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# BANNER OF LIGHT.

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## Literary Department.

Translated for the Banner of Light.

### THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANZ HOFFMAN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

[CONCLUSION.]

#### CHAPTER X.

THE ESCAPE.

It would appear from all the testimony gathered on every side, that Ulrich having escaped the hands of robbers, had fallen into the no less dangerous ones of evil-minded persons, who in an incredibly short space of time, had corrupted him to a level with themselves. Herr Breitenbach believed this; old Martin, although his heart rebelled, believed it; and we ourselves are compelled in the end to believe it.

But see, kind reader, "appearances deceive," as old Martin says. Ulrich had not escaped his pursuers, but found himself on the following morning in the power of the Captain de Silva, who had dragged him on board his slave-ship, and had obliged him to don the dress of a sailor. Still it appears enigmatical that Ulrich should have been taken captive and at the same time that he could be in Valparaiso, arranging business matters with Senor Acosta, and then giving himself up to the dissipations of a vicious life. Be that as it may, he was there, and also on board the ship.

When Ulrich sought safety in flight from his treacherous friend and his vile associates, and when he had safely reached the open street, he encountered Pedro Mendoza, who had been fetching wine for the sailors in a neighboring cellar. By the gleam of his lantern he recognized the fugitive, and immediately he understood the bearing of the whole affair. He cast aside the lantern and the wine bottles, and threw himself upon the young man with the suddenness and fury of a panther. Ulrich, not expecting such a strange attack, uttered a loud cry, and beneath the weight of his foe, fell to the ground. In the next moment, he was surrounded by the sailors, who carried him back to the tavern and found demonstrations of triumph.

While the confusion lasted, Wilkens hurried away, not caring to meet again the eye of him he had so cruelly betrayed; and the steps heard through the stillness of the night, were those of this arch-traitor.

The attempt of Ulrich to regain his liberty was not looked upon with favor by Captain de Silva. He regarded him with anger and contempt, and ordering him to be bound hand and foot, he had him dragged on board.

At the break of day the bonds were removed, and he was permitted to walk the deck, for already the "Carolina" had weighed anchor, and with all sails spread, she glided out of the harbor like a swan.

Leaving against the mast, Ulrich glanced around. There were many vessels at anchor there, and perhaps if he had cried out, some one would have appeared, to help; but not a soul was visible, for it was yet very early. As they neared one of these vessels, Ulrich started and could not repress a cry of joyful recognition, for he saw the "Johanna," the dear familiar ship that had brought him from Hamburg. On board, all was bustle and activity, for they, too, were preparing for an early departure.

Captain Peters was yet on shore, having gone there for the purpose of saying farewell to Ulrich. He was told by Wilkens, that having dissipated through the night with a party of low associates, he was in all probability lying insensate in some tavern. Captain Peters shook his head doubtfully, and would have waited for Ulrich's appearance, but having received strict orders, he was compelled to reluctantly forego his design and sail without a parting word to his young friend.

When Ulrich beheld the ship, he could not for his life have restrained the cry of joy that arose to his lips. He stretched out his arms and waved his handkerchief in signal for help; and he succeeded in arousing the attention of some of the sailors upon her deck. But as they did not recognize Ulrich in his changed clothing, they deemed the call was simply made in jest, and they turned away and pursued their usual avocations. Our unfortunate hero uttered another loud and despairing cry, as he saw the men turn away, and this time he attracted the attention of Captain de Silva, who, approaching him rapidly, placed his broad hand over the captive's mouth; and in another moment he found himself below, with sufficient time upon his hands to think over the terrible fate that had befallen him.

A feeling of deep, painful, almost utter hopelessness crept over his spirit, as he lay like one crushed of destiny in the dark solitude to which he was condemned for several days. He beheld the entire web of intrigue into which he had fallen, and he saw clearly that it originated with Mr. Creeper, who had sworn his destruction. What would his adopted father think, as time passed on, and he would be still unheard from? His imagination pictured too faithfully the manifold dangers he incurred; the calumnies and untruths that would be spoken against him. How easy it would be to accuse him of embezzling sums of money? and he could not defend his honor, and appearances would condemn, and the wiles of his foes would triumph.

Ulrich felt very unhappy in view of these accumu-

lated misfortunes; but the consciousness of innocence, and the faith of his sorrowing heart in God, upheld him in the sad hour of trial. The hope that never forsakes the human heart, whispered to him of a happier future, of escape from his present misery.

His intention was, in the first place, to regain the good will of the Captain, to seek his confidence, and then frankly to place before him his petition for freedom, even at the price of a ransom.

Therefore, when the man who brought him food entered the narrow cabin, Ulrich besought him to tell the Captain that he was now entirely resigned to his lot, and would do all in his power to prove agreeable and obedient to the Captain's orders.

The sailor carried the message, and in a few moments returned, and loosened the bonds from Ulrich's limbs, and bade him follow to the Captain's cabin. De Silva received him with a friendly smile, as if the past had not occurred between them.

"I am glad to see, my boy, that you have at last come to your senses," he said, and he gave the young man his hand.

"There, sit down, and listen to what I have to say. I find that you are too good for a common sailor, and I will, for that reason, if you appear willing, make you my secretary. You understand, that I stily do a little business in the ebony line, which commodity I sell to the planters in various parts. I can get along with the business well enough, but not with the writing and the accounts. You understand all this, so your good friend Wilkens has told me, and we can become the best of friends, if you are willing."

"But if I do not want to have any share in the iniquitous traffic—this fearful sin against human souls?" cried Ulrich, unable to restrain his indignation.

"Then you will keep on your sailor's jacket; and you will know what Captain de Silva can do?" replied the commander of the slave-ship, in a stern voice, as he frowned gloomily upon the youth.

Ulrich knew that it was useless to contend, and he expressed his willingness to enter upon the duties assigned him. The Captain was friendly in a moment; ordered the immediate restoration of Ulrich's clothes, and at once treated him as an equal.

Still hoping, and praying inwardly, the young man related to him the events of his past life, and entreated him to make futile the treachery of Wilkens, by giving him his liberty in return for a ransom, the price of which the Captain himself should name.

"No, nothing of the kind," replied the Captain, decidedly. "This Wilkens, is of course a miserable creature; but I have given him my word to keep you on board the Carolina, and I must not break my word. And I need your services more than the money for a ransom; and that money would not be certain of forthcoming; for old Mr. Breitenbach may die, or change his opinion of you. Better it is to have than to hope. You remain, my boy, and if you behave well you shall be used well by me."

Ulrich saw clearly that it was necessary for him to submit, and he did so; still, however, cherishing that hope of the future that is the solace of the unfortunate.

The ship arrived safely at Madras, and after a short stay, sailed for the coast of Africa; from thence to the West India Islands, where the Captain expected to sell his human freight.

Until then no opportunity for flight had presented itself; but at last, in the harbor of Havana in the Isle of Cuba, the desired moment seemed to have arrived. There was an English vessel lying at anchor, and Ulrich gazed upon it with longing eyes and a throbbing heart, for could he reach that ship, he felt that he should be safe and protected. A plan of deliverance flashed athwart his soul; he thought of the distance, of the voracious sharks abounding in those waters; but the love of freedom was stronger than the fear of detection or death. Besides, he was an expert swimmer, and putting his trust in Providence, he resolved to dare the peril.

Ulrich appeared so resigned to his situation, that Captain de Silva cherished no suspicion that his prisoner would contemplate an escape. He treated him with distinguishing kindness; never scolded him as he did the rest; and he would have replied, to any one hinting at the probability of his secretary's desire for liberty:

"Pah! that is a pack of nonsense; the boy is as contented with me as a fish in water. He does not dream of leaving me."

This confidence served Ulrich well.

When the sun had set, and the shadows of the night were spreading swiftly over the sea, and enveloping the coast, Captain de Silva left the deck, and called upon Ulrich to follow, and also to seek his hammock for the night.

"Not yet, Captain, if you please," said he, with a powerful effort to control the trembling of his voice. "The night is so mild and beautiful, that I should like to remain on deck, if you will kindly allow it, Senor."

"You are a foolish fellow," said the Captain, and laughed.

"If you keep dreaming with your eyes open half of the night, you won't be fit for much work to-morrow. But have your own way—only don't disturb me in my slumber when you come into the cabin. Good-night!"

Ulrich drew a deep breath of relief as he heard the retreating footsteps of the Captain. The greatest point had been gained; he was unobserved on deck, for he felt no fear of the watch, who fulfilled their duties with half-closed eyes. He walked leisurely

forward and sat down, gazing abstractedly upon the calm sea and the star-spangled heavens above. He sat there until midnight; then he folded his hands and prayed to God for aid and strength wherewith to carry out his perilous design. Then gliding down softly and carefully by the cable, he let himself into the water. He swam with rapid strides toward the English vessel that arose from the distance like unto a dark mountain. No one had observed his flight; the watch upon decks were either fast asleep, or their attention was directed to some other point. There was no danger to be apprehended from that quarter.

Ulrich had overtaken his strength in the beginning; and soon feeling exhausted, he was compelled to rest, until he had regained his breath. Recovering soon his wonted energy, he parted the waves with redoubled vigor, and reached the ship. Clambering up the cable, he cried for help, and was drawn on board by the astonished watch.

"Save me! conceal me!" he entreated.

The sailors surrounded him with pitying sympathy, and asked him where he came from, what it was that he feared, and many other questions. Ulrich understood their language, and could speak it fluently. In a few words he told his story, and received from the brave tars the assurance of the protection he had sought so confidently. He was taken to the Captain, who assured him of aid and security; and in a few days after the good ship was on her way to England, whither kind Captain Stephenson was bound with his cargo of sugar and tobacco. Ulrich thanked the Heavenly Father who had sustained him during the escape from his enemies, and who had almost miraculously guarded him from the monsters of the deep.

#### CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN.

Safely arrived in Dover, Ulrich soon found opportunity—thanks to the paternal kindness of the noble Captain Stephenson—of sailing for Hamburg. He took passage in a coaster, and in a few days he found himself at the mouth of the Elbe. His heart throbbed wildly, as he beheld once more the beautiful German river, doubly dear after the manifold sorrows he had endured.

As the vessel came opposite the counting-house of his adopted father, he lost the control of his long repressed feelings, and burst into tears. He would gladly have gone ashore there at once, but the coaler could not stop for him; so he overcame his impatience until the vessel came to anchor in the harbor at Hamburg. But, arrived there, he could not lose a moment. He shook hands with the captain of the coaler, and thanked him heartily for all his kindness and attention; then he set out with winged feet for the beloved home of his childhood. In less than an hour he reached its hospitable gates, and, rushing to the door of the old familiar room, he threw it open, and stood before Herr Breitenbach and old Martin, who, having just been speaking about him, were far removed from expecting his sudden appearance.

"My dearest father!" cried Ulrich, and with open arms he hastened toward him. But the outstretched arms fell helplessly by his side, when he beheld his benefactor's stern, cold face—when, in the stead of the loving reception he expected, Herr Breitenbach, turning from him, said with measured coldness and strong indignation:

"A drunkard and a thief is no longer a son of mine. Leave my house, unworthy creature, and never, never dare to appear before me again."

"Great God!" exclaimed Ulrich, almost crazed by this address. "What has occurred? I a thief! I a drunkard—a wretch!"

"Away with you! away with you, I say!" cried Herr Breitenbach, with mingled anger and sorrow. "Do not add falsehood to the list of your other vices. You are known—your own acts protest against you. Go now, or I shall have you removed by force!"

Ulrich loved the old man devotedly, but the pride of his conscious innocence could not brook such shameful accusations. He stood there with a face pallid as death, with large, heart-wrung tears coursing down his cheeks, but his slender figure was drawn up to its full and proudest height.

"Farewell, my father!" he said with a faltering voice. "I go, and never again shall your eyes behold me. But here, in the presence of Almighty God, I swear that I am innocent of all I am accused of. Yes, innocent, and very, very unhappy!"

He turned to leave the room, but at that moment old Martin, aroused from the astonishment that had completely overwhelmed him since the entrance of his young master, sprang before him, grasped him by the arm, and cried in piercing tones, as he looked imploringly into his face:

"Stay, dear Ulrich; dear boy of our hearts, stop! Have you not said that you are innocent? You are not a thief?—not a liar?—not immoral and ungrateful?"

"I am none of these; and God knows that I speak the truth! I am entirely innocent of all the charges imputed to me."

"Sir, what have I always declared?" said old Martin, turning with gleaming eyes toward Herr Breitenbach, who looked on with frowning brows. "Have you heard it, sir? Our boy is innocent."

It seemed almost as if the unshaken faith of the good old serving man had touched the heart of his master with a kindred pity. The look of the venerable man softened considerably, and the flush of anger passed from his face as before a breath. But the letter of the Senor Acosta, upon whose word he

always relied implicitly, destroyed the last vestige of the favorable impression caused by the trusty Martin. He spoke coldly:

"The wretch lies! Away with him! Out of this house! Out of my eyes!"

"Sir, 'appearances deceive,'" cried old Martin. He was about to continue his remonstrances, but Ulrich, forcibly freeing himself from the hold of his faithful friend, rushed from the room, without casting another look at his adopted father. Martin ran out after him, and clung to him so closely that he could not again put him aside, except at the risk of injuring the white-haired servant; and this Ulrich would not have done for worlds.

"You shall not go away, boy of my heart," cried the old man breathlessly, and holding him tightly. "See, I believe you, that you are quite innocent: for a face like yours cannot tell a falsehood. But see, my dear boy, appearances have never been stronger against any human being; and you must, therefore, bear with the old gentleman, that he is so indignant against you. Tell me now, for Heaven's sake, how it fared with you. I cannot see clearly in the matter till you tell me; and I want it cleared up, at the cost of old Martin's life and body, if need be."

Ulrich could not withstand the entreaties of his faithful friend, and he was as desirous of defending himself as of obtaining the knowledge of what he was accused of. He followed Martin into a near public garden, sat down with him in an arbor, and related all that had occurred: the treachery of the companion he deemed his friend; his escape from de Silva, and his return. Old Martin listened attentively; he chuckled sometimes, rubbed his hands often, shut his eyes, and appeared cheerful and contented when Ulrich finished the narration.

"All is in good order, dear boy," he cried exultantly; "your innocence shall and must be brought to light, as sure as I am Martin, and then we will see whether the truth shall triumph. Let us arrange matters, Ulrich. I now see the rascality as plainly as if I had plotted it myself; and the rascals themselves will soon have us in our power. For the present, I will tell you that your precious friend Wilkens is here, and occupies the situation you had at Mr. Creeper's. I am much mistaken if your friend Wilkens and this one is not one and the same person. The villain! Only wait a little, my boy; we shall catch them."

"Wilkens here, at Mr. Creeper's?" said Ulrich; "well, I am now more than ever certain that Creeper is the cause and head of the whole devilish plan. Let me go, Martin; the miscreant Wilkens must be chastised by my hand this very day!"

"No, no! nothing of the kind, Ulrich, I implore you! Listen to me, and let me tell you how the meanest and most vicious actions have been attributed to you, and then we will consider the best way of catching the rogues in their own nets."

Old Martin revealed to his young friend how the combination of testimonies and letters went to prove his residence in Valparaiso for a length of time. Ulrich listened with the utmost surprise and consternation.

"But, gracious Heaven!" he replied, "I cannot have had a double! What inexplicable affair is this?"

"Wilkens! the thousand! Yes, it is so!" cried Ulrich, to whom the revelation came as a lightning flash. "He took possession of my passport, my papers, all that belonged to me. He knew as much as I did of the business I had in charge for the Senor Acosta, for I told him all about it during the voyage. It was easy for him to play my part, and this must have been the project of Mr. Creeper, who sent him to Valparaiso for that purpose. Oh, now the matter stands plainly revealed. Wilkens was Ulrich. The mean actions, the vices, committed by Wilkens, were ascribed naturally enough to Ulrich, in whose name they were perpetrated; and I am not surprised that the whole world, and even Herr Breitenbach, were deceived. What a malicious yet cunning plot! I was thrust out of the way, and could not contradict their statements. Oh, Martin, how can we convince my father, my best beloved friend?"

"There will be some trouble about that," said Martin, thoughtfully, "for at present he is so prejudiced by appearances that it would be difficult to obtain a victory for the truth. If your Captain de Silva were here, the matter could be arranged. But he is far away, and will probably never come here. There is no one to take hold of but Wilkens, and he dare not use force; and he is such a cunning fox he would see through stratagem. Now, Ulrich, I will reflect upon the matter until to-morrow, and then we will see what can be done. Until then, do you remain here concealed; the man who keeps the public house attached to this place is an old acquaintance of mine, and at my request he will take care of you. Have you any money, my dear boy?"

"Not a shilling," replied Ulrich, smiling; "where should I have money from?"

Old Martin gave him all he had in his purse, and promised to send him more, so that he might at least clothe himself respectably, for the poor youth looked shabby enough. The soles were hanging from his boots, and his coat was full of holes, his entire appearance betokening the long use that his dilapidated clothing had been put to.

While Ulrich retired to the Inn, and thought over the sudden change in his condition, old Martin returned to his master, who received him with a great diminishment of the usual friendly cordiality.

"Listen, old man," he said, "I request you not to have any more dealings with that wretch, as I have forbidden him the house. Such associates would not bring you any honor."

"But if the boy were innocent?" queried Martin. "Innocent!" exclaimed Herr Breitenbach angrily; "have you permitted yourself to be deluded by his falsehoods?"

"You are deluded, dear Mr. Breitenbach, deluded by appearances," said Ulrich's defender coolly. "I know now the entire story, and I know, too, that you are unjust toward him—the boy of our hearts! Have patience, sir; 'appearances deceive,' but truth must triumph; and old Martin will take care that the good old proverb is not brought to shame. The boy is innocent, my dear sir."

"Prove it to me," replied the old gentleman. "Not now," said the old servant; "for you would grant as little belief to what I would tell you, as you would the boy's own assertions, for you think him a degraded being. But I will bring you the most uncontrovertible proofs of his innocence, if you will empower me to act as I see proper in a certain matter."

"And am I not to know what that matter is?" "No, sir; for were you to know it, you would have your nephew, the Creeper, in possession of the case, and that would ruin my enterprise. No, sir, I must be free to act; and if you give me the power, I promise to give you such evidence of Ulrich's entire innocence, as will serve to convince the most prejudiced."

"But, old Martin, is it within the range of possibility to prove him guiltless?" cried Herr Breitenbach. "Remember the letter of our friend Acosta, the all corroborating testimony, and see how he stands condemned. It is not possible that he is innocent."

"And yet he is," said Martin in a voice so firm and full of faith that his aged employer began for the first time to doubt his own convictions, and all that related to the mysterious affair.

"Great and good God!" he fervently exclaimed; "if it were possible, if it were true! Nothing on earth could award me a greater and purer joy. But beware, Martin, how you arouse hopes in my soul that in the end may never be fulfilled."

"Never speak of hopes," responded Martin cheerfully. "I know what I know. Ulrich is the same he always was, and there is no stain about him, save such as clings to all of us human sinners. Give me full power, sir, and this very day you shall clasp the boy of your heart with love and confidence in your arms."

Herr Breitenbach walked irresolutely up and down the floor. At last he stopped before his servant, and, looking him earnestly in the eye, said:

"Well, Martin, you shall have your wish. I will trust you! For forty years and more you have been a sensible and docile servant and friend, and you will not in your old age become a fool. What do you wish me to do?"

"But will you do all I ask you, Herr Breitenbach?" queried Martin. "See, sir, if you do not promise upon your word, I will remain silent as a mouse and never utter a syllable. Will you, sir?"

"Yes, upon my word! But the responsibility be upon your head, Martin!"

"Upon my head be it," he responded, and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction. "And now, dear master, please write to the police guardians in Hamburg, that a warrant may be issued immediately for the arrest of one Wilkens, who holds a situation in your counting-house; for this man has been guilty of gross treacheries. This is what I request of you, sir."

"But old Martin, how can I take such measures against a person that I know no evil of?" said Herr Breitenbach, in amazement. "That will not do, Martin, indeed it will not do."

The old man smiled.

"There is no help for it now," he said. "I have your word, and the responsibility falls upon me. Write on, my dear sir; I give you my word that we shall catch a fox in his own ground."

All remonstrance was in vain. Herr Breitenbach's word was given, and Martin was deaf to all expostulations. With a sigh, he sat down, and wrote the letter which was required of him. Martin took it and placed it carefully in his pocket.

"So, all is right," he said. "And now you shall know, sir, why I want that fellow arrested."

He told him every circumstance connected with the plot arranged against poor Ulrich in order to destroy him, and, to attain that end, the means that were employed to deceive Herr Breitenbach, as well as his correspondent in Valparaiso. The power of this truthful narration gained the victory over the prejudices of the old gentleman, and he entreated Martin, in his turn, to make all possible haste in arresting Wilkens. He was inclined to accompany his man to Hamburg to see that everything was conducted with the necessary speed and precaution; but old Martin advised him to remain, as he did not wish him to be exposed to such strong excitement as the coming hour might bring forth, but he promised to act promptly, and to inform him of all that would tend to discover the truth.

#### CHAPTER XII.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

The twilight was advancing when Martin arrived at Hamburg, and he drove immediately to the Directory of the Police, to obtain the warrant for the arrest of Wilkens. When he had explained the circumstance and delivered the letter from his master



the warrant was granted; and, accompanied by several police officers, he called forth toward the dwelling of Mr. Creper, where the now uplifted Wilkens lived in the luxurious chambers formerly occupied by Ulrich. Without any difficulty they found their way thither, but the bird they sought was not there, and they had to satisfy themselves by taking charge of his possessions. Mr. Creper came in while they thus confiscated the property of Wilkens, and asked harshly "what such conduct meant?"

"It means that we want to catch a rogue in his own nest," replied old Martin, with the utmost coolness. "The treachery of that precious Wilkens is discovered, as Ulrich returned to-day, safely rescued from the hands of the slave-dealers, and I hope that no one else will be compromised by this dirty business, except the miscreant engaged in it; and for whom I have the warrant in my pocket here."

Mr. Creper turned pale as the wall he leaned against. He trembled in every limb, and could scarcely keep himself erect. Even old Martin felt a glimmering of pity for the poor wretch, whose guilt was plainly visible in his distorted features, and he whispered to him:

"Mr. Creper, you are the nephew of a worthy, most honorable gentleman, and that is the reason why I have taken pains to keep you out of this matter. At present, no one knows that you are at all connected with it; but you can judge for yourself whether the papers of Monsieur Wilkens will stamp you as an accomplice. Make your preparations quickly, for you see that now the truth must triumph. Throw yourself at the feet of your uncle and ask his mercy. Perhaps he will permit mercy to plead before justice, and he may forgive the wrong you have done his adopted son. But do not delay, for you must know better than I do that you are incurring serious peril."

Mr. Creper passed his hand over his pallid brow that was steeped in the sweat of terror, murmured some incoherent words, and then suddenly rushed out of the room.

Martin did not trouble himself to look after him. He remained quietly in Wilkens's room, ordered the police-soldiers to keep watch at the door, and patiently awaited the return of Wilkens. Hour after hour elapsed; the bell of St. Nicholas tower announced the hour of midnight; and the streets were becoming silent and deserted. At last footsteps approached the house, the front door was opened, and, singing and whistling, some one ascended the stairs.

"There he is! Attention now, good men!" cried Martin. "The creature is evidently just come from the tavern, for he is so merry, and does not dream that he will pass the remainder of the night in prison. Yes, yes, falsehood has conquered until now—until the time had come for Truth to see the light."

There was a fumbling at the door; it was thrown open, and Wilkens staggered into the room, and was immediately seized by the police officers. He uttered a cry, and sought to tear himself from their hold upon him; but they held him fast, and the call: "In the name of the law!—no resistance!" caused such a panic of fear to overcome him, that, with the exclamation, "I am lost!" he resigned himself at once to his fate.

"Yes, you are lost, wretch!" said old Martin; "your hour has come. Ulrich has escaped the clutches of your good friend and confederate, de Silva, and he is now safe in Hamburg. You can only hope for mercy by giving up all the letters and other articles belonging to the friend you betrayed, and you must make an open confession of all the means employed by you in leading him into suspicion and disrepute."

"Mercy! have mercy!" cried the miserable man, and he fell trembling at old Martin's feet. "I was only a tool in Creper's hands, and only did as I was bidden. I will confess all, dear Mr. Martin; only do not let me be thrown into prison! In yonder trunk you will find all that belongs to Ulrich, and letters from Creper that will prove to you my entire innocence. You should arrest him, not me. I only aided him."

Martin unlocked the trunk, and found in a concealed place therein Ulrich's passport, and the papers empowering him to conclude the business with Senor Azosta. He also found a miniature portrait suspended from a golden chain, and letters written by Mr. Creper's own hand. He put the papers quietly into his pocket, but he looked at the portrait with an expression of overwhelming astonishment.

"Unfortunate wretch!" he cried, addressing Wilkens; "whence have you this?"

"It belongs to Ulrich," he answered. "I found it among his things, and I kept it on account of the gold chain. Oh, take everything, dearest Mr. Martin, but do not have me thrown into prison."

"Gracious heavenly Father!" said Martin to himself, "can Ulrich—but no—it is impossible! And yet, how could he be in possession of this picture? I must ask him. If it were so—oh, bountiful Heaven! Then all the plottings against him would only lead to his greatest happiness. And, indeed, it is not improbable; he is a founding—knows not of his parents—was taken from the battle-field. Oh, father Breitenbach! what a glorious surprise! what happiness and blessedness is awaiting you! Away with this one, my children," he said to the policemen, pointing his finger to Wilkens; "he must bear the penalty of his misdeeds; but see to it that he is not treated too severely in the prison. To-morrow I will see to him myself. Take this trunk and the rest of his things with you, and tell the Director of Police that I have taken these papers and this picture. I will be responsible for what I have done. And now for the boy of my heart!"

Wilkens was marched off, despite of his entreaties and lamentations; and old Martin entered his light wagon and drove off to the Inn where he had advised Ulrich to remain. He longed to wake him, that he might obtain the certainty he sought with regard to the miniature, for the burden of joy lay heavily on the old man's breast, while yet there was a doubt upon its brightness. But the night was dark, and the second hour of the morning had not yet struck. So he thought better of the matter, and hastened home.

"Why should I disturb them from their slumbers?" he asked himself; "a few hours' patience, and truth will be revealed with the light of day. What a hallicia that will be, when we find again the lost son!"

Very softly, so as not to awaken his good master, Martin hurried to his chamber, and threw himself upon his bed. At first the agitation of his mind chased away slumber; but at length he was overpowered by weariness, and slept until the rays of the sun streamed in at the windows. He started up and stretched forth his hand for the papers and the likeness. They were where he had left them. Once again

he regarded the picture, and with full conviction he exclaimed:

"It is he! It can be no one else; and if he is his mother—oh, then—good Father! I have found for my beloved master, while he slept, a happiness he no longer dreams of. First, now, to convince him of Ulrich's innocence, then we will proceed."

The faithful old servant sought the presence of Herr Breitenbach, and with glistening eyes he placed before him the papers and letters that proved conclusively the truth of Ulrich's assertions. The letters of Mr. Creper gave evidence of the preconcerted plan that was to remove Ulrich and bring about the dishonor of his name. The plot had already begun in Hamburg, for Wilkens had committed various mean and vicious acts under the name of the young man; so that the love of Herr Breitenbach for his adopted son should be eradicated to the very roots.

"You see now, dear sir, how appearances can deceive," said old Martin, who was deeply moved, as well as cheerful. "Were we not compelled to believe that the boy of our hearts had become a good-for-nothing, vicious fellow? And now, thanks be to Thee, dear God, the truth has been brought to light, despite of all the machinations of the wicked. Yes, yes, Herr Breitenbach, only see for yourself! Appearances deceive, but truth triumphs in the end!" It is a good old saying, that!

"The truth conquers! yes, it triumphs!" faltered the worthy and venerable man; and he stretched his arms toward Heaven, to thank the All-overshuling Providence that so wonderfully had directed all.

"But Martin, dear old, honest, loving heart, where is our boy? I want to clasp him to my heart—to bless him and demand his forgiveness. Where is he? Oh, God! I have been bitterly unjust toward him; for how could I suspect my nephew was such an arch-deceiver? Go and call Ulrich, Martin; go and find him; bring him back to the loving old father-heart he left!"

Martin had taken care that Ulrich should be near; he opened the door that led into the adjoining room, and with a loud cry of joy, Ulrich rushed into the outstretched arms of his adopted father!

Old Martin stood beside them, and the tear-drops trembling on his grey lashes, gave token of the unpeakable joy of his soul at the reconciliation of these two beloved ones.

"And now," he said, in a somewhat faltering tone after his master and young Ulrich had embraced again and again; "now, my dear boy, please tell me whether this picture that I found in Wilkens's possession is indeed yours, and in what manner it came into your hands."

Ulrich took the medallion, and his eyes gleamed with joy as he pressed it to his lips and said:

"My dear good Martin, this picture is mine, and I thank you from my heart that you have restored it to me. I missed it more than ought else that Wilkens deprived me of, for, if I am not mistaken, it represents my unknown but dearly beloved mother. How glad I am to have it again in my possession!"

"The picture of your mother, Ulrich?" said Herr Breitenbach with ready sympathy; "let me see it, my dear boy."

Ulrich handed him the locket. He cast a look upon it, and paled with the surprise of a great and sudden joy!

"Merciful God!" he cried, "can it be possible? Ulrich, whence have you that portrait?"

"From my kind departed foster-mother," said Ulrich, looking anxiously at the two old men; "she gave it to me shortly before her death, and told me how I had been found by her when a child of three or four years old. This picture, and the clothes I had on, were all the possessions I brought with me."

"And the clothing, have you it yet?"

"I have," replied Ulrich; "they were left in the old trunk at Mr. Creper's, and consist of a little blouse and a pair of trousers of brown velvet trimmed with silver braid."

"Come to my heart, boy!" cried old Herr Breitenbach, and he folded Ulrich in his arms. "Truly I cannot be otherwise; you are he; you are the son of my beloved, long-went for daughter! You are my grandson! and Providence reserved you; and we believed that you had been killed by the flying horses—trampled to death on the battle-field! Oh, my daughter! my dearest, dearest Henrietta! why could you not remain on earth to behold this hour?"

"She looks upon us from the heavens above!" said old Martin reverentially. "The blessed one's joy is not less than ours, for it is a heavenly joy."

Ulrich was amazed and confused, yet unspeakably happy. At last he had found a noble heart, allied to him by kindred ties; and this heart beat in the bosom of his best earthly friend; he was the man, whom, above all others, he loved and revered; who had been a father to him so long.

"I thought so at once when I saw the portrait," said the exultant Martin. "You see now, Herr Breitenbach, that it was well the plotting accords have given us a little trouble, for without their doings we should have run around each other as heretofore, and no one would have known or found out what a treasure we possessed in our darling boy. We can now clearly behold how God directs the plottings of evil unto ultimate good. But before we think of any thing else we must procure the suit which the grandfather made a present of to his little grandson. Where do you say you left them, Ulrich?"

He described the place, and gave the trusty man the key of the trunk, and old Martin sped away to the city.

While he was gone, Herr Breitenbach related to his grandson how it had happened that he had been lost as a child.

Herr Ulrich Lowenhaupt, the father of our hero, had gone upon business to Dresden. He was obliged to remain longer in that city than he had intended; and as Hamburg was not considered a safe place of residence, (for it was rumored that it would be besieged and the French driven forth with cannon), he wrote to his father in law, and requested him to send his wife and child to Dresden. This was done. Old Martin accompanied the mother and boy, and they all arrived safe, and Martin returned to his kind master in Hamburg. About six months afterward, Herr Lowenhaupt left the capital of Saxony—for the rumor spread that the red waves of war were setting in that direction. It was the misfortune of the fugitives that in the place of avoiding the terror they dreaded, they came into the very midst of the tumult. Herr Lowenhaupt had neglected to provide himself with a French passport, as he did not have the slightest fear of coming in the way of their army. He was stopped, and he was obliged to follow them in his carriage, with wife and child, for several days. A battle took place, and in the midst of the conflict, Herr Lowenhaupt sought to escape; but a cannon

ball killed one of the horses attached to the carriage, and he himself was wounded by a musket ball, so that he fell in a swoon. The remaining horse, drew the carriage a few paces in his fright, came too near a trench and there upset the unfortunate child. The fury of the battle raged around them; Herr Lowenhaupt was dying from loss of blood, and his wife lay beside him insensible through fear. The little Ulrich, it was supposed had run away, crying for help. What had become of him, whither he had gone, no one could tell.

When the unhappy mother recovered her consciousness, she found that her boy was gone, and her husband was lying pale and senseless beside her. She had broken her arm when the carriage was overturned. Fear, bewilderment, anxiety and despair for the lost child, overwhelmed her; she fell into another swoon, and when she awoke again, she found herself in a peasant's hut, tenderly cared for by its humble inmates, who had found her on the bloody battle-field, and had borne her thence. Her husband was dead, and had been buried in the meantime; for she had lain five days unconscious of all surrounding her. There was no sign of the boy, and the poor mother's heart was wrung with intensest anguish. At her request, the pastor of the place wrote to her father, in Hamburg, and he set out upon the journey immediately, so that he might aid, or at least console his bereaved daughter as best he could. Everything was done in order to obtain tidings of the lost darling, but all was in vain; no one had seen him, none heard of the child.

For many weeks Herr Breitenbach remained with his daughter in the village, in the hope of finding some clue to the discovery of the boy; but at last they returned to Hamburg, sorrowfully, convinced that the good Heavenly Father had taken the little one to his eternal rest.

That he could be in Hamburg, well in health, and lovingly cared for, never entered the thoughts of either mother or grandfather; therefore they made no search in that city, but still continued to seek in the neighborhood of the battle-ground, having left their orders to that effect. No tidings were ever received; and a few years after the terrible double calamity, the mother of Ulrich died, without again having pressed to her bosom the child so tenderly beloved and deeply mourned.

And yet he lived and thrived, not a thousand paces removed from her own dwelling!

Through the machinations of his foes, that was discovered, which had failed the most loving research; and so Ulrich viewed it, when his grandfather had told him all, and he spoke from a full and grateful heart:

"They proposed dealing ill with me, and glorious good has been the result. They would have estranged from me the heart of my benefactor, and behold, they have given me a father's love! Oh, good and gracious God! how wonderful are thy ways! and how manifest the means leading to eventual good, for thy praise and glory—giving happiness unto them that have sought thy grace!"

Deeply moved by various emotions, Ulrich clasped the honored and beloved grandfather again in his arms, and wept some holy tears in memory of his sainted mother. The old man comforted him gently, and said:

"Do not weep, my son, but look up to Him who doeth all things well in his wisdom. He took your mother, but permitted you to find a father, who, from a full and tenderly loving heart, will seek to replace the mother you have lost. Whatever God decrees is well, my son. To Him be all praise, thanksgiving and hosannah, as the sacrifice of our grateful and happy souls!"

After an absence of a few hours, old Martin returned from the city, and brought with him the clothing the little Ulrich had worn in the past eventful days of childhood; and the grandfather recognized it immediately as that belonging to his daughter's child.

Martin's joy equalled that of his old master's; but he brought important tidings from town, which he was impatient to deliver.

"Dear sir," he said, "I have one piece of news for you, which I think need scarcely astonish you. Your nephew, Creper, has absconded, during the night, and taken with him the entire contents of the money drawer—all the ready cash."

Herr Breitenbach earnestly shook his head, but there was no anger in his countenance.

"His evil conscience drives him away," he said; "I am glad that he is gone of his own accord, for after what has occurred, I could never forgive him. The money he has taken from me I willingly make him a present of. The happiness of having found a beloved son cannot be too dearly bought. May he learn to do better—the unfortunate, misguided creature; may he live to know that the commission of all wrong is a delusion that leads from, and not toward, contentment and happiness. That nothing upon earth can lead to real happiness but Truth and fidelity to good principles. Appearances deceive—Truth triumphs even above all and every misfortune, every tribulation of this world. We have experienced this; and we now thank God from the very depth of our strengthened souls! He, the compassionate and loving Father, has enriched us in the possession of one more true and steadfast heart. Where is the wealth that can equal this great and heavenly gift?"

A Beautiful Picture.

The man who stands upon his own soil—who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed by any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man who is the lord of an inanimate world—of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part of his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before him moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their last footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook which still winds through the meadows. Through the field lies the path to the village school of early days. He still hears from his window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owners of the soil. Words cannot paint them; gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart; they are the life-springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—Edward Everett.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
OUR VOLUNTEERS.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

Yest'reen the sound of dancing feet,  
And sighs, and sparkling tears,  
Were strangely mingled at the ball  
For our brave volunteers.

They met to say adieu to friends,  
And follow but the star,  
Whose comest blazes will stand still  
Above the ranks of war.

Beauty and Love were gathered there  
In silks and gleaming pearls,  
And bright young flowers, and hopeful buds,  
And careless, dancing curls;

But ashen cheeks, and anxious eyes,  
And lips which ached to tell  
How very dear was heart to heart,  
Rather than smile farewell.

An hour the gushing music rang,  
And Love forgot its sorrow;  
Brave hands toyed with white finger tips,  
Which clasp the sword to-morrow.

The wailing notes of "Home, sweet home"  
Rang through the silent hall;  
A prayer was breathed, a word of cheer,  
And then they parted—all.

A tear! But ah, the "Stars and Stripes"  
Flaunt o'er our volunteers;  
We trust their arms to keep them there,  
And give three heartfelt cheers.

## Original Essay.

### THE SPIRITS' HOME.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

On entering the spiritual domain, and in our investigation of the spiritual philosophy, we must cast off the trammels of the schools, which have so long fettered the natural action of our minds. The cant of the metaphysician, and the egotism of the theologian, are the chaff which has for centuries buried the truth from the honest thinker. They avail us not; as candid investigators, nothing but positive testimony will avail, and, in obtaining that testimony, we must walk out into the fields of Nature, and question the great Principles which speak in sighing winds, babbling brooklets; in the myriad-tongued forest, murmuring to the passing zephyr:

LAW RULES SUPREME.

When we question Nature, she tells us Law reigns supreme. Not a thistle-down floats on the breeze; not a sand grain is thrown on the ocean's beach by the rolling billows; not a bubble of foam floats on the hurrying stream, but its every motion is governed by immutable laws. Law bounds the great world, and dashes it on in its orbit. It sends the rushing comet round the central fire, and floats whole solar systems on their orbits as a feather is upborne by the passing winds. Not an atom finds its appropriate place in the living organism, but as guided by unerring law.

What more uncertain than the wavy motions of the gossamer thread as it dances in the summer winds? Yet every motion is governed by law—by the same power which chains the moon in its orbit, or rolls the earth around the sun.

THE SAME IS GOOD IN THE SPIRITUAL REALM.

If we think that we are leaving the province of order and control of established principles, when we pass from the material to the so styled spiritual, we labor under the greatest possible mistake. As the ultimatum of the Material Universe, the Spiritual is governed by the same established Principles, modified by superior conditions. Gravity, attraction and repulsion; the properties of atoms; the relations which exist between them, all are preserved, and we enter as real and substantial a world as the one we have left.

NO MIRACLES.

are observed in the phenomena of spiritual life. True, we do not understand many of the manifestations we observe, because the substances with which we deal are impalpable to our senses, and only are recognized by their effects; but this only shows our ignorance, and not the interposition of a miraculous power.

AN UNKNOWN UNIVERSE.

exists beyond the material creation. It is formed from emanations arising from the physical, and is a reflection of it. This is the Spiritual Universe. We have been taught by our learned teachers a system of spiritual philosophy so vague and undefined that it has served rather to blind than enlighten us. It has inculcated the wildest errors, and, by its influence, even now, we are liable to be led astray.

If spirit is identity, if it is organic after its separation from the body, then it must have a home; and that home must be a reality. These are incontrovertible propositions, and are necessarily inferred from the fact of spiritual existence. A single proposition crushes the spiritual fabrication of the theologian whose definition of Spirit is the best possible, of non-identity. According to his system, a spirit is a refined shadow of nothing—a collection of thoughts. But thought is an effect, not a cause, and standing in his position, and expecting thought to exist after the decay of the body, is as rational as to look for the hum of a dead bee, or the song of a bird after it has flown.

Nothing cannot originate something. If the spirit exists, it must be an entity; and if such, must be composed of Matter. It must be organized; and if organized, it must have a dwelling place. This conclusion brings us back to the first inquiry—

WHAT AND WHERE IS THE SPIRIT-WORLD?

To understand this subject, we must inquire into the secret processes of Nature. We must inquire into the processes beneath its external manifestations to the senses. In this, as well as the manner of spiritual life, and kindred subjects connected with spirits, the light of philosophy, though it lends important aid, cannot be brought to bear, and the revelations of the clairvoyant and of departed intelligences must be relied on for our information.

THEIR TESTIMONY IS RELIABLE.

When the fact of spiritual communion and identity is proved, then the intelligence they impart is as reliable as the report of a traveler in a distant country. The major portion of our knowledge depends on such reports, and if the tale of travels in England or Europe is received as true, why should not the report of a departed spirit, who has made himself familiar with the scenes he describes? This subject does not admit of argument. It is self-evident that if spirits exist, their description of their

abode is as authentic as the report of travelers in distant countries.

AND WHAT DO THEY TELL US?

That the Universe is undergoing a refining process, and the spirit-world is formed from the ascending exhalations of atoms.

Before entering on the discussion of how this is effected, let us inquire philosophically whether this refining process is really going on; whether there really is a progressive movement in creation, from crude and undeveloped conditions, to etheriality and perfection.

The present order of Nature cannot have had an infinite existence. If we trace backward the geological records, through the rocky tablets of earth, through fossiliferous, transitive, and primitive rocks, we arrive at a beginning of the present system.

The earth has the marks of infancy, and has yet attained but its youthful state. In the beginning, geology tells us, it was a vast ocean of gaseous matter; then it cooled down to a liquid globe; then a crust formed over it, and, by slow degrees, it was moulded into the beautiful creation of the present.

NATURE WORKS IN GREAT CIRCLES,

ever returning into themselves, or rather in spirals ever returning coil being above the preceding. Matter without a beginning must have passed through an infinite number of changes, of which the present order is but a single and incomplete coil.

In the infinite duration of the past, Universe after Universe must have been born, grew old and decayed, and new ones been breathed forth from the chaotic elements of the preceding. Still labored the forces of organic Nature, and at every mighty return, matter became more refined, its capabilities enlarged, and consequently the next system was more perfected. This continued until matter, by its superior refinement became capable of forming a Universe as perfect as the present.

The object of the mutations of the organic world is the individualization of spirit in man; so the ultimatum of inorganic mutations is the refining of spiritualized matter for the support of that spirit when identified.

These circles of revolution are like the grand cycles of the Hindoo theosophy, which teaches that every 860,000 years all created things flow back into the Infinite Soul of Brahma, or God, and from thence are involved as a new creation. But the periods of return are millions of ages, instead of a few thousand years, and, at every return, matter arises above its former level.

In the individualized spirit, the atoms which compose its organism are elaborated by and derived from the physical body. So are the spiritualized atoms, which ascend from animate Nature, elaborated.

To the perception of the spirit, or of the clairvoyant, these ascending atoms are as plainly perceptible as the ascent of vapor from water. It is exhaled from all substances, as steam arises from a sheet of water.

The mineral mass, by the processes at work among its atoms, and the disintegrating chemical action of electricity and magnetism throw out ethereal particles into the great ocean of unindividualized spirit.

The plant, taking up crude mineral atoms, subjects them to the refining process in its interior cells, and eliminates the finer particles.

The animal feeds on the vegetable, and subjects it to a refining process, eliminating a proportion of its atoms and exhaling them into the atmosphere. When the animal dies, the spiritual element which retains not its identity after the dissolution of the body, escapes, as a drop of water evaporates, and mingles with the great ethereal ocean.

The spirit-world is derived from these atoms. Hence it is born from this earth as the spirit is born from the body. It depends on the earth for its existence, and is formed through its refining instrumentality. Without the earth, there could not have been corresponding spirit-spheres, and there would not have been a necessity for them, so that the existence of the Spirit-sphere, presupposes the existence of a central world.

WHERE DO THESE PARTICLES GO?

Attenuated as they are, these atoms gravitate, or they are impelled by attractions and repulsions. They are not attracted to earth more than the inflated balloon, and like it they arise from the earth's surface until they reach a point where their gravity and repulsion are in equilibrium. There they rest. But atoms will partake of different degrees of refinement, and the most refined, will not rest when the grosser find an equilibrium. Hence, more than one zone will be formed.

THE FORM OF THESE ZONES.

If the earth was at rest, these ascending particles would arise in straight lines from the earth's centre, and a complete sphere would be formed, entirely enveloping the earth. But the earth rotates on its axis every twenty-four hours, or one thousand miles an hour, a velocity sufficient to throw out the equator twenty-six miles further from the centre than the distance of the poles from the same.

As the understanding of this proposition is essential to the proper conception of the subject, I will illustrate it by the familiar instance of drops of water being thrown from the surface of a grindstone in rapid motion. Two forces produce the phenomena. The centripetal force tends to throw the water off in straight lines from the surface. The same force tends to throw the world off in a straight line from its orbit. The centrifugal force draws the drops of water to the center of the wheel, and chains the earth to the sun. The motion of the earth in its orbit is a mean between these two forces. The same principles are true in regard to the diurnal motion of the earth on its axis. All its atoms are chained to the centre by gravity, but the rapid motion which they are obliged to perform, ever tends to project them in straight lines from the surface into space. This does not occur, but their gravity is lessened, more at the equator than at the poles, as they are obliged to move faster at the former than the latter position, and hence the poles draw inward, while the equator bulges outward. The tendency is to produce a ring, if the velocity was sufficiently increased.

SPIRITUAL ATOMS BEING EFFECTED BY THE SAME LAWS, partake of this earth's rotary motion, and revolve with it. If the spheres completely surrounded the earth, as first supposed, the earth remaining at rest, as soon as it began to move, the superior velocity of the equatorial regions over the poles would draw away the particles from the latter, and concentrate them at the equator, producing a zone, the axis of revolution of which would coincide with the earth's equator, or it would revolve parallel with the equator.

THE RINGS OF SATURN.

furnish a fine illustration of the form and appearance of the spirit-zones. They are belts or rings rotating around that planet, and sustained in their



position by the equilibrium between the centripetal or tangential force, and the gravity which draws them toward the central body.

The spirit-spheres are rather zones than spheres. They are one hundred and twenty degrees wide; that is, they extend sixty degrees each side of the earth's equator. If we take the sixtieth parallel of latitude each side of the equator, and imagine it projected against the blue dome of the sky, we have the boundaries of these zones.

HOW FAR ARE THEY FROM THE EARTH'S SURFACE? The first zone, or the innermost one, is sixty miles from the earth's surface. The next external is removed from the first by about the same distance. The third is just outside of the moon's orbit, or two hundred and sixty-five thousand miles from the earth.

Although atoms may be sufficiently refined when they are first ultimated from earth to pass by the first and enter the second zone, yet the second zone is, speaking in a general sense, the offspring of the first, as the first is the offspring of the earth; and from the second, the third is elaborated by a similar process as that by which the earth exhales spiritualized matter. From the third sphere arises the most sublimated exhalations which mingle with the emanations of the other planets, and form a vast zone around the entire solar system, including even the unknown planets beyond the vast orbit of Neptune.

Our sun is a star belonging to the milky-way. Astronomers tell us that the mild radiance of the galactic zone is produced by an immense assemblage of stars, so crowded together that their light blends, and appears as a solid mass to the eye. With the telescope, however, it appears as a dense mass of stars. This system of suns, if it could be viewed from a great distance, would appear on the sky as an extremely flattened sphere, and our sun would be seen as a little star placed in the southern extremity of the starry mass.

As the emanations from the refined planetary spheres form a sphere around the solar system, so the refined emanations from all the solar systems form a still more sublimated series of zones around the milky-way! The same great principles pervade all of these spheres. The impress of the same law is witnessed in the magnificent spheres which surround the almost infinitely extended galaxy, as in the primary zones which surround the earth and planets. It is not a complicated system, but a beautiful simplicity pervades it, and for its proof it appeals to Nature and the laws which rule creation.

THERE IS NO MIRACLE HERE, but the supremacy of as fixed principles as cause the stone to fall to the ground, or the sun to shine.

THE THICKNESS OF THE SPHERES VARIES. The first is nearly thirty, while the second is twenty, and the third but two miles in thickness. The first is the oldest by countless time, as it first began to form, and until it supported organizations, it could exhale but a small amount of refined matter to the second, and of course the process was delayed still longer in the creation of the third.

We see here how beautifully harmonious Nature has framed not only the constitution of physical, but of spiritual things. There is observable the nicest adjustment of harmony and adaption. So fast as creations are called for, are they supplied. Nature toiled through illimitable ages to produce an identified intelligence. She looked through all these ages, and with prophet's eye saw that she would succeed, and that her success would necessitate a home for that spirit other than the gross world it had left. Then she began to build its habitation, and that, too, by the same process by which she sought to perfect her masterpiece of creative force—an identified human soul! Creative energy is a work now as much as when earth was evoked from chaos. It toils unceasingly, and constantly arises, as the heat and vapor of its workshop, the refined atoms, floating away to their appropriate spheres.

It will be inferred from this, that the spheres are gradually increasing, while the earth is slowly diminishing. Yes; this is one of the mightiest truths which we can contemplate. The tall mountain which proudly rears its granite point among the clouds, bidding defiance to the sleet and storm; on whose altar shoulders the sky lovingly rests; on whose brawny back vast forests slumber; from whose sides great rivers veer; the earth-engirdling ocean, with its countless isles and bordering continents; the moon and planets which light up the evening sky, all are undergoing the refining process, and in future ages will be resolved into spiritual elements.

The mountain shall crumble, the ocean shall dry, and the moon and stars fade from the canopy of night, but they will exist, in a more active and perfected form, carrying out the grand design of Creation.

THE SURFACE OF THESE ZONES IS DIVERSIFIED WITH CHANGING SCENERY.

MATTER, WHEN IT AGGREGATES THERE, IS PRONE TO ASSUME THE FORMS IN WHICH IT EXISTED HERE.

Hence there are all the forms of life there as on earth, except those which cannot exist, surrounded by such superior conditions—as the lowest plants and animals. The scenery of mountain and plain; river, lake and ocean; of forest and prairie, are duplicates of the same on earth. It is like earth with all its imperfections perfected, and its beautiful multiplied a thousand fold.

THE SPIRIT HOLDS THE SAME RELATION TO THIS SPIRITUAL UNIVERSE THAT MAN HOLDS TO PHYSICAL NATURE.

The surface of the spheres is solid earth, in which trees and flowers take root, and the waters of the oceans surge perpetually on the shore. An ethereal sky arches overhead, and the stars shine with increased refulgence. The spirits breathe its spiritual atmosphere; they drink its crystal waters; they partake of its luscious fruits; they bedeck themselves with its gorgeous flowers.

It is not a fancy world, or world of chance, or miracle; but a real world, in fact more real than earth, as it is its perfection.

The spirit walks on its surface; it sails on the lakes and oceans; in short, follows whatever pursuit or pastime it pleases, and the elements there hold the same relations to it that the elements of earth held to it while in the physical form.

I will not enter at present into a minute description of scenery as it appears to the spirit or the clairvoyant. Words are but feeble auxiliaries in the delineation of a subject so far removed above mortal comprehension. It is a reflection of the earth, and holds a close correspondence to it, but can no more be compared with it in beauty, than the finest miniature with the coarsest charcoal sketch.

I pass to the consideration of the next important inquiry.

HOW DO SPIRITS PASS FROM EARTH TO THE SPHERES? Philosophers teach that an ether pervades all space, on which the pulsations of light and heat are

thrown by luminous bodies. This ether, they tell us, pervades all space and all substances, and is the medium for transmission of the influence of the imponderable agents.

By their description of this ether, we can readily understand the spiritual ether, which also pervades all space. It is not, however, like the former, except in its universal diffusion. It is a much more refined and active agent, and is a peculiar emanation from all globes.

Ultimated as it is, the organization of the spirit is still more refined, and hence it floats as a cork immersed in water, or a balloon in the atmosphere, having its gravity with respect to the earth entirely destroyed.

The ultimated particles from the earth arise and rush out of the vast openings at the poles in a spiral direction, produced by the rotation of the earth. Then, they diffuse themselves through the atmosphere of the first zone, each following its own peculiar attractions.

On these rivers the spirit is wafted from the sublimar scene, and is ushered, in a moment, into the spirit-world.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRITS TRAVELING WITH SUCH RAPIDITY

is as simple as the other great principles. As its gravitation is destroyed by immersion in an ether more dense than itself, it arises, or is repelled from all the physical worlds. When it comes to earth, the action of the gravitation of the earth is to repel it from it, and not to attract. But by an effort of will the spirit becomes positive to the place where it desires to go. Then there arises an immediate attraction to that place, and it flies through the thin ether with greater velocity than light.

The rapidity of their motion depends entirely on the strength of their individual wills, for by it is the positive condition induced, and its intensity of course will be proportional to the strength of the will. Hence some spirits can move with much greater rapidity than others; one hundred thousand miles in a second is a mean rate of velocity.

This is an incredible rapidity of traveling, and perhaps may excite incredulity. But let us take a philosophical aspect of the subject. Previous to the demonstration that light moved at the rate of ninety thousand miles per second, and that electricity moved with nearly equal rapidity on the telegraphic wires, the idea of the possibility of such swift movements would have been discarded as fanciful, so infinitely do they transcend the motions we are accustomed to observe.

But none, now, doubt that light moves at this velocity, for it is demonstrated by mathematical calculations.

The organism of the spirit is more refined than light, and hence is capable of greater rapidity of motion. The spirit wills, and immediately rushes with the wings of lightning through space to the point of destination. So swift is its motion, that in passing from one place to another on the earth's surface, no perceptible interval of time elapses, for if they travel at the rate of one hundred thousand miles per second, they could pass around the earth four times in that interval, and a journey of a thousand miles would consume but the one hundredth part of a second.

CAN THEY PASS TO OTHER GLOBES?

This depends on their degree of refinement. The spirit organisms are not all of the same degree of refinement. While some are very pure and ethereal, others are gross and unrefined. The sensualist, the depraved debauchee, in many instances are so gross that gravity chains them to the earth's surface as it does man. They are denser than the spirit ether, and hence have weight, and cannot arise from earth. Others, who are more spiritual, can only arise to the first sphere, while others, still more refined, pass at will through the universal ocean of ether, visiting other globes and other solar systems. The degree of purity or spiritualized determines whether or no the spirit shall be chained to earth, or allowed freedom to traverse the ocean of space.

AN ORIENTATION MAY ARISE.

If the spheres spread above us, why do we not see them?

Why do we not see spirits with the normal vision?

It is from the relation which they bear to light. The question is easily answered. Air, like almost all other gases, is invisible. No one ever saw atmospheric air, yet no one doubts its existence. It transmits light without intercepting the rays, and hence is invisible, for we cannot see anything, unless it reflects light by which we can see it. If so material a substance as air is unseen, though it surges above our heads in a great ocean forty-five miles deep, how can we expect to see the refined ether of which these zones are formed?

Still further:—When we look through a clear plate of glass, we cannot see the glass interposed between us and the objects beyond. Perfectly clear water transmits the rays of light so completely that it is invisible, unless seen by reflection.

After such instances, can we ask why the spheres are not visible, and why they do not intercept the light of the sun and stars? The objection is fully met here on scientific grounds, and does not depend for its explanation on the mere words of the angels.

One proposition more arises:

WHAT IS THE RELATION OF LIGHT TO THE SPHERES? IS THERE DAY AND NIGHT THERE AS HERE?

Light of the sun, as is well known to the chemist, is composed of an indefinite number of kinds mingled together. He divides them with his prism, and shows the seven colored rays, the chemical rays, the magnetic rays, etc. We find light as it is emanated from the sun, is composed of different kinds of rays, each adapted for peculiar purposes.

The spheres each retain the rays useful to them, and transmit those which are too gross for them, but which are adapted to earthly conditions. The spiritual portion of light is retained as it passes from the sun to earth, while the coarser portion is transmitted. Hence the sun and stars appear from the surface of the zones as they do from earth, and the superior do not interfere with the view of the lower spheres, as they are as much more refined than the latter, as this is more ethereal than earth. The rays of light designed for the first sphere pass through the higher without interruption, for they only retain their own element.

The light of the heavenly bodies is much greater from the spheres than from earth. The splendor of the stars is greatly increased, and the radiance of the sun fills the atmosphere with a flood of silver, gilding the scenery with ethereal light, indescribable with language.

If the sun is the source of the light received by the spheres, and these revolve around the earth, it follows as a necessary deduction that, as on earth, day and night must follow each other with the unvarying

regularity of the rising and setting sun. That there should be such alternations of light and darkness, is a necessity of man's spiritual nature. He wears of the never changing scene, and the activity and repose of Nature are more agreeable to him than a monotonous sameness. It is also essentially the result of the plan of creation, for Nature allows of no rest. Worlds and zones must revolve around central luminaries; and as they bring different portions of the surface beneath the central light, day and night, the presence and absence of the luminaries, must result.

Thus have we glanced at some of the most prominent principles connected with the Spirits' Home, and sought to sustain them by the facts of Science. They may excite prejudice by their novelty; they may be rejected by credulity; they may be scorned by the pride of external philosophy; yet they depend not on any of these for support, but on their own truthfulness.

Walnut Grove, 1861.

POEM:  
DELIVERED ON THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY, SHAKESPEARE DIVISION, NO. 46, BOXES OF TEMPERANCE.

BY JOHN W. DAY.

Oh, pilgrim Time, who journeyest on  
O'er empire dust and crumbling throne,  
That line the path of ages gone  
Where memory breathes her far off tone—  
Thou leavest forever in thy flight  
The heart's poor hope and fear behind,  
Till death wave on the closing night,  
And dry worlds toss along the wind!

Oh, tolling Change! thou menial form,  
That strip'st the gaud from regal tomb,  
And follow'st time through calm and storm,  
Dowed down with grief and final doom!  
Thou mistle-dew, where olden brown  
Our lives have up along the tide—  
Thou deep where fountaining thoughts go down,  
And storm-lashed hearts at anchor ride!

Oh, Time and Change! ye comrades twain!  
Ye mock our dust-crowned earthly joys—  
Love's beam that cheers the lowly plain,  
Hope's mountain, quivering on its poise!  
As greed and law and glory fade,  
We rear new gods along your way,  
And no new creed can ever shade  
The slow-paced light of Truth's young day.

Ye woe within this favored land,  
Ye sap the broad foundations laid  
Where heroes drew the sword and brand,  
And tolled through blood and want and shade.  
God grant each dawning year may smile  
On white-robed peace, with vernal crown—  
And steel our hearts to traitorous guile,  
And smite our impious foe-man down.

God save our country's holy sign—  
The rainbow flag of stripe and star,  
Whose golden memories brightly shine  
From history's dreamy land afar;  
In peace we love, from east to west,  
That glittering type of Freedom's power,  
And with its banner, our back and breast,  
And fearless bide the rolling hour!

Ye stoop to lowlier things than these:  
Ye quench the joy from earthly years—  
Ye bid our hearts to burn and freeze,  
While only flow our burning tears!  
Ye work within our chosen line—  
Some friends are here, some driven far;  
But now each treasure name doth shine,  
As vestal ray from twilight star.

Twice have we joined, a firm-knit band,  
To hail our dear loved natal day—  
Twice have we clasped the friendly hand,  
Then trod life's varying paths away;  
We come with dance and song once more  
To crown with joy the swift-winged hours,  
And on a new year's virgin shore  
Wreath memory's tolling bell with flowers.

How sweet to tell the closing path,  
And mark the toll-strewn way we trod,  
True to the end, our hearts and hand,  
Whose firm foundation is our God.  
That Cause whose every aim is just—  
Whose power shall live, when earth decays,  
And sword and armor blend in rust—  
To chant the Father's deathless praise.

Shine on, thou Temperance-Pharos! burn  
A gleaming fire in years to be,  
Till man from guilt and bondage turn  
And rise in heaven's own likeness—free!  
Shine forth, the vessel frame of youth—  
Far streaming o'er the brow of age—  
Till wreath of crown the shrine of truth,  
And for her cause all hearts engage.

Around the homestead's holy wall  
It draws a cordon firm and strong;  
No son grows blind, no love's bright call—  
No parent seeks the haunt of wrong!  
But truth and pure devotion rise,  
Like palms where Asian mountains bend,  
And sweetly up the star-lit skies  
Their grateful hymns of praise ascend.

When far from childhood-friends and home,  
Young hearts take up their load of care,  
And mid the stranger thousands roam,  
Fit prey for blazon vice and snare,  
Our Order spreads her sheltering arm,  
And calls each lonely wanderer in  
Where friendship pours her healing balm  
On all the festering wounds of sin.

Stand, brothers! give the winds your fear  
When foeman roar in accents hoarse—  
The golden chain that binds you here  
Would pale but for their angered force.  
Their action makes the link more bright  
That binds your kindred souls in one—  
Your deeds alone can dim its light,  
And quench the future's glowing sun.

Thrice holy cause—loose souls to cheer—  
That darkly drift, with canvas furled—  
Lead, till thou reach the golden year,  
And with thee bring the ransomed world!  
Till peace come down—an angel guest—  
And heaven peel out the morning chime,  
And old and new and death shall rest  
Within the close-barred grave of Time!

CURE FOR FEVER AND AGUE.—Although, like tooth-ache, fever and ague is a disorder that many people make fun of, no one who has ever had the "shakes" and the "chills" is careless concerning the remedy for them.

A gentleman who has been out among the troops on the upper Potomac says that there is a remedy always easily found, which is much more reliable than quinine or chologogue, and that remedy is, a decoction of the common white plaitain, formed by steeping the leaves in whiskey, taken before breakfast a dozen mornings in succession. The remedy is at every farm-house door, and as simple as that prescribed to Naaman by the prophet, to whom he was referred by the "little maid."

FALSE TEACHING.—"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." The received interpretation of this assertion from one of Job's comforters, is, that trouble is a calamity, and a source of unhappiness, and therefore it is, in the providence of God, that man is destined to be unhappy in this life, and herein is the false teaching. Trouble is not a calamity, but a discipline, and if rightly received, will make us wiser and better, and in consequence, happier; and therefore, the truer inference is, that Providence designed that man should be happy even in this life.

People who endeavor to attract that attention by dress which they cannot obtain by their intrinsic worth, resemble the soap balloons blown by children: the thinnest bubbles are invested by the brightest colors.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE AT OLINTON HALL, NEW YORK.

Tuesday Evening, October 8, 1861.

QUESTION.—What are the obstacles to the spread of Spiritualism?

DR. GRAY.—In addition to the difficulties enumerated in my last address, I would mention, fourthly, Obstacles to true, healthful intercourse with the spiritual world, which arises from defective knowledge of indispensable conditions thereto. These are both physical and moral; such as a proper state of the atmosphere, and a healthy bodily condition, together with purity of heart and life, on the part of those communicating. These are essential to unimpeded, unpolluted intercourse with the other life. Even the physical manifestations, whether the simple production of light, or the more complex process of forming a hand, may be stopped, modified, or rendered abortive, or seemingly diabolical in character, when their perversion is simply due to ignorance and non fulfillment of the above conditions.

DR. YOUNG.—I think the slow progress of our doctrines and the lack of general interest in them are mainly owing to their want of a sufficient moral foundation. We are not united in the bonds of mutual sympathy and affectional communion. The early Christians, from the humblest and most obscure beginnings, succeeded in building up a new order of things in civilized society, on the basis of the moral relations their faith produced among all those inspired by it. We, on the other hand, attempt to advance Spiritualism by means of its phenomena, while we are spilling their effects by conflicting theories and evidences respecting them. Now, each man must accept the testimony offered on his own plane of reason and consciousness. Another obstacle is to be found in the discordant characters of media, and their consequent want of trustworthiness.

There is too general a tendency to attribute to Spiritualism what may be simply mental phenomena. To me, there is no truth in Spiritualism, except so far as it rests on a physical basis—no conclusive value in its manifestations, save as manifestations of actual power. Another difficulty is found in the fact that we cannot get a communication which gives a distinct and rational idea of the employments, duties, objects, or means of existence in the future world. It is a perpetual repetition of the old story—good wishes, and affectionate sentiments from your mother, your sister, or your aunt. Again, we have to contend with a belief on the part of the outside world, that we have among us a set of men and women who are systematic corrupters of society. We should do well to cultivate more heedfully the principles of self-denial proclaimed by Jesus as the foundation of true manhood.

DR. HALLOCK.—A chief hindrance to our growth is owing to a disposition among ourselves to make Spiritualism synonymous with *sect*, instead of leaving it to be free, like all other truth. This is caused by the centripetal tendency of the human mind; but it is entirely adverse to the genius of Spiritualism, which does not seek to cluster around itself a peculiar body of men, and confer upon them peculiar privileges. Let us regard it as properly called the science of *Anthropology*, and we shall perceive that it is just as ridiculous to trouble ourselves about the degree of favor which its doctrines meet with among mankind at large, as for an astronomer to be disturbed by a like question before applying himself to the study of the stars. The matter is purely one of personal concern in either instance. If we would progress in the study of man in his spiritual aspect, we must observe the law of the case; we must put ourselves in harmonic relations with the purpose apparent in the phenomena which vindicate the true science. Then we should see how everything in it tends to make us, not sectarians of any shade or name, but men. Spiritualism comes to give us freedom from the authority of sects and priests, and bid us judge for ourselves what is right. When we stop off from this exalted and universal platform of spiritual intercourse, to band ourselves in any form of party-organization, we put the brakes on our own progress.

MR. FISHBURN.—One great reason why Spiritualism does not prevail more rapidly is, that we have no periodical willing to publish the truth, and the whole truth, in regard to the moral spirit of many of the prominent mediums—and, in general, we are too much disposed to hush up what none of us are able to deny. But the world knew all about it long ago, and one of the reasons why they turn with disgust from Spiritualism, is the evidence of this disposition on our part. We need a publication that will speak the truth and do justice, though the heavens should fall, and though dishonest and impure mediums should be mowed down, in great winnows, before it. Even though all the obstacles which have been mentioned were removed, so long as the general moral status of Spiritualism remained just what it is, how would that help the matter? Suppose we added truth after truth, traced out our philosophy into its utmost ramifications, and piled system upon system, until we built up a grand, comprehensive scheme of intercourse with the spiritual world—if all this remained nothing but mere intellectuality, who would really care about it? Nothing ever propagated among men has taken firm root and flourished, unless it has laid hold on their affections and purified them; unless it has been of vital benefit to society, and has aided its moral progress. I say of Spiritualism, that it contains within its philosophical indications, if we allow ourselves to be guided morally by them, what is able to regenerate the world. It is the herald of a great, universal change in society. But if we are disposed to confine our attention to its intellectual aspect, of course we cannot expect, even ourselves, to feel any deep or abiding interest in it.

Wrapt up in the phenomena are many sources of valuable truth which have not yet even been broached. Had some of these been properly apprehended by Dr. Young, he would never have complained because spirits did not communicate to him the things concerning their manner of existence, as though he could not, and ought not, to have lifted himself to a plane of moral being whereon he could discern them for himself! Yet this is what Spiritualism ought to teach each one of us to do, instead of asking for the mere verbal dictation of spirits on these points.

I know that among the mass of mankind there is no inherent repulsion toward this class of subjects. On the contrary, the world was always spiritualistic, until within a recent era; and there is an innate predisposition within the human mind to receive such doctrines. But they are compelled to say that

much of what they see in modern Spiritualism is not what they had a right to expect from the spiritual world and its teachers. This should not, ought not, must not, shall not be so!

DR. GRAY.—I cannot help thinking that what some call obstacles to Spiritualism, are really not properly to be considered as such. I might ask, what are the obstacles to a child's becoming a man? The child has got to grow, and these efforts and changes in his nature are not obstacles to his growth, but its designed and necessary conditions. A plant, in its early changes, passes through stages of decay and renovation; it rises from the dirt, and the very products of corruption supply its structure with useful food and material; but it comes forth from its successive transformations perfect in beauty and useful in every fibre. Analogous facts are observable throughout the whole Universe; and what is the use of fighting the conditions ordained by Providence? It is not for me to say that the man who flies off at a tangent, must be wholly wrong. He is individualizing himself—working out his own destiny, as we all have to do.

DR. GRAY.—I do not myself like the use of the word "obstacles" in our question. It would have been better stated thus: "What are the difficulties to be overcome in the investigation of Spiritualism?" I wished to afford to the Inquirer the light of our experience in guiding him among the pit-falls and stumbling-blocks which lie in his way. I do not agree with Dr. Young in his objection founded on our lack of information concerning employment in the other world. I should answer a question on that head, as it regards spirits, precisely as I should if asked what is my employment here on earth, putting aside those labors necessary to gain a livelihood. My reply would be, that there is no other work for the immortal spirit but that involved in the discharge of whatever function of good it is peculiarly fitted for. I expect that the instant I leave the body the most suitable employment will be provided for me, and this will be the case with each one, just as it is here, though of course under infinitely more favorable conditions than in our present state of being.

In reference to Dr. Hallock's objection of sectarianism, I would draw his attention to the great psychological fact that all human beings engaged in the endeavor to effect a common good, will make use of means in common. I am drawn in special bonds of affinity with my brother who is in the same faith with myself, and lives in the same endeavor, and the like conditions of intimate intercourse prevail in heaven.

MR. ADAMS.—The obstacles to the spread of Spiritualism are parallel to those which lay in the way of Christianity. They are, first, the prejudices of opposing religiousists, the superstition and ignorance of large masses in society; second, the limited extent of its propagation hitherto among men.

There are opposers of Spiritualism in almost every household. In these times, as formerly, some are worthy and some are unworthy; "one is taken and another left." There must be an internal desire—a hungering and thirsting of the spirit, before it can be led to partake of the food we offer it. Moreover, all are not men and women, have not attained to that fullness of growth necessary for the reception of the spiritual faith. It is vain to labor—"the wind bloweth where it listeth, as is every one that is born of the spirit." Another obstacle is the fact that the human family, as a whole, have not progressed to that point where it is prepared for the reception of the new faith.

SPIRIT CONTROL.

DEAR BANNER.—I am travelling a good share of the time, and as I find Spiritualists in all parts of the country I frequently get fine tests of Spirit presence. Through writing mediums I have seen some very remarkable tests. I have seen little children who had never learned to read, even in print, while under spirit influence write a good plain hand. I have seen adults, who, in their normal state, could not write their own names, write as fast and as well under spirit control, as I can; and, by the-by, I am neither a very poor nor a very slow writer.

A few years since, I was developed as a writing medium. As I was known to be a good writer, my skeptical friends thought that perhaps I might "make it all," just for the fun of deceiving them. To guard against that, they would blindfold my eyes, and then place the writing materials before me. This made no difference. I would write along the same as before, always keeping on the line, and when I came to the end of one line, my hand would move back and commence on the next. All this time I was perfectly conscious, but I had no control over the movement of my hand. I know nothing about what I had written until I read it. Occasionally, I would write a few lines that I could not read. Without any particular reason for doing so, I laid aside some of this mysterious writing.

Some time after this, I commenced the study of phonography. After becoming pretty well acquainted with this system of short-hand writing, I again referred to what the spirits had made me write before. There it was, good, plain phonography; and I could read it almost as readily as I could the common long hand. Since then I have had many similar tests. More than once I have seen mediums write phonographically, when, to them, it would be perfectly unintelligible. I could read it without the least difficulty. Such tests as these I call good. B. S. CASWELL.

Oremus, Mich., Oct. 6, 1861.

Test Mediums Wanted in California, &c.

Willard J. Johnson, writing us from Yolo City, California, says:—

"Considering the war news from the Atlantic States, and the threatening aspect of affairs touching secession in this State, Spiritualism flourishes as well as could be expected. There is a great call for genuine test mediums."

He also says: "In April last, Bro. J. M. Peckles gave us a very sound and eloquent series of lectures upon the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, which so interested us, that, at the termination of his three months' engagement in Sacramento, we employed him for the term of six months. Under his judicious labors we have become permanently organized, are continually gaining strength and influence, and are enjoying a feast of reason and a flow of soul." He delivered the Fourth of July oration in our youthful city, which was highly applauded and universally admired by all save a few secessionists.

By the way, why are such able exponents of the spiritual philosophy as Finney, Ambler, Brittan, Tiffany and others, virtually laid upon the shelf?

Every unmarried man but one in Washington, Ind., has gone to the war. What a forlorn place for the girls.







## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A gross error escaped the proof reader's attention in our last issue. In the report of Professor Butler's remarks at the Boston Conference, in the second paragraph, fifth line, read *elipse*, instead of "colpse," as printed. We have too much regard for the Professor's reputation as a scholar, to allow such a blunder to rest on his shoulders.

Mr. P. Clark, who shortly visits Maine, will not act as agent in taking subscriptions for this paper. We shall promptly respond by receipt for all moneys received from him. Spiritualists should do all they can at this time to sustain the BANNER.

"The Smirns' Home."—We call special attention to this ably-written essay, from the pen of Hudson Tuttle, Esq. Many inquiring minds are often asking, "Why does not some spirit give us more definite information of spirit-life?" Such, we think, will be gratified with Bro. Tuttle's essay.

Our Spiritualistic friends will see in another column an advertisement calling for recruits for a regiment of Spiritualists. We shall give fuller notice of the regiment next week.

A fine story, by Lizzie Doten, entitled "A Dollar and Two: or, Mr. Silverbury's Experience," will appear in our forthcoming issue.

ANCIENT GLIMPSSES OF THE SPIRIT-LAND, No. 33, will appear in our next paper.

DENTISTRY.—Dental surgery is a profession which requires much skill in those who practice it, in order to insure success. The question is often asked us, "Who is the best dentist?" Who shall we go to get our teeth repaired?" We invariably answer, "Visit our friend, Dr. Child, who has rooms at 15 Tremont street. He is the best dentist we know of." Those who have acted on our recommendation, have been so well pleased with the Doctor's work, that they, in turn, recommend others to him. A dentist should be honest, faithful and skillful—and we know Dr. Child possesses these requisites.

Lecturers are particularly requested to notify us promptly of any change in their engagements, as we desire to keep our list as reliable as possible. Those who have withdrawn from the lecture field—if any have done so—are requested to give us notice of the fact. We are desirous to aid all in the lecturing field as much as possible; and, in return, we hope all lecturers will do the best they can to aid in spreading our BANNER all over the land.

LECTURES.—Dr. H. L. Bowker, by the unanimous request of his audience, will continue his course of lectures on Anatomy and Intuition, on Tuesday evenings of each week, at the Hall, 14 Bromfield street. The next lecture (October 22) will be devoted mainly to experiments in clairvoyance and mind-reading.

Dr. M. G. Smith.—This remarkable healing medium, will, for the present, devote his efforts to the curing of a limited number of sick sufferers, at No. 6 Oxford street. His charges are nothing; his cures are wonderful.

NOTICE.—Mr. J. V. Mansfield desires us to say that he can afford no longer to assign one day in each week to answering sealed letters for the poor, gratuitously. When he can again do so, he will announce the fact through the BANNER.

WHAT MASSACHUSETTS HAS DONE.—Gov. Andrew, in an official document, states that Massachusetts has furnished for the present war, (including the regiments now about ready to start,) for army and navy, a grand total of from forty-three to forty-five thousand men. What State can show a better record than this, according to its number of inhabitants?

The Governor of Maine has requisitions for three more regiments, which will make the force in the field from that State, sixteen thousand men.

Love should be disinterested and uncalculated. That love which hath ends will have an end.

Some men double all the evils of their fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight an injury; a jest an insult; a small peril a great danger, and a light sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

The Rev. P. F. Jones, Chaplain to the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, delivered a discourse to them a few weeks ago, during which the following incident occurred, as related by the New York Evening Post:

As the Chaplain exclaimed, "Are not the spirits of the departed patriots now hovering over you? Yes! Lawrence calls out, 'Don't give up the ship! Adams—Survive or perish, I am for the Declaration!' Patrick Henry—'Give me liberty or give me death!' An American eagle soared from the adjacent woods, encircled the clergyman, paused over his head, and departed! The effect on the regiment was electrifying.

Dean Swift said with much truth, "It is useless for us to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he has never been reasoned into."

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—The patriots of the Revolution never uttered a more noble sentiment than Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island expressed when he said: "Wealth is useless unless it promotes the public welfare, and life itself is but a bubble unless it ministers to the honor and glory of our country." The nobility of this sentiment is attested by the fact that Gov. Sprague, who is the wealthiest man in New England, has given from his personal fortune immense sums to promote the cause of the Union, and has periled his life in the foremost ranks of the army upon the field of battle.

Accounts from Australia state that the natives of Eromanga had murdered Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, of the Nova Scotia Mission. The cause for this was that the natives attributed to the missionaries, and resolved to kill them, which they did with tomahawks, cutting the body of Mrs. Gordon into many pieces.

A youthful soldier lay dying in a hospital at Washington, and upon repeatedly asking for his knapsack, the nurse handed it to him, when taking therefrom a Bible, his mother's parting gift, Washington's Farewell Address, from his father, and the picture of a beautiful maiden, he requested them to be placed beneath his pillow, and calmly and joyfully passed away.

Rev. S. H. Rosecrans, a brother of the General, is pastor of a Catholic church at Cincinnati, and editor of the Telegraph, the organ of Archbishop Purcell. The General is himself a devout Catholic.

A rigidly pious old lady down East, says "this civil war is a judgment upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops."

An Irishman took the cars at Boston for Worcester. On jumping from the cars, he remarked that if he had known he could have made the journey in so short a time, he would have walked.

Never was a home so happy that a scold could not convert it into a bedlam.

At the battle of Big Bethel, the captain of the Foxboro' company gave orders to his men when they saw the flash of the guns in the enemy's battery, to fall instantly on the ground, that the balls might pass over them. One of the company not hearing the order, remained standing when the enemy fired, and seeing his comrades all fall to the ground, was heard to say to himself, "My God, are they all killed! I guess I shall have to fight some."

Why is Prof. Anderson's witty conundrum like a valuable estate in California? It is a merry poster! Mr. Do Lastoryle, in his book on new edifices in Paris, values the cost of the new opera-house at eight million dollars!

A son of the late Italian composer Ricci, aged eight, has just been residing in the Church of St. Justus, at Trieste, over the performance of a grand mass of his own composing.

The Missourians are willing to see seed and plant; but they have feared to do so on account of General Raines.

"Is anybody waiting on you," said a polite dry goods clerk to a girl from the country. "Yes, sir," said the blushing damsel, "that's my fellow outside. He would n't come in."

Grain of all kinds is arriving at Chicago at the rate of two millions of bushels per week, and an amount ranging from one to two millions is weekly shipped, chiefly for the ports of England and France.

Who was the first rowdy? Adam—he raised Cain.

## New Publications.

CHEAP COTTON BY FREE LABOR. By a Cotton Manufacturer. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

The object of this neatly printed pamphlet, coming just at this time, is to prove that labor upon cotton culture may be performed by whites with perfect ease and safety—that it will yield a larger return to the small cultivator than almost any other agricultural product of this country—and that free labor upon it is an absolute necessity, to enable this country to maintain its hold upon the cotton markets of Europe. The writer—who thoroughly understands and knows how to present his subject—has written an argumentative little treatise, fortified all around with statistics, that is as interesting to-day as any romance. We ask all our friends to purchase it—for only twelve cents—and give it their perusal. The logic is as strong and direct as the facts adduced are irresistible. The doctrine of Emancipation comes in for treatment, and it gets it very thoroughly and pointedly, too. This is, in truth, a "Tract for the Times."

THE HONOURS OF PARIS: or the Flower of the Faubourg. A sequel to the "Mohicans of Paris." By Alexander Dumas. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

This novel is Dumas all over; amours, flights, surprises, late carriages, bouquets, twinkling little feet, uniforms, downy couches, voluminous rich curtains, excitement, fear, passion, chagrin, love, despair and all those countless other things with which Dumas and his traditional collaborators have long delighted to transport the "fast" reading world. Those who claim citizenship in this world will take up this romance with eagerness. Even poets and historians might read such stories to advantage in one respect—it would heat their blood, and so warm their style.

## To Correspondents.

B. G. V. RANDOLPH.—We are much obliged for your kind offers; but we have doubts in regard to printing your communication. We do not understand the import of it at all.

J. C. PRITCHARD, MASS.—Your poem does not possess sufficient literary merit to publish. It is faulty in many respects. The sentiment is good, but might have been expressed in less space.

We have received a batch of rhymes (not poetry) from Reading, Mass., with the request to "correct and punctuate" as we may "prefer." Should we do so properly, we fear the author would sorely recognize the original.

S. C. PHILADELPHIA.—We decline to print your article on "The Cause of the Present War." Our readers desire more spiritual food. Write on some other subject, if you please.

FRIEND A., the poetry by Mrs. Snow is inadmissible. It lacks merit.

LITIA H. BARNES, PROVIDENCE.—Your "Explanation" contains nothing of the slightest interest to the general reader, nor is anything needed, we think, to set you right in regard to the late discussion with Miss Hardinge. Did we print it, we should be in duty bound to give place to another rejoinder, and as such matters are always unpleasant to all concerned we think the least said is the best.

Communications in penul we never read. This class of writers never amount to much. Our experience has demonstrated this fact conclusively. Printers' eyes are strained quite enough when they have good copy; and it is about time penul scribblers understood the matter.

J. H. R., BUCKINGHAM, ME.—The Spiritual Magazine is printed by F. Pitman, 20 Paternoster Row, London. Price sixpence. Postage on each number, two cents.

F. C. D., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—Thank you—\$6.75 is correct.

L. K. COONLEY.—We will do as you desire.

## Reply to Paul Fry.

Mr. Paul Fry.—When I addressed you on the 9th inst., it was under the impression that, though ignorant who and what you were, I should receive from you the courtesy that marks the gentleman, and the feeling that guides the Christian, especially from one publicly professing anxiety to relieve the wants of others. My letter to you was courteous and respectful, and if I had unintentionally infringed one of your rules, no one would have proved more prompt in rectifying the error, when pointed out, than I would be.

You had no authority from me, nor do the rules above referred to, justify your answering me through a public paper in a vein based in error, and guided more by the peculiarities of the character whose cognomen you adopt, than the principles of the faith you profess.

My means are ample to follow the course you recommend, and those who know me, can affirm that many such sums would not repay what I have spent in the cause. I have ever been glad to repay the honest medium; but I am in duty bound and firmly determined to expose to contempt the humbug and charlatan—those who seek to obtain even a penny without proper proof of title or ability. I shall feel obliged by your pointing out to me those media who have been slandered and traduced, and whose patient poverty and medium powers, residing in this city, would entitle them to be proper recipients of the amount you mention, which I can afford.

Yours obediently, W. B. For 248, Post Office, New York, Oct. 16, 1861.

## Bible Criticism.

A reform in the spirit in which many advocates of Spiritualism discuss the Bible is much needed. Utter extreme assertions in condemnation of "the Book," by writers and speakers, do no good, but often exhibit a great bigotry possessing the utterers, involving positive inconsistency. It is no uncommon thing for these critics to claim that the Bible abounds with the record of "spiritual manifestations," kindred in character with the various phases alleged to prevail now, and they often forcibly appeal to the present manifestations, as proof of the truthfulness of its records of ancient phenomena. But in the same essay or lecture, they will hurl their keenest anathemas against "the Book," holding it responsible for all the dogmas embodied in man-made creeds of theology. The fact that to-day differing creeds or beliefs are urged on its alleged authority, suggests, to my mind, that it may be we have not yet reached that mental state enabling us to intellectually probe its full meanings. The present generation finds a deeper truth in its metaphysical teachings than was possessed by the founders and leaders of the Reformation.

It may be that under this same economy of "progression," our children may also exceed us in solving its recorded truths. Consistency—said to be a virtue—requires of us more modesty in our criticisms of sectarian believers in plenary inspiration, for it is patent to us all that we Spiritualists do not agree as to whether animals, birds and plants, have or have not "continued life," alike with man, although we all agree that our departed "angels" relatives and friends can and do communicate with us. The question is naturally asked, why we do not get our departed spirit friends to definitely determine this question for us, and thus solve all our difficulties and doubts. Our answer usually is, that they differ in their declared experiences of the inner life—some describing, in most eloquent eulogies, the beauty of all these varied forms of life peopling their world, while others emphatically affirm they have never seen any of these beautiful individualities there.

Hence we Spiritualists to-day widely differ in our belief, founded on our present communications with "the angel world," though we can and do cross-question our friends to get a satisfactory solution of this difficulty.

If the sectarian Bible believer quotes this difference as proof that Spiritualism is a delusion, we repeat the assumption, and claim that the fact of intercommunication does not depend on all spirits agreeing as to statements of facts. So the Bible-believing Spiritualist may say the truth embodied in its inspired teachings does not depend on the misconstructions put thereon by sectarian theology, or prejudiced skepticism. It is time we practically recognized the distinction between theology and Bible inspirations. PHILADELPHIA.

## A Spirit Questioned for Amusement, and the Result.

I have been amusing myself for a few months past, in communicating with departed friends—among others, Rev. William Strong—and I here send you a copy I addressed to him, under three strong seals, without any superscription, and sent to a trance medium in this place. The letter was returned with answers written out. I submitted the letter to several scientific literary gentlemen, who declared the seal had not been broken. The purport is here enclosed for publication. CALAB WHITFORD, Fayetteville, N. Y., Oct. 14, 1861.

Rev. Wm. Strong, late of Fayetteville, now in spirit-life, please communicate with your friend in mortal life, and answer the following questions in a lucid way for the benefit of me and others in mortality. Yours, CALAB WHITFORD, QUESTIONS.

1st.—Do you find the affairs of that life as you taught us when here?  
2d.—If not, explain the difference?  
3d.—Is it in the power of the "wicked" in that life to harm those they spited on earth-life? If so, in what way?  
4th.—What shall I say to your widow as coming from you?  
5th.—Please address me by name, and sign yours, business-like. ANSWERS.

1st.—No.  
2d.—I expected a sent at the right hand of my Saviour; but I have not found it so. There are degrees of happiness, but I find no God except the God within our souls, or, in other words, the God-principle. I find much work to do here.  
3d.—Yes, they can, they do control them. If a person has evil desires in earth-life, they are so in spirit-life, until he or she progresses out of it.  
4th.—Tell her I am often with her in her lonely hours.  
5th.—Priest Strong, to Caleb Whitford.

## Obituary Notice.

Passed to the higher life, from his residence in the town of Cannon, Mich., BENJAMIN DAVIS, aged 65 years. Mr. Davis was one of the pioneers in the Spiritual ranks here in the Grand River Valley. He was a man of large benevolence, and the poor were never turned away empty-handed from his door. He was extensively known, and wherever known was highly respected by all classes of citizens. His funeral was largely attended by his numerous friends; the discourse was delivered by Bro. Peter Johnson, one of the oldest Spiritual lecturers in the field in this section; he spoke on the subject of the resurrection in a manner I hope has left a good and lasting impression on his hearers. Wm. Hicks.

Free Lectures. In answer to many questions concerning my lectures, terms, &c., I take this method to state to the public generally, that I will go to any place within a convenient distance of Boston, where the friends will get up a lecture and defray my expenses, and give them one free lecture, with experiments in Psychometry and other Phenomena. These lectures and experiments are of such a nature as have never failed to interest all classes, and awaken a deep interest in the great mystery of life. Parties desiring Sunday lectures will arrange with me on terms to suit the time. Address me at 7 Davis street, Boston. H. L. BOWKER.

## The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the best scientific books of the present age. Did the reading 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 German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific 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.

## Inducement to Subscribers.

To any one who will send us three dollars, with the names of three new subscribers for the BANNER OF LIGHT, for six months, we will send a copy of either, *WHATSOEVER IS, IS TRUE*, by Dr. Child, *THE ARCANES OF NATURE*, by Hudson Tuttle, or *TWELVE LECTURES*, by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, with a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

Notice. Ira Davenport, Senior, and H. Melville Fay spend the winter in Northern Illinois and Wisconsin, and will answer calls at Chicago, to give circles of physical manifestations, and hold public meetings for lecturing. Will be at Chicago during the last of November and the month of December. Address Chicago, Ill., care of H. M. Higgins, Music Publisher.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ALBANY HALL, TREMONT STREET.—The regular course of lectures will continue through the winter, and services will commence at 243 and 715 o'clock, p. m. Admission 10 cents. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, the four Sundays in October; Miss Lizzie Doten, the last two Sundays in November and the last two in December.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—Spiritual meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M. Mrs. Mary A. Ricker will speak under spirit influence, Oct. 27. Conference meetings at 6 and 7 1-2 p. m. P. Clark, Chairman.

The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock. (The proceedings are reported for the BANNER.) The subject for next Tuesday evening is:—"Why are Spiritual communications contradictory?" A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 1-2 o'clock, for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-growth of Spiritualists.

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

FOXBORO.—Meetings first, third and fifth Sundays of each month, in the Town Hall, at 1 1-2 and 8 1-2 p. m. Speakers engaged:—H. B. Storrs, on Sunday, Oct. 27; Prof. Clarence Butler, Nov. 17; Mrs. Lizzie Doten, Dec. 15.

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

LEOMINSTER, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leominster hold regular meetings on Sunday, at the Town Hall. Services commence at 11-2 and 7-1-2 p. m.

NEW YORK.—At Lamartine Hall, corner 8th Avenue and 20th street, meetings are held every Sunday at 10 1-2 A. M., 3 p. m., 7 1-2 p. m. Dr. H. D. Drosser is Chairman of the Association.

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

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall. Speakers engaged:—Miss Fanny Davis in October; H. B. Storrs, three first Sundays in Nov.; N. S. Greenleaf, the last Tuesday in Nov.; Miss Emma Harding, the first Sunday in Dec.; Warren Chase, second and third Sunday in Dec.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, two last Sundays in Dec.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Miss Belle Scougal, Dec. 1st, 8th, 15th, and 22d.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Lancaster Hall. Conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Miss Laura DeLoe, during October; Miss Susan M. Johnson, the three last Sundays in November; Miss Emma Harding, two last Sabbaths in Dec.; G. B. Stebbins, during January; Belle Scougal, during Feb.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Susan M. Johnson, the two last Sabbaths of Oct.; Belle Scougal in Nov.; Leo Miller in Dec.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, in Jan.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber in Feb.; Frank L. Wadsworth in May.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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.

## MEDICAL TREATMENT—NUTRITIVE PRINCIPLE.

DR. ALFRED G. HALL, M. D., PROFESSOR OF PHYSIOLOGY, author of the "New Theory of Medical Practice on the Nutritive Principle," can be consulted on the treatment of every form of humor, weakness and disease, in person or by letter, from any part of the country. It is restorative in its effects, reliable in the most prostrated cases, and justly worthy the confidence of all classes. All the Medicines used are purely vegetable. No 25 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. April 6.

## ATTENTION, SPIRITUALISTS!

FIFTY RECRUITS WANTED, to fill up a company organizing to join a Regiment, all the Officers of which are Spiritualists and Mediums. Different Companies of this Regiment will go from different States, controlling in New York, New England recruits may address themselves to SAMUEL F. CLARK, Weston, Mass. Oct. 26.

SAMUEL GROVER, Trance, Speaking and Healing Medium, at Rooms No. 17 Bennett street, corner of Jefferson Place, (near Washington street) Boston. Hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 3 p. m. Sundays excepted.

Circles Wednesday evenings; admittance 10 cents. Terms for Examinations, \$1. S. Grover will also visit the Sick at their homes, if requested, and attend funerals. Residence, No. 3 Emerson street, Somerville. Oct. 12.

## BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

## ROSS &amp; TOUSEY,

121 Nassau Street, New York, General Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in Cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to their unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in their line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

## ORGAN FOR SALE.

SUITSABLE for a small church, vestry, hall or parlor, in good order, and will be sold low. Inquire at Plymouth's, 844 Washington street, where it can be seen. If July 27.

## New Books.

## "AMERICA AND HER DESTINY;"

INSPIRATIONAL DISCOURSE, given extemporaneously, at Dodworth's Hall, New York, on Sunday Evening, Aug. 25, 1861, through E. J. HARRIS, by THE SPIRITS. Price 5 cents each. Just published and for sale by Oct. 20. B. L. MARSH, 14 Bromfield street.

## JUST PUBLISHED, SECOND EDITION OF

## FALSE AND TRUE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. H. F. BROWN, with the addition of "Mrs. Gurney's Letter." Price, 10 cents, post paid. \$5 per hundred. All orders should be sent to H. F. BROWN, Cleveland, Ohio. Oct. 10.

## A NEW BOOK.

AN 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 Infidels," embodying thirty important Questions to the Clergy; also, forty Close Questions to the Doctors of Divinity, by ZARA; a curious and interesting work, suited to the age, 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 work. But 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 work. But 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 work.

The "Eye-Opener" should be in the hands of all who desire to think for themselves. Price, 40 cents, post paid. This trade furnished on liberal terms, for sale by the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 138 Washington st., Boston. If Sept. 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. By Joshua, Caylor, Franklin, Washington, Paine, &c., given through a lady, who wrote communications, and "Further Communications from the World of Spirits." Price 50 cents, paper. When sent by mail 10 cents in addition for postage.

Further Communications from the World of Spirits, on subjects highly important to the human family, by Joshua, Solomon and others, given through a lady. Price 50 cents in cloth—10 cents addition for postage, when sent by mail.

Communications from the Spirit World, on God, the Deity, Sabbath Day, Death, Crime, Harmony, Modesty, Love, Marriage, &c., etc., given by Lorenzo Dow and others, through a lady. Price 25 cents, paper.

The Rights of Man, by George Fox, given through a lady. Price 6 cents.

The above works are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, No. 138 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Oct. 5.

## "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT" VINDICATED.

BY A. P. MCORMICK. A Pamphlet of twenty-four pages, containing clear and lucid arguments in support of the doctrine of the "Right of the Living," and a splendid steel engraving of Mrs. Hatch. These works are all published for one dollar each, and this is an offer worthy the immediate attention of our readers, for we shall continue it in force only two months.

DERMATOLOGY!  
DR. B. C. PERRY,  
DERMATOLOGIST,

OFFICE  
29 WINTER STREET,  
BOSTON,

TREATS SUCCESSFULLY  
All Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair,  
and Premature Blanching.

Dr. PERRY would respectfully inform the citizens of Boston and vicinity, that, having practiced for the past eight months in Boston with the most gratifying success, the question of his ability to cure Diseases of the Scalp, restore lost Hair, and stay Blanching, is no longer a matter of speculation, but a fixed fact, as the Testimonials he will offer can attest beyond the possibility of a doubt.

The question often asked, "What Boston references have you?" is satisfactorily answered. Dr. Perry would call attention to the following Certificates, as to his success in treating all Diseases of the Scalp, which ought to inspire confidence in the most skeptical mind. The Doctor might fill a book with testimonials of the cures he has performed in his specialty; but he only offers a few Certificates of cures in aggravated cases, many of which had defied the best medical skill in Boston.

People should always bear in mind that the loss of hair and premature Blanching is caused by some disease of the scalp, or disarrangement of the capillary organization, and consequently no remedy applied to the hair, of itself, will be of use, until the cause is removed by a proper course of treatment. Dr. Perry having devoted the greater portion of his life to the study of Disease of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching, both theoretically and practically, and the universal success that has attended his efforts wherever he has practiced he feels confident in saying that he can treat successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair, and Premature Blanching.

All communications should be addressed  
"B. C. PERRY, Box 2837, Boston, Mass."

## BOSTON TESTIMONIALS.

Boston, June, 1861.

Dr. B. C. PERRY—Dear Sir:—In reply to the many inquiries respecting the success of your system of treating diseases of the scalp, and loss of hair, we present you with this written assurance of the satisfactory results attending your treatment of capillary difficulties. Acknowledging your entire success in our own cases, we cheerfully recommend you to the confidence of the public.

A. KERN, Professor Tufts College.  
JOSIAH A. BROADHEAD, residence, Pavilion, Tremont st.  
WM. HAMLET, Esq. M. & Co. Magazine, Boston.  
A. A. ALDEN, East Post Office, residence 61 Indiana Place.  
L. A. PRATT, Nurse, Mason, & Co's Agricultural Warehouse, Quincy Hall.  
J. D. MORTON, 107 State street.  
E. H. BRAINARD, Carriage Maker, South Boston.  
S. B. CHANEY.  
L. W. FREEMAN, Proprietor Tri-Mountain House, 845 Hancock street.  
C. J. ANDERSON, Piano Maker, 239 Cambridge street, corner Charles.  
JOSEPH T. BROWN, Apothecary, corner Bedford and Washington streets.  
E. C. BROOKS, Granite Bank, 66 State street, residence 50 Union Park.  
W. S. BAKER, Arch street.  
J. E. ROUSSEVELL, 80 State street.  
OLIVER H. HAY, Charlestown.

From the Rev. Austin H. Stowell, a well known Baptist Clergyman.

For several months I have been afflicted with a disagreeable and very annoying difficulty of the scalp, manifesting itself in eruptions and a heavy deposit of scurf, which baffled all remedies which I had used. After receiving treatment from Dr. Perry for a few weeks, my head has assumed a perfectly healthy condition, which is to be



## The Messenger.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COVART, who is a condition called the "Trance," and who is not published on account of literary merit, but as a means of spiritual communion to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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

**Monday, Sept. 9.**—Invocation: "Progress of Infants;" Samuel Kimball, Derby, N. H.; Henry T. Harris, Carrollton, Ala.; Ida Minn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

**Tuesday, Sept. 10.**—"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?" Daniel Meagher, Liverpool, Eng.; Frances Isadore Staples, Princeton, N. J.; Johnson Alfred, liquor dealer, New York.

**Thursday, Sept. 12.**—"What is the Philosophy of Prophecy?" Joe Foran, Wola, Mo.; Alfred Rundlett, to his brother James, Portsmouth, N. H.; Susan Brown, Lowell; Caleb French, Sanborn, N. H.

**Monday, Sept. 23.**—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Harriet Page, Boston; J. Madison Page, New York.

**Tuesday, Sept. 24.**—"How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGlinch, Washington Village, Adirondack, N. Y.; Augustus Malone, Washington, D. C.

**Monday, Sept. 30.**—"How is the spirit improved by being brought in contact with earth?" Patrick McGlinch, Washington Village, Adirondack, N. Y.; Augustus Malone, Washington, D. C.

**Monday, Oct. 7.**—"Invocation: Marriage Allotment; Obstacles of unbelief; Isaac Herrick, Cincinnati; Emily Shorey, Kennebunkport, Me.; Little Ida Carter, Canton, Mass.

**Tuesday, Oct. 8.**—"Invocation: Come unto me, and I will give you rest;" Thomas Holly, East Boston; Ann Maguire, Boston; Marietta Barrott, New Haven, Conn.; Edward Holiba.

**Thursday, Oct. 10.**—"Invocation: Variety in Soul Principles;" Rev. Moses Haddock, Plainfield, N. H.; Robert Collins, to his brother Richard, Cleveland, Ohio; Wallace Perkins, Morristown, N. J.; Abby Shute; Dotsey Woodward, to John Woodward.

**Monday, Oct. 14.**—"Invocation: The Philosophy of Magnetism;" Robert Arlington, New York; J. W. Willie Roberts, Sandwich, Mass.; Hannah Pillsbury, Manchester, N. H.; Eliza Dickner.

**Tuesday, Oct. 15.**—"Invocation: The existence of the human soul previous to its earthly form;" Pauline, to her sister Mary, Lowell, Mass.; Josephine Lyman, Sacramento City, Cal.; Lemu I. Goss, New Orleans.

## Our Circles.

The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, NO. 168 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.

## Invocation.

Oh, thou Infinite Giver of life, thou who sustains all atoms, thou by whose power we live, move, and have our being, thou great source of all things, to thee we offer thanks. To thee we come with prayer, thanksgiving and joy, feeling that thou art ever with us, that thy mighty power shields us, and thou art constantly blessing us. Oh, our God, we feel that within us that teaches us that thou carest for each and all of thy dear children who seem to walk in the darkness of hell. If so, we praise thee, for we know they will walk out from darkness into the sunny paths. Oh, God, we thank thee, in behalf of those who know not how to thank thee themselves.

Oh, Father, as thy day blesses us with light and heat, so we know thy love will constantly bless us; and as thou knowest better than we know our needs, we will bless thee for that which thou wilt, that which thou hast, and that which thou art continually bestowing upon us.

## Death.

If our friends have any question or questions to propound to us, we are ready at least to hear them. If those present have none to propound to us, we will speak upon one that has been already given to us, which is this:

*Is the death of the material body a necessity—and, if so, why?*

We perceive the friend who hath thus questioned us hath only looked upon the material side of things, and hath not penetrated into the spirituality of the question. "Is the death of the material body a necessity—and, if so, why?" Who hath appointed death unto all men? Who hath marked change upon all things? The past, present and future of all things, the life, the God, our God, your God, and the God of all. He hath commanded that the body should return to dust. Now he was never known to do that which was unnecessary, or that which was not in accordance with Nature's law, and therefore right, or, indeed, necessary.

Now it is necessary that the body should die, or change—that the spirit be separated from the material condition at some time, and enter upon a new state, condition, or sphere of existence. If you are heirs to immortality, you must at some time part with the decaying body. Nature, on the one hand, calls for the body material; Nature, on the other hand, calls for the body spiritual, and the cry, "Come up higher," is heard in the most holy sanctuary of the individual. What is the result? He or she to whom the call comes, must part with the physical body, and must enter upon the higher, or spiritual condition.

If there were no death, there could be no life. You die that you may live again. You pass through all the vast variety of changes, that you may be made better, each and all of you. Instead of remaining in one position, you may pass through all, according to the law natural, which is the law of God.

Where is there any in the vast human family who do not desire immortality? Is there one who does not? All desire to live again. This is natural and right, and the change of death is but the door that opens into immortality, from the material spheres, and is as necessary as life itself.

It is only the clouds of the external that have shrouded death as we behold it, and it is high time that mortals should begin to come out of the darkness of the past, and seek to dwell in that light which flows from the temple of the living God.

There is no dark valley of the shadow of death, for the change from material to spiritual existence is peaceful and beautiful to those who have faith that God's hand is in all the changes and events of life, and that he governs and guides all things with the power of his love.

Is the death of the material body a necessity? Most certainly it is. As immortality is a necessity, so is death—a glorious opening, higher and still higher. Man is by nature a progressive being. He cannot remain long in one condition of life. He must leave the lower, and take the higher. "Onward, forever onward," is the spirits' watchword; and if it is, then death must come in as one of God's eternal aids.

## Edward B. Richards.

It's all new and strange. I think I've made a mistake. I'm on earth, to be sure, but there's a mistake somewhere—there's a mistake.

I was told if I could speak on earth again, I'd get reconciled to my condition. Is that it? What good will it do to come? I do not know anybody here. It is so different from what I thought, that I am mystified terribly. I do not know hardly who I am. Did I understand you to say you were writing for me? Do I want to send a message to my friends? Yes, tell 'em this new world is a dunderbrot of the old one.

I've been from it since the 15th of last May.

Tell them I'm sorry I ever left home. I think I should n't have been just as I am now, if I'd stayed at home. My home is in Connecticut—in Bristol.

I've got an immense deal to say, but I can't put it together, no way. I had a fever—typhoid fever, and consumption of the bowels. I died in Mexico.

I have thought it might be because I died away from home, that I was so unrecalled, but I don't know. I should like to know. When a man's lived fifty odd years as I did, without any correct knowledge of the hereafter, and with an incorrect belief fully established, it's very hard to find yourself comfortably off, after you come to this side—this new world I am in now. I suppose you can't tell anything about it, because you never tried it. I heard much of the spirit-world, but what I was told amounted to little or nothing—most of it to nothing.

I've lost my faith in God, and I'd just as soon think of believing in a God of fire, as believing in any kind of a God, for ought I see of him or his work. There is none—there's nothing at all you can call God. I am satisfied that all who do the best they know how to, get along the best, and the less they try to know of God the better off they will be. I've seen folks here who believed in God, and they are disappointed, and say there ain't any God—nothing of the kind.

I've been told of the God there is in the breast of poor mortals, but that ain't the God I want anything to do with. If you are satisfied with such a God, all right, I suppose; but if I believe in any God at all, I want one I can fall down and worship. But I've seen so many things that put the lie to it, that I don't believe there is any God. I'd been a good deal better off if I had been an atheist before I died. I expect I shall get over it sometime.

I don't quote Scripture to me. I tell you I don't believe in it. I ain't sorry, now, I am as I am, but then I ain't going to let you think that I am any better than I am. I have learned to understand things for myself, but I know a great many who have come here who are looking for God. I'm better off than they are, for I'm done looking for him.

They said I'd be more reconciled if I'd come and speak on earth. I suppose they meant to my friends. I would like to, but I don't think I'm in a very good condition to, now.

My name was Edward B. Richards. I wish I could say there was a God; I wish I could believe in a heaven or hell. But I never saw anybody here who knows anything about God, and they never will; and as for bowing to anybody no better than yourself, I never will. The God within is a God different from anything I have ever heard of before. I'm done praying. I'm ready to believe that's all the God there is; but I'm done praying.

Good-night, or morning, whatever it is. I'll come again, when I feel better, but I'm not right, now.

## Silas Waitt.

Oh, what an awful thing it is to be without God and without hope in the world! Why, I wouldn't be in that poor man's condition for all the hopes of heaven. No, indeed, I would not. I was astonished to find one—one in this mighty moving caravan of souls, who could say he believes there is no God. Oh, what a wretched condition to be in! Why, without a belief in God, I should feel I was merely nothing—a mere chip in the great ocean of life. I thank God I have belief in him. Oh, I can't think how miserable I should be if I had left earth without that belief.

Many on earth who do believe in God, cannot tell the reason why. It is not a personality, but a great principle, that takes care of us. This is the God I have found that answers to the conceptions of my soul.

I left earth with the full belief of the Orthodox religion. Though I have suffered much, I have faith that I shall receive in the future my reward for every act. Why, I wouldn't come back to teach the doctrine that there is no God—nothing earth or heaven affords would tempt me. I should think I was out of the way of duty. I know they tell us there are religions here now that sanction everything. Oh, it's a dangerous craft; I don't want to get aboard of it. It seems to me such as our dear brothers should be kept away from earth till they can bring good seeds; for it seems to me it would be a terrible thing for such a seed to be thrown out and take root in some soul of earth. Oh, I hope it will not be.

My name was Silas Waitt. I used to live once in Boston, and it was here I died. I stopped near eighty years here, a good many of which I passed in the service of the Lord, and now I want to take my place in the Kingdom of the Lord just where he wants me to.

Now I have got children here—daughters. I want to tell them there is a God, who is not to be found alone in the churches, but comes to every soul where he is invited. I would n't speak to the injury of the churches, but I fear they have too much of the outward and too little of the interior. But the soul's religion is a most glorious religion, and there is no true worship except that. I belonged to the Orthodox church.

I want to say a word to my oldest daughter. She is inclined to take up the new light, but she's afraid it won't agree with her religion—her church religion. Oh, it's a poor kind of religion, if it won't let you look into anything that appears before you. My daughter will not be afraid of this new light, even though it dazzles her eyes at first, when she learns that I have communicated to her, and ask her to come forward in the new faith God has given to the children of earth.

I have seen my children who left me in infancy, since I came here, and I find they are much better educated in all things than I am. My good wife has gone beyond me. She was one of those good souls who are ever ready and willing to receive the bread of life from every one God will give to, no matter who or how. From Universalist, Baptist, Orthodox, Unitarian—no matter; she took it, if she knew it was for her soul's good. She's gone high—higher than I am. She is great and powerful, now. She's a worshiper of Nature and Nature's God. I was bound in spirit, fastened to one condition, as it were. Well, the result was, I had to struggle very hard to break away from the creeds of earth; but I have n't broken any of God's, nor tried to.

I ask my daughter for the privilege of speaking privately with her—my oldest daughter, first, if it is quite according to your rules; if not, do n't note it down.

## Mary Murray.

I want to go home, sir. Just to little ways down here—in Aroh place. I want to see my mother. Her name is Murray. I want to tell her about myself and about Dr. Welch. I don't want to tell you. I want to go myself. My name is Mary Murray. I was most eleven. I've been gone but a little time, since the snow went away. I don't know what's the matter. I took sick, and Dr. Welch came to see me. Sometimes I be sorry I die, sometimes I be glad.

Sometimes I went to the Hancock school, but most of the time I was out—had to beg chips and pieces of wood for my mother. The stuff he gave me was all against me. It killed me. If I's American, and my mother had money, he'd be careful how he took care of me; that's all. I do n't know what he gave me. I took sick when I was out, and I ate some thing that made me hot all over my heart, and I never went out more.

There's a nice man here what let's you come, and shows you how to come, and he fixes you, and he says he'll help me get that what the gentleman is writing to me mother.

I want to go to me mother meself. I want to tell the prase all about Dr. Welch, too. Yes, he could do good. He ought to be more careful about what he gives to people, if they are poor.

Since I went away, me mother do n't get along so well. She's got three younger than meself—and she do n't get along very well. She's very sorry. And then I aint there to do any thing at all. I want to go there if I can, and tell me mother so she'll n't have Dr. Welch any more. He do n't know much,

and if he does, he do n't take care of poor people at all. The prase will never forgive him if he knows about it.

I'm tired all the time, here, Mister; I's tired all the time since I came here to talk. I's tired, but I feel like I did when I's sick. I feel like as I want to lay down. My feet aches, and my feet are as big as four feet, and they aches me all the time, and they aches me now. I's never in this way before.

I'm learning all the time here. If it wasn't for me learning, I would n't know about Dr. Welch. I know all about him since I went away. He takes care of people who has money to pay, but those who ha n't got money to pay he says, you give this and you give that, and that's all about it.

If I'll come again, will you please to let me go to me mother, Mister? This is a Protestant church, and the prase would n't let her come here. Yes, it is Protestant, for I hear Protestant prayers here.

I could see the people here, and I's afraid to spake when I got here. I won't be afraid of anything next time I come. If I's barefooted, I'd feel like meself. I'm tired. Good-by.

## INSPIRATION.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

The word *INSPIRATION* is from the Latin words *in* and *spiro*, the latter meaning *I breathe*. Its general significance is simply *in-breathing*, or *breathing within*. It is applied alike to the physical process of inhaling atmospheric air for the support of bodily life, and to the mental process of receiving thoughts—or a subtle quickening influence from which thoughts are generated—for the sustentation of mental and spiritual life.

The two processes seem to be entirely analogous or correspondent—the one external, the other internal—and hence the one is illustrated by the other. If so, it follows that as our bodies live in a physical atmosphere, the constant in-breathing of which is indispensable to their life and growth, so do our minds and spirits exist in a mental and spiritual atmosphere, the continued inhalation of which is equally essential to our inner life and expansion. We inspire constantly from the vast realm of thought in which we live and move, the subtle elements from which our feelings and ideas are generated.

It also follows, that as the health and vigor of our bodies depend upon the purity of the air we breathe, so do the soundness and energy of our spirits depend upon the purity of the spiritual atmosphere we inspire. And as the external air we inhale varies in quality in different locations, being purer and more vitalizing in elevated regions, so do mental and spiritual atmospheres differ with the internal states in which we are—the loftier realms of aspiration and thought affording us purer and more life-giving inspirations. And again, as the quantity of atmospheric air and accompanying vitality inhaled is increased by bodily exercise and exertion, so does the largeness of one's internal inspiration depend in part upon the degree of mental and spiritual effort that is put forth. Hence it is that indolent, uninspiring souls, who are content to grovel on the low planes of accustoming thought and personal ease, enjoy so little of spiritual life and freshness of idea, and are prone to doubt the reality of present inspiration. These, as well as they who are willing to breathe the stifling and foul miasms of ignorance, selfishness and sensuality, can know little of the higher joys to be found in self-denying activity and earnest inspiration toward the mountain heights of mental and spiritual attainment.

So much of inspiration as a general or universal fact. It has also some particular or special phases which demand attention. The Divine inspiration of the Bible, as well as all modern analogous phenomena, may be considered of a special rather than a general character.

When a series of connected ideas, methodically arranged, and clothed in fitting language, is injected into the mind by *impression*, or presented to it in symbolic vision, by a process which is consciously distinct from its own usual operations, then there is evidence of something beyond the mere inhalation of a general atmosphere of thought. The action of *another mind*, a distinct personal entity, is clearly evinced—an *inspiring* mind, which first conceives and arranges the thoughts to be presented and then communicates them to or through the *inspired* mind. In such case, the latter merely receives and transmits to others, and is properly termed a *medium*. Especially is there evidence of the action of *another mind*, when, during the communication, the inspired person is *controlled*, or his senses looked up, by a power and intelligence beyond himself.

Now it is manifest that if one finite mind has the power to control the action of another, or to project its feelings, thoughts and language into another; and if we are surrounded continually by invisible beings of diverse characters, as well as by our fellows in the body, then there may be much of *inspiration* which does not come direct from the Infinite mind, or from the Holy Spirit, as the religious world has to a great extent supposed.

The familiar facts of what has been called Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, Psychology, and Sympathy, have proved that it is possible for one mind, even in the body, to control another, and to fill it with thoughts and suggestions at will, under certain conditions.

This being true of minds in the body, the same surely may be true of those disembodied; and the demonstrations of modern Spiritualism prove that it is true. The Bible itself shows that it was equally so in ancient times as now. There were *false* prophets as well as true; there has always been "Pagan" inspiration as well as Jewish and Christian—the subjects of both being equally moved and controlled by invisible intelligences. As the Rev. Charles Beecher has declared, "Scripture never denies to false prophets a supernatural inspiration, nor bases the distinction of true and false on physiological grounds."

The simple truth, then, in relation to the whole subject appears to be this: All human minds are susceptible, some to a greater or more conscious extent than others, of influences from other minds that may be in *rapport* or sympathy with them. These influences may come from the direct and purposed action of individual minds, in or out of the body; or from bands or societies of spirits, acting associatively; or from a general sphere of mental activity, perhaps without the conscious participation of any individual mind.

Some persons, possessing a peculiar degree of nervous susceptibility, may be powerfully excited by this inspirational influence, or may be entirely controlled, to the complete overpowering of their natural faculties, by the inspiring mind or minds. When spirits of a low order, possessing little intelligence and little skill to control the physical organism, attempt to exercise this power, for either a bad or a good purpose, it is not strange that they should produce contortions and frantic movements; nor that their inspirations should fail to embody the highest wisdom. Yet contortions and spasmodic action may attend the influence of even exalted spirits upon some organisms—resulting from either excess of power, resistance, nervous derangement, or grossness of condition, in the subject.

The latter would seem to have been the case with Saul of old, if we accept the statement that it was the "Spirit of God" which came upon him, causing him to prophesy frantically, and then to strip off his clothing and lie in unconscious nakedness for twenty-four hours. Of a similar character, perhaps, have been the famous "Kentucky jerks," the sudden prostrations of the late "Irish Revival," and other instances where what has proved to be a really salutary and elevating spiritual influence, has at first manifested itself in powerful and seemingly ridiculous forms. It would seem more probable, however, that if the Divine Spirit can be said in any sense to participate in such violent and grotesque operations, it is through the intermediate agency of subordinate spirits of a grade near the condition of the spirits acted upon.

Hence, the frenzy, the forcible control, and seeming folly, are to be attributed to these intermediaries; while the substantial good alone is from Him who is "over all, and through all, and in all."

But as the subjects of inspirational influence become more spiritualized—their bodies more refined, their minds more pure and elevated, their spirits more fully in harmony with the Divine Spirit, by the renunciation of self-will, and submission to the Father's will—so do they come in *rapport* with correspondingly higher grades of individualized minds—so pure, more refined and wiser beings can minister immediately to them—so do their whole organisms become permeable to the Divine influence—so do all violent control and spasmodic action cease, and the breath of holy inspiration flows unobstructedly into and through the chambers of the soul, not to overwhelm and obliterate the normal powers, but to quicken, illuminate and exalt them to their highest, noblest action.

This we deem the true philosophy of inspiration. It gives us a reason for the phenomenal differences between Pagan, Jewish, and Christian inspiration so far as such differences existed; and also for the difference between the lower and higher phases of Christian inspiration, as well as of that of our own day.

It shows also why there have been inconsistencies and contradictions in inspiration—why there were Pagan as well as Jewish and Christian inspired men—why there were false prophets as well as true—why the early Christians were cautioned not to "believe every spirit, but to try the spirits whether they be of God"—why they were inspired men in Paul's time "who called Jesus accursed"—why there is Mahometan inspiration, and Mormon inspiration—why here are Roman Catholic and Protestant, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Universalist, Swedenborgian, Rationalist, Naturalist and even Atheistic inspiration, in our own day. It is simply for the reason that in the great world of spirits there are minds and societies in every conceivable grade of advancement, and hence entertaining every shade of opinion and fantasy that ever found a lodgment in minds similarly advanced on earth, and how many more we pretend not to say. Prophets, seers, pythoneses, derisives, mediums, &c., are but persons peculiarly susceptible to influences from the world of spirits; and as they have come into rapport or sympathetic relations with one or another individual, society, or sphere of spirit-life, so have they been inspired with the ideas and doctrines of such individual, society, or sphere—in other words, they have breathed in the spiritual atmosphere of that grade of life to which they have risen. And so do we all.

The same law applies to poetic, musical and artistic inspiration in general. All genius is but *aspiration* for inspiration; all men of genius confess that they succeed only as a greater than they work through them. So interlinked is our mental and spiritual life with the life of a universe of intelligences, that none of us can claim absolute originality, or make clear title to a patent right on any high achievement. We do nothing of ourselves alone. Ministering intelligences, rank above rank, form the unbroken chain or channel through which thought and life reach us from the Central Fount of life and thought. As are our desires and capacities, so do we receive.

Inspiration is thus the perpetual answer to aspiration. In one or another form it is the indispensable means of all individual growth, and equally so of all human progress. It is thus the birthright of every soul and the heritage of all ages. That which is adapted to the needs of childhood is unsuited to the requirements of full grown men and women; and that which met the wants of the world's infancy cannot suffice for the dawning age of manhood.

Having shown that the truth of inspired teachings cannot be determined either by phenomenal signs, by the claims of the inspiring intelligence, or by accompanying miracles, we proceed to indicate where the true test is to be found.

There remains to us simply the intrinsic character, qualities, and tendencies of the inspired communications themselves—to which we must apply our intellectual and moral perceptions, and our spiritual intuitions. In other words, the totality of truth-determining powers with which God has individually endowed us, and which are in a sense His representatives in us, must be brought to bear honestly and reverently upon all teachings purporting to be God-inspired. We are shut up to this—there is no possible escape from it, except by rushing into the arms of a blind, external authority, where all manhood and individuality are basely surrendered, and our noblest powers denied their proper exercise. This is treason to ourselves, and blasphemy against the indwelling God. We are made with capacities for determining truth for ourselves, and have no right to surrender the work implicitly into the hands of others, either in this world or any other.

We are so constituted that all truth is authoritative to us, when perceived as truth. The mere affirmation of any being *outside* of ourselves cannot make this perception in us. It comes of growth, experience, and enlightenment by influx to our own interiors. Whatever commands itself to our individual perceptions and judgment as true, useful and good—calculated to elevate and ennoble man, making him more godlike in character and action—we must call Divine, and attribute to the great Fount of Truth and Good, through whatever channel it may come to us. Whatever does not bear this stamp to us, lacks the image and superscription of Divinity, and cannot be accepted, whatever external claims it may bear.

This, to us, is the grand test of all inspired teachings—the final standard to which they must be brought.

But, says one, "our perceptions are imperfect, our judgments fallible and liable to be warped by inattention; hence we are liable to mistake error for truth, and truth for error. It is not safe for us to be left to ourselves in matters of such transcendent importance."

Be it so: yet has it not been equally true of men in all past ages—even of those to whom we would look for authority? All inspired truth in the past has been communicated to the world through human instrumentalities, and preserved through human agencies. This has rendered it liable to vitiation. Those to whom it has first come, having no previously written standard with which to compare it, have been of necessity compelled to judge for themselves. Why should their judgment be considered infallible, more than our own? Were the semi-barbarous Hebrews who Moses led out of Egyptian slavery any better qualified to judge of the value and source of his inspirations than are we? Were the first receivers of Christianity, educated as they had been in Jewish ritualism and Pagan superstition, more competent to estimate the teaching of Jesus than the writings of Paul, than any other people could ever be? Yet they were called upon to "judge of themselves what was right,"—to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good." They doubtless did the best they could with the light they had; but does that absolve us from the responsibility of doing the same for ourselves, or make their decision any more binding upon us, than ours will be on coming generations? Not one whit.

We cannot, then, rid ourselves of the responsibility of distinguishing for ourselves between truth and error, if we would. Weak, timid, and indolent minds may seek to throw it upon the Church, or the Fathers, upon Paul or Jesus, Isaiah or Moses, ancient spirits or modern spirits; but they do so at their own peril. Every man must in the end bear his own burden. All faith built on external authority, and not grounded in internal perception and experience, will sooner or later prove worthless to the soul, and be swept away like the house built on the sand. If the Bible, or any part of it contains Divine and unalterable truth, (which the writer most fully believes), we should know it for ourselves, and not believe it, either on its own claims or the say-so of anybody.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

If every man be in reality as bad as some persons at some times think him, the world would be worse than it is. Again, if every man were as good as he sometimes thinks himself, the world would be better than it is.

## "O, IT'S HARD TO DIE FRAE HAME!"

The following very touching and beautiful verses were found in the June number of "Tales of the Day."

The evening sun is shining noo  
On bonnie Lochanishie,  
And to the byre are creeping doon  
The kye, my mither's pride;  
The weans are sportin' on the green,  
I see things just the same  
As if among them 's myself—  
O, it's hard to die frae hame!

I see the house, the loch, the burn,  
The boat lying on the shore;  
My father working in the yard,  
My mither round the door;  
The cradle rocking by the fire,  
That burns a bleezing flame,  
And Jeanie singing to the bairn—  
O, it's hard to die frae hame!

To keep my father in his craft  
I left to win a fee,  
And many a tear it cost us baith,  
For I was young and wee;  
I'm feared he'll break his tender heart,  
And think he was to blame;  
Gin I could only grip his han'—  
O, it's hard to die frae hame!

My ain dear mither little kens  
Her Mary is sae ill,  
For 'twen us there's a weary gao  
O' stormy sea and bill;  
And will I never see her face,  
Or hear her speak my name,  
Or clasp my arms about her neck?  
O, it's hard to die frae hame!

I thank ye a' beside me here  
For the love ye've shown to me;  
Ye've gien me meat, ye've gien me claes,  
And gien a gentle fee;  
To think o't makes my heart grow grik,  
And makes me feel like shame;  
But yet—forgie me if I say '—  
O, it's hard to die frae hame!

And when ye write to tell our folk  
How Mary gae'd awa',  
Be sure ye tell them how I thought  
And spoke about them a';  
And tell them, too, I gae'd in peace  
Because I kent the Name  
O' a Father and a Brother dear—  
Fareweel, I'm noo gaun hame!

## Politics.

It is now evident that the great and small political parties which have swept the nation since the days of Jefferson with quadrennial monsoons, and shaken each state annually like a tempest, sometimes almost threatening its destruction, are about to be dissolved forever, or if renewed, to be renewed only on new issues, in new divisions, with new leaders and principles. It is true, the phases and faces have changed several times in the period referred to, but still the leading features would be discovered, and many of the old ear-marks remained on the families as they changed owners or leaders, or rose under new names. The parties have been shifting and drifting for the last sixteen years, until they had become nearly sectional, and having almost lost sight of the old questions of banks, tariffs, suffrage, and land grants for homesteads, &c., had narrowed down to the subject of chattel slavery and its support and extension, or suppression and exclusion, which has at last terminated in a formidable rebellion of the minority against the majority, on an entirely sectional basis.

The issue is now fairly before us, whether our constitution is a rope of sand or a gordon of strong cords; whether it binds the political parties and the states together into one government, or whether it was only made for the convenience of the cotton states, to be broken by them whenever they should choose, without consulting the others—whether a defeated party has a right to secede and set up a government on its own hook within the national jurisdiction whenever it can control one or more states—and as the greater involves the less, so this secession and rebellion of states involves another, started in the secession of Western Virginia from the Old Dominion, with, of course, the same right to do it that Virginia had to secede from the nation.

This is the culmination of party strife and political demagogism, and must end in the entire destruction of all old parties, and the subjugation of the rebellion, and maintenance of the constitution and laws of the nation in and over all its territory. It is a fair trial of popular government. Shall the majority rule? Is the question, and not, shall this or that party rule? It is no question of party, but a question of principle. Shall our form of government continue? Can it sustain itself? Has it power to enforce its laws?

A few years ago when the cotton states controlled the country through the wheels of government, their leading politicians were ready and anxious to hang every traitor from the North who should ever petition for a dissolution of the Union, but they are not quite as ready to be hung when the treason is in themselves. Southern politicians have grown rich on the treasury and industry of the country, and now attempt to overthrow it and set up on their own hook a titled aristocracy, which shall monopolize the land, the wealth, the education, and the power, confining them entirely to the few who shall govern the many by keeping them poor and ignorant. They had expected aid and comfort and assistance from those politicians in the north who had co-operated with them in the political issues and party divisions of the past, by which they had so long succeeded in controlling the nation and dividing a portion of the spoils to their northern allies; but in this they are and are to be disappointed. Party feeling in the north does not go quite deep enough to break up and destroy the government and the prosperity of the country. There are only a few real traitors at the north, and they are not persons of much influence or ability. There are not many persons who wish to leave the tory stain on their families, as those surely must who abandon the national standard in this hour of peril.

Leading and true men of all parties in the north have laid aside all party feelings and issues, and side by side have gone to rescue from danger the national capital and the constitution—to hold up the stars and stripes and plant them once more where treason has torn them down. Only here and there can be found a reckless parrot in the north who would destroy his own home and country, and give it up to the rule of a titled nobility and the plunder of reckless mobs to gratify his hatred of a political party that has outnumbered his own in a national or a state contest; and if there are any persons who would not stain their family escutcheons with the black mark of treason—the spot that will not rub out—they should be careful in this trial of principles not to give aid and comfort to those who are engaged in breaking up and destroying the best government in the world, that they may plant on its ruins the rule of tyranny and anarchy, to be fed by slavery and surrounded by swarms of ignorant and idle poverty stricken beings, belonging to their own race and nation.

WARREN CHASE.







