

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

{RETAIL PRICE PER COPY,
FIVE CENTS.}

NO. 10.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER XI.

Mr. Evans was, as I have told my readers, a Member of Congress, but he was now devoting all the time of his short recess to my father. It will be remembered that this was in those old days when Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Hayne, and a host of lesser luminaries (lessor only by comparison) for we would call men great now, who were able to hold a debate with these old heroes of the forum. That old Senate Chamber! I was thankful that I was once permitted to stand alone within its dingy walls, and in the hush of those few moments, listen reverently for the echoes of those voices whose eloquence thrilled our nation. I had come down from the crimson, the gilt, and the glitter of the Representatives' Hall, where no one voice had a charm to lull the endless babel there—from which the tall trembling tones of the sage of Quincy had departed, and left only the degenerate sons of the old giants, filling old bottles with new wine, and weary with the explosions, I had retired.

Crowds were in the library, in the ante-rooms, on the massive stair-cases, idly gazing at the display of marble and iron, paint, stucco and fresco-work. The old Senate Chamber was deserted; I stepped in, and fancy was soon at work. I knew, for Mr. Evans had told me, (but I am anticipating) where Clay sat, and where he stood in delivering some of his celebrated speeches, and all about his gold snuff-box, and his peculiar manner of taking this, to him, delicious stimulant. There Webster made valiant fight with his noble opponent, Hayne; and there in that corner, was the long, lank figure of John Randolph, uttering terrible sarcasms, and making his victims writhe as if an adder's poison were in the tip of that pointed tongue. Hamilton, Jay, Pinckney, and the long list of noble men of whom our nation is not worthy, were there. One by one my mind's eye saw them, and I could not help fancying that they were there, as I have no doubt they often are, keeping tryst in the hallowed spot. As I mused, a step was near me. I looked up, and an old man entered. He was alone, and there came over his face a dreamy look, as if he, too, saw a vision. "What was I?" I longed to ask, for the old patriots were now passing out with slow, sad steps, and faces bowed, and half hidden in the drapery of their cloaks. It was like a funeral procession, but I saw no hearse, nothing but a scroll in the hand of the foremost, which he guarded with great care. I was startled from my reverie by the loud, gay tones of a fashionable woman, who brushed past me, as she leaned on the arm of a gentleman. The vision vanished, and I saw instead, a mass of silk, and lace, and floating drapery, and perceived a fragrance of some rare perfume, and heard the words: "I hope we're not too late; I would not miss it for anything; let's hurry through this horrid old room, and see the Vice-President; I think he's perfectly splendid—just the handsomest man in Washington."

I waited a moment, and then followed, my woman's curiosity greater for the moment than my reverence for the past. A friend had preserved my seat. The Senate Chamber was unusually quiet. Brockenridge, the Vice-President, was administering the oath to Douglas, who was being sworn in as senator. The Bible was kissed, the oath reverently taken—and on one side secretly kept his teeth on the other—God forgive him!—it is hard for us to do. A silence, and then the silence of the Senate Chamber, beautiful in all its appointments, was broken by the bitter, harsh tones of one who, full of sectional spite and jealousy, was hurling bitter accusations at the North. Louder, fiercer grew his tones, till his features were convulsed with anger, and I thought of old Nero, who wished that Rome had but one head, that he might assassinate the whole people with a blow. But in the middle of a sentence full of cumulative wrath, the Senate clock struck twelve—the hammer fell, and Mr. Toombs had made his last speech.

But I have traveled very far from my sick father's room, and his old friend, Mr. Evans. But to the latter gentleman, I attribute much of my interest in the old Senate Chamber, and the demi-gods of the past who once presided there. Let me introduce the reader to that sick room. The summer sun shone brightly in, nor was any effort made to exclude it, for the soft, full, white curtains were looped back, and we sat from the broad windows, the noble Merrimack pouring its waters into the Atlantic, and revealing in exchange the richly freighted vessels, coming like tropical birds from the islands of the sea. Two light-houses in the distance, reminding me of guardian angels, warning from danger, ever faithful themselves, breathing storm, and braving peril, that those whom they guard may be safe. Some vessels lay at the wharf, either loading or discharging cargoes, and we could see their names floating at the mast-head. Mr. Evans' bed was so near that he could look upon this scene, and he took great pleasure in doing so. Mr. Evans almost always occupied an arm-chair by one of the windows. Fanny had a seat in the corner by the window, and I had a small table, where, sitting, could play by my side, for my father, liked, always to have the child in sight. It was in those hours

that Mr. Evans gave us such delightful descriptions of political life and public characters.

One day, while we were conversing, and Mr. Evans was making us merry with his minute description of General Jackson, the old hero's firmness and courage, with his ignorance of polite literature, the boy entered with the letters. One large double letter, postmarked St. Augustine, was for Fanny, and we could not help noticing the brightness of her cheek, and the sparkle of her eye as she retired to read it. I spoke of Frank, and the interest which I took in his success.

"I remember the family in Florida," said Mr. Evans.

"I had forgotten," said my father, "that you once resided in that territory a year."

"Yes, and was glad to return; it made one's heart sick to see the sufferings endured by both Indians and whites at that time. The rise and progress of that war, with its true history, will never be written. You are aware," he said, speaking to my father, "that it was not at first a desire to possess the Indians' lands, but to obtain the slaves who had fled for protection to the savages, or rather who had found milder masters than those at home. These slaves, I should explain, were the children of those who had thus fled, and thought it hard that they must go to a country and people strange to them, because their fathers were in bondage there. At least, they were willing to fight for their freedom, as they called it, though it was in reality a bondage still. It seems singular to us that they should prefer the hard, rough life of the wandering Indian, to the comforts of the plantation, but so it was; that in almost every instance they clung to the wigwag, or even the dreary swamp."

My business there was to settle some claims for Government in favor of the Indians, in a suit brought by a white trader, Mr. Williamson, to recover five hundred acres of land, and half a dozen slaves, said to have been sold by King Philip to Williamson. We had a tedious trial; the lawyer on the other side being sustained, of course, by all the white traders, whose interest it was to defraud the Indian by getting his lands for a few beads or a keg of gunpowder.

Mr. Williamson himself was but a rough Indian trader, accustomed to deal with the Indians, and taking advantage of their ignorance, to make a good trade for himself. In this case, I am fully convinced that he had wronged King Philip, and I never worked with more zeal in my life than I did there to obtain justice.

It seems that Williamson first gave Philip liquor, and when he was intoxicated, bought his land and slaves for a load of paltry trash, the most valuable article of which was a keg of powder. Philip contended that he did not know what he was doing—that he never even used any of the stuff, save the powder, for which he would pay its full value. There were plenty of witnesses on the side of the Indians, but two to every one of Philip's on the side of the whites, and a lawyer who had more persuasion, and perhaps I may add, without vanity, more sophistry than myself, and to my regret and mortification, I lost my case. Perhaps it was as well, after all, for I learned that two of the slaves had been sent North where they could claim their freedom, and the land would soon have been lost by the fortune of war which must go against the Seminoles, hard as they may struggle. I shall never forget poor Philip's disappointment when he was made to understand that the heritage of his fathers had passed from him. He had a son, now known as Coacooche, or Wild Cat, who it is said is a brave and crafty chief, and a daughter who was remarkable for her beauty and accomplishments. There were other children, but these two I remember especially, as I saw them often in the family where I made my home. Nehah, (that name, again! I said to myself, and wondered that that name should mingle with every mention of Florida), the bright, beautiful girl, came often to the house of Ashley, who must, I think, have been an uncle of Frank's; at any rate, I have the memory of a sweet, fair face, who called my host "Uncle." No, no, I forget that I am growing old, myself, and that Frank could not have been born at that time. That gentle girl could not have been his sister, and yet I think she bore the same name. She sang and played upon the harp, talked Spanish with a very pure accent, and danced like a fairy. All these accomplishments the Indian girl learned from her. It was pleasant to see them together, the one in her long, flowing white dress, with her dark hair woven in massy braids, with always some flower for ornament; generally a little white spray—the other, with her embroidered leggings and moccasins, and blanket of scarlet cloth, with her hair hanging in long braids, and lawns sometimes with beads. She was as handsome among the Seminoles as Doria Marguerite among the Spanish settlers or the St. Johns. They called her "Madame," and I have some faint recollection of having heard that she was a wife, and that her husband was a young adventurer, then absent upon the sea. But I can think of her only as what she seemed to me, one of the loveliest young girls that I ever beheld, unless I except one, sometimes called her rival, whose style of beauty was so different, and whose love for her companion was too strong to admit of rivalry.

Florida was fair and fragile—one of those ethereal beings that seem to be sent into this world to show what angels are. I only saw her, occasionally, but Marguerite was the companion of my walks and my rides, and made my residence in Florida

most happy. I wish I knew if this Frank is any connection; it would please me much to find it so."

Just then we were interrupted by the entrance of Fanny, who called me to enjoy the contents of her long letter with her.

"Oh, auntie, he is promoted—Lieutenant now, he says, not by brave, but by bravery. One step toward happiness, dear auntie."

And she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me, the tears falling from very excess of joy. We little realize in these days of telegraphic communication, of hourly bulletins, and tri-daily papers, the suspense of those who had friends in our little Florida army, where, at times, the most horrible outrages were committed by civilized soldiers and savage warriors.

"But hear, auntie, our Indian princess appears upon the stage—just appears, and no more—it's like a mysterious novel. I want to see the end. He says: 'We have had a great many skirmishes, and some hard fighting. We have now in our army here only about five thousand men, and six hundred of them are too sick to move. The Indians act like fiends incarnate. It was a sad affair which gave me my promotion. Lieutenant Sherwood was sent with a small detachment to protect the wife of one of our officers who was going a distance of only eight miles. They had gone about four, when suddenly the savages fired from a strip of hammock, and then followed the war-whoop and yell. Two soldiers fell, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Sherwood dismounted, from his horse and advised Mrs. M— to get into the wagon, as she would be less exposed to the fire of the enemy.'

As she was about to follow his advice, she received a ball in her breast, which proved fatal. A panic ensued; the mules became disorderly, and were killed on the spot. The brave lieutenant fought hand to hand with the savages, determined to sell his life dear; but he fell at last, a sacrifice to his own bravery. The Indians scalped the killed and mutilated their bodies. There were thirty warriors. They have since been captured, and sent out of the country to Arkansas. It seems as if to send those away who cling to the land of their fathers, and holding reconnoiter me to the land of the living, strictly of some of their deeds."

You will remember no doubt in my last letter that I gave you a description of my involuntary visit to an Indian camp, and the manner in which my life was preserved by a woman. Now I have a little sequel for you. In one of our skirmishes near Fort Mellen we took a little Indian girl captive. The poor child was bright and intelligent beyond her years, but evidently much alarmed, and from what had been told her, expecting nothing but torture and death. She was very silent, and wrapping her blanket around her, would sit upon the ground, refusing food or kindness. In the hands of our good Colonel Worth, the child was as safe as if in her father's lodge, but she had that to learn. It was sad to see her melancholy, and indeed, I thought she would starve herself to death.

One day, soon after her capture, there came a delegation with a flag of truce to the Colonel. He received them kindly. I was his aid at the time, and was near him, on horseback.

When the interview had closed, and I had turned my horse toward the camp, and was riding near a thicket of scrub oak, a woman, with a blanket closely wrapped around her, touched me, and craved a moment's attention. She could not conceal her eyes, and I knew in a moment Nehah of the Swamp.

"I have a favor to ask, and it is serious I ask one, never for myself."

"You saved my life," I said, "and anything that I can do, tell me, and it shall be done."

"I have but a moment," she said, "for I must not be seen here. You have a little girl in your camp. She is dear to me—her death would be terribly revenged."

"You need not fear her death," I replied. "In Col. Worth's hand, the child is safe."

"None of our race are safe in the hands of the white men," she replied, bitterly; "their promises are smoke; their love is crooked; they want the lands of our fathers, and would send us away from the graves of our kindred. No, I will not trust the best of the pale faces."

"But the child—surely no one would harm the child."

She shook her head sadly.

"Well, then," said I, "you can trust me whom you have protected. I will give my life if the child is harmed."

I wish you could have seen the face of that Indian woman when I spoke. I had called her race stolid, but those eyes were lighted with a brilliancy that I never saw in one of Baxon blood.

It seems that she, too, saw something in my face, which pleased her, for she said:

"Your mother spoke, then. My brother, the brave chief, says that the spirits of the departed speak in us. Bright Cloud is safe, says; you will protect her. Give her this," and handing me a mantle, she hurried away, and was lost in the thick underbrush of the neighboring wood.

When I returned to camp, I sought out the little captive and threw the mantle over her shoulders. I was surprised at its beauty; it was a garment of finest texture, and reminded me of one very similar which you inherited from your mother. The child looked up wonderingly at me, and then examined the mantle with close attention. Suddenly, as a cloud passed away before the brightness of the sun, the sad expression which had marked her features

from her entrance into the camp vanished, and she turned from the mantle to my face with an expression of child-like trust and confidence that pleased me much. From that time she was happier; at night she slept in a little apartment which I prepared for her in my own tent. I hoped to be able to persuade Col. Worth to return her to her tribe, but he had a motive in retaining her, as I afterwards learned. Poor child! She belongs to a doomed race, and the sweet sadness of her face seems like a poetical prophecy of the future. Her father is one of the bravest warriors in the territory, and must be, I think, the brother of Nehah, the same who was sequestered in the swamp where I was taken when wounded. This swamp has probably been his hiding place, the impenetrable nature of the ground, and the thick underbrush in parts, forbidding access. Our colonel has long wished to capture Coacooche, but though willing to fight to the death by the side of my brave leader, I would not betray that hiding-place, though a crown were my reward. Some weeks ago, this chief captured a theatrical party of actors on their way to St. Augustine, killed a number, and took all their wardrobe. Since then, he has secluded himself, and evaded the vigilance of our army. It seemed necessary either to capture him, or to have an interview and secure his cooperation in the removal of the Indians to Arkansas.

Our colonel at last decided to send Mico, a friendly chief, with a request for an interview, giving him a white flag on which was drawn clasped hands in token of friendship, a bottle of whiskey, pipes and tobacco. Six days afterwards, Mico returned, and reported that he had found Coacooche in a swamp, and that he expressed himself willing to have an interview; he sent eight sticks, implying that he would be there in eight days.

On the very day appointed, Coacooche came, accompanied by seven trusty warriors and several friendly Indians. It was amusing to see these Indians tricked out in the theatrical wardrobe which they had captured. There were the noddling plumes of the haughty Dane, Horatio followed suit, and in the rear was Richard III., with his royal purple and ermine. Some had robes adorned with spangles, others had crimson vests and feathers. Coacooche was grave, and unimpaired in his bearing, very motherly also, and fluent in his speech. His speech was a fine specimen of native eloquence. I cannot tell you how it won my interest and attention.

"The Whites," said he, "deal unjustly by me. I came to them—they deceived me. The land I was upon I loved; my body is made of its sands. The Great Spirit gave me legs to walk over it; hands to aid myself; eyes to see its ponds, rivers, forests and game; then a head with which I think. The sun, which is warm and bright as my feelings are now, shines to warm us and bring forth our crops, and the moon brings back the spirits of our warriors, our wives and children. The white man comes; he grows pale and sick. Why cannot we live here in peace? I have said I am the enemy to the white man. I could live in peace with him, but they first steal our cattle and horses, cheat us and take our lands. The white men are as thick as the leaves in the hammock; they come thicker upon us every year. They may shoot us, drive our women and children night and day; they may chain our hands and feet, but the red man's heart will be always free. I have come here in peace, and have taken you all by the hand. I will sleep in your camp, though your soldiers stand round me like pines. I am done. When we know each other's faces better, we will say more."

Just as he stopped speaking, little "Bright Cloud," who had been detained in the tent purposely, made her escape, and rushed out to him. His delight and astonishment were great for a savage, and spectators near were surprised to see tears coursing down his brown cheek. It was affecting to see the child welcome her father; not by caresses, but by bringing him some powder, musket balls and pieces of cartridge which she had found and secreted, probably after I had told her that she should be returned to her father. The kindness to his daughter, and her safe return, probably went further toward softening his heart toward the whites than anything else which Col. Worth could have done.

He stated the difficulties which he must encounter in inducing his kind to leave the country, but he admitted the necessity of doing it. The green corn dance was at hand; nothing could be done before that, but in ten days he would come again. Punctually on the tenth he appeared, but stated that he could not collect his band then, but would do so at some future time. I must learn more of this man. If Nehah is his sister, as I believe, then our family—no, I must say that I, the last of my family, ought to feel an interest in him.

I can't tell you how the face of this Nehah fascinates me; there is a world of tragedy written in it, and I mean, some day, to read it. I gave little "Bright Cloud" the gold piece which Nehah refused, and which still lingered in my purse. I made a little hole in it, and strung it with a bright ribbon. I saw her depart with great reluctance; a being so bright by nature should not be permitted to go back to the degradation of savage life. I thought of Aunt Mary, and wished the "Cloud" could float northward to the quiet home in Burnside. But perhaps she would not be happy away from the sunshine and flowers, the pines and palms of her native land. I am sure she never would look prettier in fashionable attire than in the scarlet blanket, neatly embroidered leggings, and head decked with much taste. It pains me to think of her emigrating to Arkansas, and such must finally be the fate of the Seminoles. Heaven help them! I see not what man can do.

I suppose, Fanny, I am disobeying orders to write

to you, but I can only say I must do it, or die here in these swamps and hammocks. It is all that sustains me—the hope of hearing from you, and the pleasure of writing all my thoughts to you. My pay is now increased, and a brighter future I hope awaits me. This war once ended, there will be a long furlough for me, and then—oh, Fanny, I dare not think of then. This I know: our happiness will be bought at a sacrifice, for I am now convinced that your father's determination is made, and he will never recall what he has said. There is some mystery about this affair which I will fathom. At any rate, Uncle Sid will always be my faithful friend. He is dearer to me now than ever. God bless him!"

Alas! Poor Frank has learned, now, that his best friend is no more on earth, but perhaps from his home above he will still love and bless him.

A part of this letter was read to Mr. Evans, and the contents seemed to set the old gentleman thinking, for he was in a brown study for an hour.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

JOE AND LILY.

OR,
THE HOMELESS LITTLE WANDERERS.

BY NELLIE F. STANLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Rowland, the father of our "little wanderers," was left a widower when his little boy and girl were at an age which needed a kind and judicious mother to watch over them. Both these qualities, as well as many other very essential qualities of a mother, had Mrs. Rowland, his lost wife, possessed. She was one of the best of mothers, but unfortunately for her husband and children, the fell destroyer made her his victim.

For more than a year Mr. Rowland deeply mourned for his partner, for he was not one who could lose so good a wife, and not feel it. But at the end of about eighteen months, Mr. Rowland became acquainted with a lady who had the appearance of being a very worthy and estimable person, and one who would make a good mother for his motherless boy and girl; and in a few months they were married.

But how easily mistaken was he, for after he had been married to her less than a month, he had sufficient proof of her total want of knowledge as to her duty to her step-children. These latter seemed to be an eye-sore to her, and daily did she vent her abuse on these little innocent ones.

Mr. Rowland did not, at first, from delicacy, say aught against it; but, finding at last that she still continued to abuse them, he remonstrated with her. For awhile she was kinder toward them; and he thought that he might now venture to leave home for a week on particular business, which he had been delaying for some time, until he could see a change in affairs at home.

She was greatly pleased at his intended departure, for she was a bad woman, and had a design, which she intended to put in execution as soon as he should leave home.

The next day after his departure, she took a few of the boy's clothes and tied them up in a bundle, and showed her mercy by putting a quarter of a dollar in with his clothes. She did the same for the little daughter, and gave out word among her neighbors and friends, that as they were going to board out, she would sell off all the furniture, and some clothing. In order that her neighbors should be ignorant of her conduct to her step-children, she hurried them from home, and told the neighbors that the children had gone along with their father to the boarding-place, where they were anxiously awaiting her arrival.

The fact was, she found that Mr. Rowland was not rich, as she had been led to suppose by appearances and rumors; and secondly, that it was too much trouble for her to have the care of her step-children; and thirdly, that Mr. Rowland did not please her every little whim, as he was not able to do; and lastly, that it would be pleasant at her father's house, where she would have nothing to do, but dress and receive company, go to balls and such like things.

She gave little Joe and Lily their bundles, telling them, they were to give them to some poor little children; but Joe, who was an uncommonly shrewd boy, saw she was deceiving them, and he knew her object was to get rid of him and his sister.

While his step-mother was in the kitchen, giving orders to the colored maid, Joe ran up stairs to secure a box of valuable jewelry and little trinkets that had belonged to his own mother, not his step-mother. He tumbled the contents into his bundle, leaving the box behind, as it was too heavy to carry with him.

Now Joe felt justified in what he had done, for he knew his step-mother would either sell them, or appropriate them for her own use, and he could not bear to see his own dear mother's property going into the hands of strangers, or used by one whom he felt had no right to them.

She hurried the children to the railroad depot, and putting their fare into the hands of the conductor, assumed an anxious care for the children, saying to him, "to leave them out when they arrived in Boston, and they were to wait at the depot till their father should call for them." The conductor, who was very busy had no time for suspicion, and promised to attend to them. She hurried from the cars.

Joe and Lily were strangers to so much trouble, and so many new faces, for they had always lived

In a small village, and never been out of it but once, and that was when they went to their Uncle John's, in Boston. They sat still for a long while, sometimes gazing out of the windows, but more frequently watching the passengers as they hurried to their seats.

We had failed to inform the reader more minutely of our "little wanderers." Joe was about ten years of age, and had a countenance full of intelligence and amiability. He had dark chestnut hair, which would curl in spite of combs; and bright, dark eyes, that bespoke a child who was wide awake to all around. He was, at present, clad in light, gray trousers, and open jacket of the same material, with a little ruffle around the neck, and a small mixed straw hat.

As for the delicate, fair-haired Lily, she was one of those pure, sensitive little creatures, who need a sympathy and love which she had never received from her step-mother; so that at this time she did not look as plump and rosy as when she went to bed happy and contented with her own dear mother's kiss still on her cheek. Lily was only eight years old, and was of a different appearance than Joe. She was frail, while he was robust, and she had light, sunny curls, and dark, blue eyes, and very fair skin. She was a sweet singer, and the birds only could rival her. She had on a thin, blue dress—for it was summer, being in the latter part of June—with a little white apron, small, white mull-cape, and dark, straw hat, sitting closely to her head.

How illly prepared were these innocent ones for the trials before them; but a Power above, watched over them, and perhaps their own dear mother in heaven looked down upon them and helped to guide their little feet.

Arrived at the Boston Railroad depot, the conductor told them that this was the place where they were to get out. With strange feelings these two little ones now alighted, and seeing a nice room in the depot, where there were many ladies, evidently waiting for some train to take them away, Joe and Lily ventured timidly to enter, and await the arrival of their father, for they still hoped that possibly he would come. The poor children waited two hours in the depot, during which time many travelers had arrived, and others departed, so that their minds were so absorbed in things around them, that for a time they forgot their sorrow. When, however, it grew dark, and the lanterns were lighted, and no one had come to their relief, then did they feel keenly their cruel situation.

At last, a gentleman seeing Joe and Lily sitting so quietly in the corner, with no one to speak to them, approached, and asked rather sharply, "Who they were waiting for?" The stranger's sharp tone struck coldly into their ears, and Joe was ashamed to tell of his cruel step-mother, so he said they were "waiting for their father."

The man, who was evidently one of those careless spoken men, who do not realize the sensitiveness of young hearts such as Joe's, and his sister's, said:

"Well, young uns, why don't you make yourselves more comfortable. Here, boy, fix a place for that doll-baby side of you to repose her waxen limbs."

"Sir," said Joe, indignantly, "she's my sister; she is no wax doll, but a hundred times better."

"Hum, ha, ha, well said, young shaver; it's my opinion that your father's a pretty fellow to leave you alone this way."

"Saying this he left the room, leaving the children to their fate, and caring not what became of them."

Lily was very tired, and as there was no one then in the room, Joe fixed a place behind a door on a settee for his little sister to lie down. After removing her hat and cape, she stretched her weary little limbs on the hard settee, while poor Joe sat near by, intending to watch by her all night, but in less than two hours he was fast asleep as well as Lily.

Luckily for them, they slept soundly all night, notwithstanding Lily's hard bed and Joe's sitting posture, with his head leaned against the hard, bare wall. They were awakened by the loud noise of a locomotive, which had just come up from Providence, with a long train of cars.

Joe now felt sure that his father would not come, and after procuring a drink of water for himself and sister, he took her by the hand, and they left the depot. Joe, in his anxiety, had left his bundle behind the door in the ladies' room, in the depot; and he was so confounded as to what was best to do, that he forgot his hunger, till his sister said:

"Oh, Josy, I'm so hungry; do buy something."

"Why, Lily, where is my bundle? I must have left it in the room. Well, you stand here till I go back and get it; the man has not opened his store yet, so you stay here till I come back. Do not go away."

And Joe hurried to recover his bundle. When he arrived at the depot, he found a colored man sweeping out the room, and when Joe went behind the door to get his precious bundle, the colored man seeing him about to go out with it, seized him by the arm, saying:

"Here yer boy! Is dat yer bundle? Gib it here."

"No, you must n't have it. It's mine," said Joe.

"No, yer do n't; hand dat ober, and do n't ever steal agin, and I'll never tell on yer."

"No, but I did n't steal it; it's mine, let me go," and Joe, with a strong jerk, succeeded in extricating himself, and running as fast as his legs would carry him. He at last ventured to stop running, but in his flight, he had gone in the wrong direction. He went up and down the different streets to find out where he had left Lily, and when he went to the place where he was sure he had left her, she was not there. So he concluded that he had made a mistake.

Poor little Joe—he knew not what to do. His hunger fled, and Lily only was in his thoughts. Tears began to flow, but Joe prided himself somewhat on his manliness, and he wiped the tears away and started with new resolution toward one of the busiest streets. He ran after every little girl with a blue dress and straw hat, to see if it was not Lily. He traveled on, unnoticed, till noon, when he came in front of a large dwelling of brown stone, with basement steps, where he seated himself, being very much fatigued. In a few minutes a hired girl opened the basement-door to go out, and seeing a little boy so finely dressed sitting on the steps, opened her large eyes to their widest capacity. Joe, on seeing her arose, and was about to go away, when she called him back.

"Come here, sir. What's the matter with you?" said she kindly.

He tried to tell how he had lost his sister, and she pitied him very much. She told him to go into the kitchen and sit down till she came back; he reluctantly did so. There was no one in the room at

the time, and he busied himself while the servant was gone in looking at everything before him, though not stirring from his chair. Presently he heard a pattering sound on the staircase, and soon a pet lap-dog came bounding into the room, wagging his tail, and looking up in the face of a little girl, who was talking to him and running after him.

The little girl, who was only about six years old, did not at first see Joe, but when she at last espied him, she stopped short, and giving him a keen glance from her sunny blue eyes, she tripped over to him and said:

"How funny! Who brought you down here? Come up in the parlor. You're dressed too fine to be down here."

"No, no, little girl! I came in to rest a while, for a lady that just went out that door told me to sit down here."

"Did she? But you called her a lady. Why, mother would whip me if I'd call her a lady. Why, she's Margaret, our house-maid. I always say 'our girl,' or 'Margaret.' She's a nice girl, though. How much you look like my cousin Witty!"

"Witty! that's a funny name," said Joe, feeling quite at home with such a pleasant little talker.

"Why, his first name's 'De Witt,' but we always call him Witty. That's his first name, too. What's yours?"

"Joseph Rowland," answered he.

"Is that your first name," said she, laughing.

"No, that's all my name. Won't you tell me yours?" said Joe, bashfully.

"Why, my name's Laurie Ridgeway, and my mother's name is Priscilla, and my sister's name is Lucretia, and my two brothers' names, Charlie and Marcus—and oh! I want a cream puff, and Margaret ain't here to give it to me. Come up stairs, do."

Before Joe had time to reply, Margaret came into the room, and was immediately beseeched by Laurie with:

"Oh, Margaret, give me some cream puffs, and some for this little boy; and I want you to find that string to put round Tray's neck."

The cream puffs were soon brought out, and poor little Joe, who had not had any breakfast, eagerly took two, handed to him by little Laurie. It was not long before another little girl came down stairs to both Margaret; this was Lucretia, the next oldest to Laurie. She, too, was a pleasant, sociable little thing, but her tongue could not run quite so fast as her little sister's.

Meanwhile, Laurie had kept on talking faster and faster, and her inquisitiveness at last brought tears into Joe's eyes. "Where's your mother and father?" and "Where do you live?" and "How many brothers and sisters have you?"—all these questions did Laurie put to him, and which quite confused Joe.

He told her how he had lost his sister Lily, and said he must go right away and find her. Laurie seemed sorry to part with him, and begged him, when he had found his sister, to bring her around there. Joe thanked Margaret for her kindness to him, and anxiously started off.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile, where was the frail Lily? Poor child, she had had worse trouble than her brother. After he had left her, she watched him till nearly out of sight, and then she turned her head in an opposite direction, looking at the people hurrying along their way through the crowded streets, and the cars, wagons and omnibuses pushing their way through the busy thoroughfares. She looked out particularly for every tall man, thinking thus she might find her father, for he was a tall, noble looking man.

"At last her eye caught sight of a gentleman hurrying up the street, who had just come out of a cross street about half a square ahead, and she unconsciously exclaimed, 'There's papa!' And tightening her hold on her bundle, she started off in pursuit. It was his size, his form, his step and dress—she was sure it was her father. She ran after him as fast as she safely could, and to have seen the father and daughter, one would have thought they were trying who could go the fastest; although he walked, yet his long steps advanced him further than her little short-stepping runs did her. He at last crossed over the street, and turned off into another thoroughfare, Lily all the time pursuing and shouting, 'Papa! papa!' whenever she could get anywhere near him, but the noise drowned her little voice, and it reached him not.

In crossing the street, she came near being crushed under a large hay-wagon near her, but some good power saved her. She gained not a step on her father, and she at last saw him hail an omnibus, and she started forward rather too rapidly, for the next minute down she went on the hard stone pavement, while her bundle flew from her hands. Her little heart beat fast, and hurriedly regaining her feet, and picking up her bundle, she ran off again, crying, 'Dada.' But oh! why was it so? At that moment he had entered the coach, and was rapidly driven off, so that it was now utterly impossible for her to think of reaching him.

Disappointed and wearied, she seated herself on some steps near by, and burst into tears. As there were but few, if any, persons passing at that time, she gave full vent to her tears, but recollecting her brother's last words—"Do not go away!"—she started up again to return where he had left her. She remembered she had crossed the street, but had not noticed, in her pursuit, that she had turned into another street, which ran directly opposite to the one she wished to find, so she thought all she would have to do would be to cross over on the other side, and keep straight ahead till she came to the store where Joe had left her. So this she did, but as she was going in the wrong direction, of course she did not find the store. At last she decided that she must have gone down the wrong street, and undecided what to do, she stopped and looked in a store window. While she was standing there, two men issued from the store, but paused at the door to speak awhile. One of the men was bare headed, and it was evident he was the man of the store. Lily had not looked up yet, but presently she heard the man of the store say:

"Now, Meredith, I hope you will assist me all you can in this new enterprise."

Lily started and looked up, for Meredith, John Meredith, was her uncle's name. She was overjoyed to see it was him. He did not see her, for he was too busily engaged in conversation. They talked for some five minutes, when they parted, and her uncle started off up the street. Lily followed, crying:

"Uncle John! Uncle John!"

He turned, and beheld his little niece.

"Why, Lily, Lily! Can I believe my eyes? Not all alone, are you, child?" said he, catching her by the hand.

"Yes, sir," said she. "I'm lost, and can't find Joe."

"Oh, ho," said her uncle, laughing. "No, you're not lost, and Uncle John is near. But, my dear, we must not stand here this way. Come, come, I'll take you to my office and hear you tell how all this happened, and then you shall go home with me."

So he turned off in the direction of his counting-house, in one of the largest and busiest streets. Lily told her story in a simple, truthful manner, and her uncle was very indignant at the conduct of her step-mother, and determined, by some means, to get word to Mr. Rowland about the affair.

As Mr. Meredith and Lily were wending their way to the former's residence, they were startled by hearing some one crying loudly, "Lily! Lily!" and as they both looked in the direction of the sound, they beheld Joe running, out of breath, and the tears beginning to flow for very joy. His uncle was almost as much pleased at seeing Joe as Lily was, for he was afraid he should have much trouble in finding his nephew.

The poor children were welcomed with joy by their aunt and cousin, and partook of a hearty dinner. That afternoon, Mrs. Meredith, according to her usual custom, prepared to take a ride to the Common, in the splendid barouch, drawn by a pair of dappled bays, and she took Joe and Lily with her. When they arrived at the Common they alighted, and were soon sitting in the gay crowd. As they were walking along, Joe caught sight of a little girl, whom he at once knew to be Laurie Ridgeway, and before he had time to point her out to his aunt and sister, she had disappeared in the throng.

After a pleasant time they returned home, but there was sad news awaiting them. After tea, Mr. Meredith went into the sitting-room, where his wife and children were, and took up the evening paper to read the news to his wife. The first article he read was about a railroad accident that had occurred that morning. He, nor his wife, did not once think of Mr. Rowland when the piece was first read, but in going over the list of the killed, his eye fell on a name he had not at first seen. He had just got out the word Joseph, when he paused, for the next name was Rowland, and he dared not speak it aloud, for fear his nephew and niece should hear it. But little Joe, who had been listening, immediately said:

"Oh, uncle, it's his name, isn't it?"

Mr. Meredith could not reply, and Joe knew it was too true that his father had been killed.

Joe and Lily wet their pillows with tears that night, and they felt indeed they were orphans. But they forgot their sorrow for a while, when the peaceful angel of sleep closed their eyelids. Their uncle and aunt did all in their power to comfort them, and it was settled that Joe and Lily should live with them.

Mr. Rowland had, indeed, joined his waiting wife on the other shore, through the sad calamity before spoken of. Joe and Lily dreamed not that their blessed parents watched over them from the skies.

Let us pass over a period of six months. A great financial crisis had swept over the country, and among the ruined merchants of Boston was John Meredith. What a sad reverse for him, when he was obliged to leave the proud mansion where he had so long lived in wealth, when servants were dismissed, and he was obliged to take up his abode in a small house in the suburbs! Poverty, pinching poverty, knocked at Mr. Meredith's door, and Joe and Lily were left to their own resources. He had a friend, Mr. White, to whom he had written, informing him of his sad reverse, and begging him, if possible, to take for a while his little nephew and niece, and in a few years he felt he should be able to repay him.

The friend immediately wrote back, saying that he would take them for a while, and also that Mr. Meredith should be sure and write back and tell him when the children were to start, and what time they would arrive in Philadelphia. This Mr. Meredith did, but his friend never received the answer, and thought perhaps the former had found a place nearer home for them, so he gave himself no more trouble about the matter.

Of course, as Mr. Meredith did not know this, the children were prepared to go, and were seen safely to the depot by their uncle, who, knowing that Joe was a sharp little fellow, did not fear to let him travel to Philadelphia alone. They were to go all the way by rail, going through Massachusetts into New York, down the eastern part of that State, direct to the Empire City, crossing the Hudson, and then take the cars for Philadelphia. According to directions, Joe and Lily waited at the depot in New York for the arrival of the train which would take them to Philadelphia. While they were waiting, a boy came along with some cakes to sell, and Joe took out the identical quarter that his step-mother had put in his bundle, and bought some cakes.

"Three cakes for her, and two for me; that will be five cents, and I want twenty cents back," said Joe, as he handed the boy the quarter.

"Oh, dear! now that's too bad, but; I have not got only three cents change with me; just you wait here till I go over to yonder store, and get this quarter changed."

Joe did wait till the next train arrived, and the boy did not make his appearance. "Oh, dear! what shall I do? I must have those twenty cents," said Joe, as he led his sister into the cars.

"Why, Joeey," said Lily, "the cars are not going to start yet, are they? Can't you hurry out and get the money?"

So Joe inquired of a gentleman when the cars would start.

"Wall, can't say precisely; but in 'bout ten minutes, I reckon," said the man lazily, who, being in no hurry himself, felt there was plenty of time for everything.

Joe started off, leaving his bundle with that of Lily's beside her on the seat. They were appalled very differently than when, six months ago, they were thrust from their home by their cruel step-mother. They had on good warm clothing, for it was now in the cold month of December. Well, as we before said, Joe started to find the missing cake-boy, but when he came to the shop where the boy had disappeared, he was not there, and in his earnest inquiries, Joe did not hear the whistle of the locomotive. So when he issued excitedly from the shop, and looked in the direction of the cars, he saw them beginning to move. He ran, shouted, and waved his cap, all to no purpose; and soon he heard the whistles of the locomotive die in the distance. He knew not what to do; without a penny; without home or friends, in the great city of New York, the poor little fellow could not restrain his tears; he sat down on some steps near by, and leaned his head against the railing.

He sat for an hour in a sort of stupor. His tears had ceased to flow, and he sat with his head wed, and knowing not what to do. Nobody

thought of speaking to him, thinking that he was tired, and had sat down to rest. When it grew dark, and the snow began to fall thickly around him, then did he feel more dreadfully his orldest situation. He rose, however, and moved slowly and mechanically along, every now and then jostled by the rude crowd, with a harsh, "Get out of the way, boy." How many times the poor boy wished he had not left the cars, and how he wished he knew where Lily was—who would take care of her? But of what avail were wishes now? After he had walked till he was tired, he stopped to rest under the shelter of an awning. But his feet soon began to ache with cold, and thinking perhaps he might find a better shelter, he again moved off up the street. He walked many squares, but the blinding snow, and the lateness of the hour caused a sort of drowsiness to seize him; without scarcely thinking what he did, he sank down exhausted on a door-step, where he was unprotected from the drifting snow. A strange, sleepy stupor came over him, and yielding to its influence, he dropped asleep. The night was very cold, and he sat with his head on the steps, bowed over his little arms, and the snow beating upon him, and giving him a garment of white. But was he forsaken? No; truly his guardian angels watched over him, and sent a good Samaritan to his rescue. A watchman going his rounds, came across Joe, and taking the boy in his arms, as if he were an infant, he sped quickly to the station-house, where Joe was kindly cared for, and snugly housed from the storm.

But the next morning found him stiff and sore, and unable to rise from his bed. His long exposure to the inclemency of a bitter cold night had effected him very much, and during the whole of that day he lay in a stupor. Joe was very ill, and kind nursing only saved him from dying. The next day he was much improved, and as he got better, he thought more anxiously about his sister. The morning of the third day found Joe sufficiently recovered to sit up. On the same afternoon, at his earnest entreaty, he was allowed to start for Philadelphia, several kind gentlemen having given him some money to pay his fare and expenses.

CHAPTER III.

Reader, let us return again to little Lily, and see what has happened to her in the meantime. After she had seen Joe disappear in the shop, she turned her gaze to the inside of the cars, and was enjoying herself finely in watching the progress of events around her. But when the cars began to move, she started, looked for Joe, and saw him running and shouting, and, hopping down from her seat, she ran toward the door, shouting: "Oh, stop, stop the car, you've left Joe; oh, stop!" She cried and sobbed violently, when she found the cars could not stop. The passengers looked pitifully on the little orphan, but no one offered to take charge of her but an old gentleman, who kindly took her on his lap, and talked consolingly to her.

Lily told about her brother, and where they were going. Her protector, Mr. White, told her that probably Joe would immediately take the next train to Philadelphia, and that they would wait awhile at the depot for him. This comforted Lily somewhat, and she now felt sure her brother would come. But after waiting an hour, in fact, till after dark, Mr. White proposed to go home, and send a servant to watch for Joe. So he took Lily home with him, and dispatched his colored man to the depot, to conduct Joe to Mr. White's house as soon as he arrived. But, of course, as Joe was sick at the station-house for over two days, the servant returned that night and the two next without him. But on the third evening, he returned with Joe.

Meanwhile, Mr. White had cared kindly for Lily, and his housekeeper, Mrs. Lowe, wondered much that a rich old bachelor like Mr. White, should care for children, and take such pains to make them happy, as he had done. To think that Mr. White, a retired lawyer, should go so far as to take a strange child into his arms, and actually rock her to sleep—why, Mrs. Lowe could not understand how her master, who had never had any children of his own, should go so far as to take in strange children—it could not be he had gone crazy? No, Mrs. Lowe was sure he was in his right mind; but it was very strange to her, very.

Of course, Lily and Joe were overjoyed to see each other, and Mr. White took real comfort in watching them. The next day, Joe thanked Mr. White for his unselfish kindness to them, and said he must leave there and hunt up the friend who had offered to take them. Mr. White would not have let Joe go, only the latter said he had the direction on a slip of paper, and anybody could tell him where it was, if they could read. But Joe and his sister had gone, but a few squares; before Joe discovered that he had lost the direction.

We will not weary the reader by going into the minute details of the children's search for Mr. Meredith's friend. Suffice it to say, that after vainly endeavoring to recollect the name, or even the street, Joe and Lily found themselves at dark, as ignorant of his whereabouts, as they were at first. That night they found shelter in a small hotel, where Joe paid for their night's lodging and a breakfast, which took nearly every cent he had. They spent the whole of that day in fruitless search, and they suffered considerably from the cold. Joe had spent the last cent for their supper, depending upon mercy for shelter that night. They found it at last, in the house of a poor Irish woman, in the suburbs, who, instead of crying, "Away with you, you beggars," or "No lodgings without pay," as many had said to Joe and Lily, she bade them enter and stay all night in her poor dormitory.

The next morning, Joe was about to depart, when a storm arose, and he had to stay there until it was over. About the middle of the afternoon, after thanking the woman for her kindness, Joe and Lily, bundling in hand, started forth to find their way back to Mr. White's. But they wandered about till late in the evening, unable to find his house, and as they had no money, and had applied in vain for lodgings, they were obliged to take shelter from a furious snow-storm in the public market-house. There were, at that time, several of these market houses extending through the middle of Market street, and it was in one of these that Joe and his sister found protection from the storm, though the wind had full sweep at them.

Joe and Lily slept that night on one of the stands, notwithstanding the cold and wind. Joe had taken off his thick outside coat, and threw it over his shoulder, so that she should sleep warm. The next morning they were awakened by the loud, cheerful voices of the farmers, as they were bringing in their produce. "What's that? What's the matter here? Who's this as is got possession of my premises?"

This was spoken in a rude manner, but in a loud, merry tone, which showed he did not realize the true condition of the little sufferers, before him. As soon as Joe was sufficiently awake to explain matters, he did so. The farmer was very much surprised, and speaking to a market-woman, who had just arrived, he said, "Say, Mrs. Bouncer, look-a-here."

"What, bless me?" said the fat, merry-faced woman, coming up, "what ails these children?"

The man explained, and meanwhile Lily, in attempting to rise, found it impossible; she was stiff and sore; her back was so stiff she could not turn her head, and her throat was parched and swollen.

"I say, Mrs. Bouncer, it's our solemn duty to rescue these 'ere young 'uns; that little girl does look most awful sick!"

"Well, really; I hardly know what to do," said the good-hearted woman, "here I've just come with my butter and eggs; and the rest, and if I see to these poor children, I can't sell anything; but I don't know, although I'm poor, I'll just drive off home agin with these children."

"Oh, now, Mrs. Bouncer, look-a-here," interrupted the farmer, "to accommodate you, I'll take charge of your things, and I'll warrant yer I'll sell 'em, and I'll send the money 'round to-night by my boy."

So, in a few minutes Joe and Lily were packed off in Mrs. Bouncer's market-wagon, and driven off to her little farmhouse, five miles from the city.

It will perhaps suffice for us to say that Joe and his sister were there over two weeks, on account of the severe illness of Lily. Good Mrs. Bouncer, and her daughter Jennie, took good care of the "little wanderers," although it was a sad encroachment on their limited means. When Lily was sufficiently recovered, Joe thanked them for their trouble, although he felt this would not repay them for their care and anxiety; but it was the best he could do, and toward dusk, on a day in January, they were driven to the city, determined to find Mr. White's. Although neither of the children knew where he really did live, Joe had dreamed three times that it was on Walnut street; accordingly he determined to go up and down that street till he found it.

Sorely had the children left Mrs. Bouncer before a cold rain storm arose, and the children, in searching for Mr. White's mansion, were thoroughly soaked. When they at last found the house, they were entirely exhausted. As Mr. White was not at home just then, Mrs. Lowe scarcely noticed them; she was not very fond of children, anyway, and telling them to take a seat in the sitting-room, she went away, leaving the children alone. Lily soon dropped to sleep in her chair, which Joe cautiously pulled toward the fire.

When Mr. White arrived he was quite indignant that Mrs. Lowe had not seen to them better, and taken care that they dried themselves well. He was pleased to see the orphans again, and told Joe they should live with him. When he asked Lily to go to supper, she shrank and rolled her eyes strangely. Mr. White was much alarmed, and sent immediately for a physician. The latter shook his head doubtfully when he was asked if she would not soon get over it. Lily had taken a relapse by being exposed that night to the cold rain, and was very ill. For two weeks she lay suffering on a downy couch in Mr. White's mansion, and though attended by skillful physicians they could not save her. Her delicate little body could not undergo the suffering and exposure she had experienced without serious effects. She died about midnight, with her little head pillowed on her brother's bosom, and his hands clasped over hers.

Oh, the sorrow that poor Joe felt at the loss of his sister! None but God could read it. Mr. White, too, shed many a tear as he looked on the calm, sweet face of the "homeless little wanderer," as she lay with her little hands folded across her breast, and the golden curls clustering lovingly around her head. She was unfitted to tread the world's rough path alone with her brother, and God, in his mercy, conveyed the drooping bud to a fairer clime, where it could bloom in beauty near its angel parents. Yes, it were better that she should leave the cold earth; she could not bear the sufferings that her brother could. She was no longer a "homeless little wanderer," but had now found an immortal home, where her earthly wanderings should cease.

After the funeral, poor Joe felt worse than ever. He could not now go look at her as she lay in her coffin—no, even that, sad privilege was denied him; and he could only see her as she was painted to him on the walls of memory. Joe's grief was not momentary. Ah, no! it is not to be supposed that he ever forgot his sister—no indeed. It was weeks before the storm of his grief passed away, and then he could think of her without shedding but few tears, not that he did not still love her, but he had become more resigned to his loss.

Mr. White gave Joe a home with him, treating him as a son, while Joe, in return, treated him as a father. Joe wrote to his uncle, telling him of Lily's death and his own good fortune in having a home with Mr. White.

CHAPTER IV.

We will pass over the period of a few months. It was in May, and Joe, who was nearly twelve years old, had not, as yet, received even a common school education. So Mr. White sent him at first to a boarding-school, where Joe remained nearly a year, when he left, and at his own desire attended a public school, where he made astonishing progress. In two years, when he was nearly fifteen, he entered the high school, where he distinguished himself for his untiring industry, his remarkable abilities, and also for his agreeable and gentlemanly deportment. He graduated with honor when about eighteen, and Mr. White was very proud of his son, as he called him.

Joe had always evinced his gratitude to his benefactor, in doing all he could to please Mr. White, and in making his declining years happy and peaceful. The old man was rapidly declining, and no one had the patience and forbearance for him that Joe had.

When Joe was eighteen, he entered a commercial banking-house as a chief clerk. While here, he made considerable money, and was held in such high esteem for his integrity and economy, that at the end of two years he was taken in to be a partner. Wealth poured upon him, but he did not make it glow; he was contented with his lot, and he was a good deal, but it was his father's true. When he was twenty-second year, Mr. White died, and Joe was not unexpected. He had been very kind to him, and Joe, who had never been so near him as he was now, now that he could do nothing more for him, longed

once more to touch foot in Boston, for dear reader, be it known that there was a treasure there that Joe had never forgotten. This was his little friend, Laurie Ridgeway, whom he had always remembered with pride and pleasure.

Mr. White, in his will, left his house, furniture, and several thousand dollars to an only brother, who resided in Philadelphia, about three hundred thousand to some charitable institutions in Philadelphia, and the balance of his fortune, about four hundred thousand, to Joe. This latter, together with what he had acquired in his partnership, made Joe almost a millionaire. Not that he forgot the poor and needy—no, he still freely gave, and so freely received. It was through Joe's kindness that his uncle, Mr. Meredith, had again risen to his former position of one of the richest merchants of "Modern Athens."

Joe soon dissolved his co-partnership, in anticipation of his journey to Boston. Philadelphia had now no attraction for him, unless, indeed, it was the green grave of his little sister. He made a farewell visit to the hallowed spot, where he had shed so many tears, and then started on his journey. It had been twelve years since Joe had seen his uncle, aunt, and cousins, and it was a wonder that the two former were beginning to be gray, and that the wrinkles played about their faces? Was it strange to see his cousins grown up to be men and women?

His aunt and uncle were proud of their tall, handsome nephew, and his cousins were not ashamed to introduce their wealthy and agreeable cousin to their fashionable friends. But Joe was uneasy, for he had not yet seen—well, never mind who.

It was on a beautiful night in September, that a gay and fashionable throng assembled at a soiree held at the residence of De Witt Ridgeway, Esq. Among the most distinguished guests present was Joseph Rowland, a new star in the fashionable circles. When Joe saw Laurie that night, he saw a young girl of uncommon—we expect you think we are going to say "beauty." No such thing. Not that Laurie was homely—no, there was too much intellect there—too much good sense there to say that of her. What we were going to say was, "uncommon interest." Joe did not love her merely for her beauty, but for her good sense and sweet disposition, her love of good, and her generous heart. As this is not a story of courtship, we cannot go into the special details of the progress of events after this. The following announcement, however, which appeared at the head of the marriage list in one of the Boston papers, about four months after, will serve to show the result:

"On Christmas Eve, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Stephen Bowman, Mr. Joseph Rowland to Miss Laurie Ridgeway, youngest daughter of De Witt Ridgeway, Esq. of this city."

Who would have thought, to have looked in upon Joseph Rowland, in all his wealth and happiness, that he had once been a "homeless little wanderer?" Time, indeed, works wonders, making some happy others miserable—some poor, others rich.

One of the greenest, freshest spots in Joe's memory, is the remembrance of that fairy sister, Lily, who, like himself, was no longer a "homeless little wanderer."

Written for the Banner of Light.
HELEN'S VISION.

BY N. B. KEMER.

The little loved one died!
And in its casket dear friends laid
A cross, and wreath of flowers made—
Pale flowers and buds beside.
They withered soon! Fit emblems they
Of life, and life's fair fleeting day.
And anguished hearts and weeping eyes
Could see no light in the clouded skies;
But spirit-vision, clear and true,
Pierces the veil that hides from view
The unknown land, and, bathed in light,
The earth-child stands an angel bright.
His tiny hands outstretched to lift
The blooming wreath—a holy gift—
To crown with beauty mother's brow
And make her life more bright than now.
But father's heart is brave and strong—
He seeks the right, he dares the wrong,
And to his care the cross is given.
Winning his thoughts from earth to heaven:
A cross of flowers! and ever may
It bloom as brightly as to-day;
While with each earthly, troublous care,
Oh, father! mother! may you wear,
As guardian gifts from realms above,
The Cross of Faith, the Crown of Love!

WHEN A CHILD.

BY CLAYTON FRENCH RICHARDS.

Sweetly murmured every stream,
Like the footsteps of a dream:
When I strayed as free as they,
Gathering cockles in the bay!
The rustling leaves,
The yellow sheaves,
Where are they—
Where are they?
All the rocks are cold and still,
Darkly pictured on the hill:
Where fancy traced her visions wild,
With the foot-prints of a child:
Those lagging feet,
Were very fleet—
When a child—
When a child!
When the storm the pine trees swung,
With the tempest clash I sung;
Little thinking that their strife,
Was an emblem of my life;
That summer clouds,
Could fashion shrouds,
For my life—
For my life!
When I saw the sun go down,
Beyond the red spires of the town,
No trace struggle for life's bread,
Racing my brow and ached my head;
I could not wish,
As I wish—
I wish dead!
Still, like distant ringing bells,
Down the vale, sweetly swell,
O'er life's tempest, tossing wild,
The random laugh of a child;
The tinkling feet,
And features sweet,
Of a child—
Of a child!
California Farmer.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SHADOW LAND.

BY HENRY DUCH.

Beautiful was the reply of a venerable man to the question whether he was still in the land of the living—No, but I am almost there."

Oh! well may we say, as we pass along
Through the world of joy and sorrow,
That the land of the living, the land of song,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

It may not be in our joyous youth,
When our hearts beat time to pleasure,
That our souls will wake to the solemn truth,
Or thrill to its sadder measure;
For bright are the shores of time,
When our life is in its prime,
And gayly we welcome each thought of the morrow,
And never dream—

That its sunset beam
May fade in a cloud of sorrow,
Oh, no! not then do we learn the truth,
By the lips of age outspoken,
That the land of the living, the land of Youth,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

They rise before us so fair and bright,
And they seem to us so real,
That we follow them on, and forget their light
Flows most from the realms ideal.
They come, and they pass away,
Like the clouds of a Summer day,
And other phantoms of hope are nigh,
Whose fire-fly lamp,
Through the earthly damp,
Seems hung in a cloudless sky!

Oh, fondly we cherish our dreams ideal!
Unheeding the solemn lesson,
That the land of the living, the only REAL,
In its fadeless beauty lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

First pleasure comes with her siren spells,
And striking her harp of gladness;
We list till we learn from the answering swells,
That its rhythmic song is sadness.
Alas! what fears arise
As the cheating phantom flies!
And oh! how the heart, with its solemn lore,
Spurning the earth,
With its hollow mirth,
Years for the "Better Shore."

But oh! not yet do we leave our toys,
Or feel, in our inmost being,
That the land of the living, immortal joys
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

For Wealth and Fame, with a showy train:
A splendid crown may weave us;
And caught by the glare, we are charmed again,
Till we find they, too, deceive us.
And then, as we see them pass,
We murmur, alas! alas!
And a voice that wakes in our mournful breast,
Sings, "What is fame
But an empty name,
Won by the soul's unrest?"

But manhood, flushed with the wine of health,
Still turns from the needed lesson,
Nor learns that the land of unfading wealth,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Next Love, with her wooing and winsome smiles,
And shapes of ravishing beauty;
With glorious visions our hearts beguile,
Till we shrink from the path of duty;
And led by her radiant star,
That glows in the zenith afar,
We follow the phantom that flits before,
Till down the stream
Of our golden dream,
She glides, and is seen no more.

But oh! not yet do we look above,
Or learn life's beautiful lesson,
That the land of the living, the Land of Love,
In its radiant glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Not till our eyes grow dim with years,
And we stand at the gloomy portals,
Where the soul is freed from its earthly fears,
And the human becomes immortal—
Not till we hear the roar
Of the waves on the shore,
Whose throbbings tell of the infinite sea—
While angels come
From their radiant home,
To teach us the Truths of Eternity!

Oh! not till then will our souls be blest,
Or rejoice in the beautiful lesson,
That the land of the living, the Land of Rest,
In its fadeless glory lies far beyond!
And this is the Land of Shadows!

Spiritual Paintings.

Mr. Burton.—The following from the New England Spiritualist, is so appropriate to the present phenomenon of "Spiritual Photographs," that I think it deserves re-publication. If the spirits themselves could come and sit for their own portraits, while the artist sketched them, why not come into a photographer's machine box? Verily, we are approaching the "New Age."

Mr. Burton.—As this is a day of varied spiritual phenomena, and among these the painting of the portraits of departed spirits is one branch of these phenomena, I hereby hand you the following for publication. It has long been said that one of the secrets of the "excellent" of the "old masters" of this art, was that the angels themselves used to come to them and sit for their portraits, while they with more or less of spiritual vision would copy the figure thus presented to their mind's eye. Whether this be true or not, there is good reason for supposing that in some instances, and to some degree, it is true, and that the rapt visions of a Raphael and a Michael Angelo, whether or not divinely and visibly defined at all times, were nothing less than inspirations and presentations of the spirits themselves to their entranced and enthusiastic minds. The following from Allan Cunningham's gallery of pictures by the first masters of the English Foreign Schools, is intensely interesting.

Blake, (the English painter), who always saw in fancy every form he drew, believed that angels descended to painters of old, and sat for their portraits. When he himself sat to Phillips for that fine portrait so beautifully engraved by Bachaumont, the painter, in order to obtain the most unaffected attitude, and the most poetic expression, engaged his sitters in conversation concerning the sublime in art.

"We hear much," said Phillips, "of the grandeur of Michael Angelo's work; the engravings, I should say, he has been overrated; he could not paint an angel so well as Raphael." "He has not been overrated," said Blake, "and he could paint an angel better than Raphael." "Well, but," said the other, "you never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo, and perhaps speak from the opinions of others; your friends may have deceived you."

"I never saw any of the paintings of Michael Angelo," replied Blake, "but I speak from the opinion of a friend who could not be mistaken."

"A valuable friend, truly," said Phillips; "and who may he be, I pray?"

"The Archangel Gabriel," answered Blake. "A good authority, surely; but you know evil spirits love to assume the looks of good ones; and this may have been done to mislead you."

"Well, now, sir," said Blake, "this is really singular; such were my own suspicions, but they were soon removed—I will tell you how. I was one day reading Young's *Night Thoughts*, and when I came to that passage which asks, 'Who can paint an angel?' I closed the book and cried, 'Who can paint an angel?' A voice in the room answered, 'Michael Angelo could.' And how do you know I said, looking round me, but I saw no angel; a greater light than usual. 'I know,' said the voice, 'for I sat to him; I am the Archangel Gabriel.' 'Oh! I answered, 'you are, are you? I must have better assurance than that of a wandering voice; you may be an evil spirit—there are such in the land.' 'You shall have good assurance,' said the voice; 'can an evil spirit do this? I looked whence the voice came, and was then aware of a shining shape, with bright wings, who diffused much light. As I looked, the shape dilated more and more; he waved his hand; the roof of my study opened; he ascended into heaven; he stood in the sun, and beckoning to me, moved the universe. An angel of evil could not have done that—it was the Archangel Gabriel.'"

The painter marvelled much at this wild story; but he caught from Blake's looks, as he related it, that rapt poetic expression which has rendered his portrait one of the finest of the English School.—Vol. I, p. 115.

Original Essay.

SHALL SPIRITUALISTS ORGANIZE?

BY J. COVERT.

This question has been more or less debated ever since the theory gained publicity and became notorious in the world; but no general conclusion has yet been arrived at. The expectations of those contending for organization are that the spread of the truth will be greatly assisted, and that association will enable each to assist and encourage one another in life's devious ways. Though some advantage may be gained in the adoption of this plan, the experiences of the past and present serve to convince the spiritual world the scheme is destructive of the very basis on which Spiritualism hinges.

This basis is, if understood, to uphold and maintain the perfect individuality of the man. It recognizes the power and liberty of each to control his thoughts and actions, and the ability of determining the right and wrong in all that relates to himself. He is the detector and arbitrator of truth and falsehood, and receives or rejects, as his interior convictions decide. As society is constituted, association to gain some material advantage may be useful and necessary. This, however, can only be tolerated in material things. In religious organizations the case is widely different, for they are wholly founded upon the assumption that they are the possessors and expounders of the truth of God to man, and it is required of each of its members that it shall regulate their thoughts, words and actions in strict conformity to the principles laid down in their creeds and systems.

Singular though it be, while the whole ability of the man is limited and cramped, they demand, as the Bible declares, that each must work out his own salvation. How this can be done with their roused powers they must answer that have undertaken the task. Religious organizations are founded upon the teachings of Christ, but what a sad commentary on his teachings are the multiplied divisions between them that fill the world. Their differences of faith are as numerous as that of the same number of individuals.

The discovery of any new principles or truths that tend to advance humanity in its onward course is measured by the standard, and if found too broad or too long is at once rejected. Protestantism and Spiritualism have both been opposed on the ground of overtopping the "faith delivered to the saints." These organizations have their origin among the followers of Christ, and therefore are of human agency alone. They were made up of individual minds soon after Christ's departure from the earth, where the principles of Christ were understood and practiced. In the great conflict of truth with error down to the present period, the latter, by its inroads and raids, have broken the lines of the defenses of the former, and seized the batteries of signs and witnesses, evidences and gifts.

The chief object of the association was not to dictate to the individual mind; compelling it, for those that combined were thoroughly instructed in its principles, but to instruct the ignorant and unlearned in the means by which such marvelous works were accomplished, and to hold communion with the angel-world. The substitution of any system intended to guide man toward his God, unattended with marvelous power, falls short of the necessary requirements and fails to interest mankind.

Organizations are made up of single minds in every case. No benefits can be derived from them but what might be derived from individual minds to a much greater extent. The few to whose hands their interests are committed are the actors in every question connected with their welfare. The system begets neglect on the part of its members in ranges of thought and actions, and allows others to decide all questions for them.

The temple of the living God either exists in formations of society or in each member of humanity. If in the latter, as Christ asserted, it is plain the whole work of man cannot be accomplished in any other place than within each. Why organize? Is it because the wonderful works now done do not sufficiently arouse attention and stirle the world? Is it to attempt to make the theory fashionable and popular? Is it because it is not known to the extremes of the world and found in every soil of human kind? or is it because the association of men can give more consolation than angels from the spirit-world? Are the channels of inter-communication between the worlds not sufficiently numerous for the crowd of eager inquirers? Let each one of the race carefully observe the laws on which it is founded, and devote a share of his time and attention to spiritual cultivation and none will have cause to complain of the limited number. The skeptic will be his own interpreter, and not look upon other sources of communion with a suspicious eye. Why organize, when the work is for individuals to do alone, when judgment sits over his every action, and justice is meted out to him?

It must be apparent to every reflecting mind, that systems obstruct three operations of the mind and action. Were it not so, the truths of all departments of life would be accepted at once. Though many theories of life have been exploded in their battles with truth, error and prejudice have manfully fought and still fight with their accustomed vigor and strength. But truth and right will conquer at last.

ments of life would be accepted at once. Though many theories of life have been exploded in their battles with truth, error and prejudice have manfully fought and still fight with their accustomed vigor and strength. But truth and right will conquer at last.

INTERESTING MEETING IN THE WEST.

The Friend of Progress and Spiritualism in a Three Days' Convention.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends and Spiritualists was held in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's new hall, in Greensboro, Indiana, the 17th, 18th, and 19th ult.

The meeting was organized on Friday afternoon, by the appointment of Dr. Hill, of Knightstown, President, and Mr. Bliss, of Richmond, Secretary. This session was occupied in a discussion on Prayer.

The evening session was spent in a general discussion, turning on the all-absorbing question of the War.

On Saturday morning, after listening to some soul-stirring music, by Bro. Harris, Dr. Hill offered the following

RESOLUTIONS:

Resolved, That the disproportion between the remuneration for female labor, and the same by the male, is as mean and slavish in principle, as far as it goes, as chattel slavery, and demands an early removal by those seeking the good of the race.

Resolved, That all high salaries for posts of political honor and trust, are derogatory to the true principles of Government and inimical to justice, being a Government of Favoritism.

D. W. Hunt called for the reading of the first resolution again. Thought it would bear reading a dozen times a day. Dogs, negroes, and women, had long been beneath the notice of man. Dogs, however, were now being taxed by many of the Legislatures. President Lincoln had declared the slaves free under certain circumstances, and in this resolution he recognized a more respectful attention by man to the wants and rights of woman.

Dr. Hill said that Spiritualism embraced every part and department of human interests. He knew farmers who were actually getting one dollar for pants that the ladies made for him for fifty cents.

Agnes Cook asked: How can woman be made free?

Dr. Reese, of Noblesville, said: Make them all genuine, good Spiritualists, and let them be governed by the principle of love—the principle of right, under all circumstances.

Dr. Hill said: The spirit of the resolution was right and true. There was no such thing as woman's rights, or man's rights. It was all embraced in human rights.

Agnes Cook said: It is easy to talk, but not easy to do. We are governed by circumstances. When man will give us our rights, we are ready to accept of them.

Dr. Bailey said: We must live out the principles of the resolution, and not merely profess it.

Bro. Kates, of Dayton, Ohio, looked a few moments at the laws of supply and demand. Was glad the sewing machine was invented, and wished one could be invented so perfect as to entirely supersede the eternal needle, so that the energies of the women would be forced into another channel—the war would call out their energies. Tens of thousands of our young men were called into the field, and women must fill their places. The difficulty was just here; the indoctrinating from infancy of her inferiority by the political and theological dogma by which man has so long been governed and cursed.

Seth Hinshaw—I never pay a girl less than seventy-five cents per day, and frequently more, if her labor is extra heavy. He thought if every one who believed that women should be properly remunerated, would act out and live up to its principles, the point would be carried at once.

Dress Reform was next discussed. Many appropriate and well-timed remarks were made by Agnes Cook, Emma Steel, and Mrs. Moodie.

Mrs. Carr had worn the reform dress seven years. Since she had again put on the priestly garb, she felt herself in prison. Thought children should be properly educated, and it would be natural for them to wear the reform dress as they grew to womanhood.

The afternoon exercises opened with some excellent music by Bro. Harris.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy, of Dayton, Ohio, then gave a beautiful invocation. Called the attention of the Spiritualists to the lives they are living to day, and the lives they will live in the hereafter. Spiritualists should be governed by their own thoughts, and not by others' thoughts. Took her text from the Old Book—"Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves." Exhorted the mediums, as Spiritual teachers, to have "fervent charity," to live together in unity. The world is looking at you. You ought to live fair, beautiful, spotless lives. By your lives, you can best teach the noble doctrines of the Harmonical Philosophy, which you hold so dear.

When by your actions and lives you strike the manacles from the hands of thought-bound creeds, you are gaining laurels more undying and never-fading than you could otherwise do. With such notes the angels will crown you with wreaths of honor. The day is passed when men can call themselves the ambassadors of God. The men we send you are fallible. Do not look for them to be perfect—they are liable to err. Have charity for them. The very apostles who followed Christ, were fallible, and did often err.

It has been very appropriately said, that "No man can call God his father, who does not recognize man as his brother." We spirits look to you Spiritualists and Harmonicalists to live such lives that, when this hell of strife and confusion is over, that you may have so directed the channel of thought, that you can fall naturally into the great channel of peace and happiness, which shall follow. When man shall learn to do justice to all, both white and black—when men—forget party, and place, and power, and only seek to do good, then, and then only, will the war begin to end, and this nation shall rise like a Phoenix, purified and chastened. The old moss-covered creeds will be done away with, and we shall look for times more beautiful and harmonious. It is for you Spiritualists and spiritual teachers to pour the oil into the wounds of the desolate-hearted, and down-trodden of earth; you will be called on to bind up the wounds that this wild and devastating war has laid bare. There are thousands—nay, millions, now in our land, that are looking to you for the evidence that their son, or father, or husband, is really roaming in that beautiful land you speak of. I would have you remember, that now is the time to show the God that is within you. The whole world of humanity are looking to you to come forward to the rescue.

The spirit controlling, here gave permission to the audience to ask any pertinent question. Dr. Hill asked, "Can the spirit controlling tell how long the clashing of arms will continue?"

Answer.—We are not given to prophecy; we give you our opinion, but do not ask you to accept it, unless your own judgment dictates. We think it will last till one or both sides are exhausted, or nearly so, and then there will be a compromise that will result in freedom to all mankind.

Dr. Hill.—Will the spirit tell what effect the proclamation of the President will have? Will the slave be called on to settle the contest?

A.—We think not; but will probably take part of their own free will and accord.

Wm. Huddleston objected to doing wrong that good might come. Here we go with you, heart and hand. We tell you that stripes and never settle the difficulty. It will only exhaust, and you will yet have to compromise. The miserable

clauses in the Constitution, that permitted the continuance of slavery, is the cause of war; but fighting never will end it. You may fight till there are but seven men on each side, and yet you will be compelled to compromise.

Dr. Bailey asked—Could the difficulty have been settled without war?

We think it might; but you petted and fondled slavery until you have brought this upon yourselves. You have been poor, cowardly slaves to that power yourselves, and hence this has come upon you. We would say to you, do right, let the consequence be what it may.

Dr. Hall asked—Could the North have compromised with the South before the war by giving a large portion of territory?

A.—You would have got out of a very small into a very large difficulty.

Dr. Mason.—We have heard some sublime truths to-day. What is Harmonical Philosophy? It is that which harmonizes all of God's worlds and works. Ignorance is our greatest enemy. Our first question should always be, what is truth? Truth is co-existent with God. There is no end to the acquisition of knowledge. Nineteen-twentieths of the actions of man are governed by impulse and emotion. When the intellect is brought to govern these impulses, then, and only then can we properly regulate them.

Wm. Huddleston.—Our rulers have led us astray. We must cease to do evil that good may come. As one individual, I live the faith I profess. I have not voted for more than twenty years. If we would only do right, we would need no government.

Dr. Hall thought the sin of omission as bad as the sin of commission. Did not think the brother's theory adapted to the wants of the times.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Muscle by Bro. Harris, in his best style—soul-stirring, heartfelt, thrillingly eloquent music.

Mrs. Cuppy—entranced—Invocation: The week ends to night, and on the coming morning you may well culture your souls. Your spirits can then rest and feed on angels' food. You each and every one of you have the germ of a God within you, but you crush it out. Instead of cultivating the spirit, you worship the casket that is merely given you as a temporary protection. Around each of you are guardian angels, trying to guide you. Heaven is a condition of the mind, and you can have heaven on earth, if you wish. We do not ask you to disregard the physical system, but we do tell you to pay more attention to the cultivation of the God-principle within you. You cannot receive forgiveness, but you must face the error and suffer it out. So live that the world may see that heaven has come to you on earth. Live your highest conceptions of right. You must not depend on us. As spirits, we can only impress you. If you would only live harmonical lives, you would receive in your hearts an influx of good. It was given to this Nineteenth Century to divulge the glorious truths of the Harmonical Philosophy.

Some of you, who owe all that you have and all that you are to Spiritualism, now turn your backs upon it. Christianity was a great stepping stone to Spiritualism. As much as we dislike the old moss-grown creeds of the theologian, there is much spiritual truth in their creeds, and much inspiration in that old Book, which, though we do not consider it infallible, we accept its noble truths. We give you the best we have to-day. We are liable to err, and we do not ask you to accept it unless your highest conceptions justify. Accept truth, though it comes through the lips of a lying child; discard error, though a Demosthenes should utter it.

Mr. Baldwin, entranced.—We come to you in the spirit of love, and ask you to place your minds on heavenly things. We perceive too much diversion of thought among you. We desire more concentration. As Spiritualists, so live that your lives may be an honor to your profession. These are our desires—that you love one another.

Bro. Kates moved an adjournment, that we might hold a public circle, and that all should be invited to partake freely. Thought circles should not be held in private. If we occupied a higher plane than others, we should leave no stone unturned, the turning of which would elevate them to our own standpoint.

The motion to adjourn did not prevail.

Bro. Platt, of Dayton, Ohio, entranced.—Thank God, there are many here who have come out of the moss-grown and worm-eaten creeds and churches. There are some here to-night rejoicing in the prospect of a future life, who once believed in the broad, old sided infidelity. The speaker here improvised a beautiful piece of poetry, and said, is not the Harmonical Philosophy embodied in those beautiful lines? Man is the highest embodiment of God on earth. Man will progress. It is a law of Nature. He will go on and upward. To-day, man, in the highest plane of thought, worships not a personal God, and the time is coming when men will grasp still higher thoughts.

SUNDAY MORNING—GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Bro. Kates.—The cultivation of our own internal natures was the all important agent of reform.

Dr. Mason.—"It is education alone that elevates us. Spoke of the three great departments of mind—1st, reasoning and intellectual; 2d, moral and governing; and 3d, the animal faculties. The women of ancient times were slaves; hence the degradation of their offspring. In this nineteenth century women are educated in parrot like style, and hence the children of the present day are unthinking. Children are not properly developed. So long as we continue in this haphazard manner, we shall have dwarfed intellect. We are born for the purpose of being happy, and we can if we will. Showed the difference between the Harmonical, Platonic and Baconian systems of Philosophy. Asserted that positive evil does not exist—it is only a less amount of good. Every man has the power of reforming himself. Our schools are all wrong, from the A B C, clear through; but, thank God, we can see a faint outline of improvement. Spiritualism is infusing itself steadily and quietly into everything.

Bro. Platt, entranced—Yield not to the clamor of the imperious custom which surrounds thee, but to thyself. Do thy duty, live the God within thee. Experience is education. From infancy up, man is compelled to come in contact with obstacles, and in surmounting them he is educated. He must labor to unfold his physical powers, and must exercise his mental powers, to elevate the interior powers of the soul, and in unfolding them, we cultivate the Harmonical Philosophy. With most men the animal propensities predominate. Self knowledge is the essence of all knowledge. Man is the highest representation of the universe. He elevates all the universe within his system. It is the mission of the Spiritualist to cultivate all reform. He cannot set up a standard to govern others. He must govern himself alone. Man is a spiritual being, and you should discuss this feature of his existence. All truth is universal. We see you are on the right road. You will progress from the material to the spiritual, and from the spiritual to the celestial. The thing is coming when man shall see from a more elevated standpoint.

Dr. Hill offered the following:

Resolved, That the best form of government is that which would be based on a true universal system of education, applied to all, universally supported with the same amount of means, as are usually required to carry on ordinary governments with penal codes.

In support of the resolution, he thought we were not wise enough to govern ourselves yet, though we have never had an opportunity to try it. Governments are only to strengthen the strong, from the weakness of the weak. We are nothing but tools in the hands of political demagogues.

Wm. Huddleston.—We are cursed with dogmas and institutions. Crush them down. Come to do evil. I claim practically, I would not vote for any authority to inflict penal codes over us, and have not for twenty years.

Dr. Hall.—Law is necessary to control the lions and tigers and monkeys of society. The penitentiary is no terror to honest, upright men. The dew-drop will nourish the flower, but the gentle rain still more. Let us examine ourselves, not condemn

our erring brother; let us give him the hand that will attract him to our sphere.

The Resolution then passed as the sense of the meeting, and was ordered on the minutes as such.

SUNDAY MORNING.

After listening to several pieces of music by Bro. Harris, Mrs. Cuppy appeared on the stand, entranced, and gave an invocation, and then addressed the audience. We listened to your discourse this morning, and were glad. Here is a free platform, wide and broad enough to hold all mankind. Jesus stood centuries in advance of his day, teaching love and mercy. We would say a word to the mothers of Humanity. Let the God within you train itself, and it will need the aid of no man. We have women who have been to college, and trained, and trained, till they are finished, and oh God, what a finishing! There are women here, to-day that cannot talk of maternity or wifehood, and yet can fritter away their time in punching holes in cloth, to sew it up, to adorn their persons, we shall have no better womanhood. We would not have laws made by such butterflies. The Orthodox mother sends her child to a training school, where it is taught to fear God. Stop training your children, and go to governing yourselves. You need to so live that you show the father in every act. The mother of Washington is revered, respected, and idolized. The father is hardly ever mentioned. Did he train her? When woman lives to the highest ideas of her womanhood, her rights will at once be granted. Men are not all fools, and when you lay aside the foolish frittering of your time, they will respect you. Woman must be protected, because she has got into the habit of leaning on man! When Florence Nightingale walked through the hospitals of the Crimea, she needed no protection but her own inherent virtue, and she has adorned the age in which she lived, and lent a lustre to it.

Dr. Hill.—Will the spirit controlling give its views whether man is capable of being governed without penal codes?

Ans.—We think the majority of men are capable. Instead of housing up every poor criminal, if we would teach them love, it would soon change the whole faces of society.

Dr. Hill.—Must we teach by reformatory, or by retaliatory measures?

Ans.—By reformatory alone. Conscience, if directed aright, will govern properly. How many of you face your sins? How many of you do not dare to be alone? You fear to think of your own sins; but when you pass the portals of time you will have to face them.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON—GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Bro. Kates could never see any reason in the Orthodox notions of the day, but just fell in like others without asking why.

Wm. Huddleston.—We are all bound under religious and political bonds. Our meetings are controlled by dogmatic power. He objected to every class of organization.

Dr. Bailey thought Uncle Seth Hinchshaw had better enlarge his hall. Last year every body thought he was wasting money in building it so large, but to-day it is crowded to its utmost capacity.

Many very appropriate remarks were made by Dr. Hall, of Greenfield, and Sisters Cuppy, Cook, Moody, and others.

At three o'clock, Bro. Harris gave us the beautiful piece—

"There's no such thing as death."

Mrs. Cuppy, entranced, contrasted Spiritualism with Christianity. Would not cast a slur on the teachings of the Apostles. Thought, their teachings adapted to the wants of the day in which they lived. But the whole truth was not told at that day and time. The Nineteenth Century is producing truths that had not been uttered before. If Peter, James and John professed to be inspired by God direct, it cannot be great presumption in the Spiritualists of to-day, to say they are inspired by the spirits of their departed friends. You are, too many of you, bowing down and worshipping the golden calf of public opinion. You are afraid to investigate Spiritualism, for fear you cannot sit in the higher circles of fashion. There is a terrible danger awaiting Spiritualism. It is going to be popular, and then you will say, "I always thought there was something in it." You blame us for not giving our tests and miracles in public, forgetting that Jesus performed his so-called miracles in the presence of only a few. The great miracle of the Transfiguration was witnessed by only two persons. You say Spiritualism comes through such insignificant sources! They sit at tables to hear raps! Jesus, when he sat on the ground and made clay to anoint the eyes of the blind, was only fulfilling conditions. We merely have to do the same. If Jesus, who was God, could not do certain things because of their unbelief, how can you demand like things of poor fallible mediums. Spiritualism comes to convince you what Christianity and the Bible never could prove to you, that we live after death.

She then proposed to answer questions.

Dr. Hall.—Is there any difference between the miracles of Jesus and those of mediums now?

Ans.—Our miracles are as far ahead of those of Jesus, as the enlightenment of the present day is ahead of his day. Jacob's ladder has never been drawn up, and the angels are still ascending and descending.

Several other pertinent questions were asked, and appropriately answered.

At night, the yearly meeting closed, having passed resolutions of regret at the absence of Bro. Finney, of Ohio, expressing great sympathy for him and his afflicted family, and that the absence of Bro. F. had been richly supplied by the presence of Sister Cuppy. Oct. 22, 1862. D. W. HUNT.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

E. B. F., NEW YORK.—We are so completely overwhelmed with long essays, on a great variety of subjects, sent us for publication, that were the BANNER double its present size, we should be unable to accommodate all our correspondents. We have no doubt but that the matter you refer to would be interesting to many readers, but we cannot promise, for the reasons alluded to above, to print such an article. We must not deviate from the course laid down by us at the commencement of this sheet, viz., to give variety—literary, scientific, spiritual, etc.

E. H., PHILADELPHIA.—The books you ordered have been forwarded. We will investigate the matter you refer to, and ascertain if the orders ever reached this office.

J. R. J., LYONS, MICH.—Your letters have been received. Thank you for your endeavors in our behalf.

A PHRENOLOGICAL STUDENT.—We have no room for your long essay.

Correspondence in Brief.

MR. EDITOR.—I live in a region of comparative spiritual darkness, with but few congenial associates, and hence I prize your BANNER as did the children of Israel, the light in their dwellings when darkness reigned in Egypt. The philosophy of Spiritualism I deem God's crowning gift of good to man, and I glory in its demonstrating light, in the eternal day which is ere long to dawn upon the pathway of the now benighted and desponding of our race.

You may reckon upon my subscription to the BANNER as long as I have the means to pay for it. Calamet Village, Wis. GEORGE WEAVER.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

OFFICE, 153 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

To Agents and Clubs.

On and after December 1st, our subscription price will be uniformly Two Dollars a year—One Dollar for six months. No discount to clubs or agents.

We make this change only in obedience to an imperative necessity, in consequence of the greater cost of material and increased expense of publication. We can give no assurance of permanent abatement even to these rates, if the price of paper continues to advance.

Housekeeping.

We have many a time thought that a right pleasant, and certainly a profitable, volume might be written, by some one who knew how to do it from experience and from a harmonious development, on the delights of Housekeeping. The "Cook Books" have done the subject pretty well, so far as the profit of the thing are concerned; what is wanted now is, a little volume of sentiment, of suggestions, of recorded shifts and ingenuities in the business of getting along and making home happy, and of actual experience—spiritual and silent—in the pursuit of the occupation. For two persons to agree to live together all their lives beneath one roof, to occupy the same rooms, to eat at the same table, to draw around the same hearth-fire, and to rear (it may be) a brood of young immortals who shall go their way out of the nest just as the birds go, every summer season—is a sight which ought to suggest the most varied thoughts and excite the profoundest sentiments of the nature.

To keep house well, one must let his heart centre there. Home must not be a mere attachment to business, but business ought to be merely a provider and caterer for home. A man should regard it as the one place where he goes with all his outside boardings, whether of money or anything else, to fix each in its fit place and there enjoy their fruits. It is only at home that he can pretend to incorporate the new experiences of each day. If he loves acquaintances better than wife and children, his heart has not yet been touched as it should be, and he has failed to find his true balance. He may be driving business—mercantile, mechanical, agricultural, or professional—he may be making money as fast as he would like to, but he must think more of his home spot and his little family than he does of all else, or he does not know what it is to live.

The boarding system is a false one—entirely and unqualifiedly so. It is a humbug, a mushroom that has sprouted out of modern notions—as untrue as they are frivolous—which belong to modern society. Our fathers and mothers never thought of such a thing as boarding, after getting married; they would have waited before marrying, but they would somehow have secured a place to set up their new household gods in. They joined hands, and began life together; and, generally speaking, they led far wiser and healthier lives than we do, though they had to go without a great many of our luxuries and effeminate.

Our greatest and best men in the past have taken untold delight in the very cares and homely economies of housekeeping; not thinking it beneath them at all, but rather lifting it up by the attention they bestowed upon such things. To be satisfied of this, run over the private life of such a man as Sir Walter Scott, of Robert Southey, and of Wordsworth. But we, in this our day, have seemed desirous to turn almost every habit and enjoyment into something that has an air of business about it; we wear scarcely any but business clothes, we talk in business phrases, we affect only business manners, and we think there is no pleasure but in purely business lives.

The strictly domestic idea and sentiment has been put out of sight and regard. Read the letters of Washington, and see how a great man like him, with the cares of a nation's life weighing on his shoulders, could enjoy the quiet delights of home and housekeeping occupations. Or turn to the recorded experiences of Daniel Webster, as, for instance, where he sends all the way from Washington to Massachusetts for a box of native New England white beans, that he may have the genuine baked beans out of his own home oven! Nor are the letters of Thomas Jefferson to his two daughters, on whom he lavished as much tenderness of affection as Aaron Burr did upon his lamented Theodosia, any the less interesting than those of our own Webster.

How many little resources are made happily available in housekeeping, which would never appear in the semi public life of a boarding-house or a hotel! They are just like the thousand springs on a hill-side, generally unnoticed, but making all things green and fresh around. How many minute economies are practiced, by one and the other, from year's end to year's end, which really endear the wife to the husband and the husband to the wife, as if they were of themselves new and sweet revelations of character! What scope there is within the household for the practice of self-denial, of forbearance, of silent patience, of steady affection, which would have to wither and die for lack of sustenance in any other life than this! Here all the homely, personal virtues take root and flourish—or they do it nowhere on earth. There is no soil like the home soil, there is no atmosphere like the home atmosphere, for them.

We hold the old attics, the dark cellar corners, the mysterious bins, and all that sort of thing, as close to our heart as we do any other feature of the housekeeping arrangement. What child but reverts to the swing in the garret, to the sound of the pattering rain on the roof, to the plays with old saddle and broken bits of ancient china in the garret, on Saturday afternoons especially, with more pleasure than to almost any other era in his brief career! The musical trinkle of the summer rain in the hogshead at the back porch is better than the song of Grist or Patti or Laborda. At the fire, with cat and dog near by, a sense of comfort, and dryness, and security gently stealing over the thoughts, there are no pleasures of the tumultuous sort that can compare with them for a moment.

If authority were worth more than personal experience in this matter, we could go to the pages of the Spectator, of old Montaigne, and of Bacon, for quotations which should satisfy the most obstinate doubter. We should be glad to have our readers peruse the story of Sir Roger de Coverly, as told by the graceful pen of Addison, and see what enjoyment was to be had among the country people of England, in their own homes and on their own estates, during the last century. The pages of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" are stuck all over with pithy maxims, and homely scraps of wisdom and thrifty suggestions, on the subject of housekeeping and the home life. And the list could be extended through the whole range of English literature.

We have got to come back to the old fashioned home-keeping, home-cherishing ideas, in this country, before we can even begin to be "saved." The sweetness of the life contained in them is the savor which we need to make our society even endurable, much less enjoyable. We have been painted and gilded, upholstered and carpeted, draped and be tasseled, coached and plated, nearly to death; now let us come back to first principles again, and try and be natural, and healthy, as becomes sensible men and women. Let us fasten our thoughts more intently on the quietness and breadth of life at home, and give over this pursuit of halls and saloons, of streets and stores, of gauds and shows. It will require nothing like a sacrifice to do it; we only need to change our views, which we can readily do by seeking in actual experiment for a new experience. When that tape has been doubled, we shall look back with remorseful surprise to find how trivial and false have been our aims, and how blind we have been to the wealth of happiness which has lain untouched within our easy reach.

The Thanksgiving.

Let us all give thanks this week, because the Lord has still been the good Lord to us beyond any measure of our deserts. We may well be thankful for all things that are sent, even for this war, with its unwritten agonies and woes. It is the work of the surgeon, who is thus cutting out of the national body the foul cancer that threatened to destroy its entire vitality. Nothing can happen which does not bring its own great good with it. At the table, this year, will be missed many and many a familiar face and form, as they were missed a year ago; but still the fires will shine in the faces of happy children around the hearth in the evening, as they shone in the children's faces of past days and generations. We are bound by every tie and association to cherish this day as we cherish no other during the year. It is crowded with familiar associations, that have become hallowed to us all. There is a fragrance about its very name, that goes with no other annual festival. It is a national feast-day now. New England having made it hallowed first. We should not think the winter come, if we had not first passed our dear old Thanksgiving.

A New Literature.

We are on the watch for new things, especially if they promise to be better than the old. Mr. Richard Grant White asserts that we really have the hints of a new style and quality of literature; and he declares it is to be found in the orders and official correspondence of Gen. "Ben. Butler." We agree that there is no imitation in anything he has said or done. "Ben" is original as he can be, depending altogether upon his own resources in "getting along." Mr. White says that these documents have a way of "hitting the nail square upon the head, and clinching it with a twist of humor," that has not been surpassed by any writing of their kind. We might instance his letter home in defence of his order relative to seceding women, who were in the habit of insulting his soldiers. "By reading them," (his productions), says Mr. White, "the man weary with the weight of the grand style, or fretted with the flippancy of the familiar, may obtain real mental refreshment." It is something to have had this war bring out a discovery so refreshing as this.

Doings over at the Arsenal.

Eight hundred hands are employed at the Watertown Arsenal, and arrangements are making for even an increased force. Two additional buildings are soon to go up, at a cost of \$75,000. During the three months of April, May, and June, of the present year, there have been manufactured there the following articles: 98 field gun carriages, 1 carriage for a 12-inch rifled gun, 29 casemate carriages for 8-inch guns, 9 mortar beds, 21,292 rounds of field gun ammunition, 10,604 fuses, 4,050 brass fuse plugs with mouth pieces, 9,787,000 rifle cartridges, 1,846,000 musket cartridges, and 714 war rockets—or, in all, nearly twelve million separate articles and pieces. The powder storehouse contains five hundred barrels of powder.

The Rain.

Even a chilling, drizzly November rain is a pleasure to the heart that can rightly understand it. It is a delight to go out on the hills, and see the gray storm come folding itself round the landscape—walls, trees, woods, everything gradually covered up from the sight, and creating a feeling of being sailing off into unknown seas through thick banks of fog and mist. Then, the prospect of winter comforts and coziness is full of satisfaction. The Summer is ended, the Harvest is over, and roofs and freeways are going to be in demand. We verily think there is about as much pleasure to be squeezed out with these rains of late autumn as there is to be sipped up with the sparkling dew of early June.

Dr. P. B. Randolph's Lectures.

We understand that this talented gentleman, whose journey to the Orient we noticed some time since, is expected home soon, and we are requested to notify the public that he will, through the agency of his wife, (Mrs. Dr. Randolph, Uta, N. Y.), make engagements to lecture in the various cities and towns of the Union, before Lyceum, or otherwise, on "Egypt and the Orient," "The Sphinx of Egypt," "Ghosts, Magic, and Medicine in the Orient," etc., etc. Mr. Randolph is a man of more than ordinary talents, intuitive to a remarkable degree, and we have no doubt but that in his late researches in Egypt he has gathered a fund of knowledge both useful and instructive.

We shall probably soon publish an advertisement giving fuller particulars in regard to his lectures.

Back Numbers Wanted.

We are in want of a single copy of No. 1 of the first vol. of the BANNER; also No. 2 of the same volume. For which copies we will pay 25 cents per copy.

The Spirit Photographs.

If Spiritualism is not a delusion, or the operation of some hitherto unknown physical phenomenon, but really the work of those who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," we should naturally expect developments of a higher and higher order following each other, confirming its previous manifestations, and unfolding more clearly, deeper and more profound facts of its reality, proving by the most incontestable evidence the heaven born character and object of its mission. This has actually been its history.

At first, appearing among the lowly and commonplace sort of people with raps and table-movings, then writing, speaking, vision-seeing, confounding a bevy of Buffalo Doctors, who tried to prove it all toe and knee joints. Next, inspired preachers, in the female form, take the rostrum, and overturn whole phalanxes of theologies and creeds, dumbfounding and giving the lie direct to regiments of Reverend Doctors of Divinity, stripping their churches of believers, and annihilating the best contrived plans for great religious awakenings and powerful revivals, which only leave a moral desolation, till the operators find it impossible to excite the least "serious interest" in their congregations, and spiritual patients utterly refuse longer to patronize their old fashioned quack nostrums. Then the field of Science is invaded, and Professor Faraday endeavors to prove table movements by involuntary muscular action. But the ink which printed his exposé was hardly dry before tables moved without contact with the medium, or other person.

Next appears President Mahan, as a giant of Science and Logic, with a duodecimo volume, four hundred pages, threatening utter demolition. This was promptly met by another, a real giant, Professor Hare, with an octavo of six hundred pages, scattering the first giant and his arguments into inviolability. Then the new invader intrudes itself within the hallowed and time-honored walls of Harvard University, where learned savans, whose minds are heavenward bent, explore through million magnifying telescopes the measureless vastness of stellar universes, or dive beneath the surface of things terrene, and investigate microscopic minutiae in "The wonders of the deep. Where mackerel swim and porpoise play, And crabs and lobsters creep."

An "investigating committee" must be appointed to probe the pestilent interloper to its basis, and dispel the "stupendous delusion." Well, the Committee published to an anxiously-inquiring world the important fact that they, the said Committee, did not know as much as they thought.

The immense field of art has been intruded upon to some extent, by portraits of departed mortals, who have put on the form of immortality, sometimes by mediums in an unconscious state, or in a condition fully conscious in an incredibly short space of time, and in the dark; pictures have been produced which were recognized by relatives as good likenesses. These were of various degrees of merit, in an artistic point, varying from bad to indifferent and good, but none of remarkable excellence, except a few heads of an ideal character, which purported to be inspirational, and were really excellent in drawing and execution. Coming events always cast their shadows before, and we might infer that by the very law of Progress, higher and more advanced results would appear in due season.

Some eight years ago, a Daguerrian operator was sent by spirit direction from New Orleans to Boston, for an interview with a very highly sensitive medium, who gave him some instructions about the chemicals, which he followed, and succeeded in obtaining the impression of a star on the silver plate. Whether he pursued the subject further, or whether other operators have attempted similar experiments, is unknown.

About four years ago a lady in the western part of the country had her portrait photographed, when a spirit friend was also seen on the plate.

After the stereoscope was invented, and the Art-world were being astonished and delighted by its wonderfully life-like pictures, Sir David Brewster suggested a method of photographing spirit appearances, by having a figure desired to represent the unearthly visitor, and standing in position during just half the time required for the full operation, then moving away, giving the objects behind it the other half, to impress their image faintly on the negative plate. The result was "the ghost in the stereoscope," and they are wonderful and truthful representations of spiritual appearances, more to the very life than any previous art efforts of that character. The ghost is sufficiently distinct to be clearly seen but transparent, so the figures of a clock-dial are easily read through the head of his ghostship.

Another is, the closet scene in Hamlet, where the disembodied spirit of his late Danish Majesty appears to his son. The ghost is a large sized figure in armor, but so vapory that the pattern of a tapestried screen is visible through it, while the figures of Hamlet, the Queen, and all material objects, are quite distinct.

Another is called "The Angels' Whisper," representing the Irish legend that when a child smiles in its sleep, it is a sign the angels are whispering to it. The figures composing it consist of a child asleep, the mother kneeling by it with her hands clasped, and an expression on her countenance of most exquisite parental tenderness, two angels, one kneeling upon the floor and gently lifting the drape of the child; the other in a position nearly horizontal, with wings upon its shoulders, as if flying. These two angels remained in position during the whole operation, and would be equally distinct with the other objects; but a spiritual effect is given them by a broad beam of light enveloping them, produced by waving a white wand between them and the camera during the operation. It is a little singular that Sir David should have suggested a method of producing spirit pictures so original and truthful, when he is a most intensely bitter anti-Spiritualist.

[Query.—Did not some well disposed spirit put him up to it, and laugh in his sleeve while making one help forward the work he was laboring so valourously to destroy?]

These two instances in the daguerrian art would seem precursors of the last development—spirits sitting for a *carte de visite*.

This last phase of spirit manifestation, the most startling and direct to the point of all in the history of super-mundane intercourse, seems to cover all the ground, and presents a positive evidence which none of the old opposition sophisms can possibly touch. An entirely new class of arguments must be hatched by the Materialists, not merely to meet this new fact, but to controvert the previous developments. And this new manifestation is particularly needed at the present time to reach the Art-Fraternity, which at

other form of Spiritualism can do. Although constantly engaged in a *Divine Art*, the majority of artists are grossly material, with but very vague ideas of a future life, if any at all. Turner, the English Landscape Painter, was notorious for his extreme materialistic notions. In this particular he has many followers both sides the Atlantic. Now spirit photography brings the matter so palpably before them as to attract their attention and compel inquiry from the most skeptical, divested of the vulgar and despoiled "spirit rappings," though it is but a branch of the same tree in a higher and more advanced stage of progress.

By a parity of reasoning, from past experience, we might readily conclude that still further, and more important results would flow from these incipient stages of a new series of manifestations. At a friend's house, the other evening, a medium was influenced, who described the process of this phase, and said that other mediums were in process of development, who would produce similar results in different parts of the country ere long.

As operators better understood the subtle nature of their chemicals, and spirits had more thoroughly become skilled in the operation, landscape scenes of Spirit Life would be photographed. These would be followed by prophetic visions of the future, in tableaux or groups of figures, presaging coming events by unmistakable pictorial representations.

A description of these pictures would give distant readers, who have no opportunity of examining them, a faint idea of their peculiarities:

They are ordinary *cartes de visite*, but with a faint additional figure, not defined by a distinct, sharp outline, but vapory, semi-indefinite. The whole of the figure is not displayed, usually, only the head and bust.

The first is a portrait of the medium, W. H. Muller, with one hand on a chair, the other holding the black cloth covering just taken from the camera. In the chair sits a half-defined female form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old. This was at once recognized as a deceased female relative. A cloudy vapor hovers about the head of this spirit, an effect we never before saw in any sun picture. One we have seen has a faint disc of light about the head, as if luminous rays were shooting outward, but all stop at a determined circular outline. Two others have a similar effect, but the circle is sufficiently large to enclose the whole figure, if the card were of greater dimensions.

The second picture taken by this medium has a lady spirit sitting on a chair, with a white, undefined mass of something behind her, like two, or three pillows. The features are quite anken, with a serious expression. We are told this is a likeness of the spirit sister of Mr. J. E. Ewer, as she looked when wasted by consumption. The father of the deceased fully recognizes the likeness, as do the rest of the family.

The next is an elderly lady, leaning on a chair, in which sits a faintly defined form of a young man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown more fully than the last, one leg being visible to below the knee, the other not being visible at all—looks as if moved, leaving only a blur. This was at once recognized as a deceased brother, who made guitars, and was fond of playing upon them.

Another is a female figure leaning upon a chair, the hands placed together, and eyes elevated as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger size, the face and bust only visible. The face is elevated, as if in prayer.

Another is a gentleman sitting with the edge of a white marble table near him. The spirit is behind him, and a little smaller, a female figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quakerly, a small white collar about the neck, tied with a dark ribbon, a close fitting dress, visible only to the waist.

A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait, and raised the right hand as if holding something. He was told that was a very uncouth attitude, but he said, "No matter; take it, so." When the plate was developed, behold there sat upon the raised arm a child, leaning its head upon the sitter's shoulder. This child is not very clearly defined; it appears a little larger than in nature, as if nearer the camera than the arm it sits upon. The dress is transparent, with the hand and arm of the sitter seen through it.

Here is another, an elderly lady, in a dark dress, standing by a chair. The spirit of her deceased husband is with her, a man evidently older; the figure about the size of the lady. A standing collar is visible on one side, the other turned down; black neck-stock, white shirt bosom. The other portion of the costume, not distinctly defined. This is Isaac Babbitt, inventor of the celebrated Babbitt metal. The lady referred to above is Mrs. Babbitt, the wife of the deceased, who assures us that the picture represents her husband as he appeared in his last illness, and she pronounces it, unequivocally, a good likeness, and knows that she has not been deceived by the artist. She is willing to make affidavit that it is legitimate—no counterfeit.

The next is a portrait of Luther Parks, an elderly gentleman, well known in this city, sitting with his hat on. The spirit in this picture is entirely unlike any of the others. It is a female figure floating in the air, the hair combed back over the head, a loose-fitting dress with short, loose sleeves gathered in at the elbow; a bracelet on the left fore arm, which is extended, with a wreath of flowers in the hand, toward the gentleman. The right hand is pressed against the side, and over the head (not on it) floats a wreath of flowers. This spirit is quite transparent, the folds of a curtain being distinctly seen through the whole of it.

Dr. Wm. B. White has two photographs taken at the same time, one, a lady, in front, and another back of a chair. These spirits have been with him many years, he says. He is a clairvoyant, and has great faith, as he sees the spirits and talks with them. They told him, eight years ago, the time would come when a group sitting at a table would have their photographs with their spirit friends taken together. Still further: that they would be taken in color.

The last we shall notice at this time, is a gentleman of commanding figure, noble bearing, and highly dignified demeanor, well known in the business community, particularly to express agents, stands by a chair, in which sits the form of a young man reading a book. Another picture of the same gentleman has the dim form of Daniel Webster near him. The statesman is recognized at a glance, and bears a close resemblance to portraits painted in the latter portion of his lifetime—the ruffled cravat particularly. The top of the head is bald, with the hair combed up from each side. The expression of the features very grave and solemn. The dress is not distinct, but the face is so clearly perceived, that it

like anything in the painted or engraved portraits, but, slightly resembling the costume on the Washington statue in the State House; nearly half the figure is displayed, and is a little larger than the portrait, as if nearer the instrument. It is quite transparent, the chair being quite distinct behind it.

The spirit of Webster purports to be a constant attendant on this gentleman, always manifesting his presence whenever a suitable medium is available, and according to the law, that like attracts like, should Webster seek the society of one so congenial to his mental atmosphere, where the two could readily assimilate without jarring discord. This gentleman has received from Webster a private signal, by which he is able to identify his presence, and therefore is not liable to be imposed upon by any bogus spirit. While in position for this picture, he experienced the usual signal, thus adding another proof of identity.

As might be anticipated, base imitations of these photographs are manufactured already. This is easily done with another negative being held in contact with the one bearing the portrait of the sitter, before a gas-light a few seconds, when a faint impression is manifest. One of these is not at all successful. The secondary face is too large; the dark markings of the hair, eyes, nostril, and corners of the lips, are too distinct. An unprincipled operator might succeed in a few cases, but to carry it on for any length of time, or in great numbers, would require such a vast quantity of secondary negatives as none could be sold but once without immediate detection—that it would hardly pay.

The opponents of Spiritualism attempt to explain this new thing in various and ingenious ways. The most common is, "All humbug," a phrase we rather begin to like, having heard it so often. Webster once told an audience at Abington, "It is a humbug—a hum the whole world shall yet hear, and a bug no poison will ever kill." So the old bug has set the skeptical world humming in a new key.

Another explanation is: "The mind of the sitter." This is almost too absurd to need an answer. If it were the case, photographs of the mind would have been developed before, which is not the case. Besides, there must appear only the thought; but here are portraits wholly foreign to the mind or wish. In one instance, an elderly lady is the spirit, unknown to any one present. Others say it is by an arrangement of mirrors, by which an image is reflected upon the plate. But such an arrangement would be instantly detected, even allowing the operator could obtain the likeness of some friend deceased, which would be an almost impossible attempt in but a few cases. Will the opposition try some other elucidation? ONWARD.

FROM DR. CHILD.

Evidence daily accumulates that goes to establish more and more the genuineness of this new phase of Spiritual manifestations. This manifestation is a mighty one, if true. There has not been a greater revelation from the heavens to the earth for the last eighteen centuries than this—one, at least, that so signally shall show the fact of the immortality of human souls to the unbelieving world. So it may not be deemed ungenerous, at first, to scrutinize it with the most rigid scrutiny. The severest examination has been permitted by Mr. Mumler, and practiced by various persons daily, since its discovery; the result of which with every one, we believe, has been a deep conviction of its genuineness. One outside fact in regard to Mr. Mumler, will go a great way with business men, to establish the truthfulness of his claims in spirit photography, which is this. His precedents are good; his character is that of an honest, faithful, industrious young man, free from tricks and deception. It is an old saying, and a very true one in the moral world, viz: "Show me what a man's precedents are, and I will show you what that man is to-day."

There is another outside consideration that argues strongly in favor of Mr. Mumler's claims, viz: "If these pictures are not spiritual, but a deception, Mr. Mumler exposes himself to a very severe penalty of the law, which is, for obtaining money under false pretenses.

The investigations of many persons have revealed thus far, nothing that causes the least doubt of Mr. Mumler's honesty.

The opposing world outside of Spiritualism is telling all kinds of stories about these pictures—is trying to fabricate all that genius can invent to account for this wonderful phenomenon. The best and oldest photograph artists in Boston are unanimous in declaring that they know no means by which these pictures—claimed to be spiritual—can be produced, as Mr. Mumler produces them.

It proves that for some years past the fact that spirit photographs would be made, has been foretold through a large number of mediums, all throughout the country. Five years ago in the very room where Mr. Mumler now operates, we understand, that while sitting for her picture, Miss Nellie Cogswell had the following appear on her arm: "In five years, spirit pictures will be made in this room."

Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, says: "My grandfathers told me two years since that spirit photographs would be taken just as they are, in a communication to Robert Dale Owen."

By a large number of mediums in Boston and vicinity, and in various other places, far and near, the same thing has been foretold.

The Professor of Law at Harvard College has been permitted to investigate the process to the extent of his desires, and carried a negative off to another artist with the picture of himself and a spirit on it. We may possibly hear "a report" from him.

A photograph operator has been permitted to make a thorough examination, and assisted all through the process of taking his own picture, accompanying which he had the picture of a spirit. And he said that he detected no deception, and could not account for the picture of the spirit.

Large numbers daily apply for pictures who cannot be accommodated. Engagements are already made for some weeks ahead.

Great interest is manifested in regard to this new phase, not only in the ranks of Spiritualism, but also by those who have heretofore taken but little interest in the subject. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, judges, mayors, professors, and many business men, are more particularly among the interested ones. Stupid fault-finders and self-righteous critics will undoubtedly be the universal malcontents and deadly opponents for some time to come.

It may be well to suggest to people out of town, who come to Boston expecting to have pictures taken the same day, that they had better first write to Mrs. Mumler, 258 Washington Street, Boston, Mass., asking her to appoint a time for their sittings.

A CAPITAL TEST.

Mr. Mumler—On the 8th of this month, happening to be in Boston, I had a curiosity to investigate, so far as I had the opportunity, the wonderful manifestation of spirit power, said to occur at Mrs. Stuart's rooms, No. 258 Washington Street. I examined there a number of specimens of pictures, upon which were said to appear the likenesses of persons who are now dwellers in the spheres. I had interest enough to sit myself, and the result of that sitting I propose to give to your readers.

I was permitted to go into the "dark room" with the operator, and I saw another figure, beside my own, developed upon the plate. Being unable to wait for the picture, I came home, and a few days after, copies were sent to me. At first, although the face of the spirit figure was familiar, I did not recognize it, as I confess I was looking for some one of my relatives; but soon I recognized the countenance of a young friend of mine, who died in August, Me., some three or four years since. He was not in my mind when I sat for the picture, and I had hardly thought of him for months. Immediately I forwarded one of the pictures to the friends of the young man at Augusta, without intimating to them that I had recognized it. Yesterday I received a letter from his sister, from which I make the following extract:

"I received the photograph, and it is my brother. The likeness nearly overcame me, it was so plain. His collar and cravat are precisely as he used to wear them. It is as plain a picture to me as the one hanging in my room. We all see it alike, and I think any one who knew him must see the likeness at once. It was a great surprise to me, for I never dreamed of seeing any of our friends on your picture. I hope, however, that the test will make up for the disappointment to you. I do not think these pictures flatter, but this is a true likeness."

Augusta, Me., Nov. 16, 1892.

From this extract, it will be seen that the test is complete, and I cannot see how any reasonable person can come to any conclusion other than that these wonderful and startling pictures are indeed what they claim to be—the work of the inhabitants of the "unseen world." I could not resist the inclination to say this much in relation to these pictures, and if you deem it of sufficient importance to give it a place in your paper, I shall be abundantly satisfied. Yours for truth,

JOSEPH B. HALL.
Portland, Me., Nov. 17, 1892.

MORE EVIDENCE.

"We are happy to be able to promise for our next a letter from a practical photographer, now in Boston, who visited Mr. Mumler, the artist medium, at our request. This letter is from one in whom we had so implicit confidence, that we gave him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Mumler, who have allowed him every desired facility for examining every part of the process."

The result we shall publish in full next week. It will suffice now to say that the gentleman alluded to was permitted not only to watch every step of the process, but himself to prepare the plate and develop the picture. He secured the likeness of his departed wife and of his father.

The letter gives us renewed confidence in the reliability of Mr. Mumler and the credibility of this new and wonderful exhibition of spirit power."

The above extract is from the Herald of Progress of the 22d inst. And in this connection we print a letter from the gentleman referred to above, bearing date Boston, Nov. 18th, 1892.

Mr. Mumler—Having been informed by Mr. Wm. H. Mumler that you desired to give publication in your interesting journal of my investigation, inquiring into the possibility and genuineness of Mr. M.'s wonderful power of producing photographic impressions of spirit forms, etc., I will give you much pleasure in detailing to you what I have gone through, seen, and received. And inasmuch as I have been commissioned by Messrs. A. J. Davis & Co. you can rest assured that I was resolved, if permitted, to allow nothing to slip my utmost scrutiny. Having had ten years' constant practice in this particular branch—that is, negative on glass, and positive on paper from negative—of spirit, and yet feel competent to detect any form of deception.

Having been cheerfully permitted by Mr. Mumler every facility to investigate, I went through the whole of the operation of selecting, cleaning, preparing, coating, silvering, and putting into the shield the glass upon which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit form and mine should be imparted, never letting my eyes escape anything, and never allowing Mr. M. to touch the glass until it had gone through the whole of the operation. The result was, there came upon the glass picture of myself and, to my utter astonishment, having previously examined and scrutinized every crack and corner, plate-holder, camera, box, tube, inside of the bath, etc.—another portrait.

Having since continued on several occasions my investigations, as described above, and received, if anything, more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to endorse its legitimacy.

Respectfully yours,
Wm. GUAY.

ANOTHER SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH ARTIST.

Dr. Gardner, accompanied by Robert Dale Owen, each sat for a spirit picture on Thursday last, with successful results. The artist is a member of the church, and feels conscientious scruples about taking such pictures, for he thinks that Spiritualism is the work of the devil. Dr. Gardner thinks his medium powers are very strong, and that excellent pictures will be made through them.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY SCIENTIFICALLY CONSIDERED.

When we consider that light, by the aid of which the artist takes pictures, is composed of three elements, producing three distinct effects, viz: illumination; heat; and chemical changes; and that these may be separated, each from the others, the mystery of photographing spirits is measurably removed. If an artist were to glass his windows with glass stained yellow, he could not take pictures by the photographic process, for the reason that yellow glass shuts out or absorbs the chemical rays. We have been in the habit of supposing that a body must be tangible to the physical sight in order to impinge its form upon the sensitive plate placed in the camera for that purpose; but there is no fact in philosophy that disproves the power of a spirit form to reflect chemical rays. We know that heat may be reflected by surfaces which do not transmit light; and light is often turned from its course without its usual accompaniment, heat.

There is, moreover, a bit of philosophy which I have contended for, the last few years, which seems calculated to elucidate this subject more fully. Light, and heat (color) are elementary substances, and enter into the constitution of all organic bodies in equivalent proportions with other matter—constituent elements of the three—as positively as the carbon, oxygen and hydrogen. When thus combined they become latent, or lose their sensible properties until decomposition takes place, as in combustion or decay, when they are set free, or become again sensible to the senses. By virtue of this law it is that we are enabled to heat and light our dwellings. The chemical rays seem to be more attenuated, or spiritualized, and do not enter into combination with organic bodies, but act rather as the master workman in arranging the other elements, and hence it is

that we do not get chemical effects from artificial light, or that which is set free from the combustion of organized substances. Light and heat being material elements, require a material body or substance tangible to the senses, in order that they may be reflected, while the chemical rays may be reflected or imparted from a spirit form intangible to the physical vision.

Thus it is that a spirit occupying a position before a camera may impinge its form upon the sensitive plate, though not discernable by the physical eye—the form not sufficiently dense to reflect the illuminating rays, may yet be sufficiently material, so as to reflect the chemical rays, which alone are instrumental in the production of a photographic picture.

Cleveland, Ohio.
O. D. GIESWOLD, M. D.

We shall keep our readers fully posted in all investigations and developments in regard to Spirit Photography. Our only object is to arrive at the truth in this matter.

John Rogers.

We have heard much of this young and rising sculptor for some little time past, and now he appears to be flowering out. He was born in Salem, Mass., and has hitherto followed the trade of a machinist. For a year or so, he studied and observed in Italy. Later he has set up artistically in his profession in New York. He has made himself distinguished, for his quiet and grotesque excursions in plaster, illustrating alike literary, military, and social scenes and characters, and surprising and delightful all by their fidelity and original expressiveness. He has made his name particularly popular from his two statuettes, "The Picket Guard" and "Sharpshooters." He is now engaged on a statuette of Edwin Booth, representing him in the character of "Hamlet." Attention has been attracted to him, for some time, and he now bids fair to make a new sensation in art circles.

Silent Hours.

They who are never alone, communing with themselves, know little of the depth of meaning which life may have for them. In fact, we do not exist in crowds and herds, but alone. We are most profoundly conscious, while we are in the seclusion of solitude. To compel a person to think, or reflect, is to put him in the way of soonest finding himself out. And the joys of solitary communion—who does not prize them above all others? If he once knows and realizes them? Who would exchange them for all he has heard of in connection with the tumultuous experiences of what is styled social life? The silent hours are the best hours of our mortal lives, depend on it.

Love of Nature.

How true is it, that it is astonishing how indifferent mankind are to the enjoyment of the beauties of Nature. The beautiful in Nature has a great many, too many, lukewarm worshippers. For too many Nature wastes her sweetness on the desert air. Beauty is above, around, and beneath us, yet we do not heed it. We tread on beauty, yet we know it not. Many are born, live, and pass away, with scarce a glance on the beautiful world in which they live. It makes one thoughtfully sad to realize that it is so, but it never will be otherwise, until men begin another system of development and self-culture from that which they esteem such now.

Editor BANNER—You will please take any notice from your list of letters, as I cannot conscientiously permit it to remain there longer. I am convinced that the phenomena of Spiritualism can be accounted for upon scientific principles, independent of a spiritual hypothesis. I have thought differently; but a more thorough acquaintance with the German philosophers on Mental Science, has convinced me that its origin is purely mundane. Justice to myself and my friends throughout the country demands this avowal through your paper. You will therefore greatly oblige, by publishing this in the BANNER, as it is written, and taking my name from your list of letters. Yours very truly,
S. PHILLIPS LELAND.

Hastings, Mich., Nov. 10, 1892.

A friend at our elbow suggests that the above note of friend Leland reminds him of the joke on Bishop Berkeley, who held a strange theory, that matter had no existence except in our imaginations, or that this life is all a dream, from which we awake at death. A friend dining with him one day, inquired, "Do you really believe, Bishop, there is no matter?" "Certainly, certainly," replied the Bishop, "there is no matter." "Well, then, certainly it is no matter what you think."

Pay as you Go.

John Randolph once said that motto was the true Philosopher's Stone. He prided himself considerably, too, on the fact that he had found it, when everybody else was so willing to pass it by. There are certain nameless little expenses that persons cannot pay as they go, for the reason that they are current expenses, and perhaps are to be set off with somebody's debit to them; but still, their regular settlement ought to be scrupulously arranged, for as much so as if the cash was to be paid in hand. One little realizes what a sense of relief goes with the ready payment of his bills. If he would become conscious of it, let him make a rule of trying it for a time, and then see if he would consent ever to abandon it again.

Ruling Passion Strong after Death.

A pious church member, in Niagara Co., N. Y., had two daughters, one of whom departed this life, when the remaining sister, resorted to a medium for communications. This greatly enraged the Christian father, who admonished her not to do so any more. Soon the father went the way of all the world, when the lonely daughter ventured again to consult the spirits. To her astonishment, the father appeared and upbraided her for her impiety, saying that "none but the devil communicated through mediums."

Notice.

Mr. Colchester, at the request of his Plymouth friends, will give sittings at the rooms in Middle street, on Saturday and Sunday, 29th and 30th inst. Also public circles on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings.

Emma Harding in Philadelphia.

We learn that Miss Harding is lecturing in Philadelphia to overflowing houses, and that an increasing interest in the Spiritual Philosophy is manifest there.

Miss Lizzie Dusen
Will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, Sunday next, afternoon and evening.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

[Digby would be pleased to receive good original, bona fide for this column.]

The London Spiritual Magazine and the Paris Spiritual Review for November, have just come to hand. They are filled to the brim with interesting spiritual intelligence, some of which we may copy hereafter.

Read the beautiful Poem by Miss Belle Bush, which we print in this issue. It is entitled "THE SHADOW LAND."

Letters addressed to W. P. Anderson, Artist Medium, care of BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, will reach their destination at once.

A person calling himself Professor R. Desyon, who is located at 9 South Green Street, Baltimore, Md., is requested to remit us the amount of his bill, due us for advertising.

EMANCIPATION IN KENTUCKY.—Some Kentuckians say that State is undergoing a revolution upon the slave question, and will soon take a position by the side of Missouri, in favor of compensated emancipation.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was only five hundred and eighty years old when she was married. Courage, ladies!

"There never was a good so gray.
But some day, soon or late,
An honest gender came that way,
And took her for his mate."

It is said the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken on the wheel.

The public is despoiled in its temper; it is capable of denying common justice, when too strenuously demanded as a right; but quite as frequently it awards more than justice, when the appeal is made, as despoils love to have it made, entirely to its generosity.—Hawthorne.

A gentleman of rather short memory entered parsonage the other day, hesitated a moment, and then confusedly inquired if Mr. So-and-so had called. Digby, who was napping quietly in his arm chair, roused himself up, not a little annoyed at the abrupt intrusion of the stranger, and instantly replied: "No, sir. You had better inquire at the tailor's shop, opposite."

The Postmaster of San Francisco refuses to take greenbacks for box rent.

THE GRAND ARMY.—A private letter to us from an officer in Burnside's army, dated Camp near Waterloo, 11th inst., says: "We are funnily situated here. We advanced on the rebels from Berlin, driving them some sixty miles; and now, in turn, they have cut off our supplies, and we, at this writing, are minus our regular rations." This, we think, is an awkward predicament for such an immense army to get into. Why supply trains have not been more properly guarded has always been a matter of surprise to us. There is incompetency somewhere.

"Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, what have you done with your piano?" "Oh, Mr. Smith insisted upon my disposing of it and buying instead a sewing machine for each of the girls. He says they will be much more useful and will make less noise."

There are two classes of disappointed lovers—those who are disappointed before marriage, and the more unhappy ones who are disappointed after it.

FUNNY MISTAKE.—A little boy asked his mother what "blood relations" meant. She explained to him that it signified near relatives, etc. After thinking a moment, he said, "Then, mother, you must be the bloodiest relation I've got!"

It must be a happy thought to a lover that his blood and that of his sweet-heart mingle in the same—musquito.

"What's powder bringing?" asked a dealer of Squibby, who was looking over the market report. "Powder," replied the latter, "it is bringing the rebels to their senses."

Truth is the great battle axe of Jehovah; wherein His will is surely executed.

The leading book publishers of New York have advanced the trade price of their books from ten to twenty-five per cent., on account of the increased cost of printing paper.

A true Union woman is like the sugar we sometimes get—a combination of sweetness and grit.

The man who does not eat it—The lubber.

Nature has written a letter of credit upon some men's faces, which is honored almost whenever presented.

It is related of Rev. Dr. Mason, that he stopped one morning to read a theatrical placard in Broadway, a distinguished actor seeing him, said: "Good morning, doctor; do ministers of the gospel read such things?" "Why not, sir?" replied the doctor; "have not ministers of the gospel a right to know what the devil is about as well as other folks?"

"I wonder what makes my eye so weak?" said a loafer to a gentleman. "Why, they are in a weak place," replied the latter.

The publishers of the Zion's Herald have announced that on the first of January its price will be raised from \$1.50 to \$2 per annum. The proprietors of the New York Express have raised the price of their paper.

Mrs. Smith, an excellent test medium, is holding sittings in Washington, D. C., with success, we understand.

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.

SUPERSTITION DISSECTED.

IN A SERIES OF INVESTIGATING LETTERS, between a Freethinker and his Zealous Brother-in-Law, comprising a number of the most prominent, Texts and Incidents of Holy Writ, designed to Invite Scrutiny and Remove Indifference, and to insure greater Depth of Thought and Research into the value and reliability of Scriptural Evidence.

Covered—Nativity of Jesus Christ; The Genealogy; The Temptation; Angels; The Lord's Prayer; Casting out Devils; Feeding the Multitudes; Lazarus Raised from the Dead; Devil and Hell; Catholic Enrichments and Corruptions; The Puritans; Tom Paine; The Sabbath; and a large variety of other subjects of a deeply interesting character, for the consideration of people of reflective minds.

The work is printed on fine paper, large 12mo., library size, handsomely and durably bound in embossed covers, and contains 405 pages. Price, \$1.00, which includes postage. Sold by S. E. LENT, Agent, 112 Grand Street, New York. Orders from a distance should mention the town, county, and State.

New York, Nov. 10, 1892. 3w Nov. 29.

WONDERFUL CURES!

Cancers, Fever Sores, Rheumatism, Spinal Troubles, Etc., and Nervous Debility.

HAVE FREQUENTLY BEEN CURED BY ONE OPERATION, BY DR. URANN.

No. 260 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNER OF AVON PLACE.

For further particulars, terms, &c., send for circular. Nov. 29.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS!

Persons residing at any distance from Boston, desirous to obtain Photographs of their departed friends, by Mr. Wm. Mumler will please send for Circular, which gives all particulars. Address, MRS. STUART, No. 258 Washington Street, Boston.

A BOOK FOR MEN AND WOMEN!

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION;

OR,
Marriage as it Is, and Marriage as it Should be.

PHILOSOPHICALLY CONSIDERED.

PRIOR, 75 CENTS.
BY CHARLES S. WOODRUFF, M. D.

IN THIS NEW VOLUME the people have a want met which has already wrought untold misery. Sin and unhappiness are the result of Ignorance; one need no longer be ignorant, if he will take this little book and make its facts his or her own.

All wrong notions and delusions about Marriage are here explained away and exploded. The matter is momentous to every person living—is made clear and plain; stripped of its mockeries and glosses; presented just as it lies in every human soul; familiarized in its profound principles to every one's comprehension; and rationally forced into the reader's belief.

The author rests his statements and conclusions wholly on Nature, unwilling either to thwart her plans or neglect her suggestions. He shows that marriage makes more people actually wretched than happy, because it is not sought with an understanding of the right principles. He proves the utter selfishness and unworthiness of too many marriages, and charges them with waste and loss. He demonstrates very conclusively that, if society would reform itself and become free and new, it must apply itself to this most important of all topics first of all. Marriage, in his opinion, is something more than a companionship, or simply an agreement between two persons to try to live together without quarrelling. It must be wholly of Love, or it is a failure.

Everybody will receive benefit from the bright pages of this book.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston, Mass., Nov. 29.

CHEAP FARMS NEAR HOME!

40,000 Acres of Land!

FOR SALE IN THE EMPIRE STATE.

THE undersigned is authorized to negotiate the sale and transfer of nearly Forty Thousand Acres of Land, chiefly in Hamilton, Warren, Cattaraugus, Genesee, Erie, Essex, Franklin, Lewis, Oneida, Ontario, Saratoga, Stuten, and Sullivan Counties. These lands will be sold in quantities to suit the purchaser, at the low prices of

FROM 25 CENTS TO TEN DOLLARS PER ACRE! for cash or approved securities. They are heavily timbered, and well watered. More than 30,000 acres are located near the central Hamilton County, about fifty miles from Amsterdam, on the line of the New York Central Railroad. The soil is good; the forests furnish deer and other game in abundance, while the lakes and numerous mill-streams which water and beautify that region, are well supplied with trout and other choice varieties of fish.

The splendid lands here offered for sale, are only some 75 miles from the Capital of the State, and the heavy growth of Sugar Maple, Beech, Spruce, and other timber, to say nothing of the acres of said lands for grazing and agriculture, must soon render them exceedingly valuable. The Hudson River and Lake Ontario Railroad, chartered and partially graded some time since, is within twelve miles of these lands, while a branch, already surveyed, runs through the same. When these lines are completed, that whole region will be within seven hours of New York City; and the constantly increasing prices of lumber and fuel must render its resources of incalculable value.

We are not likely to over-estimate the prospective value of such lands, so near the great Commercial Centre of the Western Continent, and sensible men will scarcely go a thousand miles toward sunset for cheap farms, when they can find them at home.

Send for a Circular, and address at 401 Fourth Street, New York, N. Y., B. B. HILTMAN, AGENT.

N. B.—Also a number of City and Village Lots in Rochester, Lockport, Mount Vernon, and other places, at prices unobtainable elsewhere.

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Black, Salmon, Dark Brown, Scarlet, Buff Brown, Dark Drab, Light Brown, Light Drab, Dark Blue, Yellow, Light Blue, Light Yellow, Light Green, Orange, Pink, Magenta, Slate, Saffron, Cream, French Blue, Violet, Crimson, Violet.

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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 included.

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For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town. Nov. 29.

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DEALINGS WITH THE DEAD!

THE HUMAN SOUL: ITS MIGRATIONS AND ITS TRANSMIGRATIONS!

BY F. B. RANDOLPH.

The above work may be had at the office of the BANNER OF LIGHT, 158 Washington Street, by wholesale and retail. Lincoln copies 75 cents. The usual discount will be made to the trade. Mailed to any part of the United States on receipt of the price named above. March 8.

WILL ATTEND FUNERALS.

MRS. J. H. CONANT hereby notifies the public that she will engage to attend funerals in Boston and vicinity. She has been induced to make this public announcement at the earnest solicitation of many friends. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 155 Washington Street.

Nov. 22. JUST PUBLISHED.

SPIRIT SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY S. B. K.; arranged by O. M. ROGERS. Price 75 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale by WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 155 Washington Street, Boston.

Nov. 15.

MRS. CAROLINE A. BATCHELDER.

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BEING POSSESSOR OF EXTRAORDINARY MAGNETIC POWERS to tranquillize the excitement of the TEMPER, and restore the unbalanced mind to its normal state, offers her services to the friends of this unfortunate class, and if need be, will visit them at their homes.

Positive Results also given

When my spirit listened to the words that were spoken at my funeral, as my body lay before the altar, while the choir sang of death and the tomb, I thought—oh, that I could tell you that there was no such thing as Death, and while you sang:

I would not live alive; I ask not to stay;
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er my way."
I was keeping watch over my body, and was conscious of all that was passing about me. I wanted to tell them that sorrow was the lot of even Queen Angels; and that however much we might try to escape the shadows, we could not—and that still we were alive; and still we felt life's shadow—still we were human as we were divine. I do not know that Nature had wisely drawn the veil from their eyes, observing my mortal condition, and at their pang on of death, unconsciously they sang: still alive—still present in the

by **BELA MARSH**, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.
Oct. 14.