship, as early as you desire. Your ladyship can go on horseback, or have a carriage. Mrs. Almay lives near Forestdale creek, miss; not far from here; about three miles. She will be delighted to see your ladyship; she doesn't have much company; she's a dear old lady, miss; a friend to the poor and needy, your ladyship."

"Is she well?" tremulously inquired the silvery tones.

"Very well indeed, miss. She had an attack of rheumatism last winter, but Doctor Merton—he's her family physician, your ladyship—he cured her up in no time, and Mrs. Almay is as brisk as one of her own bees, miss."

"Can you tell me—whether there is a lady—a lady who—has long lived with Mrs. Almay—I could obtain no certain information in London." The speaker's voice was trembling with emotion.

"Oh, yes, miss. I presume your ladyship alludes to Mrs. Teresa Almay, the old lady's daughter-in-law. Bless your heart alive, ma'am, miss, your ladyship, I mean; she's been living there these sixteen or seventeen years, except when she went abroad. She's a noble Spanish lady, and one time there was curious stories about—that's before I came here—about Mrs. Almay's son, he as married the lady Teresa; they said he was a sad scamp and deserted the good lady, his wife, and ran away from home, and stole her baby, and got another wife and killed her, and buried her under a grass plot in his garden. But he's never been heard of for years, and the lady Teresa wears mourning all the time; and they say Doctor Merton saved her life when she first came among us, and she has built him a new house, and one of his children is named after her. At what hour will your ladyship have the carriage?—or will you have the pony, miss?" and the talkative landlord stopped to take breath.

"I will take the carriage; I am not strong enough to ride on horseback. Will nine o'clock be too early?"

"No, indeed, your ladyship; they're all early birds at Linden Cottage, and they don't make any ceremony with their visitors. Everybody is welcome, at any time."

"At nine o'clock then," and the sable folds of the fluttering garment were withdrawn.

"Shall I send up tea, miss, your ladyship?"

"If you please."

And mine host proceeded on his way.

From behind the screening door issued Percy, glowing with uncontrollable agitation.

"I must have certainty," he said; and with a vain effort to still the tumultuous throbbing in his breast, he tapped gently upon the then closed door of the lady's chamber.

"Come in!" said the same musical and familiar voice.

He opened the door, and saw sitting by a table with writing implements before her, a youthful figure clothed in black. She turned her head. The waving golden locks, the changed and mournful, ever-beautiful face—it was Felicia!

He gazed upon her, unable to advance, with imploring eyes and fondly outstretched arms. She gave one loud piercing cry of mingled joy and re-

ognition, and, rushing forward, was clasped to his faithful heart!

"God bless my soul!" cried the astonished landlord, whom curiosity had prompted to watch young Percy Macdonald, and who had witnessed the meeting thus providentially ordained.

"Percy! Am I dreaming? Do I once more meet you? You are changed; you have suffered; you have been ill?" She gazed fondly into his face.

"And you, my—your face is pale and wasted. Felicia!"—he repressed the endearing epithets that arose to his lips—"what happy fortune brought you here? And why—oh, pardon my boldness—wherefore these mourning robes? And—and—" his voice faltered, and he gently took away his encircling arms. "It is months since we met—you were on the point of marriage. Are you—whom has death visited—and a mighty terror crept over his thought, for he deemed her the wife of another."

She took his hand, and looking the full love of her pure heart, she said:

"I read your thoughts. I have never been a wife. I was not betrothed, as you were told! I have been ill, visited by many dire afflictions; but I am free and happy now."

"Free, not wedded? Oh, Felicia, and you remember Percy? With a friendly smile you greet him. Not betrothed?"

And his exultant eye and rapturous mien betokened the inner, the all-surpassing joy. He was bewildered by the few magic words she had spoken.

"Ill! visited by affliction?" he repeated, "and you wear the mourning garb?"

"For my beloved one in heaven; for the dear mother that loved you; for the poor father resting in the green sea depths!" she replied, bursting into tears.

He folded her tenderly to his bosom; he kissed the briny flood of sorrow from her eyes; he asked her, trembling with uncertain happiness:

"May I love you, Felicia?"

And with her golden head pillowed on his manly breast, she whispered,

"Forever!"

Then when he had pressed the holy betrothal kiss upon her lips, when both had opened their reunited hearts in thankfulness to Him who is the author of all love, Felicia told her Percy of the happy death of Rose; of her father's efforts for escape from a dread miscreant's power; of the fearful night upon the beach, and with her wounded dying father out at sea; she told him of that father's penitence and late confession; of the startling revelation of her birth; and that she was on the way to seek and claim her mother.

"I have been ill, for months," she said; "the varied mental emotions and the harrowing scenes I passed through, brought on a complete prostration of my nervous system. I remained in Coro, on the coast, until my strength was recruited, and I heard while there, that Arabano was found dead on the beach, the morning after the fatal affray that cost my father's life. The body was recognized by the authorities as that of a noted bandit, whose fast hold was somewhere in the mountains; but amid the thousand surmises concerning our escape, no one coupled the name of Philip Delano with the robbers. I was saved that final pang. Several other bodies were found upon the shore, but the villain Joaquin was not among them. He must have fled despite the wounds my father inflicted upon him. I came to London a month ago, and it took me some time to obtain the necessary inquiries I wanted there. As soon as my strength permitted, I came here in search of the one great happiness of my life—my mother!—and now, on the first day of my arrival, I meet you! Oh, Percy, dear Rose was a true prophetess. The heavenly Father has sent His choicest compensations, now."

"And she was not your mother?"

Percy was still bewildered, still wandering in a dreamlike maze.

"I heard you inquiring for Mrs. Almay," he stammered forth. "I heard your dear, familiar voice, and deemed myself dreaming, or deceived. Why inquire for her, my love?"

"Oh, Percy, because the Spanish lady that resides there is my mother! My mother! Percy! and my poor father was the son of Meroy Almay. I have it from his own dying lips. I am Felicia Almay, best friend!"

"Now God be praised!" he cried again, enfolding his beloved in his close embrace. "My darling, words cannot convey one tithe of the fullness of my joy! Oh, gracious Providence, how wondrous are thy devious ways! Oh, blessed Teresa, happy friend, this is the promised blessedness of heaven!"

He wept the sacred tears of deepest manly feeling, and the gentle girl by his side, said tremulously sweet and low:

"You know my mother, Percy?"

"She has been the friend and counsellor of my youth. I will lead you to her. I will present my life's granted blessing. I will rejoice her long aching heart with the bestowal of her daughter's love! I will prepare her for your coming, Felicia; the sudden joy of beholding you might overwhelm her. Only yesterday, she spoke of you with tears."

"She remembers me—she loves me—my mother!" said the happy Felicia, with streaming eyes.

"I, too," she resumed, "feared the sudden shock that the discovery might bring her, but I thought I would have self-control sufficient to break the tidings to her gently and gradually; but you will do it better. And my grandmother—she, too, will bless and receive me with her love."

"You are the very image of Teresa—all but the

sunny curls. Strange, that I never before noticed the resemblance. And yet, from the first moment of beholding you, there was a haunting, gracious reminiscence about your every lineament, your every grace of action, that I could not define."

"Percy," she said, looking pleadingly into his face, "let me behold my mother this very night."

"Could you bear the meeting? Is not your strength exhausted? Would it not be safer to go to-morrow?"

The dark eyes filled with tears.

"I am strong, now that I have your love, and I long to weep upon my mother's breast. But if you think she needs a longer preparation for my coming, I will gladly and patiently wait."

Percy communed with his own thoughts for a brief space.

"I think 't will be safe and right," he said. "To those who have suffered so long, happiness cannot come too soon. We will go to Linden cottage to-night."

Felicia thanked him with her eyes and lips.

They took tea together, but the well-spread tray was sent back with the food almost untasted.

"Queer people," pondered the landlord; seem as happy as two turtle doves, and can't eat a thing. I always eat hearty, when I'm happy. I wonder what the young lady is to Mr. Percy? Looks to me like a wedding in prospect; and at that thought he rubbed his chubby hands and chuckled with delight.

The carriage was ordered, and the motherly mulatto woman, that Felicia had brought with her from St. Thomas, was desired to remain in her young lady's room until her return, or until she should be sent for. The natural shrewdness of her class enabled her to see a lover-like happiness beaming from the faces of both.

"Derry well, honey," said she to her young mistress, "I been a takin' a stroll 'round this 'ere little town. I'll see to your tings, and ef ye do n't come back to-night, you jest let ole Anna know, so I shan't be worritted about ye. Yer a goin' on a blessed errand; the Lord prosper you, and bless ye too, sir; and with a deep curtsy, she sat down upon a trunk, in formal possession of "young mistress's room."

With what different feelings did Percy retraced the way toward the home of his friends. Two hours before he had been engrossed by incurable melancholy, a prey to hopeless love. Returning by the light of the innumerable stars, and the young crescent moon, he sat beside the won object of his only love—beside her whom he had deemed in a distant land, and lost to him forever more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

REUNION.

They stopped before the wide-arching gateway, and were assisted by Mark Levin, the successor of old Allen, to alight. The most prudent course to be pursued had been agreed upon between the lovers, and when they were ushered into the unoccupied reception room by Margary, who was all alive with curiosity to know the wherefore of the return of Percy, and the cause of the young lady's visit, he said to the faithful household guardian:

"I wish to see your lady, Mrs. Teresa Almay, alone. Ask her if she can receive me in her room, Margary."

"And this is my mother's house. This is the atmosphere hallowed by her presence—by her saintly prayers for me," murmured Felicia.

"Courage, my beloved! Still retain the potent self-control that is your own," he whispered in her ear. "See, I am as joyously agitated as yourself; it is with difficulty that I can withhold the transports of my unhopd for bliss. But for her sake—for your mother's sake, I am outwardly calm. I will go to her first, then summon you to her presence."

"Oh, if she should enter now! I feel as if I would rush to her arms—fall at her feet at once," she cried.

"She will not come in at present; here is Margary. I may come."

"Young Mrs. Almay is glad to see you at any time."

"Dear up, my darling. I will not keep you waiting long;" and he hastened from the room, traversed the long gallery and entered the especial sitting-room that was the favorite retreat of Teresa.

"She was sitting upon a low seat holding in her hand a diamond cross. As Percy crossed the threshold, she advanced to meet him, saying cheerfully: "I am glad you have returned, and intend to pass the night with us. You know you are always welcome."

He took her extended hand and pressed it silently. "You will remain a few days longer before starting for London?" she inquired.

"I shall not start at all, at least for the present. I have changed my plans, and Mother Teresa I have come to talk to you."

"Well, sit down, my son, and you will find a willing listener. But, Percy, now that I look at you more closely, there is something strange in your manner. You are agitated; your color comes and goes. Something has occurred—and your excitement is contagious. I am growing restless, troubled—impatient like yourself. No, not troubled, except with a fluttering, unreal sensation of some great good in store. Percy, what is it? What has brought you back to-night?"

Her manner at first serene and self-contained, expressed a wild eagerness of expectation. Her cheeks blanched to an ashy whiteness, her lips quivered with the sudden emotions she could neither name nor account for.

"I beseech you, dearest friend, be calm. I did not know that I my manner betrayed so much. I have indeed tidings—blessed—joyful—tidings—but I must be certain of your strength to bear—"

"Tidings—joyful—strength to bear?" she murmured, with clasped hands and wide dilating eyes. "Tidings of what?—of whom? In the holy name of Heaven, speak, Percy, tell me!" she implored.

Again, as when she told him of the sorrowful events of her life, he knelt before her, and took her now trembling hand:

"You have borne trial and torture nobly. Can you as bravely receive the dispensations of happiness? For, Mother Teresa, there is a happiness awaiting you."

"Happiness to me?" she interrupted. "I have found peace in submission; but happiness, Percy Macdonald!" she grasped his arm with frantic suddenness—"There is but one joy in store for me on earth, and that—how should you—how can it be—why do I dare to dream of the impossible realization? My child!" she almost screamed. "Oh, to behold again, my child!—and that will only be beyond the tomb!"

"It is not impossible. God hears the mother's prayer," said Percy, impressively, and his blue eyes fixed upon her face a glance before which her heart thrilled and bounded with a rapture all too deep for words.

"Percy, what mean you?" she gasped.

"That she is found! That your daughter Felicia is restored to you!" and he clasped her to his breast ere she could frame or utter a reply.

"Found—Felicia? Where, oh God!" and she fell sobbing round his neck.

"Be calm, for her sake, I entreat you. She is safe; she is well. You shall behold her soon."

"Percy, in the name of the Saviour, by all a mother's life-long sorrow, tell me, is this true? Is my Felicia found?"

"So help me God, she is. And mine is the holy pleasure of being the glad messenger. She is not afar—she has traveled over many leagues of ocean to behold your face; she is in England. Mother Teresa, be calm, be strong! She is in the neighboring town. For this I have returned to tell you."

"Take me to her immediately! Let me embrace and bless my child! Let me convince myself, oh, Percy. How know you?—how came she?—oh, let me hasten to behold my child!"

"She is your daughter, the living image of yourself. She has the dying testimony of her father, of your husband, Philip Almay. There is no doubt; no mistake; she is the child stolen from your love!" said Percy, hastening to allay the mother's remaining sorrows.

"Take me to her! Order my carriage, a horse! Her father's dying testimony! Is Philip dead?" Percy nodded affirmatively.

"May God have mercy—but my child! I am tortured by impatience. Percy, if you ever loved or pined me, oh take me to my child!"

"I will," he said, dashing away the sparkling dew drops from his eyes. "Do not leave this room. I will bring her here; she is in this very house—down stairs with Margary."

Teresa suppressed the scream of joy that rose to her lips. She waved him speechlessly away, and half-fainting, she sank back upon a lounge, her tear-filled eyes upraised above; both hands clasped over the wildly beating heart; her lips moving in inaudible prayer.

Meanwhile a small, lithe and gay-robed figure had glided noiselessly into the room where Felicia sat with Margary. Involuntarily the young girl arose and saluted the venerable lady, whose placid face and silvery hair called forth the deepest feelings of reverence. But when the old waiting-woman said, "That is my lady, miss, that's Mrs. Almay," Felicia's heart gave a bound of joyful yearning love. She took a step forward toward her father's mother; the old lady then for the first time, seeing the visitor, inclined her head, and looked to Margary for an explanation.

"Mrs. Almay, m'am, this is a young lady that came with Mr. Percy. He's up stairs with the young mistress, m'am."

"Glad to see you at Linden Cottage, and I am glad to hear Percy has returned," she said, with cordial warmth, gazing intently in the face of the young lady.

With an impulse that she could not resist, Felicia took her hand and kissed it; tears glistened in the mild, clear hazel eyes. She was about to say a few kind and loving words, when the door opened, and Percy rushed in, flushed, radiant, fearful, exultant. "Come, Felicia, come!" he cried, and pale and trembling, she leaned upon his proffered arm, and with him, passed into Teresa's room.

Through the blinding mist of her tears, Felicia saw a tall, majestic form, deep and tender eyes, a pair of outstretched arms. As in a dream, she heard a sweet voice, saying: "Daughter!" and breathless, voiceless, powerless of limb, she sank within those loving arms, with the sweet spell-word still unuttered; her heart in its ecstatic beatings, calling loudly: "Mother! mother!" while the quivering lips were mute.

"What is going on here, to-night, Margary?" said Mrs. Almay.

"Indeed, m'am, and that's more than I can comprehend. Something is in the wind, as my Allen used to say the sailor folks said. Mr. Percy is all befuddled and kind of overpowered, or whelmed, as they call it; and I heard young Mrs. Almay's voice as if she were a-praying and a-sorrowing as she used to do. Thinks I, she can't be fallen out with Mr. Percy, for she loves him like an own son. It seems to my humble understanding of things, as if somewhat was a-brew'n—not a calamity by any means, m'am; but some up and down great piece of good luck! I can't find the 'xact name for what I mean."

A happy trio entered. Teresa, leaning on her daughter's arm, and Percy following with beaming looks and triumphant step. They advanced to Mrs. Almay's chair, and kneeling before it, Felicia bowed her head, and again kissed the astonished lady's hand.

Bending over her, Teresa said: "This is your grand-daughter—she craves your blessing, mother!"

"Teresa!—Percy!—what is this?—repeat your words!" she faltered.

"Dear mother, this is my child—my long lost Felicia! God has restored her to my arms!"

She did not scream or faint; but leaning forward, she placed both hands upon the young girl's head and blessed her solemnly, without a questioning word. Margary, whose amazement at first was speechless, gave a loud cry and rushed towards the group.

"Faithful, life-long friend!" said Teresa, falling upon the servant's neck and weeping for joy: "rejoice, rejoice with me! for often have you prayed for this hour. Behold the goodness of our Lord is made manifest! Oh, Margary, he takes away, but he also restores and heals!"

"Oh that my precious Allen had but lived to see this moment!" she sobbed, as she wiped her brimming eyes.

Felicia was folded in the embrace of her aged grandmother.

"My Philip's child," she said, weeping softly; "and your mourning dress is worn for him, I know, my darling! I do not speak—you will tell me all to-morrow. This night you belong to your mother only—to-morrow, the sorrow and the mystery will be unraveled. I will ask no questions now. Felicia, your name has long been familiar to me. I have loved you all your life, my child, though I never looked upon your bonny face before. For years, every morn and evening, have I prayed for you;" and she gazed with delight into the lovely, youthful countenance.

Margary timidly approached. "May I take the young lady's hand?" she said.

Felicia gave her both, and kissed the wrinkled, bronzed cheek.

With a low, "The Lord keep you, Miss," and a loud burst of emotion, she threw her checked apron over her face, and ran sobbing from the room. Inexhausted at the door, weeping. There was little sleep that night for the inmates of Linden Cottage, for their hearts were yet too full of the first tumultuous joy. Until the rosy advent of the dawn, mother and daughter sat hand in hand, never weary of looking in each other's faces, wiping each other's tears, and together praising God for the glorious present.

Felicia told of her father's death, his penitential grief, and last confession; and the wronged and deserted wife gave to his memory the natural and fitting tribute of regret. She wept for the fate of Rose; and it was mutually agreed between them, in order to save from still deeper anguish the already lacerated feelings of his mother, to keep from her the knowledge of his many sins.

When Felicia spoke of Percy, the quick eye of Teresa noted the rising blush and downcast look wherewith she mentioned him.

"Do you love him, darling?" she asked her, tenderly; and with her bright head on her mother's bosom, she avowed her love.

"I have known him long, and I know that he is worthy of my daughter's heart. In giving you to him I shall not lose you, Felicia," she said, and the sweet lips smiled their gratitude.

The next day, sitting at her grandmother's feet—the "darling of the house," as she was thenceforth called by Margary—related the sad story of poor Rose's death, and of her father's departure for the unseen bourn. Suppressing much that would have shocked the aged listener, she told of his confession, never alluding to the intended sacrifice of herself, and leaving her hearer in doubt as to the causes that led to the attack upon him. Felicia simply stated that they were about to choose another home, when he was thus waylaid. That he had been in league with cut-throats and robbers, the mother never learned. She kissed his miniature without an uttered word. Mrs. Almay shed many tears for her misguided son, and for Rose her sorrow was deep. She informed her grand-daughter that Harold Palmer had forgiven his daughter from the first. That to her care he had sent many letters, all filled with loving recall and full forgiveness. So he had written to inform Philip's mother; and not knowing of her son's whereabouts, these precious missives were never forwarded; and Rose lived beneath the terror of a supposed curse, and died unconscious of the love that blessed her to the last.

When, ten years after her flight, he died, he left to her and her children all his possessions. But they were settled upon herself and heirs, and her husband could not have touched one penny. Whether he knew this and purposely kept the knowledge to himself, or whether the circumstance never reached his ear, it was one of those unrevealed mysteries that was never solved. As Rose made no application for her fortune, Oakwood Hall and its dependencies had passed to a distant relative, who was the next in right.

What Teresa learned from her daughter, of the sufferings and character of Rose, moved her to the tenderest evidences of compassion; and that her venerable mother-in-law had kept from her the revelation of the second wife's existence, and her husband's double treachery, filled her with renewed admiration and respect.

When Dr. Merton called on his weekly visit to the friends at Linden Cottage, he was surprised to find there a young lady, the very counterpart of Mrs. Teresa Almay, save for the wealth of sun-bright looks. When told by the proud and happy mother that she was the long lost Felicia, the child of her many prayers, the good man shouted for joy; and shaking hands with everybody, exclaimed:

"God's Providence! reward for good deeds—never fails—the blessings of the poor—ahem! Mrs. Almay, you are a happy woman! Miss Felicia, a thousand hearty welcomes to old England! My dear old friend,—to the smiling grandmother—this is happiness indeed! Mr. Percy, sir, you look as joyful as the rest—good actions, sir—reward within—overlasting mercy—ahem!—God bless you all! Margary, my dear, you look as well as ever. I must hurry home and tell Mrs. Merton, and send her up here to congratulate. She'll be overjoyed—ahem!—good day! I'm as happy as a new-fledged bird!"

And the warm-hearted physician, yet robust and hale, despite his sixty years, bustled away.

The landlord of the "King's Arms" was correct in his intimation of the "prospects" of a wedding. For when the year of mourning had expired, there was a quiet bridal in the nearest rural church, just on the outskirts of O—, and Felicia Almay became the loved and cherished wife of Percy Macdonald. It was a quiet wedding, at which only a few chosen friends were present. The noble and still strikingly handsome father of the bridegroom was there; good Doctor Merton and his family, and some neighbors; faithful Margary, of course, witnessed the ceremony; and "ole Anna," as the stout, middle-aged mulatto woman persisted in calling herself, echoed every sentiment of admiration, and every blessing invoked upon the married pair.

"They are the handsomest couple my two eyes ever looked upon; now, ain't they?" said Margary, and the filipant Inez nodded her approval.

"Day can't be beat for beauty, nor goodness, neither!" acquiesced old Anna.

In her white satin robe, with the delicately wrought overdress of lace, the young bride was resplendent with her youthful loveliness and modest joy. Amid the fragrant buds and leaves of the nuptial wreath, the costliest diamonds were entwined, placed there by her mother's loving hand, and her veil was looped back with diamond sprays from the placid brow over which the sunny ringlets drooped. Never was a happier bridal witnessed, nor one in which all hearts were so closely united in holiest bonds of thankfulness and peace.

They lived together at Linden Cottage, and the last days of Mrs. Merton Almay were glorified with the presence of all she loved best on earth.

Occasionally Teresa, with her daughter and son-in-law, spent a season in Cadix, and Ernando de Risso, the father of Percy, made them welcome at his palatial mansion; and he often spent many happy weeks in the quiet, rural English home.

But when the venerable Mrs. Almay's strength declined, her children left her not for a moment; and when she calmly departed, with a blessing and seraphic smile, there was no loud wailing for her loss, for while on earth she had manifested the high-

est attributes of the angel. They missed her much, but their sorrow was unselfish and resigned.

The trials of the past were cancelled into the disciplined hearts of mother and of daughter; and the sorrows of humanity were sacred appeals to them forever.

By the death of her uncle, at a very advanced age, Teresa became almost a millionaire; but she over retained the sweet humility that is the true test of greatness.

Many years afterward, when her children were growing up around her, Felicia heard of the capture and execution of a noted pirate in the Southern seas. It was the hoary-headed villain, Joaquin! Percy never wrote the story of his hopeless love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR LITTLE MAY.

BY SUSIE YERNON.

She came in the summer
When roses bloomed fair,
And exquisite fragrance
Was borne on the air;
When songs of bright warblers,
From out leafy nests,
Woke answering echoes
In our happy breasts.

Other plants before her
Decked out garden bower,
Lightening each labor,
Blessing every hour;
But our youngest darling
Nestled closer still
In the niche her image
Did so sweetly fill.

Mornings dawned in beauty,
Noons of radiant light
O'er our pathway hovered
Till the starry night.
Each joy-freighted moment,
As it hastened by,
Bore our glad thanksgivings
To the upper sky.

Mingled with petitions
That the Father's love
Might bestow upon us
Wisdom from above,
Helping us to guide her
In the paths of right,
Keeping pure and spotless
In His holy sight.

Thus the summer fled,
And the Autumn came
With its mellow sunlight
And its leaves of flame:
Then the flying zephyr
Sweets no more perfumed,
And the joyous warblers
Their bright pinions plumed;

And our little treasure,
She, whose tendrils grew
Round our hearts entwining,
She was fading, too!
On our lips the love-notes
Blent with moans of fear,
And a wild entreaty
Sought the Father's ear.

He, the ever faithful,
Listened to our prayer,
And a band of angels
Did His answer bear:
"Thou wouldst have her spotless,
Free from every sin,
To the life immortal
Meet to enter in:

But such perfect blossoms
Flourish not below,
Only in celestial
Soll they live and grow;
To those vernal pastures
We'll thy treasure bear,
Thus in love replying
To thy yearning prayer."

Home the angels bore her,
From our mortal sight,
But their upward pathway
Radiant shone with light!
And faith's eye beheld her
Near the Father's throne,
As the chastened spirit
Cried, "Thy will be done!"

Now the precious knowledge
To our souls is given,
That among the seraphs
Who inhabit Heaven,
Dwelleth our beloved one,
Ours, as then, the same,
Wearing on her forehead
An angelic name!

So, we walk here softly,
Hushed to holy peace,
Waiting till the dawning
When this life shall cease,
And the welcome summons
To our home above,
Evermore restore us
To our angel love.

The French Army.

All the talk, or pretty much all, is of war and armies, just now; and, therefore, it may do to re-state what has been said recently about the French military force, its extent and capability, and its comparison with that of England. The Emperor has resolved to diminish the army by from 80,000 to 100,000 men; he does not consider the number of men composing an army as any gauge of the strength of that army. He knows, as well as his illustrious Uncle did, that small armies perform the greatest work. At present, the Russian army counts about 850,000 men; the Austrian, 740,000; the Prussian, 720,000; the French, 626,000; and the English pretend to muster 634,000—which includes 218,000 blacks in India, 18,000 Colonists, 61,000 militia and yeomanry, 140,000 volunteers, 15,000 pensioners, and 12,000 constables. A writer who appears to know what he talks about, remarks that it is difficult to arrive at a fair comparison of the naval forces of England and France; but he makes it that the French are superior in steam and inferior in sails, and that, if the two entire navies were ranged in line of battle, the forces would be so nearly equal, that it would be difficult to say which would win; and he judges from a speech of Lord Ellenborough, at an agricultural meeting, that he arrives at a similar conclusion, as he says, "It is useless to deny that we cannot rely on it, that we have any superiority of naval force."

A romantic individual was asked the other day why he showed greater attachment to a very thin lady than to one who was more stout. "It is," said he, "because I am nearer her heart."

Original Essays.

PREJUDICE AND SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

BY EMMA HARDING.

NUMBER THREE.

In the London Spiritual Magazine for May, 1861, is printed a letter from Dr. W. T. Coleman of Malden Hill—a gentleman of unquestioned worth and respectability—in which occur the following passages: "For a long time I have silently watched the progress of what I may term the spiritual question, and the result is, I am quite convinced of the reality of the facts to which you appeal." "In both cases, without ever having witnessed one phenomenon (I have avoided this), I have not seen, but believe without seeing." "But I also believe that God is a Spirit, and that He sent His Son (born of woman), who died and now lives, and is the Lord and Ruler of Spirits. Now it is because I am doubtful how far the current spiritual experimenters acknowledge this lordship, and submit to it, that I never yet would do more than observe, hear and judge. I would not touch the thing itself." "On the other hand you seem to me to err in not fully subjecting your sayings and doings to the rule of Christ, the Lord of the spirit-world. He (Christ) lives and rules, and must have his administrators of rule somewhere on this earth. Where and how?" "In what relation do you stand to Christ?—and where do you find him on earth?" "Reading what Judge Edmonds says—('It will not be right to give Spiritualism any form, Christian, Mahometan, or Buddhist,')—I must say Mahomet is not, Buddha is not, but Christ is, Lord of Spirits, and of the spirit-world, and therefore the men who acknowledge him (i. e., Christians), must give their acts and words this form AND NO OTHER."

"How do you vindicate your cause on this ground? For on one point my own mind is fully made up: What Christ does not authorize is evil, what he does sanction, is good."

Much more to the same effect is insisted on in this letter, which being now public property, suggests to my mind certain items in systematizing the present heterogeneous and crude theories put forth in the name of Spiritualism.

With the opinions of Dr. Coleman individually, I have neither the right nor desire to interfere; did they need any comment from one more familiar with the spiritual phenomena than the writer, (who modestly and in a gentle teachable spirit somewhat at variance with his dogmatical creed, owns himself "a novice in this matter,") such comment would be found in the editor's noble and unconservative remarks, whose magnanimity and candor would be a lesson to us all, had I but space to quote what follows the letter. Dr. Coleman is answered, however, but many Spiritualists are not; and as the opinions above quoted form excellent samples of yet more bigoted adherence to prejudices, which are almost always the result of a belief which refuses "to see," and hence forms itself upon prejudice rather than knowledge—I introduce this text letter, for the purpose of presenting certain propositions to those who are willing "to touch the thing," for the sake of knowing "the thing." The basic fact in Spiritualism, is the belief that certain phenomena occurring in a way that renders them impossible to be the result of human action, are produced by an intelligent, though invisible agency. That the intelligence communicated, is identical with certain deceased persons; hence, that the agency is human, spiritual, and actually proceeds from the disembodied souls of mortals. To arrive at any such conclusion, it is not enough that the phenomena shall evidence more than mortal power, and be combined with intelligence. It may be an admitted fact that a supermundane and intelligent world permeates and influences this terrestrial sphere, but what is that to the question of our immortality or to the problem of our own condition hereafter? This can only be settled by the testimony of beings who have shared with us our mortal experiences, and whose present condition will inevitably illustrate our own future.

Let us once be assured that a pilgrim from our own sphere has survived the shock of death, can recross the gulf of mystery to commune with the earth, and can bear witness to the conditions of the hereafter in his own person, and the whole dread mystery of death, and the tremendous problem of immortality is more surely solved than if ten thousand legions of "very high spirits," headed by the Angel Gabriel himself, came and dwelt amongst mortals. Hence the great question of Spiritualism is, or should be, not whether spirits communicate, but whether these communications, so inevitably of a spiritual origin, are made by the souls of the so-called "dead," and what manner of testimony they bear concerning our own future, by their experiences.

Now as I am one of those who having believed on trust for twenty years of my life, came at last to test by sight, what I had believed, and finding faith and sense testimony did not agree, I chose the latter, humbly conceiving my Maker had vouchsafed my senses as my guides, and not being quite assured that man's words were as infallible as the Almighty's words. Hence, seeing and hearing for myself, and believing what I saw and heard, being not only an observer, but an actor—in other words, "a seer," and medium for many test facts in Spiritualism, I came to the conclusion that the wonderful array of phenomena of which I was sometimes the subject and sometimes the observer, was identical with the spiritual part of various deceased persons, friends either of my own, or the numerous investigators that attended my circles.

Being as skeptical as Dr. Coleman was believing, I am free to confess I was slow to admit belief myself, or offer it to others without a test, being moreover at times a good psychological subject, and aware to what a marvellous extent an embodied intelligence could affect my own mind. I will further add I am even now more ready to admit the fact of supermundane intelligence from a TEST FACT given by a very low spirit, but one who obviously identifies himself with the soul of a mortal, than I am to admit that all the transcendental splendors of poetry, vision or oratory which are so often claimed to be the work of "very high spirits," really come from a supermundane world at all. THEY MAY DO SO. This I believe; but I also believe they may be the result of such ecstatic or exalted conditions of the subject's mind, as require no other origin than the influx of animal magnetism; and to discriminate between the two, I honestly believe we are at the present stage of our inquiries unable, except by the material weight which mere test facts (or intelli-

gence communicated, which by no possibility could come from any other source than a disembodied spirit) can give.

With these, we must utterly discredit the light of reason and testimony of sense, if we deny our friends immortality, and by natural inference our own also; without them, we may be the honored recipients of arch-angelic influence, but we may also be under the impress of Divine minds yet clothed in the mortal tabernacle, or exalted to ecstatic conditions by some force which enables our own spirits to transcend their ordinary states. Having thus taken the most conservative view of our modern manifestations which niggard caution could demand, I believe I am entitled to ask what evidence have we that "Christ is the Lord of Spirits?" has any sort of influence upon our hereafter, or even has an objective existence at all? I should not raise these questions, confident as I am that the searching scrutiny of this great sitting age is even now settling them upon incontrovertible grounds, but they are questions the admission or rejection of which to my mind, must affect materially one of the most important results of the present spiritual movement, to wit, concerning the conditions of happiness, or otherwise in the future life, and the influence which our present conduct has upon those conditions. If Christ be the Son of God, or rather *God in person*, as claimed by the Christians, then do the doctrines of the Fall of man, original sin, the vicarious atonement, imputed merit, and the value of Sacraments, forms, creeds, &c., all obtain in their fullest force.

I need not discuss these doctrines, or their baleful and utterly neutralizing effects upon efforts to live pure lives, &c., and in singleness of purpose to so labor here, that we may reap the fruits of good works hereafter. I need not remind the thinker, what sort of a Creator "the Fall" implies; what kind of a moral Ruler the story of the miraculous conception; what sort of a Father grows out of the ideas of Hell, Election, Grace, Sacramental efficacy, &c.; or what incentive to commit vice is promulgated in the vicarious atonement. More urgent questions still arise in reviewing the origin of all these stories, and tracing them for thousands of years antecedent to the foundations of Christianity, running through the "MYTHS" of paganism. But what are traditions, histories and records, all of which but repeat in different languages, idioms and figures modified by the technicalities of differing customs, times and falsities in translation, ideas ever the same, and ever referable to the famous astronomical systems of the Ancients who strove to embody in outward symbols their appreciation of spiritual power and progress in material and natural forms and phenomena? What, I repeat, is all this mass of contradiction, impossibility (in a literal sense) and ancient allegory, compared with the stern unequivocal facts of Science, Sense, and Reason? These three mighty iconoclasts prove to me, that my "dead" father lives; witnesses my actions, reads my thoughts, infuses my deeds, and is in everything the same good father he was to me on earth, with added power, wisdom and purity. Thus assured, thus convinced, why should I doubt him when he tells me he sees no Jesus in his hereafter, knows none, and knows that no spirit in the world he now inhabits, can evade one single act of sin done in the body, by any form of belief, or by any act of merit on the part of any being whatsoever. You answer—"your father does not represent all the spirit-world; he is possibly not one of the very high spirits that come to some of us." Possibly not; but when the testimony of thousands of spirits is confirmatory of my father's experience, and I never yet met with one of "the redeemed," by the merits of Jesus, and never yet saw a fact in Spiritualism which proved any such redemption, or met with any medium who could prove any such spirit, I still maintain my position of facts against yours of prejudice, and moreover I earnestly counsel all whose prejudices, however honest or dearly cherished, may induce them to think that any such atonement will allow to hasten at once "to tough the thing," and bring the tremendous array of test facts which modern Spiritualism presents, to the tribunal of reason, justice, and above all, try them not by any theological standard of prejudiced belief, but by their fruits; and if they bring forth the fruits of a sin which plumes itself upon the merits of another for atonement, either the whole stupendous structure of modern Spiritualism is false, or they will enter into the great tribunal chambers of eternity miserably unprepared, grossly deceived, and utterly destitute of "the wedding garment" which nothing but their own truth and uprightness can spin for them.

In another very interesting letter from a gentleman signing himself A. Kyd, and writing from Karlsruhe, near Wurtemberg, I believe, another remarkable instance occurs, of the special pleading and manifest contradictions in which prejudice indulges when it has a point to gain. This gentleman in commending spiritual phenomena to our candid investigation, writes thus: "Let them consult the historical records of Christian and Pagan authors, of which there is a host; the traditions, revelations and initiations of the mystic wonders of antiquity, of chiefly the temples of Isis and Mystra, in which Moses was venerated, and coming down to the miraculous period of our Saviour, and then of his Apostles, and so continued unbroken up to the present day, they will see that the spiritual power in man is part and parcel of the Divine essence, after God's own image and likeness, existing from the Creation, and augmented by 'the outpouring of the spirit upon all flesh,' manifesting its first miraculous effects through the instrumentality of the Apostles, and that there is no sleight-of-hand, no jugglery, no mistake, no delusion, in the spiritual and physical wonders that are agitating the world at this moment." This writer concludes thus: "The coming of Christ restored the thaumaturgic power that man had in a measure lost, and we find it amongst all those who have followed the footsteps and teachings of the Saviour." "If in modern days this spiritual gift has been lost, it belongs to those initiated in Spiritualism to reconquer it for the sake of humanity the Gospel being their itinerary chart, and the grace of God their armor of light."

Once more, I offer these quotations, not in the unkindly spirit of antagonism to the writer, but rather by raising the question, to compel the answer, and that upon testimony that cannot be refuted, whether these modern manifestations come through the developments of science and the specialities of certain human organisms, or through the grace of God, belief in Christ, and faith in the Bible?—whether, in a word, these last have anything at all to do with it? And at this point I am ready to take an unequalled negative, and if I needed confirmation of my position from individuals, and could accept the testimony of words, rather than facts, I would call the above quo-

tations to my aid, the first of which acknowledges Egyptian, Persian, and all manner of Pagan manifestations, even in the very sentence that blunders upon the assertion "that the spirit first manifested its miraculous effects, through the instrumentality of the apostles."

Perhaps this gentleman, like Justin Martyr, Julius Firmicus, and other Christian Apologists, believes that all miracles, like the oft-repeated history of Christ, were the suggestions "of the devil," so that when at a late period, Christ and his apostles came, they should not be believed in as the originals of stories and miracles which had so often preceded them.

Again, our friend states that the coming of Christ restored the thaumaturgic power, &c. This is not very complimentary to the performances of Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, and the whole array of miracle-working prophets who preceded Christ, to say nothing of contemporary Roman, Greek, Persian, Hindoo, and Eastern manifestations, generally, some of which waited for, or even acknowledged Christ, although most of them performed similar wonders, unless, indeed, truth is a plant peculiar to the soil of Palestine. For the concluding passage, "that we find these gifts among all who have followed in the footsteps of the Saviour," I do not think the said followers would thank Herr Kyd for any such assertion, Christians being in general the most zealous opposers of spiritual gifts as manifested out of Palestine, or later than the year 1, and history confirming us in the belief that where spiritual gifts abound, it is outside and not inside of the pale of "the Church." I do not know whether Church walls, heads and hearts have any detrimental effect upon spiritual influx; but in my obstinate dictionary of facts, I somehow fail as yet to find that Spiritualism translated means Sectarianism in general, or Christianity in particular.

As I may, in some future article, offer some suggestions concerning what this said dictionary tells us Spiritualism is, not what it is not, I shall cease to intrude further upon these columns, simply remarking that now I know the great hammer of death will forever knock off all material chains, but does not affect the fetters we bind about the spirit. I would far sooner choose the temporary captivity of the deepest dungeon that could enclose my body, than the hopeless and for long time, perhaps for ages, cruel and arbitrary fetters by which prejudice enchains souls to any errors which tradition, habit and mystery have endorsed as "sacred or infallible."

The truth alone can make us free.

I have very recently been into three houses, where, on orthodox and most fashionable tables, in gorgeous binding, and commended to the world's notice by countless editions, I found bound up the vagaries and insanities, the beauties and inanities, the many glorious gems of wisdom, and equally many pebbles of folly, called the poems of Edgar Poe. I look in the BANNER OF LIGHT, and I read a poem equal to any, and superior to many of that author's productions, purporting to come from the same spirit, but uttered through the medium lips of Miss Lizette Doten. The extraordinary resemblance which the poem bears in points scarcely susceptible of mere imitation to the supposed author, most candid minds would acknowledge to be one of those remarkable tests I plead for. The improvement in the charity, piety and beauty of the spirit's utterances over the gloomy, morbid mysticisms of the mortals, should assign to this poem the palm over every other; yet the one is the fashion with countless thousands of worshippers, and the other is merely allowed to peep into existence through the columns of a paper which is thrust by popular taste out of all fashionable existence, literally condemned to the hell of the sects—i. e., the heaven of Spiritualism.

The unhappy spirit that wrote, as he saw, through a glass, so very darkly, that it shuts out the very light of heaven to read it, is cherished as the month-piece of the literary world; but as soon as that spirit recovers sense, liberty, light and heaven, by coming out of the prison-house of clay, his poems, radiant with all his old genius, and illuminated with actually divine sunshine, are taboed as "humbug," "stuff" or "infidelity." Oh, Prejudice! these are thy triumphs!

THE OLD METHODS AND THE NEW OF TREATING INSANITY.

BY PROF. RAYTON SPENCE, M.D.

The statistics of mental and moral diseases which I presented in an article published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Dec. 7, show the magnitude and importance of the field of labor to which Mrs. Spence and myself are directing our steps, and to which we wish to call public attention. Whether the methods by which we propose to cultivate that field, promise a larger yield of good results than have been obtained by the methods now in use, remains to be considered. In order to arrive at a correct conclusion upon this point, we must first know what are the methods by which mental and moral diseases are now treated, and what are the results obtained by those methods.

Previous to the year 1792, the insane, in England, France and elsewhere, were chained in dark, damp and gloomy cells, denied the comforts, and stunted in even the necessities of existence, out off from the sympathies of their fellow beings, and treated more like wild beasts than like men and women. In some of the hospitals of England they were exhibited, like the animals of a menagerie, for money, and encouraged and stimulated in all their extravagances, in order that they might afford more entertainment to the spectators. Such exhibitions yielded about \$2,000 annually to the Bethlehem hospital alone. Subsequent parliamentary investigations into the management of the public Lunatic Asylums of England, and into the condition of their inmates, revealed a mass of barbarity, inhumanity and cruelty "almost too horrible to be credible." A similar state of things existed in the Insane Asylums of France, in some of which, it was the "universal practice to load the insane with heavy chains which remained on for the rest of their lives."

This prevailing, false method of treating insanity, grew out of the erroneous idea that neither life nor property was safe in the presence of an unchained lunatic. This idea hung like an incubus over the medical profession, and no one seemed able to rise above it. Few minds in any department of thought, have ever risen, unaided and alone, above the errors of their times—not more than one in a century or two. In 1792, there appeared in France one such original thinker among the many physicians who had charge of the insane. Pinel, at that time, superintendent of the Bicetre, near Paris, believed that moral power is stronger than chains and manacles;

that the mania, enveloped in kindness, tenderness and sympathy, is as harmless as if shut up alone in a cell or a dungeon. Putting his opinions into practice, he unlocked the cells of the Bicetre, and, in the course of a few days, unchained and gave the freedom of the hospital and its court to fifty-three of the most furious and dangerous maniacs that were under his care, some of whom had been chained for ten, twelve, and, in one instance, forty years. The good results which ensued, exceeded his expectations. Many who had been chained for years, were speedily cured; and the noise, the uproar, the raving, the fury and the chaos which previously reigned in the Asylum, gave way to order and quietude.

Pinel, that live intruder among the fossil physicians of his times, completely revolutionized the whole system of treating the insane, and immediately, however, but slowly—for men give up their errors with reluctance, even in the face of the clearest demonstration that they are errors. Thus, twenty-three years after Pinel had obtained such remarkable results from the "non-restraint" system, the same frightful state of things existed in the Asylums of England that had always existed. This was shown by the testimony which was laid before the Parliamentary Committee of 1816, and which was confirmed by the testimony of the attendants of Asylums themselves, revealing a state of things "almost too horrible to be credible." But, in spite of all opposition, the "non-restraint" system has finally triumphed, and is now in successful operation throughout Europe and the United States. It has taken seventy years, therefore, to introduce this system into universal practice. This is substantially all that has been done for the insane during that length of time; for, since the days of Pinel, no really new movement has been made in favor of the insane. The "moral treatment" and the "humane treatment" of which mention is often made, are not new methods in the sense that the "non-restraint" system was a new method; they are merely expansions of the "non-restraint" system, which not only aimed at abolishing the inhumanities that were practiced in Lunatic Asylums, but also at the substitution of humanities in their stead.

The "non-restraint" system, however, even with the expansions and amplifications which have been given it, is but a negative thing, after all. It consists simply in a removal of all the aggravations of insanity, and of all the obstacles which the previous system put in the way of its speedy cure. It consists in a removal of wrongs and inhumanities, and giving the insane the ordinary rights of human beings. But insanity, like all other diseases, needs, not simply a negative method, but it needs only a positive method. The medical profession has such a positive method. It may be called the physical method; for the reason that it consists in the internal administration and the external application of physical remedies, such as drugs, medicines, blisters, &c. The following list of some of the physical remedies for insanity, will suffice to show the character of the physical method—the only real positive method now in use in our Insane Asylums. They are taken from an article on the treatment of insanity, which was written by Dr. M. H. Ranney, Resident Physician of the New York City Lunatic Asylum, on Blackwell's Island—the largest Lunatic Asylum in the United States. The article was published in the July number of the American Journal of Insanity for 1867.

Calomel, Jalap, Tartar emetic; Ipecac, Morphia, Carbonate of Iron, Iodide of Potassium, Quinine, Opium, Phosphates of Iron and Magnesia, Indian Hemp, blisters on various parts of the body with Croton oil, and also with Tartar emetic ointment.

The article from which the above list is made out, was read at one of the yearly meetings of the medical Superintendents of the Insane Asylums of the United States, and was freely commented on by the medical gentlemen there assembled, some suggesting the omission or modification of one of Dr. Ranney's prescriptions, some the omission or modification of another, and some recommending other remedies besides those mentioned in the article, such as Digitalis, Conium, Hyoscinum, Veratrin, &c., but not one questioning the propriety of the physical method of which the above list of drugs and medicines is a fair representative, and of which the above named article is a fair exponent. I take it for granted, then, that the article is a fair exposition of the only positive method of which the medical Superintendents of our Insane Asylums have any knowledge, or to which they make any pretensions. Now let us see what are the results of this method in the Insane Asylums of the United States. Actual statistics show that they are deplorable enough, and that it is high time that some intruder, like Pinel, should wake up the medical Superintendents who have charge of our Lunatic Asylums, to the fact, that they fall far short of doing all that science and art can, at the present day, do for the insane.

The American Journal of Medical Sciences, for 1867, Volume thirty-three, contains a tabular condensation of the statistics of insanity, made up by Dr. P. Earle, from the official reports of twenty-nine of the lunatic asylums of the United States. I select fifteen out of those twenty-nine condensed reports, as they embrace periods of time varying from ten to thirty-seven years, and, therefore, give us more reliable statistics than the other reports, which embrace periods of from one to nine years. The whole number of reported discharges and deaths from those fifteen asylums is 31,664; of that number only 15,660 were cured, leaving 16,004 who either died, or were discharged, not cured. In other words, of every hundred dead and living who take their exit from lunatic asylums, only fifty are cured, the other fifty being composed of dead and living lunatics, some of the latter having been improved, it is true, though not cured by the treatment to which they were submitted.

Such overwhelming evidence of the impotency of a method, is nowhere to be found in the whole history of the treatment of diseases of the body, even among the rudest and most uncultivated races of men. Yet in the nature of things, there is no reason why diseases of the mind should not be as curable as diseases of the body. There is this, however, in explanation of the ill success which is generally met with in the treatment of mental diseases. The mind is not as open to inspection and study as the body; and, therefore, science is necessarily slower in analyzing it in health and disease, than it is in analyzing the healthy and diseased states of the body. In the absence, therefore, of a correct knowledge of the mind, in health and disease (for which no one is to blame) those who have undertaken the treatment of insanity have necessarily moved in the dark, and made many mistakes both in the adoption of a method, and in the details of its practice. It is sufficient, however, for our present purpose, to call attention to the one grand mistake made by the medical profession in

this groping in the midnight of mental science, and that is the mistake of transferring to the diseased mind the physical method of drugs, medicines and external applications—a method which, if of any value at all, is valuable in treating the diseased body only.

Mental and moral diseases are psychological affections, and their successful treatment demands a psychological method. Such is the nature of the method upon which we base the "Psychological Institute." Magnetism, Psychology in its restricted as well as its more extended acceptance, and the healing power, are the leading remedial agents of the psychological method which we intend to apply to the treatment of mental and moral diseases.

It may be asked, whether the statistics of the psychological method, are more favorable than those which we have given of the physical method; and, if so, what are they? To this we can only answer that we have none. Our statistics must follow us, not go before us. Pinel had no statistics to warrant the unchaining of the madmen of the Bicetre. All new and revolutionary methods are at first as naked and as destitute of outward recommendation as the pure truth which lies at the bottom of them. The unchaining of madmen, as a method, was a new thing, which had nothing to recommend it but its conformity to the powers of the human mind and their modes of action. The psychological method, as we propose it, is a new thing, which must be judged of by its conformity with what is known of the influence of the proposed elements of that method upon the feelings, emotions, passions, faculties and attributes of the human mind. Their influence over these various powers of the human mind in health is without limitation or measure; and we, therefore, can safely say that their influence over the diseased mind, must approximate somewhat to the same measureless and limitless character.

Using the term psychology, however, in its more enlarged signification, the records of medicine furnish us occasional evidence of the thoroughness and efficiency of the psychological method of treating the insane. I have related, in a third number of a series of articles on the "Polarization and Depolarization of the Mind," now being published in the Herald of Progress, a number of instances in which insanity was cured most completely and rapidly by that method, though the method itself, as we propose it, was neither acknowledged nor appreciated.

Furthermore, at the time that the Lunatic Asylums of England were in the deplorable condition to which I have referred, Dr. Francis Willis kept a private asylum for the treatment of the insane, at Greatford, in Lincolnshire, England, at which, as far as we can ascertain, the psychological power of mind over mind, combined with other psychological influences, produced the most wonderful results. Dr. Willis fell into the true method of treating insanity, by a kind of intuitive perception of principles, which he himself did not fully understand, perhaps, and hence could not explain. His biographer says of him that "he left behind him no work on the subject of insanity, and he would, perhaps, have found it difficult to explain his own success in the treatment of this disease. He was a man of acute mind, and his treatment seemed rather the result of an instinctive perception of what each individual case required, than of the application of any known principles. His personal control over his patients was immense, and it is said that his mode of looking at a maniac would make him quail more effectually than chains or manacles."

The renowned Pinel refers to him in the following language: "Of the celebrated Willis, it has been said that the utmost sweetness and affability is the usual expression of his countenance. But when he looks a maniac in the face for the first time, he (Willis) appears instantly to change character. His features present a new aspect, such as commands the respect and attention even of lunatics. His looks appear to penetrate into their hearts, and to read their thoughts as soon as they are formed. Thus does he obtain an authority over his patients, which afterwards co-operating with other means, contributes to restore them to their friends."

It would appear, therefore, that Dr. Willis was, in modern language, a natural psychologist of great power, and therein lay the secret of his immense success. It is said that he cured ninety out of every hundred of his patients; while I have already shown that in the insane asylums of the United States, only fifty are cured out of every hundred; and the latter is also the per cent. of cures in the English asylums.

I am not at all surprised at this vast superiority of Willis's method over the physical method which is now practiced. It is a superiority which the true psychological method, when properly applied, will, I am satisfied, always maintain, especially when, as we propose, Magnetism, Psychology in the limited sense of the word, and the Healing Power are made the leading elements of that method.

CAN A COMET STRIKE THE EARTH?

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Astronomers have, taking all ages of the world, recorded about seven hundred comets that have made their appearance. Several of these recorded appearances are very probably—certainly in some instances—but a return of the same comet. When we remember that before the invention of the telescope, and even for some time after that, none were seen but such as could be easily seen with the naked eye; and that since the invention of the astronomer has been directed especially to the discovery of telescopic comets, no less than from one to eight are found every year, does it not seem probable that instead of a few hundreds, many thousands, and perhaps millions of comets exist within the limits of the solar system? The late M. Arago estimated from the Calculus of Probabilities that three and a half millions exist within the limits of the solar system. To say nothing of this, it is highly probable that many thousands exist, at least.

The question now arises, since so many comets probably exist, will not one come in contact with the earth? At first sight this appears to be a question of considerable importance. We shall see in the sequel of what importance it is. In the first place let us see what probability there is that a comet will strike the earth.

When we cast our eyes toward the heavens on a clear evening, we appear to see an immense number of stars of all magnitudes that are visible to the naked eye. At first sight it seems that it would be almost impossible for the moon to pass through the heavens without passing between us and some of the stars. Yet we know from observation that it rarely

does. To be sure, the superior light of the moon obliterates for a time the smaller stars, so that we cannot tell whether they are hidden from view by the body of the moon or not; but the astronomer, who has the means of knowing only occasionally, finds the moon so much spare room, does it seem very probable that a comet—when we consider the minuteness of the earth and comets, compared with the great space in which they move, and that each is confined to its own orbit—will come in contact with the earth? M. Arago found, by using all probable data, that the chance of missing the earth, is to the chance of striking it, as 281,000,000 is to 1. The chance of striking may be greater or less than this, according to circumstances. But the chance can never be very great. So far as we can see, then, there is a chance, and it will next be our inquiry to learn what would probably be the consequences of such a collision.

To understand this, let us inquire into the nature of the materials composing a comet. The first thing to be looked after is the weight of a comet as compared with that of the earth—that is, the mass of a comet. The only method of determining this element that is practicable, is to observe what effect the attractive influence of a comet will have on the motion of the earth or some one of the heavenly bodies; and then by a profound mathematical investigation to determine the comet's mass. If the mass of the comet is so small that, under ordinary circumstances, its effects are not appreciable, it is necessary to wait for more favorable circumstances. Even then it may be difficult to determine the mass, but the mathematician can set limits which it cannot exceed without its effects being such as to be noticed. A favorable opportunity once offered itself. In the year 1770 a fine bright comet made its appearance, and on the 28th of June of that year its distance from the earth did not exceed 1,600,000 miles. La Place has shown that if the comet's mass equaled the one five-thousandth part of the mass of the earth, its attractive influence would have had an effect on the length of our year. No such effect was observed. It is hence concluded that the mass of that comet—and it was one of the brightest ones—is not so great as the above limit. La Place came to the conclusion that the mass of comets is no more than the one-hundred thousandth part of that of the earth.

But a mass even so small as that, moving with a great velocity—with the velocity of a comet—if it were a solid body, would have a very severe effect on the earth, if it should come into collision with it. But comets are not solid bodies. With a few exceptions, even according to conjecture, only are any of them otherwise. Comets are a mere vapory mass of the extreme tenuity, and whose density is no more to be compared with that of our atmosphere than the lightest morning cloud with the liquid element from which it is derived. After speaking of this lighter class of comets, Sir John Herschel says: "It will then be evident that the most unsubstantial clouds which float in the highest regions of our atmosphere, and seem at sunset to be drenched in light, and to glow throughout their whole depth as if in actual ignition, without any shadow or dark side, must be looked upon as dense and massive bodies compared with the filmy and all but spiritual texture of a comet." Even surrounding that class of brighter comets, which it has been conjectured may have a nucleus approaching to a solid substance, there is a very extensive atmosphere, many thousands of miles in thickness, rapidly increasing in density toward the nucleus.

From these facts we are now prepared to draw some important conclusions. If one of the lighter class of comets should come in contact with our atmosphere, its great velocity would soon be retarded, and the body arrested in its motion before it could reach the solid body of the earth. We are warranted in this conclusion from the fact that meteors of considerable size and moving with great velocities, enter our atmosphere, but their motion is entirely arrested, and they never reach the earth's surface in a body. If one of the brighter class of comets should come into our atmosphere, before the nucleus of such a comet could reach the surface of the earth, (and be it remembered that the nucleus of even the largest comets are but a few hundred miles in diameter) its motion must be in a great measure stopped, by the resistance offered by the two atmospheres.

LaPlace has represented the effects of such a collision—but it would scarcely apply to comets as now understood. "The axis and motion of rotation changed, the waters abandoning their ancient position, to precipitate themselves toward the new equator; the greater part of men and animals drowned in a universal deluge, or destroyed by the violence of the shock given to the terrestrial globe; whole species destroyed; all the monuments of human industry reversed—such are the disasters which the shock of a comet would produce."

According to Humboldt, the earth frequently, (that is, frequently for such a phenomenon) passes through the tail of a comet. On the 28th of June, the Great Comet of 1861 was in the plane of the earth's orbit, and nearly in the same line as seen from the sun; and as the tail of the comet was about 20,000,000 miles in length, and its distance from the earth but twelve or thirteen millions of miles, between the earth and the sun, the earth must have passed through the tail of the comet, the tail being directed from the sun. The greatest length of the tail was 23,000,000 miles.

We shall conclude these articles with some account of the uses of comets in the system of the world.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FOR EARTH.

BY EMMA.

Oh! earth how beautiful thou art,
And yet there's not a spot
Upon thy fair, bright, lovely face
Where sorrow cometh not.

There's not a tree, a shrub or flower,
There's not a mound or dell
But what has passed some saddening hour—
Some saddening tale could tell.

There's not a breath from heaven's high dome—
That sweeps o'er earth's broad plain
But what has kissed some aching brow,
Or fanned some careless pain.

The sun's bright rays have never shone
Upon a spot all fair;
There are no vales so flower-crowned
That sorrow comes not there.

No joys so pure and unalloyed,
That sorrow forms no part;
And yet, O earth, we cling to thee,
And beautiful thou art.

New Publications.

A B C OF LIFE. By A. B. Child, M. D., author of "Whatever is, is Right." Boston: William White & Co.

It is needless for us to introduce Dr. Child or his writings to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT; they have known him well from the first, when the very foundations of the BANNER were laid. His numerous contributions to our columns, his reported discussions of spiritualistic truths in the weekly Conferences, his well known book, "Whatever is, is Right," have abundantly conspired to give him deserved prominence in the eyes of all liberal and progressive men.

We noticed his previous volume at the time of its appearance, and in terms such as were amply justified by the living character of the book. Nor have we since found that any of our thousands of readers who have perused his thoughtful and thought-compelling pages, have, in the least degree, had occasion to demur to our estimate of its worth and character. It was a book whose first reading was long to be remembered, such startling impressions did it leave on the receptive mind. And yet it was apparent that its author had made but a clear record of his own soul's experience up to that time, much of which was, moreover, confused, if not chaotic—signifying that he was an earnest thinker by himself, and that no formulas were of value to him but those which experience had actually developed and elaborated in his own restless, ever-seeking nature.

The "A B C of Life" may be called a sort of textbook in the field wherein the author lives and is gaining his own experience. This thin and elegantly printed little pamphlet, like that other little book about which the outside world never made much noise—"Optimism"—contains enough kernels of thought to stimulate one's interior life far beyond the span of the present sphere. It is fitted to be a close companion for every one who is at all in earnest with himself, and ever asks the significant questions—"Why?" and "Whither?" A better *vaude meum* could scarcely be slipped in the pocket and carried about with one in his walks and wanderings. These three hundred and six texts, or apothegms, are all full of meat, to be chewed over and over.

Dr. Child assumes to pile up no new stone upon the upgiving structure of any new philosophy; his aim relates in no wise to any "systems," or "creeds," or "platforms." What he desires chiefly is, that each soul shall stand apart and have its own view—that it shall not conform—that it shall tell the whole truth, naked and undisguisedly, to itself, without flinching or faltering. All such souls will eagerly catch up his recorded insights and experiences, and go forth to meet him with thanks for his utterances. Here they feel sure they find no sham. In him they believe they have found another sincere and sleepless seeker, uttering continually the well-remembered dying words of the great Goethe, "More light!" They tend out their hearts and their souls to him, because he stands the peculiar representative of their own wants and desires; and knowing what he knows, viz: that each must needs find the true meaning of immortality for himself, they are cheered by falling in with one whose advance has been made over obstacles much like their own, and stimulated to aspiration and endeavor equally with himself.

This handsome pamphlet may be had for 25 cents, singly, at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY, a new magazine, devoted to "Literature and National Policy," has been sent to our table. It is published in Boston by J. R. Gilmore, who also publishes the ancient "Knickerbocker" in New York. It is a *living* publication, and this first number contains some first-rate articles. The one on Emerson is smart, and up to him. Horace Greeley contributes an article—"Across the Continent." The papers on "The Edwards Family" and "The Graveyard at Princeton" are exceedingly readable. Of course it will require the employment of first-rate ability to compete with the Atlantic, but this first specimen of the magazine leads us to think that the matter has really been determined on. The general tone of the articles is briskness, readiness, and a clever pointedness. We do not feel the pressure of that everlasting "scholarship" which makes monthly issues even of its weakest twiddle in the pages of the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that a generous and active rivalry will make both magazines exactly what the reading public would like to have them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The publishers of the Atlantic this month direct public attention to an important and interesting feature which has been added to this magazine for the coming year. They have succeeded in securing a series of contributions from Professor Louis Agassiz, of Harvard University, the most eminent naturalist in the world. Professor Agassiz's articles commence with the January number and will be continued in every number throughout the year. They will be upon The Study of Natural History and kindred topics, and cannot fail to prove a repository of most valuable information, while the well-known directness and simplicity which mark Professor Agassiz's system of instruction will make them not only instructive but deeply interesting to the general reader. In the current number there is a long letter from Beredfredon Sawin to Hosea Diglow, introduced to the reader's attention by the venerable and learned Homer Wilbur, A. M.

War Cycles.

Some few years ago, Mr. Merriam, of Brooklyn, brought forward his theory that the cold weather came and went in great circles, or cycles, and that a certain number of years was necessary to get through the tough winters, and come out on the milder ones again. We have a theory that it is about the same with war fevers. Does it not seem as if the whole civilized world were, just now, in a general war fever, and that blood must be shed in large quantities to satisfy the thirst of this monstrous mania? Astrologers say these cycles embrace the twelve signs of zodiac, amounting in years to seven times twelve. We know it was eighty-four years ago when the Revolutionary War broke out, and that something quite as strange happened eighty-four years before that. On the whole, it looks as if the idea had a bottom to it, and would really hold water; for, certainly, there must be some good cause to make all creation so belligerently inclined as they appear to be at this day.

Portrait of Neal Dow.

We have received from B. B. Russell, 515 Washington street, Boston, a fine full length and remarkably life-like portrait of Neal Dow, who is now recruiting the 13th Maine Regiment of Volunteers.

Affection as an Art.

The great art as apt to be affected as the small. Human nature does not vary a great deal in these matters. Alexander the Great, had a certain affection of carrying his head to one side, and Alcibiades was silly enough to think it very becoming to *liep*; Julius Caesar used to scratch his head very daintily with one finger, as if his head was filled with troublesome thoughts; and the matchless Cleopatra had a way—so they tell us—of wrinkling his nose, as of a person addicted to scoffing. Then some men bow and salute with a flourish that concerns anything but frank courtesy; it is well enough understood that a person may appear most humble when he is fullest of pride. Men behave, in these matters, about as children do in theirs; the little trifles are all made the most of, and a great many more are put on for the sake of adding to appearances. We all put on smiles, exactly as our unbreeched juniors do, and with about as much reason. Man is an odd animal in his social state, and much given to tricks that are as laughable as those of the apes.

The Common and the Strange.

How apparently unaccountable it is, that we are in the habit of admiring what is not common and usual with us, while we let pass almost entirely such objects as we are accustomed to and familiar with. It would seem to be one of these perversions of human nature which it is impossible to make any regular calculation for. If we lose an eye, how soon we think to mourn the loss of what we sorely prize a thought to, before, and how much more we prize the single orb remaining. Not until we fall ill do we begin really to prize the blessings of health. If we should be brought out into the expressive night, and made suddenly and for the first time to see the glittering firmament overhead, what ecstasies of delight we should go off in—whereas, now, we hardly throw a glance up at the sky, going homeward at evening, even when its dark dome is gemmed never so magnificently. It is all in custom and habit; and it is for our own good that we are often made to appreciate by denial and suffering what we should appreciate for no other reason.

The Marriage Question.

Nearly a couple of hundred years ago, old Montaigne discussed this latterly disputed question of Marriage and Law, and took a decidedly rational view of it, thus: "We have thought to tie the nuptial knot of our marriages more fast and firm, for having taken away all means of dissolving it; but the knot of the will and affection is so much the more slackened and made loose by how much that of constraint is drawn closer together; and, on the contrary, that which kept the marriage at Rome so long in honor and inviolate, was the liberty every one that would, had to break them. They kept their wives the better, because they might part with them if they would; and in the full liberty of divorce they lived five hundred years and more, before any one made use on't." Evidently the radical reformers in the marriage discussion are inspired by this central idea; and it is as idle to say that it is not a fundamental one, as it is to think to overthrow or set it aside by merely laughing at it.

Anderson, the Spirit-Portrait Painter.

In answer to our inquiry last week of Mr. Anderson's present whereabouts, Bro. Conoley sends us the following item:

"W. P. Anderson, of La Salle, Ill., is undoubtedly the best developed artist for taking likenesses of departed friends, now known in the world. He is at present stopping with Judge Johnson, in Peoria, Ill. He has lately spent a few weeks at Mr. J. V. Sinclair's, in Henry, Ill., where he drew a full life-size picture of the daughter of James Pilkington, of Mendota. She has been in spirit-life five years. It is recognized by the father and friends as the most perfect picture ever known. It was the product of three hours' labor. He took some others here that were accepted as correct. They are attracting much attention in this part of the country. Mrs. J. H. Farran, and Dr. Larkin, of La Salle, have many fine pictures, recognized."

The Great Conflict.

We find the following "first-rate notice" of Bro. Miller's lecture in Providence, in the *Journal* of Dec. 17.

LEO MILLER, Esq., by particular request, will repeat his lecture on "The Great Conflict, or the Cause and Cure of Secession," at Pratt's Hall, this (Tuesday) evening. This lecture was first delivered in our city on the evening of the 8th instant, to a crowded house, and was received with the most intense enthusiasm by all who were present. Though radical, it addresses the reason and intellect, and throughout burns with passages of most stirring eloquence, devoted patriotism, and invincible logic. The style and argument of the lecture have the rare virtue of being something new, which, where so much is said on the Crisis, is a relief to the public, and highly commendatory of the genius and ability of the speaker. See Bro. Miller's advertisement in another column.

Free Meetings in Boston.

Dr. Gardner having resigned the care of the meetings at Lyceum Hall, his resignation to take effect on and after the first of January, a committee have been appointed to solicit subscriptions for the enterprise, and in another week we hope to be able to announce that the meetings will be held hereafter at Lyceum Hall. It is proposed to raise by subscription, the sum of \$2,000, and then perfect an organization for business purposes, and to carry on the meeting. We will give further particulars next week.

The feeling at the West.

From a letter from Bro. L. K. Conoley, dated at Dixon Ill., Nov. 11, we extract the following: "We lectured on the present crisis, to very large audiences, among which, was the attendance (at night) of three companies of volunteers, in regular order, under command of their officers. They applauded the exercises. Capt. John Cheney, of the Artillery, is a thorough Spiritualist."

"Ah! I am very sorry for this rebellion; it prevents my going South," said an Englishman the other day, dining at a club in Philadelphia, by invitation. "They tell me," he continued, "that the American gentleman is only to be found at the South. How is that, pray? Can you explain it?" "I can't," replied his host. "It is no more to be explained than the statement so often made that there are gentlemen in England, but that none of them ever come to this country."

When the plough was first introduced into South Africa, one of the Caffre lords exclaimed, "See how the thing tears up the ground with its mouth! It is worth more than five wives!"

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

John McKercher, of Fulton City, Whiteside Co. Ill., offers his services to the public as an artist for spirit drawings. He says: "I take likenesses, and would draw for any one who will send me one dollar, and the age and name of person deceased whose portrait is desired."

Mr. M. V. Blood, alias Dly, we learn from the Spiritual Magazine, is now lecturing in England. This gentleman "left his country for his country's good," and we only hope he will not victimize those who befriended him there as he has his best friends here.

After the Battle of Big Bethel, Brig. Gen. Pierce, of Massachusetts, rested under considerable disgrace. To retrieve his fortunes, he enlisted, the papers said, as a private in the 12th Regiment. Now Kerrigan, a New York Colonel and Member of Congress, is under court martial for misdemeanors, and a witty fellow beside us suggests that the best course for him to pursue is indicated by his own name, and, like Mr. Pierce, who has again worked himself through the ranks, up to a Colonelcy, he can carry gun!

The editors of the Knoxville County Observer, publishes immediately under the editorial head, a notice to its readers, that coal, wood, potatoes, flour, butter, chickens, eggs and money are wanted in settlement for the paper! Perhaps the editors have an eye on an appointment in the Commissary department.

Good REASON FOR IT.—Mason and Slidell were, when taken, "half seas over."

The editor of the Astorick Herald recently visited a spiritual circle in Portland, and, from what he saw and heard, became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism.

Of all the climates of earth, the torrid zone bears the palm.

A CHARMING MEDIATOR.—The French Emperor instructs the semi-official papers to advocate the English side of the Mason and Slidell question, and is proposed as a mediator between England and this country. When the fox mediates between the wolf and the lamb, says the Providence Journal, we know what his decisions are.

A firm faith is the best theology; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physio.

No man need fear that he will exhaust his substance of thought, if he will only draw his inspiration from actual human life. There the inexhaustible God pours depths and endless variety of truth; and the true thinker is but a short-hand writer endeavoring to report the discourse of God. Shall a child on the banks of the Amazon fear lest he should drink up the stream?

RATHER SEVERE.—The New York Anti-Slavery Standard, commenting on the re-election of Mayor Wightman in Boston, says: "He was supported by the sham Democracy, the Bell-Everett men, and the whole Liquor Interest, represented by some 3,000 drinking shops, etc.; while the Republicans, on the other hand, are weighed down by such a load of blind and self-imposed conservatism that they cannot stand upright, but only cringe and crawl."

It often happens that laws are as much in the way of, as advantageous to, the purpose they were made to subserve. *Vide* the following: "A correspondence has taken place between the Secretary of War, and Rev. A. Fischel, a Jewish Rabbi, who formerly officiated at a synagogue in New York city," relative to the chaplaincy of the Cameron Dragoons. The officers, and a large proportion of the men, are of the Jewish persuasion. It is also said that many thousands who hold to that belief are in the army. They very naturally and properly wish holy consolation from preachers of the same faith; but Secretary Cameron writes, that by acts of Congress, passed at the recent special session, "the Chaplain appointed by vote of the field officers and company commanders, must be a regularly ordained minister of some Christian denomination;" and consequently he cannot give a favorable consideration to the application." We see by the late despatches, that a memorial presented in the House by F. A. Conklin, of New York, from the board of Delegates of American Israelites, praying that members of the Jewish faith may be placed upon a footing of equality with those of Christian denominations as respects Chaplains in the army, was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

SERIOUS ILLNESS OF KOSSUTH.—Letters from Italy convey the painful intelligence that Kossuth is seriously ill. His disease appears to be a kind of consumption—a disease which has thus far baffled the efforts of his physicians to arrest it. He is so reduced as to be able to converse with difficulty, and his friends fear he will not survive the winter.

It has been ascertained that in more than three-quarters of the regiments now in the service of the United States in the Department of the Potomac, native Americans are in the majority. The Germans are in a majority in only six. The Irish in only five out of a hundred. Two-thirds of the army are Americans. Nine-tenths are citizens. The average age of the privates is over twenty-four years. Three-fourths are single men. The average number of sick of the whole army is seventy-seven in one thousand.

A NEW NAME.—They have got a new name for our national troubles out in the Sandwich Islands. The native churches there propose to observe a day of fasting and prayer "for the United States in their present *pilihi*." We don't see that rebellion looks any better when spelled in this way. It is a bitter pill, any way you can fix it.

There are, according to Secretary Cameron's Report, 20,334 regulars, and 610,637 volunteers in the service of the United States Government, making an aggregate of 630,971 men.

The Philadelphia Press says it is right for printers to know that while, until a recent period, actors were legally designated vagabonds in England, a statute passed in the reign of Queen Anne distinctly declares that printers, like attorneys, are gentlemen!

GOOD ADVICE.—An exchange remarks, pathetically, "Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship." This is all proper enough; but then in cases you have not got any sister of your own, take some other fellow's sister and love her. The advice is just as good, and sometimes better.—*Haverhill Tr.* Weekly Publisher.

A balmy fog, bragging that he could carry a barrel of pork without difficulty, was suddenly put to his humps when told that he was frequently seen staggering under a load of less than one hundred and seventy-five pounds of corned meat.

A saint is not free from sin—that is his burden; and a saint is not free to sin—that is his blessing.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

Mrs. A. P. THOMPSON.—Your last notices never reached us, or, we assure you, they would have been published. We must resent the imputation of any intended slight on our part, because we know we have few co-laborers who have been more earnest in our behalf than you; and the obligation to help each other we trust we are aware of the importance of; and when you make up your list of those who are prone to "exalt some and leave others in the background," we pray you "count us out."

AMUSEMENTS IN BOSTON.

HOWARD ATHENAEUM—Howard street, near Court street. Lessee and Manager, E. L. DAVENPORT. Goodwin & Wilder's North American Circus. Prices—Private Boxes, \$5; Dress Boxes, \$3; Orchestra, \$2; Family Circle, \$1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7; certain rises at 7 1/2 o'clock.

BOSTON MUSEUM—Tremont, between Court & School streets. Admission 25 cents; Orchestra and Reserved seats, 50 cents. Performances commence in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, and Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

AQUARIUM AND ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS—Central Court. Living Whales, Animals, Reptiles, &c. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission 25 cents; Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL AND TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE—Nearly opposite the Old South Church. Tickets, 25 cents.

BOSTON ATHENAEUM—Beacon street, near State House. Thirty-second Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary. Admission, 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are moderate.

IN PRESS.

THE GREAT CONFLICT!

OR,

Cause and Cure of Secession.

By LEO MILLER, Esq., delivered at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 8, 1861, and repeated by universal request, at the same place, on Tuesday evening of the following week.

This work will be neatly printed in large type, making about thirty-two pages, and will be ready to mail by the BANNER OF LIGHT, on or before Jan. 1st, 1862. Single copies 12 cents; ten copies \$1; mailed free; one hundred copies \$8.

All orders addressed to DEBA MARSH, 14 Bromfield st., Boston, or to LEO MILLER, Hartford, Conn., will be promptly supplied.

ANNE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, at the solicitation of many friends, has decided to devote her time for a few months, to holding Circles. Those who desire to hold such a circle, will please address her, care of Philo Chamberlain, Box 1167, Boston, Mass.

Persons in the vicinity of Boston, wishing her to hold Circles one or two evenings, only, will please address immediately, and their favors will receive prompt attention. Dec. 28.

GRACE L. BEAN, Writing Test. Medium, No. 4 Neshan Place, (leading from Pleasant street.) 5c. Dec. 28.

TO BOOK PEDDLERS,

AND PERSONS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT. WANTED.—Active and industrious men and women to sell *The Farmers' Manual and Ready Reckoner*, (see advertisement.)

This work will sell wherever there are Farmers or Lumbermen. It will be sold to traveling agents at a low figure. This is an excellent opportunity for persons thrown out of employment by the recession. Send for a circular, which gives prices and terms, to 248 Canal Street, New York.

N. B.—Circulars furnished to agents to assist them in selling. Dec. 21.

DR. L. L. FARNSWORTH, PSYCHOMETRIST AND PHYSICIAN, is permanently located at No. 63 HUDSON STREET, Boston. Persons sending autograph and \$1, will receive a full delineation of character. Dr. F. also examines disease and prescribes by a look of the face, and in some cases two 3 cent postage stamps must be enclosed. References can be given from persons of high standing, in Boston and vicinity, who have received great benefit by means of his magnetic powers. Medical consultation free. Office hours from 9 to 6 P. M. Nov. 6.

MANFIELD'S

WILD FOREST BALM.

THE wonderful potency of this compound is without a parallel in the history of the human race as the present day. The virtues of a remedial agent peculiarly adapted to diseases of the surface on all the interior organs of the structure, opens at once a new and interesting feature in the Science of Medicine, especially when resorted to by a Band of eminent Physicians of the highest sphere, ministering through the agent effects and results which carry to the suffering in this life "NATURE'S OWN CURE." Facts of a remarkable character, clear, satisfactory and true, will be made public, which the skepticism of the age possibly may undervalue, but that which, when realized, will be sustained by the extraordinary effects of this simple yet efficient and harmless compound. Much time and care have been employed to perfect and detect a fallacy as regards the Wild Forest Balm, by the friends of Mr. M. Information beyond the ken of the human understanding has been revealed with an accuracy, a determination and careful illustration of its virtues which cannot but make it pre-eminent as a restorative, skin healing and cleansing, soothing and invigorating to every irritated surface, thus allaying pain and removing disease and nervous debility in a manner scarcely creditable—only as its application is made to confirm the truth. In Coughs and Lungular Irritation, it is valuable as well as that which relieves to other and more delicate organs.

For sale at his rooms only. Price \$1; sent by express to any part of the Union. 15 AVON PLACE, Boston, Mass. Dec. 21.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,

NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

ESTABLISHED FOR THE TREATMENT OF EVERY KNOWN DISEASE.

DR. MAIN'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE is open at all times for the reception of patients. Parties who have suffered at the hands of unskillful practitioners, or whose cases have been pronounced incurable by the most skillful, will find it to their advantage to consult a physician who combines

Science, Philosophy, Reason, and common sense, in the treatment of disease. Do not be discouraged. Call on Dr. Main and test the power that enables him to discover the origin and cause of your difficulty without a word being uttered by the patient. Truly a new era has dawned in the history of medical science; the most intricate and complicated diseases not only being alleviated, but

THOROUGHLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED, by the Doctor's improved methods of treatment.

CANCERS, ULCERS, TUMORS, and every affection of the blood, successfully treated and their causes eradicated from the system. Diseases of Females, caused by exhaustion or excesses of any kind, receive speedy and permanent relief. Surgical operations are performed with the utmost skill when absolutely necessary.

Persons suffering from the use of poisonous drugs, or from diseases of the most delicate character, are assured that nothing but the best and most effective treatment will be given them, such as will lead to a restoration of decayed or exhausted powers.

Dr. Main has prepared a few medicines with reference to special diseases, which are of so invaluable a character in his general practice as to induce him to present them to the notice of the public at large.

THE TONIC STRAP—A most reliable Dyspeptic Remedy. The Blood Purifier—Unrivalled for the removal of Pimples and Blisters from the face; also for the eradication of Cancerous Humors, Scrofula and Erysipelas.

TIN SERRA'S RESTORATIVE—An effective remedy in prolapus uteri, leucorrhoea, and all other diseases of the pelvic region.

TIN DIURETIC STRAP—For affections of the Kidneys. An excellent medicine.

TIN UNIVERSAL TONIC—For strengthening the blood and imparting tone and energy to the whole system.

Those who desire examinations will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.

Dr. Main's Office hours are from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M.

Patients will be attended at their homes when it is desired. Dr. CHARLES MAIN, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, Mass. Nov. 6.

New Books.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c. &c. IS NOW READY, and will be sent post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington street, Boston.

English Works on Spiritualism.

THE NIGHT-SIDE OF NATURE. By Catherine Crowe; OR, GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS. By Catherine Crowe; OR, For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 80 cents.

LIGHT IN THE VALLEY.

MY EXPERIENCES IN SPIRITUALISM. By Mrs. Newton Crowland. Illustrated with about twenty plain and colored engravings. For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price \$1.50.

SPIRITUALISM, AND THE AGE WE LIVE IN. By Catherine Crowe. The authors says: "I do not insist on people's believing in Spiritualism; and only urge them not to shut their eyes to it; and, I hope, show cause why each should investigate it for himself, and thus be qualified to form a conscientious opinion on the subject." For sale at the Banner of Light Office. Price 60 cents. Dec. 21.

EVERY ONE'S BOOK.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED IN THESE TIMES!

A New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis!

THE HARBINGER OF HEALTH!

CONTAINING MEDICAL PRESCRIPTIONS FOR THE Human Body and Mind.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

How to repel disease, regain health, live as one ought, treat disease of every conceivable kind, reconvert the energies, recruit the worn and exhausted system, go through the world with the least wear and tear and in the truest conditions of harmony—this is what is distinctly taught in this volume, both by prescriptions and principles.

There are to be found more than 100 forms of

Such a mass of information, coming through such a source makes this book one of *Indescribable Value for Family Reference*, and it ought to be found in every household in the land.

There are no cases of disease which its directions and rules do not reach. All climates, and all states of the climate come equally within its range.

Those who have known the former volumes of the author, will be rejoiced to know that in the latest one Mr. DAVIS REACHES THE WHOLE RACE, and is freely lending himself to a work of the largest value to the human family.

It should be in the hands of every Man and Woman, for all are as much interested in its success as they are in their own Health and Happiness. Here is the PLAIN ROAD TO BORN!

A handsome 12mo., of 432 pages. Price only \$1. Single copies mailed free on receipt of price. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. Nov. 23.

JUST PUBLISHED.

"AMERICA AND HER DESTINY;"

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Bowdoin's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 26, 1861, through EMMA HARRINGTON, BY THE SPIRITS. Price \$3 per hundred, or 3 cents single copy; when sent by mail, one cent additional.

Just published and for sale wholesale and retail at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street, 11 Nov. 2.

A NEW BOOK.

A new extraordinary book has made its appearance, published at Indianapolis, Ind. The following is the title:

AN EYE-OPENER;

OR, CATHOLICISM UNMASKED.

BY A CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Containing—"Doubts of Infidelity," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZEPH; a curious and interesting work, entitled, *Le Beau*, and much other matter, both amusing and instructive.

This book will cause a greater excitement than anything of the kind ever printed in the English language.

When the "Eye Opener" first appeared, its effects were so unprecedentedly electrical and astounding, that the Clergy, in consultation, proposed buying the copyright, and first edition for the purpose of suppressing this extraordinary production. The work was finally submitted to the Rev. Mr. West, for his opinion, who returned for answer, that the Book submitted for his examination, threatened, it was true, the demolition of all creeds, nevertheless, in his opinion, nothing would be gained by its suppression. Said he, let truth and error grapple.

The "Eye Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves.

Price, 40 cents, postpaid. The trade furnished on liberal terms. For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington st., Boston. Oct. 14.

Essays on Various Subjects.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Changes coming upon all the Earth at the present time; and the Nature of the Calamities that are so rapidly approaching. &c., by Joshua, Cuvier, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c., given

The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER is written by a person who is a spirit, whose name is known through the BANNER, and who is a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tokens of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond, and to do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than spirits. 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.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 133 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:

Monday, Nov. 7.—Invocation: "Is there any difference between Material and Spiritual Truth?" Peter Hilley, Lawrence, Mass.; Thomas Paine Biddle, Montgomery, Ala.; Mary Adelaide Wallace, Kingston, N. J.

Monday, Nov. 11.—Invocation: "Forgiveness, Despair, and Fear?" Eliu Bowman, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marium Lester, Philadelphia, Pa.; Horace Cameron, Queenstown, Pa.

Tuesday, Nov. 12.—Invocation: "Violation of Law?" "Death and Immortality?" George Vail, Charleston, S. C.; Horace Winslow, Worcester, N. Y.; Allen Kemmings, Fall River, Mass.; Mary Murphy, Grove Street, Boston.

Thursday, Nov. 14.—Invocation: "Moral Disease?" Frank German, actor; Dr. John Thayer, Dotham, Mass.; Amelia Davis, E. Charles, Texas; Hiram Dudley, New York City; Andrew G. Lincoln.

Monday, Nov. 18.—Invocation: "Why are Spirits unable to manifest before the Professors of Harvard College and their friends?" Andrew S. Murray, Halifax, N. S.; Edmund Jarvis, Portsmouth, N. H.; Frances Cecilia Habbitt, New Haven, Conn.

Tuesday, Nov. 19.—Invocation: "The Redemption of Souls from the desire for immortality?" William H. Coates, C. S. A.; Guston Greenough, Ore.; At John Lee, Tauson, Indiana; Asylum, George Barnard; Eva S. Walker, Salem, Mass.; "Trene."

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—Invocation: "Development of Animals and of Man?" Thomas P. Hapwell, Bentonville, Ohio; William T. Bonds, New York City; Mary Jane Loyley, Concord, N. H.; Jonathan Ladd.

Thursday, Nov. 22.—Invocation: Joy, Joy, Patrichild, to a friend in Belgium; Matilda Maschillo, Lunenburg, Pa.; James Flynn, New York; Geo. M. Bidwell; Archibald De Witt, to his son.

Monday, Dec. 2.—Invocation: "First Manifestation of God to Man's Physical Body?" George Vail, Charleston, S. C.; Lily Knox.

Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Invocation: "Is the Progress of the Spirit immediately after death direct?" "Will Electricity ever be used in the movement of large Material Substances?" Rouben Price, Johnson, Vt.; Patrick Smith, New York; Charles Pettis Anderson, Georgetown, D. C.; Maria, to Leslie Mearns.

Thursday, Dec. 5.—Invocation: "What is a Miracle?" Herr Schrader, New Orleans; Elizabeth B. Mason, to her father; Herbert Langdon, Chesapeake City, N. J.; Lizzy Porter.

Monday, Dec. 9.—Invocation: "Was there ever a Universal Deluge?" James Madley, Moon street, Boston; Jenny Bigelow, to her mother, Frances Ryder; John M. Whittemore, Cambridge; Isaac P. Rogers, to his son, No. 30.

Tuesday, Dec. 10.—Invocation: "What is Life?" "Is Conscience an Unerring Guide?" Samuel T. Jacobs, Overlin, Mich.; Hannah Connolly, New York; Patrick O'Brien, Dublin, Ireland; James Morgan, to Margaret Ellsworth; Wm. Bond, to his wife.

Invocation.

Oh, Lord our God, all nature declares unto us that thou art a God of wisdom, and also a God of mercy; and if these are indeed thy attributes, we know we have a glorious refuge in thee, and like children will we recline in thy arms. Though the waves of earthly materialism roll around us, we feel that thou art able to rescue us from all that would overwhelm us in ruin and despair. Oh, Lord our God, everywhere around us we see thy smiling face, and behold thee, as thou art, permeating all the lower conditions of life. Oh, God, we behold thee as a Father; and though the earth be at war, there is a heaven of which the time warfare and discord is a mere prelude to the life to come; and oh, God, though our senses are shocked at the temporary horrors of warfare, we know it is an instrument in thine own hand of great good in thine own way, and a means of adding new glory to thy kingdom, in the hearts of thy children. Once more we would uplift our spirits unto thee, feeling that thou wilt accept the emanations they breathe forth, because they come from the garden thine own love hath planted. Great God, we commend each and every loving soul present unto thee. May they all feel a consciousness of thy Divine presence and power. Oh, our Father, strengthen all our hearts for what we shall be compelled to undergo, and may we all feel the divine influence that impels us onward, and may we be enabled to thank thee that we have gathered at least something new from the kingdom of the hereafter.

Nov. 4.

George Williams.

It is thirty-one years since I separated from the body that was naturally my own, but, according to the laws of North Carolina, belonged to my master. I was born a slave, I lived a slave, and died a slave. I return, free! I was hurried out of the world by the hand of my master. That same master was my father—my natural father. He educated me, that I might serve him the better; but, alas, he opened the gate of wisdom and the gate of hell at the same time to me. He gave me to know that I was a man, as well as a slave.

I am strangely excited, to-day. I was when I left my body. Though thirty-one years have passed, I feel the excitement I passed through upon changing worlds. I lived to behold twenty-eight years—in North Carolina. My name was George Williams. My master was Major Williams—a man somewhat noted for his kindness; at least, they noted him here for his kindness, but in heaven for his cruelty. Such a man was my father and my master. He was the owner of some fifty-seven souls, all in the bondage of ignorance, save myself. I, who had knelt at the shrine of the white man's temple of knowledge could not bow to that my dark brothers bow to; and feel to be right, because they are in ignorance.

Twice in my life I was separated from wives and children as dear to me as any of yours could be to you, and at each separation there was kindled in my soul the fire of revenge that has continued to burn until to-day, and this hour it burns stronger than ever, because I feel I have the Great Eternal on my side.

Your laws are builded upon death and hell. The Constitution—that which holds together your States, your people, is but one festering sore of hell. It upholds the darkest of all crimes, raises in the exercise of its power the most filthy of all children. And yet you regard that Constitution of the United States as sacred, as holy, as given to you by God, and you must guard it with more than human power. But the hour has now come when the God of Nature, the God of power—the God who is God of the African as well as of the Anglo-Saxon, is using the institutions of your nation for its own destruction; it is being shaken to its foundation, and your Constitution of the United States shall be sent to the hell which it belongs. Your institutions, founded in evil, shall be overturned and ground in the dust; and they who have done evil because your laws allowed them to, shall be made to taste the bitter gall of the hell I have been plunged into by your institutions. Oh, your country is but a grain of sand beneath the heel of Almighty God. He doeth always justice, and those who have rested within the shadow he will bring out in the noonday light of his will and justice, and those who have usurped his power he will crush into nothingness.

I have sons and daughters—five of them—living on earth; five, with souls as immortal as any of yours; five of them who have been brought up in ignorance and darkness more dense than you can conceive of, who live in a land of knowledge; and is it strange that I return feeling as I do—return feeling that this is the hour when the Almighty is visiting America in judgment?

This war will last until the principles of liberty and equality are incorporated into each and every

soul. The master and the slave shall know that they are children of God— heirs of the same heaven or the same hell; the master shall learn that the slave has the same right in law that he himself has, to that which unfolds his mind in wisdom. This rebellion will last until all men shall be recognized for what they are worth; till men learn humility, and God is respected.

Yes, my master is in hell. I have been there. We have shared each other's torments for a time. But it has pleased a wise God to lift me out of hell first. He was there, and remains there; and I am here, to do what I may be able to, toward striking out the accursed system of slavery from your land. I am here for one purpose to-day, and that is, to gather all the strength I may be able to, for those remaining in the condition of slavery. I wish to sow the seeds of insurrection in the souls of my children to-day, that they may go free, if not here, in the spirit-world.

When the Great Disposer of all things shall see fit to give my master liberty, he will do it. He enjoyed it on earth. Now I am free, and he is a slave, and the same law that held me then in bondage, holds him now. I could not release him if I would, and I do not feel that I would if I could. It was rebellion on my part, he killed me for. He shot me—an easy way to die, but unnatural. It occurred in Williamsburg, North Carolina.

Eight years after leaving my body, I became aware that I could, under peculiar conditions, enter and manifest through the medium powers of some of the slaves on my master's estate. His youngest daughter, in this way I burned his house. For this act I have suffered much, notwithstanding it was committed after I had lost my body. But he sowed the seeds of revenge in my soul. Is it strange that some of the seeds took root, and bore fruit according to their kind?

Nov. 4.

Philip Higgins.

I am very glad to be able to speak in this way. I never thought I should be when I left earth—I supposed I was done with earth; but we live in a strange world, whether in the body or out of it. I fancy it will take us an eternity to learn who we are, ourselves.

My name was Philip Higgins. I suppose I have a family in New Bedford, and I would be very glad if I could find the way clear to speak to them. I lived on earth fifty-two years; can't see that I accomplished much in that time, but suppose I did something. I was a believer in the Christian religion or what I imagined it to be; but I find here we are all so naturally judged, that we do not need the interference of any third party; and the God, and all the surroundings of religion I used to think so necessary when here, I find to be good for nothing. But I am in an unquiet state of mind yet, because I do not know what's to be my destiny. They tell us we shall all be happy some time, though all are not satisfied yet; but I have met with agree that the religions of earth are good for nothing. I don't know much about the mysteries of the spirit-life, but I am satisfied that all will be free from trouble some day.

I was once very well off, but died poor—became so through the treachery of pretended friends. Those same friends suppose now they're on the direct way to heaven. Well, I'm willing they should think so, but it's none the less my duty to tell them they're on the opposite road, and they'll be as confused and confused when they get here, as I was. Why, it seems as though I was a mere beggar—no better—too poor to call any place my home; all on account of the false ideas I had on earth.

My friends do not believe in the coming back of departed souls. I do not know what I shall do to make them believe it; but really, I want to speak with them, and do not think I can be happy till I do. I was told this was the most direct way—coming here. We know very little while we live on earth, and just find it out when we get to the place I am in. We are obliged to pass through a great many degrees of life to get where we want to go. How strange it is that I can come back and take upon me a body not my own, and be able to speak through it! But it is no less the fact, and no more singular than the fact of immortality—that those who once have inhabited a human body never die, but live forever.

I wish to ask a favor of a friend whom I know on earth. He is rather liberal minded; and if I was going to judge of the case at all, I should say he was willing and able to help me. His name is Robert Parsons. He belongs in New Bedford. He is, I suppose, what the world calls an infidel. I have something I wish to say to him—something I wish him to carry to some one else. I want to know if he would go to some place where I can speak with him, and I do not want him to wait, but go right away, as soon as he gets my letter. Is it wrong to ask this? Good day.

Nov. 4.

Charlotte L. Haskins.

I don't know as I know exactly what you expect of me. What do you wish my name for? I can tell you, I suppose. My name's Charlotte L. Haskins. I was born in Lowell; lived in New York City, and died there, in May, 1861. I was twenty-four years old. I died of consumption, I suppose; they said it was. Have I friends there? Yes—oh, yes. I'd like to send them a message, but, first of all, I would like to commune with an uncle I have in Massachusetts—my mother's brother. He's a Unitarian clergyman. I want to talk with him. I don't believe I shall soil his saintly garments, if I do talk with him. Tell him so, for me. He'll tell you a story like this: "Oh, she lost her self-respect years ago, and since then has been dual to us—lost to us and the world, and everything that is good." He'll tell you that, if you should ask him if he ever knew me. He'd tell you my mother died broken-hearted, in consequence of my actions. He must be very careful, if he don't want God to break his, he'd better not talk of it. He may find another side of the story to be told when he comes here, if he don't look out.

I have a daughter, a little girl, six years old, living in Centre street, New York City. I want him, now, to have that child taken care of. I don't ask him to bring her up, but I want him to see that she is brought up honestly. I want him to provide the funds necessary for the education of that child. I fear I may not be able to get a chance of talking to him privately, so I'll say that much here. Tell him to go to No. 167 Centre street, New York. That's where he'll find my child. I died very near there—where he'll find my child. I believe the name is Kelp. Her husband is a Swede, I suppose. That is the name of the person he is to inquire for. I suppose there are more than one or more than twenty families in the same place.

Those who have charge of things here, tell us we may come saying what we please, provided we tell the truth, and I have not told anything else, nor all of that.

You'll please say I made an effort to speak to my uncle—my mother's brother. He's the only one there is, so there can be no mistake. I'll see that he gets my message. He might not think it advisable to talk with me here, so I have told you what is written there. Good-day.

Nov. 4.

Henry Wetherell.

Good afternoon, sir. My name is Henry Wetherell. I was twenty-six years of age, formerly clerk at Stewart's, New York, in the silk department. Is this New York? I thought it was. It's a mistake of my own, I suppose, but it's all the same.

I've a mother and sister living in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and a brother in the Federal Army. My mother and sister are very anxious about this young brother of mine. A few days since I made a slight attempt to communicate with my sister, while she was stopping with a friend. I then told her brother was well, and would be cared for by the spirit-band who were surrounding him. She thought the news too good to be true, but expressed a desire that I would come to some stranger. Now if Spiritualism be true, and spirits do come back to their

friends, she said, go to some stranger, and give what you have given here, and it will be stronger evidence of its genuineness. I thought I could do no better than come here. I'll make a little addition to the communication first given to my sister. They tell her of the death of my brother; but I want them to believe me—believe him living in the body; and they'll have the pleasure of seeing him alive and well. She may put her mind at ease, for he is not injured, and will not be, during the war.

My mother's name is Rebecca Wetherell. My sister's name is Ellen.

My brother is a very well developed medium, and it is possible for him to be surrounded by such a spirit-power as will shield him from all harm. His guides tell me that he is safe, positively safe—made so through his own medium powers. Good afternoon, sir.

Nov. 4.

William Wheeler.

Dear brother Willard, your prompt attention to the call I made to you a few weeks ago shall not be without its reward. Your brother in spirit,

WILLIAM WHEELER.

Nov. 4.

Susie Lane.

Mother, tell father I did come to him in the store on the second day of last month.

SUSIE LANE.

Nov. 4.

To her mother, Abigail Lane.

James Arnold.

Erre, why don't you keep your eyes open for white man?

JAMES ARNOLD.

Nov. 4.

Invocation.

Our Father, each atom of thy creation lifts its voice unto thee in thanksgiving; each hour brings to thee countless gifts from thy children whom thou hast taught of their dependence upon thee. Oh, Lord, thou hast taught us to pray, that by so doing we might be brought in rapport with thy highest nature. Oh, Father, once more we praise thee, thanking thee for the blessings thou hast scattered around us, giving us light while so many are in darkness. For each and all of the different forms of suffering we thank thee, our Father, feeling, as we do, that there is no degree of pain or sorrow in which thy presence is not seen and thy purpose felt. Again, oh our Father, thank thee for thy great faith for all to come, and for thy great faith that thy great faith scattered around everywhere, accept this hour our praises in their behalf.

Nov. 5.

The War and the Constitution.

We are now ready to answer what question or questions the friends may desire to propound to us: The following was presented:

"Are the spirits of our ancestors—the patriots of the Revolution and the founders of this government—working in the spirit world to bring about a re-union of the States under the old Constitution, or for the construction of a new government, with new principles, upon the ruins of the old?"

The spirits of your ancestors—you ask where they are, and what they are doing. We answer, they are with you—with you to do all they may be able to, do toward uplifting humanity; toward rearing again in your midst a temple dedicated to liberty—not the liberty of the past, but that which can serve the present. Your ancestors perceive that there is much of imperfection in the old Constitution—much you have outgrown—much you have no need of, and therefore need to be rid of; so they will do all in their power to sweep it away entirely. They will not leave even a shadow of that which was, so great indeed will be the reform that they are trying to bring about.

We have many times told you that all things material have not the mark of progress upon them. It is only the spirit that lives under the law of progress. Now the old Constitution of the United States is a material thing, and has performed its material mission. It was born of other times, and answered the requirements of other minds—was adapted to other conditions, spiritually and physically. But again we say, it cannot serve you of to-day, because you have advanced in the path of progress, while the Constitution has been left behind. Now, then, your forefathers—they who dearly loved America, are working for you and your country's highest good; and they who cling so tenaciously to the forms of the past, will fall, even with those old decaying institutions—or, in other words, they will be involved in the downfall of these material things, and thus be made to see that the road of progress and of change lies on earth, and is just as able to set aside the Constitution of the United States, as to bring forth the flowers in spring time, or strip the trees of their foliage in autumn.

Your nation is surrounded with invisible agents engaged in the mighty reforms of the nineteenth century; and everything that seems to work against your prosperity as a nation is directed by a higher purpose, to clear away the ground for the new temple of liberty, whose walls shall not only shelter the Anglo-Saxon, but the African, and the oppressed of all nations; and the motto of your United States shall not be engraved upon a single pillar, but shall be written all over the walls of the temple. In the past, you have had only the name of liberty; in the future you shall have the reality!

Nov. 6.

Major Christian.

If those concerned in the present great tempest of reform could but take one glimpse of what is being done beyond the veil of mortality, they would realize the full force of the words, "Man proposes, but above all the higher power disposes." Man can only see as far as the limit of mortality; beyond that he cannot see, while in the flesh. But while men and women are in the material, they must work through material means, to gain whatever end they may desire to. "The Constitution and the Union" is the watchword of the Federal party. It must mean the Constitution and the Union as they are.

I have heard many complaints about the spirits keeping the armies at work, as it were, in the dark—not knowing why they did certain things and why they did not do certain other things. They often marvel at their being stopped when they attempt to pass through in a different direction from that one marked out by the unseen attendants. Sometimes it is prophesied to them what the end might be if certain steps are taken, and they are thus induced to change their course.

As long ago as when I dwelt on earth, there was in my internal soul a conscious perception that there was something wrong in the Constitution of the United States. I could not believe there was a void that needed filling. I now see what that void is, and I see also who shall fill it, and how. So much I have gained by casting off the body.

In my mortal life I was a slaveholder; and as I was, I was as much the tool of conditions in my sphere as the slave was in his. I felt the misfortune of my condition, but God knows I knew not what steps to take in order to lay that ever-repeating monitor. I perceived that the slaves were getting more and more intelligent—getting more and more wisdom, and I perceived that it would not allow them to remain in bondage a great length of time. I did not feel as many do, that the slaves were capable of taking a position beside the whites, but I found many of them capable of great expansion in point of intelligence and wisdom.

I have said I had an internal perception of a struggle that would be brought about in regard to the slaves and the Constitution of the United States. It was so fully shadowed forth in my soul, that I knew it would come, but could not tell when, or by whom. But I think God has lived to see the day when the first great struggle has taken place—lived, I say; yes, lived—not in the bald, dimly temple of the flesh, to be seen by men, but lived, and been made capable, under favorable conditions, of returning to earth, and also of being a feeble assistant in the hand of God, in his own way, in uplifting humanity, and liberating the slaves, and tearing down the whole temple dedicated to the Constitution of the United States, to make way for a new one,

built upon the foundation of love and wisdom for all the oppressed of humanity, which is to God himself, people in the future, must care more for liberty and less for peace.

I feel indeed it was right for me to hold slaves when I did, and as I did, for I saw ways in which I was able to better their conditions. I believe I did the best I could under the circumstances for my slaves, although when here I believed them really inferior in condition to the whites. Yet I believed God would take care of them, and in his own time and way. I tried to improve their minds, and encouraged them to cultivate their manhood.

You ask if the spirits are not at work for the traitors as well as for the Government. If you could see the immense millions of spirits coming together, from your earth, and interesting themselves in your national struggle, you would think you were indeed compassed about by an innumerable cloud of witnesses. But you are finite, and cannot see beyond the range of your normal faculties; yet the hour is coming when you shall indeed see things as they are. You will then have no need to ask if your ancestors are engaged in the war, for you can see the evidence of their work. But for the present, all there is for you to do is to be satisfied with God, and to obey him. What there is in your individual nature that prompts you to act, obey it, for God demands your service. You all have God, ever within you, and if you will only suffer that God to lead you, he will never lead you astray. He may lead you through shadows and darkness, but you will all see the infinite wisdom of his purposes, by and by.

I have communed through mediums before. I shall be known as Major Christian, of Alabama. By the way, it is just for me to me to say I was requested to come here as soon as I found an opportunity. Seeing the way clear to-day, I have made my presence manifest.

Nov. 5.

Clara F. Evans.

It's four years, lacking one month, since I left the friends I now wish to speak with. Consumption was the means by which I became free. I wish to give some incidents of my earthly life by which I may be recognized. I was eighteen years of age; I was sick, in all, near sixteen months, being first prostrated by lung fever, or inflammation of the lungs, which finally settled into consumption. I was a stranger to the beauties of this new religion, and my friends are strangers to it still. They have not seen even the first ray of the glorious sunlight.

Three days previous to my change, or death, there were times when I thought I could see my sister and grandparents; but I then supposed it was because I thought much of them, and my weakness caused me to fancy I saw them; but now I know I did see them—they came to wait for my spirit, as it should leave the confines of earth, to introduce me to my new home. My mother, and sisters and other friends will remember that I often spoke, during the last three days of my life, of my grandparents and sister in the spirit world. I wish them to know it was no fancy, but a reality, far more real than the light of material things.

I have come back, hoping to break down the walls of superstition and religion that enshroud my friends. I desire to show them a new religion—to show the truth, such as they will not find in all the teachings of the churches; truths fresh from God, which have not the stamp of churchdom upon them. And I want them to know of the spirit-world before they meet me here on the spirit side.

I have made some attempts to reach my dear friends and speak to them; but they were, I believe, unsuccessful, because made through a person who is acquainted with the family. I come to-day to strangers, that I may give at least some evidence to them of my coming to earth again.

My name was Clara F. Evans, of Manchester, N. H. My mother's name is Nancy. Before my sickness I once worked in the Stark Mills, Manchester. When I was a child, we lived in Boston. My father was a merchant in Boston. The wheel of fortune turned us into poverty by its revolutions, alas, and at the early age of fifteen I was obliged to earn my living in the cotton mill. Farewell, sir.

Nov. 5.

Jimmy Hobart.

I wa'n't sick at all. I's drowned. They say every body what comes here must tell what they are sick with. I wa'n't sick at all—I's drowned, in Perry's Pond. Why, it's out where I live. I lived in Canton, Missouri. They said you must tell how old you was. I's eleven. Got such a lot of truck to tell about, I most forget. Well, I's bargained to come here and tell what I could. I's bargained to come here. I went out there where folks come, and they bargained for me to come here and tell what I could, and then they's going to give me a better chance there.

My mother—she died before I knew her, and dad, he's somewhere. I don't know where, sir. He went away before I died, and I's with my grand mother. She's one of 'em I want to talk to, Mister. Her name is Cole. My name is Hobart, Jimmy. James. I's drowned last year, in Perry's Pond. I do n't know how it was, Mister. I can't tell you. I expect I had a—had a—I don't know what you call it, in my legs, that drew 'em up. Yes, a cramp. Grandmother told me not to go in the water, always; but I did, and that's how I came to get drowned.

You'll write down that I's the boy that moved the things, and talked in that way. Did n't talk as I do now. I moved the chairs, and told who I was, and they bargained I should come here, to talk, and I did.

I'd like to go home just a bit sometime, just a bit, if you'll furnish me the way. Can you do it, mister? Would it cost any money to go in the keers? I haint got any, then.

I've been in Ohio, too—out there to an old Quaker man's. He lives in Carlington. They have keers out there—plenty of 'em.

They said I'd do a good deal of good, if I'd come here, and I want some pay for it. I want a chance to come to somebody that knows me. Yes, they said they'd give me a chance to come, after I'd been here, but I disremembered it till now. I'll go back there to-night. Good by.

Nov. 5.

Sarah Norton.

Written: To the dear friends I have left behind me, I would say, I am happy. All is true, and more. I wish to find some one through whom I can speak to you all, and then I will tell many things I cannot here, where the new world was first opened to my sight. I was at a loss to tell where I was, but for some time thought I was on earth, so rapid was my change. I was told there were seven cancerous tumors; and I was kept on earth many years entirely through my medium powers. They were of great use to me. More soon.

Nov. 5.

Sarah Norton, of Bridgewater.

Three or four times a couple appeared before a clergyman for marriage; but the bridegroom was drunk, and the reverend gentleman refused to tie the knot. On the last occasion he expressed his surprise, that so respectable a looking girl was not ashamed to appear at the altar with a man in such a state. The poor girl broke into tears, and said she could not help it. "And why pray?" "Because, sir, he went come when he is sober!"

Mankind are more what they are made by mankind than what they are made by their Creator! The wolf is ferocious because hunted from a whelp. The snake turns upon you because you turn and pursue it. The child grows surly, because unjustly coerced. But, above all, man becomes unjust and cruel because pursued with cruelty and injustice by his brother man.

The trials of life are tests which ascertain how much gold there is in us.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE BATTLE OF TRUTH.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

Our fathers fought with sword and spear,
With hearts so bold they knew not fear,
Fair Freedom's Flag to proudly rear,
And 't was all men for their children dear,
And those that were before us.

But there's a battle we must fight
Against dark Error, Wrong and Might,
And for sweet Justice, Truth and Right,
And sweep away the cloud of night
That hovereth all o'er us.

We fight not with the glittering sword,
We fight by deed, by pen, and word,
And by this thought are onward spurred,
That soon all men shall know the Lord,
From least unto the greatest.

We want a host of valiant men,
To wield the small, yet mighty Pen—
Who shrink not, fear not, pause not, when
The shafts of Bigotry are thrown
At us, by those who hate us.

We see the dawning of a day
For which all Christians ought to pray;
When man unto his brother clay
In softest accents o'er will say,
"Thou art my fellow brother!"

Then all mankind shall o'er agree,
Shall live in Love and Harmony—
Then Strife and War shall cease to be,
And we the happy day will see,
When all shall love each other.

We wish for men in this our day,
Who act and do, as well as pray,
Who toll and work as well as say,
And nobly battle in the fray
Of Truth, and shrink, no, never!

Oh! how this thought our hearts doth cheer—
That that "good time" is drawing near,
When all shall live in bonds most dear,
When all shall praise the Lord, reverse
His holy name forever!

Oh! raise the joyful, pleasing cry—
That that "good time" is drawing nigh!"
And let the echo reach the sky,
Whilst Angels keep a Jubilee,
O'er Truth and Right victorious!

Then up and to thy work, oh, Man!
And shrink not, pause not, though a clan
Or two, fight 'gainst thee and thy plan—
'T will all be right ere long, and then
Thou hast a future glorious!

Though man in strongest chains is bound,
Though clouds of darkness hover nigh,<

a. Gurney's Letter. Price, 10 cents, post paid.
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 Cleveland
 New
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Pearls.

"...glees
And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stratched fore-finger of all time
Sparkle forever."

EULALIE.

I dwell alone,
In a world of moan,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing
bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling
bride.

Ab, less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapor can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie's most unregarded
curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie's most humble
and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines bright and strong,
Astarte within the sky.
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron
eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.

[Edgar A. Poe.]

If every word men utter fell to the ground and grew
up a blade of grass, most public speeches would be
worth ten times as much as they now are.

IMMORTAL MELODY.

Hail, River of Love! to thy banks we incline—
What infinite beauty and glory are thine,
Reflecting thy light from a kingdom above,
Roll on ye bright waves of the River of Love.

Thy fountain connects with the Spiritual Land,
Say these golden Lilies, this gem-sparkling sand,
These angelic parties that sail on yon wave,
Or ramble along on the banks which you lave.

O here will I bask in this river of Love,
My joy is the joy of the ransomed above,
Celestial delight do these waters inspire,
Forever refined from all sinful desire.

Away—far away must the tempter retreat,
When once we have tasted enjoyment so sweet,
Go then to the million, bright angelic Dove,
Invite them to come to the river of Love.

[L. D. Grover.]

In private, watch your thoughts. In the family;
watch your temper. In company, watch your tongue.

THE SLEEPING BAND.

Wrapt in deep dreams a sweet-voiced bard lay sleeping;
His cheek and high brow pale as if with grief;
When thro' the tower, o'erarched with flower and leaf,
A fair dame with her maiden-guard came sweeping.
She started—paused—drew near—her dark eye keeping
Fixed on the bard's sweet face, till in her breast
Her proud heart melted, and she knelt and prest
A light kiss on his lips as he lay sleeping.

At this, great smiles and whisperings awoke
Among the attendant maidens, as they deemed
Their high-born lady all too light besmoked,
But she rose calmly up and gravely spoke,
"Withdoubt of heaven at an earthly gaze!"

[Mrs. C. M. S.]

Truth is like a torch: the more it is shared,
it shines.

ITINERANT ETCHINGS OF OLARK.

ANGEL FOOTFALLS—RADICAL CHURCH—NEW DEMANDS.
—THE PATHWAY OF THE FUTURE—SPIRITUAL DISOBEDIENCE
WITH ABRAHAM PRYNE—QUESTIONABLE DOINGS AND
DODGES—THE EXISTING SOCIAL PROBLEMS OF THE AGE.
—THE IMMOLATION OF HUMAN HEARTS—THE WORK
OF GENUINE SPIRITUALITY.

Eloquent "footfalls" of the boundary of another
world "are still heard above the "dreadful prepara-
tions" of war and the alarm of battle fields. Never
were the needs of the masses so deep and earnest as
at the present hour. Every old form of religious,
social and civil faith is now being shaken. The
councils of the nation, the authorities of the church,
the hopes and consolations of once popular religions,
and the formal relations of social life, are now fail-
ing to afford the foundations of trust and promise.
We are in the midst of revolutions and alarms
omnibus of radical changes. The work of disinte-
gration is going on at such an alarming rate, mul-
titudes of individuals are losing all faith in the old
order of things, and are impelled to seek for some
newly unfolded principles on which to base new life
and hope. The want of some great change is felt as
almost universal. The people are dissatisfied with
politicians, and demand changes in the Govern-
ment. The Church no longer ministers to the needs
of the masses, and a living Gospel is demanded in
place of dead forms and creeds. The social relations
of life have been governed by motives and influences
so false and fatal, thousands of homes and hearts
have been found desolate, and the divine chords of
affections left bleeding or broken. These conditions
of the popular mind and heart are becoming more
and more apparent to itinerant Spiritual evangelists,
as we go from place to place, and come in constant
communion with the people in their homes and else-
where.

I have been laboring in Central and Western New
York since the Oswego Convention, and have found
an unexpected degree of interest in the cause of
progress. I have visited Buffalo, Albion, Parma,
Rochester, Palmyra, Fairport, Macedon, Marion,
West Walworth, Williamson, Pultneyville, Lyons,
Wolcott, Fair Haven, North Scriba, New Haven, Mex-
ico, Palaski, Port Ontario, Sandy Creek, Parish, Has-
tings, Brewerton, Cicero, Syracuse, Liverpool, Clay,
Pheonix, Baldwinsville, Brownville and Watertown.

At North Scriba, I held a two days' meeting with
Warren Scriba, the zealous and efficient inspi-
rational speaker of that place, and Mrs. S. S. Chappell,
of Hastings. The most animating part of my late
labors was in discussion with Hon. Rev. Abram
Pryne, of Williamson, Wayne Co., N. Y. Mr. Pryne
is known as a Union minister of the anti-slavery,
liberal stamp. He has rendered himself notorious
as a controversialist, especially with Parson Brown-
low, in the Philadelphia contest. He is reckoned a
"smart" debater. For two years or so, he was en-
gaged preaching half the time in Williamson, and
half at Pultneyville—the Spiritualists in the latter
place contributing largely to his support, under the
conviction that his sentiments were tending toward
Spiritualism. But in this they were too easily flat-

tored, as Spiritualists often have been in patroniz-
ing so-called liberal preachers. Mr. Pryne having
failed to commit himself in keeping with the expec-
tations of the Pultneyville friends, at last they with-
drew their patronage. Shortly after this, Abram
began a series of flaming sermons against Spiritualism,
which he had suddenly discovered to be one of the
most gigantic and alarming heresies of the age. At
the close of his last discourse, he intimated his
readiness to hold a public discussion with any who
might be recommended as a fair representative of
the Spiritualist cause. Your correspondent appeared
in response to a proper invitation, and we discussed
the subject five nights in the Baptist Church at
Williamson, five nights in the Christian Church at
Marion, five nights in the largest hall in Buffalo—St.
James Hall—and agreed to close with five nights
more in Watertown. But at the close of the Buffalo
discussion, Mr. Pryne having become unduly warmed
up, and somewhat disappointed in financial expecta-
tions, practised a dodge game in regard to settling
some financial affairs, and took an early train home
on Sunday night. Having recently been elected a
member of the New York Assembly, of course Mr.
Pryne is an "honorable man"—they are all honora-
ble men," and therefore he must be exonerated from
the charge of dishonesty in leaving the Buffalo friends
and myself to settle certain financial responsibilities
which belonged in part to him. Capt. John N. Gar-
ner had engaged St. James Hall for us, and mani-
fested a noble liberality. Finding Mr. Pryne's dis-
position to shirk off without any show of honorable
compromise or settlement, Capt. Gardner took the
liberty to pay his compliments to the Reverend gen-
tleman, and intimated that his position as an op-
ponent of Spiritualism, was on a par with his financial
dodging. The Watertown discussion was a failure,
because Mr. Pryne failed to appear, though the time
and terms had been settled, all the arrangements
were made, the evening came, the hall was opened,
and I was on hand. And here I shall drop my Re-
verend friend in silence, trusting that discretion will
dictate silence on his part, while at the same time,
I can assure him, that, if he is disposed to take any
public exceptions to what I have intimated, I stand
ready to meet him with an array of evidences and
witnesses by no means insignificant.

The social questions discussed by Spiritualists
and other reformers seemed to trouble my friends
antagonist, as they are now troubling the masses.
The sensitive, excited and suspicious of the
public mind on these problems, indicate a wide,
deep corruption in social life, and a condition of
the changes. The restless and uneasy of the condition
of society, of thousands of lives and of social rela-
tions, sanctioned by law and custom. There are
more slaves than thousands of enslaved, crushed,
plantations; there is a their cry is piercing the heav-
ens, bleeding hearts from a thralldom of soul worse
than chains of manacles. I have so many fresh in-
stances of myself to write freely just now. But
cannot be hastening when we must all write
the time, and act freely. The day of silent suffer-
ing and compromise is fast closing. If Spiritual-
ism ever accomplish the work assigned them, they
will no longer seek to wink out of sight these great
social questions, underlying all the foundations of
true life. If our social or affectional relations are
wrong, we must seek to right them, and render them
pure, true and harmonious, or all our efforts in other
directions will prove abortive. It is worse than non-
sense for us to falter for the sake of reputation, popu-
larity, or false public opinion. These are shams
compared with eternal principles and final issues.
Unless the loves of life are regulated in accordance
with the laws of Heaven, we shall continue to have
hells in our hearts, homes, and in society. Sons and
daughters have been too long sacrificed in false mar-
riages of mammon, lust, convenience, conventional-
ity, ignorance and morbid sympathy. Millions of
hearts are now breaking, bursting, or rising in re-
bellion. All false unions are being fearfully shaken
and sundered. No wonder at the alarm of timid,
selfish, conservative, sordid souls. Many dangers
are threatened, but these are inevitable to all great
revolutions. Startling exposures will be made in
every grade of society. Those who are guiltiest will
tremble most, and shrink from the light. But hell
must have an airing, and the sunlight of the spheres
be let in. It is useless to undertake to stop discus-
sion. Those who cry out the loudest against discus-
sion, only betray their own weaknesses, and reveal
the fact that they are most vulnerable. Many un-
wise things may be said and done by some who agi-
tate these questions, and many sad, unfortunate,
social disruptions may ensue, but all these things
are essential, as experiences to impart lessons of wis-
dom and prudence.

Spiritualism will become the living gospel of the
age, only so far as its believers begin to practice its
principles, regardless of policy or reputation. So far
as we become truly unfolded in harmony with the
laws of God and angels, we shall live in keeping with
those laws, in obedience to the divine individuality
of our own being, let the cost, the sacrifice, be what
it may; though we stand out alone, forsaken by
those once deemed our friends, and cursed by the
whole world. Come, brothers and sisters, who dare
begin? Oh, ye beautified beings, bending from
spheres of supernal brightness, beam on us, and
breathe into our souls the inspirations of heroic,
heavenly life!

While my permanent address is still at Auburn,
N. Y., I am constantly pushing out in the pioneer
field, and am now revisiting old scenes of labor in
central and western New York. I join with your
many patrons in congratulating you on the contin-
ued success and improvement of the BANNER, and
hope its pages may not prove the less interesting
with Itinerant Etchings now and then, from
U. OLARK.

THE SEVEN PRISONERS AT RICHMOND.—We learn
from a source the most direct and authoritative, that
within a week communication has been had with one
of the seven prisoners confined in a felon's cell at
Richmond, and that the facts in regard to their suf-
ferings and privations have hitherto been too lightly
stated. Not only are they confined in a miserable
cell, eleven feet by seventeen, but they are not al-
lowed to quit it for any purpose whatever. A single
bucket is all that is allowed them for all their nat-
ural wants, and the stench and the foul air of the
dungeons would be intolerable, but for the cold
draughts that find ingress, subjecting them to con-
stant suffering. Three are obliged to occupy a single
mattress, and for that they have insufficient cover-
ing. Colonel Lee, who has long been a sufferer from
a chronic trouble, now greatly aggravated by these
ingenious tortures, inflicted by the Thugs of Rich-
mond, is not expected by his fellow prisoners to sur-
vive the winter. We make no comment on this state
of things.—Boston Transcript.

IMPLEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

ARTICLE TWO.

CONVERSATION.

There is no such thing as absolute independence
of being. Man is an inseparable part of Nature,
and every soul is bound to society by indissoluble
ties of self-interest. As the infant hugs its mother's
breast, looking up ever and anon into her answering
face, to be assured of company, so Man, cleaving
to the soil of Nature for sustenance, grows lonely
without a friend. Self-interest and social are com-
pletely interwoven. The weal of each is contained
in that of all; and everybody seems to have an instinc-
tive inkling of this idea, though a practical thought
of it is rarely entertained. Nobody thinks, or opines
in earnest, without an irresistible desire to commu-
nicate one's sentiment; for expression is the bio-
logy of intelligence. May we not presume analogically
that none is worthy without a love of appreciation?
And is it not plain that none can be useful without
a needy companion? As the natural consequence
of this postulate, *Conversationality—the use of all the
social faculties to the end of Sympathy* becomes the sec-
ond Implement of Happiness.

Conversation, according to vulgar acceptance, is
a mere colloquy between two or more persons; but
here the word is typically abused to signify the
intercourse of individuals; any wise, to the three-
fold end of a mutual understanding, mutual esteem
and mutual beneficence, which constituents of Sym-
pathy are attained only through an interchange
of thought, revealing a correspondence of desire and
so inducing a sort of action. Yet the motions of
Mind do not admit the incentive of this reasoning.
There is a constitutional impulse to interchange of
thought, as well as to the act of thinking. The
organ of language is in constant rapport with those
of sensation, and each is the basis of generic pleas-
ure.

When we think, we wish to tell our thoughts,
and are dissuaded from doing so at the earliest op-
portunity only by prudential considerations. Nor
can we be indifferent as to the social effect of our
communications. An earnest of appreciation is
closely consecutive to utterance. We instinctively
wish that our voice may be heard, that our speech
may be fathomed, that our sentiments may be heartily
approved. And these predilections are constitu-
tional, as I have said; though on reflection each or-
ganic impulse is found to be rationally sustained.
We never speak but with a purpose of imparting or
acquiring information, or the incitement or mani-
festation of sympathy. When learning is the object
of discourse, we wish only to be answered truthfully;
but when we seek to propagate a sentiment, our in-
terest fastens on the reception of what we propose.
The young author publishes his anonymous essays,
and longs for the sanction of critics merely as a
prop to a tottering consciousness of talent. So the
aspiring Franklin in his youth, wary of partial re-
viewers, tucked his lucubrations under the door of
personal prejudice, and feasted sagely on unwitting
praise. So all juvenile individualities seek to weigh
themselves in the scales of reputation. But, having
attained that maturity of character which makes
the inner man oracular, we more commonly employ
language with a view to making acquaintances.
This character—the ideal of selfhood, becomes the
measure of personal worth, and determines our
choice of associates.

Then we begin to prefer such as apprehend and
approve our own thought, presuming on a con-
sequential reciprocity of esteem, and anticipating a
oneness of wish. Then indeed begins the reality of
affectional converse, wherein heart beats to heart in
social harmony. But, without philosophizing further
on this point, ask authors and orators, as well as
their assiduous readers and spell-bound auditors,
whether any real enjoyment is appropriate to the
interchange of ideas alone. Ask friends and lovers
too—ask any votary of festivity or of public worship,
what peculiar pleasures are felt to commingle in the
concourse of affectional impulses. Fellowship is bet-
ter than colloquy; favor is more than intellectual as-
sent; and weightier than both is the fruit of intrin-
sic good-will. In the consummation of social inter-
course there is indeed palpable enjoyment. None is
insensible to the receptive benefits of friendship;
and a truth which Man has yet to learn, accord-
ing to the saying of one whose fragmentary mem-
oirs illustrate the final part of Conversation most
admirably, "It is even more blessed to give than to
receive."

The innate love of Conversation is variously man-
ifest in every stage of human development. It is this
which prompts every child to heed its mother's voice,
to learn the meaning of words, and to tutor the or-
gans of speech. In riper years it inclines the sexes
to marriage, procures offspring, and is the best of all
motives to a suitable training of the young. It is
the spring of association in all its forms, and the
regulator of all social institutions, from the family
to the State, from the nursery to the Church, from a
picnic to a "World's Convention."

Conversation is often employed to unwise and im-
practical purposes; though the general conduct of
mankind evinces better notions of the ends to which
this implement is meant to apply, than skill in using
it. Some marry for money, only to realize in wed-
lock the life which other rats have found in a steel
trap. Many estimate character in a commercial
way, as so much "credit" regard a man as a mere
"customer;" see nothing but "profit" in a good
name; and make such a show of politeness, amid all
their tricks of trade, that the man and the merchant,
separated by a narrow counter, must abhor each
other. In a thousand ways, men seek intercourse
with no other aim than self-employment. But these
are clumsy workmen at the Art of Living, as their
own chagrin will often attest. Any predominance
of self-love, from the least thievish propensity to the
most outrageous extortion or despotism, is subversive
of the principle of Conversation, and must de-
feat its end. Let none expect success in playing this
Implement of Happiness, without a disposition to
earn what they seek and pay for others' aid in reach-
ing their object. It is inhuman to want a slave,
and unmanly to need a service which one cannot
requite. Every well-balanced mind feels this truth,
and craves that independence which pays its own
way. Fraud is as inconsistent with self-respect as
with social harmony. It is impossible to derive any
intrinsic good from society without being useful in
it. Perverted Conversation is the rascal's curse. It
is well, therefore, if many who have taken up this
implement in great haste, would lay it down as sud-
denly, with a resolution to let it quite alone, until
they learn its normal use.

The Medium Billie.

Mr. Edmon—Mr. Joseph D. Billie, well known to
the public as the instrument through whom the
"Twelve Messages" from John Q. Adams was given
to the world, has been with us for the last few weeks.
Mr. Billie's unobtrusive manner, his intelligence and
gentlemanly deportment, have won for him many
friends in this community, which the remarkably
striking character of the *Yals* while he has given
to the hundreds who have visited him, has carried
conviction of the power of spirits to communicate
with mortals, to the minds of several who previous-
ly had been wandering in darkness with no tangible
evidence of a future existence for the human race.

This medium describes spirits with so much accu-
racy, among their names in full and the names of the
friends still resident in this sphere, and various
incidents attending their sojourn in this life, that his
services can but be useful in promoting a belief
which is yet destined to redeem the human
race from the thralldom of ages of darkness and
superstition.

Franklin, N. H., Dec. 15, 1861.

Psychometry.

Mr. Edmon—Having tested the psychometrical
powers of Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, of Boston, I can
with confidence recommend him to "J. H. M." of
Yonkers, and others, as being reliable in this de-
partment of metaphysical science. I have never
had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance; yet my
experience with him has entirely satisfied me that he
can delineate character with a perspicuity and
truthfulness unsurpassed, requiring only an au-
tograph from the person whose character is to be
described. I consider Psychometry an important
branch of mental science, and worthy a candid in-
vestigation.

Wm. H. Passmore.

Woonsocket, R. I.

The Camp Kettle is a small sheet "published every
opportunity by the Field and Staff of the Round
Head Regiment, Col. Leasure commanding, at Hilton
Head." One of the Reafornt negroes advertises his
runaway master in the following clever travesty:

\$500 REWARD.—Run away from me on the 7th of
dis month, my massa Julian Rhet. Massa Rhet
an five feet seven inches high, big shoulders, black
hair, curly shaggy whiskers, low forehead, an' dark
face. He make big fuss when he go 'mong de gen-
tlemen, he talk ver big, and use de name of de Lord
all ob de time. Call hisself "Sudraa gentleman,"
but I suppose will try now to pass hisself off as
brack man or mulatto. Massa Rhet has a deep
scar on his shoulder from a fight, scratch 'cross de
left eye, made by my Dinah when he tried to whip
her. He never look people in de face. I more dan
speak he will make track for Bergen county, in de
furrin land of Jarsey, whar I 'magine he hab a few
friends.

I will gib four hundred dollars for him if alive, an'
five hundred if anybody show him dead. If he cum
back to his kind niggers without much trouble dis-
able will receive him lubbly. Samsu Rhet.
Beaufort, S. C., Nov. 9, 1861. d&wlt—1552.

AN UNPLEASANT PREJUDICE.—A fashionable lady
in Toronto recently issued cards for a soiree, which
was to inaugurate the season, and was intended to
be one of the most magnificent which should take
place. A vulgar, malicious person, who wished to
obtain revenge for some fancied slight, obtained one
of the cards, counterfeited it, and sent copies to va-
rious disreputable persons, all of whom were totally
unknown to the party-giver, and the very last indi-
viduals who would have been invited to any respect-
able house. The denouement is represented as quite
indescribable.

A singular affair occurred at Todmorton fair, Eng-
land, last month. Two large dogs, one of the New-
foundland breed, the other a mongrel, commenced
fighting. A cow standing at some distance, exposed
for sale, hearing the noise of the conflict, commenced
bellowing loudly, and then hurried through a crowd
of spectators toward the combatants. She found the
Newfoundland dog uppermost, and with her horns
deliberately lifted him off, and placed herself between
the two. Having thus ended the fight, the cow
quietly returned, amidst the laughter of the assem-
bled crowd, to her former place in the market.

Lord Nelson was undoubtedly the author of the
popular slang phrase, "Do n't see it." At the cele-
brated naval battle of Copenhagen, Nelson, who was
determined to continue the battle, but whose atten-
tion had been called to a signal of the commanding
officer to cease hostilities, placed his hand over his
good eye, and pretending to look with his blind one,
said, "I do n't see it!" and at once ordered a brisk
renewal of the engagement.

The Kingdom of Heaven.

The Kingdom of Heaven, or the Golden Age, by E.
W. Loveland, is, in many respects, a remarkable
book. The author illustrates several chapters of the
teachings and miracles of Jesus Christ, in an original
manner, giving them a spiritual or philosophical
bearing. Subjoined to these are several essays: The
Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold, one Family in Heaven
and Earth, Spirit Impression, Guardian Spirits, Con-
sulting God, Progression, Selfish Loves and Appetites,
Prophecy, etc. The whole work is neatly printed in
large type, on stout, durable paper, and for sale at
the BANNER OF LIGHT office. Price thirty-seven cents.

The Spiritual Renouncer.

This work by E. W. Lewis, M. D., of Watkins, N.
Y., is a record or journal of spirit-teachings, commu-
nications, and conversations, in the years 1851, 1852,
and 1853, through N. S. Gardner, medium. These
conversations are held between a band of intelli-
gent investigators, and the spirit of John Locke, Lo-
renzo Dow, Osceola, etc. Many interesting queries
were put to the higher intelligences by this little band
of inquirers, and the answers are pregnant with
thought. The volume is for sale at the Banner of
Light office, Boston, at thirty-seven cents a copy.

The Arcana of Nature.

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

Meeting at Greensboro', Indiana.
Dr. James Cooper, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, will speak
at the New Hall of the Progressive Spiritualists, at
Greensboro', Henry county, Ind., on Saturday and
Sunday, January 4th and 5th, 1862. He will take
subscriptions for the "Banner of Light," and have
the late works on Spiritualism, Reform, &c., for sale.

Notice.

WARREN CHASE will spend next Summer in the West.
Those who wish his services for one or more Sundays
may secure them by applying soon. For direction see
notices of lectures in another column, or direct to
Boston, care of Bela Marsh, till January 1st. His en-
gagements for the Winter are not yet complete, nor the
route West determined on.

Married.

Nov. 20, 1861, by Rev. G. H. Sanford, of Charlton,
Mass. WILSON NICHOLS, of Sturbridge, and Miss LORRIE
FLETCHER, daughter of C. B. Fletcher, of Charlton,
Mass.

The wedding party was composed of about twenty
persons. The following settlements were prepared and
offered on the occasion, by the father of the bride:

Marriage.—True and holy marriage is born of pure,
free and universal love, and is devoted to the precepts
of Christ and his kingdom on the earth. Legal mar-
riage, practically, is selfish, carnal, worldly-minded,
and belongs to mammon.

Union.—May the union of WILSON and LORRIE ever
be a happy union. May it not be like the E Pluribus
Unum that quarrel and fight for legal rights, and cry
peace, peace, when there is no peace, save peace re-
strained; but may it be a holy, ever-growing, over-
living, Christ-like union of charity, faith, truth and
love.

War and Death.—In times past, it hath been said by
Church and State, prepare for death—prepare for war
in time of peace; but my motto is—prepare to live
aright, true to the All-Wise, All-Sustaining doctrines
of Jesus Christ; let us prepare for peace aright in time
of war; resist not, concede if need be; forgive with all
lenity; then the time would soon come when Death
would give us but little or no trouble, and War would
flee away, to come no more forever.—Com.

Obituary Notice.

The bright and joyous soul of REBECCA FRANCES
BOONER, left its beautiful form, which it had occupied
nearly 17 years, in the care of its parent, and brother
and sister, at the little home in Lowell, at six A. M.,
in the early morn of Dec. 9, and taking the hand of a
spirit-brother who had left them two years before, de-
parted with him to reside in the summer-land.
Fanny was a bright and beautiful girl, beloved by
all who knew her goodness of heart. Side by side with
the elder and only sister, she was usually seen at our
meetings on Sunday—for ours is the gospel, like that of
Jesus, which takes in the poor and blesses the good—
and in the wearying round of the busy weeks, their
hands were used to toil, when the "iron heart-beat of
the mill-born fiend of toil still vexed the ear of day
with horrid monotony." The third annual call of
typhoid, seized with deadly grasp her delicate form,
and tore it from the soul. Then she heard a sweet
voice from the profound, in a soft whisper, "Come,
sister! come when the leaves fall; we are waiting
there!" And she moved away to return only as a visit-
or to the loved ones who linger lonely here. Bro.
Greenleaf attended the funeral with the family on the
10th, and yesterday, I gave a discourse for the family,
at Wells's Hall, from the text, "Blessed are they
that mourn for they shall be comforted."
Lowell, Dec. 10, 1861. WARREN CHASE.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET, (opposite head of School
street).—The regular courses of lectures will continue through
the winter, and services will be held at 2:45 and 7:15
o'clock, P. M. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—
Miss Lizzie Doten, Dec. 29; Warren Chase, Jan. 6.

CONFERENCES HALL, No. 14 BROADWELL STREET, BOSTON.—
Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.,
and on Wednesday evenings at 7:15 P. M. The subject for
next Wednesday evening is:—"Isaiah."

CHALMERS HALL.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at
Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—
Emma Houston, in Dec.

MANLY HALL.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. M. Macomber, the last Sunday
in Dec. and first Sunday in Jan.; E. L. Wadsworth, last three
Sundays in June.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall,
Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Augustus A. Currier, two last Sun-
days in Dec.; Belle Scougall, first four Sundays in March.

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

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold
regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services
commence at 1:15 and 7:15 P. M.

NEWBURGH.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday
at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. at Elm Street.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular
meetings every Sunday in Sons of Temperance Hall, on Cen-
tral street, between Oak and Green streets. Conference in the
forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 2:45 and 7
o'clock. Speakers engaged:—G. B. Sibbins, during Janu-
ary; Belle Scougall, during Feb.; W. K. Ripley for the
three first Sundays in March; Miss Emma Harding, two
last Sabbaths in April; Miss Annie Davis for May; Mrs. M.
M. Macomber for June.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Leo Miller in Dec.;
Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.;
Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and
3rd street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10:15 A. M.,
3 P. M., 7:15 P. M. Dr. H. Drosser is Chairman of the Association.

At Dodworth's Hall, 800 Broadway, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch
will lecture every Sunday, morning and evening.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Speakers who wish to make appoint-
ments at Cleveland, are requested to address Mr. H. N. M.
Brown, who is authorized to confer with them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Meetings of Conference and circles
are held at the new Hall, organized under the name of "Pen-
sylvanian," No. 1231 Chestnut street, below 13th, north side.

NEWARK, N. J.—Meetings are held every Sunday at
Grand Temple Hall, at 8 and 11:30 o'clock, P. M.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Meetings are held in Mercantile Library
Hall every Sunday at 10:15 o'clock A. M. and 7:15 P. M.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest and largest Spiritualistic Journal
in the World,
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Though the pressure of the times, which has proved so
disastrous to many Newspaper Establishments in our country,
has made us feel the influence severely, we are yet proud to
say we have surmounted all obstacles, and are now able to
keep the BANNER on a foundation of solidity and respectabil-
ity.