

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

{WILLIAM WHITE & COMPANY,}  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

{TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR,}  
Payable in Advance.

NO. 2.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. E. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

While she was talking, I had got out my thimble and needle, very happy indeed to do a service to Miss Hannah, and amply repaid by having some company this dull day besides the cat.

"I think Posey must have a cold time of it at the mountains," I said.

"Yes, poor thing. I can almost hear her saying, 'Oh, misse, die poor obble will perish,' but she will be at home in a few days. They keep her there to clean house, and see that the linen is all in order for another season, and Posey is so eager to make money, that she will suffer some for the sake of it. They hire her husband, too, at this season, as they keep up great fires, and Ned is a smart hand at chopping wood; he is a Yankee born, and does not feel the cold like his wife."

"How dreary it must be in the White Mountains at this season of the year—it makes me shudder to think of it."

"It makes me shudder to think of it any time. I have no idea of any pleasure in climbing mountains; it's all a fashionable humbug, and death on clothing. My brother Anson's girls have been teasing these three years to take a trip to the White Mountains, as they call it, but I will not give my consent. I say to 'em, 'Sit down to the west window and look at them high hills, and if you want to climb them, put on my old wash-dress and sun-bonnet, and go to the top of one of 'em, and come back with your hands and face all scratched and torn, and your legs as lame as an old man with the rheumatism, and then you've have had a mountain trip, as you call it.' Posey has caught the fever, living among the fashionables, I suppose, and the old fool will talk about 'Do glorious mountains—God's everlasting battlements,' as if she really went up there for the enjoyment of the thing. They call her a famous cook up there, though for my part, I never considered her extraordinary, and so they make a great pet of her. She has presents enough to amount to as much as her wages."

"I suppose from what my husband said, she is trying to pay for her farm."

"Yes, and she has nearly completed paying for it; she and her husband together got a hundred dollars in money for the visiting season, which lasts only ten weeks, and this with the wages for six or eight weeks afterwards and the presents, make it very easy for them to pay for the farm."

I had never seen Posey, though I had a great curiosity to do so. She was originally a slave in Florida, and came with Maurice's wife, at the time of the latter's marriage. Within a few years she had married Ned, a smart, industrious, free negro, and they had bought a small farm about three miles from the village. Being somewhat noted as a cook, she had obtained a place in one of the White Mountain hotels, where she usually spent the summer, and was often kept as late as November, as she was very efficient help in other departments besides cooking.

"Is it possible you are on the second shift, Mrs. Perry?" said Miss Hannah, "how fast you sew, and they are made nicer than I can make them."

Now, my forte was sewing, and I was glad that Miss Hannah was candid enough to give me due credit.

"I can do them all easily, Miss Hannah, and now suppose as there is a good fire and hot water in the kitchen, that you make some starch, and thus have them all ready to iron in good season."

The idea pleased her, and though I shrunk from having my pantry and kitchen scrutinized by those sharp eyes, I was glad to do her a favor.

Just before tea-time, Maurice came in to bid me good-by, and was quite surprised to see Miss Hannah so familiar in my kitchen. He accepted the invitation to remain to tea, and while Miss Hannah was preparing it—for she begged me to continue my sewing—he told me that he was going to Florida on business, and would be absent some weeks, perhaps months.

"But there is war raging now," I said, "between the whites and the Seminoles. Are you not afraid to venture?"

"No," he said, "my mission is peaceful," but never since I had known Maurice, had he appeared so sad, absent-minded; and when he was not speaking, I noticed at some moments an appearance of anxiety and trouble.

It did not escape Miss Hannah's observation, and she said to me in the kitchen:

"The Squire is in some trouble, I know; don't you see how he falls to thinking as soon as you stop speaking, and did not you see the newspaper drop from his hands?—he was n't reading, I fancy—and then he takes a pinch of snuff oftener than usual."

I was not so observant as Miss Hannah, but in some other way, I can hardly explain, I was sure that Maurice was in perplexity of some kind; but when he rose to bid me adieu, his graceful manner and kind adieu led me to wish that I might know his trouble, and alleviate it if possible. I was sorry he was going. I should miss his social visits during the coming winter evenings.

His hand was on the handle of the door, when the sound of carriage wheels was heard, and in a mo-

ment afterwards a gentleman was admitted. He was a stranger to me, but he and Maurice met as old acquaintances, though with a little reserve, I thought, on each side. When my brother introduced him as Mr. Evans, I recognized the name as belonging to the representative of our district in Congress. His business was with Maurice, and he opened the conversation by saying that he had ridden twenty miles in the storm to see him before his departure.

"I have learned by letters from Washington," said he: "of your mission to Florida, and I could not let you depart without urging you to make some effort to have justice and peace in that distracted territory."

"Our government is doing all in its power for that purpose," said my brother. "I have great confidence in the President, and especially in the Secretary of War."

"I have my fears," said Mr. Evans, "that we have done great injustice to the Indian tribes there, and that years of bloodshed and war are to follow. You go to St. Augustine? You have, if I am rightly informed, connections who have influence and position there? Not far from their own doors, two chiefs are in close captivity—thrown into dungeons, when they came to our army under the protection a flag of truce. Such things are a disgrace to our government, and I would gladly find some way to wipe out the stain."

Mr. Evans spoke with some warmth. Maurice was slow to reply, first taking out his snuff-box, the contents of which both gentlemen seemed to enjoy. "If I understand the subject," said Maurice, "these chiefs have been roaming the territory, carrying terror to all the white inhabitants by their deeds of blood, butchering men, women, and helpless children; such men should be summarily dealt with, and I doubt whether the rules of war among more civilized people should be applied to them."

Mr. Evans was a large man, with massive, regular features, a dark, but mild eye, broad, high forehead, thin hair, very thickly sprinkled with gray. He was somewhat of a contrast to Maurice, whose features were delicately chiseled, and complexion fair as a woman's. When in repose, Mr. Evans's face was rather heavy; but, when in conversation, his features lighted up, and were very expressive.

"Let me explain," said he, "for I have lately investigated this matter. An aged chief, King Philip, has been for some time imprisoned in a prison at St. Augustine. He has a son, who is also a chief, and a noted warrior. Now the old man wished to see this son, and expressed this wish to his captors. In reply, they promised to send for him. When the message reached this tribe, in some of the swampy recesses of the territory, there was doubt and hesitation among the warriors. They feared the treachery of the whites, and did not like to trust their chief in the hands of the enemy. But the chief himself was fearless, and taking with him a finely wrought bead pipe as a peace token, and a beautiful white plume as a present to the American General, he started for St. Augustine, to see his father. As he hoped, he was cordially received; the General accepted his presents, and gave him others in return. He was then requested to go back to his tribe with negotiations of peace, and return in ten days. Punctual to his promise he returned in the time stated, bringing with him another chief and one hundred warriors. They encamped near St. Augustine, and kept the white flags of peace constantly flying. They had perfect confidence in our officers. But suddenly, by a concerted signal, armed troops surrounded the whole encampment, made prisoners of them, and disarmed them. They were then marched to St. Augustine, and imprisoned in the ancient castle. A sad change for them from the wild freedom of their savage life to the desolate prison."

Mr. Evans told his story quietly, and in simple words; but his massive features expressed more than his words. My own indignation was moved, and involuntary I exclaimed:

"Can it be that our government will sanction such perfidy?"

Mr. Evans turned to me, and I noticed then, for the first time, his fine expressive eyes.

"I fear," said he, "that they have already sanctioned worse. We forget that the Indian is a man, and should be treated as such."

Maurice's face was bland as ever; I wondered that he was not more moved, but he merely said:

"Mr. Evans, there is another side. Had our own wives and children been tortured, scalped, burned, torn in pieces by these human devils, we should hardly be inclined to mercy if we had them in our power. But I will see General Jessup. I will obtain the facts, and perhaps his representations may place the story in a different light."

Mr. Evans shook his head.

"I have been looking into these matters, and the more thoroughly I examine the more am I convinced that great wrong has been done to the Indians. Let me beg of you, as a friend, to throw your influence on the side of a different policy—defend the rights even of an enemy."

Here Sidney came home. I knew he must be tired and hungry, and the next half hour I devoted to him in the dining-room. The conversation continued in the adjoining room, Mr. Evans's voice growing louder and more earnest; Maurice's never rising above that low, musical tone, almost lulling in its sweetness. On my return, the subject had changed, and Mr. Evans was giving an interesting account of some debates in Congress. I was highly entertained, and when they departed, I had forgotten the storm without, and the gloom of the morning. It is often so in life—a stray sunbeam peeps from between two clouds when you are least expecting it.

"Sidney," said I, almost as soon as the outer door closed on our visitors, "I never heard you say anything about your brother's wife and her Florida friends. Do pray tell me all you know about them."

I thought it strange that since our marriage he had never, unless the subject was introduced by others, mentioned Mrs. Maurice Perry, and now I asked:

"Did not you like her, Sidney? Was there anything strange or disagreeable about her that you avoid her name?"

A strange look passed over Sidney's face; the muscles seemed distorted. "I was afraid I had stirred unpleasant memories; but he answered quickly:

"Oh no, she was one of the loveliest women I ever saw. You would have loved her. Do not you recollect her portrait in the last room?"

"Oh yes, a fair, sweet face, most lovely to behold," I said. "It must have been a change from her pure sunny Florida to this cold land."

"No doubt it was; but if you wish to hear Miss Florida's praises, and her picture painted in bright word colors, you must visit Aunt Posey. She had nursed her from her infancy, and when she died we feared poor Posey would never survive the loss. Her subsequent marriage and the birth of her own child were all that saved her life."

"I find myself quite eager for her return," I said, "and intend to make her a speedy call."

"She came in the stage this evening," said Sidney, and her broad, shiny face was radiant with delight, as the stage drew up at Warner's. "Oh, Mr. Sidney," said she, as I shook hands with her, "after all, Burial is my earthly Canaan. I love to go up Nebo and Pisgah, but like the old patriarch, I'm happier in the green valleys by the river-side."

"This is quite fanciful."

"There's a whole mine of poetry in her great soul, but it has never been wrought."

That night I resolved that I would make Posey a call the first pleasant day. I had certainly a great curiosity to learn all about Maurice's wife.

#### CHAPTER III.

The storm had passed, and one morning in November I was awakened by the bright light of the sun streaming in at the eastern window. The air was clear and frosty; the hill-tops were sharply out in the distant horizon; the sky, a deep blue, and everything gave promise of a fine day—such a day as we sometimes have in our New England autumn, when it is a luxury merely to exist.

There is no time of the year when a walk is so exhilarating, and as I put on my shawl and bonnet for a ramble, I thought of Aunt Posey, and bent my steps thither. My way ran by the side of the river, which was swollen by the late rains, and poured a broad, full stream over the milldam, the waters flashing and sparkling in the sun, as if freighted with a cargo of diamonds. On the other side was a bank which had been rich in flowers, but now I found only a few hardy golden rods, and some little blue star flowers that the frost had kindly spared. Now and then a bluejay picked the seeds from the mullein stalks; and flew lightly along on the lower branches of the trees, as if it were sure of an autumn lease on the premises.

There were many little houses and some shops on the river side, and children out at play by the sunny side of the buildings, and cows, too, that stood ruminating in the warm spots like good household mothers resting awhile from their daily duties, and studying the family comfort. But I soon passed all these, and came to the pastures on one side, and the little corn-fields and meadows that skirted the river on my left. Now I came to a narrow road running through a piece of woods on my right—there were pines, hemlocks, and a few maples. How sweet and cool this would be in Summer. Now, the sun does not penetrate here, and I feel a little chilly and wrap my shawl close around me, and walk faster. I hear a twittering among the trees, and there is a red squirrel, with a nut in his mouth, running along the stone wall. What a pretty, easy little thing you are. There, you stop and look at me with those little round eyes, and then run on, saying by your looks—'Catch me if you can,' and there is your brother up on the tree eating his breakfast, and flinging the nut shell down at my very feet, as if squirrels were never caught and eaten, or sportsmen never seen in these parts. But I fancy the cunning creatures know a bonnet from a hat, and a gown from pantaloons—they're not afraid of a woman, not they."

As I emerge from the wood I come to a clearing, and a little white-washed house and barn. There are the remains of a flower-garden, and up the sides of the windows morning glories have been twined; the strings and seed pods yet remain. There are some young fruit trees too, near the house, and one or two shade trees from the old woods have been spared, left just where they would shade the house from the Southern sun, and have a picturesque effect, too. The door of the house is open, though there is a large fire on the hearth (that's not Yankee thrift) but it is healthy comfort at this season. The first object I perceive, is a little child, lying down on the floor, gazing at the fire, the very picture of "taking one's ease."

A step further, and I see on one side of the fire a woman, sitting very still with her hands clasped on her knees; and she, too, like the child, looking into the fire; but there is something in the attitude, though I can't see the face, that does not speak the content of the child; attitudes have their expression. That can't be Aunt Posey, for the hair is long

and straight. My step rouses her; she turns, and I meet the face of the dark woman that I had met a week before at the village post-office. I involuntarily shrank back, for I remembered that look, and dreaded to meet it again. But no, there is no such look now, but the whole expression of the face is one of deep sadness, almost despair. Not the look that most of our race have, however, when in trouble, as if appealing to you for sympathy. No, there was something in this woman that bade me keep my distance. I felt it as much as if she had said at once, "My sorrows are my own, meddle not with them." She did not attempt to recognize me, nor did she move, but fixed upon me a penetrating glance, as if she would read my very soul, and there was a response within me, which said—"Read it, my poor woman; it is guiltless of naught toward thee, but a wish for thy peace."

Another inmate was roused by my step on the threshold, and came to meet me. I knew Aunt Posey at once. She realized the ideal which I had formed of her from Sidney's description. She was quite fleshy, with a full, round, good-natured face, that seemed to say the world had gone well with her. She wore a very gay turban, large rings in her ears, and gold beads that looked very bright in the folds of her sable neck. She had on at this time a gay colored calico, and together with her pleasant smile and warm welcome, was quite a picture of cheerfulness.

"I'm glad to see you, ma'am," she said, as she shook warmly my offered hand. "I knowed at once who you were, 'cause Mr. Sidney 'scribed you to me, and when I heard you sing in prayer meetin' last night, my heart warmed towards you right away. You sung it so soft and sweetly like:

"Come all ye weary souls oppressed; that I could n't help the tears a comin'." I was right in the corner behind you. But walk in and take a seat. You must be tired if you've walked all the way from the village; the quality ladies don't walk much in these parts; but dear me, if they could only see the autoeracy up in the mountains, they'd maybe find out what legs and feet were made for. There, sit down there if you please," she said, as with one hand she lifted the little contemplative urchin from the floor, and dropped him into a basket in the corner, from which his bright eyes peered at me in wonder, and with the other hand she shook up the cushion of a chintz covered chair, which chintz was radiant with great yellow butterflies and red roses.

"There now, you're pale, and aint strong, I guess; but I know something will make you feel better," and she disappeared through a trap door in search of this mysterious something.

What a contrast is always to be seen between the dwellings of the Irish and those of the African race. As far as my observation extends, the former have no idea of household comfort. To have enough to eat, and hoard their gains seem to be the great objects of life; their homes are always bare, cheerless and dirty. But the blacks delight in a profusion of creature comforts—and revel in gorgeous colors, loving flowers and sweets and music and sunshine. Aunt Posey's kitchen was filled—no order or system, but bright colors made the disorder somewhat like the gay picture of the kaleidoscope. The window sills were full of broken pitchers, and earthen vases, containing flowers, among which the large double marigold prevailed; overhead were rows of out pumpkins, yellow as gold, in the warm air drying, and strings of red peppers, while round the looking glass were festoons of bright red berries, and above, asparagus branches with the fruit still hanging to them. In one corner of the room was a small table covered with white dimity, ornamented with deep netted fringe; on this table lay a large Bible and Hymn Book. Various Scripture pictures, gaily painted, hung on the walls; among them in strange contrast, was a group of flowers, most exquisitely executed in water colors; lilies of the valley, English violets, moss rose buds and snow drops, most artistically grouped and richly framed. I promised myself a more minute examination of the little gem at another time. Meanwhile the room itself was a study, with all its bright colors, and its quantity too, of pots and stowpans, wash tubs, churn, &c., &c.

But the strangest object there was the silent figure in the corner. "Who and what is she?" I kept asking myself. She had n't moved since I came into the room, but satisfied apparently with the long gaze she had given me on my entrance, had since then kept her eyes fastened on the fire. Her long black hair hung over her shoulders and upon her back, while thrown loosely around her, like a blanket, was a black and red woolen shawl. I noticed as she clasped her hands on her knees, that on one finger was a jeweled ring. I am not skilled in gems, but I was almost sure that nothing but a diamond could have that sparkle. If so, a princess might be proud to wear it. The more I studied the profile of her face, the more haughty and stern it seemed, and darker was the gloom that rested upon it. I could not keep my eyes from her, though it made me feel strangely nervous. I wanted to hear her speak. I thought I could judge by the tones of the voice, if there was that utter hopelessness at heart which the face expressed. I was about to ask her some question concerning her letter, when the little imp in the basket rolled over upon the floor, taking the basket with him, and hitting his head pretty hard, while at the same moment, and just as I sprung to release him, Aunt Posey's turban appeared at the trap door.

"Halloo! honey, did it roll over? Never mind, mamie will cure it," and she set down the bottle

which she held in her hand; and catching the youngster, gave his wool a good rubbing, and his face a hearty kiss, and then holding him on the hip with one hand, poured out a glass of currant wine with the other, and handed it to me on a neat little waiter. It was delicious, as was also the cake which she afterwards produced, and I noticed that she handed them also to the silent woman in the corner, but the only notice given in return was one decided shake of the head.

"How is Mr. Sidney now?" said Aunt Posey; "he has n't been himself since he had the fever?"

"I remarked that he was not quite as well, the late bad weather having affected him unpleasantly."

"Does he cough any?" she asked.

"I was obliged to acknowledge that he did 'a little,' just a very little, only a slight hack."

"And he's thin as a shadder," she added. "He must try and flesh up before Winter comes, or the cold wind will find its way to his bones. I must nurse him up a little. He thinks a great deal of Aunt Posey's syrup, and I'll make him some this very day."

I told her that he had expressed a wish for some. Her eyes brightened.

"Yes, yes, when he was a little-boy he used to come to me when he was sick, and say, 'Aunt Posey, I want some of your syrup, but none of the doctor's stuff.'"

I stopped a few minutes in Aunt Posey's garden where a few autumn flowers still lingered, some brilliant marigolds and asters, that had defied the autumn frosts. The old woman waxed eloquent in praise of her gourds and pumpkins, of which she had a great variety. One huge pumpkin she offered me as a seat while I eat some early apples, she, in the meantime, sitting upon the grass, with the toddling little black fellow playing somersets around her. I ventured to ask Posey who her strange visitor was.

"I don't wonder you ask, ma'am, for she aint like any of our folks about here, and she pears strange like now, after her long, wearisome journey. She is one of my old Florida folks, and kinder belongs to the family. She came when I was up to the mountains, and was mighty disappointed not finding me at home. You must n't mind her strange looks, leastways, if she shows them to you, for she has a grudge agin the family, and she can't help showing it, for she's Indian, you see—most all in dian."

"But why should she look so fiercely and strangely toward me when we first met, and were strangers?"

"Perhaps, ma'am, you were not such a stranger to her as she was to you—maybe she heard your name."

I remembered, then, that Mrs. White called me by name when she asked me to translate the letter.

"Was she a servant of Mrs. Perry, in Florida, Posey?"

"Servant, ma'am! The like of her are never servants, and yet I think she has served some of them well. No; my mother was a slave in her father's family—that is, they bought her with their money—but she was more child than slave. I must be kind to Nehah, for she was good to those I loved. She is stern and cross now, but she has had trouble, oh, so much trouble, ma'am, that your heart would ache could I tell it to you—sometime perhaps I will. But see, she watches us, and suspects me of talking about her."

Posey gathered me a few flowers, and I walked home, wondering all the way as I went why Nehah should have any grudge, as Aunt Posey called it, against our family.

I asked my husband at dinner; he seemed to feel very little interest. In the subject, merely saying that his brother Maurice had spent much time in Florida, and had some business in adjusting the Indian claim, and might have given offence to some of the chiefs, and the feeling had extended to their families. This seemed a partial solution of the mystery, but still it puzzled me, and, as I was much alone, I found myself thinking of Nehah, and wondering why she was here. It is sometimes wrong to allow the mind to dwell upon one subject in this way, for trifles are magnified, and a morbid state of feeling is produced, which is far from agreeable.

Whenever I introduced the subject to my husband, he as invariably turned it, and seemed to wish to know the matter altogether. I began to think he knew Nehah's history, and one day I abruptly said:

"Sidney, did you ever hear of this Indian woman before this Fall?"

This question took him by surprise. He was agitated, and his lip quivered a little as he said:

"I never saw the woman. I cannot say I have never heard of her, for I believe she was connected, in some way with my brother Maurice's family."

He had no sooner spoken than I noticed a pallor about his lips, and then a conching-fit commenced.

"Oh dear," said I to myself, "I always speak when I ought to keep silent. What is the use of annoying my husband with this matter? P'll not trouble myself any more about the woman!" A wise resolution, if it could be kept; but I remember hearing a good many say that he was exceedingly annoyed by having a silly song running in his mind. On Sunday, and after trying in vain to put it away, he went out into the woods and sung the words till he was heartily sick of them. Now, the more I tried, not to think of Nehah, the more she seemed to stand before me; and if I awoke in the night, that fierce, bitter look was bent upon me, and her form was over my pillow. But I sternly resolved never to mention her name. It was well for me, perhaps, that a little incident occurred just then to divert my



attention from the Indian woman, for such I had learned to call her.

I was busy one morning in the breakfast-room, watching the egg-glass, that our eggs might be cooked to just that point which my husband liked so well, when the door opened suddenly, and the brightest little fairy that I had seen for many a day stood before me, or rather she didn't stand but rushed up to Sidney and threw her arms around his neck, raining kisses in rich profusion. His eyes sparkled, and I saw that he returned the embrace with equal favor.

"My own dear Uncle Sid, how glad I am to get back again to you. I came late last night, and I could not wait to see you till I had eaten breakfast, and I wanted so much to see my new aunt," and before I could receive a formal introduction the little rose-bud lips were pressed to mine.

"There, I knew I should love you. Father said you were n't handsome, but you were something better, and he was right. Please love me, because I haven't many to love, and it is so cold and lonely over home."

There was something bewitching in the young girl, and on my side it was really love at first sight. I knew it must be Fanny, our brother Maurice's only child, and I was aware of the affection Sidney bore toward her.

"Indeed, I will love you," I said. "Your uncle loves you so much, that I could not do otherwise than follow his example."

"Do you, uncle, though?" she said. "Oh, that's delicious! Do you know, auntie, I used to wish he was n't my uncle, (that was when I was a little wee thing, and he petted me), then, when I grew up I would be his wife—he was just my ideal of a husband."

"But your ideal has changed a little," said Sidney. "I'm afraid you would have broken troth."

A crimson blush covered cheek and brow, but she answered quickly, though with a look which suddenly became grave.

"I'd never break troth, Uncle Sid, you know I never would," and the little head with its wealth of curls was thrown back, and the tiny lips closed firmly, indicating a strong will in the little body.

"Come," I said, "we'll break eggs; they are among the few things that are better broken than whole."

"Oh yes, I'd like to stay to breakfast. I suppose Aunt Hannah will scold, but never mind; I shall come to see you as often as I wish, if you will only let me. I do not love her, though she is so wonderful kind to me, for, do n't you think, she wrote me that Aunt Mary was well enough, she supposed, in her way, but she was a pale little woman, with wonderfully high notions, and not the kind of wife Uncle Sid needed. I knew she had always said that such a gentle, retiring gentleman ought to have a dashing, energetic, showy woman—in short, her niece Rosetta, with her flashing eyes and black curls, but uncle had another idea of a household divinity."

When we were seated at the table, I took the first moment of repose to look at Fanny and see what she was like, for one might as well attempt to describe a bird in the air as the girl in her excitement. Now, I could see that she fulfilled my husband's promise of beauty. She had deep blue eyes, shaded by long, dark lashes, so much like Sidney's, that one would know they were related. They inherited them from Fanny's grandmother, for they were the same eyes that looked out so lovingly from the portrait in the parlor, which was so sacredly treasured. But though she inherited the pure complexion and blue eyes of her Northern relatives, she had, instead of their calm, cool temperament, the impetuous, warm blood of her Southern mother. Her lips were red, and her cheeks rose-tinted, indicating what was the fact, that she had never known sickness. She was petite in form, lithe in limb, and unaffectedly graceful as an infant. Aunt Hannah said that she was terribly quick-tempered. Perhaps so; humming birds are said to be, and I fancied she would be like one, if excited.

She had just come from boarding-school to spend the vacation at home. "And only think," she said, "pa (pronouncing the word with the flat Southern accent) has gone, and had n't time to write me a letter. What should I do, Uncle Sid, if you had n't married? But now we'll have nice times, auntie? Do you ride horseback? or, do you skate? and do you like a good novel on rainy days?"

"Do you expect an immediate answer to all your questions, Fanny?" said my husband.

"There, now, Uncle Sid, do n't be solemn this whole vacation. I have been trying hard all the term to be good. My teacher says I am impulsive and hasty, and what's the other big word? Oh, not 'reluctant' enough. What does that mean, auntie?"

"That you have n't many secrets, Fanny."

"Well, that's true; and there's nothing wrong in that, is there?"

"I never have any," I said, smiling, "and think the fewer we possess the less trouble we have," glancing, for I could not help it, at my husband. He saw the glance, I know, for I understood now the expression of his face, and it was one of pain. Reader, did you ever give pain to one you loved, really and truly loved with all your heart? And yet, were you not driven on by some demon to do that evil thing? Have you not, with pitiless cruelty, wounded again and again the already stricken deer?

Am I alone—am I the only wife that for cause slight as was mine, has made a husband, loving and affectionate, written in agony? I would I were alone in this, for then would I be alone in the after suffering—suffering as sure and as stern as the vilest tyrant could desire. Ah me, the cup is bitter, but I drank it to its dregs.

I am digressing. How light it was that sunny winter's morning at our breakfast-table. We had caught a sunbeam, and it danced and floated about us, a thing of light and joy that it was, till our hearts were gladdened by its presence, and as for myself, the coming of Fanny was a harbinger of happiness.

"Now, I'll go home," said Fanny, at the close of breakfast, "and sit down with Aunt Hannah, and praise the warm cakes she's making purposely for me. Beat to keep on the right side of her, is n't it, uncle?"

"By all honest and lawful means," he replied. She looked earnestly at him, as if puzzled to interpret his answer; then her eyes suddenly brightened.

"Oh, ho! I know what you mean. You think I ought not to deceive her even about so small an affair as breakfast. I remember, now, your rigid rules in that respect. Why, auntie, he don't think there's such a thing as harmless deception. Now I do n't agree with him, do you?"

"That is quite a difficult question in ethics, Fanny. I should like to have it solved."

"We'll have the Gordian knot cut, Mary," said my husband with a smile, "and agree never to be guilty of an act of deception."

"That will be an easy task for me," I said quickly.

"We'll seal the agreement with a kiss," he said; as he bade me good morning, and then went out of the door with Fanny. I watched Fanny as she tripped lightly along the narrow path through the meadow, and saw her disappear in the sunset porch; then I turned back to the breakfast room, and like a neglectful housekeeper, sat down to think awhile, instead of washing the china, as I ought to have done. Oh, these day dreams! They are good for nothing, worse than that, often vanity and vexation of spirit. But I was so glad that Fanny had come home, and I was instinctively weaving a very bright future for her. Sidney had told me something about a cadet at West Point who had already lost his heart, and he feared Fanny had it in her possession. But she was young, too young for this, and I wished now that she might be developed into the woman that she was capable of becoming, before love dreams should disturb her peace. Of one thing I was sure, I loved her already, and I was thankful that our first impressions were mutually pleasant.

Our house was lonely no longer in Sidney's absence. Fanny was there most of the time; if I was preserving fruit in the kitchen, she was by my side, tying up the jars; or if I was making cake she would beat the eggs and frost the loaf, making, with her dainty ways, everything look so pretty. Many a nice little supper we improvised to give Sidney a surprise, and then while we sewed we took turns in reading. Fanny was in that poetic age of girlhood when Moore and Byron are so delightful, and while I regretted the idolatry, I would not rudely knock her idols down. I listened, as her musical voice wafted the sweet rhythms toward me, now trembling like the chords of an Aeolian harp, and then almost hushed by the tears that fell.

I had once a serious attack of this disease, and knew all its phases. I remembered when I could say with so much fervor:

"I know not, I ask not,  
If guilt 'tis in that heart,  
I know that I love thee  
Wherever thou art."

My little birdie, I could see, was mounting upward into that ethereal, never dreaming but she could continue her flight till she ascended high above all cloudland. Poor thing, I had a prophetic vision of broken wings, and the archer's angel mark. But I contented myself with a very quiet, little sarcastic remark now and then, at which the blue eyes would look off the book, and turn wonderingly toward me. I meanwhile sewing away, looking very unconscious and grave.

She had read through Lallah Rookh and Childe Harold, and performed a wonderful amount of singing, and shed not a few tears, and had made numerous extracts, when I proposed one night to read "Scott's Lady of the Lake."

"Yes, auntie, if you say so; but it seems to me I'll not like it as well as Byron. I have never read his Manfred yet."

"No, nor never will, I trust."

"Why so? Do n't you read it?"

"I never have, simply because my father requested me not to do so."

"Why, auntie, were you always so obedient?"

"My father was so gentle and kind I never had occasion to be otherwise."

She sat for a moment looking earnestly at the fire, and then turned suddenly toward me and asked:

"Do you think that we must always obey a father's command? Are there not cases when it would be right to disobey?"

"Very few, I think—in your case and mine. I cannot conceive of its being right to disobey any command which might be laid upon us by our parents; surely so kind a father as you have ought to be obeyed implicitly. I believe there is no command the breach of which is so surely punished in this life as the fifth."

"I heard from father last evening," said Fanny, "and he sent a message to you," and she opened and read: "My love to sister Mary; tell her that I entrust you to her care till I return, and I hope she will not let you go far astray."

"I thank him for his confidence; with my husband's help we will not let you wander far. A willing step is easily stayed."

"Oh, but, auntie, I am sometimes very wayward and headstrong."

"Ah, on what subjects?"

"Oh, only when I wish to have my own way. For instance: Aunt Hannah's daughter will be at our house to tea; she is coming in the coach this afternoon, and I ought, I suppose, to be at home and treat her politely, and play the hostess, but I dislike her, and so I am going to stay here."

"Right or wrong?"

"I think it right."

"Do you? Why?"

"We are not obliged to entertain disagreeable people if we can get rid of it; indeed, I think it is our duty to avoid it, if possible. Then I revolt from playing the agreeable to Miss Rosetta, and I want to show her that I like Uncle Sid's choice, and am rejoiced that she is not his wife."

"And so make her dislike me the more, increase her mother's prejudice, and altogether make us quite unhappy, and for what reason? Just to gratify your self-will a little."

"Why, auntie, how you lecture me to-night. I see that you will uphold uncle in all his stern ideas of duty. I had hoped to find an ally in you. You are so warm-hearted and loving I thought."

She stopped suddenly and turned her eyes to the fire, as if to find there the words she sought.

"Thought what, Fanny. I am anxious to know what you thought I would do or approve that my husband would not."

She started up, threw her shawl over her shoulders, and tied on her little blue silk hat.

"Not now, auntie, I'll not tell you now; but I'll go home and be very polite to Rosetta, and instead of irritating, will soothe her wounded heart. Poor thing! if it were really disappointed love I should be sorry, but I think it was only disappointed ambition. Good-by for to-day; kiss me and call me a good girl."

"You must call me good, for advising you to go when I shall miss you so much."

She looked round the room. It was rather sombre just then with its low ceiling, its dark paint, and the shadows of the old trees shutting out the parting sunbeams from the narrow windows, the coils upon the hearth alone giving a faint glow of red light.

"Indeed, indeed, auntie, I think you must be lone-

ly when Uncle Sid is not here. It's pleasant enough here in summer, when the doors and windows are open, and the old lawn is green and bright, and the lilacs and roses are in bloom; but in winter—oh dear, it makes me shudder to think of the days when I used to come here and play with Alice Smith. Her mother was always so gloomy, and looked so stern and hard. She was jealous of her husband, and lived an unhappy life. She used to sit by that window, near the old elm, and sew, sew, never speaking a word to us excepting to say, 'Alice, it is bed time'; and then Alice would go in, and I say, 'Good night,' and then she would kiss us, and draw a deep sigh. Always that sigh! After the kiss that sigh. I should always have associated kisses and sighs but for my mother and Uncle Sid. Young as I was, I remember mother's kisses; she had a sweet little mouth, and when she kissed, her eyes looked so bright I felt the kiss all over, and was happier for an hour. Then Uncle Sid—shall I tell you what his kisses are like—I suppose you do n't know?"

"I would like your description."

"In the first place, he kissed but seldom. I do n't believe he ever kissed anybody but mother and myself, and perhaps you."

"Thank you; go on with your description."

"I can only compare it to an act of worship. I always feel when he kisses me as if it were homage paid to womanhood. Do n't you know he has a wonderful reverence for woman?"

"All true and good men have."

"So I have heard, but uncle has a man's love and a woman's tenderness."

"What do you mean by man's love?"

"Oh, stronger, more enduring than woman's."

"Nonsense! Did you get that from Byron or Moore?"

"Neither of those poets taught me that. I learned it from experience and observation," and my little fairy drew herself up, and looked as if the wisdom of the Sybil was embodied in her little form.

"Run home now, darling," I said, "you can say nothing wiser than that; run right home, I say, without another word," holding my finger up threateningly.

A very serious expression spread itself over her beautiful features, and the tones of her voice were low and gentle, but very earnest, as she said:

"Only one word, auntie. Whatever you may think of men in general, Uncle Sid's love is deeper, more enduring, more long suffering than any woman's can be; he loves you, and you are blessed among women."

Having finished this long sentence, or rather delivered this oracular syllabic message, she ran out of the room, and was tripping through the meadow path before I had time to recover from my astonishment, which was as great as if the pretty face had been but a mask which had fallen off and left the gray hairs and calm, reverend face of the minister of Burnside.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

#### THE MOTHER'S VISION.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

"Art thou sleeping, O my mother!  
Outworn with grief, art thou?  
To speak to thee, sweet mother,  
From the graveyard where I rest."

"I cannot rest in quiet,  
Though my grave is dark and still;  
For a cold air creeps around me,  
And my shroud is damp and chill."

Up rose that mother lonely,  
The ghost-dream in her brain—  
With the spirit-light she seeth  
Her little child again.

A vapory flame, like moonlight  
When muffled by a cloud,  
Wraps the baby as she standeth  
By the bedside in her shroud.

"Creep, darling, to my bosom,  
And lay thine heart on mine;  
Its throbbing blood shall warm thee:  
I'll give my life for thine."

"Oh! never more, sweet mother,  
May I lie upon thy breast,  
But from my grave I come to crave  
That thou wilt give me rest."

"All day and night so dreary,  
I hear thy moaning still,  
And thy deep sighs breathing o'er me;  
Mother, they make me chill."

"All day and night so dreary,  
The tears soak through the mould,  
And on my shroud come trickling—  
They make me damp and cold."

"Oh! great love, self-denying!  
The mother hides her woes  
Within her aching bosom:  
To give her child repose."

Soft fades that pale, cold vapor,  
As boreal lights at night;  
And the little babe so fades away  
From the mother's straining sight.

And ever through the lone night  
That mother watched in vain  
For the spirit of her lost one  
To stand by her again.

And ever, when the grief-drops  
From her fountain-heart would rise,  
She crushed them ere they trickled  
In tears upon her eyes.

And ever, when the wailing  
Of sighs rose in her breast,  
She choked it back—to break her heart,  
But not her loved one's rest.

Now, when a moon had circled,  
Lo! in the solemn night  
Came a vision to that mother,  
Filling the room with light;

And a voice, like trickling waters,  
So soft, so sweet, so clear,  
Floods all the dreary silence,  
And fills the mother's ear.

"Sleep on, thou patient mother,  
No more with grief oppressed,  
Untroubled now, and sweetly,  
Thy little one takes rest."

"He that for ever giveth  
Rest to his children dear,  
Sendeth to thee this vision,  
Thy loving heart to cheer."

Awoke that mother lonely,  
As passed that voice and light;  
But she knew who stood in glory  
Beside her bed that night.

The angel of her little child  
The message had given—  
One of the angels that behold  
The Father's face in Heaven.

According to the "Arithmetic of Fashion," two glances make one look, two looks make one sigh, four sighs make one walk, three walks make one palpitation, two palpitations make one call, two calls make one attention, two attentions make one fool (sometimes two), two fools make one flirtation—plus two bouquets, equal to one engagement, equal to one marriage.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### "BELL-APOEMA."

BY WILFRED WILLEKE.

Oh! they dug him a grave on the mountain side,  
Where the tall trees bend and shiver,  
And the breezes sigh through tall, rank weeds,  
By the banks of the dear mountain river.

With a silent step and with muffled drums,  
And eyes that were dim with weeping,  
They bore him on from his mountain camp,  
To the couch for his last, long sleeping.

Silent and sad, in the twilight dim,  
While the soft night-winds were sighing,  
They gazed on the grave where their noblest one  
In the arms of death was lying.

Slowly and sadly they heaped the turf  
His brow and his bosom over,  
Then left him asleep on the mountain slope,  
With earth for his last, warm cover.

Silent and sadly they turned away,  
Not one to another speaking;  
But the throbs of grief—like the river's waves—  
Over each heart were breaking.

The foeman knew in the next wild fight,  
Where the fires of death were burning,  
The fierce despair which nerved the hearts  
That were well nigh crushed with mourning.  
Gaulay Bridge, Va.

#### Original Essays.

##### A NEW RELIGION.

BY EDWARD E. FREELAND.

A great prejudice exists in the minds of many advanced and thoughtful persons even, against anything which seems like an attempt to revive religious institutions, even though they be embodied upon new and sufficiently broad principles. A rooted distrust of the influence of priests, though they be of a new and liberal kind, is visible; and a dread of the anti-progressive tendencies which, it is thought, must necessarily environ any established religious body. That the prejudice and the distrust are well founded, in view of the history of the past, is not to be denied. But I shall be able to show, briefly and simply, that the conservative and anti-progressive tendencies of the religious sects of the past resulted, not from anything inherent in the nature of religious organizations, but from a too narrow view of religion, and an attempt to circumscribe it into insufficient formulas.

All Religions, and all religious sects of the past, have been established upon the basis of certain fundamental principles affirmed as true. Each Religion has believed that its principles were not only true, but that they were the whole truth in relation to Religion, and hence that anything which contradicted or affirmed the opposite of the truths which it promulgated, must necessarily be false. It was the business, therefore, of the votaries of any Religion to propagate the truths embodied in their Religion, and to oppose, with equal zeal the discovery or unfoldment of new truths, either not contained in their articles of faith, or those that seemed to militate against these.

Religious institutions were, hence, inevitably the conservative, hold-back element in society. For the very essence of progress is knowledge, and knowledge involves the continual discovery of things previously unknown; and, therefore, the constant modification or setting aside of that which has formerly been held as truth. It is this modification or setting aside, which the Religions of the past and the present are concerned in opposing; for the things to be so modified or shown to be erroneous are those which are a part of the faith of the Religion, and to admit the new revelation is virtually to discredit the old. Hence, by a very natural, and upon the past basis of Religious Organizations, very necessary instinct of self-preservation, the Church of the Past of whatever creed, has been the foe to knowledge, the fosterer of ignorance, and the enemy of progress. And this because it was founded upon the principle of devotion to a few truths only, and made no provision for the incorporation of the new ones constantly being discovered; nor for the expunging of that which progressing knowledge proved to be false. Based upon revelations made in the infancy of the race, and starting with the assumption that those revelations were infallible, they were forced to battle with that advancing intelligence which continuously pointed out the error of statements which a less enlightened age, with great plausibility considered true.

The anti-progressive tendencies of the religious institutions of the past, were not, therefore, inherent to Religion itself, but were the result of a too narrow religious basis. They were not based upon devotion to the whole truth, but only to that portion of truth which they especially represented. The need of our day is a New Religion, which shall be devoted to the whole truth; whose creed shall be devotion to the discovery of all truth, observational, intuitional, and intellectual, and its application in society, for the social, material, and spiritual advancement of mankind.

Such a Religion will reverse in its tendencies the Religions of the Past. Instead of being necessarily the antagonist of intellectual progress, it will be the inspiring cause to renewed achievements in the field of science, and to more strenuous efforts in behalf of the enlightenment of the ignorance of the world. No Organization ever yet existed based upon so sweeping and comprehensive a platform—the new Catholic Church excepted. True, the adherents of every form of faith will tell you that they are earnest seekers after truth, are devoted to it; but what they mean is, that they have the truth incorporated in their creed, and that they are devoted to that Truth and their own beliefs are synonymous terms with them; and any attempt to interest them in a new truth, which would necessarily cause them to modify their beliefs, or to abandon some cherished doctrine, would meet with cold consideration, if not with active repulsion. This is true of every Organization in the past, as well as of all now existing. There is not now, and never has been upon this planet, any body of individuals organized for the purpose of an active prosecution of the discovery of truth in all spheres and departments of the universe.

Neither in Religion, nor in Science, nor in Government, nor in Social Investigations has there ever been an Organization which started from the untrammelled basis of an unprejudiced, perfectly receptive mind, desirous of proving all things, and holding fast that which was good. Science has its narrowness and its bigotry, as well as Religion. The last men in the world to accept

new scientific truths are the Scientists. It is said, that there never was a physician in England, who was over forty years of age at the time of the discovery, that ever admitted the truth of Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood.

This is but an illustration of what occurs with every new discovery of an important or revolutionary character. Scientists men proceed in their investigations, setting aside as error or aberrations, things which are incomprehensible to them, or which transcend to any great degree the ordinary course of Evolution, as in the case of Spiritualism, Mormonism, Shakerism. These are all assumed to be errors, without investigation into their causes or their significance.

Religion, on the other hand, does the same. It starts from a basis assumed as authoritative, as the Bible, the Koran, the Vedas, and interdicts as the worst of crimes, any attempt to inquire into the truth of the authority, or the precise value of the revelation. Neither in the case of the Scientist, or of the Religionist, is there evinced that higher and more truly religious spirit which seeks to draw from every source in the universe, the truth, the whole truth, and to be at all times, and upon all sides, receptive to its influx. From the failure to do this, from the persistent efforts of Religionists, (in their devotion to their segment of truth), to prevent the investigation of the basis upon which their Religion stood, we have seen the Church in the past, standing as the representative of arrogance, intolerance, and error; perverted entirely from its true function of an inspirationist of truth, to become instead a propagandist of the worst of untruths—ignorance.

Refusing to investigate the truth, denouncing all who dare to investigate it—that has been the position of the Christian Church in the past, and is of the Christian Church to-day, where it has any vitality. Professing to be the guide of the people into a knowledge of the way of truth, no sect within its pale has ever yet undertaken, in a critical and unbiased spirit, to examine the validity of its claim to a knowledge of truth. It stands to-day with the first step toward a certain knowledge of truth, untried, and is hence infidel to the truth, while the great truth-seekers whom it has continuously branded, and, when it dared, scourged, the great Atheists and Infidels of the past and present, whose devotion to truth made them opposed to a church which disregarded its first elements, stand out in grand proportions as truly, devotedly religious beings.

While dealing thus plainly with the facts in relation to the Church, we are not touching the noble character or the devoted lives of the great body of Religionists of all classes. Goodness depends, as far as the individual is concerned, upon the motive of action. If this be good, then does the person challenge our deepest reverence, even though through ignorance the results of his actions be, as they very often are, productive of injury to others. That the Religionists of the world have been, as a class, men and women of the most pure intentions and most earnestly bent upon doing good, I firmly believe. I count them as the preeminently unselfish and devoted ones of earth, and hold them in most loving sympathy; nor have I any respect for that worst form of bigotry so rife among reformers, which, able to see only the errors of Religionists, can perceive no beauty in the devotion of those who, living in less enlightened ages, were necessarily plunged into errors which we escape, and this through their very desire to do good. The bigotry of reform which, in denouncing one error slides into its opposite, which confounds conditions with motives, and judges of the intention by its estimate of the value of the specific act, and which while censuring those who in times past could not see the truth which they now see, is just as blind to the truth in advance of itself; this bigotry and its supercilious sentimentalism are more truly repugnant than that sturdy sort which came of an overmastering conscientiousness forcing the individual to pursue the paths which it deemed right, regardless of the results. Bigotry is the result of ignorance; and while we may even admire it in the children of an ignorant age when we find it arising from the loftiest motives, yet when we meet it in our own light-burdened time, it falls upon us with a saddening shock.

While rendering, therefore, my tribute of glowing reverence for the strong saints of the world in all ages, in all countries, and of all faiths, the point I wish to make prominent is this. That the very devotion of Religionists, when given to the sustaining of anything less than the whole truth as it exists and as it is successively discovered, must of necessity make such devotees a partisan of certain truths, and an equally strenuous opposer of new truths which may modify or supersede the old ones. While, on the other hand, a Religion based upon belief in the necessity of a thorough investigation of all possible sides claimed as truth, must necessarily reverse this tendency, and make such a Religion the forerunner of the race into all truth and all harmony. Such a Religion starts with no prejudices, no preconceived opinions, which it is endeavoring to bolster up, no foregone conclusions of what must be. If the Bible claims to be the inspired word of God, the first step in the way of truth is to thoroughly investigate that claim by every faculty which the race can bring to bear upon it, and in the light of such investigation let the truth be found. If Science claims to have made a discovery which invalidates the statements of the Bible, let the same method establish the truth. With the world imbued with devotion to such a Religion the discovery of truth would advance prodigiously; while imbued with the desire of applying these new discoveries for the welfare of the brotherhood of the Human Race, the solution of the problem of human social well-being cannot be far distant.

With such a Religion we advance, for the first time in the history of the ages, into an unselfish era. The prime teaching of all Religions, in the past of the Christian, the loftiest of them all, has been to secure first the salvation of your own soul; after that to look out for others. Let us away with this sublime selfishness. The age demands a nobler, a loftier, a more God-like inspiration. Let us save humanity first and foremost, and in saving it secure our own upliftment. The grander instincts of this age upon the bribe of salvation purchased by a life of spiritual devotion to self first; and the Religion which offered it, as its highest gift, is rapidly losing its hold upon the age which is above it. Material selfishness, spiritual selfishness—both within it that they put self first and humanity last; these are not the teachings which have power to arouse the world and call it back to its estranged allegiance. The earth needs a new and a still higher Religion. What shall it be? Can there be a loftier than this conceived of? A Religion which lays aside all preconceived opinions, all pet plans, and devotes itself earnestly, unflinchingly, wholly to the discovery of a



truth, wherever it may be, to the end that by such discoveries we may learn the true laws of life for the individual, for the family, for the community, and may with singleness of purpose and in the spirit of boundless love, apply the laws so known to the rescue of humanity from its poverty, its ignorance, its spiritual destitution, and may create a heaven of happiness, where the regenerated human race may dwell together in love and bliss, and realize the long-predicted day when there shall be no more suffering nor death, but a new heaven and a new earth shall be radiant with love to God and love to man.

## VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY CONNECTED WITH THEOLOGY.

What is life? What is eternal life? We all love life, and aspire to higher measures and more enduring life. Life is an emanation from the Deity, and the quantity and quality of life depends not on the infinity of Deity, but upon the form, organism or capacity of the recipient of that emanation, whether that recipient be a vegetable, a moss, a lichen, a reed, a palm, or a sturdy oak, or a clam, a worm, a bird, a lion, or a man, a man or woman of cultivated intellect and pure heart, or an angel of light, a cherub, or a seraph, or a man or woman of corrupt, vicious heart and depraved moral capacity, an idiot or a demon.

Now, to rise to higher grades of life, to develop to the highest possible degree the human, moral and intellectual capacity, let us begin at the foot of the scale, the lowest order of organized beings, and gradually ascend the ladder step by step, until we arrive at ourselves, and know what manner of persons we are. And if we listen attentively to the instruction thus derived, and meditate thereon, we shall find ourselves further up the scale of being than when we commenced, somewhat enlarged in capacity to receive the divine infusions of life.

Let us examine the material universe by which we are surrounded, with which we have to do, and of which we form a part.

Naturalists arrange the physical elements in three grand divisions: The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal. Our subject at this time is the wonders of nature in the vegetable kingdom. Definition: It is difficult accurately to define a vegetable, or to discriminate between a vegetable and an animal. In their extremes they are quite unlike. No one can be at a loss to discern the difference between an oak and an oak. The one has consciousness and locomotion, the other is firmly anchored to the place of its nativity. But this definition will not hold good as the two kingdoms approach each other. The trailing sea-weed, the sea lichen and many plants, float from place to place, and occupy different places of abode, have much of locomotion, while the coral, the oyster, the barnacle, and whole nations of marine animals are permanently fixed to the place of their birth.

A vegetable is an organized body susceptible of growth, development, propagation and decay, but apparently without organs of sensation. It cannot be positively asserted that vegetables are without consciousness or feeling of pleasure and pain, of hope or fear.

Many plants evince thought, forecast, and wonderful sagacity. I do not say that plants think. I say they exhibit much evidence that they think and act from motive. If plants do not themselves think, God thinks in them, and for them, and thus manifests his existence to the confusion of atheists. There is a certain something in every plant, which, for the want of a better name we call the living principle; by that something, all germination, growth, development, life and propagation are carried forward, exhibiting as much evidence of design, purpose and consciousness, as the most wise and talented man could exhibit if his intellect was encased in just such an organism as that of the plant. What is that living principle in the vegetable, governing its action, unless it be the living God, who alone hath life abiding in himself?

The vegetable kingdom is distributed into divisions, classes, order, genera and species. There are about forty thousand species in America. More than three thousand species of flowering plants are described in the manuals of botany. I have myself analyzed about two thousand species. There are three great grand divisions of plants: The Acotyledonous, the Monocotyledonous, and the Dicotyledonous. These are as unlike each other in their character, growth and formation, as they are unlike the animal or mineral kingdom.

The one great object of the plant, or of the living principle of the plant, the theme of its thoughts, cares, loves and labors, is the increase of its race, the multiplication of its species. In obedience to the original divine command—to be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the earth—plants received the divine projectile impulse from the Creator's hand, when first in the garden he strewed them. That Divine force still impels them forward to spread the fair, green carpet o'er the desert earth. Let us now contemplate them as intelligent beings, attempting to multiply their kind; for, whether they are, or are not intelligent, there is no other way to study and contemplate them understandingly.

Plants have two different methods of increasing their kind: by continuation, and by reproduction. And between these two they have an ample field of choice to elect which, or change from one to the other at pleasure, or as contingencies may require. Continuation is effected when a slip of the twig, or limb, or a branch of the root, or any part of the plant except the seed, is separated from the parent, and becomes another tree or shrub. This new shoot from the trunk or root of the preceding plant is but a continuation of the same individual, although that continued individual may be growing in a thousand localities. It is really a part of the same, and will feel the effects of old age, though of but a single year's growth, just as much as the parent stalk from which it was separated.

If a slip be taken from an old apple tree, and be planted in a new locality, however young that slip may be, it is still as old as the parent, and will give evidence of age and decay. If we may suppose a tree capable of living just one hundred years, and no more, and a green, growing slip be taken from that tree, on the ninety-fifth year, and planted in a new locality, however carefully protected, it would expire of old age in the fifth year.

Potatoes are usually cultivated by continuation. The potato is but the root, not the seed, of the former crop. This is one cause of disease, deterioration and decay of that most valuable plant. It is but an inferior creature, liable to disease, and ready to die of old age. To this fact I had called attention as long ago as 1851, and before the potato was

been heard of. Obtaining new potatoes directly from the seed in this country would not entirely remove the evil, for disease has become hereditary. A partial remedy might be found by importing young potato seed from South America.

Some plants, from their particular structure and organization, can keep up existence and multiply by continuation a long, a very long time, even a hundred or more years, or as long as any single individual might live, but no longer. Some plants can survive by continuation but a very little time. The capacity of a vegetable to sustain and multiply itself by continuation is just in proportion to the probabilities that the seed will not be formed or will be inadequate in quantity. Any particular vegetable will increase or diminish its tenacity of life by continuation as local or accidental circumstances favor or obstruct the formation of seed.

The potato has increased its tenacity of continued life in this climate, because the seed, though sometimes formed in the ball, is very liable to be destroyed by the severity of the winter, and has no friend to protect it. But in South America, its native home, where the seed matures, is preserved and readily springs again, the root is much smaller, and can continue but two or three years without decay. If the flowers and top-most leaves of the potato be moderately trimmed, not so as materially to obstruct its growth, but sufficiently to prevent the formation of seed, the roots at the base will be increased in quantity and quality. If the top grows rank and luxuriant, with an abundance of balls which mature the seed, the root will be smaller, and less valuable.

O, ye that believe in no God; tell me who gives information to the root of the potato, that the seed is in danger; that the root must lay up store for the future; that instead of sending up all its fluid to ripen the seed, which is lost, or about to perish, it must retain that nourishment by continued existence, until a more favorable opportunity to make seed. It is that living, thinking, intelligent principle, and that living principle is God in the potato vine. The grasses and the grains are good examples of these wonders. When they are permitted to ripen bear heads full of seed, and thus secure the existence of the race, then they care little for the root. The nourishment is carried up, and just as the seed is maturing, finishing up its growth, ready to become independent of the parent stalk, then the root, obedient to the voice of the spirit within, yields the last particle of life and nutriment to ripen the seed, to set out the young child for its future voyage of life. Then the parent plant yields up the living principle, the spirit within, and dies. Her mission is accomplished; her work is done; she has no further need of continuation.

But if the fowls of heaven have stolen the grain before it was mature, if the insect has devoured it, or robbed it of nourishment, rendering it abortive, or if the grazing herd, or mowmen's scythe has cut down seed and stalk, then the alarm is given; the danger of extermination is sounded, and the root attempts continuation. The nourishment elaborated and intended for the seed is counter-marched, and directed to manufacture more root, more turf, more fibres, more outspreading runners to try again in different localities, dig deep, hide from the cold of winter, migrate, start at a new point, and struggle for a perpetual life by continuation. The breath of Jehovah is in the grass. As you walk the meadow, God's voice is heard beneath your feet; he is there, at work.

Who has not noticed in the autumnal field of corn that some barren stalk near the outer skirt of the platt, where no seed was growing; that barren stalk remained green, and its roots were yet alive after the fruit bearing stalks having finished their work, had yielded up the spirit of life which was then quiescent in the seed. That barren stalk, conscious of its failure, was holding on tenaciously to life, to make another attempt, failure though it be, to bear seed. In the milder climates of the South, such efforts are not always failures, but a second growth can sometimes be obtained from the root of corn.

The water willows form their seed in such a manner, being dioecious, that they are very liable to fall in the effort, and in compensation for this disadvantage, they are gifted with great tenacity of continuation by the root. Farmers well know how difficult it is to exterminate that shrub by cutting it down, for the root will spring again. Who appreciates the willow root of the danger to the seed? Who bids that root penetrate deep, seek a watery place, pump up moisture, lay up a store for future use, and hold on to life by continuation? It is the living principle; it is an intelligent principle; it is the Prince's Jehovah in the bush, and the bush burned with life, and the bush is not consumed. In the case of most of our forest trees, if the woodman's ax fell them to the ground, some little time before the seed is matured, the stump will shoot forth with many sprouts, and being conscious of the failure, makes an effort at continuation.

But if the tree be felled immediately after a copious maturity of seed, the stump and roots and sprouts will die. I have often observed a tree, and even a limb of a tree, fatally injured by the wind by being barked, or other casualty, a little before seed time, and that tree, or that limb would bring forth vasty more fruit than its fellows, throwing all its energies into the seed, and expire in a very few days; and in some of the briar family in a very few hours. The Lombardy Poplar in this country exists alone by continuation, never having been able to produce seed in America; hence it is an old tree, it is but one tree, all having sprung from one twig.

Notwithstanding all this tenacity, continuation is not of choice, but of necessity. It is a case of emergency, compelled by force of circumstances. It is a creative provision for accidents and violence. Continuation in the vegetable kingdom is celliary. It is a bachelor's life, a bleak, lone solitude, and must sometime die out.

The great grand choice of Nature is reproduction by the seed. The waving boughs, the moaning wind, through the leaves, the heaving, tiny, budding blossoms, all cry out, "I do not love solitude, let me be married, bear children and leave a posterity." To have offspring is the great, grand voice of Nature—it should be heeded.

When a plant bears seed, and that seed is fully ripe, and ready to leave the parent, it is a new being, an independent identity, and starts on its own career of existence. This is not continuation, but reproduction.

Some vegetables reproduce once only in their lifetime, and then die. They are called annuals. Such plants usually produce a large amount of seed at that time, as in the case of corn, and most kinds of grain. Some plants require one year to mature the root, and stalk, and a second year to reproduce by

the seed. These are biennial plants. Winter wheat is making an attempt at biennialism.

By preventing the seed from maturing, many biennial plants can be partially converted into continuations for a number of years. Most shrubs and trees can reproduce by seed a great number of times.

In these cases the quantity of seed at any one time is far less in proportion to their bulk, than that of annuals, or biennials. Such plants are called perennials, and survive the bearing of seed. But a very copious production is often the cause of their sudden death.

Here then, is the great, grand struggle in the vegetable kingdom, to propagate its kind, and here is the great marching and countermarching between continuation and reproduction; now ordering the provisions, and munitions of war to one post, and now to another, as they are more or less needed, or as dangers and emergencies require, now transporting to the seed, to put in rations for a long voyage of life, now ordering them back into the store house of the root, for continuation, now sending out to construct or repair, now building bridges for transportation, now mending a gap there, now dressing a wound here, and all for the love of producing its species. The Vegetable World is the kingdom; Jehovah is the General and Commissary; the Plant is the field of his campaign.

## SIN.

BY WARREN CHASE.

No word of three letters in our language has caused more mistakes, cost more preaching, or produced more misery by being misapplied, or misunderstood, than the one at the head of this chapter. Webster says sin is a "voluntary departure of a moral agent from a known rule of rectitude, or duty prescribed by God." This is simply absurd and made like many of his definitions, for the theological schools and students, without the least regard to reason or philosophy, or even common sense. What are the known rules of rectitude, or duty, prescribed by God? Who shall answer? Which priest? Which Bible? Which human being? Who is God's interpreter? Who shall translate his language? But let us follow Webster a little further: "All evil thoughts, purposes, words and desires." They must be voluntary, of course, and thoughts and desires never are. But who shall decide which are evil? The priest of course. But which priest? Will any one do? One of our country, or any religion? But I will leave this string of absurdities and contradictions, as I am often compelled to when following Webster for the real and ideal roots of words.

Sin may be philosophically defined to mean a contact, or conflict of an intelligent being, with law, or with another intelligent being. As it is confined to intelligence, it cannot be found in the animal kingdom; and as sin implies responsibility and accountability, it must of course be voluntary; and as thoughts and desires never are, therefore there can be no sinful thoughts or wicked desires more in man than in beast, whatever they be, and whether scaled high or low by our standard of morals or religion.

There can be no voluntary contact, or conflict, of a finite being with an Infinite; therefore there can never be a sin against God. No mortal ever did or ever can sin against God. Fakirs, barbarians, slaves to creeds, and the ignorant, superstitious and fanatical may prate about sin against God, and attempt to define it, but they will never agree, and the enlightened understanding will reject the whole as a scheme of priests to govern, convert, and make slaves of the masses through fear of God and his judgments. Man's accountability to God comes in and through his own soul, and there, and nowhere else, must the account be settled with God, for there, and only there, is the accountability to God.

Having trimmed off these theological excrescences, we come now to consider what sin really is, and what it is not. No involuntary act, or motion of mind, or soul, or body, can be sin or sinful. No voluntary act of a finite being, which he or she does not know, or believe, to be contrary to, or in conflict with, or in violation of the rights, interest, welfare, happiness, security, or prosperity of him or herself, nor any other being, can be a sin. When these are all thrown out, sins are limited to a narrow and appropriate sphere, and may confine the preaching against sin to voluntary acts of one finite being, knowingly against the interest of itself or another. For a human being to sin against itself, would be to sin against the Holy Ghost, or his or her own soul, which is the Holy Ghost of that person; and never should be sinned against, for such sin is not forgiven in this world, nor the world to come. Such scars remain a long time, and reach often far beyond the confines of this life.

Whatever we do against the laws of our own being and its growth in beauty, purity, strength, knowledge and wisdom, or against our own nature, which God has planted in us for (not his) glory, is sin against the Holy Ghost, and no person or power out of us can forgive or pardon it, and hence it cannot be forgiven in either world. It is of the highest importance for us to know the laws of our own nature and growth, and then to rigidly obey and enforce them, regardless of the opinions and theories of others, for they never will conflict with the interest or welfare of others, and in this country we should seldom be interrupted in carrying them out.

The second quality of sin, and the only kind left, is the voluntary trespass of one person upon the human rights or interests of another; but it is so exceedingly difficult for one person to know what another knows or believes, that we can seldom decide when a sin has been committed by another. Hence, Jesus said, "Judge not at all, lest ye be judged;" but he taught forgiveness of these sins, of course by the injured party, for no other could forgive them. Such sins can be forgiven in this world or the other, and forgiveness is much the better course for the injured party, for, as some old poet says in a rough way:

Revenge an injury done  
Would be making two rogues  
Where there need be but one.

Thus sin narrows down to two kinds—the sin against ourselves (Holy Ghost sin), which cannot be forgiven, because the injured is the guilty party and cannot forgive himself; and second, sin against a neighbor, which he or she can (if good enough or Christ-like) forgive, but of which a third party can seldom judge safely, because we can seldom be sure he or she did it voluntarily; and we can still more seldom know that he or she knew it was against the rights or interest of the injured party. We may know the law and our neighbor may not. The best standard we have for avoiding this sin is

to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. This was Confucius's standard, and it was adopted by Jesus, and is preached by most Christians and practised by very few. But even this would not always be agreeable. My Chinese neighbor would make me a dog or rat soup to dine upon, by this rule, and wish it in return; but it would be unpleasant to me. A member of a tribe of black barbarians in Africa would give his Christian white visitor his wife for a lodging companion, as a token of respect, but the Christian would hardly reciprocate, even if his wife was more a slave than the black man's wife. We can define what sin is, but it is impossible to determine who are sinners, and hence forgiveness is best.

## THE MAGNITUDE OF THE FIXED STARS.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

Having in a previous article attempted to give the reader some idea of the distance of the fixed stars, in this one I shall endeavor to present what is known respecting the magnitude and the mass of some of those distant luminaries which twinkle in the "azure bosom of night."

It cannot be said that we have much knowledge of the absolute magnitude of the fixed stars. The earlier astronomers supposed that the apparent diameters of the fixed stars of the first magnitude were equal to two or three minutes of arc. Tycho Brahe estimated the apparent diameters of the first magnitude at two; those of the second at one and one-half; those of the third at one and one-twelfth; those of the fourth at three-quarters; those of the fifth at one-half; and those of the sixth at one-third of a minute of arc. After the invention of the telescope, it was discovered that the most of this apparent diameter was due to irradiation. Galileo succeeded in showing that the apparent diameters of stars of the first magnitude, could not exceed five seconds of arc. The astronomer Horrox, first remarked a phenomenon, which showed that the real apparent diameters of the fixed stars are indefinitely small. In 1637, he and his friend Crabtree, observed an occultation of the Pleiades (seven stars), by the moon, and they saw that the apparent diameters of those stars were so small, that they disappeared behind the dark limb of the moon, instantaneously, to their perception. Horrox, therefore, concluded that the apparent diameters of the fixed stars, are so exceedingly small that they could not be measured.

For some years, astronomers were misled by diminishing the aperture of the telescope, and thereby giving the stars spurious diameters, amounting to five or six seconds of arc. But succeeding astronomers continually reduced the apparent diameters so much, that it was concluded that Sirius, the brightest of all the fixed stars, had an apparent diameter of only one-fiftieth of a second.

Sir William Herschel devoted considerable attention to the subject of the apparent diameters of the fixed stars, but even he was unable to effect any measurement upon which he could rely with any confidence. He, however, reduced the observed apparent diameters to a fraction of a second. On the 22d of October, 1781, he observed the bright star Alpha Lyrae, with a power of 6450, and having measured the apparent diameter as it appeared to him, he found it equal to 0.9553, being the parallax of the star, as given by M. Struve. (See the table in the article on the *Distances of the Fixed Stars*.) This apparent diameter gives the real diameter of Alpha Lyrae equal to one hundred and forty-eight times that of the sun—this latter being eight hundred and ninety-five thousand miles. This, very probably, far exceeds the truth.

According to the experiments of Dr. Wollaston, on the light of Alpha Lyrae, as compared with the light of the sun, the latter yields us as much light as one hundred and eighty thousand millions of such stars as Alpha Lyrae. From this, it is concluded, that the intrinsic splendor of Alpha Lyrae, is about seven times that of our sun. Similar experiments give the intrinsic splendor of Alpha Centauri about two and a third times that of the sun; while the intrinsic splendor of Sirius, is proved in the same way to be equal to sixty-three, like our sun. This, then, will account for the great splendor of Sirius in our nocturnal sky, while it is yet so remote.

According to calculation, the mass of the central star of the two which form Alpha Centauri, (it is a binary star,) is about nine-tenths that of our sun. The sum of the masses of the two stars composing sixty-one Cygni, appears to be about eighty-five hundredths of the mass of our sun. We thus conclude that the masses of the principal fixed stars are not probably vastly greater nor vastly less than the mass of our sun.

## LARGE ARMIES.

The following facts, culled from ancient history, may be of some interest at the present time:

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 men and 40,000 chariots.

The army of Trerah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 800 chariots of war. Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 sothe-armed chariots. 1491 B. C.

Hannibal went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 8,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated, 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet, led by Regulus against Carthage, consisted of 830 vessels, with 140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet numbered 350 vessels, with 160,000 men.

At the battle of Cannae there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthaginians 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these, 70,000 were slain in all, and 10,000 taken prisoners; more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men. Nium, the Assyrian king, about 2,200 years B. C., led against the Babylonians his army, consisting of 1,700,000 foot, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men. Semiramis employed 2,000,000 men in building the mighty Babylon. She took 100,000 Indian prisoners at the Indus, and sunk 1,000 boats.

Sennacherib lost in a single night 185,000 men by the destroying angel—2 Kings xix: 35-37.

A short time after the taking of Babylon, the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 4,000 chariots armed with scythes. An army of Cambyzes, 50,000 strong, was buried up in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylae, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of

servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 6,283,820. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000. Ten thousand horses and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

When Jerusalem was taken by Titus, 1,100,000 perished in various ways.

The force of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodorus. Arrian says the Persians in this battle lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

## FOREBODINGS.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—The following was written some weeks ago under a strong impression from some source, but considered too highly exaggerated for publication. Present events seem to indicate the possibility of a partial realization of the horrors depicted:

I feel almost as though something or somebody said to me, "Take thy pen and write." The words that come to me are these: "Rogues are more thoroughly united in their nefarious practices than honest men are in a righteous cause." "Thou art in danger—God's help comes only with thine own efforts for the right—put forth with all the strength given thee." Awake from thy slumbers, ye who are resting in peaceful security! The day is coming in which thou shalt part with all thou hast, even with thy earthly life, if the cause of truth does not prevail. Thou art doomed to slavery, the most perfect, the most abject slavery, unless thou puttest forth the might of thy strong arm, and the means God hath given thee, wherewith to defend justice and the truth.

The world is slow to see the magnitude of the contest now raging; it sees things only through material eyes, while thou hast had thy spiritual eyes opened, and can discern that which is even yet shut out from the vision of the mass of mankind.

Greater things than even ye have discerned will speedily come to pass; therefore hesitate not to speak all thou knowest or feelest to be true, for even more than thou shalt say shall come to pass. Fear not men, nor the opinions of men, for they will pass away, while the truth shall never pass away. Doubt not that the day is at hand when the world shall rejoice for things not yet conceived of in the hearts of men. Behold, the trumpet of the Lord is sounding, calling upon the dead to awake—the dead in the earth and the dead in the heavens. Thy time is at hand, oh earth, in which the judgment is come—the judgment which shall separate the good from the evil. The voice of the Almighty shall be heard through all the kingdoms of the earth, commanding the oppressor to let the oppressed go free. That voice is heard now in the raging battle, and shall be more distinctly heard in the lamentations of those who shall suffer from pestilence and famine.

These are the ways of the Almighty by which He shall bring the children of the earth to judgment of good and evil; these are the ways by which He shall purge the earth of oppression and give freedom to the captive. Let thy hand do what thou findest to do with all thy might, for there is need for every word and every act that shall prepare thy fellowman for the desolation at hand. Many have been called, but few have come into the field where the harvest is ready for the sickle. They are not as thou seest, for they have been blinded with material things of the world. Rejoice that thy eyes have been opened at the expense of the things of the earth, for material things are a hindrance to the seeing of things spiritual. Earthly things must pass away, but spiritual things abide forever.

Woe, woe to the land of national prosperity, that exalteth itself above the things of the spiritual kingdom, for its fall and desolation is at hand—its power and might are fast approaching the end when spiritual things shall come and hold dominion over it. War destroys the material and gives power to the spiritual. The spiritual comes with power and sweeps away the material. Man shall cry hold, hold! but his voice shall not be heard until desolation is complete, and the spiritual shall have gained a mighty power over the material, and all men brought to a knowledge of the truth. Turn thy thoughts, oh man, to things spiritual, for thy temporal interests shall no longer abide with thee; yea, even thy temporal life may not be spared thee, for man shall be gathered in days coming, as the harvest is gathered from the field; he shall be cut down as grass before the scythe, and called hence to the abode of his fathers; that the stubble ground may be burned over and purified from the noxious weeds that have choked his growth. A day of great tribulation is at hand; the almighty day of the Lord hath come, in which men shall cry out, Save us from our sins, oh Lord! and their voices shall not be heard, for hath not the prophets of old warned them of these things in all times past, and their ears have been deaf to the cry; and now shall not the ear of the Lord be shut against them? Make haste while there is yet time, and open thy hands freely, for what thou hast shall be taken from thee, and that which thou dost not bestow by thy own will, shall profit thee nothing. The poor must be fed and clothed, and the helpless must be lifted up. He that doeth these things, the same shall find a treasure to reward him in heaven.

O man, thou hast thought to enrich thyself by gain, when by giving only couldst thy reward have been made sure. The earth and the things of the earth are but dross that cannot rise upward to the heavenly spheres. That which thou leavest behind will drag thee downward; that which thou bestowest freely to such as need, shall lift thee up in the day when sorrow cometh upon the world. Let thine eyes be opened to the needy around thee, and thine hand extended to such as call upon thee; for one naked one clothed, and one hungry one fed, shall profit thee more than all the riches thou mayest lay up in the secret drawers of thy closet. Days of sorrow and desolation, of famine and pestilence are before thee. Be prepared for them, and do thy work well.

August 10, 1862.

## NATIONAL UNION ANTHEM.

Sung by Mrs. W. J. Florence, on the occasion of the visit of Brigadier General Corcoran to Wallack's Theatre, Sept. 4, 1862.

WRITTEN BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

God save the Union!  
Make her great and glorious!  
Shield her defenders:  
Send her arms victorious!  
Bless her proud standard:  
Strike, with thy thunder,  
Base hands uplifted  
To rend the folds asunder!

Chorus—God save the Union!  
None else shall sever!  
God save the Nation  
ONE, now and forever!

God save our Rulers!  
Watch over, defend them!  
Guide Thou their footsteps—  
Strength and wisdom lend them!  
Spirit of Justice!  
Crush Treason's wild delusion!  
Chastise all traitors:  
O'erwhelm them with confusion!

Chorus—God save the Union, &c.

Shades of our Fathers!  
Ye Heroes of Revolution!  
Founders of Freedom  
And Freedom's Constitution!  
Fear not. Your children  
That priceless compact cherish:  
Legions of Freemen  
Have sworn it shall not perish!

Chorus—God save the Union, &c.

Word should be seconded by action; it is not enough for a housewife to say to a stocking with a hole in it, "You be darned."



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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.  
Room No. 8, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. NICH,  
LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### Duty Done.

There is no such use in sitting down and aching for a "mission." You have your mission, friend, right where you find yourself placed to-day. Life is made up of not much more than little things; only attend to them as they come up, and the great events will seem no larger than the rest—they will take care of themselves. It has been well said that a great man can do a great deed as easily as a smaller one can do a small deed; so he can; but he is no more conscious of "putting himself out" by it, than if he had accomplished something scarcely worthy of note. For ourselves, we not only suspect the moral soundness and sanity of those who are half the time lamenting because they have never yet found their mission, but we become sick and tired of them, too. We do not, in fact, believe that such persons have any special mission; if they had, it would be apparent enough every day.

It is a pleasant sight and a contagious one, too, to see an individual, take up his burden of duty, and perform it without murmuring; and not merely without murmuring, but even with cheerfulness and delight. How much the load is lightened by such a course, none but those who are addicted to so philosophic a practice will ever know. Cheerfulness is the right handle by which to take hold of any matter. The man with the sunny temperament accomplishes more, and does it a great deal easier, than the one who goes about with a sour countenance, inwardly lamenting that his lot is no easier, and wondering why his mission does not come along and relieve him. The world needs more of the inspiration of common sense in it; we should reform and progress a good deal faster to take hold of the duties nearest us, and wait for the distant and greater ones to come along.

Then what a renewing sensation is felt, on reflecting that what we had to do is really done. There is nothing more truly refreshing than this. We take more solid satisfaction knowing that we have accomplished something useful, than we possibly could from any course of idling and lounging, however luxurious. Our faculties happen to be so adjusted as to afford us just no pleasure at all, unless they are put to service; and when we are performing all our own duties to ourselves, those very duties, great and small, which are nearest to us, are unconsciously setting the world an example for which it cannot help being better immediately.

After all is said and done, it does not matter much what a person's occupation is, so far as the attainment of earthly happiness goes. In other words, the average of enjoyment is about alike in all classes of people. The poor laborer gets as much enjoyment out of life in his own way, as the man who rides to business from his suburban palace in his carriage. No man's sleep is sounder than that of the day-laborer; and healthful and sweet sleep is certainly the crown of all blessings. If the conscience is whole, all is well; whether asleep or awake, the man may fear nothing.

The whining and complaining persons, who bore everybody with the list—repeated daily—of their fancied woes, would find sunshine let into the world in a great flood, if they could but make up their minds to lay their hands to the work and duty closest to them, perform that, and trust to God for results. Forecasts and prudence are excellent, we agree; but it is a good deal more necessary to go to work and do something, out and out, than to stand back shivering and doubtful, wondering if it will answer to venture on this or on that, or if it would be safer to venture on nothing at all. To do one's work, however humble, is happiness; all else—idleness, loafing, delay, dreaming—is the refuge of weariness and wretchedness, and must be shunned like the leprosy itself.

### Little Economies.

These are the salvation of a man and the solidification of his character. Many despise them, being so small; and they are lost. Many essay them for a time, but have no tenacity to hold them to their resolution, and finally give them over in disgust. And the few thrifless, shiftless, helpless, friendless, and thoroughly out-at-the-teens persons whose aims are a great deal too nice and fine for the practice of what they style the three-cent virtues and arts, are the very ones whom nothing will enlighten on this subject save bitter experience, and then it will most likely be too late to be of much use.

But economy is a kind of inheritance, after all. It is a habit which it takes one a very long while to acquire. If it begins to develop itself as a habit in youth, the young person may consider himself reasonably happy, for he is certainly safe. None of the minor virtues tell in their daily operations like this. As the little insect builds up the mighty coral reef in time, on which islands rest and continents find permanent abutments, so the little virtue of economy in due time constructs for a person a fortune—perhaps not always of mere money—that it is well worth a life-time to establish.

A happy writer declares, from his own observation, that he knows men who live better upon five hundred a year than others upon two thousand. He says he knows of very poor persons, who bear about with them in everything a sense of fitness and nice arrangement, which makes their lives artistic. There are day laborers who go home to more real comfort of neatness, arrangement, and propriety, in their single snug room, than is found in the lordly dwellings of many millionaires. And blessings—he adds gratefully—be on their good angel of economy, which wastes nothing, and yet is not niggard in saving; that lavishes nothing, and yet is not parsimonious in giving; that spreads out a little with the blessing of taste upon it, which, if it does not multiply the provision, more than makes up in the pleasure given. Let no man, therefore, despise economy. It is the life of life itself. God himself is the most rigid of all economists.

God is no respecter of persons. He wills all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth.

### Death of Lieut. William Berry.

It is with poignant feelings of grief we record the death of this brave and stout-hearted officer on the battle-field of Antietam, in the fierce conflict of September 17th. We received a letter from him, written at two o'clock on Wednesday morning, in which he stated that the army was then preparing for the great contest of arms that was expected to take place during the day. Little did he imagine at that moment how soon he was to pass from the earth-sphere to that of spirit-life. But it was so to be no doubt for wise ends, known only to the great Ruler of human events.

No man, probably, ever feared less the fate that finally overtook him. He was constitutionally blind to all sense of danger. When the rebellion first showed its angry front, he threw himself into the Union cause with all the wonted earnestness of his nature. In the early part of last autumn, he left Boston, a member of the Andrew Sharpshooters. Arrived out in Maryland and on the upper Potomac, his corps having been placed under Gen. Lander, he was soon afterwards offered the post of private secretary to the General, and served him well and faithfully. He was one of the escort who came on with Gen. Lander's body for burial to Salem, last March.

After that event, he returned to the ranks again, and has had his full share of hard work in the numerous battles that have been fought subsequently. On one occasion eleven bullets struck the tree beside which he was standing, and a cannon ball came crashing through the top afterwards; but he remained unharmed. It was reserved for him to die on the memorable 17th of September. He had, by that time, risen from the ranks to the 1st Lieutenantancy of his company, and was a favorite and most faithful officer. His captain fell in the same battle.

For several years, and at the inception of the enterprise of establishing this paper, Mr. Berry was one of its publishers and proprietors. He was possessed of very many qualities that fitted him exactly to undertake a work of such magnitude, and requiring so much courage and unquestioned resolution. He put his shoulder to the work, too, manfully; the many devoted friends of the cause standing by him with means and kind wishes, as few friends and supporters of any cause ever did before. By the force of circumstances, his connection with the BANNER was dissolved last year, and immediately afterwards he set out for the scenes of conflict.

He had faults, as all men have—as we have ourselves—but they were much more than redeemed by his many noble and manly qualities. With all the antagonism which a man could ever wish to see developed in any one person, he still possessed the heart of a woman; in truth, few women could be more tender and gentle than he toward those to whom he was drawn. Acts of love reached him with telegraphic rapidity, and for a friend he would have gone around the world. His nature was poetic to a large degree; yet it was finely balanced by a business aptitude and talent that hinted of a great deal of work not yet done, nor even begun, by him. He was charitable with gifts, often aiding others when he could ill afford to do it.

When his bleeding country needed the stout hearts and strong arms of her patriotic sons, he stepped forward with exemplary willingness. He knew that if he felt he should give his life to nothing but the establishment of this Republic on a basis even more solid and safe than ever. His death is but the evidence of his change of position, he having departed to the other side, where he can still prosecute his work with all his soul and strength. His life was—like all our lives—a struggle; sometimes a strife; but in his death he became immortal indeed. He leaves a wife in Somerville, and a widowed mother and several brothers in Charlestown, to mourn his sudden demise.

### "What's the Use?"

To the close observer there is something exceedingly curious in the occult workings of the human mind, especially in the phase of its inconsistency, as, for instance, when men labor earnestly in opposition to truths which they are known to believe in, just as zealously and perseveringly as if they considered those truths damnable errors, and thence liable to destroy the happiness of those who not only believe, but act upon them.

Our attention has been called to this subject from a knowledge of the fact that there are individuals in this city who have had demonstrated to them, and do believe in, the truths of Spiritualism, and yet who, in person, or by proxy, speak and write in direct opposition to their known convictions upon the subject.

How can this be accounted for? We must confess that we are unable to present any satisfactory solution of the mystery, unless we place such persons on the same plane with the devils who, it is asserted on high authority, "believe, and tremble."

God speed the day when the wish to appear consistent, or the desire for self, shall fail to outweigh the love of truth, or the obligations of personal righteousness.

### This Revolution.

M. D. Conway says—"There are indications that this revolution is to be world-wide before it is ended. There are indications that all nations are to be sucked into this maelstrom, and that, when we are free, the world will be free, too. I can interpret in no other way the ineffable stupidity of our rulers. I can in no other way interpret the fact, that in this great emergency we have a tortoise for President, except that, through the dreary lengths of a long war, gradually France, England, Russia, all monarchies and absolutisms are to be drawn into this controversy that sweeps over the land, the elements will melt with fervent heat, and the whole world be baptized with a fiery baptism and be redeemed." Mr. Conway is the editor of the new weekly political paper—"The Commonwealth"—just established in Boston. He merely writes what the superior intelligences have long been warning us of and bidding us thoroughly prepare for. We have all along argued and insisted that we were on the threshold of an entirely new epoch. It will manifest itself as rapidly as events occur to properly illustrate its approach.

### Emma Hardinge in Boston.

Our friends will be pleased to learn that this talented lecturer is again in our midst. She speaks next Sunday, Oct. 6th, in Lyceum Hall, before the Society of the Lyceum Church, afternoon and evening.

Mr. Anderson, the Spirit Artist.  
The Post Office address of Mr. W. P. Anderson, the Spirit Artist, is for the present, Box No. 65, East Boston, Mass.

### The President's Proclamation.

In place of any remarks of our own on this great event of the century, if not of all modern history, we choose to give the readers of the BANNER the very pointed and spirited observations of the Philadelphia Press, edited by Col. Forney, formerly a Democrat, and probably claiming to be such now. This most important step of President Lincoln was deemed necessary to the preservation of the Republic, and so of human liberty and human rights, in a course of argument embodied in the letter of Robert Dale Owen, which we published in these columns, some little time ago. Says the Press, of Philadelphia:

"The rebellion is at an end! The President has done a good deed, at a good time. He has pronounced the doom of slavery on the American Continent. After dallying with this great sin, because he dreaded to do violence to the interests and wishes of any portion of the people, he has at last, in the lesson of experience, and ends the war by putting an end to the cause of the war. If this rebellion has taught us anything, it is that by slavery we have been defeated in our national progress—by slavery the richest and fairest portions of our Republic have been kept as a desert and a wilderness—by slavery a great part of the people have been estranged from one another—by slavery our institutions have been prevented from developing the blessings of peace and the progress of civilization to the American name. Slavery has bloomed into edition, and ripened into war. Why should it live? It has menaced our dearest rights, and has robbed us of our dearest kindred. This fearful monster, intertwining itself around the vitals of the Republic, retarding its growth, destroying its usefulness, making its very existence, destroyed, at last sought to take the life which it had nourished it, and to rend the bosom on which it had grown. In self-defense we have wrestled in its embrace—wrestled in blood, war, carnage, desolation, and slaughter—and all in vain. The struggle is now for life or death. If slavery lives the Republic dies. The Republic must live, and so slavery must die. This is the meaning of the President's proclamation, and his words record slavery's inevitable doom."

President Lincoln has followed the logical course of events in issuing this proclamation. He has been neither too soon nor too late. He had a multitude of interests to consult, all of which involved the social, commercial, and political happiness of our people. He found the institution of slavery sustaining a great agricultural interest in many States of the Union. Cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, and other staples, seemed to live upon its labor, and vast European and American enterprises depended on its preservation. The hamlets of Lancashire, the counting-rooms of New York, the mills of Lowell, the looms of France, to the uttermost ends of the earth, in India and Australia, the safety of the cotton crop and the protection of cotton labor were matters of comfort and necessity, raiment and bread.

It was not an easy thing to proclaim a decree so universal in its application, and so radical and even disastrous in its operation. And to the honor of President Lincoln let us record it, that he did not make this proclamation until the masters of the cotton crop and cotton planters had been compelled to do so by their treason and cowardice. Slavery has passed away in its own right, and the gentle influence of beneficent free institutions, and the world would not have felt the change.

But this did not satisfy the ambition of its lords, nor minister to their cupidity. They grasped at universal empire and sought to overthrow a free republic, that a republic with slavery for its cornerstone might be erected on its foundations. How much they have done to accomplish this, and the terrible designs, the dreadful experiences of the past two years, the blood that has been shed, the devastation that has been inflicted, the general ruin that has everywhere extended, and the sad history these days are creating, will testify. That history is at an end. The President turns a new leaf, and at the head of the page, writes—*Emancipation*.

He has written emancipation, there it will last forever, a tribute to his own wise statesmanship and the fortitude of the American people.

The Springfield Republican, in alluding to the President's policy with regard to slavery, says:

"Such are the leading features and the probable results of the emancipation policy of the Government, as now unalterably fixed. It is now evident that the President has not been driven by the clamor of an impatient faction of his friends, nor restrained by the counsels of the timid and hesitating, but that he has had a definite plan from the beginning, and the relation of each step in his anti-slavery policy to that which has followed is now apparent. And his integrity, his prudence, his courage, his supreme fidelity to the Constitution, and his purpose to do nothing which did not evidently tend to the salvation of the Union, and to neglect nothing that would obviously contribute to that great end, are all fully, nobly, triumphantly vindicated."

His action is timely—neither too soon nor too late. It is thorough—neither defeating itself by half-way measures nor by passionate excess. It is just and magnanimous—doing no wrong to any loyal man and offering no needless exasperation to the disloyal. It is practical and effective—attempting neither too little nor too much. And it will be sustained by the great mass of the loyal people, North and South, and thus by the courage and prudence of the President the greatest social and political revolution of the age will be triumphantly carried through in the midst of a civil war.

We print the Proclamation in another column.

### Proclamations.

It would seem as if all great and receptive minds had for some time been impressed with an idea of that which is to-day upon us all. This new epoch in History can never be said to have come unheralded. We have had warnings and tokens without name or number. Where people have scented the idea of spirits directly communicating their visions and beliefs to the listening children of earth, they have compensated for their chronic disbelief by being forced to hear the same statements from the mouths of the men whom they have themselves chosen to praise and honor. For example, here is what Rufus Choate spoke, in a public speech made by him in the year 1851, in reference to the (then) aspect of the times:

"What aspect and state exactly is, how wholly unsettled, what shadows, clouds and darkness appear to rest upon it, you can entirely appreciate. It has seemed to me as if the rogueries of crowns and the rights of men, and the boarded-up resentments and revenges of a thousand years were about to unseat the sword for a conflict, in which blood shall flow, as in the apocalyptic vision, to the bridges of the horses, and in which a whole age of men shall pass away, in which the great bell of time shall sound out another hour, in which society itself shall be tried by fire and steel, whether it is of Nature and Nature's God or not."

Dr. Dick, the calm philosopher, on these national tumults writes:

"What is to be the ultimate result no one can tell. But we know that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and that present movements are so many links in the great chain of Providence, leading onward to the world's renovation, and to that period when the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together—when shall cease to the ends of the earth, and when there shall be nothing to hurt or destroy among all the tribes and families of the earth."

### What is Infidelity?

We are all too apt to be frightened with hobgoblins. So many of us are afraid of being thought infidels, skeptics. The fact really is, that the moment a person becomes skeptical, that moment he experiences a visible expansion of his spiritual faith. To doubt is to begin to know. We do not inquire except as we doubt; and doubters are apt to be reasoners, not superstition-mongers and blind worshipers of past authority. We have no infidels, save those who deny that God has written a volume of true inspiration for each human heart; those who refuse to believe what church traditions order them to subscribe to, are in no sense infidels, whatever superficial persons may choose to style them. Says the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, "As I read the New Testament, I find that Jesus charged

infidelity upon none—but such as these—the people who made religion a cloak for pride, selfishness, and cruelty; the conspicuously salient people who could spare an hour to pray at a street corner, but had not a minute for a dying fellow-man lying in his blood in a lonely pass. In the judgment of these, Jesus himself was the prince of unbelievers. Punctilious adherence to the letter, practical disbelief in the spirit—this is infidelity."

### New Publications.

THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER, comes with a fine list of articles from vigorous pens, on "The Constitution as it is—The Union as it Was," by Prof. Henry; on "Southern Hate of the North," by Horace Greeley; on "The Union," by Hon. Robert J. Walker; and on other topics of equal interest. The literary department is very ably handled by Mr. Leland, and the political, by R. J. Walker, and Fred. P. Stanton. The whole body of the writing is excellent, and the Continental looms up among modern monthly publications large and strong. Its political character is well defined, while it cultivates a style and tone of thought on matters more purely literary, that will secure for it a permanent reputation and extended power. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

HARPER'S MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER, is out, and filled with freshness and variety. The Harpers are now twice in the amount and quality of their magazine reading, in these war times, but keep their favorite monthly up to the highest notch and standard. The "Pioneers of Kentucky," makes a highly interesting American article, while their original English tales and novels, from the pens of some of the first writers of fiction, furnish the strongest attractions for the magazine reader. The illustrations so freely interspersed through the pages add much to the value of the several numbers. The Monthly Record of Current Events is worth as much as all the rest together, for some uses. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

### Beautiful.

We like, of all things, to see brethren "dwell together in unity." Our modern days do not present any too many pictures of domestic, or family, harmony. We wish it were otherwise. In the recently published second volume of the Life of Washington Irving, written by the distinguished author's nephew, occurs a little incident, in this particular line, that really warms the heart to contemplation. Peter Irving was Washington's elder brother, and he had been unsuccessful in business. On the 22d of March, 1822, he thus writes Peter from abroad:

"I have sold my new work (Bracebridge Hall) to Murray, &c. Murray gives me a thousand guineas for it, &c. As the steamer (an unsuccessful project of Peter's) may continue as dry as the hull that the Irishman undertook to mill, I send you a couple of hundred pounds, to keep you in pocket money, until the boat begins to pay better. I beg you won't be squeamish about the thing. If you don't want the money, it may as well lie idle in your hands as in mine; and if you do want it, why you must get it from some source or other; and I don't know any one more unexceptionable, than from one who has been, a great part of his life, under such pecuniary obligations to you."

### The Leaves of Autumn.

This season is filled with allent lessons. The suns are thoughtful—the winds are full of voices. Thoreau—that true "child of nature," says of the falling leaves, in a late article in the Atlantic Monthly, "It is pleasant to walk over the beds of these fresh, crisp, and rustling leaves. How beautifully they go to their graves! how gently lay themselves down and turn to mould—painted of a thousand hues, and fit to make the beds of us living. So they troop to their last resting-place, light and frisky. They put on no weeds, but merrily they go scampering over the earth, selecting the spot, choosing a lot, ordering no iron fence, whispering all through the woods about it—some choosing the spot where the bodies of men are mouldering beneath, and meeting them halfway." This man knew what was hidden in all Nature's shows. He read what she taught. Few enjoyed this outer world as he did.

### Dog Lost.

Yes, and the owner—foolish fellow—will give twenty dollars to recover him. What a proof of attachment is not that! The man loved his dog, you say. Very well; then let him offer his dollars for his recovery, whether they are easy to get or not. He has an affection for the creature, and we sympathize with him over his loss. Poor man! he may never have passed through such a trial before, and this is a critical time with him. How much of the human heart is revealed in a simple advertisement for a lost dumb creature. The man who would not have had you suppose that he had a heart at all, is suddenly become as tender as a woman in trying to tell what he has suffered in the loss of his pet. There is a great deal in these notices of lost dogs, in the newspapers.

### Bodies of Soldiers.

The dead who are returned home again from their final work on the battle-field are more than we think now even of numbering. The badges of mourning to be met with on the streets, at church, and in all public places, almost appal one, for their frequency. We read daily in the papers of this and that officer being brought home for burial, so many thoughtfully the joyful of his virtues, and blessing God that the sterling old virtue of heroism is not yet defunct. There are more men to-day making themselves illustrious than ever before. Their names are being rapidly recorded on an illustrious roll, of which place a grateful posterity will eagerly envy them the possession.

### Camp Meigs.

A visit to Camp Meigs, Readville, is worth one's while. The troops are looking in first rate order, and drill nicely. We recently witnessed the manoeuvring of the 11th Battery of Light Artillery, Capt. Jones, and were much gratified at the superior manner with which this corps handled their guns. The Captain looks after his men with great care, and he is universally beloved by them. He and his men will make their mark on the battle-field, and win honor for the State, we have no doubt, when the opportunity offers to show their skill in gunnery.

General Mansfield, killed in the Maryland battle of the 17th, was born in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1803. At the age of fourteen, he was appointed a Cadet at West Point, and graduated in 1822, the second of his class. Until 1846 he was engaged in the construction of coastwise defensive works, including Fort Pulaski, at the mouth of Savannah river. In 1846 he joined Gen. Taylor, in Mexico, and was his chief engineer through the war.

### The Lyceum Church Lectures.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend spoke in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday afternoon and evening, September 21st. In the afternoon she read a selected poem on "Duality," and also improvised some lines on the beautiful spirits that hover around us.

She took her text from the words of Christ, as follows: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone." She took the ground that in this age, with all its boasted light and progress in religion, there was a great want of the most beautiful of all the Christian virtues—charity. Men that sit on seats of judgment, and give forth their ideas of the manner in which others should be guided and governed, ignorantly measure the demands of others by their own demands. The demands of one differ from those of another. All are not alike; and each one is different. Too much time is given to a review of others' faults. There are down-trodden and crushed human beings who are true and noble to the nature of their own beings. Christ taught that these should be administered unto, not judged, or slandered. It was a criminal that stood before Jesus when he uttered the words, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone," and it is to cases of crime that the so-called Christian world judges and condemns that these words are meant to apply. It is enough for a man to examine and sit in judgment on his own conduct, without going to sit in judgment on his neighbor. When a man is faithful to himself in this particular, he will condemn no one. Let the laws of our own being be well investigated and understood, wherein we shall discover the cause of our own shortcomings, and then we shall be less prone to sit in judgment upon our fellow beings. The great work to be done in carrying man from the judgment seats and the condemnation of others, is to turn his attention and efforts to his own sins, to his own faults. Here he will find so much to do that he will have no time to judge and condemn his neighbor. Learn human nature more—learn it well, by self-examination and self-improvement, and there will be no more stones cast at others' faults. Write the words of Christ in letters of gold and in pictures of silver—write them on the tablets of your memory, and learn how to forgive, instead of throwing stones at others' faults.

In the evening, after the singing of a hymn by the choir, Mrs. Townsend read in a very effective and touching strain, the beautiful poem, written by Mrs. L. C. Taylor, entitled, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." After the singing of another hymn by the quartette, the lecturer made an impressive prayer, addressed to Death, "They have called thee Death; thy name is not Death—we will call thee Life."

She took for her text, the Scripture quotation: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." She urged, in a clear and forcible manner, the advantages and beautiful results of living up to the simple requirements of the advice given by the pure and humble Nazarene; illustrating the text by many fine points, which she closely applied to our every day life and actions toward each other. The law of love and human kindness should reign more universal—should control us at all times; it is more potent than the law of revenge. The human heart is never satisfied with oppression, but is always praying to the law of love to send relief—to remove the weight that holds them down. The friendly hand should be extended to the weak and down-trodden; forgive seven times, ay, seventy times; cultivate those noble attributes of love which lie hidden in your hearts; take the unfortunate ones by the hand and breathe the words of kindness in their ears; it will cheer their despondency, and re-kindle the expiring spark of hope, and encourage them to once more strive to redeem themselves. Remember that for every such act of kindness to suffering humanity your own reward will be ten-fold. When the feelings of your hearts are brought into action with the dictates of right, you will be able to do this in the true spirit of Christ; and when you reach the other land you will be met by thousands of grateful souls with outstretched arms eager to greet and bless you. Oh, work for humanity, and hasten on that happy era when we shall have a harmonious government; when ministers shall live the doctrines they preach, and politicians shall be honest.

At the close of the lecture she improvised another poem, which purported to be an appeal of a wounded soldier on the battle-field, to his spirit mother. It was spoken in a very feeling manner, and affected many of the audience to tears.

### Opinions are Conflicting.

The Sunday Express says that our Sunday School Class Book is not only useful but elegant. The Advent Herald says "some of its sentiments are excellent, and from some we, of course, widely dissent."

The Liberator thinks it quite too elevated in style, but thinks it focalizes the fundamental ideas of modern Spiritualism, viz: the existence, proximity and communication of the departed.

One professedly radical man writes us that it is a total failure, simply because some of the beautiful precepts of Christ are published in it. And we have also received many letters from others commending the book more highly because these precepts of Christ were published in it—precepts which no church has ever dared to publish yet outside of the Bible—precepts which, as reformers and progressivists, command our best and strongest efforts to follow.

### Human Life.

Little enough is thought of the value of human life, in these times. It seems as if people were hurrying off into the other spheres as fast as they could, fearing to be left companionless here. We hear of deaths by tens of thousands on the battle-field; of explosions of arsenals; of railway smash-ups; and of almost every other variety of accidents and violence calculated to scatter the old relationship between soul and body. There will be a vast throng in the spirit-world soon, ready to communicate to their friends below.

### Announcements.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Miss Lizzie Chase in Foxboro; H. B. Storr in Plymouth; Warren Oates in Lowell; Frank L. Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Taunton; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence in Marblehead; Miss Nellie J. Temple in Ashfield; Mrs. Augusta A. Quinlan in Providence; R. L. N. Frank White in Stamford, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Dover, Me.; Charles A. Hayden in Kennebunk, Me.

The New Orleans Advocate claims up a loss to the city of \$260,000,000, as the effect of speculation already experienced. Of this amount, \$160,000,000 is set down as the value of agricultural productions lost to the commerce of that port by the suspension of trade.



Verified Messages.

Some time ago we called on the readers of the BANNER to inform us of the truth or falsity of any particular Message which might perchance come under their notice, or with the internal character of which they might happen to be acquainted. We have in consequence had many verifications sent in to us, from time to time, a few of which we give below, and shall continue the list, whenever we can do so without infringing on the confidence of the parties interested.

We are certain of one fact connected with the reception of these messages, and that is this: With the character of them the medium controlled had, and could have no acquaintance, at the time, whatever. Of this we repeat, we are as thoroughly satisfied as we can be with anything. We know these various manifestations to be legitimate, as do thousands of people all over the country, who are daily receiving similar ones to those we publish, and that they do come from the source from which they purport to emanate. It is true errors sometimes creep in, as a spirit is not always exact as to time and other circumstances connected with his or her earth-life, any more than while in the form, although the messages we have received have been remarkably correct thus far in these particulars.

Here is a message from Willie Short, to his father and mother in the earth-life, given at our public circle July 10th, 1862. Let it speak for itself:

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER—Are you not glad to have me send you a letter from my home in the spirit-world? They who control this place gave me permission to come to-day, and this is the first time I write here, and in this way, and I like it much, only we have to hurry, for they only give us a little time. Charlotte is here. She is not as she used to be; she can hear and speak now, but could not ever through human lips. I am studying astronomy, and shall sometime try to tell you what I have learned. Oh, dear father, I am often used as a messenger for your guides, and I like it much. They are very kind, and tell me many things, and show me many, also. Dear father and mother, I will come to you again, with more, when I can do better and stay longer.

WILLIE SHORT.  
Buffalo, New York.  
The facts contained in this message were unknown to our medium, previous to their record, as given through her organism at the time specified. September 2d, 1862, she received a letter from the mother, Mrs. Adelia B. Short, dated Buffalo, N. Y. in which Mrs. B. says:

"Excuse me for addressing you, personally a stranger, but not by reputation. Accept my sincere thanks for the part you took in publishing my dear little son's letter. I consider it an excellent text. My dear and dumb daughter that he speaks of, has been in the spirit world five years, and Willie thirteen years. Charlotte was twenty five years old when she died, and Willie seven years old. It made me weep tears of joy to hear from my children in the spirit world, and I hope to hear from them again ere I pass on the other side myself."

John Gibson's message is verified by three different parties, as follows:

MR. EDITOR—In the BANNER of June 14th you published a communication in the Messages Department purporting to be from the spirit of John Gibson, who formerly lived in Hopkinton, Mass. He has a son, Mr. Warner Gibson, who is now living in this town, and works in the shop with me. I have conversed with him in relation to the communication, and he says that the incidents contained therein actually occurred as stated by the spirit, excepting the spirit gives the date when the lawsuit was decided against him, and he (Warner Gibson) does not recollect the date: he only knows that he had a lawsuit, as stated. He also says that he recognizes his father's style in the composition of the article alluded to; and, further, that you may publish this if you choose.

Yours truly,  
MILFORD, July 10, 1862. JOHN G. GILBERT.  
MR. EDITOR—I write to inform you that the communication spoken through Mrs. J. H. Conant, May 19th, and published in the BANNER June 14th, 1862, purporting to come from John Gibson, was true every word of it. I was knowing to the circumstance, as his wife was my father's youngest sister, Olive Green, of Uxbridge, Mass. His high friends may try to palm it off as untrue, because they are settled down in Orthodoxy; but it is God's truth, notwithstanding.

Yours for the truth,  
ISRAEL GREEN.  
MR. EDITOR—As you have expressed the wish that the messages that are published by you might be replied to, I would say the message from John Gibson, of Hopkinton, Mass., in your paper, June 14th, is correct in every particular. So say his friends and acquaintances. From a friend to the cause of Spiritualism,  
R. N. WILLIAMS.  
Milford, June 15, 1862.

The message above referred to is a long one, otherwise we should reprint it here; but any inquirers may see it in our file by calling at our office. We do asseverate in the most solemn manner possible that our medium, Mrs. Conant, had no knowledge whatever of the party alluded to above, neither we or any other person connected with this establishment. It was spoken by our medium, while in an abnormal state called the trance, and taken down by our reporter verbatim at the time.

MR. EDITOR—You will remember in the BANNER, June 1st, No. 13, was a message purporting to be from Capt. Alfred Patten. I took the trouble to look it up. I found the surviving partner. Show her the message, and she said it was correct in every particular, and desired I should leave the BANNER containing the message. I did so. When I called for it, she said it was a little over fifteen years since he was drowned, and that it was at New Orleans. It will be remembered he said, "In the Mississippi, below New Orleans." Now whether the good lady wanted to back out, on reflection, being a "good orthodox," I am unable to say; but I was not satisfied, and appealed to other friends of the Captain's, who assured me the account he gave of himself was correct.

Yours for Truth,  
BRUNSWICK, July, 1862. AMARA F. CUMMINGS.  
FRIEND BANNER—I wish to acknowledge a communication from Ebenezer Brookway, given through Mrs. Conant, and published in your issue of May 31st, 1862, which gave great pleasure to the fraternity of Spiritualists in this place, as it was a fulfillment of his promise made through a medium here. I was not personally acquainted with him while he was on earth; but there are numbers among us who were, and they say the communication is characteristic of the man. At least he has kept his promise, which is to us who do not choose to remain in the bonds of bigotry or skepticism, the evidence required.

Truly yours,  
HAMBURG, Conn. June 10, 1862. S. P. ANDERSON.  
We have many other verifications of the spirit messages printed in this paper, which we shall make public in due time.

It behooves our friends everywhere to aid us in testing the messages received by us from spirit-life, and we hope they will not be so remiss as they have been in times past in this respect.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

NOTICE.—Dr. Farnsworth, the medium for answering sealed letters, having left town, those who desire to hear from their spirit friends, in a similar manner, can do so by enclosing \$1.00, and directing their letters to our address. When no response is received, the fee will be returned.

Young Dearborn, (one of our printers, attached to the Mass. Eighth Battery,) says in a letter to us that the Battery did efficient service in the late battles, and that the men were complimented by their superior officers for bravery. He says: "We killed lots of rebels on Wednesday (17th). Passed through the field to-day (Thursday) on our chase after them, and saw their bodies piled up big."

THE RISING TIDE, published semi-monthly, at Independence, Iowa, is a thoroughly a spiritual paper. It is a handsome, interesting sheet. Price seventy-five cents per annum.

POLICEMEN TO BE ABLE-BODIED.—Several Boston policemen having obtained certificates to exempt them from draft, the Board of Aldermen Monday afternoon passed a resolution that it is not expedient to retain such a class of men.

Certain would-be critics remind us of the wind whistling through a key-hole.

Kossuth disapproved of Garibaldi's recent attempt, and wrote a letter urging the Hungarians not to obey the call of the great Italian. He thinks the present time not favorable for Hungary to strike for her rights.

Over how many wealthy people could an epitaph like the following be appropriately placed, which is from an Italian tombstone?—"Here lies Estella, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it."

Slaves of the value of \$1,000,000 have run away from the blessings of their lot in two counties of Mississippi. What ungrateful creatures, to abscond after so much pains had been taken to civilize them, and even war had been made especially to maintain their condition, says the Traveller.

We have read of a serpent who bit a slanderer, and received so much more dreadful venom than that which he imparted that he died at once, but did not hurt the man. This poetic fiction teaches more truth than many which have a greater show of wisdom.

PRODUCTS OF INDUSTRY.—The statistics of manufactures and other products of industry, collected by the United States census of 1860, are very full, and exhibit a most astonishing increase and total.

The rebel property in St. Louis liable to fall to the government under the confiscation act, is estimated at fifty millions of dollars.

THE KING PEACE-MAKER.—The Dictator is the name chosen by Captain Ericsson for his monster iron clad vessel, to which he is about to devote all his skill and energy. She will be of immense size and strength, longer than the Persia or Niagara, and bearing heavier and thicker armor than almost two ordinary iron-clads. The side armor will be of the extraordinary dimensions of ten and a half feet thick; the wooden armor, or "lining," being four feet by six feet thick up and down. The hull that can penetrate nearly fifteen feet of solid matter, of which ten and a half will be iron, can hardly be moulded in the South. It would require all the bells in rebellion to make it.

An Indian philosopher being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered, "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feelings of duty in our hearts."

FEEDING EUROPE.—Sixty-five vessels cleared from New York in one week for Europe, carrying one million one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and fifty-one bushels of grain, and forty thousand one hundred and thirty-eight barrels of flour, in addition to large quantities of provisions and assorted merchandise.

It is reported that twelve Federal Generals have been killed or wounded in the Maryland battles.

Clara had slept with her mother until about two and a half years old, when, to her great delight, her father gave her a nice little crib. On the same day, meeting a friend of the family, she burst forth: "Oh, auntie! auntie! mamma's big bed has got a little baby."

When you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

If the way to heaven is narrow, it is not long; and if the gate be strait, it opens into endless life.—Bishop Doerflinger.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.  
Oh! there are moments in our lives  
When every sorrow, every pain,  
That we have ever known or felt,  
Comes back with startling force again.  
And there are moments, too, that bring  
Back all the happiness of years—  
Moments when we forget that life  
Is doomed to its rest in tears.  
A foretaste of that better life  
Where grief is cheated of its prey;  
Where flowers of love that once do bloom  
Are never known to fade away.  
—Boston Cultivator.

SIGNIFICANT.—Stocks throughout the North have gone up two per cent. since the rebels have been driven across the Potomac.

A poor poet, desiring a compliment, asked Curran (referring to his published poem of that name), "Have you read my Descent into Hell?" "No; I should like to see it," replied the wit.

Wool is held at a higher figure now than it has been for over forty years.

An author who has failed in successful writing, often becomes a morose critic. Weak wine makes the best vinegar.

WOMEN.—Men love women for their nature—not their accomplishments; for their warm feelings, strong sympathies, gentle hearts, and fond dispositions—not for their mental acquirements. More men of genius marry and are happy with women of very commonplace understandings, than ever venture to take brilliant wives and enjoy a showy misery.

HUMAN GLORY!—The Roman Forum is now a cow-market, the Tarpaeian a cabbage-garden, and the Palace of the Cæsars a rope-walk.

Before you can rectify the disorders of a State, you must examine the character of the people.—Voltaire.

Two men by the name of Beans were lately hung in the north of England. A countryman passing near and seeing the crowd, inquired what they were doing. "Only stringing a few Beans," was the reply.

The correspondent of the Traveller writes: "It has been stated by agricultural papers that our crops were unimpaired by the late season; and some wonder why we have been so favored. They would wonder no longer could they see the black clouds of these horrible birds that hover about the skirts of our army. They come from afar the dreadful food that waits; and they are not late at the feast."

What is the difference between a Methodist preacher at a camp meeting and a gnat? One dines at six; the other sits at dinner.

Gen. Lee has done in Maryland, without saying anything about it in advance, the precise thing that the Confederates powers so denounced Pope for doing. He has expelled his army on the country invaded, and

with very impartial disregard of the politics of those from whom he has taken his supplies. Yet while he does this, the officers of Gen. Pope's command who fell into the hands of the enemy are treated as criminals, because Gen. Pope said that he should carry on the war just as he had all the time been carried on by the other side. And there are not wanting men in the loyal States who denounce Pope's order and half-justify the brutal retaliation of the rebel authorities.

Chevalier Clausen, the inventor of flax cotton, has become insane.

A fine landscape painting (in oil colors) will sell cheap at this office. It is a beautiful parlor ornament. Call and see it.

Facts, like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied.—Bulwer.

John A. Washington, who was shot while in arms against his country shortly after the rebellion broke out, sent nearly the whole of the \$150,000 in gold which he received for the Mount Vernon estate, to Chicago, where it was invested in houses and lots. This large property has not been confiscated, but it ought to be.

A GOOD MAN'S LIFE.—Chalmers says: "There is an energy of moral passion in a good man's life, passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius."

Why is a kiss like a rumor? Because it goes from mouth to mouth.

The English newspapers, which are just now filled with Italian affairs, are almost unanimous in their praise of Garibaldi's conduct.

The matter-of-fact ideas of little children are often very poetically expressed, as the following little incident which a parent relates, illustrates:

My little boy George was sitting at twilight on his mother's knee, when the stars began to make their appearance. "Mum," said he, "it is time to light up the house; God is lighting up his house."

LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.  
"Let us try to be happy! we may if we will find some pleasure in life to exultation; but there was never an evil, if well understood, but what, rightly managed, would turn to a good. If we were but as ready to look to the light as we are to eluding because it is night. We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed, that who tries to be happy is sure to succeed. Let us try to be happy! some shades of regret are sure to hang round, which we cannot forget; There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow, and submit to the darkness of the night; We must never bid feelings, the pure and best, To lie blunted and cold in our bosoms at rest; But the deeper our own griefs the greater our need, To try to be happy, let our hearts bleed. Oh! let us try to be happy! it is not for long. We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song; If we make the best use of our time that we may, There is much we can do to enliven the way. Let our hearts be glad, and our bodies be true; Before and our conscience, and trust for the rest; Still taking this truth, both in word and in deed, That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed."

The frequent consumption of a small quantity of spirits, gradually increased, is as surely destructive of life as more habitual intoxication; and, therefore, the publicans are spreading disease and death to a degree that is frightful.—Dr. Gordon.

The Manchester (N. H.) Mirror, says that Amos H. Gerry of that city has an apple tree that has blossomed four times this year, and produced fruit from three of its blossoming. Its last floral exhibition can now be seen, along with the matured fruit of the first.

The Montreal Gazette is attempting to manufacture a rebel victory out of the decided rebel rout at Antietam. When will our neighbors learn to do us justice?

James Kerahaw, a young American, a resident of Montreal, heard the Provincials slander us so much, that he at last "got his dander up," and left the "mean cusses," resolved to join the Union Army. He has since enlisted in the Cadets, we understand. He says a great number of English soldiers have deserted from Canada, and enlisted in the U. S. service.

QUEST.—Digby asks: "If a slow boat is 'made fast' is her speed increased?"

Hon Charles Sumner, in a letter to the Boston Post, emphatically denies the report that he has opposed the promotion of Col. Cowdin. On the contrary, he has favored the promotion, and only a few weeks ago, forwarded to the President a warm letter in his favor from Mr. Opydy, Mayor of New York, urging his appointment as Brigadier General.

The 12th Massachusetts Regiment which went into the fight with nearly five hundred men, came out with only thirty-two.

Mrs. John J. Dyer and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Parker, who were very seriously injured by the collision on the Eastern Railroad, at Wenham, are confined to their beds at the residence of Capt. J. J. Dyer, and both ladies are considered to be in a critical condition.

General Hunter asserts publicly that he had been encouraged and commanded to raise black troops in the South when he first went to Port Royal, he could have had by this time under arms an army of not less than 100,000 able-bodied men; sufficient to restore law and order in all the Southern tier of States, without asking us to sacrifice another single son or brother.—New York Evening Post.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

Mrs. Hatch's lectures at the West are making quite a sensation among the best classes of that community. To show with what appreciation she is held in Chicago as a lecturer, or, rather as an available instrument through which the invisibles can communicate, we publish the following correspondence:

CHICAGO, Sept. 17, 1862.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch:  
Dear Madam—We have heard with wonder and amazement that our fellow-citizen, the late Stephen A. Douglas, has purported to address his fellow townsmen. We do not know what manner of phenomenon this is; but we would like an opportunity of testing this wonderful fact. Therefore, the undersigned invite you to allow the people of Chicago to listen to an address by Stephen A. Douglas, and if it be he we will have no difficulty in determining it. To this end we have made arrangements for Kingsbury Hall for that purpose, for Friday and Saturday evenings next, and trust you will consider favorably this proposal from those who admire your gifts and have loved Mr. Douglas.

Your obedient servants,  
J. C. Cady,  
J. C. Hall,  
W. Sarbong,  
J. A. Wedgwood,  
D. E. Milnor,  
D. H. Patterson.

CHICAGO, Sept. 18, 1862.  
Messrs. James Campbell, A. Barnum, Robert C. Cady, J. C. Hall, I. Y. Mann and others:

The writer begs to acknowledge the receipt of your kind favor of Sept. 17, in which you honor her with an invitation to appear before the people of Chicago, for the purpose of allowing them an opportunity to test the truth of the purported presence of the late Stephen A. Douglas. Her greatest desire is to serve the truth. She will accept of your proposition at the time and place mentioned in your letter. Allow me to thank you for the high appreciation which your courtesy expresses, and believe me, gentlemen, Very truly yours,  
CORA L. V. HATCH.

Here follows an account of the lecture referred to above:

CAMP DOUGLAS, CHICAGO, ILL.,  
September 21, 1862.  
MR. EDITOR—I attended a lecture delivered by the late Stephen A. Douglas, through Cora L. V. Hatch, medium, at Kingsbury Hall, on the night of the 20th inst. The medium requested some one in the audience to name a subject, and the saying of An-

drew Jackson, "The Union must and shall be preserved" was given, and the address through the medium gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of Mr. Douglas. His remarks were identical with those made in his speeches to the people previous to his decease, and the manner in which he replied to questions, at the close of the address, were truthful and very characteristic of the man, and I am sure the friends identified the eminent statesman.

In speaking of the text, "The Union Must and Shall be Preserved," Mr. Douglas said that Jackson uttered a prophecy in saying that "the Union shall be preserved," for the must was with him, (Jackson,) and the shall was with us, and it remained for us to fulfill the prophetic declaration. Mr. Douglas also said there was no power on earth capable of dissolving the Union, and the idea should never be entertained that the Union could be destroyed, &c.

The large audience in attendance seemed well pleased with the lecture, and frequently applauded the speaker, and at the close, the request was made that Theodore Parker address them through the medium, on the following Sunday evening.

Having had, for the first time, the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Hatch, I will say that her equal, as a speaking medium, I have not met with, and hoping she may be spared to enlighten the darkened thousands of earth's inhabitants, I bid her a hearty Godspeed. Yours,  
HENRY STROONG.

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. 2, (which is the number of this issue) If the figures on the wrapper or paper opposite your name, read 12-2, then your time is up, and you are to govern yourself accordingly. This method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore.

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The War Department uses our Map of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, cost \$100,000, on which is marked Antietam Creek, Sharpsburg, Maryland Heights, Williamsport Ferry, Richwood, Noland's Ford, and all others on the Potomac, and every other place in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, or money refunded.

Lloyd's Topographical Map of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, is the only authority for Gen. Buell and the War Department. Money refunded to any one finding an error in it. Price, 50 cents.

From the N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 9. "LLOYD'S MAP OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA. This map is very large; its cost is but 25 cents, and it is the best which can be purchased."

LLOYD'S GREAT MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER. From Actual Surveys by Capt. Bart and Wm. Bowen, Mississippi River Pilot, of St. Louis, Mo., shows every man's plantation and owner's name from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico—1800 miles—every island, bar, island, town, landing, and all places 20 miles back from the river—colored in counties and States. Price, \$1 to sheets; \$3 pocket form, and \$2.50 on linen, with rollers. Ready September 20.

NAVY DEPARTMENT, Washington Sept. 17, 1862. J. T. LLOYD, send me your Map of the Mississippi River, with price per hundred copies. Rear-Admiral Charles H. Davis, commanding the Mississippi squadron, is authorized to purchase as many as may be required for use of that squadron. GILSON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A SURE CURE for those distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE INTERNAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, which cured him by a single chloroform girl, while in a state of trance has cured everybody who has taken it, never having failed in a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia, and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Those who are afflicted with Dyspepsia, or Fits, or both, must also be cured by the use of my Herbal Preparations. I will send this valuable prescription free to any person on receipt of their name, Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 10 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

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in rose wood case, iron frame, and over-string base for \$150; do, with moulding, \$180; do, with carved legs and inlaid name-board, \$175, \$185, and \$200; do, with pearl keys, \$225, \$240, and \$250; do, with ebony case. The above Pianos are the greatest bargains in the city. Second-hand Pianos at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, and \$100. NEW MELODEONS at extremely low prices. New and second-hand Pianos at \$25 and upward per month; rent per month; if purchased, monthly payments received for the same. Foreign sheet MUSIC at 5 cents per page. All kinds of Music merchandise at low prices. Pianos in attendance to try new method. HOBBS & WATSON, Agents, 214 Broadway, New York.

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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, unadorned record of facts and suggestions.

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## Pearls.

And quoted often, and few words long.  
That on the stretched fore-finger of all time  
Sparkle forever."

MAKE HAY WHILST THE SUN SHINES.  
Make hay whilst the sun shines, what'er be your lot;  
Enjoy life, whilst enjoy it you may.  
Oh, ne'er be this time-honored maxim forgot—  
Make hay, whilst the sun shines, make hay!  
In the season of youth, when the heart's in its spring,  
Ere a hope has had time to decay,  
Ere your vigor of arm, or of spirit, take wing,  
Make hay, whilst the sun shines, make hay!  
Be fame, rank, ambition, or fortune your mark,  
Or those treasures that pass not away,  
If you wait till to-morrow, your sky may be dark;  
Make hay, whilst the sun shines, make hay!  
Would you chain the wild wing of the runaway Love,  
Do not forget that his season is May;  
And since winter vouchsafes us few rays from above,  
Make hay, whilst the sun shines, make hay!  
'Mid the chances of life, when a prize may be won,  
Shun the danger that waits on delay;  
Ere the day be spent and the night cometh on,  
Make hay, whilst the sun shines, make hay!

The progress of knowledge is slow. Like the sun,  
we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive  
that it has moved, may, that it has moved onward.

## THE INCORRUPTIBLE.

No joy is true, save that which hath no end;  
No life is true, save that which liveth ever;  
No health is sound, save that which God doth send;  
No love is real, save that which changeth never.  
Heaven were no heaven, if its dear light could fade;  
If its fair glory could hereafter wane;  
If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,  
Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.  
But no, its beauty is forever vernal;  
Its glory is the glory of the King,  
Undying, incorruptible, eternal!  
And ever new the song its dwellers sing.  
Oh, heaven of heavens, how true thy life must be!  
Oh, home of God, how excellent thy light!  
Oh, long, long summer of eternity,  
Bright noon of angels, ever clear and bright.

Early inculcate in your children frankness, candor  
generosity, magnanimity, patriotism and self-denial.

## THE LIFE BOAT.

But now spectators on the shore  
Shout their applause; the heart-raised cheer  
Is heard above the ocean's roar:  
"The Life Boat!" thunders far and near.  
That bark of slender, fragile form,  
Battles triumphant with the storm,  
Lives when the ship no more can ride,  
But founders in her strength and pride;  
The dove sent forth, rejected to bear  
The branch of hope to pale despair;  
The rainbow in the cloud of gloom,  
Deliverer from the threatening tomb;  
Her generous mission is to save—  
The guardian angel of the wave.

—[Nicholas Mitchell.]

A little wealth will enable us to live well, and less  
to die happily.

## A NEW CHAPTER IN LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

## Why Irving Was Never Married.

Much mystery has attached to the celibacy of Washington Irving. While upon every other point of peculiarity of the great writer's character and career his familiar friends have taken pains to inform the wide circle of his admirers, an aggravating reticence has always met the questionings of those who were curious as to why matrimony made no part of his experience. There were occasional and very vague references made to a "lang syne" love—so dimly distant in the past as to have the air of tradition—and the manner of mentioning, which made Irving appear the model of constancy, if not the hero of a romance. But the circumstance of his bachelorhood remained a simple, patent, unexplained fact; the theme of many wonderings, the warp and woof of much imagination—nay more, the substructure of a thousand sweet sympathies out-gushing from other hearts whose loves had not been lost, but gone before. It is doubtful if a secret of the sort—all things considered—was ever before so carefully and completely kept. For once the impertinent were held at bay, the prying were baulked, and the sympathetic, even, discouraged. The set time for its disclosure had not come, and surely, when his intimates and relatives were debarred from the remotest reference to the subject in the hallowed home circle of the literary bachelor, it was but proper that the truth should burst forth upon the world, if at all, in Irving's own selected time and in his own pathetic language.

It was while engaged in writing his "History of New York," that Irving, then a young man of twenty-six, was called to mourn the somewhat sudden death of Matilda Hoffman, whom he had hoped to call his wife. This young lady was the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and the sister of those two talented men, Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet, and Ogden Hoffman, the eloquent jurist. In her father's office Washington Irving had essayed to study law, and with every prospect, if industrious and studious, of a partnership with Mr. Hoffman, as well as a matrimonial alliance with Matilda. These high hopes were disappointed by the decease of the young lady on the 26th of April, 1809, in the eighteenth year of her age.

There is a pathos about Irving's recital of the circumstances of her death, and of his own feelings, that is truly painful and tear-impelling. He says: "She was taken ill with a cold. Nothing was thought of it at first; but she grew rapidly worse, and fell into a consumption. I cannot tell you what I suffered. . . . I saw her fade rapidly away; beautiful and more beautiful and more angelical to the very last. I was often by her bedside; and in her wandering state of mind she would talk to me with a sweet, natural and affecting eloquence that was overpowering. I saw more of the beauty of her mind in that delicious state than I had ever known before. Her malady was rapid in its career, and hurried her off in two months. Her dying struggles were painful and protracted. For three days and nights I did not leave the house, and scarcely slept. I was by her when she died; all the family were assembled round her, some praying, others weeping for she was adored by them all. I was the last one she looked upon. . . . I cannot tell you what a horrid state of mind I

was in for a long time. I seemed to care for nothing; the world was a blank to me. I abandoned all thoughts of the law. I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed-room of my brother, as if the having a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. Months elapsed before my mind would resume any tone; but the despondency I had suffered for a long time in the course of this attachment, and the anguish that attended its catastrophe, seemed to give a turn to my whole character, and throw some clouds into my disposition, which have ever since hung about it. . . . I seemed to drift about without aim or object, at the mercy of every breeze; my heart wanted anchorage. I was naturally susceptible, and tried to form other attachments, but my heart would not hold on; it would continually recur to what it had lost; and whenever there was a pause in the hurry of novelty and excitement, I would sink into dismal dejection. For years I could not talk on the subject of this hopeless regret; I could not even mention her name; but her image was continually before me, and I dreamt of her incessantly."

Such was the language in which Irving poured forth his sorrows and sad memories, in a letter written many years ago to a lady who wondered at his celibacy, and expressed the wish to know why he had never married. Can words more graphically describe the shipwreck of hope, or more tenderly depict the chivalric devotion of a faithful lover? How sweetly, too, does Irving portray with his artist-pen the lineaments of his loved one! He says, in the same letter, "The more I saw of her, the more I had reason to admire her. Her mind seemed to unfold itself leaf by leaf, and every time to discover new sweetness. Nobody knew her so well as I, for she was generally timid and silent; but, in a manner studied her excellence. Never did I meet with more intuitive rectitude of mind, more native delicacy, more exquisite propriety in word, thought and action, than in this young creature. I am not exaggerating; what I say was acknowledged by all that knew her. Her brilliant sister used to say that people began by admiring her, but ended by loving Matilda. For my part I idolized her. I felt at times rebuked by her superior delicacy and purity, and as if I was a coarse, unworthy being in comparison."

Irving seldom or never alluded to this sad event, nor was the name of Matilda ever spoken in his presence. Thirty years after her death, Irving was visiting Mr. Hoffman, and a grand daughter in drawing out some sheets of music to be performed upon the piano, accidentally brought with them a piece of embroidery which dropped upon the floor. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this is a piece of poor Matilda's workmanship." His biographer describes the effect as electric. "He had been conversing in the sprightliest mood before," says Pierre M. Irving, "and he sunk at once into utter silence, and in a few moments got up and left the house." Do any of the pages that record the "loves of the poets" glisten with a purer, brighter halo than is thrown around the name and character and memory of Matilda Hoffman, by the life-long constancy, and the graceful tributes, of one whose name, destined to a deathless renown, may not henceforth be discovered from that of the early and dearly loved, whose death made Washington Irving what he was and what the world admires?

## EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Freedom of the Slaves in Rebellious States on the First day of January next.

By the President of the United States—A Proclamation.

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the Constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof, in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose at the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the slave States, so called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which State may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent with their consent upon this continent, or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the Government existing there, will be continued; that upon the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act to recognize such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom; that the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation designate the States or parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or people thereof shall on that day be in good faith and in rebellion against the United States by representatives in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States; that attention is hereby called to an act of Congress, entitled "an act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13th, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be obeyed and observed as such:

Article.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by court martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

Section 2. And be it further enacted that this act shall take effect from and after its passage; And also to the 9th and 10th sections of an act entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figure following:

Section 9. And be it further enacted that all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such person and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them and coming under the control of the

Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on or being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States shall be deemed captured slaves, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and no claim shall be allowed in their favor.

Section 10. And be it further enacted, that no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offense against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person so claimed is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid or comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall under any pretence whatever assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service."

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States to observe, obey and enforce within their respective spheres of service the acts and sections above recited, and the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States, who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall upon the restoration of the Constitutional relations between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relations shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 22nd day of September, in the year of our Lord 1862, and of the Independence of the United States the 87th.

By the President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State.

## Aunt Myra to Warren Chase.

Aunt Myra has not much to say in regard to Warren Chase's reply to the few queries presented by her for consideration in connection with his letter on Marriage; but would like to say a few words in explanation of her position, as it seems to her that his remarks place her in an attitude she did not intend to assume—that of an advocate of the union of extreme opposite characters.

I am as much opposed to "yoking vice and innocence," or any other extremes, or even different dispositions, which cannot be cemented by true love, and harmonized by the charity which love begets, as any one, and offered those queries simply because I thought they ought to be considered in connection with the subject of his letter, knowing that many honestly entertain such sentiments as they suggest, and because I, too, think it is time that our young people were taught the true laws of Marriage, whatever they may be, and the necessity of obeying them, (and we older ones also, that we may know how to teach them) in order to avoid the discord and unhappiness which cannot be denied exists in our present system, whether it be because it is based on the mistaken "theory" spoken of by Aunt Myra, or any other theory, or no theory at all. It seems to me the latter is nearer the truth, that it is marrying for so many different and unworthy objects, instead of making true love the basis. But whatever the error may be, it certainly is time it was corrected.

I will not attempt to refute the arguments, or rather assertions of the brother, but I confess I do not see how his theory can be made to harmonize with the known laws of nature, in regard to positive and negative principles. Perhaps they are not applicable in this case, and that my ignorance alone prevents me from seeing more clearly. But that the errors of our system of marriage, whatever they may be, as well as all other evils, may be speedily banished from this beautiful world of ours, is the sincere desire of

AUNT MYRA.

A very clever burlesque was enacted in East Hadam, Conn., a few days since, greatly to the amusement of those who have not yet lost all their senses. A company of about thirty, clothed in all kinds of suits except the regulation, marched through the principal streets to the music of a crippled drum, with a banner inscribed "Cripple Guard." All the crutches and canes were brought into requisition, and each man kept step with himself. Each had a huge placard on his back, telling the story of his infirmity. The fastest man was labeled "Consumption," the youngest "Gout," the healthiest "Sixty six years ago," the youngest "Forty-six years old," &c. Some of the certificate holders looked with evident disgust upon the pageant.

## Obituary Notice.

Passed to the higher life, from North Manchester, Conn., on Friday, Sept. 13th, after a short illness, HENRY J. JOHNSON, aged 45 years.

In compliance with his own request, and that of his beloved family, I conducted appropriate funeral ceremonies, in conformity with that rational and consoling spiritual faith which our brother has for many years felt to be founded upon the immutable principles of the wisdom which ennobles him to feel and to say, as the scenes of the earth were closing around him, "I am going home." His vigorous and active mind was eminently of a practical character, and in all his business relations "he did with his might what his hands found to do." His genial nature had endeared him to a large circle of friends, and to his family circle he was all that a kind, provident and affectionate husband, father, son and brother could be. His visible presence among them will be greatly missed by the townsmen, his business associates, the large circle of his personal friends, but most of all by that family the love and trust of whose members twined around him as the tendrils of the vine twined around the supporting oak. To that mourning family, and to the very large number of sympathizing friends and neighbors who were present at the funeral, it was my privilege to present the consoling truth that all those qualities of character which caused him to be loved and esteemed while with them in the form still belong to his living spirit, over which death has had no power, and that, according to Nature's ordinance, he is now a ministering spirit to them all, from his new sphere of existence permitted to influence them, according to the strength of his own affection for them, and the increasing wisdom which he has attained. May his memory long be fragrant in the earthly circle of his friends, as it will be in his own family circle, so that his presence and influence may be realized with distinctness and power.

H. B. STORER.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

LYCEUM CHURCH, LYCEUM HALL, NEWTON STREET, (opposite head of School street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2:45 and 7:15 P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 10 and 18; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 2 and 9; Miss Lizette Dolen, Nov. 23 and 30; J. S. Loveland, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Dec. 21 and 28.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meetings every Tuesday evening, at 7:15 o'clock.

MARRIAGE.—Meetings are held in Bassett's new Hall, Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Oct. 5 and 12; Miss Emma Harding, Oct. 10 and 18; Miss Lizette Dolen, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TATTOO.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 5 and 12; Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

FOURTEEN.—Meetings in the Town Hall, Speakers engaged:—Miss Lizette Dolen, Oct. 5; Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood, Oct. 12 and 19.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, Speaker engaged:—Hon. Warren Chase, during October.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during Oct.

NEW YORK.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sundays morning and evening, and speaking by medium, afternoon and evening.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Corrier, Oct. 5 and 12; H. B. Storer, Oct. 19 and 26; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during Nov.

## A Card.

To the friends in the West, and any where, I wish to introduce Mrs. Nancy H. Gore, from the North-western part of Massachusetts, now in Western Pennsylvania, and on her way West. Mrs. Gore is a good speaker and good medium, with remarkable psychometrical powers. Her husband has gone over the deep, dark river, and her only living child has gone over the Rocky Mountains, and she is in the field free, and a laborer of much promise in the ranks of Spiritualism. Angela attend her, and many mortals can be comforted, encouraged, and instructed by and through her.

WARREN CHASE.

Sept. 21, 1862.

## Notice.

Knowing that in many places where our friends desire to hold meetings, they find it very difficult to obtain speakers, I take this method of introducing again to their notice Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, (formerly Sarah Magoun,) who will respond to such calls as she can answer, within thirty or forty miles of Boston. She has been a favorite speaker in many places, and I believe her to be a good woman. Such we need to spread our gospel. Now is the time for truth to triumph over error.

M. S. TOWNSEND.

## First Quarterly Meeting of the "Association of Spiritualist Teachers."

The "Association of Spiritualist Teachers" will hold their first Quarterly Meeting at Marsh's Hall, 14 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass., commencing on Tuesday, September 30, 1862, (range of time from the original appointment,) at 10 o'clock, A. M., continuing through Wednesday and Thursday, 1st and 2d of October.

The members of this Association cordially invite all reform lecturers or teachers to meet and cooperate with them. Says Section XII of the "Statement of Principles and Aims," "As we include every thought, word, or work, that can improve the race, or enhance its happiness, in the word 'Spiritualism,' we seek the association of every earnest thinker and capable worker in the cause of humanity." To fraternize and utilize is one of the leading objects of the meetings. It is proposed, in connection with the above appointed meetings of the Association, to hold public meetings at Lyceum Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 1st and 2d, of which more specific notice will be given.

F. L. WADSWORTH.

Cor. Sec'y of Ass. of S. T. P. S. Lecturers visiting Boston to attend the meetings of the Association, will find pleasant rooms and board at Hattie S. Denham's, 75 Beach street.

F. L. W.

## Spiritual and Reform Convention.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their Yearly Meeting at Greenboro', Henry Co., Ind., in Uncle Sam's Hall, Free Hall on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 17th, 18th and 19th of October, next. Brother Finney, of Geneva, Ohio, will be present as one of the leading speakers, as will also Miss Mary Thomas and others. As speakers of notoriety are expected with their usual budget of good news from the spirit-spheres, come along all ye who are heavy laden and an hungered for spiritual food, and be ye filled. Come ye priests of Orthodox faith and standard creed, and for once learn what it is to breathe the free air of a free meeting, in which all can express their views, no matter who they may be and however much they may be opposed to Spiritualism and the Harmonical Philosophy. They shall have a patient and respectful hearing. By order of Committee, Ds. I. H. Hill, Knightstown, Ind., Sept. 26, 1862.

## Discussion.

A Discussion will be held at the Court House in Paw Paw, Mich., between Rev. Moses Hull, (Adventist) and W. F. Jamieson, (Spiritualist), commencing on Tuesday evening, Oct. 28th, continuing three evenings. Question: Has man a spirit which exists after the death of the body, in a conscious state, and communicates with the inhabitants of Earth?

W. F. JAMIESON, Affirmative.

Also, three evenings, commencing Nov. 3d. Question: Are the teachings of the Bible better calculated to morally advance the human family than those of Modern Spiritualism?

REV. MOSES HULL, Affirmative.

W. F. JAMIESON, Negative.

## Notice.

A public Meeting, under the direction of the "Association of Spiritualist Teachers," will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, Boston, Mass., on Thursday evening, Oct. 2d, 1862. Exercises commencing at 7:30.

Good music and speaking will, we hope, entertain all who attend.

Seats free, with a cordial invitation to all. A collection will be taken to pay the expense of the hall.

F. L. WADSWORTH,

Cor. Sec'y Ass. of S. T.

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