

BANNER LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

LIFE IN EARNEST.

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER XII. The Finale.

"Will you go to Lilldale?" asked Fred, when they had sometime ridden in silence.

"Perhaps I'd better return to Elmwood until you are ready to claim me," said Miss Powell.

"Do not, I beg you, go so far from me! If you do, I am convinced something will separate us!"

"But what will the world say?" asked Miss Powell, with a deep blush.

"There is no world around Lilldale that we need care for. It is an isolated spot. As soon as possible, we will summon a clergyman to tie the indissoluble knot."

"Are you far from one now?"

"This ready acquiescence rather dashed Fred.

"Some distance; and were we nearer, it would not be well for the proprietor of Lilldale to present himself in careless attire at the hymeneal altar."

"Of course not. As it will doubtless take him some time—days, very likely, and weeks perchance—to prepare himself. So he will please take me to Elmwood."

"Nonsense!" cried Fred, in perplexity, as something like a glimmer of what he had chosen came upon him.

"If you have one spark of the love you profess for me, you will comply with my request!"

"But what need of repeating the struggles of one, and the conquest of the other. It is enough for us that Fred promised to call upon a clergyman the afternoon of the following day. And with this promise, Miss Powell consented to go to Lilldale. The servants stood in the hall, and on the walk about the door to receive Fred, having seen him coming from a distance. With shy glances they inspected his companion.

"What rooms will be bride choose?" asked Bessie, following Fred to his dressing apartments.

"She will tell you. But Miss Powell is not yet my bride," and Fred ceased from embarrassment.

"De Lord save us! An' she here willin' afore dat time? Gracious me! what 'ud missis say, were she alive?"

"That everything her son saw fit to do, was not to be questioned by his servants. Do you understand?" And Fred pointed to the door.

What but obedience did Bessie have before her! But to Solp, Fred was more confidential. He was informed that the next day Mrs. Anderson would enter Lilldale to leave it no more.

"And this young lady in the parlor there, where 'll she go?"

"Nowhere. She is to be Mrs. Anderson."

Solp wished to speak of Miss Pemberton, but his master's silence kept him at an unnatural distance. The servants regretted that their new mistress was so proud and stern. They wondered at their master's blindness in preferring her to Miss Pemberton. And every order issued by Miss Powell, was considered a bore, and an unnecessary demand.

"I will teach them better," she decided angrily.

"Now that you have forgotten me, Fred—dear Fred—(yes, I must write it!)—I cannot help sending you a farewell line, begging you to be true to the one you have chosen; for her lot has been so lonely and sad, that I dare say an angel might weep over it. I do not wonder that she won the heart that I foolishly have lovingly caressed—dragging slimly over the warm lips mine have slipped sweet kisses from, and do now, despite the vermin and the shroud. Fred, you are mine!" and she folded her arms about him.

"What shall I do?" he helplessly demanded, yielding unwillingly to her influence, losing all control over himself, and, alas! seeing but one in the world to live and die with, and she his ruin.

"Again here! I will chase you from this place with bloodhounds if you do not depart at once, and never enter it again!" interposed Mrs. Pemberton. She had noticed the unusual length of Fred's absence from the bedside, and gone in search of him.

"I will not trouble you so far, madam. Fred, let us go at once," said Miss Powell, still clinging to the youth.

With a desperate struggle he came out, again into the clear light of duty—duty and true affection.

"Miss Powell, return to Elmwood. I will give it to you; You seek wealth—you shall have it. As for me, I go back again to Flora, and may my warring fancies be strengthened, and in her favor, as firmly as I can gain favor," said Fred, sadly and firmly.

"I shall win you yet, or another whose apostasy will out deeper into one heart, at least," muttered Miss Powell, leaving without another word.

The sun sank to rest, and the moon came out for a short season, then retired behind a cloud and was seen no more.

Merciful heaven! what a tumult the girl's thoughts were in! How they leaped and boiled within her! A long walk lay before her, yet she thought not of it, nor of the storm gathering in black masses above her head. Soon a terrible flash of lightning quivered athwart the sky, and then curled, like a fiery snake, along her path.

"Ha! I like that! Said himself is helping me on to revenge! Another light to show me my way! Good! Let them come thick and fast, like torches borne byimps from Pandemonium!"

Thus she soliloquized, as the distance to Lilldale lessened. Reaching the house, she found the door locked. A tremendous yell aroused the heavy sleeper, who, hurrying to the door, beheld with astonishment the visitor whom they thought safe within. Her hair hung in damp masses around her ghastly face, while her drenched garments clung tightly to her tall figure.

"Why, how came yer to be out?" asked Bessie, holding a taper closer to the weary, wild-looking object.

"Back to your hulk! No questions to me!" And Miss Powell brushed by, and with her usual haughty, deliberate step ascending the stairs, entered her chamber.

"Oh, she's awful!" whispered Bessie, fearfully.

"Fit for anything bad," answered Solp, with a shiver.

"If she comes here, the Lord help us!"

"Or the Evil One," responded the lady behind.

The two servants turned. There stood Miss Powell with her dripping garments and clammy hair.

"Build a fire in my room!"

With this request she glided slowly, softly up the broad stairs, and was again lost to view.

Three days went by, and she did not leave her room. During the time she had read a letter from Colonel Allyn, who, pressing upon her equivocal position (which he had learned through Solp) at Lilldale, offered her protection and life-long adoration. With a scornful laugh she held the missive over a taper until it was reduced to ashes. But no token of remembrance came from Briar-grove. Mr. Pemberton, warned by Fred's timorose and Flora's illness, had again become devoted to his wife and home.

There was life and light and hope within the old mansion at Briar-grove. The ill had been made well; the impatient had repented; and the distressed had sprung into joy. The servants were whispering in their low voices, "The old man's back!"

Without—but who can dissect the demon-heart and say where its promptings will strike?

A wild, haggard face peered in upon the happy group sitting near the ruddy blaze that lighted to noon distinctness every object in the apartment. Fred, supporting Flora's beautiful head, occupied with her a sofa. Mr. Pemberton sat near his wife, and from the glances of admiration he occasionally bent upon her, no one could have imagined his fancy had for a moment strayed from her. Venus and Dinah were knitting in a distant corner. As the eyes of the former caught the varying expression of the bright face of Flora, they lighted up with a tender gleam; then as they wandered to her handsome master, they filled with tears, and smothered sighs painfully. Dinah bore these last in nervous silence for a while, then in a whisper begged Venus to "remember."

"Remember?" Forged, you'd better bid me," said Venus, moodily.

The haggard face outside saw all this, and with none of the peace felt within. Even Venus, in her hidden grief, was far happier and more blessed.

"Ah, be thus happy while you can; for by the morrow's sun there 'll be gloom enough, I ween!" And the wild creature threw up her arms exultingly.

Midnight, and all was still. Sleep reigned, and not a sound disturbed the pleasant dreams. Stealthily creeping to the chamber of the Pembertons, our haggard watcher lingered a moment at the bedside. In its worst degree burned in the gaze she bent upon the unconscious pair.

"I will not disgrace my courage and revenge by touching that weak, old dotard. But here, on this bold woman who dared question my rights and might, I will slake my thirst! Ah, what's that? She whispers my name in her dreams! Let's listen—what can her transient thoughts have for me—the wronged—the scorned?" *Forgive, Miss Powell, for Flora's sake. Fred is untrue no longer.* Ah, silly tongue! you have doomed your owner. Fred? Untrue no longer! A truth that has driven me to this!

A steel glittered a moment, then was plunged into the quiet heart beneath.

"Save me! They are on my track!"

The old man of the Bottomless Pit raised himself on his elbow to gaze upon the intruder who had dared to come upon him at night, alone, and in distress.

"Who are you? No matter, though. Go—I cannot save you! I cannot save even myself!"

"But you shall save me! Who'd think of finding me here! Ah, I'm as safe as if the grave were hiding me! Ugh! the grave!" and the creature shuddered and plunged her face in the moss of which the old man's bed was made.

"What is it?" asked he, a kindred feeling having made him kind.

"I—why need I hesitate? You would not dare expose me! I, then—shrink away—cover your eyes—look not on the wretch who speaks the word—I am a murderer! Ha, how you know what you are to do! Refuse, and this steel—do you see it? will help me again!"

"He!" cried the old man, shivering, for he had held the dagger so near that the blood dripped from it on his hand.

"Not yet dry! Fool, to be afraid of a drop of such worthless stuff! But, hark! My pursuers are even here!"

The sounds grew nearer. Soon, tramping steps entered the passage, and gleaming torches lighted its intricacies.

Venus entered first. Stiffing a cry of horror upon perceiving Miss Powell crouching before her, she whispered hoarsely:

"Hide—I will save you! Let me bury you under this moss!"

It was the work of a moment. Miss Powell was hidden, and above her, as if just disturbed from quiet slumber, lay the old man.

"She is not here! How foolish to think she would be!" cried Venus, going to the door.

"We'll tuck back. No time must be wasted!" said the leader, never doubting Venus.

"They are gone. Come forth!"

"Whom has she murdered?" asked the old man, as Miss Powell rose in a state of half-terror, half-triumph.

"Her—Mrs. Pemberton," groaned Venus.

"Holy Father!—her mother!"

"Hush—hush! babbling old man!" cried Venus, horrified.

It was too late. Miss Powell had him in her clutch, and bade him tell on—that her wretched life might have the climax it ought.

"Tell on—if that black beast forbids your speech, I'll use my faithful dagger again. Ah, best friend, (caressing it, you and I will be inseparable hereafter! My mother! said you? Oh, most foul maternity, that could not say to me from the first, thou art my child!"

Venus was groveling on the floor at the wretched speaker's feet.

"Who, then, is Flora?" demanded Miss Powell, facing the appalled old man.

"Speak, on your peril!" cried Venus, placing her hand over his mouth.

"You, then, are in the secret, Venus? Ha—ha! He shall speak! You, too, think of thwarting me!"

"If he does, a prison awaits him!" gurgled Venus.

"Not so. I have a father (energetically)—a brave, good man. He loves me, too, or did, with a strange affection. He shall close those prison doors! We Pembertons are proud, and will not let the dependent suffer! Speak, then, old man!"

"Is it possible, lady, for you to do this?" asked the reclusive, with rekindling hope.

"Tell that long hidden story on your peril!" cried Venus, again.

But liberty is sweet. The old man longed for it. He did not mind the agony of the pleading being before him.

"Speak at once!" And Miss Powell, with blood on the hand holding the gory dagger, glowered fiercely upon him.

"Will you give me liberty?" he asked again, scarcely believing his own senses.

"Yes, and wealth. Speak!"

In vain Venus hushed him. The words came forth unrestrainedly, for liberty was a sweet sound—long he had not heard it—and long been told it never could be his.

"A brave story, this! Liberty and wealth do you want, old wretch? You shall be satisfied with them! They shall crowd down upon you, as I used to long for them to bless me! And this dainty Flora only the daughter of a slave! But who is her father?"

"Hush!" groaned Venus, utterly prostrated. But the old man exulting in the rich promise made him, had grown reckless.

"Mr. Pemberton," he answered.

"My father! A virtuous old being is my father! A good example he sets his children! Children! I gloat over that word. Wont that exorcise, Flora—pampered nonentity—feel the weight of power the legitimate child can wield! Ay, even to the first scornful curl her proud lip gave at sight of me!"

"Ah! but what are you?" demanded Dinah, who, also on the search, had lighted the other pursuers back into the woods, and then, sure of the shelter of the guilty, had returned to the cave.

"Something left to sever your saucy tongue from its roots! What are you, rather? My slave—d'ye hear? My slave—at subject for all my evil passions to experiment upon! Go! my chattels shall not crowd in upon the solitude I choose to-night!"

"There is justice, and law, and the scaffold for the murderer!" cried the intrepid Dinah, guarding Venus, and daring the former to do her worst.

Again steps were heard.

"Hide me!" gasped Miss Powell.

But it was too late. None present had strength nor time to shield her.

Mr. Pemberton and Fred appeared.

"Ha, gaily being, we were sure you were here!" said Fred, yet recoiling as he spoke.

"You have come to save and claim your wife! I am ready. Look at my hands—see how white and tapering, and flushed with the wine of life! Fit and waiting for the clasp of yours. See the bridal finger! Where is the ring of yours? Hurry—I am waiting!"

"She is mad!" cried Mr. Pemberton, retreating, as she advanced.

"Not mad, father! Ha! you start!"

"Father!"

"Yes, most noble, generous, brave ancestor—father!"

"What does this mean? Venus, Dinah, speak! Old man, I see you know! Tell the drift and gist of these ravings!" cried Mr. Pemberton, in helpless, despairing eagerness and dread.

servant to inquire the cause of his master's sudden departure.

Fred's room was some ways from hers, yet she had heard the quick step, and impatient voice as he went forth to obey the summons.

"And to-morrow was to have been my wedding day! Wealth, position, honor, power and love, so nearly within my grasp! Ah, fatal fate! I see it all—darkness! darkness!" sighed in very bitterness the one who had seemed, indeed, to deal in that which now she deprecated.

Oh, it was sad for Fred to stand by that bedside and witness the ruin he had wrought! A stout heart full of high purposes, might have quailed to hear the startling words that poor being uttered!

"Can she recover?" was his hourly cry to the attending physician, and to Flora. "Live, and I will make amends for the agony you endure!"

And there he lingered weeks. Miss Powell still at Lilldale, wrote him many a note. But the servants commissioned by her to give these missives to Fred, never gave him one. Yet, they always returned to her, declaring solemnly that he had taken and read them. Twice they brought her answers. Few as were the words of these, she never doubted they came from him, but relying in the promise contained therein to return and perfect their bonds as soon as that "weak-minded Flora recovered," she haughtily retained her new home, and to the disgust of every dependent on the place.

Venus, who had taken upon herself the responsibility of twice answering these notes, was an unwearied watcher at Flora's bedside. She never faltered nor seemed to be capable of fatigue.

"Ah, Venus, had I been as faithful as you, our patient would not be helpless here!" sighed Fred.

"Providence may yet be kind to both of you!" said Venus through raining tears.

"I will bear this no longer!" said Miss Powell, when Fred had been three weeks at Briar-grove. "I will bear this no longer," and trusting to written messages no more, she set out for Briar-grove. She did not wish any of the inmates to see her, and accordingly hovered surreptitiously around, awaiting an opportunity to see Fred alone. She had walked all the way from Lilldale, not wishing the servants to know that she had left the place. At last, her watchfulness was rewarded. Fred had come forth out of the sick-room to take the air. With an instinctive assurance that he might wish to escape, she stole upon him unawares.

"Fred!"

He turned at the voice, and, paler than before, waited for her to speak again.

"I see I am unwelcome! Ah, little did I dream the affianced bride would receive this greeting!"

"Leave me—leave me, I beseech you!" gasped Fred, retreating as she advanced.

"I am come to claim mine own!"

"Go, Miss Powell! Go!"

"No—rather stay! or go hence with you! Have you not assured me, in words that burn in my heart now, that I was the idolon of your life's best dreams?"

"Go, bold girl! Why was I charmed by you away from duty?"

"Your duty was not where you thought, and, alas! now think it! You could not read your heart. You had not translated its language correctly! I know it! You still love me. Come, go hence with me!"

"Hush! Another, better and purer far, on the very confines of the grave, claims me! Leave me! I shall stay with her!"

"Ever?" (still approaching.)

"Forever!"

"Mr. Anderson—Fred—my affianced husband, come out of your trance! Answer me truly, best beloved, who has your heart? If Flora, take her; go into her grave when she enters it, and let loathsome worms feed on you as on her! Ugh! I can see them crawling, crawling—feeding on the cheek my fingers have lovingly caressed—dragging slimly over the warm lips mine have slipped sweet kisses from, and do now, despite the vermin and the shroud. Fred, you are mine!" and she folded her arms about him.

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"What does this mean? Venus, Dinah, speak! Old man, I see you know! Tell the drift and gist of these ravings!" cried Mr. Pemberton, in helpless, despairing eagerness and dread.

"She has promised me liberty for telling her the tale. Will you, too, give me this—the richest of life's gifts?"

"Anything!"

"She is your child."

"And her mother?" gasped Mr. Pemberton, reeling against Fred.

"She murdered this night."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the stricken man, who yet would question.

"And my gentle, lovely, virtuous Flora?" quivered from ashen lips.

"Virtuous! I would lay stress on that word!" taunted Miss Powell.

"Do not ask, master—do not question further!" implored Dinah, supporting Venus, who had fallen senseless at her feet.

"Hush, minion! Speak, old man—tell me at once! But what is this horrid truth that I long, yet dread to hear!"

The old man was about to speak. But Dinah, gathering firmness interposed, and told the tale.

"Ver once loved a sweet child, and thought it a light matter, master, to win, then break her heart. Scarcely had yer cast her off, arrogant in and fearful of the tight bonds of a new choice, when the other, with her grandmother and babe, were claimed as the property of a planter many miles to the South-west. The old grandmother could not deny the tale, but died of terror when forced to say it was the truth. Many years before, when her eyes and hair were bright with youth, liberty sang a syren song in her ears, and her fresh, proud heart yearned to know and feel it. She escaped to the North, where she married. At length, losing her husband, and daughter, too, whose last breath was spent in giving an infant girl to her care, her Northern home had lost its charms for her. She longed to feel the balmy gales of the South; so, trusting to the changes time and care and sorrow had given her, she settled—yer know where—not many miles from here. Do yer wish ter hear the name of the infant girl whose heart, a few years later, yer won and cast aside? Ah, yer don't! Well, then, I will proceed. She, poor wronged thing, could not have her—no, yer child (for she thought only of you) carried into slavery. Her weary brain wrought many plans, but none suited. At last, hearing an infant had been given to Briar-grove, and that its fashionable mother had sent away to nurse, she made an exchange, determined that her and your child should never be an inferior. The child of your marriage was given to the care of this babbling old man. My own hands marked her before he took her away. He promised to provide her a good home, and deal kindly with her, for he was in my power—he had committed a crime—"

"Hush!" cried the old man.

"But," continued Dinah, unmindful of this interruption, "he chose to reveal the long-cherished secret. Let him take the consequences. He should, too, for he left the child from its fourth year to take care of itself—"

"I thought, from the first sight of the old wretch, that I had seen him before," interposed Miss Powell, by far the least excited of the group.

"Where is—Aurora?" gasped Mr. Pemberton.

"Lying at our feet," said Dinah, now bursting into a violent flood of tears.

"Venus! It cannot be! She could not so disguise and conceal herself."

"A mother's love is fertile in expedients. Ah, how glad she was to be sold to yer, that she might wait upon yer daughter and hers! She knew all about yer, as love always does about its object. She had learned of your change of name, and the amount of property your uncle gave you for it. How she urged old master to let her go to you! It moved me to tears to hear her plead for it. He did not dream why she plead so—he never knew how dearly that privilege would be bought out of her own heart's life. I did—I was the same devoted Madge—I clung to her fortunes. I would go with him when she did, well knowing yer would not be very particular about me, and he being no more honest than men are usually, took me without further question. I staid with him until she left, then came here with her, as yer know. Flora has been a blessing to us. She has taught me to read, think and write, until I am not the ignorant Madge of old; every day I bless her; and I improve under her and Venus's watchful care and affection, and with them I will live and die, for my husband is dead, and my little ones need and love the friends I do."

"Flora not my legitimate child?" and Mr. Pemberton passed his hand across his forehead as if to clear away a mist.

"No, but this is!" pointing at Miss Powell, who sat on the moss bed not the least attentive listener. The wretched man sat in silence, his mind busy with the fruitful past and wretched future. Fred was overpowered. He could not speak nor act. The night had been heavy to him.

"Miss Powell—"

"Daughter, you should say, father," interposed the strange girl, with great composure and humor.

"As you will. But you must see that after the occurrences of the past night, you cannot live with nor be noticed by me. I wish you to elude justice, and will give you means to live as you please. You must go hence at once. Dinah, stain her face, and put your garments on her. Alas! that such an act should be my child!"

"Alas! that such an act should be my father! I despise you—not one cent of your gold will I touch—nor have I intended to since learning this strange story. A I grieve I despise you! My liberty I

"Not yet dry! Fool, to be afraid of a drop of such worthless stuff! But, hark! My pursuers are even here!"

The sounds grew nearer. Soon, tramping steps entered the passage, and gleaming torches lighted its intricacies.

Venus entered first. Stiffing a cry of horror upon perceiving Miss Powell crouching before her, she whispered hoarsely:

"Hide—I will save you! Let me bury you under this moss!"

It was the work of a moment. Miss Powell was hidden, and above her, as if just disturbed from quiet slumber, lay the old man.

"She is not here! How foolish to think she would be!" cried Venus, going to the door.

"We'll tuck back. No time must be wasted!" said the leader, never doubting Venus.

"They are gone. Come forth!"

"Whom has she murdered?" asked the old man, as Miss Powell rose in a state of half-terror, half-triumph.

"Her—Mrs. Pemberton," groaned Venus.

"Holy Father!—her mother!"

"Hush—hush! babbling old man!" cried Venus, horrified.

It was too late. Miss Powell had him in her clutch, and bade him tell on—that her wretched life might have the climax it ought.

"Tell on—if that black beast forbids your speech, I'll use my faithful dagger again. Ah, best friend, (caressing it, you and I will be inseparable hereafter! My mother! said you? Oh, most foul maternity, that could not say to me from the first, thou art my child!"

Venus was groveling on the floor at the wretched speaker's feet.

"Who, then, is Flora?" demanded Miss Powell, facing the appalled old man.

"Speak, on your peril!" cried Venus, placing her hand over his mouth.

"You, then, are in the secret, Venus? Ha—ha! He shall speak! You, too, think of thwarting me!"

"If he does, a prison awaits him!" gurgled Venus.

"Not so. I have a father (energetically)—a brave, good man. He loves me, too, or did, with a strange affection. He shall close those prison doors! We Pembertons are proud, and will not let the dependent suffer! Speak, then, old man!"

"Is it possible, lady, for you to do this?" asked the reclusive, with rekindling hope.

"Tell that long hidden story on your peril!" cried Venus, again.

But liberty is sweet. The old man longed for it. He did not mind the agony of the pleading being before him.

"Speak at once!" And Miss Powell, with blood on the hand holding the gory dagger, glowered fiercely upon him.

"Will you give me liberty?" he asked again, scarcely believing his own senses.

"Yes, and wealth. Speak!"

In vain Venus hushed him. The words came forth unrestrainedly, for liberty was a sweet sound—long he had not heard it—and long been told it never could be his.

"A brave story, this! Liberty and wealth do you want, old wretch? You shall be satisfied with them! They shall crowd down upon you, as I used to long for them to bless me! And this dainty Flora only the daughter of a slave! But who is her father?"

"Hush!" groaned Venus, utterly prostrated. But the old man exulting in the rich promise made him, had grown reckless.

"Mr. Pemberton," he answered.

"My father! A virtuous old being is my father! A good example he sets his children! Children! I gloat over that word. Wont that exorcise, Flora—pampered nonentity—feel the weight of power the legitimate child can wield! Ay, even to the first scornful curl her proud lip gave at sight of me!"

"Ah! but what are you?" demanded Dinah, who, also on the search, had lighted the other pursuers back into the woods, and then, sure of the shelter of the guilty, had returned to the cave.

"Something left to sever your saucy tongue from its roots! What are you, rather? My slave—d'ye hear? My slave—at subject for all my evil passions to experiment upon! Go! my chattels shall not crowd in upon the solitude I choose to-night!"

"There is justice, and law, and the scaffold for the murderer!" cried the intrepid Dinah, guarding Venus, and daring the former to do her worst.

Again steps were heard.

"Hide me!" gasped Miss Powell.

But it was too late. None present had strength nor time to shield her.

Mr. Pemberton and Fred appeared.

"Ha, gaily being, we were sure you were here!" said Fred, yet recoiling as he spoke.

"You have come to save and claim your wife! I am ready. Look at my hands—see how white and tapering, and flushed with the wine of life! Fit and waiting for the clasp of yours. See the bridal finger! Where is the ring of yours? Hurry—I am waiting!"

"She is mad!" cried Mr. Pemberton, retreating, as she advanced.

"Not mad, father! Ha! you start!"

"Father!"

"Yes, most noble, generous, brave ancestor—father!"

"What does this mean? Venus, Dinah, speak! Old man, I see you know! Tell the drift and gist of these ravings!" cried Mr. Pemberton, in helpless, despairing eagerness and dread.

will take on the wings of the wind, I leave this accursed district, and go where I can drive with shame the foul name I bear!"

In less than a year a scaffold claimed Miss Powell. Again had her hands been dyed in blood. After her form had been consigned to an ignominious grave, her former cell was found to contain many little packages directed clearly and fully. Each contained some gem of value, stolen by her, and to be returned to their owners at once. These were the gems she had started Flora by appearing in.

When informed of her true position, the week succeeding the funeral of Mrs. Pemberton, Flora sat like one benumbed. "Everything lost," she continually murmured. In vain Fred assured her of his unabated love. In vain her father, enfeebled by his sorrows, promised her all that she had ever valued, and besought her to stay with him. She could not forget the wrongs of her mother, who, since the revelation of the secret, had stayed resolutely and properly from Briargrave.

"Mother, we'll go hence. The world is wide and kind. My education shall give us bread and peace. Madge and her children must accompany us," said Flora, after thorough deliberation. And they went forth, glad to leave the gloomy walls of Briargrave behind. She made inquiries, and found that her old schoolmate, Miss Brawley, was the flourishing teacher of a seminary in Maine, and in want of an assistant. This situation Flora was fortunate enough to obtain. The story of her parentage never went beyond Briargrave. In her new home she found the peace she sought. This little home was at first humble, but willing hands and loving hearts made it prosperous, and even tasteful.

Fred was determined to win Flora. He had to serve long years of doubt and fruitless search first, but he would not give her up.

"You must remember that slave blood flows in my veins—that my birth was clouded," she reminded him, when at last he was seated again beside her. "You can marry as you should. Leave me to my fate!" yet a tear trembled on her eyelid as she spoke.

"I will not leave you!" he cried, folding her to his breast.

"Nor shall Venus go longer wronged and sinned against!" said a voice that blanched Flora's cheek. When she dared to look up, her father, oh, how altered, stood beside her.

"Where is your mother?" he asked.

"Out at a day's sewing," she answered, with a spire of malice. Her heart wrenched at the moment rebel.

But why linger here, when, by stepping over a few weeks, we find the Pembertons together, at a plantation some distance north of Briargrave. Aurora was really now the wife of one she had always loved. Her child was happy in an union with Fred Anderson. Madge and her little ones still clung to the fortunes of Aurora, and lived in a pretty cottage close at hand. Near by dwelt Ellen Layne, the quondam wife of Mr. Park. He often remembered, and not wholly with pain, his former love for the "Curse of Briargrave." He had wept when he learned her star had sunk in deepest night, and never after looked at Mr. Pemberton without emotions of mingled blame and pity.

But who can sin and not suffer?

Written for the Banner of Light.
CALLED OF GOD.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Many and many a year ago,
I could count them up, if you cared to know,
A man came walking the Spring night through,
And laid with a dull and heavy thud,
A sound of something that's never good—
That makes you shudder and chills your blood—
His burthen upon the stone at the door,
Then silently waited a minute or more,
As if to consider the next step o'er.
It was late for the simple village folk,
Who turn at even the cattle from yoke,
And sit at table where bread is broke
With honest content, and afterward say
The prayer our Saviour taught us to pray,
Then decently go to their sleep away.
Never was visitor known who came
At untoward hour like this to claim
Supper and lodging in Friendship's name.
Any one needing neighborly aid,
In tending their sick, came always and made
A cheery "halloo!" and their errand said.
But this one coming with never a word,
And a step that all in the household heard,
While the twelfth hour stroke in the spare room
Whirled.

Made all to tremble and lift in bed,
Better to hear what should be said
Of a sudden mishap, or a neighbor dead!
But after the click of the latch on the gate,
And the heavy step and the heavier weight,
And the clock tolling out that the hour was late—
Then was silence, as if without
Whoever waited had yet a doubt
If to advance, or turn about
Within we waited with lips agape
For the thickened breath, when a single rap,
Fell on the door like a thunder clap!

"Who stands without?" my father cried!
"If you need my succor, is silence wise?"
But a heavier knock alone replied.

"What is wanted?" he louder speaks!
"Who an entrance at this hour seeks?"
And the cold blood curdled in all our cheeks.

He walked to the door when the third knock came,
"Friend, or foe, in the Father's name
I bid you enter—'tis all the same!"

He stood in the doorway—no one there—
Nobody waiting him anywhere—
Only the darkness that filled the air!

Burthen upon the step there was none,
Nor print of a wet foot set on the stone,
Nor marks where a human tread could have gone!

Ah, me! years gone did this detail:
God doth wisely all things for all,
I have learned it since, though a friend he call.

Late in October that year, when snow
Was softly falling, with footsteps slow,
They sought him in at that door, you know!

His feet feeling—they pitiful stood,
Holding him tender as mother would,
While on to the white floor dropped his blood.

Close to him along the good wall and tree,
"Ah!" she murmured, "I know—I know!"
And the neighbors pitying, they knew, too!

THE BRIDEGROOM OF DEATH: A TALE OF SCANDINAVIA.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Of all the remarkable copper mines of Norway, none have proved more productive, or are so strangely created, as those of Fala-lau. They are said to have been wrought before the Christian era, by the rude northern savages, and almost uninterruptedly since, or for more than two thousand years. In one of these mines the ore presented the form of an immense inverted cone, and being incessantly worked, the unsupported chamber fell in, leaving an opening like a great crater in the mountain, and the exhaled mineral vapor condensing on its walls, forms the most brilliant diversity of colors. The sides again slipped a few years after, and although there was no loss of life, the devastation was very great. These slips have made an external opening two hundred and forty feet deep, leading into the main shaft which penetrates more than one thousand feet into the mountain, sending off numerous interminable galleries and vast vaults. In 1719, in clearing away the rubbish from the mouth of one of these, the workmen discovered the body of a young man. He was immersed in the mineral water which covered the floor of the vault. Carefully the calloused hands raised him up, and with hushed breathing the rude miners bore him through the long galleries, treading carefully that their resounding footfalls echoing in the darkness, might not profane the mysteries of death. Rude men were they, but their sympathies were powerfully awakened for the sleeper. They lived in constant fear of the death he had met.

The jagged rocks, glittering in the torch light, were suspended by a hair over their heads, a hair which a breath might sever, and the vast mountains were piled up to the clouds above them, ready to follow with irresistible weight. They knew what it was to be lost in the mines, perforated like honeycombs, and wander through labyrinthine mazes until the dim torch revealed the dead darkness no longer, and for days and nights to wander through the echoing passages. Ah, and they knew what it would be to call in vain for help when they should come to the end of some narrow passage, in which, their strength failing, they would sink down with a feeble wall-sink into the slumber which knows no waking! Such had been the fate of the youth they bore with ladders and deep heart-throbs to the open air. Just in front of the great crater-like opening, a gentle hillock swelled upward, and a little up its smooth grassy surface were a cluster of pines. Thither they bore the sleeper and gently laid him. Slowly, solemnly, murmured the sea-tossed branches above him, and the breeze, just beginning to feel the warmth of the long delayed but quick coming summer, caressed his golden locks, long matted in the cavern waters. As they dried and fell back from his fair forehead, they clustered in ringlets around his white temples; his cheeks were yet ruddy with the glow of healthy youth, and on his finely cut mouth a smile inexpressible lingered like a happy thought.

The miners gathered round him mute with awe. Death had so counterfeited life that they persuaded themselves he slept. Ah, yes, he slept, but that sleep from which the body, however beautiful, never awakes!

The tidings flew to the village. The superstitious northmen streamed from their cottages and gathered around in thousands. "Who can he be?" eagerly ran from lip to lip, but no one knew. He was a stranger to all. Closely gathered they, and each gazed at the fresh and speaking lineaments of the dead, and passed on subdued.

Last came an old dame from the village, tottering on her staff. First to hear the tidings, she was last to arrive; but to her the dead was of more vital interest than to all the others. With the slow step, the palsied tremor, the dim sight of three score years and ten, she came onward. The bystanders gave her a passage, and a kind youth, placing his strong arm around her, supported, almost bore her to the object of interest. She did not pass onward like the rest, but stood fixed to the spot. Not a muscle of her frame now quivered; she drew in her breath and held it there. The suspense of the bystanders was heightened by her manners, so singular and anomalous. She appeared to be considering whether the body before her was living, or dead; whether counterfeiting sleep beneath the soft shadow of the pines, or the real sculpture of that twin brother of sleep—Death. She seemed to decide that he only slept, and with a strong effort cried, "Adolph, my own Adolph, I knew you were true, and would return to a love constant for fifty years! Awake, my own, and claim me!" She sprang forward from the supporting arm, and fell on the bosom of her beloved; and in the effort of kissing his cold lips expired.

The story is soon told. Mollena, in youth, was affianced to Adolph, to the delight of the villagers, who rejoiced in the fine appearance they made at the evening dance. Their wedding day was appointed, and his morning broke gloriously as it always does in Spring time in the North. Adolph had gone forth to gather a bouquet of the beautiful little alpine flowers which bloomed almost amid the melting snow.

The bridal party had gathered, the bride was ready, and waiting with fluttering heart his return. Many times her pride spoke to her of her handsome lover, and hope pictured the bliss of the future. An hour passed, an age to her, but she had another hour to wait, and another. The gay company broke up, disappointed, and many a bitter sarcasm and taunt smote the terrified heart of Mollena. The morning again came beautifully, but not Adolph. The villagers believing him lost in the mountains, searched that day along the steep paths and precipitous ledges, but not a trace of him could be discovered. Concluding he had deserted the village to avoid the union for reasons known only to himself, they gave over the search and returned to the village, and told the sad tale to the distracted bride.

Little thought they that Adolph wandered in the dismal chambers beneath them. He had gathered his bouquet, and was returning home by a path leading by the great crater of the mine. Far down its side in a protected nook, a cluster of flowers more beautiful than any he had gathered, nestled like a flake of snow. He resolved to possess them, and cautiously let himself down the almost precipitous rocks. He gathered them with the others; and was about returning, when the treacherous footing gave way and precipitated him into an old gallery covered by the last sliding-in of the summit. Then he wandered in the thick darkness; but so well acquainted was he with the mines, he doubted not he could effect his escape. He knew of a small vault

which he thought he might reach, and by it gain the main gallery. Shortly he groped his way, and totally exhausted, after days of wandering, reached what he thought must be the entrance to the main vault. "Great God!" he exclaimed, as he felt forth his hand, "the workmen have choked up this passage with rubbish!" A dim, confused scene of his Mollena, of anticipated happiness, of present danger, rushed over him, and wrapped him in oblivion. He sank back into the icy mineral water, and never arose.

Just fifty years that morning had fled. Mollena constantly expected the return of her lover, and rejected the advances of the village youths. Age had descended and she became a charity of the villagers. Fifty years that morning, and he had returned.

The kind-hearted people buried them in one grave beneath the pines. They did not dare separate them, but placed them in the rustic coffin united in the death embrace; the wrinkled lips of Mollena pressed the full blooming mouth of Adolph; her white locks mingled with his auburn ringlets; her pale cheek contrasting with his ruddy features, and her thin hand was clasped in his. "Truly," said the villagers, "Death and Life bury us together."

They were filled with superstitious awe, and to this time tell the tale by their firesides, when drear Winter imprisons them in icy fetters. Eagerly the children gaze at the speaker, and strangely dream the night thereafter.

In one grave they buried them, and on the rude basaltic slab at the head of their grave they wrote "Adolph and Mollena," and the pines above their heads still hush the rest of their united spirits by the sepulchral echo of the moan of the far off ocean.

Walnut Grove Farm, 1862.

Original Essays.

THE PROPOSED INDUSTRIAL UNIVERSITY.

BY O. S. LEAVITT.

Do not the Spiritualists, infidels, and heretics generally, who are or should be united against the monstrous doctrines and wretched morality of orthodox, need more than anything else at this time a liberal University? A plan, deemed entirely feasible and peculiarly American, has been proposed for a self-sustaining, industrial one, requiring no endowments, only investments, and most of these already secured, has already attracted some attention—but more of this in the sequel.

The watchman on the walls of our Zion, when asked, "What of the night?" must answer, "All the institutions of learning are against us!" And is it not lamentably true that there is not, in all this wide country, so much as one institution of learning of a high character, in which our youth can be educated, without being compelled to lose much time in attempting to learn a false religion, or in waiting on its heathenish ceremonies? Its gross immorality is attested by the fact that all the abominations of the age are sustained by it. We are doing much with our books, periodicals and lectures, opening the eyes of here and there one, but what can be done against a party that controls all the colleges, and makes all the school books? The superficial and unthinking masses say, "Ha, ha! you can't fool us! All the learning is against you. You have not a college or a university." It is true, the Unitarians and Universalists may claim exemption, but their narrowness and bigotry are glaringly prominent.

We have been far too apt to undervalue the power of learning—of education. Even when used for the support of a false religion it is almost omnipotent. Whately's Logic, very generally used as a textbook in our colleges, is apparently a labored attempt to support the popular theology, but it abounds in cases where false logic is adroitly given for the true. Hume's unanswerable argument against miracles is misstated, (without credit,) that it may be more easily have the appearance of being overthrown. Gerrit Smith's better argument would no doubt have been as unfairly treated, and given without credit, as that of some obscure scribbler, hardly entitled to notice. Whately's Rhetoric is much of the same character, as well as all the works on Moral Philosophy. It may not be generally known that the work of Dr. Paley, formerly in general use as a textbook on Moral Philosophy in all our colleges, was laid aside for inferior productions, on account of his liberal and fair chapter on "Sabbatarian Institutions," deemed not sufficiently Puritanical. I would like to see any respectable orthodox attempt to answer that chapter now.

Much has been said by reform writers and speakers on the necessity of "living according to Nature's laws." Now, labor, as well as a moderate and suitable diet, is essential to health and good physical development. Then, the highest authorities on sanitary matters refer to the usual practice of requiring of students "too many hours of study," as a fruitful source of disease, particularly among girls. (See Atlantic Monthly for July.) Eminent educational writers claim that three hours' close application by students under good instructors are better than more time. Now, a manual labor University is proposed, in which students can earn, by six to eight hours' daily labor, their entire support, board, text-books, clothing, &c., leaving about the same time for study. Thus, a liberal University education is open to all, without the necessity of going through such severe trials as many now do for this purpose, even, in some cases, leading to a mortgage of the homestead.

That this will pay—that colleges and universities may thus be made entirely self-supporting, can be made evident by reference to a few facts connected with manufactures. The wages of a boy or girl in a factory, is sometimes the sole reliance for the support of a family of three or four persons. Many, with work not more than half the time, dress and live comfortably, when their living must cost them much more than it would cost a company that would grow the food, and manufacture the clothing—a simple uniform like that of students in the European Universities. Boys and girls, working ten hours daily in a manufactory, have about four hours of spare time, often worse than thrown away. Even those four hours, if properly employed under careful teachers, would accomplish wonders in the way of education in a few years; and the manufacturer, who might be supposed to furnish them with the means of education, besides boarding and clothing them, in place of the usual weekly wages, would find a great advantage in it financially, as any one can demonstrate by a little arithmetic. Large experience and careful observation as a manufacturer have satisfied me fully, that students may support

themselves amply by from six to eight hours' daily labor, especially this kind of labor is properly systematized, and many years experience as a teacher has afforded full proof of the advantages of a union of manual labor with study, notwithstanding the repeated failures of manual labor schools. These failures can be readily accounted for: there was wanting sufficient variety; time of labor too short; exemptions were generally allowed for those able to live without, as well as for professors, &c. In short, these schools were generally considered merely a convenient device to relieve the churches of the burden of entirely supporting charity students, instead of being organized, as they should have been from a firm conviction that Nature's laws imperatively require labor, sufficient in amount each day, to induce a degree of fatigue, in all young persons, until their full physical development is secured, if they would have health and good physical constitutions. We may learn much from Dr. Winship and the trainers of prize-fighters. The soldier's life too, has its lessons. The groined and lofty tumbling at the gymnasium may answer a good purpose for students, when productive manual labor cannot be had, but not otherwise.

Ira Porter, a well-known able advocate of reform, offers four thousand acres of carefully selected lands in Western Michigan, containing sundry dwellings, two good saw mills, (one now running and turning out about \$20,000 worth of lumber a year) choice fruit, &c., for \$25,000, taking \$15,000 in stock to a Company who shall take it with the view of establishing an industrial University, carrying on farming on an extensive scale, manufactures, &c., by the labor of students. It is proposed that twenty or thirty carefully selected families organize the company, under the excellent general law for the regulation of institution of learning in that State. Only so many persons are needed as may be required to superintend the various scholastic and industrial departments, each putting in such means as he may have, in tools, machinery, or cash, taking stock in the Company for the amount; the Company to be governed like a railroad, or joint stock manufactory, by a board of directors, &c. The sum of \$10,000 must be paid in payments running four years, which it is presumed can be easily made from the business, or borrowed on the bonds of the Company, being ample security in the nature of a first mortgage. Other lands favorably located, have been offered, and other offers may be made, perhaps in New England.

I am now engaged in the business of getting up this Company, selecting suitable persons to conduct the several branches. It is proposed that each Professor be a joint partner with the farmer, the horticulturist, dairyman, seedman, architect, carpenter and builder, mason and plasterer, ship-builder, engineer, iron and brass founder, miller, the cotton, flax or wool manufacturer, ship-master, tanner, tinmer and copper-smith, printer, book-binder, &c. The female Professors and directors of the various departments of girls' labor will also be partners, the whole profits, after paying a fixed interest on the stock—most of which it is supposed will be held by the members, to be divided among them.

As to religion, we trust our Professors will be sufficiently learned and liberal, and will favor us, particularly on Sundays, with a vast deal of religious knowledge, which the popular clergy of the day have generally managed to conceal from the people; but each must be entirely free to teach that which he deems to be truth, perfect freedom of discussion being fully guaranteed to all. We shall probably have courses of Sunday lectures on such subjects as these: The Morals of the Ancient Heathens, such as Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Seneca, &c., as compared with those of our Modern Heathens. A course on Ecclesiastical History, embracing especially those things which the clergy generally would rather the people were kept in ignorance of; ditto regarding the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. A course on the various Sacred Manuscripts, claiming to be written revelations to men from various gods; the Progress of Religious Ideas—text-book, Mrs. Child; the various Human Gods, generally born of virgins, and all about equally well authenticated by copies of old manuscripts, the authors and ages of which are about equally certain (expected to be a very amusing course); Spiritualism, Ancient and Modern—its Teachings and Phenomena; the Moonshine of Morals, based on a False Religion; Divine Revelation, written, or otherwise, &c., &c.

We shall probably pass a resolution, requesting the Professors to endeavor to give us information, instruction in knowledge, and if possible, to tell us something we did not know before, leaving the mere declamation and sky-scraping rhetoric to the sophomores, and that facts from them will be far more acceptable than mere opinions, unsupported by fair argument. It is presumed that students, bearing say three lectures each Sunday, on such topics for several years, will be sufficiently posted on religious matters to bear an examination by any Doctor of Divinity in the land; indeed, the doctors themselves would be very likely to be confounded.

A thousand cavilling objections are made to the enterprise—and what new enterprise has not? The greatest hope its opponents can have, is in the poverty of the agent, and perhaps his weakness; he may be unable to find twenty families out of as many thousand, who will organize, and who may be well adapted to the enterprise. We call for no vast sums for endowments, as is generally done in attempting to organize new colleges by the sects; only for some contributions to our expense fund. Even this may excite contempt. There is a chasm in large sums. Then the idea of a few plain working men, attempting to get up an University for the education of their own and other people's children, may seem absurd. It may want the prestige of wealth, power, and the influence of great names, but it is not entirely devoid of all these, even now. The whole country must be visited, East and West, and some time and means will be required. I venture the opinion, that if the hundreds of young persons reading this, and who may desire to become students of such an institution, were to contribute twenty-five cents to our expense fund, the Company could be organized in thirty days, and the first classes organized the coming Autumn. I judge from the success already had in securing members, and from the great numbers of applications received from those desiring to become students, since the scheme has been very imperfectly before the public.

We like to receive applications from those desiring to join our Company, but as it is in the nature of a business partnership for Agricultural and Manufacturing, as well as Educational purposes, it must be evident that prudence on our part, as well as theirs, will require that no partners be received on mere correspondence. It is to be hoped that persons desiring Professorships may not be too modest to make application. Some have already done so,

but more are to come. It is hoped that satisfactory arrangements with some persons for the lecturing field, who, to the end of the month should be made Professors, by which they can spend a month or two with us, without essential interference with their other lecturing duties.

I intend to remain here during the month of August.
Detroit, Mich., Aug. 8, 1862.

A Superior linen can be made from unrotted flax as cheaply as cotton goods; the average price of cotton hereabout, say ten cents per pound. See an elaborate report on this subject in the Patent Office Report, for 1862.

FAITH WITHOUT WORKS.

BY J. K. BAILEY.

"For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead, also."

No words ever uttered by mortal man embody a more sublime truth than the above quotation from "the general epistle of James." And, it seems to me, to no people is more applicable, at the present day, than to Spiritualists.

While our lecturers and teachers everywhere are justly showing up the shortcomings of those who profess the Orthodox religion, their utter lack of true spiritual and holy inspiration, whereby thinking and reasoning children of God can be led to an understanding of their true relations to their Creator and their fellowmen, and a knowledge of their immortality; the cold, selfish and uncharitable demeanor of their so-called "ambassadors of God," and their heathenish denunciation of all who differ with them upon their pet dogma, a faith in vicarious atonement as necessary to salvation hereafter, (eternal damnation being the penalty for a lack of that faith,) regardless of works, though one may have lived ever so virtuous and truly Christian-like through life; would it not be well for us to pause and see if we are not rapidly drifting into the same vortex of error?

Are not professed Spiritualists uncharitable toward those who have not yet received the blessed light of spiritual knowledge, and who cannot believe until such evidence as brings conviction home to their reason and better nature falls within their reach? Do we not hear denunciation of such persons as are so unfortunate as to be yet floundering in the quagmire of sectarian bigotry, and of those who are yet occupying a plane nearly as lamentable, that of the non-believer in the immortality of the soul? No matter though they deride, slander and misconceive us and our motives, our religion, our philosophy teaches us to be charitable, to bear in fortitude and meekness all such trials; to remember that "they know not what they do."

Again, do we not hear harsh judgments pronounced and very hard and unbrotherly words spoken of those of our own fold who may happen to differ with the denunciations upon political, social and the various questions of the day? Thus, a radical republican pronounces every democrat a secessionist, and a radical democrat every republican an abolitionist and disunionist; if one expresses a belief in the conservative mode of conducting the present war, the other denounces him as a vile secessionist, and vice versa. In short, do not we, as Spiritualists, need more of Christ-like charity infused into our faith, thereby to "loosen the lump," that the living works of love, truth and purity may flow from the entire loaf?

Allow me, kind reader, gently, lovingly and charitably to protest against that spirit among Spiritualists, at least, which is ever inclined to charge mercenary motives to a brother or sister, whenever their acts do not comport with our sense of duty or right. As instance, Bro. Horton's construction of the motives which induced Bro. Ambler to transfer his labors, and his faith from the Spiritualistic ranks to those of Universalism. Now, I must in justice admit that Bro. H. is better qualified to judge correctly of the merits of this particular case than myself, as I have no personal acquaintance with Bro. Ambler, and have only had the pleasure of hearing three lectures from his lips, but I name it simply as an illustration of the principle which I wish to elucidate. True charity, however, according to my present unfoldment, would have led all Spiritualists to the following construction of Bro. Ambler's motives, in thus taking what seems to us, a retrograde step: his angel guides, from their standpoint, saw that he could be more instrumental of good for a time by taking said position than by remaining as he was. Thus (to some) seeming evil is done that good may come of it. If, however, pecuniary reasons were the actuating cause with Bro. A., is it not more in consonance with "the golden rule" to believe that he was not sustained, peculiarly, as he should have been, as is well known to be the case with nearly all laborers in the vineyard of the true faith, instead of charging him with an overweening desire to lay up paltry pelf?

It does seem that we might better display the beautiful fruits of a living faith in such noble works as bestowing more liberal remuneration upon those chosen few who, led captive by their celestial guides to labor in the mediæstic field for the welfare and elevation of mankind, feel it their highest pleasure to be the instrument of communication between the groping millions of this dark sphere and the glorified ones who have passed on to the bright and glorious realms of spirit existence. And, also, in making some advance each day, small though it be, in the onward and upward way of progression, which leads not only to a pure faith, but to noble and fruitful works. Let those who are afflicted with bad habits, be it in the use of tobacco, intoxicating and stimulating beverages, or of any other name or nature, resolve, and act upon such resolve, to commence and continue, from this hour henceforth, the work of regeneration. If all such habits cannot be annihilated at once, let some one branch of the deadly ones be loosed off each day, and then will each see that the remaining members of the naturally pure tree shall be rejuvenated, strengthened and prepared to bear the healthy, luscious and life-giving fruit of good works for which it was originally created.

And thus, by our practices, let us show to the world that the professions of Spiritualists are not without profitable fruit, and that our faith is a living entity, always keeping in view that it is by our works that we must be judged.

Pennville, Ind., July 18, 1862.

The American Tract Society has undertaken a new branch of publishing. The managers have caused crackers to be baked on each of which is stamped a text of scripture. Biscuits can swallow the gospel in this style, without its choking them.

Grove Meeting

AT WHITEWATER, WATWORTH CO., WISCONSIN.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

August 3d was appointed by the friends of reform in this place for all who chose to meet and enjoy the privilege of full expression of free thought upon a free platform.

Officers—Mr. M. E. Congar, President; L. T. Whittier, Secretary; Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Congar, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Severance, Committee of Arrangements. The morning was spent in Conference, in which a goodly number of the friends of reform took part; but no urging could induce those who thought their cherished creeds and dogmas were being destroyed, to come forward and defend them—thus virtually acknowledging their side whipped, or themselves incapable of defence.

Mrs. Stowe spoke upon Special Providence, ignoring the idea that God stepped aside from the natural order of things to cause it to rain that morning, in order to prevent the Spiritualists from meeting. Mr. Stowe said: The duty of reformers is destructive and constructive. Destroy that which impedes the progress of man and woman, but not that which tends to their development.

Dr. Stillman said: Speak your own thoughts; come up and defend what you believe to be true. Miss Knox said: Develop your own individuality. Like all you can of good in man, woman, child, animal, vegetable and mineral.

O. H. Congar said: Come and let us reason together. Old institutions must give way. Nature has made us differently, and we cannot think alike. I am glad to see the Reform Dress worn here, and its merits discussed.

L. T. Whittier said: Is it time to tell the Truth? The cowardly time-server answers, No; but the true man and woman an emphatic Yes. The world was never yet ready for a new truth. Socrates, Jesus, Galileo and Luther spoke their truths before the world was ready for them. Do not put a seal upon your lips and live a lie.

A. B. Severance said: People should be judged by their actions, no matter what their belief. Men and women at home, as well as on the battle-field, may display true courage. I am a warrior, but never fight anything but errors.

Conference closed with music by Severance and Williams's Quadrille Band.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe opened the forenoon session with a lecture, which, to my mind, was far superior to any which I have ever heard given through her, because containing so many practical truths. She touched upon some of the absurdities of old theology, such as endless punishment, natural depravity, and an angry God. That spirits come to us as messengers of peace and love, but money-making mediums from the home circle. Do not claim to be Spiritualists, unless you can free yourselves from lust and sensuality, and build up a pure physical body, and then a pure spirit will dwell therein.

Mrs. Miles of Jayneville.

Next in order was an able lecture by Dr. Stillman, upon "Health Reform, versus Drug Medication." She is a graduate under Dr. Trall; evidently a woman of talent and ability, whose very appearance is calculated to inspire people with the idea that she knows what she says, when she tells them they might as well put themselves into the hands of the rumrunner as the drug doctor.

The forenoon session closed with music.

The afternoon session opened with a Conference; after which, Miss Knox gave a lecture. Subject—"Truth." Truth is free, she said, but the same spirit that crushed it in the past is present to-day. Not a person living but is a slave. Every person is represented by the magnetism he throws off; and if he dare not live his highest conception of truth, he impresses others with his condition of slavery. She dealt unparaphrased with the present social conditions, and while she believed that false marriage should be righted, she also thought that true marriage was from the foundation of the world; and that when people study their own natures, and marry understandingly, there will be no more need of underground railroads for the escape of fugitive wives and husbands.

Mrs. Stowe recited the beautiful and soothing poem, "Rock Me to Sleep." Then gave a short lecture, calling upon the people to explain Spiritualism, if it is not what it claims to be; tell who or what rolled away the stone from the sepulchre and opened the prison doors at night.

The meeting then adjourned till 6 o'clock, and, as usual, was opened with a Conference.

Dr. Stillman again lectured, and held the audience perfectly chained, while with eloquence and logic she talked to them of that terrible disease—which is abroad in our land, laying prostrate our beautiful household gods, through a direct effect of transgressed laws, either by parents or children, and not, as ignorantly supposed, by a direct interposition of Providence.

After listening to several pieces by the Band, the meeting closed.

This meeting was well attended, and one of interest, not only dispensing mental and spiritual food to the friends of progress, but it stirred up the conservative minds. In such a way as to make them think that there may be truths outside of the creed-bound church.

There is nothing so well calculated to develop the minds of the masses to a liberal and independent condition as meetings of this kind, with a free platform, and an opportunity offered to all to express their thoughts in their own way.

Perhaps no town in the West can boast (?) of a more conservative element than Whitewater; but the seeds sown heretofore by a few liberal minds are taking root, and must ultimately develop into a beautiful tree, beneath whose cooling shade all shall assemble to catch the manna of Truth as it falls from its bending branches.

A friend to Truth and Reform,
Whitewater, Wis. LOUISA T. WHITTIER.

Another Hard-Fought Battle.

Accounts from New Orleans, August 10th, give the particulars of the defeat of the rebels at Baton Rouge, and the destruction of the Iron ram Arkansas. The fight took place on the edge of the town. Gen. Williams, who was in command of the Federal forces, being unwilling to expose the helpless women and children. The rebel troops were variously estimated at from 5000 to 15,000, under command of Gen. Breckinridge and Lovell. Another account says our force engaged numbered less than 2,500. The enemy had at least 5000 with 12 or 14 field pieces and some cavalry. The battle may be characterized as one of the most soldier-like, skillfully-planned fights of the war. General Williams, with his well known abilities as a leader, seemed to rally behind houses and fences, and taking in with one glance the plan of the enemy's attack, made all his preparations to resist and oppose them. A passenger from Baton Rouge states that our loss was 70 killed and 215 wounded. Gen. Williams had three horses shot under him. He was killed while rallying the 21st Indiana regiment, which had just lost a field piece. The gun was retaken, but General Williams fell, pierced by several bullets.

Major-General Butler in his address to the army after the victory, says: "Attacked at Baton Rouge by a division of our rebel enemies, under command of a Major-General recalcitrant to loyal Kentucky, whom some of us would have honored before his apostasy, of doubly superior numbers, you have repulsed in the open field his myriads, who took advantage of your mistakes, from the malaria of the marshes of Vicksburg, to make a cowardly attack. The brigade at Baton Rouge has routed the enemy. He has lost three Brigadier-Generals, killed, wounded and prisoners, many Colonels and field officers. He has more than 1000 killed and wounded. You have captured three pieces of artillery, six caissons, two stand of colors, and a large number of prisoners. You have buried his dead on the field of battle, and are caring for his wounded. You have convinced him that he is never to risk as not to fight your enemy, if he desires the contest. You have

shown him that if he cannot take an outpost after weeks of preparation, what would be his fate with the main body. If your General should say he was proud of you, it would be only to praise himself; but he will say that he is proud to be one of you."

The rebel Iron-clad ram Arkansas was destroyed by the Federal Iron-clad ram Essex, under command of Capt. W. D. Porter. Here are the particulars:

As soon as the enemy was repulsed, Commander Porter with the gunboats went up stream after the ram Arkansas, which was lying about five miles above, apparently afraid to take her share in the conflict. According to a preconceived plan, as he came within gunshot he opened on her, and probably soon disabled some of her machinery or steering apparatus, for she became unmanageable; continuing, however, to fire her guns at the Essex. Commander Porter says he took advantage of her presenting a weak point toward him, and loaded his guns with incendiary shells. After his first discharge of this projectile, a gust of fire came out of her side, and from that moment it was discovered that she was on fire. He continued his exertions to prevent it from being extinguished. They beached her ashore and made a line fast, which soon burst off, and she swung into the river, where she continued to burn until she blew up with a tremendous explosion.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,

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PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

No Fanatics.

No, let us be careful, and have none of them in our ranks. We, who have waited in patience so long, with souls open to the reception of truth whenever it might come unto them from above, can ill afford to let our impulses, much less our passions, run away with us now, when all things promise so well for the immediate opening of the new heavens upon the needy earth. If we conceive that we have at length been permitted to behold truth from a new view, and to embrace with our faith points which it is too plain that many others cannot embrace as yet, shall we therefore undertake the work of proselytizing by violent methods, or even by any methods at all, and not leave each to find his own as it shall seem best in the sight of God and the angels?

There is no step gained to any cause by forcing matters beyond their natural inclination to advance. We must leave something to Nature. If we are at the pains to sow the seed, we surely ought to be willing to wait for it to sprout and grow up according to the ordinary processes established by Nature. Especially is it to be urged upon the true friends of the Spiritual—which is the progressive—philosophy, that they are to be deliberate even while they are decisive, and full of patience and charity even while they are firm. So much is lost when the temper goes overboard. The very best of causes loses by such a misfortune on the part of its advocates—loses sometimes beyond the power of immediate reparation.

If we leave all to Reason, then we can well afford to wait and let Reason have free play. Reason must assuredly lead the way amid these ruins, and this accumulating chaos, holding her torch within her hand. The truly spiritual idea must be illustrated and exemplified; and this can be done, not by letting uncontrolled passion fly in the face of all spiritual ideas, but by waiting with a patience full of a gracious sweetness for truth to work silently, and for itself, upon the minds of others, content, even if we do not happen to live in the body long enough to see it worked out. We may be zealous, but we should not be zealous. Let us not be confused, in the eyes of others, our personal preferences and prejudices with the beautiful truths which we would advocate and exemplify. In this way men unconsciously mistake their own little choices and desires for the great ulterior good of the cause to which they are sincerely committed, unable, even to themselves, to explain how it is they shoot so wide of the mark which they have so sacredly espoused as their own.

We would discourage no one who sincerely seeks to advance what he conceives and believes to be the cause of truth. We would throw a chill over the native ardor of no living soul. We would not dampen any enthusiasm that is born of a genuine love for the truth. Yet it is plain that enthusiasm alone soon burns itself out. It has no oil from which to feed its flame, and so make it perpetual, except it proceeds from a clear and well-weighted understanding of what is true and what are the best methods for setting it forth and establishing it.

Calmness of mind is absolutely necessary to the successful prosecution of any cause, whether it has within itself the elements of progress or not. The self-poised mind is the only mind that can take a survey of the whole field, and decide when to move and with what aids and adjuncts it is to be done. Haste and heat only unfit men for the work they have to do, and actually result in putting and keeping matters back instead of advancing them. When the faith of a person in his cause is truly a strong and living faith, that alone will sustain him, and he will not lose temper in beating the air to no purpose because he cannot make others see as he sees. Fanaticism is a foul fiend, as well as a dangerous and destructive agent in the work of human progress. We may work as hard as we choose, but we must keep our tempers.

The "New Ironsides."

This Iron-plated frigate, just completed in Philadelphia for the Government, and intended as a sea-going craft of marvelous power, both of offence and resistance, is completed. It is believed she is destined for Charleston harbor, where she will be likely to stand very much in the way of the rebel naval arrangements. Everything can be lowered beneath the deck in time of action, even to the smoke-stack. She likewise carries two Parrot two hundred-pounders, capable of throwing their terrible shot a distance of six miles. We should have been more than astonished, a short year ago, to be told that so little time was going to work so great a revolution. But greater and more wonderful things, no doubt, are in store for us yet. We have not got to the end of our rope so soon. The day of wonders, in material as well as spiritual power, has only dawned. This nation, crude as its character is as yet, is to lead the world in those grand arts, devices and ideas, which imply the highest development of the faculties of the human race.

A Liberal Institution.

In another part of the BANNER will be found a communication at some length, from the pen of Dr. O. S. Leavitt, of Detroit, Mich., on the subject of establishing a College, Seminary, or University—perhaps the latter, rather than the others—for the propagation of Spiritual truth and the promotion of the aims of Spiritual believers. The author of the communication takes hold of his case at precisely the same end at which the credulists and others do, whose powerful influence he honestly seeks to overthrow. The only question in the case appears, therefore, to be this: Can Spiritualists afford to employ the same means—machinery, catch-words, superstitions, and all—which the partialists have so long used, and used to so unsatisfactory an end? We know it is said, and with a great deal of positiveness, too, that the devil is to be fought, if at all, with his own weapons; but we never yet subscribed to that hasty and one-sided theory. If the simple truth be told everywhere and at all times, and spoken in the real spirit and temper of one who loves and reveres the truth for its own sake, it will work out its ends a great deal faster than if it wasted the greater part of its strength in combats and contentions. We know the nature of man to resist everything like dictation and assault; but when argument and discussion is fall utterly, candid and sweet tempered discussion is as magical with its power as ever.

What has heretofore hurt man's conceptions of Truth has been the vain and childish attempt of sect-makers and university-builders to dole out, to peddle out as much as they thought good for the soul, and forbid any further efforts at discovery by threatening severe penalties, both in this world and the other. We have all been too carefully cramped. The only aim should be, to discover Truth in any direction, in all directions, and by any and all kinds of human experience. Organized institutions may be useful for this purpose, up to a certain limit; but beyond that we believe them harmful, and to vitiate the very ends at which they are directed. It is not the way to destroy error by preaching it down; but rather by setting forth the true. To organize for the sake of overthrowing other organizations, is to travel in a useless circle, and not to get forward at all. This is to be carefully kept in sight, when we become impatient of the room which comparatively worthless systems are taking up.

Spiritualism, in its several offices of usefulness, is to act like the sun, freely dispensing light and warmth for all—whether in the defined limits of the creeds or not. It is an universal agent and benefactor. It knows no favoritism, and will not be repelled by those who insist on living without its ever-present influence. Only set its truths at work in every organization, no matter how varied they are, or even how opposed they may be to one another, and it will soon claim all for its own. They cannot contain the whole of it, any more than the less can contain the greater. It is destined to work everywhere; in all the churches; in all politics and policies; in the entire social system; in business and finance; in every highway and byway of human life. The priests can no more take sole charge of it than any other class of men. It is diffusive, searching, personal, universal. Let it work its way silently into the Universities, and they will come under its influence without knowing by what seeming magic it has finally been done.

How Events Crowd On.

One would scarcely believe it possible that less than eighteen months' war would have wrought the change that has been wrought in the social status of the larger part of the Border Slave States, which is destined, too, to work as marked a change over all the other States to the southward of them. The evidences rapidly multiply that the movement of emancipation, in one shape and another, is going forward of itself, and that ere long there will be quite another state of affairs from that which has in the past characterized the Slave State social and industrial system. The officers of the Confederates themselves to free their own slaves, if Europe would only recognize them, are proof enough that they have no dread whatever of emancipation, or of its results, but that they do mean to carry their aims at every cost and hazard.

We find, extracted from the Christian Banner of Fredericksburg, Va.—a loyal print—an article of the profoundest significance in connection with the present condition of slavery in that State, and tending to throw much light on the state of things in the not far-off future there. "It is of such wide interest, just at this time, that we cannot refrain from reproducing it here, for the reflection of our readers."

"I never expected it would come to this." Thousands can now say we never expected it would come to this. No, the champion leaders of this terrible rebellion are as much disappointed in their calculations and expectations, as the great body of the people whom they have deceived. Virginians never expected to see their towns desolated—their farms laid waste—their slaves leaving at will—their property scattered like chaff before the wind—their children sacrificed. They never expected that Virginia would become the battle-field and burying ground of a great national revolution.

Six months ago the secessionists in our town laughed at the idea that the Union troops would ever get to Fredericksburg. They never expected that things would come to what they have, and it would have been dangerous for any one to have predicted the present state of affairs in town. They now see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, but all seem to make but little or no impression on their minds and hearts for the better. They see with their eyes, but cannot perceive; they hear with their ears, but cannot understand. They obstinately refuse to contemplate the ultimate result of things, in our humble opinion, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer, the horrible scenes which will be acted out will be without a parallel in the history of the world. The simple circumstance of slaves leaving their owners will be regarded as an insignificant trifle compared with other things which will happen.

The whole colored population of Virginia is becoming alarmingly demoralized, the spirit of insubordination and rebellion against the authority of their masters is constantly being demonstrated in our midst. This none can doubt. There are but few white men in Virginia except old men and invalids, who are not in the Southern army; when, therefore, this spirit of rebellion becomes fully ripe, what will become of these old men and invalids, and worse than all, what will become of helpless women and innocent children? The future is a picture terrible to contemplate, to avert which every sensible man and woman in the whole country should exert his or her undivided and untiring influence. The half has neither been seen, felt, nor heard, if this rebellion continues twelve months longer. Remember, fellow citizens, what we say, and may the Lord grant you wisdom and understanding before it is finally too late."

New Publications.

Among the Pines; or, South in Seclusion-Time. By Edmund Kirke. New York: J. R. Gilmore.

We have read these life-like sketches as they appeared in the pages of the "Continental Monthly," and could hardly wait for the month to come round that we might renew our acquaintance with the characters they describe. It has been said that they make up into a book not a whit less interesting, nor any less powerful in point of treatment, than "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and we candidly do not see how the remark can be gainsayed. "Among the Pines" is certainly a most remarkable book; the writer of it is a real hero, without ever appearing to be aware of it; he sketches and colors with the firm and rapid hand of an artist, and throws together incidents and develops scenes that stir the blood in every vein of the body. We do not like to see an author over-praised; but there is little danger of the author of this book being spoiled; there is too much real stuff in him for that. He gives you what he has himself seen and experienced in Carolina, at a period but little removed from the date of the firing of the first cannon on Sumter. No pictures with the pen could be more graphic and thoroughly effective. The subject is a fertile one, and it has been handled in this case by a true master. Read "Among the Pines" by all means, if you would have a proper conception of the social state where slavery reigns unchallenged by any of the slumbering forces of the human soul.

OUT OF HIS HEAD, is the queer title of a queer prose romance, from the poetic pen of T. B. Aldrich, author of "Babbalanza" and other poems, and the prolific and popular press of Carleton, New York. It is well worth a summer afternoon's perusal. The type and paper are unusually attractive.

THE CONTINENTAL FOR SEPTEMBER shows a long roll of very attractive titles in its table of contents, and some of the authors are as well known as good writers ought to be. Horace Greeley contributes a striking paper to this number on "National Unity." John Neal is discussed by a penetrating writer, and so is the "Negro in the Revolution." There is something extremely readable on "Andrew Jackson," on "Bookie," the historian, "Anthony Trollope in America," and other current topics. No magazine of the time comes up to the young CONTINENTAL for the freedom—we might almost say the abandon—with which it goes into the political topics of the day. It is Northern, Emancipation, and everything of that sort, up to the very highest figure. It hesitates to say nothing which it honestly thinks and believes. There can be no stagnant water where the CONTINENTAL "paddles its canoe," depend on that. Published by J. R. Gilmore & Co., New York and Boston.

LES MISERABLES, Parts II and III. *Cornell and Marius*. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

This wonderful novel by Victor Hugo, a master in the art of Romance, still keeps its head above all the other productions of the day for popularity. Its mysterious power would secure as much as that for it. Readers multiply for each division of the story at a rate scarcely credible. And yet, the number of readers a book may be able suddenly to command would furnish but a poor test of the real, lasting power of the book itself. We spoke of the first Part—*Fantine*—when it made its appearance; the second and third parts are but successive redemptions of the pledge given in the first, that the interest of the tale would deepen and intensify as it proceeded. This novel is as little "Frenchy" as can be, considering that its author is a Frenchman; and no reader can sit down to its perusal without giving himself up to its power and mysterious fascination entirely.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September is crammed full with light and substantial articles, each for him who would have the one or the other. There is a highly interesting one by Dr. Hay, on "Cerebral Dynamics," which lets one into the secret of mental derangements, and their cause and cure; then Agassiz contributes his monthly paper on the "Methods of Study in Natural History," the series commanding the close attention of every thoughtful reader; "Rifle Clubs" is the title of an article by H. W. B. Cleveland; "David Gaunt" promises to be absorbing as a tale; Mr. Higginson—always fresh and captivating—gives us two papers, the one on the "Life of Birds," being particularly attractive and instructive; and one of the very best, because most delicate, of all the contributions to this number, is the article named "Complaint of my Friends," by the author of "My Garden," which we liked much at the time of its appearance. The "Atlantic" has a long lease of healthy and vigorous life before it yet.

Col. Corcoran.

This gallant Irish officer, who was captured in battle by the rebels more than a year ago, has at length been released. They have kept him back for reasons best known to themselves. The Colonel himself says, it is because they thus thought they could best please and pacify England, he having refused to order out his regiment, in New York, to do honor to the youthful Prince Albert, a couple of summers ago. Other reasons have been given, one being about as valuable as another. It is certain, at any rate, that his countrymen, as well as his friends and military co-partners, are pleased enough to get him back again into the land of freedom, and they threaten to actually feast him to death in testifying their joy over his release. No other prisoner, hitherto taken by the rebels, has been made to suffer so many wrongs and indignities as Col. Corcoran. Welcome back home to him! Since his return he has been promoted to a Brigadier Generalship.

New Recruits.

We desire our readers—all of them—to drum up new recruits in the shape of subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT. There never was a time when we needed the aid of our friends more than now. We are continually assured that they wish us to "go on our way rejoicing," and they can keep us safely on that track if they will but make, each of them, a little effort to drum up new recruits. Our battle, you know, brethren, is a mighty one against Error and Wrong; but with God on our side, we are sure of victory in the end.

A New Book.

Dr. Child is preparing for the press a book, to be called "MR. OTHER HALF," on the subject of Spiritual Affinity. It will be published by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston. Orders solicited.

To Travelers.

We desire to call attention to that excellent mode of travel, the Fall River Line. The superiority of this particular route over all others to New York, is now an established fact among tourists generally, and we would advise all our friends who think of journeying either to or from Boston to New York, to avail themselves of the excellent accommodations which this Line of travel affords.

As we passed over this road a few days since on our way to New York and Philadelphia, we are happy to be able to speak from personal experience of the merits of the Fall River Line. The two steamboats at present plying between Fall River and New York City, are the "Metropolis," and the "Empire State," upon the latter of which it was our good fortune to find ourselves a few nights since, after a pleasant ride of about two hours by cars from Boston to Fall River. For home-comfort and ease this boat cannot be surpassed, since the accommodations are of the highest order, and no pains are spared by those in command to make the journey to and from New York, an agreeable one to all classes. The courtesies which we received at the hands of Captain B. Brayton, the gentlemanly and dignified commander of the Empire State, and the attentive and obliging clerk, Mr. Symonds, will ever be held in grateful remembrance by one who went among them a stranger. May our present experience be the experience of all travelers by the Fall River route.

Sewing Machines.

We learn that there are annually manufactured in this country seventy thousand sewing machines, which task the working energies of twelve or fourteen manufacturing establishments. This latest of inventions is really one of the greatest. It would be difficult to express the advantages that have been secured to families, to sewing women and girls, and to operators with the needle generally, by the timely introduction of this wonderful little machine. It eats up the piles of prepared cotton cloth as if its hunger would never be satiated. It cheers lonely labor, and encourages the patient, plodding worker, who has been accustomed to consume, the midnight oil and nurse her solitary thoughts, to believe that there is help in this wide world even for her. A load of toil and care has been lifted from many a poor, burdened heart by the introduction of the sewing machine. Heaven bless the inventor, and prosper all who depend for a livelihood upon the invention!

Personal.

We have just had a pleasant interview with Mrs. F. H. Day, editor and publisher of THE HEARSTON, a literary periodical published monthly at San Francisco, Cal. She informs us that she is about to leave the States on a European tour, principally on business connected with her Magazine. She is a lady of talent and refinement, progressive in her views, and we cordially commend her to our transatlantic friends. Any favors they may be pleased to render her will be gratefully appreciated by us.

Our worthy brother, Rev. E. Case, Jr., who has been in the army of the West for the past twelve months, has been honorably discharged, and has returned to his home. He intends to resume forthwith his labors as a lecturer on Spiritualism and the reforms of the day.

The Boston Light Artillery.

This splendid corps having been recruited up to its full complement of men, has volunteered its services to the Government, and been accepted. The following is a list of its officers, commissioned and non-commissioned: Edward J. Jones, Captain; Lucius Cummings, Senior 1st Lieutenant; E. P. Morrell, Senior 2d Lieutenant; Isaac Prince, Junior 1st Lieutenant; J. P. Sawin, Junior 2d Lieutenant; George Booth, Sergeant Major; F. W. Marsh, Quartermaster Sergeant; George W. Sanborn, 1st Sergeant; Warren French, 2d; B. F. Welch, 3d; Wm. Woodman, 4th; Eli Marble, 5th; Joseph Holmes, 6th; Gunners: Joseph L. Poor, Charles H. Crowell, Henry Wright, James Kelley, and James Murray; Albert Bean, Guidon.

Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Quincy; Frank L. Wadsworth in Plymouth; Miss Lizzie Dotson in Portland, Maine; Miss Emma Houston in Sutton, N. H.; Mrs. A. P. Thompson in Lebanon, N. H.; W. K. Ripley in West Waterport, Me.; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Bradley, Me.; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Oswego, N. Y.; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury in Cidero, N. Y.; Warren Chase in Roxbury, Vt.; Mrs. H. F. M. Brown in Chicago, Ill.

The Slave Treaty with England.

The attention of our readers is called to an able article on our eighth page, from the pen of Horace Dresser, LL.D., on the recent treaty between England and the United States in regard to the Slave Trade. This article was prepared for the Atlantic Monthly, but the old fogey editors declined it. However, as the BANNER circulates far more extensively than the Atlantic, perhaps it is better that we publish it instead.

The Meetings at Lyceum Hall.

The regular course of lectures by normal and abnormal speakers will recommence at the above named Hall on Sunday, Sept. 7th, on which occasion Mr. H. B. Storer will occupy the desk, afternoon and evening.

There will be no Conference Meeting in the above Hall next Sunday, as some repairs are to be made there.

Picnic Excursion to Dungeon Rock.

We are glad to see that our friend Dr. Gardner has promptly acted on the hint we gave in a recent number of the BANNER, and taken the preliminary steps for a grand public excursion to this charming locality. All who can leave their avocations for a day, will no doubt embrace this favorable opportunity to visit Dungeon Rock. Several talented public speakers are expected to be present.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.] Will Mrs. A. E. Posten have the kindness to furnish us with her Post Office address? We have written several letters to her, but have not been able to find her. We have failed to receive a response, and now, as a last resort, take this method to ascertain your whereabouts.

We have several communications in type, which for lack of space we are obliged to omit this week.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

In the next number of the BANNER we shall publish a translation from the German of Zschokke, entitled "MAYN IN THE DESERT"—An Arabian Tradition.

"THE BRIDGEBROOM OF DEATH," a short Spandian tale, written for the BANNER by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., will be found on the second page.

The price of tickets to the Picnic at Duggon Rock, Lynn, as will be seen by the notice in another column has been reduced to forty cents for the trip.

THE RISING TIDE.—Our friends of the Rising Tide, are informed that the BANNER is mailed to their address regularly. If they do not receive it, it must be because the mails don't perform their duty. Your paper is ever welcome, and its contents are fully appreciated by us. We hope you will continue to rise higher and higher during the great storm that is sweeping over our beloved country, and be amply sustained in the future. Please copy our prospectus, and, in return, we will print yours.

AN ANGEL ON EARTH.

Die when you may, you will not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair
Than beauty at your birth has given;
Keep but the lips, the eyes we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel made-for Heaven.

Get this world under your feet. Take no rest till you have broken through the alien net, till you have got the golden fetters. A heart that is full of the world is a heart full of wants.

A PATRIOT.—Archbishop Hughes calls upon the entire North to come out and put down the rebellion. He says the people should insist on being drafted, and so bring this unnatural strife to a close by strength and might alone.

The rub-a-dub of the tenor drum and the shrill notes of the fife are heard constantly in our streets, telling us emphatically that the war of Freedom—universal emancipation—has begun. God speed the day that the great work shall be accomplished; that this fair land may once more settle down into quietness and peace.

The science of the ancients was a complete work; it embraced causes and effects; it treated of the rapport of the world of spirits with the world of bodies; while our modern science reduces all to the minutest and most narrow limits—to matter alone.—Harold of Progress.

GENERAL BANKS.—The Louisville Journal, echoing the general praise of the conduct of Gen. Banks at the battle of Cedar Mountain, remarks: "He is a genuine man. He is a successful man. He has succeeded excellently and eminently in everything he has undertaken. He is a strong, brave, quick, sagacious, live man. We have faith in him."

It is said that several persons have left the States for Canada to escape a draft. We doubt the truth of this statement, for such is not the nature of northern men. But if it is really so, we hope our Canadian friends will kick the miserable renegades out of their territory. They are not fit to live anywhere.

PROGRESSION.

The scale
Of being is a graduated thing;
And deeper than the vanities of power,
Or the vain pomp of glory, there is writ
Gradation, in its hidden characters.

—N. P. Willis.

Eyes should not be strained by reading by artificial light. Moonlight is most dangerous to the eyes while reading. Never weary your eyes during the heat of summer. More persons lose their sight in this way than is generally supposed.

How to RID A BARN OF FLEAS.—Take quick lime, slack it, and sow freely. It will exterminate them in pigsties, or any place they inhabit.

Elias Howe, Jr., the well-known inventor of the sewing-machine, and a very wealthy man, his income being \$200,000 a year, after giving \$2,000 to the enlistment fund in Bridgeport, signed his name to the roll of volunteers as a private, and announced that he should not procure a substitute.

We often repeat of having spoken, but seldom of having kept silent.

The skull of Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who died in the year 376 B. C., holds a place in the International Exhibition.

"That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman, who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear, I can soon make it plural."

Adelaide Phillips seems to have won a success at Liege, Belgium, even greater than in any of the cities she had previously visited. The leading musical paper of that city says that "never before have we known what *Arceus* and *Arceus* could be made!" and winds up with the wholesale laudation: "Parfait et parfait!" A crown was also presented to her by the Press of Liege, amid the prolonged "bravos" of the audience. Surely the little Boston girl ought to be satisfied with these triumphs, which few have won in such rapid succession, and which still fewer have so well deserved.

The proportion of boys to girls born in time of war is often stated to be greater than during the "piping times of peace." The registration of Providence for 1861 confirms this notion, for the boys born were 836 against 789 girls—a difference of fully sixteen per cent. in favor of impatient soldiers.

Illinois raises 25,000 bales of cotton, this year, and there is no reason why she should not do better in 1863, and thereafter. Cotton shows a disposition to come North.

Ohio has a grand wheat crop, say 30,000,000 bushels, the surplus being 17,000,000. Most other crops are full ones, and only oats fail, and they but partially.

The French have lost 1200 men in Mexico, besides wounded and prisoners.

It is intimated in foreign papers, that at the great Catholic convention in Rome, the question of the Pope's emigration to America will be seriously discussed.

Commodore Vanderbilt intends to establish a school for the young of both sexes, on Staten Island, and to endow the same, so that its support will be always ensured.

SINFUL HABITS.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation; in such a combat he is the bravest soldier, that, lays about him without fear or wit. "Wit" platters; fear disheartens; he that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree and the branches are soon cut off.—Quaker.

The French Iron-clad steamship *La Normandie* sailed for the Mexican Gulf on the 21st of July. Considerable interest is felt as to the character of her passage across the ocean.

The aggregate production of the Pennsylvania coal mines for the present season, is about 3,740,867 tons, against 4,102,130 tons to the same time last season. The Lehigh Navigation Company is now the only company that has not been brought into line since the late disastrous frosts.

We have a letter from Mr. J. Y. Mayfield in which he says that he will publish in our next issue, a notice of his new book, "The Banner of Light."

Time of Sorrow and Sadness.

There was never a time in the experience of the present generation, when sorrow and sadness weighed so heavily on human hearts as the present. North, South, East and West, throughout our country, every one who has feeling and sympathy dwells in the atmosphere of sorrow and sadness. Sorrow and sadness for what? For the dissolution of our once united republic; for the waste and destruction of the good things that are essential to our earthly prosperity and happiness; for the antagonism and hatred that now exist between countrymen, friends, and relatives; for the murderous occupation of human hands; for the separation of husband and wife, father and child, brother and sister, mother and son; for the desolation of happy hearths; for threatening war; for the forebodings of coming agony, of bitter tears, and of anguish, that time cannot heal. For these things that are upon us already, or are threatening us, imminently, we feel sorrowful and sad—and why should we not feel so? They cannot be averted. There is no human hand that can keep them back, if they must come. These things are not for material glory, or for the benefit of any thing, or condition that belongs to physical existence.

But let us turn the picture from the darkness of earthly shadows and sorrows to the more blessed light of spiritual realities. There is nothing of earth that endures—while spirit abides forever with all its lovely attributes. Governments and nations dissolve and fall; earthly goods dissolve and crumble to dust; earthly prosperity and earthly happiness are turned to disappointment and sorrow; hatred only belongs to falling things; friends may become enemies, and the ties of consanguinity are hurled in the graves of earthly love; murder does not reach beyond the bounds of matter, where the preservation of animal life also finds its mission ended. Husband and wife are only bound by the dissolving links of earthly love—father and child the same—brother and sister the same; and mother and son the same—while spiritual love and affinity holds forever. Want and painful forebodings, agony, bitter tears and anguish, all fall into the graves where earthly things are buried.

All these things must first be, to open the windows of the spiritual heavens that humanity may behold its superior realities, its wise and perfect rulings, its blessed abodes that await all earth's children. The spiritual world has more to do with the present causes of our sorrow and sadness, far more, than the material world. This dreadful war that now so much afflicts and grieves us, is all caused by the spiritual world, not by men in the physical body. And though it is sad and sorrowful, yet, for our spiritual perception and recognition, it is to be beautiful, grand, and glorious. This warfare of our once beautiful, united Republic is not for any material good, but it is purely to bring the spiritual heavens down so near to the earth that all men, whether in the physical form or out, shall perceive and recognize their loveliness—whereby they shall become convinced that earthly prosperity, earthly happiness, earthly glory, and all things earthly, fade away and perish, while all spiritual things endure, and grow in ineffable beauty forever and ever. This civil war, however sad and sorrowful it may be, is the work of Spiritualism, acting in its unseen, inexplicable ways, to open the hearts and eyes of men to something that is more satisfying and enduring than this earth can give. It is an awful, a mighty work of earthly devastation, and its fruition shall be an awful and a mighty perception and acceptance of spiritual blessings that are waiting for all—by its men's confidence in earthly things shall fall and cease to be, and faith in the unseen world shall follow, and in the arms of faith all men shall rest in peace, in blessedness. —A. B. C.

Old-Fashioned Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts and their friends are invited to attend a Picnic at the celebrated Duggon Rock, or Pirates' Cave, Lynn, on TUESDAY, Sept. 2d, 1862. This will afford an excellent opportunity for the curious to examine this far-famed locality, and witness the progress that has been made toward exhuming the pirates' treasures, supposed to have been buried there by a great earthquake several centuries since. Mr. Hiram Marble has been engaged for the last ten years in endeavoring to work his way into the Cave, by blasting the solid rock, under the spirit direction, as he asserts, of the original occupants of the Cave. He anticipates that he is near the fruition of his hopes, and that a short season of labor will admit him to the cavern, and give to the world overwhelming evidence of spirit-intercourse.

Good speakers will be in attendance. Also Bond's Quadrille Band for dancing.

As there are no conveniences on the grounds for furnishing large parties with refreshments, all those who can do so, are requested to carry their own provisions. No intoxicating liquors allowed on the grounds for sale.

A Special Train of cars will leave the Eastern Railroad Depot, Causeway street, Boston, at 8.45 o'clock A. M., stopping at Prison Point and Somerville for passengers for Lynn Common; and Regular Trains will leave at 10.30 and 12.15 o'clock, for West Lynn. Fare to the above points, and return, 40-cents for adults; children, 25-cents.

On the arrival of the Special Train at Lynn Common, a procession will be formed, headed by Bond's Cornet Band, and march to the Grove. Those wishing to ride, will be conveyed to the Grove for ten cents, each person, from both the Special and the Regular Trains.

Tickets for sale at the Eastern Railroad Depot Ticket Office. Purchasers of tickets must come prepared to make their own change.

N. B.—In case the weather should prove unfavorable, the Picnic will be postponed until Thursday, Sept. 4th, at the same hour.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager.

Mrs. Hatch's Tour.

MR. EDITOR—I wrote you a few weeks since from Cleveland, Ohio, concerning our trip westward, and that Mrs. O. L. V. Hatch could be addressed during this month at this place for lectures on her return. At Toledo, Adrian, Coldwater, Sturgis and Chicago, we met many kind friends and large audiences.

At Coldwater we met Brother Willis, formerly of Boston. He welcomed us most cordially, and introduced my sister to his congregation, a large and intelligent audience, whose intellectual and spiritual growth speak eloquent praises in behalf of their inspired teacher. The lecture-room of the Spiritual Church was filled. This promises to be the largest and best edifice erected to our cause.

At Sturgis, also, the "Free Church," a substantial brick edifice, was filled to overflowing, and the audience everywhere listened with marked attention to the lectures.

At Chicago we had a most remarkable lecture on the Rebellion, from the late Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, proving identity to all present, and particularly to his old friends and associates who were present.

Mrs. Hatch speaks in Milwaukee the last Sunday in this month. We stop in Chicago the first two Sundays in September, on our return. As soon as further arrangements are completed, the readers of the BANNER will be informed.

I remain yours, for the truth, E. T. SCOTT.

Lake Mills, Wis., Aug. 16, 1862.

An Important Hint.

We desire the friends of the BANNER to vote themselves into a committee of the whole to render us all the material aid they can at this time. The internal revenue law will soon go into practical operation, thereby greatly increasing the already large expenditures of our establishment. We have been notified by our paper-maker that he will be obliged to advance the price of paper immediately, thereby increasing the cost to us for the paper upon which the BANNER is printed several hundred dollars per year more than formerly.

We do not intend to raise the price of the BANNER, if we can possibly avoid it; and we see no way of avoiding it, unless we procure a large increase to our subscription list.

Our Scarcities.

For Spiritual Manifestations will be resumed on September 1st. The public are respectfully invited to attend, "without money and without price." As we freely receive, so we as freely give.

Convention in Vermont.

The Vermont Annual Convention of Spiritualists is to be held at Rockingham Centre, Vermont, on the 10th, 11th and 12th of September next. A large hall can be had that will seat one thousand persons or more. All speakers that can make it convenient are invited to be present; also our friends, one and all, are expected to meet each other there and enjoy a heavenly feast with the angel-world.

Bridgeport, July 24, 1862.

Convention of Spiritualists.

Ashabula County Yearly Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Monroe Centre, Ohio, on the 6th and 7th of September next. S. J. May and Cora L. V. Hatch are expected. Other speakers are cordially invited to attend. Friends who may come from a distance will be kindly welcomed and hospitably entertained. Come one, come all. A good time is expected. By order of committee. E. D. WATSON.

Public Meeting.

MR. EDITOR—We are to have a "Sinner's" Progressive Gospel Hall Meeting here the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in September. Everybody is invited to attend, especially all those who are in political or sectarian bondage. J. M. RAYMOND, Beloit, Wis., June 20, 1862.

The Spiritual Sunday School Class-Book.
This little book is selling rapidly. We have made arrangements to supply large orders on very reasonable terms. Every family should have this book. For price, etc., see advertisement.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER.

KNOW THYSELF.

In delineating Character we present the entire traits of the person, together with their peculiar fitness or adaptation to various pursuits of life.

N. B. Persons sending, with autograph, for a delineation of character, shall, by request, receive a clairvoyant examination of disease, free. Terms, One Dollar.

Address, R. F. WILSON, Station D, New York City.

FAMILY DYE COLORS!

LIST OF COLORS.

Black.	Salmon.
Dark Brown.	Scarlet.
Light Brown.	Dark Drab.
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Pink.	Magenta.
Purple.	Saffron.
White.	French Blue.
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FAMILY DYE COLORS.

For dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Ribbons, Gloves, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Kid Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel, with perfect fast colors.

A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT.

These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, are thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages. For twenty-five cents you can color as many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. The process is simple, and any one can use the Dyes with perfect success. Directions inside.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 268 Broadway, Boston.

For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town. Aug. 23.

A BOOK FOR THE TIMES, AND FOR ALL TIME!

THE HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS

CONTAINS
A distinct view of the essential principles of Political Science, leaving all secondary and doubtful questions in the background.

It exposes the errors of Modern Trade Revolutions, and of all our Social and Financial Evils; showing how Trade may be redeemed from all risks and uncertainties, and how the Industrial classes may be justly and surely related to permanent Pecuniary Independence.

The author writes from forty years' experience in various departments of the business world. He studies accuracy at all times, is clear and concise, and bold where boldness is requisite.

For sale by Wm. White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston; Boscawen Toyer, 121 Nassau street, and Henry Dexters, 115 Nassau street, New York. Newpaper Dealers generally. Price 50 cents. Postage 10 cts. Aug. 23.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MR. L. L. FARNWORTH, Writing Medium, for answering sealed letters, may be addressed 75 Beach Street, Boston.

Persons desiring sealed letters, \$1, and 5 three-cent stamps will receive a prompt reply. Office hours from 2 to 6 P. M. Aug. 23.

\$150. NEW 7-OCTAVE PIANOS in rose-wood cases, iron frames and over-trung base for \$150; do, with moldings, \$180; do, with carved legs and inlaid name-board, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do, with pearl case, \$285, \$320, and \$300; new 6-8-Octave \$135. The above Pianos at the greatest bargains in the city. Second-hand Pianos at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$60, \$75, and \$100. NEW MELODIONS at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos and Melodions to LEASE, at \$2 and upward per month; rent allowed if purchased; monthly payment received for the same. Foreign bags of MUSIC at 2 cents per page. All kinds of Music merchandise at war prices. A pianist in attendance to try new music. HORACE WATERS, Agent, No. 431 Broadway, New York. Notice. Aug. 16.

A SLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING OF

S. B. BRITTON, JR.,
AIDE to Capt. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat *Rescue*, at the sinking of *Fort Henry*, Feb. 6, 1862, is for sale at this office.

Price 50 Cents.
It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp.

The proceeds of the sale of this fine Engraving are to go to aid in erecting a suitable monument over this youthful hero's remains in Rosendale Cemetery. July 10.

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-DEALERS' AGENCY.
Sinclair Toussy,
121 Nassau St., New York; General Agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

New Books.

NOW READY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK.

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages.

Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers.

June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of *Nature's Divine Revelations*—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the *Revelations* is issued on good paper, well printed and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. June 28.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

Author of "What is Life, is Right," &c.

THIS NOW READY and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Partnerships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kinderhook, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Watson, who is now residing at Kinderhook, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions.

Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 25.

I STILL LIVE.

A POEM FOR THE TIMES!

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

This Poem of twenty pages, just published by the author, is dedicated to the brave and loyal hearts, offering their lives at the shrine of Liberty.

For sale at this office. Price 6 cents; postage 1 cent. May 17.

BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES, Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings.

AT THE LOW PRICE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. (Postage nine cents.)

This is one of the most entertaining works of its world-renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others with great satisfaction.

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MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course: Monday, July 21.—Invocation; Questions and Answers; Charles Gordon, of the 23d Mass. Regiment, Company A; Daniel Williams, of the 25th Mass. Regiment, Company G; Sophia Dhalton, of Baltimore, Md., to her uncle, William Solomon, of Baltimore.

Thursday, July 24.—Invocation; Apostrophe to America; Questions and Answers; Mary Elizabeth Sawyer to her son; John S. Choate, 2d Reg. Co. A; Walter L. Cheswell to his father in Baltimore; Caleb McAllister of Montgomery, Ala.

Colonel Jones.

I suppose you do not consider us as your prisoners who visit you in this way, though they may differ from you? [Oh no, speak freely.] I was not an entire stranger to this method of returning here. I had very little knowledge of it; not to say that I really believed the spirit could return and control a body not its own after death, yet I was so conditioned as to gather some facts in the matter, while on earth, which are now of great service to me as a spirit.

You made certain inquiries, a few moments since, concerning the present state of your country. Allow me to make one, if I can do so without giving offence. [Certainly. Ask whatever questions you please.] Have you taken Richmond yet? [No.] Do you expect to take it? Do you hope to take it? [We do cherish such a hope.] I think you'll be disappointed. Are you aware of the force you are contending against? Do you know that every six feet of ground in Richmond will be converted into a grave, should you gain an entrance there? [I myself have taken no active part in this war. I desire the good of all.] Then it's humanity's good you have at heart. We all profess that, you know.

Well, I parted with my body nine days since, in Richmond. I fought for her salvation, and had I a thousand lives, I'd lay them all down for her in the same cause again. What do you expect to South? Love? Do you expect to gain love? If you do, you'll be mistaken. Love is not begotten by blows, or by the taking away of the heart's dearest treasures. Since the people of the South can never love you, they will naturally do the opposite thing—hate you. Why, then, contend to unite them to yourselves? Do you know what you are doing? My God! you fight for your idol—namely, the Constitution of the United States, the Union. But while you do this, you destroy your own hopes of peace and happiness in the future.

I am here, to-day, to ask my friends to give me a hearing at home. I may be enabled to render them some service in the future. I would inform them that my work is not done. I've lost my body, but my powers are the same spiritually, at all events. I have a father living on earth, and I wish to say to him that I am not dead, nor asleep, nor ceased from labor. I am not altered from what I was on earth, save in the loss of my body, but still maintain the views and opinions that were mine previous to the change called death. I am quite as happy as I expected to be, perhaps more so.

I am told that you wait for strength. It is my opinion that you will have to compromise in the end. You had better take up with the advice of that good man, Henry Clay, who used to say "I was far better to compromise, even though it be called for every day in the year, than to throw away even one life upon the battle-field."

I am Colonel Jones, of Montgomery, Alabama. Are you in the habit of receiving rebels here? [Certainly. We know no distinctions here. Friend and foe are alike welcome. I wish to serve you in any way that lies within my power.] You do? Are you loyal to your flag, then? Remember, your leaders say you are, to a man. [You do not understand that I labor to promote the good of humanity generally.] Pin you Yankees, and you're not there. Ah, it's humanity you serve. Yes, I understand, and I see there's a chance for you to go higher. [I hope so.] You might as well throw your Constitution under your feet. It's almost there with you now, as I see it. The sword never will beget love.

Well, my time with you has expired. I died of my wounds nine days ago, in Richmond. I shall be recognized, never fear.

James Sheenan.

There's always two sides of a question, but it's not always we can see both sides at a time. Seems to me your rebels have strange ideas of things. Talk about not taking Richmond! You might as well talk about the sun's never rising again. The chap's seen only one side; that's the trouble. [What is your side?] My side is the other side. Do you see now? [I can't say that I do.] You do see it? That's because you're not got any eyes. What's to hinder them? Well, now, see here, you get your power from your atmosphere, and can't help conquering them. [How's that?] Why, air, you're the positive, and they're the negative, and the negative must yield to the positive. [You seem to know much more about the matter than I do.] Well, sometimes an Irishman will find out more than a Yankee. How shall you know this thing? How should I myself know it? [You see many things spiritually, the sight of which is denied us inhabitants of earth.] I know not much that pertains to the spirit-world, but I know this much: that you'll take Richmond, and will conquer the South, finally. You'd better open your eyes.

You understand me to say you're the positive? [Yes.] And that your power is in the atmosphere, and it's in your lives. You live nearer the North Pole, and therefore have the most power. [But we cannot hope to subdue them, unless our force be superior to theirs.] Faith, I don't care if you're only one half the number. Faith, you'll conquer them. You can't help doing so.

I lost me body and I've got another, and faith, it's not much like the one I left. [I suppose not; but it answers your purpose, don't it?] Yes, very well; though I like something that becomes me better. [You'd like to speak through a gentleman medium?] Yes; but, faith, it would not be like myself, after all. Well, stranger, I presume you're an American, and a Protestant? [I am both.] That's all right. I'm a Catholic; we shan't fight, I suppose? [No indeed.] Well, it's no use for me to tell you that I lost me life in fighting for your country; you might have guessed as much from the remarks I made, when I first came in. My name was James Sheenan. [How old were you at the time of your death?] Well, I always contend I was thirty-one, and I got a brother David, who always said I was older than that by a year, and I don't care at all, whether I am forty-one, or fifty-one, or what the devil I am. Well, now, you'd like to know where I resided. [If you please.] In New York; and this is Boston; I believe so. [Yes.] Well, it's no use for me to ask for the privilege of going there with this body, I suppose? [I don't think you'd be able to hold control of it long enough to do that.]

I belonged to Company C, of the 5th New York Regiment of Volunteers. [Can you give us your captain's name?] Perhaps I won't get it right. I'm thinking of four or five at the same time. Perhaps I'll be able to give it by and by. [To what place would you like your message sent?] Belmont street, No. 21, New York, to me wife there.

[What is her name?] Mary Ann Sheenan. [Have you any children living upon earth?] I have two little ones, not large enough to understand me, should I talk to them. Did I hear you say I could speak a word with me brother? [Certainly.] What I've to say is this, that I like to have him do as much as he can for me family, but I'd not care about his leaving the army to look after them. They'll take care of themselves very well, till he comes. He's in a Pennsylvania regiment. [What was your Colonel's name?] I don't think of it at all. I'm getting things all mixed up. [Never mind, then.]

Well, it's all I care to come to is me wife and brother. [I want you to try and do all the good you can to others.] I'll be good to any one that's not a rebel or a nigger. I be d—d if I'd do anything to help them. I don't like them. [You forget that there are ladies present.] I beg your pardon, sir. If I was sent out to fight for the niggers, it's not much I'd fight. They're not worth fighting for. [In what battle were you killed?] Gaines's Mills. I suppose, that's what you call it. I don't know. [There has been such a battle fought before Richmond.] Well, you'd like your wife to see a medium, I suppose? [That's what I expect she'll understand.] That's what I come here mostly for to-day. Well, sir, what'll I pay? [Nothing at all.] That's very well. Well, I'll be obliged if I can come here again, sometime. I'll have a talk with the old fellow, what talks so much about not having Richmond taken, when I go back from here. [Speak kindly to him when you meet him.] July 16.

Emma Augusta Shannon.

I lived only four years. I have been away from the body I once had, sixteen years. I wish to talk with my father and mother. My name was Emma Augusta Shannon, and I lived at South Boston. My parents lived in Newton.

The way of life looks dark to all my friends, but I am told that I can lead them out of darkness into light. I would ask that they meet with me at some medium's, and I can, by the aid of friends, convince them that the world is more beautiful than they think for, and they should be happy—that there is a way by which all may find happiness, and that we are sent back to earth to point out the way of happiness to our friends.

I remember very little of the things of earth, and only possess those facts that have been given to me by those who have lived longer on the earth than I did, and have kept these things in memory. [Had you a perfect form on earth?] I had. Why do you ask the question? [Some friends present thought they knew you. Have you any brothers or sisters living?] No.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Mysterious Genius of Creation, thou wondrous Jehovah of all time, by whom the hearts of thy children are roused into action, and thoughts are woven into wisdom, we would come unto thee this hour through prayer. Oh, thou Spirit of the eternal past, present and future, we would enter within thy Most Holy Sanctuary and commune with thee. We know, oh Lord of Lords, and King of Kings, that thou art mighty and above our comprehension, that we often fail to understand thee; yet, oh Most Holy One, we would seek to know as much of thee as is possible for thine earthly children to know of a wise and tender father. Oh, Lord, while the hour rolls on into the future, we would fain consecrate our lives anew unto thee. Bless us, receive us, and we shall more fully be blessed. We ask for no blessings that are not essential to our happiness hereafter. And, oh Lord, as these children of the sunshine and the shower, who are continually recognizing thy divine hand in all created things, grow daily in thy favor, we would send up our song of thanksgiving unto thee, for the victory achieved by spirit over matter. Our Father, we are thine; thou art ours. We ask no blessing, but we send unto thee an eternal anthem of thanksgiving. Amen.

Clairvoyancy.

We now propose to consider any subject the friends may desire to present us.

CHAIRMAN.—There seems to be no questions upon the part of the audience.

We will then briefly consider one already before us, which, assuming the form of a question, is this: "If the inhabitants of the spirit-world are clairvoyant, and hold the key by which they can unlock the secrets of the future, why do they not give us a something of that future, that we may know better how to act, that we may live more in accordance with God's will?"

In reply to this question, we would say that our Father hath commissioned us to bear certain truths unto the children of earth. He hath ordained us to live in accordance with his laws, and we, as loyal subjects, must obey his will.

The past has taught us that our Father was wont to step aside from his accustomed ways to please the individual or to suit the fancy of the masses; but we know of no God that is not able to govern himself. If he is not able to govern himself, he is not capable of governing his children.

"If the inhabitants of the spirit-world are clairvoyant, and hold the key by which they can unlock the secrets of the future, why do they not give us a something of that future, that we may live more in accordance with God's will?"

We have informed you that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are clairvoyant, that they are capable of penetrating the future, and dragging forth its secrets; but because we have this power, would it be wisdom for us to impart it to you? We think not, for what might be safe to us might not be so to you. What might be a useful and beneficial agent in our hands, might be only an instrument of evil in your hands.

We shall at all times withhold such knowledge of the future from the children of earth as would in our opinion tend to destroy their happiness and peace of mind, notwithstanding their desires and entreaties to the contrary. And the Father, who doth all things well, never steps aside from his laws to answer your prayers. God is God, and his laws cannot be transgressed. In your ignorance we know that you think if you knew the future that you would, perhaps, be able to shun its dangers, and meet with more fortunate trials and disappointments it may hold in store for you. Remember, ye who have questioned us, that you are the children of an All-Wise Father, and if that Father had seen fit to open your eyes to the events of the future, he would have done so voluntarily and without any suggestions to that effect upon the part of his earthly children.

Thomas Hunt.

The Death Angel has cast such a seal upon my brow, I can hardly call myself an inhabitant of that world my spirit so longed to enter. Yet I am here to counsel you to persevere in faith, to hope that you may hereafter enjoy the fruits of that promised land. I am here to redeem my promise to those dear in the body, here to tell them my fondest hopes are out-realized in regard to the beauties of the spirit-world. I am happy, happy—more so than I dared to expect.

To my wife—the faithful and loved companion of my many years upon earth—I would say, rest quietly in the arms of your Master, for he is your friend. You're nothing to fear, for the gates of the Eternal City are thrown wide open, and your kindred wait to receive you.

I looked forward to this hour while sickness laid her hand heavily upon me. I have realized it, and thank God for it. I am Thomas Hunt, of Dublin, Indiana.

Charles W. Harris.

I have a mother in Lexington, Kentucky. I wish, if possible, to send her a something to assure her that I am happy and quite well satisfied with my condition. [Please speak a little louder.] I shall make all the effort I can, if I don't go beyond my own powers.

I know you are not in favor with my people, but I cannot help your opinion. I am here to commune with my mother, if I can. I was shot the 30th of June. I received one shot below the ear, and three in the thigh. I was but sixteen years for me, I know. I joined the army against her wishes. She was not in favor of our going to war with you at the North, but I was over-persuaded to take the course I did by others. I disobeyed my mother, and lost my life. I don't know that I'm sorry at the course I took, except I'm sorry that I did not obey one of the best of mothers.

[What battle were you in at the time you were shot?] White Oak Swamp. I was in Sabers' Battery. My father was a physician, and died five years ago. My mother is left alone, but she has something to console her; that is, her belief in our return. I was a medium myself. It's useless to try to talk any further, sir, except to give you my name. Charles W. Harris, of Lexington, Kentucky. I was sixteen in June last. I suffer more here to-day, than I did in dying, but I don't fear suffering if I can only—

[The words of the communicant were here suddenly cut short.] July 17.

Annette Phillips Hurde.

My father is dead, and I want to tell my mother not to expect him home. [What was his name?] William H. Hurde, and he died in New Orleans. My name was Annette Phillips Hurde, and I was eight years old when I died. It will be a year in September since I went to the spirit-world. [What disease did your father die of?] Fever, he says, and he's just come here to the spirit-world to-day. He died at little past 2 o'clock this morning. He did not live in New Orleans; he was there on business. He says at the opening of New Orleans, he went there on business.

My mother lives in Montreal, Canada. She lives in Lafarge street, and my father was a dealer in tea, and my mother is expecting him home every day, and he'll never come, because he's with me. My father says he's anxious, very anxious, to inform my mother of his death. [Shall we write a letter to her immediately?] No, he asked the people here in the spirit-world, and they said no, she was not fit to receive the intelligence now. [Very well. Have you any brothers or sisters upon earth?] A small brother, that's all. Good by. My father says you must put the e on Hurde.

John Williams.

Captain, what's the rules here? [To speak what you desire, or state such facts as will cause you to be recognized by your friends.] Well, I'm here to tell some of my friends at home, if I can, that's the most I expect to do, by coming here to-day.

I was John Williams, of the ship Albatross, owned in Liverpool. I have a wife and four children there, and I belonged there. I was drowned there; fell into the dock. I want sick, but was in my usual good health at the time of my death. It may be I had a little drop too much liquor. I was some intoxicated. That's the truth, Captain. I'm in the habit of speaking it. I was drowned the 23d day of last May, and I've been in hell ever since. Now, Captain, give us your hand, and help us out, will you? [I'll do all I can to aid you.]

Some three or four years ago I was in Boston. I did not hear anything about this coming back here, but I was n't in a way to hear much about these things while in your city. I left everything unhappily bad off, and I want to go back and make things straight there. My wife's name is Charlotte. [What street did she reside in at the time of your death?] Lintenburg street. [Do you remember the number of the house?] No, I don't. [I was trying to think. I've not got it, Captain. [No matter.]

I've heard something said since I came here to the spirit-world, about my wife and children going to put themselves under the protection of a brother of mine. I protest against it! Captain, you can't see the whys and wherefores, but I can. [Very true.] What do you ask? [Nothing.] Well, Captain, I'm bad off. I want to get a ship for some other port. They said the nearest way was for me to come here. [This will give you strength to speak nearer home.] And you'll send my letter? [Certainly.] How soon? We shall print it in two or three weeks. I'll wait. [In the mean time render what service you can to others.] Well, Captain, I'll do the best I can.

Samuel Mather.

Written: My friends, I have long sought to redeem my promise made to you since death, but have had no power until to-day. My dear wife and child, I am all anxiety for them. If I had not left them on the dark planes of earth, I should not regret my untimely departure. But when I come near them and see they are surrounded by a cold, hard world, I cannot be very happy. However, I shall soon be better able to aid them, and that will take away the thoughts of regret.

My dear friends, be true to yourselves, your country, and your God, and all will be well with you in this life, and all that is to come.

A Good Test.

MR. EDITOR—I enclose you the copy of a sealed letter, that I sent to Dr. L. L. Farnsworth, of Boston, which was returned unopened. Also the answer given through him. It is an unmistakable proof of spirit communion, and for the benefit of your readers I wish it to be published in your paper.

Yours sincerely, JOSEPH CHAPMAN.

LETTER. My DEAR BROTHER—IF you can communicate to me from your present abode, will you visit the medium L. L. Farnsworth, of Boston, and answer the following questions, so as to satisfy me beyond a doubt that spirits can return to earth and converse with mortals:

1. Are you happy, and do you visit the earth often?
2. Have you met with any of our relations that have passed to spirit-land? If so, please give me their names.
3. Can you tell me where C. H. is, and if his health is better than it was when he left here?
4. Had I better form a business connection with Mr. L. M.?
5. Shall we be successful in our enterprise?

HOPE you will be enabled to answer these questions, I am your affectionate brother, JOSEPH CHAPMAN.

ANSWER. DEAR BROTHER—I am happy, and often visit you. I have met with sister Ellen and our dear mother, Eunice Chapman, and many others of our relatives. They often visit you. C. H. departed from earth in San Francisco, California, some two weeks since. You

will soon receive a letter from his friends there, giving the particulars of his last sickness. You had better enter into business arrangements with L. M. You will be very successful in your present plan of business. This is all I can communicate to you at present; yet still be most happy to give you what ever information you desire, at any future time, through this medium. Your loving spirit brother, JOSEPH H. CHAPMAN.

N. B.—The names given of my mother and sister were correct. I also received a letter from San Francisco a few days after, confirming the statement made by my spirit brother in his communication. His signature was the right one, and the prophetic part of the spirit answer in relation to business has been realized. J. C. New York, July 26, 1862.

LOIS MILLER.

BY C. F. RICHARDS.

Slipping, drifting down the gully, Slipping on the fireless stone, Slipping through the silent room, Where Lois Miller sits alone; Spirit footfalls come and go, Angel fingers braid her hair, And white wings of spotless snow Clamber up the silent stair, Weave a shroud and leave it there.

Ah, Lois Miller has no shoes, But the saints are wearing shoes For Lois Miller out of gold; And her young feet shall walk the street Where no lamplights dimly wane. Hark! the angels come and wait, Tapping on the window-pane, And poor Lois Miller sees their feet Clambering up the silent stair, Weave a shroud and leave it there.

Ah! Lois Miller died last night! Chastely poor, but very fair; Angels climbed the stair last night, Wove a shroud and left it there. Solemn footfalls of the snow, Voices on the wintry wind, "Spirits, tell me—do you know, Where Lois Miller can be found?" "We took her up the golden stair, Wove her shroud and left her there."

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY MARY.

It was good, it was kind, it was the Wise One above, To ting destiny's veil off the face of our years, That we dread not the blow that shall strike at our love, And expect not the beams that shall dry up our tears. Oh! did we but know of the shadows so nigh, The world would indeed be a prison of gloom! All light would be quenched in youth's eloquent eye, And the prying-lips of infancy would ask for the tomb.

The receipt of a little messenger of love in the shape of a letter from an absent brother, whom I had seen only once in twelve years, bearing date of November 18, and bringing the glad intelligence that a fresh gem, (the first born of its parents, and consequently no common baby,) was added to our casket of jewels, and giving promise of a visit at no very distant day, was evidence that though separated by hills and valleys, cities and homes, there were still hearts that beat responsively to mine, and felt the sacredness of the tender ties of consanguinity.

A few days later brought us to a Sabbath. The children amused and enjoyed themselves as usual. My partner and I seated ourselves, as we were accustomed, to read, write, or converse as seemed to us most pleasant. The forenoon had worn heavily away, and did so with faded lustre and drooping laurels, was retiring from his lofty height; the heavens were hung in the dark drapery of mourning, and shed great tears of sorrow over the scenes of earth; and, in defiance of all our efforts at enjoyment, feelings of indescribable gloom and sadness came over us, and several times during that dreary afternoon, did we mention to each other that the shadows of Egyptian darkness seemed hovering over us with almost insupportable horror. As twilight's sable curtain was gently descending to the earth, I felt so dispirited, that for a long time I leaned upon my writing-table, with my head resting upon my hand, in the attitude of grief. Whether we were thus affected by the weather, or whether we were gifted with that mediumistic influence that sometimes warns us of an impending calamity, I cannot determine. But, dear reader,

"That trying day is set, Among the few we ne'er forget." A comfortable night's rest, however, and domestic cares and duties, brought relief to our fevered brains, and aching hearts, and for the next five days all things with us went on as usual.

On Saturday morning, a pleasant little neighbor girl of ten or twelve years, (daughter of Mrs. Brown,) came to our door, and asked me if I had not a brother, Horace W. Morse, in the city of C. I replied that I had.

"Well," said she, "there is a notice of his death in our paper."

I said it could hardly be him, for I had very recently received a letter from him, and he was then in the enjoyment of health; but, as his was a name I had never known of any other person bearing, I would like to see the paper. I stepped across the back yard, and got it, and read this notice:

"Died, on Monday morning, December 7, Horace W. Morse, aged —"

I knew that the name and age corresponded with my brother's, but could it be him? I mentally inquired. It was so unsatisfactory, that I requested the privilege of taking the paper home, that I might look over it, which was readily granted.

The mystery was soon unraveled as I read the lengthy article under the startling caption of "Mysterious and Sudden Death." What my feelings were at the terrible disclosure—that we were again old in the mantle of corroding grief, that my unfortunate brother had indeed died by the hands of violence; that he whom I had watched and tended in infancy and childhood, and in consequence felt for him almost the tenderness of a mother; he who had so often gladdened the parental household with his cheerful smile and merry laugh; he who had endured patient toil and willing sacrifices for our comfort, should thus be torn from us in the strength and usefulness of manhood and prime; that the shield of his protecting arm should be cut off from his little family, and he be summoned into the unveiled presence of Divinity without a moment's warning, can only be imagined by those who have suffered a like bereavement—a similar shock. "The very fountains of my soul seemed dried up." No friendly tear flowed to my relief. My heart steeled, my nerves relaxed, and I sunk upon my bed. And here let me record my gratitude to my neighbor, Mrs. B., whose own deep sorrows had taught her that also perception of my feelings, not to intrude upon my grief. I felt like the immortal Zimmerman, when lamenting the death of his wife, he passionately exclaimed to his friends, who had come to comfort him: "Oh, leave me to myself!"

Let us now pay a visit to the Queen City of the West. Under the canopy of a dark, cloudy Sabbath night, at nine o'clock, a hack stopped at the door of a boarding-house in — street. The coachman called for Mr. Hume, the proprietor, and told him, with an oath, that his passenger was a "drunk man," that had been fighting, and that he did not think any one for putting such a character into his hack. Mr. Hume looked in and said:

"Why, it is Mr. Morse; he do n't drink nor fight; there must be something wrong. Where did you get him?"

"Mr. Kent put him in," was the reply.

Said a bystander: "The man is dying; let us get him into the house."

He was accordingly taken in and properly cared for. His skull had been broken in several places, in the afternoon about four o'clock, when he was taken into the office-house of a Dutchman and kept there until he could not speak, and then at the late hour of nine was thrust into a hack with a Dutchman for his escort, and dragged over the streets a distance of some two miles, in a dying state. Oh, humanity, where was thy hiding place? Oh, my poor brother! Why was it that the angel of mercy deserted thee in this, thy last great hour of trial?

In an upper room lay his wife and little cherub, who had so often made his bright eyes sparkle with delight, and called forth the most tender emotions of his soul—and as if conscious that some dark sorrow hung over them, would sometimes exclaim on going to their bedside, "Poor Sallie, 'poor baby.' Mr. Hume bore to her the intelligence that her husband was hurt, and to her many and eager inquiries as to when and how, she was answered that he had been somewhere with Mr. Kent. That name made the cold, clammy sweat stand not only upon her brow but over her whole person, and the harrowing, soul-steezing thought rushed unbidden to her mind, "It is all over." That name was connected with other troubles in the death of an only brother, partner to Mr. Kent who had about two years before died "mysteriously and suddenly," and to whose large estate she was one of the legal heirs, and which she had all that time been trying to settle, and which may serve as a key to unlock the secret cause of her now trouble.

My second brother, who had a few days before, for some reason (to him unaccountable) felt irresistibly impressed with the necessity of going immediately to C.—a distance from where he was then sojourning of several hundred miles—had twice been to the room of the deeply afflicted wife and endeavored to prepare her mind for what she must eventually know.

Alone in the chamber of sorrow he watched the dying brother on that sad night, and was the only person present when he drew his latest breath and closed his eyes forever—when his earthly sufferings were ended, and the impenetrable veil of eternity was drawn which made a widow of his young wife and an orphan of his darling boy.

The funeral services were performed after the manner of Friends, and his remains deposited in their vault. Mr. Kent was arrested and held to bail for his appearance at court, and being set at liberty, gave him the opportunity of buying in all the evidence that might otherwise have appeared against him, (for he had plenty of money, thousands of which rightfully belonged to her whose heart and home his avarice had made desolate,) and consequently at the trial, thank heaven, in answer to our earnest prayers, he was acquitted.

His ill-gotten gain promotes him to posts of trust and responsibility, in the city where he lives and occupies a place on the stage of existence, and has acted so conspicuous a part in the drama of life. But the time must come when he will stand unmasked in the presence of his God and the angels, but ere then may his genuine repentance and heartfelt sorrow merit for him that mercy that he has withheld from others.

The intense anguish of the young wife produced inflammation of some of the internal organs, so that she could not be moved, and consequently never saw my brother after he left her room, in health. The appointment of administrators and the settling of business still kept her feelings harrowed up so that for weeks she languished on her bed of suffering.

My youngest brother, who had several years before been deranged, but was able to attend to business, though not entirely restored, when he heard the sad news at his home in the Forest City, immediately repaired to the scene of distress, and was present when the remains were removed from the vault to Spring Grove Cemetery. But it was too much for his sensitive nature; reason again forsook her throne, and he is now an inmate of an "Asylum for the Insane."

Three months later I was called to the parental roof to witness the death-scene of my oldest sister. Her bodily powers had for years been declining, but after this great shock the physical machinery wore rapidly away. Four years had done a wondrous work, and left her stately form, her broad intellectual head, her shining, curling hair, only the wreck of other days. Two days after my arrival, with my own fingers, I closed her great bright eyes forever. In this last sleep she assumed her natural look, of even more beautiful, and so reminded me of my ideal of an angel, that I felt calmed and comforted.

I make a few extracts from a letter to the "home folks" from California's capital: "As the vessel neared our coast, I went down to get the paper. Almost the first thing I cast my eyes upon in a Boston paper, was the overwhelming detail of my unfortunate brother's fate. He had his little faults—and who has them not? but a kinder, better, nobler boy never lived. Oh! Kent! what hand could have taken possession of his breast, to induce thee to commit to Kent a deed. I sought my chamber, which I was unable to leave for several days, as upon the slightest exertion my heart would cease to beat."

As a pebble cast into the bosom of the river's "gloomy bed" sends its impress from shore to shore, so does one act of rashness and violence often send its influence to unoffending sufferers thousands of miles.

My widowed sister still dresses in mourning, but her sad, and face, too plainly tells the agonizing meaning of her inner soul. Her sweet little boy, who bears his father's cherished name, takes her attention from corroding sorrow, and makes life endurable.

The following communication was received through that well known medium, V. Mansfield. "My Dear Sister—You have solicited response from sister, touching my departure from you. Now I have long desired to leave, and tell you all about what you so much desire to know; but conditions were not favorable; and when my aged, dear father came to speak with me, I could not allow to the

Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State:

Constitution. Exercising a power claimed by that body to define and punish piracies and felonies committed on the high seas, at sundry times since the Constitution became a rule of national conduct, Congress has enacted laws pronouncing importation of slaves and traffic in them, as twice punishable with death. The Slave Trade is statutory piracy. Importation of slaves into the United States has been prohibited since the year 1808. Legislation here

the 1990s, the number of people in the United States who are 65 years of age or older is projected to increase from 20 million to 30 million, and the number of people 75 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10 million to 15 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 85 years of age or older is projected to increase from 2 million to 4 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 90 years of age or older is projected to increase from 500,000 to 1 million (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 95 years of age or older is projected to increase from 100,000 to 200,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996). The number of people 100 years of age or older is projected to increase from 10,000 to 20,000 (U.S. Census Bureau, 1996).

In the same manner as any other trade, deal, or pursuit known to the commercial world. Congress cannot arrest nor break up any species of commercial dealing known to the common law and the law of nations when the General Government went into

away the twenty years' license; and to declare the
navigation of the seas with slaves on ship board,
and all the incidents of the trade, to be piracy—con-
verting into crime a commerce recognised as lawful
for centuries.

traffic in slaves as legitimated by the Past. All
such act shall be done independent legislation and
treaty arrangements by individual nationalities
must be relied on to abate the evil or lessen its di-
mensions.

Yours, &c.,
HOBART DUNHAM

New York, August, 1862.