

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

{WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,} Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,} Payable in Advance.

NO. 1.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was half past four in the afternoon by the old clock that stood in the corner of the dining-room. Just thirty minutes before, the stage-coach had come rattling round the river road, and over the little bridge that spans the river, where it curves so gracefully, and runs with such good will over the broad dam by the factory that stands at the foot of the little hill, from the top of which there is a fine view of the village street. The careful driver always lets his horses walk up this hill, and then with a prolonged blast from his horn, and an extra flourish of his whip, at which the horses hold up their heads, prink up their ears, and having been well taught their lesson, and conscious that many eyes are upon them, trot at a rapid pace to the head of the street, where the postmaster in all the importance of his official dignity awaits the mail. Then the horses turn round, and, in a moment after, are standing at the tavern porch, where they quietly await their release to the stables.

Do village people ever weary of a stage coach? Its entrance into the village each day, is gazed at as if it were a new sight, and it certainly is a pleasant one to most of us, for it is the link which binds us to the world beyond our village.

I am sorry that the coachman blows his horn no longer, but at the time when my story commences, it sent its sounds far and wide through the valley and over the hills.

Half-past four," I said to myself, "Sidney said that he should not be at home till seven o'clock this evening, for he had a little business with a farmer, some three miles from the village. I am sorry that he must go to-day, for it is very cold without, and the clouds foretell another snow-storm. Alas! the ground is white from the snow of yesterday. I perceive that winter is upon us. I'll leave my husband a few steps, and run to the post-office myself. He'll want the Journal to read, and father's letter will come to-day."

The next minute I was warmly clad in shawl and hood, and walking rapidly down hill. Our home was about a quarter of a mile from the post office, a quiet, pleasant spot, from which we could look down upon the village, and hear the distant hum of machinery, which mellowed by distance, seemed like the music of a bee hive. The post-office was managed in part by the wife of the postmaster, and as it was in the same building in which they lived, her domestic duties did not interfere seriously with her government office. I say seriously, though this evening I was somewhat annoyed by finding the letter-boxes closed, and that they must remain so until the postmistress should have taken tea. I stood in the little ante-room, waiting impatiently for her return. Through the little square glass of our box, I could see distinctly my newspaper, and beneath it my own dear father's hand-writing on a letter directed to myself; the room was cold, and I wished to be preparing my own tea at home for the return of my husband. I actually felt an impulse to break the glass, and release my own property; then I fell into a speculation as to the guilt of such a deed, and how far the law would hold me responsible.

My musings were interrupted by a step at the door, and I turned with expectant face and parted lips, to say, "My papers, if you please, Mrs. White; I am in haste," when my eye fell, not on the features of the postmistress, but on those of a middle-aged colored woman. I was disappointed, and turned away again, without even a second glance at the new comer, and began reading the notices posted upon the walls, similar to such as are found in every village post-office:

#### AUCTION.

"One plough, two wagons, one harness, and two tons of hay, will be sold at public auction, on the premises of John Boone, at 10 o'clock, A. M., on the 10th day of November 18—"

#### NOTICE.

"Dr. Mellen, Phrenologist, will lecture on the wonderful science of Phrenology in the school-house, on Wednesday evening. At the close of the lecture he will examine heads blindfolded."

#### Admission, ten cents. Doors open at 7 o'clock."

I was reading this last advertisement for the third time, pausing at "heads blindfolded" at each reading, when the door again opened, but once more was I doomed to disappointment, for a little, black-eyed boy was looking eagerly in while he held the door open just far enough to admit his face. "Folks gone to supper, hey! Well, I can't wait no how; and Sal says she must have a letter," and after examining the boxes curiously, he sprang in, and finding the door to the inner room, unlocked, walked deliberately in, but here a difficulty was found. The door to the little room where the mails were opened was fastened, but it seems the wooden partition did not extend quite to the ceiling, there was a small space for ventilation, the child availed himself of this, climbed up like a squirrel, and flinging himself to the door, seized his letter.

I was amused at the audacity of the boy, but just about becoming necessary by asking him to get his letter, when the postmistress made her appearance, and at the same instant the boy vanished.

where or how I could not tell; but Jommy, as I afterwards learned, was one of those little precocious rascals that have the power of rendering themselves invisible when you want them, and are always in hearing when something is said which they should not hear.

I received my mail, and was hastening away, when I heard a voice say:

"Oh, Madame, I can't read it at all!"

"Good reason why, it is French," was the answer.

"What shall I do? Can't you help me, Madame?"

There was something so earnest and pleading in the tone, that I instinctively turned back to look at the woman. Then, for the first time, I was struck by her face; it was not black, like the negro's, but unlike any mulatto's that I ever saw; it had indeed a reddish hue, and, instead of the wool which usually adorns the African's head, I observed this woman had hair almost straight, quite long, and rather coarse. As I looked at her, there was an expression of disappointment and sadness, that was exceedingly painful to me; but I read in a moment that the features might easily wear a far different look. Her head was well set on the shoulders, and carried haughtily, and the firm set lips betokened decision and will. Fearless was the word that occurred to me, and I thought that she was a person whose ill will I would not care to encounter. She was wrapped in a large blanket shawl of gay colors, and her bonnet was coarse black straw, trimmed with red ribbon. She drew her blanket closely round her as if she felt the cold, and indeed, I saw her shiver as I stood holding the door open.

"Perhaps you can help her," said Mrs. White to me. "Let the lady see your letter. I presume she reads French."

The woman handed it to, and I read aloud as follows:

HAVRE, Oct. 10th, 18—

Madame—A package for you remains in this office. By transmitting five francs, according to law, it will be forwarded. J. L. FERRAS, Postmaster, Havre.

"That means," said the postmistress, "that a letter has been deposited in that office for you, but it was not prepaid, according to law, and you can have it by sending five francs. We can obtain it for you, if you wish."

"Thank you, thank you, madame, please do so; and this lady, many thanks to you for reading the letter."

I replied that she was welcome, and was hastening away, when Mrs. White said:

"Mrs. Perry, please stop a moment and look at my cactus here; it is in full bloom."

As she spoke, the stranger turned and looked full in my face, and then I understood the impression which I had received from her features a few moments before. In that look was mingled scorn, defiance and anger. I actually shuddered and felt my blood curdling, but I managed to compliment the cactus, which was brought forward for my inspection, and whose rich crimson blossoms would have elicited much greater admiration a moment before, but which received only a glance of contempt from the colored woman. I hurried home, haunted all the way by that look.

I had been married but a few months; long enough, however, to begin to feel quite at home, and prize highly the little spot which bore that name.

The sitting-room was still warm when I entered it, and the last ray of sunlight lingered at the western window to bid me good evening. In a few moments I prepared supper, in case my husband should be at home earlier than the hour named.

My father's letter was short, but it contained pleasant news from the old home, and kind messages from the loved ones. I did not open the Journal, that was reserved for Sidney. We had always had our paper for the tea table, and I would not spoil the pleasure of reading it with him. It began to grow dark, and I drew the curtains and lighted the lamp; then I warmed Sidney's dressing-gown and slippers, and every few minutes I went to the window to listen for his coming.

"How dreary home would be without him," I said to myself. "How glad I am I married him instead of young Edwards, that little dry goods clerk. To be sure the girls all said he was handsome, and father is sure he'll make one of the best salesmen in the city. I don't care one straw for his three thousand dollars' salary, nor his partnership next year, he has no more brains than a puddle dog, and enjoys being petted by the ladies quite as much. And then there's that college professor, quite a different character, to be sure, and I don't know what might have happened, if he had n't offered himself just as he did; but that terrible ride in January, from Andover to Oldtown, was too much for him. He froze his nose, so that it looked as red as a beet, and the skin peeled off in great pieces. The nose was a big one, by the way, and then he took such a cold, that he could n't speak plain. What did possess the man to propose at such a time? I could n't have said 'yes,' then, if I had known I should have been an old maid all the days of my life. And yet they say he is a good man and a learned one, knows all the dead languages and half of the living. Pity he could n't have got along better with his own tongue on that day. But his words were so thick, and his poor nose such a sufferer, that it was with great difficulty that he could express himself."

Gentlemen should never propose, when they have a cold in the head. Then there was—but no matter, Sidney is the best among them all—I shall never regret my choice, no,

never. What did Aunt Mary mean when she said, 'Make much of your husband, my dear, you'll not have him long.' I know he had a long fever, and has never been quite well since, but he will be better after awhile, will grow strong and rugged again. But ah me! how the wind blows without, it is a gloomy night; I wish Sidney would come. There! I hear a step on the walk. I'll rise the lamp and stir the fire."

Some one entered—it was not him, but his brother Maurice. Let me draw his portrait, though I can hardly do him justice as he looked then. A man between forty-five and fifty, just in that ripe manhood when a handsome man appears to the greatest advantage, and Maurice Perry's face and figure were such as most painters delight to put on canvas. A few such odd souls as Ruskin might deem a little, and talk about too much regularity, as if discord were necessary if we would enjoy harmony—a proposition which I deny. But when I quote Ruskin, wise men shake their heads and say he must be taken with many grains of allowance. Therefore, I will say that Maurice Perry's portrait, painted by a distinguished artist, is a picture as well as a vraisemblance. The head was well shaped, the hair, which was not abundant, of a soft silky brown, and lay well off from a tolerably broad but not very high forehead; the eyes were blue, shaded by well-arched brows, mouth small and lips full—in this respect almost like a beautiful woman, and many a woman has envied our brother Maurice his fair skin, which no summer's sun could spoil, and the delicate color of the cheek which even time leniently spared. He wore neither moustache nor whiskers—in those days gentlemen were smooth-shaven, so that in this respect he did not appear unlike others, but when fashion demanded that the lower part of the face should be thrown into shadow, our brother found that he was doomed to remain a gentleman of the old school, for Hyperion, Erius, Triophrus, Prof. Wood and Mrs. Allen all failed to produce even pencil strokes on the smooth cheeks. As agricultural chemists say, there was some element lacking in the soil, and to this day science has failed to make it prolific.

His voice was well modulated and sweet toned. It looked strong, manly, and he was a good pleader, and often won his cause by the persuasiveness of his silvery tones. He was never hurried, never off his guard, always cool, self-possessed, and one word followed another like young girls marching to low, sweet music. How handsome he looked that evening as the light of the astral fell on his fine face, and how bright his smile.

"All alone, Mary?"

"I am expecting Sidney every moment; he has gone to Brown's on business."

"It is a bad night for him to be out; he is not strong yet."

"I was thinking so. I hope nothing has detained him—he thought he would be at home at seven, and it is now quarter past."

Maurice smiled.

"Young wives are anxious. In a few years fifteen minutes will not seem so long to wait."

"I hope time will make no difference in that respect. Let me take your great coat, and here is your favorite chair," I said, drawing a stuffed arm-chair to the fire.

"You are irresistible with your bright fire and glittering tea-table, and your own fair face. I must surely remain long enough to gather a little of the cheerfulness into my own heart. But here's the paper unopened—so you do not know the result of the great contest—the Presidential election?"

"Oh do n't tell—please do n't tell till Sidney comes. I want him to read it first."

"Ha! ha! that is a good one, now. I came in to con—no—I must n't say one word about it, or I shall reveal it. But did you see that fine meteor last evening?"

"Yes; was n't it beautiful? News came to-day that a large meteoric stone fell near Rutland, some thirty miles west of us, and some gentlemen propose to ride over and examine it."

"I wonder whence they came—no theory as yet propounded satisfies my mind, and it seems to me that science in this respect halts."

"I think they are from volcanoes in the tropics, and who knows but these warm messengers may be texts from the learned men 'may argue' that the soil of the tropics is like our earth, or rather they may be guides leading us through the valleys and up the hill-sides of our nearest heavenly neighbor."

"I have sometimes wished," I replied, "that the telescope had never given to us its first chapter on the moon. Before these telescopic discoveries, men had looked upon it as a pure, bright world, beautiful enough for the abode of departed spirits; now they tell us it is deserted and desolate; volcanic fires have marred its beauty, no green pastures, or gushing waters are there, but igneous rocks throw back in angry defiance the sunlight, which only reveals their hideousness; while the deep cavernous valleys hide themselves from the solar beams, as if despairing, lost souls turned from heaven. Indeed, Mr. Perry, (I was not familiar enough to call him brother, then,) wise men have made the moon a synonym for desolation and barrenness—a type of a poor wrecked, soulless body, deformed by sin. It is perhaps, a lost world on which judgment has been exercised as it is one day to be on our planet when the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

While I was speaking, Maurice sat with his head thrown back against the cushioned chair, looking at me, and when I turned my eyes to him, the least bit of a smile played about his handsome mouth, and lighted up his eyes.

"And so you think," he said, "that the wise Ruler of the Universe has made some things in vain; that getting tired of the moon in its pristine beauty, he blasted it, as Jesus Christ wished to do to the fig tree, because it did not bear fruit out of season?"

I looked up inquiringly, and I am sure opened my eyes wide, for there was something in the tone aside from the words that puzzled me. My look amused him. I was waiting for the remark to be repeated, for I thought I did not understand him, when the sound of my husband's footsteps drew me to the door.

"Oh, Sidney!" I exclaimed, "you are wet and cold," as he stamped the snow from his feet, and threw off his powdered hat.

"Yes, love, and weary too, but there is light and warmth in the little sitting-room I see, and some tea, perhaps."

"Yes, indeed, come right in and put on your dressing gown and slippers." I would have added and take the large easy chair, but he would not let his brother resign it.

There was something singular to me in the calm politeness with which Sidney always treated his elder brother, so different from the familiarity to which I was accustomed in my father's house. There, brothers and sisters forgot difference of age and any dignity of position, in the outside world, and banded joke and repartee, perfectly satisfied with themselves if we paid scrupulous regard to the fifth commandment. A father could demand no more respect from a child than Sidney invariably showed to Maurice, but no father would be satisfied with this cool, quiet politeness; he would desire more demonstrative affection.

"It was hardly prudent, Sidney, to go to Brown's to-day. Have you suffered much from the cold?"

Sidney looked a little surprised at this question, but answered that he had felt the cold a little, and regretted that he had not worn warmer clothing. The hot tea and toast proved the best medicine for him, and after a little conversation, which was not very animated, between the brothers, Maurice departed.

Sidney sat by the fire in the silent enjoyment of its comfort, while I put away the tea things and locked the house for the night.

Then I moved the table and lamp nearer to him, and placed the fresh newspaper by his side. What a charm a newspaper has for a man—many a poor wife has been jealous of it, but there is no use in indulging that feeling—the love cannot be conquered; the mistress may be driven from the house, but the husband will be sure to follow.

"Oh dear, I wish there were no newspapers printed," I have heard some wives say; and another, "I can't abide them, for they absorb so much of my husband's time."

Having observed this apple of discord in many families, I determined to try the effect of taking a bite myself, reversing the primitive order of things. I therefore courted the newspaper, rather with the idea that I should wean my husband from it, when he found that it diverted my attention from himself—but no, he was only delighted that his wife had no prejudice against the newspaper, and actually proposed taking one or two more. To this I demurred, but gradually we came to reading the paper together, each one reading aloud. Sidney taking the politics and money articles, and I following suit with editorials and news items. As our mail came in the afternoon, we had this entertainment usually at tea. Some men have a particular fancy for opening a newspaper. They seem to think as they remove the brown wrapper, that inclosed therein is private news got up for their special gratification. I understand the feeling, for when a neighbor made it a practice for some weeks to come and read my paper just as it was brought from the office, and before I had an opportunity to read it myself, the paper came soon to lose its charm, and I ventured to give a gentle hint, that he was welcome to the paper as soon as I had read it. Alas, I saved my paper, but lost my friend, for he too wished to read the paper first, and wandered away to a more accommodating neighbor, who submitted for awhile to the annoyance.

Sidney, I saw, liked to remove the wrapper, and it was pleasant to indulge him in it. His eyes brightened to-night.

"Well, Mary, I suppose Maurice has told you the result of the election—as he said nothing to me, I conclude it has gone against us, and our party must submit to a defeat."

"I asked him not to tell me, that we might have the pleasure of reading it ourselves."

"You are a rare woman, Mary. Can you always suppress your curiosity in this way?"

"Not always, as you will find one of these days; but read now who is to be President; my curiosity has been at fever heat for two hours."

"Good news! Good news! The country is safe for four years to come—our party has triumphed!"

Now I had heard ever since I was a child, the opposite political parties contend that if their candidate was not elected the country would be ruined, but remember that for months I had been a newspaper reader, and sincerely believed that if my husband's candidate was not made President the country would go—why, go where the inhabitants of the moon went when their dwelling place was made uninhabitable.

I rejoiced therefore with Sidney, and never once thought to have any sympathy for the defeated party.

"And how have you amused yourself, my little wife," said Sidney, "all this long, gloomy day?"

"Oh, very well indeed. I was for awhile on horse-

hold cards intent; then I made a dinner of pie and cheese, for I could not have a formal dinner without you, and afterwards read awhile, and when the stage came in I went to the post office—Here I made a pause; the look of the dark woman came back to me and I shuddered, but I would not speak of it—oh no, and I went on: "then I came home and prepared tea and sat awhile and napped. I thought, Sidney, how glad I was that I married you instead of Henry Edwards, or Professor Gregg, or that old miser Mills. Why, I would n't change you for a prince!"

"I know it; I am sure of it," said my husband, as he looked at me quietly with his dark blue eyes; "that only is true marriage where one is preferred to all the world beside. And you have the same confidence in me I have reason to believe," he added, as he turned his eyes from me to the paper, opening, it as he spoke, and folding it deliberately that he might read the outside.

(How provokingly cool and calm he was, considering the subject!)

"To be sure, Sidney, but it just set me to wondering whether you had ever loved before. Everybody called you an incorrigible old bachelor, and believed that you would never be enthralled by matrimony—"

"And never will be," said Sidney. "I feel more free, more like a whole, living man now than ever," and a smile lurked in the corners of his mouth.

"Indeed! Some would call it a novel way to freedom; but never mind my words; you know the drift of my question. I said I was wondering whether you had ever loved any one before; hardly any man lives to be thirty without having some experience in heart affairs, and I am not certain but it makes a man a better husband to have some disappointments."

"I think not, Mary. I am of opinion that the fewer disappointments we have in life, the more even is our temperament, and the more trust we have in our fellow beings."

"Ay! then you have had no love disappointments, for your temper is never ruffled, and your own family say they have not seen you angry for years; but it is strange, passing strange. You are good looking, not quite so regularly handsome as Maurice, but—"

As I spoke, Sidney turned quickly and looked at me; it was a strange look, such as I never saw on a man's face before, though I think I have marked the same expression in a woman, and I once saw it in a picture in the features of a beautiful fawn surprised by the hunters.

It passed quickly from my husband's face, and was succeeded by a pleasant smile.

"But what, Mary?"

"But handsome enough to win almost any woman that was heart free."

"I have observed that handsome men are not the most highly favored by your sex."

"That is true, especially since the advent of Rochester, since which time it has been difficult to find men coarse and broad-shouldered and despot enough to suit us, but, Sidney, dear, do not beat about the bush so. You know what I want."

"To confess any love passages I may have had? Is that direct enough?"

"Just to the point, Sidney."

"Well, then, dearest, I am very weary to-night, and if I had such tales to relate I would choose another time; but, Mary, you and I have far pleasant subjects for conversation. Let me assure you that no living woman has ever heard words of love from my lips but yourself. Will this suffice?"

He drew me toward him, imprinting a kiss on my cheek.

Even as he spoke a strange, and look was on his own features, and I thought—"has he a loved one among the dead?"

I dared not ask the question.

He spoke slowly and solemnly, and I believe that in the sight of God he thought he spoke the truth. I did not doubt it then, but a feeling of curiosity stronger than ever haunted my heart.

I am only one of the thousands of Eve's daughters who will listen to that old serpent—Curiosity.

#### CHAPTER II.

A dull, leaden sky—not one rift in the clouds—and all paradise shut out. The golden gates of the eastern entrance barred, the midway triumphal arch hidden, and the topaz portals and ruby stairway of the west lost in the thick gloom of the cloud-land. I had turned vainly for one glimpse of heaven, but from early morning the same gloomy canopy hung over us, and the snow and rain had continued slowly to fall. I say snow and rain, but it was neither; perhaps it was snow in the upper regions, but when it reached the ground it formed a soft slush, half snow, half water, in which the foot left its impress, but not the bold, neat stamp which the same foot makes in the snow of mid-winter, when many a Northern child learns its first art lesson in working in the pure crystallized mass.

How dreary it looked out of doors: the little shrubbery which remained green, resting for awhile the frosts of autumn, now drooped, and no bird song came from the garden, for the hardy blue jay even hushed his note, and snow birds had no fancy for this mongrel cloud moisture; the garden path was sloppy, and the walk to the gateway not at all inviting.

Such days are not agreeable to a lonely country housekeeper, and as it was neither baking nor ironing day, I had little amusement save needle and book, and in the long days of country life we sometimes weary of these. Sidney came home at noon—



he was very busy in those days, and could stay but an hour, and as there were no signs of fair weather, he said that he would not return at the usual tea hour, but should be at home at eight o'clock, and remain for the evening.

I wonder if husbands engaged in active business think of the long, lonely hours which many a wife passes at home. Think of them? Oh yes, as very happy, with no care, and little to occupy them save household duties, knitting, crocheting, embroidery, et cetera. There are a few books on the parlor table, perhaps, and perchance a weekly newspaper. A wife must be very happy. If sick, they can have quiet and loneliness; how many husbands think of leaving their business for a wife's illness, and yet if their own heads ache how much care and nursing they require! Blessed be children! They do brighten a home as stars the sky, and with all the care and watching and weariness they bring, they do make the home nest warm and loving. But in those days I had no children—our house was old and remote from neighbors. We had chosen the spot for its retirement and beauty, and some day we would pull down the brown, weather worn, low browed and steep roofed dwelling, and build a neat, comfortable cottage. Meanwhile we must endure the old one. I never had thought it dreary before, but the shabbiness which had been neglected, growing thick and high, now drooped against the windows, and hid the little light which would have been struggled in; the rooms were damp, and I fancied smelled mouldy—all old houses have a peculiar smell when shut up, and in damp weather.

The sitting room was the only room at all inviting that day, and there, as I sat, I heard continually the drip, drip, of the leaky eave-troughs, and could see only the poor dismantled garden, looking so forlorn in its November desolation.

I longed for the sound of a human voice, but not even a farmer's wagon passed the door-yard, while the only house in sight was our brother Maurice's, separated from us by a long meadow, through which ran a foot-path; but to reach that I must go through the garden and the dark shrubbery, while the meadow was often wet and spongy. Besides, who should I see there but the housekeeper, and for reasons which I will soon give, her company was not to me the most agreeable.

Let me describe Maurice's home. It was the old family mansion of the Perrys, but had been much enlarged and improved. It was of rough gray stone, and stood on a rise of land which commanded a fine prospect of the surrounding country. The house itself was plain; its only relief a long portico, running along the whole front, supported by stone pillars, around which were twined climbing vines. The windows of the front parlor open upon this porch, the floors being upon a level. The grounds around the house were ample, and Maurice had adorned them with more than usual taste. There were many rare shrubs which he nursed lovingly; but the pride and beauty of the place was the fine collection of native trees and plants. Hemlock hedges neatly trimmed, and fresh in mid-winter, besides mountain ashes with their crimson berries, the pine and cedar, elm, maple, locust, and not least, the fragrant balsam. They seemed thrown carelessly together in groups, not set out in straight lines. There were no circles and mounds, or gingerbread work in the front lawn, only the groups of trees, the broad stone walk, the grass closely shaven, and of velvet smoothness. The fence was of stone posts, with iron chains, three strands in each length. A graveled carriage-road ran up each side of the house. On the east end was a trellised porch, over which an ancient grape vine hung its rich foliage and fruit; on the west, a small veranda commanded a fine view. Sidney always called it Sunset Porch, for, as he said, no sunsets ever seemed so beautiful to him as those which he had watched from this spot.

Maurice loved horticulture; he was perfectly at home amid his flower and fruit trees, and no garden in Burnside could boast such delicious pears, such early apples, or such plums and grapes. He knew all the varieties, and delighted to tell over their names, and descant upon their different delights of form and taste.

He was always very kind to me when I went there, making a bouquet of his finest flowers, and selecting his choicest fruit.

The only dwellers in the stone house at that time, were Maurice and his housekeeper, Miss Hannah Perry. This latter was an important personage, having been in the family from the time of the elder brother's marriage. She was now near forty years of age, medium height, with very dark eyes and hair, the latter worn in side ringlets, which ringlets were in constant motion, as she had the habit when speaking, of moving her head to give more force to her words. Her complexion was dark, her cheek bones high, and there was one peculiarity in her eyes which I noticed when I first met her—the inner angles were inclined downwards, like those of a cat. I wonder if such physical resemblances are accompanied with similar traits of character. I was unfortunate in incurring Miss Hannah's dislike from the beginning of my married life, and whether the consciousness of this fact produced in me a similar feeling, or whether it was one of those cases of mutual repulsion so common, but unaccountable in our race, I cannot tell. At any rate, Miss Hannah and myself were never friends, no small matter to one in my position.

Miss Hannah, it was said, knew all the family secrets of the Perrys, and I had often observed her assume a mysterious, important air whenever the family history was referred to. She did not consider her position one of the least dependence, indeed it was a common remark of hers, that if Squire Perry could get any one else to supply her place, she should go and board with her brother in New York; she was not under the necessity of laboring for her daily bread—"not I," she would say, as she shook her head emphatically, while the curls added a response.

The cause of Miss Hannah's dislike to me, the head and front of my offending, was the fact that I had married Sidney Perry when she had destined another bride for him. "My brother in New York," which brother by the way, lived in a small town in the western part of that State, though Miss H. always used the phrase my brother in New York, had daughters, and these daughters made their aunt frequent visits. One of them, a blooming Hebe of eighteen summers, was selected for my husband, and why such a prize was not eagerly seized by Sidney, for she had a fair claim to be called handsome, and her father was a man of substance, I cannot tell. But notwithstanding such tempting fruit was ready to drop into his arms, he did actually turn away, and "go and marry that little pale child of a thing," as Miss Hannah expressed it, that did not look as if

she had a particle of "spunk in her." But men are just such fools," she would add, by way of self-comfort. This last was a familiar phrase with her.

Miss Hannah was what we Yankees call "smart;" the house under her management was always in order, and it seemed to me that dust and flies never dared to intrude upon her premises. The latter never found light enough save when the Squire occupied a room, to live at all. In Summer, sunlight was as rigorously excluded as if it were a thief in search of the silver, and many were the contests between Fanny and Miss Hannah on this subject. Fanny was Maurice's only child; she was at boarding-school at this time, much I think to Miss Hannah's relief, for though I could not judge myself, having never seen the child, yet Sidney said she was a complete little Southerner, quiet and indolent usually, but when roused, furious as the tornadoes of her own clime. Her mother was a Florida lady. Somewhere between the years 1818 and 1820, Maurice had been sent on some commission by Government to Florida, where he remained a year or two, and when he returned, brought with him a beautiful bride. She lived but a few years, leaving one child—Fanny, whose resemblance to her mother was said to be very striking.

I have digressed a great deal, having begun my chapter with the discomforts of that sleety November day, which day has not passed yet, for I still sit at my window, looking at the little path running through the wet meadow, and ending at the western portico, a part of which I could see, and wishing that Miss Hannah were friendly, for I would put on my overshoes and umbrella, and sit awhile with her. "I wonder," I said to myself, "if I could not disarm her prejudices by little attentions; it is certainly very unreasonable to blame me for marrying Sidney especially when I did not know till after I was married, that I was occupying the position destined for her handsome niece."

While I was thus musing, I saw a woman come out of the west door, and make her way carefully across the meadow path in the direction of our garden. She had a basket on her arm and held an umbrella, but, notwithstanding that, she walked daintily, as if afraid of soiling her dress, and now and then stopped and shook the muddy snow from her feet, reminding me of our Maltese cat when she happens to step into a little water. Ah! it is Miss Hannah. Can it be that she is coming here? Something unusual must have happened, for there seems to be, by mutual consent between us, a tacit avoidance of each other. But there she is, coming straight to the side door, and now she is on the steps, removing her rubbers; there is no stain of the slush on her dress, but she is as neat and tidy as if she had not ventured out. Miss Hannah is very neat, surely. But let me welcome her cordially.

"Walk in, walk in, Miss Hannah. Never mind the shoes—just put them under the kitchen stove where they will be warm and dry. You see I have three fires going to-day, the house is so old and damp."

"Yes, I see; it feels very comfortable. One would like a fire in every room such weather, if it were not for the expense of wood."

A sly hit at my extravagance, I thought. I took no notice, however.

"This is pleasant, surely," she said; as the open fire greeted her with its light and warmth. "I came over to ask a favor, Mrs. Perry," she added, as she seated herself and placed her basket by her side. "You see the Squire is going a journey to-morrow, all of a sudden. I did not know a syllable of it till this morning, at breakfast, and he is to be gone eight or ten weeks."

"Sidney has said nothing about it," I said, with a little surprise.

"He did not know it, probably, for yesterday's mail was detained by the storm, which is more violent south of us than here, and the Squire did not get his letters till this morning. I had just been making him a dozen new shirts, and completed them all but the button-holes. I don't get much time to sew, excepting evenings, and as my eyesight is not good, I left these for a bright day. So here are all the dozen shirts without a single button-hole, and I came to see if you could aid me a little. The shirts are rough dry, so that I can starch and iron them this evening. I would not have troubled you at all if Aunt Posey had been at home, for she could do them up; but the Squire thinks that nobody in the wide world but myself and Posey can prepare his linen."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### WHICH IS BETTER?

Worldly wisdom is colossal.  
It is better to bear pain than to inflict it.  
It is better to give pleasure than to be its recipient.  
It is better to weep than to laugh.  
It is better to be cheated than to cheat.  
It is better to be slandered than to slander.  
It is better to love everything than to hate anything.  
It is better to know that all God's works are right, than it is to know only a part are right.  
It is better to love the devil than to hate him.  
It is better to be a friend to an enemy than to be his foe.  
It is better to forgive than to fight.  
It is better to be bent than to be broken—to yield than to be inflexible.  
It is better to be oppressed than to be oppressive.  
It is better to be poor and generous than to be rich and ungenerous.  
It is better to talk of men's virtues than it is to mark men's vices.  
It is better to see to our own shortcomings than to see to the shortcomings of others.  
It is better to be degraded than exalted.  
It is better to be infamous to sensible eyes, than famous.  
It is better to be put in prison than to put others in prison.  
It is better to have worth than reputation.  
It is better to have a bad reputation with a good purpose than a good reputation with a mean purpose.  
It is better to preach to others in acts than in words.  
It is better to study the chart of the spiritual world than it is to study the chart of the physical world.  
It is better to talk with angels than with men.  
It is better to be a Spiritualist than a Materialist.  
A. B. C.

Borne, a German writer, compares the different stages in the lives of women to milk, butter and cheese. "A girl," he says, "is like milk, a woman like butter, and an old woman like cheese—all three most excellent in their way."

#### HYMN TO DEATH.

BY BELLIN DUNE.

We are taught that death is fearful,  
And the grave a gloomy goal;  
But there lives a sting more dreadful  
In a fettered human soul.  
Paths there are in life more dreary  
Than the portals of the tomb;  
Where our tottering footsteps weary,  
And the heart forgets its bloom.  
Shrouds there may be round the spirit  
Colder than the winding sheet;  
Chilling frosts that gather o'er it,  
While the human pulses beat.  
There's a night of doubt and sadness,  
Where the bridge of dark despair,  
Reaching o'er the abyss of madness,  
Breaks and leaves its victim there.  
Living ghosts there are around us,  
Stalking to their daily toll,  
More revolting than the spectres  
Banished from the mortal coil.  
Minds with moral feelings blighted  
By the world's unkindly breath,  
Sordid souls on earth benighted,  
Bound with stronger cords than death.

Wearied hearts whose vernal beauties  
Pined to reach a summer's bloom;  
But amid life's solemn duties  
Perished in a rayless gloom.

How can death to such be fearful?  
Do we love our house of clay?  
Are its prison walls more cheerful  
Than the courts of endless day?

Death! what is it but the bringing  
Of the weary spirit home,  
Where the founts of joy are springing,  
And the angels whisper, "Come."

The dead! Whom call we such, th' immortal?  
Those who breathe a purer air?  
Far beyond earth's shadowy portal  
And the changing land of care?

Those, who free as winds are sweeping  
On their broad celestial wings,  
Holy vigils kindly keeping  
O'er our earthly wanderings?

They are not dead! yon lone star burning  
In the sunset's purple glow,  
Answers to thy voiceless yearning,  
And in whispers tells me "No."

They are not dead! the buried treasures,  
In our spirit's cells that lie;  
Earth-born hopes and idle pleasures,  
Are the only things that die.

Let us then, since life is waning  
And we see the shadowy goal,  
Strive with every good remaining  
To adorn the Human Soul.

Let us leave our thoughts of sadness,  
And forget life's cares and woes,  
In the dreams whose light of gladness  
From the Father Country flows.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### WHISPERINGS AT LOVE'S CONFES-SIONAL.

BY HORACE GREENER, LL. D.

I have been abroad in search of the Beautiful. I have wandered the earth to find where is the dwelling-place of the Spirit of Beauty.

The Beautiful—yes, the Beautiful hath indeed its abode in this world of ours! It lives not alone in the visions that come to us all bright with glorious shadowings, and resplendent with gorgeous colorings. There are scenes of beauty here, full of light and lustrous as noon, though "unborrowed of the sun"—scenes which thrill the soul and inspire with love of the Godlike. They are hallowed of heaven—all radiant with hope and clothed with perpetual gladness. And where, indeed, doth dwell the Beautiful, and who hath found her home among the sons of men?

I have searched through the palaces of greatness; I have gazed upon the purple of princes; I have beheld the glitter of monarchs' crowns, looked on the magic creations of the pencil's power, witnessed the outbursts of life-like beings from lifeless marble, surveyed the sky above and earth beneath, and all along invoked the Beautiful to come forth from her sanctuary, if it be among the palaces of men, the folds of purple, the terrors of kings, the works of art, or the arcana of nature. A response hath indeed been given to my call; but its voice, though sweet and melodious, flows not from lips that are holy. It was an utterance from the tongue of the earth-born Beautiful!

I sought again for the abode of the Beautiful. I went not among palaces nor princes. I looked not upon royal robes and diadems, and consulted not the oracles of art and of nature. I found at length its temple. I felt the presence of its divinity. That temple is the humble and gentle heart. The spirit that dwells there is the Beauty of Holiness!

But the Beautiful alone—indeed it was not alone, but twin with another, whose inspiration I had felt in the solitude of the soul, in my ramblings among men in the mazes of life. It held sweet companionship with a presence beaming with divinity. It was the LOVELY. How angelic its seeming!

I beheld, and a supplemental found lodgment in the fathomless depths of my soul. Aforetime I was a stranger to its promptings and to the emotions which now swayed my being. Doth it find gentle play and utterance upon the lips of the children of men, and exhibit soft embodiment in all things that are lovely? Hath it not descended from heaven? Hath it a name; indeed, among the languages of earth? Have not its inhabitants with their manifold tongues spoken its name? It hath indeed long since borne in earth and heaven the name of LOVE.

Yes—I have a bosom which hath ever since throbed with the hallowed emotion of love—I say love, plainly and without circumlocution—a bosom which hath been as a censer sending up on high a flame from the incense of pure affection—affection unadulterated with the gross, the sensual—a bosom which has heaved with tides of feeling, flowing up from the deep unfathomed fountains of the heart! Again I beheld, and saw in female earth-form, with commingled harmony and sympathy, and purity of being, the beautiful and lovely. Spell-bound I spoke, and the speech was full of love. It linked our being, and we were one. What reciprocity of the feelings and susceptibilities of the heart—the tender and the fier! What a rendering and proofing of the riches and the treasures of chaste affection, such as soul to soul affordeth. Away with false and

flatteries with the heartless mockery and sneering close-playfulness of courtship and paramour.

But, alas! she who was so good—so fair—so charming—so lovely—fell by the dart of the ruthless spoiler of beauty and of life; and her beautiful earthly form is now the unconscious tenant of the chill chamber of the grave. The snows of a series of winters have hung around the hillock which marks her mortal resting-place: their colorless mantles, as if in offerings to her pure and deathless spirit, while the sphery of as many summers have breathed around the monument to her memory, as if on mission to re-animate her ashes.

"She sought no gaze of foreign eyes; My praise alone and faithful love and trust Reposed, was happiness enough for her. Yet who that saw her pass, and heard the poor With earnest benedictions on her steps Attend, could from oblation keep his eye, Or tongue from due applause! In virtue fair, Adorned with modesty, and matron grace Unspokeable, and love, her face was like The light, most welcome to the eye of man; Refreshing most, most honored, most desired Of all I saw in the dim world below. As Morning, when she shed her golden locks, And on the dewy top of Hermon walked, Or Zion hill: so glorious was her path. Old men beheld and did her reverence. And bade their daughters look and take from her Example of their future life. The young Admired, and new resolve of virtue made."

#### Original Essays.

##### ERROR AND TRUTH

In and Out of the Bible—Its Cause and Mode of Interpretation.

BY J. COVERT.

It is unfortunate for the world that the universal desire of mankind to find the correct method of life is involved in so much mystery. Truth and error stand boldly side by side in all the world's changes, and as experiences are the consequences of our ignorance.

Happiness is the great ambition of the world, and how diverse is the method of its attainment and how diverse the roads that are traveled. The accepted guide of religionists, the Bible, seems to fail in its object, if we carefully study the effects of its teachings upon its proselytes. This book undoubtedly contains sufficient truth for all the purposes of happiness, but its revelations are so misunderstood, and the errors, probably undesignated, that accompany it as to render it exceedingly difficult to find. The failure to attain happiness is, from its accepted precepts, evidence that it is misconstrued and misinterpreted. It cannot be expected that the guide of eternal happiness should be absolute and certain, for the chief purpose of life appears to be to contact with all that belongs to earth, that the spirit shall exercise its powers and capacities in its universal attainment.

From the acquisitions of knowledge we now possess, from the experiences of the past, the Bible and revelations of the spirit-world, it is found the invariable rule of enduring happiness is summed up in these few words: "Love to God and love to man." All other rules of conduct wherever found, teaching any other theory, doctrine, or practice, falls short of its accomplishment.

The common belief of Christendom that the Bible was written by inspired men, needs some qualification. It is undoubtedly true that the truths of the same were so written, but there are errors that are recorded that have stole in, that was not so written.

The idea, that man, at times inspired, is always inspired, is erroneous and false. The claims of material existence conflict with such supposition, and the history and declarations of some of those whose authority is undisputed, bear testimony to the contrary. St. Paul says he speaks sometimes as a "man," and sometimes "as of God."

The failure of some of the prophecies, and the truth of others, conclusively prove the prophets were not always under inspiration. The Bible expresses "that when the thing spoken of comes to pass, then it is of God; but when the thing spoken of does not come to pass, then it is of man." It is known also in the present age in the past, that inspiration, trance, &c., do not always exist; but these conditions are brought about by design and previous preparation. If this fact be received by religionists, they will understand why error is embraced with truth in the written word of God. Admitting the combination of these, it is naturally inquired how man shall be able to separate the one from the other. Let us see.

In all the ways of life it is known that each individual determines his own course for himself. It is true it often happens that his purposes are modified by parents or friends, but this modification is accepted or rejected, as he chooses. Especially in his religious sentiment is this peculiarly manifested. Does he think Episcopacy as a creed to be the truth or nearest it, he decides to embrace it, and submits himself to the creed's dictation or requirement. He decides upon the articles of religion, and upon the best method to bring about the state that God desires. This decision is not brought about by the teachings in the creed, but by his convictions outside of it. This is the universal method among mankind, and is in strict conformity with the Scripture expression, "and why judge ye not even of yourselves that which is right?"

This judge of right and wrong, this dictator in all the affairs of life, is the soul or spirit of each individual; and its dictation is infallible when the means taken are such as Christ commands, and it only becomes fallible when the conditions on which its perfection depends are not fully complied with.

Having explained the method by which truth and error may be known and determined, it remains to account for their close proximity, particularly in the Christian's guide—the Bible.

The principles of inspiration are ever existent, and are within the reach of humanity to-day, as well as in the past. The gifts spoken of in the Bible are possessed in a greater or lesser degree by every individual, and the extent of them are determined by the natural or artificial combinations suitable for them.

Mankind does not ordinarily live in the state of condition in which it was designed he should live, that is, in a state in which he could hold free communion with the angel-world; therefore, some discipline and preparation is necessary to restore it. This discipline applies to both body and soul; and the most difficult portion of it, is to attain and retain that frame of mind that is indispensable in such cases.

Taught from infancy to old age to resist every favorable transpiring, even on which he builds his bodies, worldly fame and happiness, the spirit often wanders from its natural path.

Disturbing influences frequently seize the mind when the preparation otherwise is perfect and complete; by which the truth may be declared in one moment of time, and in a subsequent moment error is spoken. Instances of this are recorded in the Bible, and in no other way can be explained the truth and falsity of the prophet's prophecies.

Here is the solution of that mysterious problem on which the fate of humanity depends. The truth and error of the Bible combined, have been and are the cause of its rejection by scientific and master minds. But I would ask if truth and right were ever found, unless mixed up with their opposites? In material things, was ever anything of sterling value found but what was amid the dross of earth? Are not right and wrong, day and night, heat and cold, always placed in juxtaposition and gently glide into one another? Are not all sciences founded upon facts and experiences, and the basis of them upon self-evident truths?

Take the chief of the sciences—mathematics—and it is found that in all the problems to be performed, they must be solved upon axioms or self-evident truths. If truth in one place is self-evident, can it not be equally self-evident anywhere? Reject not the truth because it abounds with error, either in books or in humanity; for nothing is so bad that there is no good in it, and nothing so good but what evil may connect with it.

#### OMNIPRESENCE VERSUS PERSONALITY OF DEITY.

NUMBER THREE.

Having previously stated my reasons for concluding that "before the beginning of creation" Deity and space, alike self-existing and co-existent, then comprised all of existent being, and therefore should be recognized as the sources or joint origin of creation as it exists to-day, a continued consideration of the subject involves the question, "What were their inherent mutual relations?" And to determine this we must seek to correctly apprehend the special character of each. The theory that Deity is a spirit implies that he is an organized Entity, limited in the volume of his being, and, therefore, not omnipresent, but literally localized. If we accept that affection, intelligence and volition are inhering attributes of the Human Spirit, or Man, and that man is an effect, we must conclude that these inhering attributes are inherited from, and therefore characterize the source or sources of his being. If we accept that Deity is wholly or in part the source of his being, we must regard these attributes of man as a finite or imperfect representations of those infinite and perfect attributes termed Love, Wisdom and Will, inherent in God as a Spirit Identity and Entity. Thus, in seemingly accounting for the origin of what we term the spiritual nature of man, we may find some data for concluding what is the special character and nature of Deity.

As the theory asserted is that Deity and space conjointly constitute the source of creation, and are alike represented in all existing effects—whether it be the atom of matter or the Human Spirit, Man—let us now consider if we can recognize space as the source of man's material or physical being. If it is asked, "What is space in essence of being and in contradistinction to Deity?" I can only reply, "It exists, then it must be something, and which is something is substance. Hence if Deity and space are the self-existing and co-existent sources of all existent effects, it follows there are two distinct kinds of elementary substance, admitting, as an inference that one is inherently conscious, the other inherently unconscious—one spiritual and capable of self-action, the other material and inert—one positive, the other negative; and assuming that each is represented in the several existences constituting the world of effects, we may use the terms spirit and matter to denote and define them.

As positive and negative relations between any two distinct and definite things or substances implies an inhering power in one to act upon, affect and govern the condition of the other, and in the other an inhering capacity or susceptibility to be thus acted on, affected, and governed, we may assume that Deity, or spiritual substance, being an organized, conscious spirit—Identity and Entity—was positive to, and therefore capable of exerting power to act on, affect, and govern the inherent condition of co-existing material substance; or elementary space, and also infer that space being thus negative to Deity, was inherently unconscious and inert substance, susceptible of being acted on and governed.

This conclusion will recognize and embrace both self-existing, spiritual, and self-existing material substance as the co-existing sources represented in all effects, and may enable us to better comprehend the distinction between the substance composing material organizations, and the forces manifested therein.

Reasoning thus, I reach the following premises to account for the origin of atomic matter as the germ of the physical universe, embracing both its varied forces and material organizations, as manifested in Nature below man, and in explanation of the inherent distinction between man's spiritual and physical being, as Nature's grand ultimate evolved therefrom, to wit: Before the beginning of creation, Deity, a spiritual substance, conscious and organized as an Entity and Space, an endless continuity of self-conscious, inert substance, each self-existent, and alike co-existent, then comprised all existent being, and creation being an effect, had its origin in and resulted from the independent volition of Deity exerting his inherent power to change the condition of co-existing space, and use it as the means for attaining, in a diverse way, a sought for end.

Having stated the grounds on which I have reached and base this premise, I will, in my next, without further argument, assume it as proved, and proceed to apply it in defining what seems to me to be the true Philosophy of Creation, and the real distinction between man's human and divine nature, as an immortal spirit and child of God. PHILADELPHIA.

MAN.—For the benefit of Woman, it may be well to record the fact that Man is nowhere found so true to his natural impulses as when at home. Would she glance at his true character, as he must drop into the domestic circle in an ordinary moment, of him not while away from home, in the pursuit of business or pleasure, for mercenary or other worldly considerations may induce him, for a time, to lift the throne from his conscience, and to put on all the airs of a man; and you will find him exercising his true spirit—wisdom, the strength of his intellect, the power of affection; but all this he has, and it is his full character will appear before you, glowing with excellence, or sinking into insignificance.



Written for the Banner of Light.  
A SONG OF TRUST.

BY MRS. J. S. ADAMS.

Great God! our country aches,  
And on her brow  
The once green laurel fades;  
Bitterly Thou  
Canst quell the raging wall,  
The wild unrest  
That makes the strong ones fall—  
Thou canst give rest.

On Thy strong arm we lean,  
And on Time's scroll  
We read the names of those  
Who are control;  
We march in time to tones  
Of human wrong;  
But in the battle bold  
God keeps us strong.

From out this night of Wrong  
Will burst the Light;  
The day of Truth will dawn,  
Star-crowned and bright,  
Then fathers, brothers brave,  
Will bless the day  
They came in battle strong  
Wrong to ally.

A halo 'round their names  
In words on high,  
As earth takes back the woof  
Of mortal dye;  
A glory 'round their path—  
Their garland won,  
For when the mortal fades,  
Life has begun.

We know that all our peace  
Is bought by strife,  
That every haven of rest  
Lies o'er a billowy life;  
We know that radiant gems  
Lie in the sea,  
And that our freedom day  
Is known to thee.

So with deep trusting faith  
We'll calmly lie  
Along the shores of night,  
Nor heave a sigh;  
But march with firmer tread  
Along the road;  
Though long the night may seem,  
We'll trust in God.

Free Thought.

ORGANIZATIONS.

DEAR BANNER—Having been a believer in the beautiful truths of spirit-communion since the Spring of 1850, and rejoicing in that truth that has made me free, (after living twenty odd years within the narrow limits of the close communion Baptist Creed and Confession of Faith,) I have met with hundreds—I may say thousands—who have ever rejoiced that they had at length found a platform on which the whole family of man could meet and enjoy, and be responsible for their own thoughts and opinions, where there would be no self-constituted or man-made rulers, to dictate who should speak, or what they should say. There has no cause ever before advanced with the rapid strides that Spiritualism has since its commencement. And it ever will advance with rapid strides, if it can be let alone, untrammelled by those who profess to be its friends.

For some years our speakers, both trance and normal, have boasted of the freedom of the Spiritual Platform from all the galling fetters of sectarian bondage, where all were left to think and speak freely, according to the dictates of their own reason, responsible for their own views, and no others. But I have within the last year or two been much surprised at the anxiety of some few for Organization. "I have read much about it in the BANNER, and it all seems to point to nothing but another yard to enclose around certain views (or will very soon terminate so) and have teachers of a certain class to teach us, (another order of priesthood.)"

I have heard many lecturers speak disparagingly of physical manifestations, and that they were not allowed by their spirit-guides to sit in circles for such manifestations, saying that the day for them had passed, they being but the alphabet of Spiritualism. Methinks they could say to the rising generation, while going to school with the alphabet of our language, "Children, throw those letters away; they are low and vulgar—only the a, b, c; listen to us who have gone beyond the alphabet." Now, why is it that there is this right-about-face with many for Organization? Who has any authority to get up an Organization? To dictate any rule for another? If Spiritualism is what we claim it to be, who has any right to say what class of speakers shall be heard? If spirits control those whom they are able to, and cannot control every one, who shall say what medium the spirits may or may not control? I have listened to beautiful communications through the mediumship of a little girl, and it matters not to me how or through whom I get truth, so that I get it.

There has ever been a class of men, ever since man existed, who have wished to rule over others; to dictate rules for them to be guided by; and who have been they? Always those who have money. Money is power, and he who has the most of it wishes to use the most power. There is another and very large class of persons who have not the courage to come out upon a free platform, but choose to join some Organization, from the mere habit of looking up to some one to think for them.

However fast Spiritualism may have advanced since its advent, and free to advance without shackles—and however low the physical manifestations of spirit-power may be thought by certain would-be leaders—just as true as its friends model it into an organized sect, (for it will be nothing else) and discard, as many do, the circles for physical manifestations, just as sure will its advancement be retarded, and it will settle down into an old, stale theory, the shell of which will become as unpalatable as the old Calvinistic theory of foreordination and decrees, and that beautiful and cheering light of a living and ever present inspiration and daily intercourse with the spirit-world, will be numbered among the things that were.

Thine in friendship and love,

L. HAKES.

Udell, Onondaga, Co., N. Y.

"An ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary chap asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust, she answered her interrogator that she could very little about what she said, compared with knowledge."

Correspondence.

The Late St. Charles Convention.

In looking over a late BANNER, I notice comments upon the St. Charles Convention, by Hiram Kellogg, who seems to take exception to what was said on that occasion, (and at other conventions which he has attended,) or the subjects which were discussed.

I was not present at the St. Charles Convention, but judge from the report made in the BANNER that the subjects there discussed were upon Spiritualism and practical life. And here I would ask, what is of more importance to mankind than subjects that pertain to practical life? To my mind there is nothing, not even Spiritualism. While I appreciate the beauties of Spiritualism, and take pleasure in communing with angels from the Summer Land, I do not mean to lose sight of the physical condition of man, for I have learned this fact: that in order to have a pure and healthy spirit growth, we must have pure and healthy bodies for the spirit to inhabit. Therefore we should discuss in our meetings the all-important question, How shall we live to be healthy? Shall we study Dietetics to know what food is the most healthy to eat? Shall we study Dress Reform to know how to clothe our bodies to give them the best possible condition for a healthy growth? I would say most emphatically, Yes! It is absolutely necessary for us to understand all of these subjects, and no place is so well calculated to discuss them as at our free meetings. I think our brother is falling into the same error that the Orthodox churches have been in for a long time in saying: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." I think speakers should, upon all occasions and at all times, endeavor to give their ideas on the laws of life in as chaste and refined a manner as possible.

Brother Kellogg wants to have a "Spiritual Convention." Now I suppose he means by this a Convention to discuss solely the questions, Do spirits communicate with earth's children? If so, what good does it do? &c. While I grant these are important questions, I believe one of the most practical benefits derived from spirit communion is their teaching us how to live to be healthy. Have we not mediums all over the land who spend their whole time in healing? If so, it would, it seems to me, be proper at any public meeting for a trance or inspirational speaker to teach us how to prevent disease, so that we shall not need medical advice.

Whitewater, Mich. A. B. SEVERANCE.

Matters in Providence.

DEAR BANNER—The services connected with the meetings of the Congregation of Spiritualists in this city, will be resumed on the third Sunday of the present month. The speakers engaged for the next quarter are as follows: Miss Susan M. Johnson, of New York, for the third and fourth Sundays of the present month; Mrs. A. A. Carrier of Lowell, for the first and second Sundays of October, and H. B. Storer for the third and fourth Sundays; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, during November.

The war and the prostration of business has, as is generally the case, had an effect upon our prospects and somewhat cramped us peculiarly, yet I think our prospects were never brighter or more full of hope. We are united, and a spirit of harmony prevails. All are willing to labor and give of their substance liberally to sustain our operations.

Since the suspension of our meetings in June, a Conference has been organized, which has been well attended and conducted with much interest. This we shall doubtless continue, as it promises to be a valuable medium of advancing spiritual truth, light and knowledge.

We are looking for a profitable year, and if the war does not divert from this channel our means, we shall be able to sustain our accustomed public services. If our country calls for the last dollar, it will be given, and then we will fall back upon the Conference, as that can be sustained at a trifling expense. We will use that as an instrument to keep alive our own faith and arrest the attention of others, that a way may be prepared for a reception of our philosophy, which bridges over the dark chasm between the present and the future, and spans our heaven with a radiant bow of promise.

Our cause is gradually gaining strength. Prejudices are dissipating, bigotry is softening, investigation is quickening; old dogmas are losing their sacredness, and the human mind is daily shaking off the fetters of an antiquated theology. Be it ours to see that all these things are rightly directed and made to tell on the cause of progress.

Brothers, heed well the signs of the times, and see that the whitening fields are garnered. Let us ever have our reaping hooks in our hands, and see to it that we faint not by the way.

Providence, Sept. 12, 1862. W. FOSTER, JR.

A Wayside Note from the Lecturing Field.

MR. EMMON—Although we, as a nation, are passing through a sea of affliction, whose waters rage darkly and wildly around us, yet the light of the glorious doctrine of spirit communion beams more and more brightly, illuminating many minds, and dispelling doubts and fears from many souls.

Much evidence of this has come to me, in my journeys thus far through this State. The loss of loved ones on the battle-field has awakened a desire to investigate among some who were formerly indifferent or opposed, and an anxiety to hear from friends yet playing their part before the cannon's mouth, impels others to throw pride and popularity to the winds, while they inquire of spirits for information of a son or brother, who, weeks before, marched out of their sight, "armed and equipped as the law directs."

In Corning, Danville, Cenesus and Avon I found good, intelligent audiences and kind, appreciating friends. In Waterloo and Auburn there were many free progressive minds ever ready to receive "light, more light," and among whom my labors were, I trust, mutually pleasant and profitable. In Victor and Cicero are more or less earnestly striving to live up to the highest light within, unshackled by the creed or covenant of a Church organization.

Yours for the Truth,

West Monroe, N. Y. E. A. KINGSBURY.

Are Spirits of any Use?

The other day, my wife swallowed a pin. It caught or lodged in the esophagus, about midway from the mouth to the stomach. Ineffectual efforts were made at several different times to dislodge it, and it began to become painful, and threatened serious consequences. After exhausting all my skill and ingenuity in fruitless efforts to remove it, I began to be not a little alarmed, as the pain and inflammation

seemed to increase, and other symptoms of a serious character were present. Under these unfavorable circumstances, resort, as is usual in difficult cases, was had to the spirit doctor. The position and situation of the pin was quickly given through the Spiritoscope, and notwithstanding it was stated by Dr. M. (a spirit) to be a case of great danger, as the pin was firmly imbedded in the parts and nearly covered over by the swelling of the throat. Still relief was promised; and, strange to relate, the pin was removed by a simple process, entirely spiritual in its inception and execution. All unfavorable symptoms subsided, and if life was not saved, a serious and severe operation was prevented. So much for spirit skill.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
BLESSINGS.

BY KADOC.

Beautiful flowers are meet for the lovely,  
Fragrant and pure as the Angels of Light;  
Scatter them lightly, nor crush their frail petals—  
Earth with its rude blasts will all too soon blight.

Beautiful thoughts! ah, treasure their memory  
Unmixed with the darkness of sorrow and fear;  
Let them be guarded from the world's contumely,  
That they be crushed not, nor shown to be less dear.

Beautiful Angels! oh, seek for their counsel,  
Seek for their guidance by day and by night;  
Seek them when joyous, trust them when hopeless,  
Follow their teachings of duty and right.

LETTER FROM EMMA HARDINGE.

"What is that to thee?" "Follow thou me."

DEAR BANNER—I read with indignation, but no surprise, the comments of the "Cincinnati Daily Times" on the Cincinnati Spiritualists' "Basket meeting." No one who peruses the account rendered in your last issue, of this affair, but what must be struck with the atrocious impudence of the so-called "reporter," and the paucity of his offensive materials against the Spiritualists, when he can find no other cause of insult than gratuitous falsehoods. Noble sheet, too, that Cincinnati Daily Times! to place itself in the position of being obliged to print a recantation of its lies, and yet to do so without apology, "comment," or confession of humiliation for its action. Nevertheless, I find no difficulty in estimating either the morality or mentality of such "reporters" as these, by a simple rule of comparison, of which I will give an illustration.

The Spiritualists of Ohio once undertook a little excursion to Mount Holyoke last July. Whatever invitations were tendered were given to Spiritualists and personal friends only. No public notice was made; a few friendly persons claimed the privilege which so

freely usually accords to every other class; to enjoy themselves in the free air, and here premises at their own proper cost, and in their own proper fashion; and yet, in violation of those conventional rules which protect the privileges and enjoyments of ladies and gentlemen, in every other grade of life or denomination of religion, except Spiritualism, a person calling himself a "Christian" intruded himself upon our gathering, and subsequently amused the readers of a professedly "Christian" paper by turning our religious exercises and social enjoyments into burlesque and ridicule. Without for one moment reflecting how supremely ridiculous some of the howlings, roarings and convulsions of some yelped religious meetings, the bowings, genuflections, turnings, twistings, eatings, drinkings, motions, supplications, aprinklings, dippings, anointings and ceremonials *ad libitum* of others would and do appear to votaries of other religions than their own, (especially when the uninformed thrust themselves in upon rites of which they understand neither the spirit nor the letter,) the gentleman in manners and Christian in spirit, who intruded on the Spiritualists' hours of recreation at Mount Holyoke, last July, for the noble purpose of burlesquing that which to the Spiritualists is their Holy of Holies, did so with about as much understanding of what he sneered at as the Hindoo would have when he ridicules the Christian for pinning his soul's welfare on the eating of little bits of bread, and the worship of a lamb with gilded horns—that is, provided the Hindoo can do it, and he can do it, provided he did not understand, an act of which I believe Heathens are incapable of, and which is of all religions the exclusive privilege, and pious diversion of meek Christianity.

I say Christianity in this instance, for as the readers of the Cincinnati paper would naturally attribute the matter of its columns to its proprietor, so I find the burlesque and unchristian action above narrated in a Massachusetts "Christian Register," or "religious paper," a fair sample of the religion it professes; then, what can we think but that the "Cincinnati Daily Times" has singularly oblique views of truth, and the Northampton "Christian" organ has mistaken the text-books of John Calvin for the New Testament? A better solution of these mental and moral obliquities, however, occurs to me when I notice the reception which Spiritualism experiences at the hands of the intellectual and educated portion of the community.

I spoke under the influence of spirits to my truly dear friends and associates at Mount Holyoke, and a Christian reporter for a Christian paper can see nothing in the address but subject for ridicule. I speak to a Toronto audience, consisting of some of the best lawyers, scholars, members of Parliament, the educated ladies and gentlemen of the city, and the editors of the two great leading journals, whilst disavowing their adherence to my religious belief, give long quotations from the addresses, and such generous and flattering opinions of the lecturer and lectures, that I should feel astonished at myself for being the subject of such commendation, did I not attribute the power they so highly commend to a source far superior to myself, and one which we Spiritualists all know is capable of exalting the most low of speech, and the poorest of our spirit mediums into a subject of wonder and admiration to those who are unacquainted with the vivifying power of spiritual inspiration.

From a long series of observations and living illustrations of cases similar to the above, I have come to the conclusion that the famous command uttered some eighteen centuries ago, "not to cast your pearls before swine," holds entirely good to-day.

William Howitt, the famous English writer and noble advocate of Spiritualism, states that he never knew of but one case where said swine were able to the receive spirit, and then (according to the record,) it literally choked them, at least, drove them so mad that they ran violently down into the sea and were destroyed. Now, my dear spiritualistic friends, may we not derive from these little evidences of editorial

and Christian appreciation of Spiritualism, a lesson which in words I have again and again striven to urge upon our ranks. Spiritualism is for those who can receive it. These are neither bigots, idlers, fools, "swine," the unthinking, nor the unscrupulous on matters of truth or testimony.

I do find a very general spirit pervading our movement on the part of the spirits in the form, to concern ourselves far more with our neighbors' souls and our neighbors' opinions, than our own; to judge of the success of our meetings, rather by the numbers that come to hear, without the least reference to their capacity to receive our truth, than by the worth of what is given to ourselves; to see what effect we have produced on others, rather than to pause and ask what effect our Spiritualism has upon ourselves—in a word, to scatter our pearls before the largest number, even if the majority be made up of Cincinnati Daily Times and Northampton Christian reporters.

Such, I affirm, is not the enthusiasm with which spirits out of the form give us their teachings. The momentous words with which I have headed this article, have been to me, at least, the constant guide of my action with the spirits. "Do the duty that lies before you." "The light you have received, hold aloft for the illumination of all who can receive it." Hold your meetings. "Preach the word, in season and out of season; pray without ceasing, and that which you enjoin upon others, first practice yourself; for all the rest, for the result, the ground on which the seed may fall, the time, and the mode of ripening, what is that to thee; follow thou me."

My dear friends, co-workers, and of necessity of ten times co-sufferers in the cause of an unpopular truth, I commend this most significant sentence to your most earnest consideration, and am yours for the truth, EMMA HARDINGE.

VERMONT SPIRITUAL CONVENTION.

Held at Rockingham Centre, Sept. 5th, 6th, 7th.

[Reported for the Banner of Light, by Geo. DUTTON, Sec.]

On the arrival of the morning train from Rutland, Friday, Sept. 5th, at Rockingham, Vt., embosomed among the hills in the valley of the Connecticut, there might have been seen a handful of Spiritualists wending their way from the depot to an eminence capped by an old-fashioned, but commodious church, for the purpose of attending their annual State Convention. The hour was early, and while others were gathering, Bro. A. D. Hager, our State Geologist, who was of the party, contributed his full share to their entertainment, from his rich and large experience.

When the hour for meeting arrived, Mrs. S. A. Horton, and Mrs. H. Wiley, were introduced to the audience by Bro. Halladay.

Mrs. Wiley opened the meeting by a beautiful and touching invocation in verse.

Mrs. Horton, who has now become one of our most interesting trance speakers, then addressed the meeting in a somewhat prophetic strain. She bid us fear not, nor be dismayed. The same hand is ever sowing, and the cause is sure; that a happy and glorious time was insured by the purposes of those present; that the house would be filled; and familiar spirits now absent from the form would convene and address us ere the close of the meeting. These predictions were, I believe, all fulfilled. She spoke of natural law, its progressive and silent work, of its final ultimate, man's eternal good, and of the record of time and eternity. All have duties and responsibilities, and must impart to others, that their store may be supplied from the great Fountain above. There is a higher life beyond these storms, and man is to be redeemed. Precious thoughts are stored up in the memories of those present; give them to humanity. Let each be true to himself, acting in his own sphere, and living out his highest ideal of man.

Mrs. Wiley was again entranced, and a spirit purporting to be Harriet Martineau, recited a poem, which convinced many present that she and Achsa Sprague were still co-laborers in the field, and sleep not in the clay.

In the afternoon the Convention organized by appointing the following officers, viz: Daniel P. Wilder, of Plymouth, President; Mrs. S. A. Horton, of Brandon, Vice President; George Dutton, of Rutland, Secretary; and Daniel P. Wilder, John McKee and Haskell Wiley, Committee of Arrangements.

Prayer was then offered by Mrs. Wiley, and the audience addressed for nearly an hour by Mrs. Hutchinson, of Milford, N. H. She probed deeply the doctrines of the past, and covered their wounds with the mantle of charity. Have you ever thought, (she says) that rebellion was taught by theology? Does God really govern, or does God and Satan rule conjointly? The organs of the brain are changed, because some spring in the soul has been touched. Having found the key, search in the soul for hidden mysteries, and go forth to command the world; not politically and morally alone, but the very elements; and show humanity that really all are gods, for every attribute of Deity belongs to man, and by the exercise of his power, he can draw from the clouds the rain or the snow, and subdue every element in Nature. The chains, stronger than Southern, that now bind human souls, must be broken, and woman rise and take her place more intuitive than man, it is her prerogative to teach these higher truths, and to claim her inheritance from God, equal with man. It is not man who disclaims woman and throws down the fallen, but woman herself; and let man remember that woman is his mother, his sister, wife. It is claimed in this Republic that all are equal; not so, for societies and classes exist, as in monarchial Europe. The first class, the aristocracy, like the eum, rises to the surface. The middle classes form the pillars of society, and not having means to adorn their bodies, adorn the soul, and thus become leaders of the aristocracy here in arts and improvements, and their teachers hereafter; for the aristocracy must then, as it were, eat manna at their hands. Under the cloak of Spiritualism, we have found crime and error, and angels have borne the blame, when mediums are in some way responsible.

Man comes into this world and soon partakes of its nature, so spirits must soon partake of the elements around them. Mistakes are made upon the telegraph, but we do not attribute it to electricity. Sometimes we utterly fail to make out the telegram, yet know how to make allowance through the imperfect conditions. Let mediums develop their better natures, and hold themselves responsible for their errors. "The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations." Fearful is the responsibility of parents. As we look over the land scarcely can we find one fitted to give birth to a pure organism. O earth! thou who wast my mother, I

ply thee, that thou art wallowing in the mire! Poor weak mortals, that love the world, yet in thy better moments would take mankind in your arms and bless them, keep the serpent here, and not send him hence to derange other worlds.

Friday evening was spent in conference.

Mrs. Works offered prayer (while entranced) with the spirit and the understanding.

Remarks were then made both by persons entranced and in the normal state. The red man was represented, and we were assured that he was with us, kindling fires upon the white man's soul, and helping to establish a broader freedom in our land; and advising us to get off our tight boots and bands and strive to raise each other, that we may be indeed freemen in the great hunting-grounds of the hereafter.

At an early hour Saturday morning the people were again met in conference.

Mr. Russell, of Rutland, spoke of Love and Hate. The law of reproduction paints the face of nature, whence the hateful springs.

Mrs. Russell.—The Spiritualist learns that he can't sin so cheap as when he could be washed pure in atoning blood. He knows he must suffer for every transgression.

Mr. Middleton.—In past ages we behold the law of change and conflict. Action never will cease. Existences of the past differ in form from those of the present, as the geologist and physiologist well understands. So with the mighty truths of the universe. Different expressions compose the great arcana of truth. We are but one step beyond the past. Let us not boast and cast dishonor and stain upon those before us. The old never dies till the new embodies the truth which the old contains. The golden chain of existence, the ties of sympathy are not broken, only carried in extenso to heaven. What has the arcana of nature to unfold to its devotees? We have a forest, but these things remain in embryo. We must go like the prattling child into the future, and receive as we fit ourselves for reception.

Mrs. Horton.—The effects of hatred reflect back to my own soul, while doing good unfolds the divine elements of my nature; therefore I will not hate any individual. Is this selfishness? If so, have we not a right to indulge it?

The forenoon address was delivered by Bro. Emery, a trance speaker. Subject: Spirit power and human understanding. What is the effect when they move in harmony? The understanding is governed by the five senses that control the body. The brain is the battery that the spirit acts upon. The brain says, whence came this thought? The hand, the sight, the ears, &c., each sense, in turn, denies any agency in causing vital phenomena, and demands of right whence cometh this power? Each sense doubts the testimony of the others, and the understanding falters. Bring in harmony yourself, and when one sense testifies let not the others war against it. Let thy judgment yield, not as a captive, but as a devoted child of God.

The laws of nature do not require a repetition of the same judgment. And when the spirit and understanding are in harmony upon any subject, then they look upon it in admiration and love. As space is boundless, so thoughts are limitless. But human thought cannot remain unless supported by the spiritual. Let harmony of the spirit and understanding prevail.

Dr. Barnes.—After a short speech in some Indian dialect, he says: The sins and transgressions of your forefathers are being visited upon you today. Our forefathers robbed the red man of his hunting-grounds and wigwams, and their ashes and bones now rise against us; but the red man comes to heal, console, and return love for evil. God is now compelling our nation to do right by the sword of justice. We are to be a repentant people, and by these scourges are to come back to God. This is Satan let loose in lower spheres, privileged to come up higher. If the elements of war and disease are within you, no power can preserve you from them. The Father of our Country is saddened at the sight of battle-fields, but 't is his mission to come to earth to unfurl a higher banner.

Mrs. Horton and Wiley occupied the desk in the afternoon, through whom the angel-world held the audience in rapt attention. Mrs. Wiley closed a beautiful poem with these lines:

"And heaven now is very near,  
We've left upon the door."

Sunday morning, at an early hour, the house was filled, and after a short conference and piece of music from the choir, Mrs. Works, a trance speaker, offered prayer, and then addressed the audience upon the nature and development of truth. Her interesting and instructive address was followed by remarks from Bro. A. H. Davis, and the reading of an extract from his "Mission of Angels," and a poem by Miss A. W. Sprague, written through his hand. These productions will, we hope, soon appear in print.

The recent appeal of Corn Wilburn was presented by Bro. Middleton, in a very appropriate and touching manner, and also by Mrs. Wiley, who seemed inspired by Corn's mother, in a manner which opened alike the purse and fountain of tears.

Bro. Simmons spoke in the afternoon in his usual clear and forcible manner, on the subject of Faith. True faith ever leads to prayer. The present ought never to dim the beauty of the past; for the bright features of other days are numerous as the stars. Ever hope, ever pray, that ye may contemplate the beauty of life. It is by faith that the scholar burns the midnight oil. In the bright focus of the present we read that man—the captive—is to go free. The masters of science attempted to weigh the spirit, and thus ascertain its departure from the body.

Their experimenting proved that they possessed faith in some degree of the separate existence of the spirit. The spirit is indissoluble, but appreciable. Wherever there is a degree of life, there is spirit, though not as in man. Faith inspires us to look after God. Men have gazed at the lurid star of ambition, as the star of Bethlehem, and their epitaph is, "They lived and died." Woo that beautiful, bright-eyed goddess, Faith.

Mrs. Horton and Wiley followed, after a hymn from the choir; but I have neither space nor ability to give anything like a correct idea of the beautiful and appropriate sentiments uttered, or the hallowed and united feelings evoked by the hearers. Silence is more expressive. The place is sacred, hallowed by the return of angels, and shall live in the bright memories of those present.

Bro. B. H. Halladay, H. Wiley, Davis and others, opened their houses during the Convention, for both temporal and spiritual entertainment, and many will long remember the tests and communications received from angel friends. The kind and attentive landlord, Mr. Lock, will not be forgotten by those entertained at his house. The feeling was unanimous in favor of holding the next annual Convention at the same place.



## FANIO OF THE PETER FUNKS.

New York, Sept. 17, 1862.

DEAR COLBY.—For more than a quarter of a century I have been more or less familiar with New York; and its intricacies—as illustrated in the tricks upon strangers—have been a subject of unpleasant reflection and remembrance ever since I made my first investment in a brass ring, some thirty years ago. A solemn-visaged boy had just found it in the street, and believed it to be valuable (?). He had no doubt that it had been lost by some unlucky lady or gentlemen who might possibly offer a reward for its recovery. At any rate it must be worth much more than the finder asked for it. Some persons are prone to reason in a circle and with me the logic of the ring was specious and powerful. I felt its force and decided to invest. Just arrived from my native hills in New England, I took to speculation as naturally as young goslings go to the water. But my first metropolitan experiment was unprofitable, and I fear that from that day to this I have scarcely been animated by a Christian love for ring-vendors, pocket-book droppers, and mock auctioneers. I am bound, to acknowledge that my asperity was soon sharpened by a later experience amongst the placid Peters of the Auction Room. Indeed, if there is one Yankee who inherits the genius for trade that has not once been taken in by these sharks, he might easily excite public curiosity, and secure a profitable engagement at the Museum.

During the long interval since my first speculation I have had extensive opportunities for observation in this direction; but they have not increased my love of commercial pursuits. The business of deception has continued to flourish until quite recently, in spite of our municipal authorities. If this species of robbery has not all the while been expressly sanctioned and dignified by the forms of law, the fact is obvious that the law and its ministers have been powerless to arrest the practice of this villany. Even under our improved city government the voice of the mock auctioneer—earnest in tone as the voice of prayer—still falls on the ear, and the stool-pigeons yet hover around each "hole in the wall" with a counterfeit expression of innocence that would lead the inexperienced to regard all the modern Peters as incorruptible saints. May I be forgiven if the desire for the salvation of this class has not always been dominant in my mind. Candor demands the confession that I have rather felt a strong desire that a day of swift judgment might overtake them at last.

And at length this judgment has come. RUSSELL WELLS, a member of the police force, who is equally bold and amiable, has had the courage to throttle this iniquity, regardless alike of the bribes and threats of its defenders. His post of duty is on our great commercial and fashionable avenue, near old Trinity. There were five of these swindling shops within the limits of his beat, whose proprietors and emissaries have of late been constantly troubled by the presence of Mr. Wells. This officer's method deserves to be noticed as peculiar, while his fidelity certainly merits the highest commendation. He does not even attempt a forcible arrest of the swindlers, because, perhaps, the law does not invest him with sufficient authority; but he makes it his special business to look in at their doors at all hours. As often as he finds a Jonathan among the Peters he admonishes him that he is in a swindling shop, and had better leave if he wishes to save his money. This has the effect to suspend business until another customer appears, when the faithful monitor quietly steps in and the customer quickly steps out. Mr. Wells has followed these thieves until they are desperate, and the last one of the five has at length closed its doors, the proprietors having furred the red flag and retired from the field.

At first the gentlemen who are accustomed to shave with a hammer, conjectured that gold might have the same power over the officer that it had over their own sordid souls; and accordingly they offered him \$300 to walk-up and down-on the other side of Broadway, never doubting for a moment that Wells would soon be "going, going, gone!" Why not? The opposite walk was equally good, and withal better shaded in the long summer afternoons; but for some reason Officer Wells did not see his duty on the shady side. Subsequently, they offered him more money than the corporation pay him for his valuable services, on condition that he would cease to meddle with their business; but he coolly assured them that they had not money enough to buy him. Finding that he did not yield to the magnetism of money, they insulted him in the street, and barked and howled after him like so many rabid curs; they even threatened to assault and to kill him, for which some of them were arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace.

One day one of the stool pigeons met the officer on the street and told him that he was no better than a thief and a murderer; that he was driving men out of employment whose wives and children were depending for subsistence on their success in the only business they understood. The accuser of Mr. Wells found a new provocation in the very blandness of voice and expression which characterized the reply. "Yes," said the Officer, "I have you, Mr. Peter Funk, at an advantage. Your business is dishonorable, and you must become an honest man or you cannot live on Broadway so long as I remain on duty."

And ever faithful to his just and resolute sense of duty, Officer Wells may still be seen where his business calls him, walking up and down on the right side of Broadway, while the proprietors of "mock auctions" have been rapidly going out of Broadway and into obscurity—going, going, to parts unknown to this writer; and the poor Peter Funks, when they think of their lost occupation and ruined prospects, take up the mournful refrain of going, going, gone!

It is a pleasure to know that we have at least one Police Officer who is equally fearless and faithful—who can neither be hired to keep out of sight nor frightened away from the discharge of his duty. Such a man appears, it may be, once in a generation, to remind us of the sublime possibilities of municipal reform, and to inspire the faint hope of a golden age to come, when private virtue may be incorruptible and public justice be everywhere administered. Wells seems to have achieved a more signal victory than the national army in Virginia; and his services deserve to be recognized in some appropriate manner. He certainly merits something "good to take." If the City cannot afford to honor him with a statue in the Park, those who are pleased to reward distinguished services by golden testimonials, cannot do better than pass the goblet to this man.

R. B. B.

When, as the wind, most destructive to forests? When the chopping round.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 5, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH, LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

## Volume Twelve.

We herewith enter upon the first number of a new volume. The BANNER OF LIGHT has reached so high a number as Volume Twelve, and its friends and supporters are to say if, so far as they are concerned, it will not reach Volume Twenty-Four. A part, if not, indeed, the most, of the time during which this paper has had an existence, has brought rough weather for its share, but that has been cheerfully accepted as the needed discipline that was to give it strength and consistency of character. It came as the natural precursor to the present times, to make it tough of fibre and tenacious of life through harder storms than have blown hitherto. We are happy to tell the tens of thousands of our readers and friends that the BANNER will be continued, no matter what obstacles stand in our way; of this we have every possible assurance needed. Those who would avail themselves, therefore, of an established organ of the broadest liberalism and of regular spirit intercourse, may subscribe to the BANNER with a perfect certainty that they are working with high spirit-power, not merely for their own personal exaltation and advancement, but for the building up and spreading wider and wider of so noble a cause as that of Spiritualism. We may every one of us in this way become a co-operator in the great work of redeeming the world from error and bondage, and help hasten on the day of national and individual emancipation. This is just the time when a paper like ours should be zealously supported, even though those of the olden stamp and stripe are rapidly "going to the wall." Old things are rapidly passing away, and the world is fast becoming new.

## The Cotton Burners.

In all public acts of man or men, with or without legal authority, we have a right to judge the motives by the effects. That large amounts of cotton have been recklessly destroyed in the rebellious districts, some by and some not by authority, is certain. We have good reason to believe that many persons who have participated in burning it, both as officers and soldiers, had no pecuniary interest in the cotton consumed, or in any other property south or north, but were an ignorant, deluded, excited band of reckless destroyers of other peoples' property. In a few cases the owners have themselves destroyed it, and in some cases the military authorities of the rebel government have done it by the order and policy of that government, (if it can be called a government.) It is the acts of these two latter classes who are supposed to know what they do, that we would criticize. The cotton thus destroyed is no doubt all the product of slave-labor, and, therefore, the producers have no interest in it, and it is of no consequence to them whether it is burned or spun, made into ashes or cloth; nor is it of any consequence whether they plant cotton or corn—their owners must feed and cover them, or let them die and lose them. The owners of both cotton and slaves have had no outlay of strength, and but little of intellect to produce it, and although they may value it highly, most of them have plenty to eat and to wear without it, and can lose one or two crops, if the next will bring double price, or even if it will not, provided they can thereby secure some political end, or tighten more closely the bondage by which this and all their wealth is produced.

Our government, and the people of the loyal States, which have no interest in the cotton thus consumed, are not much affected by its consumption, while we have still cloth enough, and raw material enough for all the market we can find.

But there are large numbers of cotton spinners and weavers in England, a few in this country, who depend on the raw material to furnish them work, and depend on this work to furnish them bread for wives and children, and for many indigent persons. If the raw material is not to be reached, these poor people suffer; if it is, the rich owners of the mill will keep them employed at about starvation prices in times of war and times of peace. If they have no cotton, the rebels think they will have no bread, and if they have no bread, their starving wives and children will force them to press the rich owners and their Government to call for cotton, and by some means stop the burning by stopping the war; and stopping the war by supporting the rebels.

Of all the mistaken policies ever adopted, this certainly is the most absurd. The British Government and the mill owners certainly cannot fail to see that it would be easier and safer to feed the operatives from the surplus corn of the North, till they can get cotton from other sources, than to attempt to arrest our Government in suppressing this rebellion. For they must know that however much their poor operatives may suffer for cotton from the Slave States, it would be a much longer time before they could get any, if they aid the South, than if they aid the North; for if they should interfere, they must know this Government would not give up the contest till every slave was free, and armed, if need be, to defend the soil against foreign and domestic invasion and tyranny, and of course no cotton could be procured for years, unless the North succeeded in its subjugation of the rebels. It is certain that intelligent minds in England know this; and if there is intelligence enough in the South to know it, the reckless destruction of cotton can only be justified by a hatred of the poor operatives who need it to support life, for certainly no other parties are sufferers, except the owners, and they are much less so. So far as our Government could derive revenue from it, it is of little or no account, as very little would be taken and not paid for, if left on the land and not shipped; and it will find plenty of revenue to sustain both army and navy till the rebellion is subdued, even if England puts her hand into the light. It certainly would not be a more reckless act for us to free the slaves than for them to burn the cotton.

## Signs of Progress.

The editor of the Plymouth Rock has commenced the publication, weekly, of a series of test communications given by spirits through a very excellent trance medium of that town.

## A Skeptic's Reasons why Spiritualism is not True.

A lady, recently on a visit to Boston, said that she had spent nearly a whole day running around to investigate Spiritualism, and that she had found on examination that it was all a humbug. She thought, without a doubt, that "the writing on the arm" was produced by some chemical process, though she did not understand how it was, and had never seen the phenomenon. She thought that "the raps" were produced by electricity, though she had never heard them, and did not know exactly how electricity made them. She thought that the "communications" were all from wicked spirits, because the mediums made them all up, and there was no communication of spirits about it. She thought that the Bible did not justify or approve any communication between the spirit-world and this, so it was very wicked to communicate with spirits at all. She said that she had lost a very dear friend, and it would be a great comfort to her to get a communication from him; that she had tried five different mediums, and they were all engaged in giving communications to other people at the time she called on them, so she had got nothing—and she had no doubt that Spiritualism was all a humbug.

## Homes for All.

Not all of us fully comprehend the magnitude of the measures adopted by a late Congress in relation to the public lands of the United States not now occupied. The free gift of a quarter section of land to whatever settler had a mind to occupy, marks an era in the legislation of the civilized world. All creation are invited to settle among us and be happy and prosperous. What influence all this is to have on posterity, no man at this day may presume to foretell. As the Montreal Herald remarks of that great act of Congress, "it will make its impression upon ages to come, when the battles upon the Potomac and Tennessee will be regarded as mere accidents in history." It lays the foundation of States larger by several times than all Europe; and it marks off the dwelling places and homes of a huge population of free yeomen, who, in the next half century, will probably exceed in numbers all the people who now live on the Northern Continent of America, on this side of the Mexican Boundary. Our legislators, like our generals and Presidents—and rebel leaders even—are working wiser than they know.

## Messages from the Departed Ones.

In these days of almost universal bereavement, when there is scarcely a family circle where one does not come in and go out a mourner, the desire is strengthened in every heart to obtain tidings direct from the spirit of the loved ones. Sorrows so general as these are going to draw the spirits many times nearer to earth, and earth many times nearer to heaven. The union is closer than ever before. What men and women refused to hear but a little time ago because of their spiritual conceits, they are rapidly becoming glad to hear, and know all about, by reason of their spiritual experience. Thus do our eyes become opened. We might see, if we would, at any time; but as we will not, as we have eyes to see but will not, we must needs have our vision enlarged by what is called present suffering.

## An Interesting Item.

We saw among the numerous old relics—letters, pamphlets, and what not—sent home by Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, from Virginia, (a brief allusion to which we made in our last issue) one very neat letter in the handwriting of that noble patriot and pure-minded man, John Taylor, of Caroline. It was on business pertaining to the payment of what still remained due on his estate. We wish that even the familiar and business letters of our public men now-a-days were written as charmingly. "John Taylor, of Caroline," comes in for a very striking portrait in Benton's "Thirty Years' View," whom the Missouri Senator esteemed among the purest patriots of the old time. He moved the famous Virginia Resolutions of '93 in the Virginia Legislature—enough to make any man famous in his own day and remembered long afterward.

## The Sweet Days.

These days are holydays. Earth, air, water, and sky, as well as leaves and fruits and grains, are all ripe to the full degree of maturity. The world is a treasure-house now. The trees bend with their profusion. All things are in plenty for man's comfort and sustenance. But the heart feeds chiefly, just in this sweet passage of beautiful days, on the spiritual elements of the air, the sky, and the scenes around us. In this haze of Autumn, the soul loves to bathe itself, and is thoroughly happy. How great the contrast between the strife going on among brethren and the silent delights which Nature has to offer on every hand. We cannot think of war when we enjoy these autumnal pleasures without a shock of horror. All outward circumstances should be in harmony with those of the spirit now.

## The World's Crisis.

We publish in another part of the paper the body of a very vigorous pamphlet recently put forth from the pen of one of our correspondents, to the perusal of which we call the reader's special attention. He will say it certainly awakens serious thought, if he does not actually startle. Yet his ideas all seem to have been very clearly impressed by supernatural influences on his brain, and we have no doubt that the immortals are actively engaged in the very crisis of the grand work which it has fallen on this present age to do. We offer no endorsement or criticism on this pamphlet, for neither is called for; we simply ask the reader's attention to an essay so bold, trenchant, and remarkable in its character.

## Is the Country Poor?

No country, in point of actual resources, was ever so rich. Our productive capacity seems almost boundless. We have as present—and we have seen it so stated in other quarters, too—only one-tenth part of the population which it really requires to handle and improve our material wealth; and the peasant population of the United States, therefore, have an estate to base all their future operations upon which is entirely out of the reach of any possible expenditure to ruin, unless it is totally destroyed by disloyalty, recklessness and selfishness.

## Postponement.

In consequence of the pressure of the times, and the all-absorbing war excitement, the friends in Coldwater, Michigan, have been compelled to postpone indefinitely the Convention called at that place the 10th of October next.

## War Wails.

Her Britannic Majesty has a war steamer at Baltimore, and another in the Potomac, to afford an asylum to the Legation and those claiming British protection in case of need. Several of the Diplomats have their national flags ready to be displayed, and more than one family enriched by this Government, is prepared to throw out the red-cross of England, or the tri-color of France, in order to secure "protection." The naturalized Irish citizens are exceptions to this craven attempt to shrink from Uncle Sam, and they bravely display the Stars and Stripes, expressing at the same time a determination to aid in its defence. According to present appearances, the Legations will have no occasion to throw out their respective flags for protection.

"Scout," writing to the Journal, says: "General Wilcox, who it will be remembered suffered in a Southern prison with Corcoran, is in command of the division formerly under the lamented Gen. Stevens. He has among the New England troops in his division, the 28th Mass. Reg., and 8th Mass. Battery, Capt. Cook. The latter has the reputation, well sustained, I think, of being one of the best Batteries in this command." Mr. Wm. M. Robinson, (late our reporter), and Mr. James S. Dearborn, (formerly compositor in this office), are attached to this Battery.

The people of Maryland, says "Perley," or at least a majority of them, now see what their miserable "Border State Policy" has brought about, and Kentuckians doubtless repent, now that their State is again made a "dark and bloody ground." Their States have become the arenas in which loyalty combats treason, and their conduct has entailed upon them anarchy and desolation. In attempting to save slavery, they have brought ruin upon themselves, and it is not to be wondered at that they now hesitate before enlisting in the armies of Lee and Jackson, and Humphrey Marshall and Kirby Smith. Let us hope that we shall hear nothing more about "Border States," but have a "Northern Policy"—a Policy of the People's choice.

A private of Col. Webster's regiment, who was with his commander when he breathed his last, says that before he was dead, one of the rebels had stripped off his boots, which were sold by the thief for twenty dollars. Who would have dreamed when the expounder of the Constitution rendered himself unpopular at his Northern home, by insisting that the rights of the South should be respected, that in a few years his son would fall in defending the Constitution against the attacks of the South, and that his body would be stripped by those barbarians who could not be restrained from pillaging by the presence of the Angel of Death?

At a war meeting in Providence, recently, we learn contributions to the amount of over \$25,000 were made to the \$70,000 bounty fund. The whole amount contributed is about \$43,000. This is simply a specimen of what is being similarly enacted all over the country. We are under obligations to the London Times for its stereotyped misrepresentations of us and our resources. It is opening people's eyes on both sides of the "Channel" to our real strength in men and money, for they are now taking pains to get at the real state of things in this country. The London Spiritual Magazine will please make a note of this.

## Lyceum Church of Spiritualists.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, a trance speaker, lectures before this Society again on Sunday next. This excellent woman is esteemed as one of the best elucicators of the Spiritualists' faith.

Mr. H. B. Storer's lectures before the above-named Society, on Sunday, 14th inst., were of a very high order, fully equal to any the Society have listened to, especially the evening discourse, which we shall print in our next issue.

In answering the question, "What is Death?" the speaker took a comprehensive, logical and clear view of the Spiritual phenomena; enforcing the fact of spirit communion, and explaining the cause of failure by some of obtaining satisfactory results in their investigations; urging the necessity of leading correct lives, and of having more faith, and a firmer reliance on the power of the spirits to instruct and aid us in all good undertakings.

## Boston Spiritual Conference.

The Spiritual Conference meetings will be resumed on Tuesday evening, Sept. 23d, at 7 1/2 o'clock, and will be continued, through the Winter season, on Tuesday evening of each week. It is the desire of those who will give their efforts and aid for the support of these Conferences, to have them well attended, and make them interesting and useful, peaceful and orderly.

The expenses of the Hall will be paid by weekly contributions, so the admittance will be free. All those who have an interest in Spiritualism, are invited.

Tuesday, Sept. 23d, Dr. H. F. Gardner will open the Conference on the question—What is the Duty of Spiritualists in the present crisis of human affairs?

## Announcements.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend will lecture in Boston next Sunday; H. B. Storer in Marblehead; Frank L. Wade in Quincy; Miss Emma Houston in New Bedford; Miss Lizette Dolen in Lowell; N. Frank White in Taunton; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Princeton; Miss Nellie J. Temple in Ashfield; Miss Susan M. Johnson in Providence, R. I.; W. K. Ripley in Guilford, Me.; Warren Chase in Lebanon, N. H.; Austen E. Simmons in Lempster, N. H.; Mrs. Mary M. Wood in Putnam, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Guilford, Conn.

Mrs. Sarah Helen Matthews will lecture in Langdon, N. H., on the 28th inst. It is her intention to visit several places in the vicinity of Claremont.

Mrs. S. L. Chappell is making a lecturing tour through Jefferson County, N. Y., during this month, visiting Watertown, Ellis Village, Henderson, and other places. Her recent labors in Binghamton have been highly prosperous.

B. M. Lawrence, Reform lecturer and health teacher, will lecture in Oswego County during September, visiting Oswego, New Haven, Hannibalville, Red Creek, and Wolcott. Address, care of Mr. Poole, Oswego, N. Y.

## All Skeptics

Are respectfully invited to attend our seances, and see and hear for themselves. We do not ask them to believe that spirits return and manifest to earth's people, until they are thoroughly convinced such is the fact. Ministers of the Gospel, especially, should improve the opportunity to witness these wonderful manifestations. Seats free.

A new gunpowder has been invented in Prussia, of a yellow-brown color, and much superior to the stuff with which so much bloody business is now done.

## From the Atlantic Monthly for October.

## THE BATTLE OF AUTUMN OF 1862.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The flag of war like storm-birds fly,  
The charge the trumpet blows;  
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,  
No earthquake strikes below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps  
Her ancient promise well.  
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps  
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours  
Through harvest-happy farms,  
And still she wears her fruits and flowers  
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,  
This joy of eve and morn,  
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain  
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,  
And hearts with hate are hot;  
But even peace comes round the years,  
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,  
With songs our groans the pain;  
She mingles with our flowers and leaf  
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear  
Her sweet, triumphant psalm:  
To near to God for duty's fear,  
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below:  
The fires that blast and burn;  
For all the tears of blood we sow  
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours  
The good of suffering born—  
The hearts that blossom like her flowers  
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us in times like these,  
The vision of her eyes;  
And make her fields and fruited trees  
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!  
Above this stormy day,  
We, too, would hear the bells of cheer  
Ring peace and freedom in!

## Misplaced Sympathy.

One of the most dangerous errors a sympathetic person can fall into, is to suppose that bad men are strangers to good feeling, or deficient in sensibility. Only the good feeling does not last—nay, the tears are a kind of debauched sentiment, as old liberties are said to find that the tears and grief of their victims add a zest to their pleasure. This is profoundly true, and it accounts perfectly for the tender expressions we sometimes hear respecting the most infamous scoundrels. It is such transient and morbid exhibitions in a ruffian, which often induce some people who witness them to think and to say that there is, after all, a good heart at the bottom of his ten thousand vices. Nay, it is such fitful and stilly manifestations that frequently cause a cut-throat to pass for a better man at heart than his honest victim. Never was there a sillier and more fatal mistake! Though dangerous always, it might perhaps be excusable in boarding-school misses; but grown up men and women should blush to sanction it. The world is altogether too full of false sentiment at any rate, without augmenting the corrupting volume by a mistaken sympathy with villains who smile, and monsters that weep.

## About your House.

It is a fault with those who are constructing their dwellings in country places, to seek to make over something about them, instead of taking Nature's given hints and improving upon them. For instance, they are earnest in reducing the aspect of affairs to the stiff and graceless garden idea, while the free and flowing outlines of Nature's own beauty are deliberately discarded. Downing stated it well, and in chosen language, too, when he said in one of his beautiful Essays that "the fields and woods are full of instruction, and in such features of our richest and most smiling and diversified country must the best hints for the embellishment of rural homes always be derived. And yet it is not any portion of the woods and fields that we wish our finest pleasure-ground scenery precisely to resemble. We wish rather to select from the finest sylvan features of Nature, and to recombine the materials in a choicer manner; and with that added refinement which high keeping and continual care confer on natural beauty, without impairing its innate spirit of freedom, or the truth and freshness of its intrinsic character." There are many valuable hints to be had in this brief quotation from the pen of a master in landscape manufacturing.

## J. H. Newton, M. D.

The wonderful cures made by this gentleman surprise everybody. The most stubborn chronic diseases, that have baffled the skill of the most skillful physicians in the land, have been cured by Dr. Newton in a few minutes without pain. Thousands of certificates can be given, from reliable persons who have been healed by him, proving beyond doubt the truth of what we say.

Dr. Newton is now located at 1202 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. To show what he is doing in that vicinity for the benefit of suffering humanity, we extract, as a specimen, the following from a late Philadelphia paper:

WONDERFUL CURES.—On Monday, Dr. J. H. Newton was sent for by a physician in Woodbury, N. J., to try his power of restoration on Mr. George Glover, who had not been out of his house since 1838, and who had been confined to his bed for the last twelve years. After Dr. Newton had operated on him for twenty minutes, he was fully restored to health, and was able to leap, run, and would have gone out, but for his long confinement he had no clothes or even shoes to wear. At the same time, Mrs. Mary Lord, a lady who had been sick for many years, for the last two and a half of which she had been unable to leave the slightest motion on her feet, was cured after an operation of about fifteen minutes, so as to be able to walk down stairs and about the yard alone. These cures were performed in the presence of Dr. H. T. Child, of this city, and the family physician. Dr. Newton cures all curable diseases in a few minutes, without medicine, and earnestly invites all who are not well able to pay, without money or without price.

## Correspondence in Brief.

H. S. Bawer, of Milwaukee, Wis., writes that a Sunday Conference has been started in that place, in which justice and peace is advocated, rather than in justice and war.

E. Annals, 91 State street, Albany, N. Y., gives flour, bread, and crackers gratuitously and freely to the poor and needy. May God take care of him and angels pay him.

Miss Nancy R. Goss, Middleville, N. Y., writes that she has left a "peaceful home," and gone forth to carry the glad tidings of Spiritualism to the people. She has lectured in various towns in Western New York to good, appreciative audiences.

To suppress the truth may now, and then be our duty to others; not to utter a falsehood must always be our duty to ourselves.



New Publications.

**THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL**, religious and philosophically considered. A series of Lectures. By Robert Cooper, author of "The Holy Scriptures Analyzed." "Lectures on the Bible," &c. First American, from the London Edition. Boston: J. P. Mendum, Investigator Office.

The topics to which the seven remarkably striking lectures of this little book are devoted, are as follows: What is the Soul?—Review of Popular Arguments—Resurrection and Ascension of Christ—Philosophy of Materialism—Facts from Anatomy and Physiology in relation to Materialism—Is the Doctrine of a Future State essential to the Morality of Mankind?—Instinct and Reason.

There is not a dull page in the entire hundred and more. We need interpose no opinion or belief of our own in relation to the soul's immortality, we will merely say of this volume that it will do any one a vast amount of good to read it, by compelling him to think and observe for himself. It will strengthen, and not undermine, a person's individuality, and that is what is demanded by the times. Popular delusions and superstitions are handled with remarkable clearness, directness and ability; light is made to shine through everything. What has been hung up before the imagination of people as the gorgeous drapery of an imposing faith, is made out nothing more than cobwebs, that would have looked just like cobwebs and nothing else, had not the sunlight of far-off truth fallen on and given them a gliding.

The author puts everything away from him but what bears upon his subject in hand; he refuses to waste time or strength on what has so long been assumed or asserted to; and uses the bright blade of reason at every point, trusting to no inspiration but that of high instinct, or common sense. Whether we can agree with him everywhere or not, we have perused his pages with newly awakened pleasure. He makes our fingers tingle to their very tips, as he so coolly shows up the idle tales, the blind traditions, and the smoky and reverend superstitions through which so few persons dare or care to look. He holds his scalpel for himself, and inserts it without flinching between the joints of a feeble priestcraftiness. He taunts you with having so long accepted so much. His very sense is the scorn of superstitious things. His facts are piled up in profusion. His statements he means to make in a spirit of candor, and his logic is certainly according to the high laws which theologians are notoriously obliged to disobey.

Whatever or however a liberal minded person believes, the reading of a book like this will do him no harm; it will do him much good, for it evokes the native manhood that is in us all, and shames us to think of having been such good-natured spiritual serfs so long.

**NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW** for September, 1862. Edward I. Sears, Editor and Proprietor, New York.

We give the list of papers in this, our favorite American Quarterly, as follows: Lucretius on the Nature of Things; The Works and Influence of Goethe; Madame de Malintona and her Times; Effects of War and Speculation on Currency; Sacred Poetry of the Middle Ages; The Laws and Ethics of War; New Theories and New Discoveries in Natural History; Poland, Causes and Consequences of her Fall; Quackery of Insurance Companies; Notices and Criticisms.

Lucretius, in his *De Rerum Natura*, showed to the people of Rome that he was as acute and profound a thinker as he was brilliant and sparkling poet. The article on him contains a re-statement of the Epicurean philosophy, among other things. The article on Goethe is very entertaining, fresh, and thoughtful. The writer insists that Goethe has never yet been properly portrayed to the readers of the English tongue. The article is critical and close. "Laws and Ethics of War" will unsettle many a prejudice, derived as most prejudices of that sort are from English sources, on the "shocking barbarities" of our present war, and fairly shows up the hypocritical cant of their popular writers. Poland will be written about while men live to lament her fate, and here she has been treated with an able pen. We like the general tone and temper of the *National Quarterly*. It selects topics that are related to current interests, and that bear on sentiments as at present developed; and all its papers bear the stamp of honesty, frankness, good scholarship, and thorough reading.

For sale by A. Williams & Co.

**LIKE AND UNLIKE**. A Novel, by A. S. Roe, author of "A Long Look Ahead," "I've Been Thinking," "True to the Last," &c. &c. New York: Carleton, Publisher. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

We like Mr. Roe's books, and have from the beginning. He is simple, unaffected, hearty, and thoroughly true to nature. There is a truly religious vein running through them all, and still there is nothing like cant in his writings. The little series of fictions which he has produced are all of a domestic character, yet dramatic enough to gratify any taste but that which has had the delirium long ago, from his brandied doses of French literature. Wherever there is suffering to observe and depict; wherever genuine sympathy needs to be called out; wherever homely virtues abound, or a false pride seeks to crowd them out of sight for the sake of vaunting its own self the more; there our author's eyes are directed, and his pen proves afterwards what excellent use he has made of them.

Homely novels, describing real domestic life in this country, are a desideratum. As a general rule, those authors who attempt this field are too apt to overdo it, and so spoil all. It requires a rare power and maintenance of observation, a common sense that is never thrown off its balance, and a bountiful fund of native humor (not wit), to deal by such topics as are to be found so plentifully in this field, as they should be dealt with. We have in our mind at present no American author who has uniformly done so well in the walk he has chosen as Mr. Roe has; and his productions improve upon one another, too, which is still more. The healthiness of his books is universally admitted. They are not at all "sensational," and we like them all the better for it. We hope to live to read as many of our welcome author's excellent books as he may live to write.

In the several parts of the novel, which will long haunt the memory of readers everywhere. Hugo has at least made his fortune, even if he has not made himself immortal. The present forms Part IV. of the series; another part will complete the novel.

**REAL LIBERTY SONG**. Air—Down with Hungary. A sixteen mo., twenty paged pamphlet, in prose. This little book is awfully radical—and yet it is not radical enough to be peaceful. CALVIN BLANCHARD, 30 Ann street, New York, the writer and publisher, is a terrific iconoclast to the present mushroom institutions of moral pretensions and fanatical ideas. The author has his own ideas, and he puts them forth with a meaning, fearless power. They are true to himself, and doubtless to some others. He goes for the inauguration of science and art in religion, to the exclusion of "moral principle" and the complex presentment of "supernaturalism." He says: "I undertake to prove that moral principle is the spawn of ignorance; the quackery of quackeries; the masked hellishness that sets man at war with Nature." I go for the entire abolishment of restraint.

There are some capital ideas in this little yellow book, but they are so bold and fearless that they will be doubtless very shocking to weak minds. The author has proved himself "a brick" of the hardest kind, and he is doubtless able to stand the missiles that must be fired back in response. Our sentiments are not the sentiments of this author on some points argued, but it is not our mission to go to war with men, nor with the books they write.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY**. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 135 Washington street.

The October number of this invaluable Monthly has just made its appearance, filled to the brim with sparkling gems of thought from some of the ablest minds in the country. Its contents are: Autumnal Tints, by the late Henry D. Thoreau; David Gaunt, by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills"; Euphorion, by Bayard Taylor; House-building, by J. Elliot Cabot; Mr. Axtell; Learnington Spa, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Sanitary Condition of the Army, by Edward Jarvis, M. D.; An Arab Welcome, by T. B. Aldrich; Elizabeth Sara Sheppard; A Niche in the Heart, by the author of "Charles Auchester"; Resources of the South, by E. H. Derby; The Battle Autumn of 1862, by John G. Whittier; Reviews and Literary Notices.

**REVUE SEMAINE**—The September number of this handsome spiritual journal, published in Paris, France, has just reached us, with the following contents: Inauguration of a Spiritual Group at Bordeaux; Letter to a Teacher; Persecutions; Reconciliation; Replies to Invitations of the Spiritualists of Bordeaux; Poetry; Spiritual Discourses.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ We shall print extra editions of our paper containing Mrs. Porter's *New Story*, "My Husband's Secret," in order to fully supply the demand for it.

☞ Owing to the press of other matter, we are obliged to leave over until our next the article promised this week verifying several of our spirit messages.

☞ THE HYMN OF DEATH, by Miss Belle Bush, is a poem of much merit. It will be found on our second page.

The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" will hold a public meeting in Lyceum Hall in this city, on Thursday evening, Oct. 24, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Seats free, and all invited to attend.

**REYNOLD'S MISCELLANY** says many persons who are fond of the fine arts visit the Crystal Palace at Sydenham to study the statuary.

We are backgrounded by the Investigator for allowing "free thought" in our columns. It do not follow, by any means, that we endorse all our correspondents think or say—whether it be in regard to *Dungeon Book*, or anything else—because we open our columns to them. Professors of liberal principles should not turn gross censors. That prerogative belongs to the Church.

Miss Susie M. Johnson writes to the Herald of Progress a note, to say that it is not true that a majority of those composing the Nicaragua Association, are closely allied to the "Sacred Order of Unionists." She adds that she does not "believe in the practicability of any scheme which acknowledges John M. Spear as its originator." Neither do we.

Mrs. A. M. Patterson, medical electrician, late of Newark, N. J., has taken rooms at No. 75 Beach street. She has the reputation of treating diseases generally with great success, and particularly all chronic diseases of her sex that have baffled the skill of the medical faculty.

David Hartwell, of Kane, Illinois, says, in the Investigator, that "the doctrine that a man is alive when he is dead is so absurd and ridiculous as not to deserve an argument." Powerful reasoner, that David Hartwell! Mighty philosopher! There is no doubt about it, Bro. H. You simply beg your question to round your phrase. It is only change from one phase of life to another, which you will find out when you "shuffle off this mortal coil."

Mr. Ericson has given the name of "Comanche" to the immense iron-clad vessel now building in Jersey City, and intended to be the pioneer of a fleet for the protection of our Pacific Coast.

It is stated that the government is paying \$50,000 a month to feed the starving poor in New Orleans, being a sum considerably more than the army of occupation there costs the government. What will the London Times say in regard to this?

A FORMIDABLE PRIZE-MAKER.—William H. Webb, the well-known ship-builder, has entered into a contract with the United States Government to build an iron steam-ran; to be covered with six-inch iron, to have two revolving turrets, like the Monitor, the bow to be covered with twelve-inch iron, and to have a solid iron ram projecting therefrom, half the length of the vessel. The contract price is one million and a quarter of dollars. The London Times will please inform its readers (and tell the truth, too,) that "Uncle Sam" is not bankrupt yet.

Newspaper barometers *Digby* thinks are great bores. They are too mean to subscribe for a paper, and are yet mean enough to annoy those who pay for one. Be cautious how you deal with such people. Never lend a paper, unless you wish to cheat the printer.

The total killed and wounded on the Union side is estimated at 41,845, and the total number of missing and prisoners 21,520; the actual loss on the Union side in killed and wounded, and by disease, is stated in round numbers to be 55,590, aside from the number of prisoners and missing. The rebel losses in killed and wounded cannot be a matter of course, be correctly given, but it is estimated that they are, at least, as heavy as our own. This being so, the losses in killed and wounded, and by disease, on both sides, up to the Richmond battles, would be 111,180.

Affairs in Mexico have an unprosperous look. The French force is being increased, is undisturbed, and is said to be preparing for a deliberate and irresistible advance during October. Meanwhile there seems to have been an explosion in the cabinet of Juarez; it being reported that Doblado has resigned his ministry after a quarrel, has gone to Guanajuato, taken the troops from that State with him, and apparently intending to act for his own interest. It is also reported that the towns of San Blas and Manzanilla, on the west coast, and Gen. Uraga, with three thousand men, have "pronounced" for foreign intervention. At any rate, it seems probable that the French plans will now be carried out without any serious opposition, how outrageous sever they may be.

Foreign gossip tells us that the ex-King of Naples is in exceedingly good spirits, in consequence of the ghost of his mother having appeared to him, and warned him not to give up one iota of his rights; and will in a short time regain them all.—*Post*, Sept. 24.

And no doubt he will. If the people of earth had more faith in their spirit guardians than they have many of the ills of life would be averted. We should worship the internal more, and the external less.

Nature is a great belleriver in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth, she saddles with lawns and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in wopcock, but they have a style of appetite that converts a number three mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.

"OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT."

When does the rainbow bud and bloom? Not on a sunny day. When earth is rich with an aure glow and all the world is gay; It comes when the surcharged clouds are past, after the driving storm. When the diamond-drops of crystal rain are silently changing form. Out from amid the darksome clouds—beautiful Hope like bow, Like thought when an anguished hour is past, and the dear one is laid low; Comes like a gleam of awakened faith, like a bud of promise given. When the creaking grief was ebbing out, like a sweet foretaste of heaven.—*Irene*.

Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

**PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION**.—Russia, before the year closes, will have abolished serfdom; Holland, through her Parliament, demands immediate emancipation in all her colonies; Brazil and the United States stand alone on this continent, as slaveholding countries; but Catholic Brazil is in advance of Protestant United States, for she forbids the selling of slaves at auction, or the separation of slave families.

Most of the forces from Baton Rouge have returned to New Orleans, which city is now ready to resist any rebel army not over 100,000 strong; Baton Rouge being left in charge of a small force and a couple of gun-boats.

The General has organized and has now in marching order, the 1st Regiment Louisiana Union Volunteers, 1,200 strong, Holcomb, of Conn., Colonel; Elliot, Lieut.-Colonel, and Pike, of Maine, Major. A second regiment is rapidly filling up, having, on Sept. 1st, 600 men. A brigade of volunteer free colored men is also reported successfully under way.

We call the attention of all lovers of "the weed" to the card of Mr. O. L. Gillett, in another column. He has the reputation of being one of the best cigar manufacturers in the city, and sells at moderate prices. Give him a call, retail dealers. If you wish to furnish your customers with a prime article. We have always objected to smoking, seeing in it only a sort of impalpable amusement, or abstraction. Yet tobacco is an "institution" now-a-days, and while very many people are tied to the weed, it becomes them to use the best, and thus avoid by this discrimination some of the evils which result from the use of bad qualities of the article.

A lady in Newburyport, a teacher of music, was called upon a few days since, and asked if she gave instructions to gentlemen. She replied that usually she should be happy to have such pupils, but she could not teach young men music in time of war.

I find in modern Spiritualism a key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of science; a clue that guides us through the most intricate mazes of analysis; a plummet line that sounds the depths of mind, and infinges upon the hitherto unfathomable realms of eternity.—*Emma Harding*.

Whit and hundreds and thousands have committed suicide by the agency of hemp and steel, tens of thousands have destroyed themselves by intoxicating drinks.

Poor Kossuth, says a Scottish newspaper, is in the final stages of consumption, and before many weeks, probably, the great Hungarian will pass away, and a noble country mourn the loss of one of her most gifted sons.

"HEROINS" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language. The first two letters of it are male, the first three are female, the first four a brave man, and the whole a brave woman.

A DISTINCTION.—"Is Mr. Note good?" said a bank-officer to a director, the other day. "That depends whether you mean Godward or manward," was the answer. "Godward," continued the director, "Mr. Note is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But manward, I am sorry to say that Mr. Note is rather tricky."

Dr. Evans, the celebrated American dentist of Paris, recently visited the Vicerey of Egypt on his yacht at Woolwich, and describes him as a magnificently wealthy and liberal prince. Among his table service are plates worth \$5,000 each; a gold pitcher set with diamonds, worth at least \$50,000; and the Vicerey's tooth-brush alone, set richly with precious stones, is worth at least \$40,000, and the stand upon which it rests half that sum.

Two large bombshells surmount the two pillars at the grand entrance to the President's house, at Washington. In one of these it has been discovered that a wren has made her nest, the entrance being through the funnel-hole. Thus—says a notice of the singular fact—love with her mysticisms has entered the death-chamber, and from that gloomy tenement shall issue forth life and song!

Napoleon was one day searching for a book in his library, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, one of the tallest men in the army, stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire; I am higher than your majesty." "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

A wag called at Gillett's cigar store the other day to get his usual supply of the superb article there to be had, and in payment tendered a little slab of gummy, greasy, filthy postage stamps. "Can't you give me hard money?" asked the clerk. "Well, sir," responded the purchaser, "I have seen very little harder looking money than that!"

A gentleman in Philadelphia gave a tenant of his, to go as a substitute for his son, a house free of all incumbrances, worth \$4500. His wife and family have the property now in their possession.

The bright dew-drops of morning which glitter amid emerald foliage, are beautiful; but these children of sympathy (tears) are still more so.

It is more difficult to make the eye lie than any other organ we are possessed of. To tell what a woman says, pay attention to her tongue. If you wish to ascertain what she means, pay attention to her eye. To talk in opposition to the heart, is one of the easiest things in the world—to look this opposition, however, is more difficult than algebra.

Things are queerly connected. A late statistician says if all our old maids should marry, the manufacture of single bedsteads would be utterly ruined.

The King of Prussia has a private treasure of his own of more than \$12,000,000. During the last three years he has added to it about \$2,400,000. No wonder the people are poor.

What is the difference between a permission to speak in a low tone, and a prohibition not to speak at all? In the one case you are not to talk aloud; in the other you are not allowed to talk.

Gracious hearts reflect most upon themselves; they do not seek so much what to reprove in others, as what to amend in themselves; they love to look inwardly, and being sensible of their own failings, are tender in reflecting on the weaknesses of others; whereas those that are most inquisitive about the lives of others are usually most careless in reforming their own.

If one only pauses, now and then, in life's "forced march" to count the numbers who have wearied by the way, of those who brushed with him the morning dew, he feels a sort of terror lest he finish his journey a stranger and alone.

Muggins was passing up the street one day with a friend, when he observed a poor dog that had been killed lying in the gutter. Muggins paused, gazed intently at the defunct animal, and at last said: "Here is another shipwreck!" "Shipwreck! Where?" "There's a bark that's lost forever." His companion growled and passed on.

The guerrillas have changed their policy in Missouri. Instead of organizing into large bands, they are now dividing into small bodies, and encamping in squads of twenty-five and thirty. In this way they are enabled to spread over a vast area of country, and obtain good hiding places. From these they issue in small squads to commit depredations. No camp is held over three or four nights. They are constantly shifting.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

R. M. W., ENIG, WHITEHEAD CO., ILL.—The history of the "Young Minister" will be printed in our next. We cannot afford to send the papers gratuitously. Remit one dollar, and we will forward the number you have designated.

To Our Subscribers!

We wish to call your particular attention to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. e. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the term of your subscription has expired, and be ready at once to renew, if you intend to continue the paper. For example: find at the head of the paper Vol. XII., No. 1, (which is the number of this issue) if the figures on the wrapper or paper opposite your name, read 12-1, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**LYCEUM HALL, TREMONT STREET**, (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday at 2:45 and 7 1/2 p. m. The regular course of lectures recommenced on Sunday, Sept. 22. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged: Mrs. M. S. Townsend, September 22; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 19 and 26; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizzie Dusen, Nov. 23 and 30; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

**CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 Broomfield street, Boston**.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 1/2 o'clock.

**MARLBOROUGH**.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Boston, engaged:—H. B. Storrs, September 22; Mrs. Amanda M. Bennett, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 19 and 26; Miss Lizzie Dusen, Nov. 2 and 9; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

**TAUNTON**.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—N. Frank White, September 22; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 23 and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in December.

**FOXPOND**.—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speaker engaged Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 19 and 26.

**LOWELL**.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wallace Hall, speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged, Miss Emma Harding, Sept. 28.

**PROVIDENCE**.—Speakers engaged:—Miss Susan M. Johnson, Sept. 28; Mrs. A. Currier, Oct. 5 and 12; H. B. Storrs, Oct. 19 and 26; Mrs. M. S. Townsend during Nov.

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 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

**4317 PIECES OF ASSORTED JEWELRY, FOR \$50.** ALBIO. **WATCHES! WATCHES!! WATCHES!!!**

At Paris Prices. Trade List sent free. Address, Salisbury Bro. & Co., Providence, R. I. Sept. 27.

**O. L. GILLETT, MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN, HAVANA AND PRINCE CIGARS.**

38 NORTH MARKET STREET, BOSTON. (Up Stairs.) All orders promptly attended to. 15th Sept. 27.

**MRS. E. D. STARKWEATHER**, Rapping, Writing, and all the various kinds of Domestic and Foreign Mediums. Terms moderate. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. 5th Sept. 27.

**PRODUCTS OF THE FARM.** M. & C. H. RYERSON, SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

RESPECTFULLY invite the patronage of the Farmers to send their Farm Products to the New York Market, and will employ their best business talent and industry in selling whatever may be consigned to them, making prompt remittances. The undersigned will also give attention to the purchase of Foreign and Domestic Fruits and Groceries, for Parties residing out of the city.

Address—M. & C. H. RYERSON, No. 125 Washington street, corner of Day.

REFERENCES: S. B. BRITTON, New York Custom House, No. 2. J. DAVIS, Editor of Herald of Progress, 3m.—14th.

New Books.

NOW READY.

Sunday School Class-Book.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile mind around him. The Book is handsomely gotten up, on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price—Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of the price. The usual discount to the trade. Orders by mail solicited and promptly attended to. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., Publishers. June 14.

JUST PUBLISHED.

First American Edition, from the English Stereotype Plates.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE,

DIVINE REVELATIONS, AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

THE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS—the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author—issued in a style the world over. The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal octavo, 800 pages, will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. June 28.

A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D. AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT," &c. IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 25 cents. This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of pages of printed matter of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds. For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 138 Washington street, Boston. 17 Dec. 21.

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming, shows the practicability of Farming Corporations, or Companyships. It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Hudson, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, reports from Henry D. Hudson, who is now residing at Eldorado, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity. The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish record of facts and suggestions. Sent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts. April 20.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATED BY Moral and Religious Stories, FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY MRS. M. L. WILLIS. CONTENTS.—The Little Peacemaker. Child's Prayer. The Desire to be Good. Little Mary. Harry Marshall. The Golden Rule. Let me hear the Gentle Voice. Filial Duty. Unfading Flowers. The Dream. Evening Hymn. For sale at the Banner of Light office, 138 Washington st. Price 15c. Postage 4c. 17 March 8.

FAMILY DYE COLORS! LIST OF COLORS.

Black	Salmon
Dark Brown	Scarlet
Snuff Brown	Dark Drab
Light Brown	Light Drab
Dark Blue	Yellow
Light Blue	Light Yellow
Dark Green	Orange
Light Green	Magenta
Pink	Saffron
Purple	French Blue
Slate	Royal Purple
Crimson	Violet

For dyeing Silk, Woolen and Mixed Goods, Shawls, Scarfs, Dresses, Blouses, Gloves, Mittens, Hosiery, Feeds, and Gloves, Children's Clothing, and all kinds of Wearing Apparel, with perfect fast colors.

A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT. These Dyes are mixed in the form of powders concentrated, are thoroughly tested, and put up in neat packages. For twenty-five cents you can color many goods as would otherwise cost five times that sum. The process is simple, and any one can use the Dyes with perfect success. Directions inside.

Manufactured by HOWE & STEVENS, 255 Broadway, Boston. For sale by Druggists and Dealers in every City and Town. Aug. 23.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING OF S. B. BRITTON, JR.

AID to Capt. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the battle of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, is FOR SALE at this office. Price 50 CENTS. It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp. The proceeds of the sale of this fine Engraving are to go to aid in erecting a suitable monument over this youthful hero's remains in Rosendale Cemetery. July 19.

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

**Sinclair Tousey,** 121 Nassau St., New York, General Agent for THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in cheap Publications, and Periodicals, to his unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything. In his line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited.

NEW ENGLAND CLAIRVOYANT INSTITUTE.

ESTABLISHED for affording individuals the means of securing the benefits of clairvoyance, presents the following specialties:

MEDICAL LETTER, comprising a synopsis of the disease, prescription of remedies and treatment, \$1.00. SEALED LETTERS to spirit-planes, answered, and returned with their seals unbroken, \$1.00. PROPHETIC LETTER, comprising a summary of the leading events and characteristics of the life of the applicant, \$2.00.

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION OF SPIRIT FRIENDS, \$1.00. ALPHABETICAL VISION of individual conditions, \$1.00. PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION of character, \$1.0



## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. COWART, who in a condition called the Trance. They are not published in accordance with literary merit, but as a record of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil.

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

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Owen, of St. Louis, Missouri; James Ramsden, to his brother, John Ramsden, of Leeds, Kent County, England; Abbie Ann Weld; Thomas Jefferson Giles, to his father in Buffalo, New York; Robert Beardsley, of Montgomery, Alabama, to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 8.—Invocation: Gen. Ben. McCulloch; Edward Simpson, of St. Louis, Missouri, to his mother, in Dayton, Ohio; Mary Jackson, to her mother, in Frederickburg, Maryland; Joseph Foster, to his friend, Captain William Davis; Lucy Cushman, of Winslow, Maine.

Thursday, Sept. 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Francis E. Thacher, of Montpelier, Vermont, to her father, Samuel Thacher; Matthew Grover, of Boonville, Missouri, to his twin brother, David Grover; Colonel Powell T. Wyman, of the 16th Mass. Regiment.

Monday, Sept. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; I. J. Botsford, of Matanzas, Cuba, to his son Casper and Jose; Herman Lawrence, of Peru, Maine, died at Fort Bay; Henry T. Sanderson, of the Virginia Riflemen, to his mother, Catherine Elton, of Enterprise, Ky.; Marian Mosley, to her mother, in Harvey street, New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; William H. Gullis, to his father, Theodore T. Gullis, of Richmond, Virginia; Martha L. Yates, of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to her mother; Henry Dunbridge, to his father, in London; Mary Carney, to her father, in Boston.

### Invocation.

Our Father, we desire to return thee thanks for the mercy thou art extending toward thy children, though they have been wayward and wandered from thy holy way. Notwithstanding thou hast suffered the cloud to settle upon them, yet thou art merciful to them as of old. Oh, our Father, we know thy children have dwelt too long in paths of evil, and thus, oh God, thou art necessitated to teach them the way of right, even through suffering. And, therefore, as sorrow has settled like a sable mantle upon them, we thank thee for this mantle of darkness which rests upon the shoulders of thine erring children. Our Father, we ask no blessing in behalf of the benighted ones of this earth, for they have wandered from the holy path which thou didst mark out for them, and therefore must suffer the consequences of their own folly and wickedness. Oh, our Father, they have wandered in hell, and we can see the misfortune of being obliged to find heaven only through hell. Yet, oh Lord, we thank thee for that sorrow and darkness that is with them this hour, cleansing and purifying the hearts of such of thine earthly children as have too long dwelt in ignorance and evil. Our Father, again we say we can ask no blessing in their behalf, for thou art abundantly blessing them through sorrow. Amen. Sept. 2.

### Questions and Answers.

We would now invite the friends to propound us any question they may desire to. We shall occupy the next few moments in answering such as they may present us.

Q.—What are the modes of the growth of the spirit? or in what way does the spirit grow or become more powerful, as the child grows from infancy to manhood?

A.—The spirit of man ever enlarges through its own experience. It is necessary for that spirit to acquire a certain experience relative to earth, that it may pass on rapidly when it casts off mortal habiliments. But should it fail to receive this experience, the growth or progress of the spirit must, as a natural consequence, be slow. The spirit of man goes through a vast variety of changes, made up of certain conditions which are necessary to its growth and development. It cannot grow by any other means. Sorrow is one of the conditions necessary to life, or the growth of the spirit. Joy is another, and the two are as inseparably bound to each other, as the spirit is bound to the body in material life. The moles or processes by which the spirit grows or stretches itself into the vast expanse of Deity are as various as are the forms of life already around you.

Q.—We understand that the spirit has form. How is that form circumscribed?

A.—It is as boundless and undefined as the powers of its own being. Your mediums or subjects in form you that they often see your friends in spirit-land, bearing the same form as when on earth. The spirit has power to present itself in that form to them, that they may be able to recognize it more easily, and only goes to prove that the spirit is unlimited in its powers. The spirit, or internal life portion, of yourself, is a Deity of itself. Can you give any form to Deity? I know that church-goers have given to Deity a certain form, but it is that only which results from their own internal mirror of life, a something which has grown out of their own imagination, rather than from any actual knowledge of spiritual things. As the Great Spirit of nature has no form, so your spirit has none, when free from mortality. Our theory is new and perhaps startling, nevertheless, it is founded upon truth. You have too long crowded and confined your ideas of Deity within the narrow limits of your own material being; too long you have lived in a small heaven of your own creation, and too long you have measured your soul by the capacities of your outward body. The time shall come when you will know that the spirit is limitless, and that it is not a subject of time, but of eternity.

Q.—How is that theory reconcilable with the distinct individuality of the spirit?

A.—You comprehend only through your external senses now, but when the veil of externality shall be rent aside, then you will know that the spirit hath no particular form.

Q.—Is this spirit an outgrowth of matter, or is matter an outgrowth of spirit?

A.—Matter is an outgrowth of the conditions of time; while spirit is an outgrowth of eternity. The spirit is in every sense the father and mother of all matter.

Q.—Is there any difference between the soul of man and the soul of God?

A.—There is none. Your own soul is as infinite as the soul of Deity. Oh, the Church has told you otherwise! The time has now come for you to shake off the shackles which Christianity has enforced upon you, and to be guided in your study of spiritual things by the light of common sense and reason, which burns within each human soul.

Q.—Are we not still individuals?

A.—Most certainly you are, and as we believe, you always will be.

Q.—Please, then, give us the difference between the soul of God and the soul of man.

A.—Again we say we perceive no difference. Your soul is like unto Deity; you cannot measure or comprehend it in full. It is too vast; too infinite, for human understanding, and yet you live under the law of distinct individuality; you are, so to speak, kingdoms of earth, heaven and hell within yourselves, and within the compass of yourselves are the cycles of eternity. What more can you ask? The Deity you will be able to comprehend only in part, is the Deity of Self. Sept. 2.

### Philip of Narragansett.

The Indian has found favor with your people here today. Pale faces! Philip of Narragansett pities you, though you have heaped insult and injury upon the heads of his people. Yet Philip of Narragansett returns to you after the lapse of years, in spirit, at a time when the thunders of civil war are filling the air and ringing in your ears. Ay,

the first born of your land are being sacrificed, and for what? For your good deeds? For your justice to the Aborigines of this favored continent? Ask of your surroundings, and Death and Discord in more than thunder tones will answer, No! Oh, ye American people! the wrath of the Great Spirit is now being visited upon you for your many sins.

Think you the red man or the black has been forgotten by the Great Spirit? Think you that the Great Spirit will not avenge the wrongs of such of his children as have languished in exile and bondage for long years? Think you, oh ye pale faces, that the Great Spirit has slumbered all these years? No. Think you the Great Spirit has no ears, and cannot hear? Think you the Great Spirit has no eyes, and cannot see? If you do you are mistaken. The Great Spirit has both ears to hear and eyes to see, and he has listened and seen the misery which the white man has heaped upon the heads of that portion of his children less favored than the pale-faced race.

The red man pities you! He sees the cloud that is settling upon your once prosperous nation. He beholds the darkness that is now coming thick and fast upon you, like a funeral pall. He beholds the doom of yonder beautiful capitol, within whose walls doth sit not in justice—it may be in judgment. He sees the downfall of your grand institutions, and your great wigwams are about to be sacrificed. And by what? The darkness and desolation of civil war. Pale faces, the red man pities you, and if it would avail aught, would lift up his spirit in prayer in your behalf.

Long moons ago, Philip of Narragansett listened to the thunders of war among his own nation, and looked, like you, to his kindred for aid in his hour of need. But, alas! the cry of the poor Indian was unheard, and Philip of Narragansett—like thousands of his people—laid himself down to die in the shade of his own forest home. But it hath pleased the Great Spirit to relieve the Indian from his exile. The red man is about to be resurrected. The grave is opened, and the red man wakes to life again.

Many moons ago, when Columbus first stepped his foot upon the soil of America, the Indian looked upon him as a God, and wept for him when he took his departure. And how have you requited his love for the discoverer of your American Continent? You have held to his lips your deadly fire-water; you have exterminated him, or driven him into the wilderness where the foot of the white man would scarcely dare to tread. But the Great Spirit is there, and he whispered to the red man, "be silent, for the time shall come when I will avenge your wrongs!" That time is now with you. Oh, white man, lift your thoughts heavenward for mercy and protection in your hour of deep affliction!

White man, listen, catch the sound, it may be of your own death-knell! Hark! have you ears? If you have not, the red man has. Death! death! for those who have wronged my people! Death to those institutions you have reared upon the graves of my people. White man, the Indian pities you. Sept. 2.

### Mary Adelaide Herrold.

There are so many who are interested in the condition of your nation, that those who are not so much interested in that matter, find it difficult to come here. But if I had not promised my friends beyond the waters of the Atlantic, that I would come here, I hardly think I should have come today.

My name was Mary Adelaide Herrold, and I was fourteen years of age at the time of my death. I lived and died in the city of London, where my parents now reside. I came to my death in consequence of being thrown from a carriage near Kensington Garden, on the seventeenth day of October, 1861.

I have manifested to my father at home through one who gave us his body for that purpose; but as the manner of my death was somewhat public, and my parents were somewhat in doubt as to the cause of it, I said, if I can, I will cross the water and speak to you through some American medium.

I lived as near as I can judge, about eighteen hours after the accident. My friends supposed I was wholly unconscious, but I was not, though not able to speak. My parents have three children left with them, all younger than myself; two little girls and one boy. When first I found I had full possession of this body, the sensations experienced were so nearly like those I underwent at the time of my death, that I feared I should be killed; and here I feared I should not be successful.

My father asked me a question at one time which I could not answer. I did not then know to what he alluded, but since then have thought that it must have been to an accident that happened to me when I was very small, between three and four years of age. The question was this. Tell me what transpired when you were of such an age? I thought of many things and places, but could fix my mind upon no one thing. Now I think he must have had reference to that accident I have just mentioned. I fell at that time—so I was told—I have no distinct recollection of the affair myself—and injured my shoulder, and drew my head a little one side, but I experienced no difficulty from that afterwards, hence never referred to it. I think he must have alluded to that.

I only come here to-day, to prove as well as I can, that I live still, and more than that, that I can return and speak with them; that I'm not always obliged to come near home, nor am I obliged to be with any member of the family, as my father and mother will see if they believe I came here, and I see no reason why they should not believe it. Sept. 2.

### Rev. Benjamin Colt.

I suppose you lay aside all party differences at this place, do you not? Certainly. Is there anything that you desire? Yes, I desire to convey a few thoughts to my family, if possible. [State them freely, and they will be taken down and printed, so that they will probably reach your friends.] My name was Col. Benjamin Colt. I lost my life in the battle, know I suppose, as the battle of Pittsburgh Landing. I am free to tell you that I was not in the Federal ranks. Does it make any difference? [You are still welcome.]

I believed that your much revered flag had waved long enough. I beg your pardon, sir, but I was honest in that belief; I believed it had represented what had not existed, namely Freedom and Union.

I am from Charleston, South Carolina, at which place I have a brother, a wife, three children and many friends. I earnestly desire to speak with my wife, if with no one else, and think there may be some possibility of my reaching her in this way, and informing her that I am in a condition to speak with her, whenever she may desire to hold communion with me. She as well as myself learned something about this Spiritual philosophy, before my death, and whatever is necessary for her to know with regard to getting into rapport with me she can gain from those friends who have assisted me in coming here to-day.

I have nothing to say with regard to the cause I espoused while here. The result I believe to be in the hands of God. I feel deeply interested in the welfare of my family at the present time, more particularly as I gave my all to sustain the ones I believed to be just. I did not expect to fall in battle, else I should have made some provision for my family before leaving home. But as it is, I am here and they are there. I feel that they are in God's hands, and I feel that he has appointed me in a certain degree to be their guardian angel.

I am told that there is yet a little difficulty in getting your sheet across our lines. I know nothing of that, however, but had I the power to make conditions harmonious while here, I should touch upon some points that would prove my identity to my family beyond a doubt. But as that is not in my power, I can give only such facts as I have already done. I thank you for your kindness to a stranger, and to one who was your enemy.

Perhaps it may be well to give my occupation. I was a minister of the Gospel, strange as it may ap-

pear to you that I should have so far seemingly forgotten my calling. I do not think I did forget it. I can but believe that our Father has used me and called me here for good. Good day, sir. Sept. 2.

### Alvira Clark.

It will be a year the middle of next month since I parted from my dear friends, since I promised to come here and report myself if the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism was true. One must be possessed of very great power and of a very extensive knowledge of the use of power, to overcome the many obstacles which stand in the way of those who would leave their home in the spirit-land to return to earth for awhile. We may desire very much to overcome the obstacles, and still not be able to, and thus we are obliged to wait until we have strength to do so.

I was a medium myself. The inhabitants of the spirit-world often proved themselves to friends on earth through my mediumship, and thus I felt sure there was reality in the spirit's return to earth, but I was not capable of conveying my belief to others. I desired that my friends should all be sharers in my knowledge of spiritual things, but I was powerless to cause them to believe.

I come here to-day with the hope to add faith to such of my friends as are pursuing their investigations upon the subject of Spiritualism, and to give faith to some of my dear acquaintances who have no belief in the philosophy of Spiritualism and scarce have a hope of a life beyond the tomb.

Much of my time has been passed in looking over my past life. Some of the scenes presented are not such as I could have wished them to be, but there they are all registered in my spirit-home, and I must be willing and bear not the slightest ill feeling at being obliged to revert to memories of however so unpleasant a nature.

My husband, dear companion, who is still wandering upon the planes of earth, I see sometimes enveloped in mist and clouds, and then again I see him standing out in the broad sunlight of heaven. That is when he is happy; but when he is sad and unhappy there are clouds about him, and I cannot approach and survey him. Oh, I would urge him to do his whole duty while upon the earth; not that he does not live a good life as the majority of persons do, but I would see those gifts of his soul with which he is endowed, exalting and lifting him above the crowd. And my mother, my sister, and my friends, I've a blessing and a thousand prayers for them.

My name was Alvira Clark. I lived and died in Quincy, Minnesota. I was between twenty-five and twenty-six years of age at the time of my death. [Were you clairvoyant?] I was sometimes. [Did the things which you saw in your clairvoyant state seem real or illusory to you?] They were real to me. [Are you, as a spirit, real?] Yes, sir, just the same as when I was here. [How do you now resemble your former self?] I think I bear a very striking resemblance to my own body, so striking as to render me recognizable to my friends, and yet I am continually changing, for every act of our body is represented upon our external spirit-body, and that change is constantly going on in the land of spirit, so we may be said to bear no one form. Should I desire to do you harm, that condition would be represented upon my external spirit-body. So you see that we as spirits change our forms precisely after the same fashion of your changing your garments just according to your internal fancy. We are told here that as the spirit advances and loses its hold upon earth that it begins to perceive it is infinite, that it is in reality confined to no one form or condition of eternity, but while the spirit is near earth and bound by the ties of love and attraction to it, it is finite or limited in its action, but as it approaches eternity, or grows out of the earth-spirit, it begins to perceive that it is Deity. So my attendants tell me here. Do you understand me? [Very well.] Sept. 2.

### SPIRITS.

When the last glories of the sun's red splendor  
Melt in the dull grey gathering of the gloom,  
The faded rays from eyes once brightly tender  
Light up my lonely room.

No intermediary incarnation  
Recalls the spirits of the beloved and lost;  
The gentle shadows, bearing consolation,  
Come when we need them most.

When the tired soul, oppressed by earthly trouble,  
With shattered wings droops feebly in the dust—  
When hollowest, frailest, seems life's foolish bubble,  
Those spirits whisper "Trust!"

"Trust as we trusted—trust through toll and trial,  
In the heart's sickness and the soul's despair;  
Trust as we trusted, strong in self denial,  
And comforted by prayer."

Regretful memory, and fond affection,  
These are the media that recall the lost;  
In lonely hours of sorrow and dejection  
They come, that spirit host.

They gather in their old familiar places,  
With wondrous meaning in their ghostly eyes;  
With tender smiles, and mild, reproachful faces,  
They teach us to be wise.

Teach us—the left behind—the broken hearted,  
With the strange wisdom learned in wider spheres;  
Reminding us how they, the loved departed,  
Regret their wasted years;

How, with eternal wisdom shining on them,  
They see all earthly riddles read aright;  
And humbly own the burden laid upon them  
Was meretriciously light.

So do they warn us of life's dim delusions,  
These pleading spirits; whispering to our souls,  
How through this world's worst trials and confusions  
One mighty purpose rolls.

One Hand, the web of Life forever weaving,  
Guides the small mystery of each separate thread;  
Strengthening the weak, upholding the believing,  
And garnering the mead.

Thus in the twilight speak these Spirit Teachers,  
These shadows melting dimly from our sight;  
Yet wiser far than any mortal preachers—  
"Wise with unceasing light."

So may they ever haunt us—lost, yet cherished;  
Cold though their ashes in funeral urn,  
That better, holier part that has not perished,  
The Soul, will yet return.

### IN "THE CEDARS."

What are you going to do with me, Time? You are going to crumble these tall, majestic cedars that I've loved so long; you are going to change the aspect of these scenes where my childish feet have rambled so often with that dear sister whose grave you scooped out so dark and deep on the wild prairie. Yes, and you are going to pale the hand that writes these lines, dim the eye that has worshiped these haunts, silver the hair that is now waving in the breeze. Yes, all this you are slowly working with your busy fingers.

On these old oaks, under whose shade my young head has so often reclined, you are surely, but imperceptibly working your devastating changes; but amid all your ruin and your glory over decay, I will dare you to annihilate the individuality of Irene! No, Time, glory in your power over earthly ruin, but to the spirit, you bring brilliancy and progression! How I glory in one achievement your withering fingers cannot claim! In spite of you, though you lay me beneath the blossoms, I shall survive your devastations!

Courage.—More physical insensibility to danger does not constitute courage. Nearly all brave men have been little organized, and therefore of nervous temperament. Cover was nervous, so was Bonaparte, and so was Nelson. The Duke of Wellington saw a man turn pale as he marched up to a battery. "That," said he, "is a brave man; he knows his danger, but faces it."

## THE WORLD'S CRISIS.

The time has about come for plain talk. Political demagogues will soon see, if they have not learned already, that no capital is to be made out of this war. They will soon begin to inquire how to save themselves as they now are and not how can events be so shaped as to better their condition. The hope of many to effect a union with the South, and overthrow the present Administration, is rapidly becoming a forlorn one. This is a war of waste, destruction and desolation; and though the people have been warned many times over, few have yet realized the terrible fact. The first great issue of the war—slavery—has been too long ignored, and the contest prolonged thereby. Other issues are yet to arise, and the sooner we meet them, the sooner the end will come; for politicians may as well undertake to stay the power of God, as to turn the events which overshadow this land. Revolution—radical and unmerciful—is overturning the old order of things, in order to bring forth a new condition. Many complain of the management of the war, and if it were a war for restoration, well they might complain, for such an end will not be attained. This is a war of destruction. It may not be pleasant to contemplate it in that light, but unpleasant facts often obtrude themselves upon our consideration, and ignoring this, will not stay the progress. No one can say but that our army is admirably adapted to this end. The man who talks about restoring the government to the position it was in before the war, is a deluder. The sun would have to rise in the west more than three hundred and sixty-five times to bring us back to that position, and it is reasonable to suppose that this will never be.

We have never yet, as a nation, lived up to the conceptions of our forefathers, as set forth in the Declaration of Independence, but meanly, selfishly and persistently ignored the great principles of humanity there laid down for our government, and become, instead of a great self-protecting people, mere individual money grabbers, and political gamblers. Nothing raises a smile of derision so readily upon the countenance of a member of the "influential" class as the introduction of the subject of human reform, or any scheme whereby the condition of mankind can be bettered. Persons who indulge in such ideas are openly and generally regarded and characterized as fanatics—disturbers of the public peace—in fact dangerous members of the community. To prove a man an abolitionist in the South, is to turn him over to the hangman—even in the Union army it is deemed almost sufficient ground for drumming out of camp—and here, in boasted freedom-loving North, there are thousands of men, holding high positions, who have so far forgotten the God of their being as to openly advocate the servitude of His colored children for political ends! How the world has stood thus long bearing upon its surface such an apostate race of men, will be a source of wonder in future ages. No race that ever lived was dyed deeper in black damnation than the American people are at the present time. Our sins are not the sins of ignorance. The grand liberty-inspiring conceptions of our forefathers are ever before us, telling us that all are free and equal in certain inalienable rights, such as "Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness;" and yet, we have men—leading men—who publicly stand up and advocate human slavery as a divine institution, and are tolerated by the people. Why does human slavery find advocates? The answer is found in individual interest alone. The planter is enriched by the ownership of the negro, and the politician seeks his ends through alliance with the great property interest! Are there any enlightened minds who can for a moment conceive that mere individual interests are paramount to the public good, and the natural rights of God's children? Is it not evident that if justice is the inevitable result of God's universal law, that a nation of slave-holders must sooner or later come to a terrible retribution?

But it is not necessary to discuss the cause, for the result is already upon us. Our country's boasted wealth and independence is in hands beyond human power—military power is not human. War comes from the transgressions of great natural laws as certainly as does an individual burn. Our nation is suffering from a great injury, simply because we put his hand down in oppression upon the weak where God had forbid him to lay it, and the injury has come, and he must writhe in torture until it is healed, which will not be until the cause is removed.

Human foresight has been at fault in all that pertains to this Revolution. At first it was regarded as a national quarrel, then a formidable Rebellion, but now it is in some degree regarded a Revolution. To-day it is as impossible to impress upon the human mind the events to be born from the womb of the coming year as it ever has been in the past. The sons of freedom are yet to be born, but the world will not believe it until they leap forth before the gazing multitudes in the shining garments of a purified world. This nation is groaning with labor-pains;—the offspring will at first be considered illegitimate—conceived through oppression, through blood and the sword; but the rising sun of righteousness will in time justify the means, for none other could bring forth a Saviour through our corrupt human nature. It has always been so. The red sun of the old world went down forever through war and desolation and the adoption of a new creed—the one that now must fall with the breaking up of the present political dynasty. At this point the contest will become most terrible. No longer will it be the South against the North but neighbor against neighbor, and kindred will join with kindred in the death struggle. These things must needs be before the Sun of Freedom can illuminate the world.

The events of the present war, howeversoever we may place them, are all in harmony with the divine plan as laid down in human nature. Man is brought to the condition of a little child before he enters the kingdom of heaven; and nations come to a diviner light only through the same law. Human power is always arrayed against God, and, therefore, necessarily must sooner or later fall. Whoever deplores the waning prestige of this government, has not a clear conception of the workings of the Divine Law which is raising man higher and higher in the scale of individual life. Human greatness has ever been based upon external conditions, but the time is coming in which man must stand upon his own merits, and hence, all external support must be taken from him. Nothing is so uncertain in the world now as property and power, hence mankind are looking for something else upon which to establish their independence and position. They who look in the right direction will find that in works for human good alone come permanent rewards. Man gains that which is enduring only from what he bestows, and not from that which he accumulates. This is the revolution in which the world is now turning. Heretofore, gain has been the predominant incentive to human action—gain for individual self, and by over-reaching, man has lost everything. The same is true with the nation. We had grown wealthy and powerful as a people, and just when we were most boastful, we began to fall—broken by our own inherent power. Competition and antagonism lead ultimately to dissolution; whereas, a people working for the interests of one another, growing strong in harmonious elements, and rise rapidly in the scale of being. This is to be the new order of things; but all old rubbish must first be cleared away; all institutions of oppression must be swept from the face of the land, and man must begin anew upon a new basis. The present war is clearing the way for all this to come.

Negro slavery has furnished the dark mantle that hangs like the pall of death over this Republic. Enslaved minds have seen it for a long time, and watched its gathering folds with earnestness and dread. They have seen, also, that those beneath its shadow were too thoroughly shut out from the light of heaven to bring to their vision a clear view of the overwhelming doom that was gathering upon them. Those who are still more ignorant, are in the distance the gathering clouds that are full of menacing standards that in time will sweep upon the world and cause it to shake to its very centre.

Those who conceive that they are guided by infallible truth are not prepared to go forward in the march of human progress. The wheels were blocked, with them, near two thousand years ago, and they will never yield their old position without a desperate struggle. The world, claimed to be infallible truth, furnishes arguments for the vilest and bitterest traitors in the South, as well as for those in the North who regard slavery as the consummation of all villainies. A record that supports such opposite opinions must cease to be the guiding text book for man. The doctrine taken from it, that man can only be saved by a being external to himself, and that the Father of the human family has placed somewhere in the universe a pit of endless woe for all those who do not conform to the letter of the Christian's creed, are alike demoralizing to human nature, and degrading to our conception of a Divine, loving Father, and must be expunged from the world before any great step can mark the moral advancement of the human family. To do this, a power more terrible in its recoil than that which negro slavery brings to its support, must be met by the world, and conquered. The Christian's text book is the supporter of human slavery. If God enslaves a large portion of his children in endless misery, why should not men enslave the bodies of the weaker race during their natural lives? Out of these doctrines has grown the tolerance of human slavery, and while they remain the cardinal doctrines of the enlightened race of man, there can be no system of oppression but what will find advocates and supporters among men. One universal law must become established as a basis of reorganization and human progress; and that is, that all oppression everywhere, either with God or among men, must be set aside as in violation of the Divine Decree, "Love thy neighbors as thyself."

To work out these results, terror, bloodshed and desolation, such as perhaps none have dreamed of, must come to the people of this land. Without the inauguration of a higher order of principles for the government and guidance of mankind, the present Revolution would bear no fruit worthy of the sacrifice. That the emancipation of the negro from bondage, and the release of all mankind from the bonds with which bigotry and superstition has for many years been binding and fettering the human mind, to make it subservient to the will of the Church—are to be the results of this revolution, the signs of the times most plainly indicate. The power of the Church consists in its popularity. Few enlightened minds believe anything in its dogmas, yet even among its own members. Its code of morals is very pure, and its general influence has been restraining and purifying; for, externally, it has advanced to keep pace with modern conceptions; but its doctrines of a vicarious atonement and of endless punishment are demoralizing; taking from man his highest incentive to live a life of purity and love to his fellow man, in teaching him that such a life avails nothing in the final account of salvation.

The churchman sees in the prospective abandonment of his creed, the direst calamity; so, too, the slaveholder contemplates nothing but ruin in the emancipation of his slaves. The slave is ripe for the change than the Christian, for the first already feels his bonds, while the last does not. The slave feels the necessity of being his own man, and working for himself; but the nominal Christian does not yet realize the importance of thinking his own thoughts, living his own life, and worshipping God in his own way. He has been so long told that some body else can do all this better for him, and prescribe better rules of conduct for him than his own depraved heart would dictate, that he yields readily, and perhaps feels that it is all right. He is a moral slave, made to feel that he has not even the privilege of saving his own soul, but must have it done for him in a prescribed way, which furnishes support for a priesthood. Negro slavery—the bondage of the body—has nothing in it so damning to the human soul, so benumbing to the moral faculties of man, as this great Church system, which is stronger rooted in our social organization, than negro slavery is in the South, and will require a more terrible and bloody revolution to eradicate it from the earth, than the slave system.

The world calls for freedom in the largest sense, but the Church stands at the door and says: "You can't go out except at the peril of hell." It is condemning, self-righteous, and ambiguous of power. Its foundation was laid down too long ago to meet the wants of the present age—is, in fact, further behind the progressive development of to-day, than Judaism was at the dawn of the Christian era. Such a system cannot be otherwise than an obstacle to human progress, and must, therefore, give way to the almighty power of God, manifest in the growth and development of the world.

That there may be a period of comparative peace between the events of the physical war in progress now, and the moral revolution that must inevitably come out of it, is quite probable, but the end is not the less certain; for, in fact, physical and moral progress are inseparable, being merely different conditions of the march onward of human destiny. This is an era that will be as interesting to contemplate in future ages, as has been that which marked the downfall of the Roman Empire, the extinction of the Jewish Nationality, and the development of Christianity. As the world is more populous now than it was then, so will its desolation be wider spread and more terrible, from the greater destructive perfection of the art of war. Every vestige of human authority and power will be crushed out, and the Divine elements of human nature will at last gain the ascendancy, and thus God will come into power and reign in peace and good will between man and man on the earth.

It is now over three years since these views were first imperfectly impressed upon the mind of the writer, viz: that we were then on the eve of a great and desolating war, and that before the end came, an entirely radical change would be effected in the organization of the government and the religious institutions of the world. Widely from all apparent probabilities as such ideas seemed then, it cannot be denied but that we are in the midst of the first scene of the drama now, and the unmistakable shaping of events indicate most conclusively that the next scene will soon be upon us. The Government must fall because it has not lived up to the conceptions of its founders, and the same is true of what is known as Christianity.

In no particular are the Divine conceptions of Jesus lived out in the Church. It has become a proud, condemning, illiberal and fatally conservative institution; seeking affiliation with the strongest and most popular party. Nowhere has its views been accepted as a criterion of the right upon great questions. On the subject of Slavery the Church has been divided, and now in this war, there are to be found among its clergy some of the most famous rebels; the North or South affairs. Though it may claim to have revealed to it "all the knowledge needful for man to know of things unseen," yet that knowledge falls far short of furnishing a guide to correct judgment and justice in human affairs. When the trial comes, the Church in the main will go with the so-called conservative class—the class who will advocate the restoration of Southern rebel to the rights of citizenship; and the return of fugitive slaves to bondage—for the sake of the Union. Without this return to the old state of things, the Church will readily see that its days of power are at an end, and it will be driven to the necessity of lending its support with the wrong; rather than to cooperate with the ultra radical religionist who has been the subject of its condemnation, and made disreputable by it so long. Thus it will go out with the old Republic, and furnish materials in its decay for a higher order of spiritual development.

With coming events, it will become necessary for the Government to seek the support of the radical class, and when this time comes, the hosts of thinking minds now apparently dormant, will rush forward to the standard of Freedom; and turn the balance of power against the conservative rebels who seek only political ascendancy at the expense of principle. As Constantine invoked the aid of the despotic Christians to aid him in the conquest of Rome, so the Christians have victory to Constantine.







**WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.**

Embracing the following subjects:—Objects of the Society  
—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted, All Truths by  
Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the  
State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme  
Being—Of Religion in General—Of the Sunday School  
Meetings—Of the Character of the Addresses—Of Spiritual  
—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Membership  
—Designation of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very  
neatly printed pamphlet, being the Report of the Committee  
on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. It  
is a document which will interest Spiritualists all over the  
country.

For sale at this office. Price 25 cents. Sent by mail 30 cents.