

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY HUSBAND'S SECRET.

BY A. R. PORTER.

#### CHAPTER X.

At some hour, long after sunrise, the next day I awoke from a troubled, unrefreshing sleep. My head ached, and I felt so weary, and so heavy at heart, that after the first effort to rise, I sunk back, and wished that I might sleep my last, long sleep. The little clock on the mantle pointed to ten, A. M., and though some kind hand had closed the shutters, I saw a stray sunbeam peeping in, and I knew he was riding high in the heavens.

The sickness which oppressed me, was I knew, the result of some opiate. Yes, I understood it all; Aunt Posey had given me a soothing cordial, and it had proved a sleeping potion. I had no memory of anything save that last scene at the grave, the sound of earth-cloids on the coffin, and the creaking of the rope. I could hear them as distinctly as if they were then in the room. I put my hands to my ears, trying to shut it out; I lay down and placed the pillows round my head, and prayed, oh, so earnestly for death! The door opened, and I heard a light step in the room, but I had no curiosity even to see who was there. There came stealing over me an apathy to all the world—darkness and despair were around me, and what pleasure had I in anything earthly? The next moment, a soft, cool hand was laid upon my burning head—“How hot it is! Oh, auntie, let me bathe it, and smooth your hair,” and without waiting my consent, my head was wet freely with cologne, and my hair smoothly parted and coiled up. I did not resist, but felt simply thankful to feel no care of myself. Slowly and gently was my toilet made, and I found myself apparently without any exertion of my own, in my dressing gown, and seated in a large arm-chair. A bright fire sprang up in the grate, and the room soon assumed a look of comfort and neatness; as if to complete the charm, a tray with coffee and toast appeared, and Aunt Posey's broad, kind face behind it. Fanny arranged the little table, and added some nice jelly.

“Now, auntie, if you'll eat that slice of toast and drink that cup of coffee, I'll bring little Syd in to you, looking as bright and fresh as a rosebud, in his pink merino and white bib.”

I had not eaten anything for two days, and had fasted so long that I had no desire for food, but Fanny was urgent, and I drank my coffee, and that gave me a desire for the toast. I was refreshed, not more by the food than the kindness and thoughtfulness of Fanny.

“How kind your father was to let you come,” I said; “I can't thank him enough.”

“Yes, he was, auntie, and what's more than that, I have been teasing him this morning, and he says I may stay with you till my full term commences; so I shan't leave you for many weeks. You'll let me wait upon you, auntie, and be the house-keeper? I'm an awkward, ignorant little thing, but I'll do the best I can, and one thing you know, auntie, there's no one in this wide world can feel for you as I do. I know what you have lost. Dear, dear, Uncle Sydney—we'll talk about him, and tell the baby what he was, and he shall grow up thinking of his own dear father in heaven. I'm going to have my piano brought over here, and will sing his songs, and perhaps, auntie—perhaps—I think—I believe he will be here, too. You think so, don't you, auntie, dear? I should despair, if I did not think our loved ones revisited this earth, and watched over us, and loved and cared for us still.”

Dear little ministering angel! She had touched the right chord at last. Believe it? Yes, it had long been a favorite theory of mine, for I felt sure that the love which was stronger than death would still linger around the loved ones. And yet, because he was not visibly present, I had, in my despair, believed that there were impenetrable walls of adamant between us. “Not so,” said faith and reason, and more emphatically, love.

The veil between the living here and the immortals there, is but a mist, which the clear eyes of pure, unselfish love can penetrate. Yes, he was not dead—I should commune with him, and his loving spirit would guide me still. As these thoughts passed through my mind, Fanny brought the baby. I had not looked upon the little one since I had taken my last, long gaze of the dead, and now I saw more clearly than ever the likeness between them—the same dark hair, the same deep, soft blue eyes, and the same contour of the head.

“Bless God for this,” I said, and when he smiled and put his little, soft hands on my face, as if to win an answering smile, I felt comforted, and thanked God I was not wholly desolate.

That day, as we sat by the fire, Fanny and I made our plans. I would assist her in her studies, and we would read and sing, and work together. Aunt Posey was soon to go on her annual tour to the White Mountains, and we should be left to do our own housekeeping—a plan that seemed to delight Fanny.

“Then,” surely I thought, “I must raise myself, and try to do something for one who needs my happiness. Yes, I will live for those I love. My child and Fanny shall be my special task. I will watch over them as he would wish me to. I will live for them, and be cheerful that they may live as he would wish them to.”

sociate gloom with death. They had kindly left me alone. My baby lay in my lap, so glad to get back to his mother's bosom, that like a little nestled bird, he curled his head down, and fell asleep. Then I prayed and wrestled with my great sorrow, and, thank God, I prevailed. I was not reconciled to my loss, but I was given faith to believe that he was not lost—that he was with me still.

The change that came over me, was marvelous to myself, and my subsequent cheerfulness surprised me more than others, and I have heard that it was even said that “Mrs. Perry did not feel her loss so deeply as they supposed she would.” Even this did not trouble me much, for I had such a sweet abiding presence with me, a feeling of confidence in an unseen but present spirit, that no gossip could disturb me. Once, and once only in my after life, did the supposition that I had forgotten my husband, give me exceeding pain. But I am anticipating. Let us return to Fanny. The summer days came on—those long, delicious summer days, when earth is so full of brightness and beauty. Aunt Posey was at the Natch House, and we would often imagine her in all the glory of her power, reigning triumphantly over slaughtered lambs, trussed poultry, roasted, quartered, and hung beef, and glorying in oakes and marmalades, pickles, jellies, pyramids, &c.

“Only give me the materials and liberty to use 'em, and I can make folks wonderfully happy at dinner-time,” she often said. Meanwhile we were living in great simplicity and quiet. Our household labors were light and pleasant, to one, at least. Fanny, released from restraints of school, found much enjoyment in the kitchen, and we had some wonderful culinary experiments. They had all lost their charm for me, now that Sidney's eye was not there to see, or his smile to approve my success. But Fanny was unwearied in her domestic pursuits. “I should think you intended to marry a poor man,” I said, one day, as she was working very busily laying up all the fruit from the garden, that nothing should be wasted.

“And, indeed, ma'am, I do,” as Pat would say.

“But you'll bring him a fortune, Fanny.”

“I'm not so sure of that, auntie,” she said, as she sat down under the apple tree with a basket of apples and a knife, her sleeves rolled up, showing her white, plump arms, and her curls confined by an improvised myrtle wreath, and her cheeks ruddy with exercise.

“She is a little beauty,” I said to myself, as I laid the baby on the grass, and seated myself to help her out the apples.

“You see, auntie, these are nice apples, and I intend to make a jar of apple and quince sauce for winter use, and then, too, I shall dry some, so that nothing will be lost from our garden. Would n't Aunt Hannah laugh to see me now—me! the idle, wasteful, troublesome little miss that used to annoy her so much! By the way, auntie, how wonderfully kind she is to us lately. I wonder if it was her own suggestion, sending these nice chickens yesterday, and then do you notice how abundantly we are supplied with grapes and pears? She did like Uncle Sidney, and his death has softened her feelings toward us. But why should she dislike Frank? So noble and generous as he is—is n't it too bad?”

“She wishes to please your father, probably, and his prejudices, I think, are strong, though he will not acknowledge them. Are there any circumstances in his family connections that should make him object to your friendship?”

“I am not aware of any, and yet sometimes, auntie, I think there must be some mystery in the affair. My father has spent much time in Florida; my mother and Frank's were very dear friends, but this fact should only endear him to us. I know those old Spanish families have most bitter feuds, but why should my father join in them? And then we have known Frank from childhood. Isn't he honorable and true, auntie, if ever boy could be so?”

“You must remember, Fanny, I have only seen him once; but Sidney loved him as a brother, and therefore I know he must be good and honorable.”

“Well, auntie, I have thought the matter all over, and have made up my mind once and for ever. I shall never love any one else as I love Frank, and I have none of that exalted, transcendental virtue which leads one to entire self-abnegation. I cannot enter the temple of Vesta, and feed its fires all my life long because my father is arbitrary. No, I shall once more ask his consent to our correspondence; if he refuses, I must disobey; and if Frank gains promotion, if he gets to be passed lieutenant, as I believe he will, we will marry.”

“Without a father's blessing?” I asked, looking seriously at Fanny.

“Without my father's blessing,” she answered decidedly, while the color deepened a little on her cheek, but she did not stop paring the apple in her hand till it was finished. Then laying it down, she said, slowly and distinctly, “I believe that our Great Father in Heaven, who loves all his creatures and delights in their happiness, will bless us. I am afraid you will think me an ungrateful, wicked child, but I will speak out. I can't help it, and it may do me good. You may show me that I am wrong, perhaps; but, auntie—don't be frightened, it will not—I don't love my father! I mean I do not love him as daughters generally love a father—as you love yours—as all children ought to love.”

I suppose I must have had a strange, wild look in my eyes as Fanny spoke, for indeed I did not know what to think of such a confession as this.

“Now, auntie,” she continued, “that he is what the world calls a gentleman, unusually free from all the vices of the world—that he is courteous

in his manners, pleasing in his person, and successful also in his profession. I know he is liberal to me, though in that matter, as I have property in my own right, I do not suppose he exercises much self-denial on this point. He seldom gives way to anger, never loses his self-command, not even under abuse. All this I acknowledge, and yet, strange to say, there is no warm friendship between us. My heart beats no faster when I hear his step—his coming brings no new light to my eyes. He receives the kiss which I give from duty, kindly; but he never proffers one. He inquires after my health, my studies, my purse—never after my friends or my pleasures. There is no communion of heart between us. We are like strangers living in one house—not mutually disagreeable to each other. Sometimes I have ventured timidly to inquire about my mother. I was told that she was eighteen years old when she was married—that she was called very beautiful—that the Northern climate did not agree with her—that her portrait is like her, but not at all flattered. This is all that I could learn—not a word about my mother—only a brief description of theasket which held the jewel. I am not certain but I could love my father if he would only show some emotion, some real, deep feeling when talking of my mother. I know he has created that beautiful monument to her memory, so tasteful and appropriate; but I heard him say that he left design and all with the Italian artist, and was very much pleased with his work. I know he paid five hundred dollars for her picture by Sully, and he is very proud of it; but it is exhibited as a master-piece of art, and whenever he shows it, he takes a pinch of snuff and says, ‘Sully is a true artist.’ Oh, auntie, tell me, please, am I wicked, am I an unnatural child, because I have no affection—nothing but cold respect for my father?”

I was so astonished that for a moment I could not answer her.

“Indeed, my dear child, I don't know what to say—it is so strange. I can't understand it. I love my own father so much, and, aside from the relation, we are such dear friends, that I can't understand your position. I fear, my dear child, that you are to blame, for who could be more considerate, more kindly thoughtful, than you?”

Fanny made no reply, but sat rather abstractedly, paring her apple. I did not like the conversation to end so, and because I could think of nothing else to say, I added:

“Perhaps, Fanny, your father will relent when he sees Frank's devotion to his profession, and his constancy to you.”

I saw one tear trickle slowly down Fanny's cheek, but she brushed it away.

“You don't know my father, auntie. I had hoped that you would understand me; but let it all pass. Only one thing, auntie: you must promise you will never forsake me, or deny me a home, wherever you are—never, never—will you?”

She threw her arms round my neck and sobbed for a moment.

“Never, never, my dear child. You are mine, my own sister now, and as long as I live you shall always find a home in my heart, a dwelling wherever I am.”

“That is all, auntie, that is enough. I shall go back to school and finish the year, and then patiently await events. Oh, this terrible war—when will it end?”

“It is most time to hear again from Frank. I have a great curiosity, Fanny, to hear more about that Indian princess.”

“Do you know, auntie, that I have a fancy that she is strangely mixed up with our families, and that all our early history is known to her?”

“She is an enigma to me, Fanny, and I hope some day to understand it. But how can Frank, a young and innocent boy, have made so bitter an enemy, and pray who can this enemy be?”

“We shall know some day, auntie, if Frank ever returns, and my faith is strong that he will.”

That evening brother Maurice came to tea, and he was so sociable and easy, so entertaining and gentlemanly, that I looked at the daughter—so beautiful and winning—and wondered why this want of affection between them. I noticed, what had escaped my observation before, that Fanny seldom addressed her father. She answered him respectfully, almost timidly, when he spoke, but never commenced conversation, and while he was the gentleman in his manner, that manner had no warmth or impressment about it. He was very kind to bring papers and books, and always sent us fruit and flowers in their season.

“This evening,” he said, “we must enter upon a little business. You know,” he added, turning to me, “that your husband's affairs must now be settled, and let you should have any anxiety upon the subject, let me assure you that I will arrange it all; leave everything in my hands, and know that a brother's care and vigilance will be exercised for you.”

I thanked him from the depth of my heart, nor could I express how much relief this gave me. I had known that I must nerve myself to such a task, but had recoiled from it, as every woman must do who knows little of business forms, and aloof from the thought of performing its details.

“You may, if you please,” Maurice added, “hand me his papers for examination as soon as convenient.”

“Oh, yes,” I said, “he keeps them all—his business papers; I mean—in a little trunk which is in the nursery. I will go and fetch it now.”

I went into the nursery, where the secretary had been placed during my husband's illness, and which I had not opened since his death. A faintness came over me as I turned the key which his hand had used last, and I trembled so that I could scarcely stand when I raised the inner door cover, beneath which lay all his papers, just as he had left them. No eye had looked upon them since—no hand touched them. The contents of the desk were arranged with his usual neatness—all papers filed and dated; letters the same; and the little mementos of childhood and school-days, carefully preserved. In a neat box were all my own letters to him, labelled, “From Mary,” and I could see almost at a glance that every little note, every scrap containing my handwriting before marriage, was there, and folded with them were the following lines:

“Death comes to take me where I long to be:  
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;  
Death comes to lead me from mortality.  
To lands which know not one unhappy hour.  
I have a hope, a faith, from suffering here—  
I'm led by death away. Why should I start and fear?”

How fondly have I loved my dear ones here!  
Shall I not love them deeper, better there?  
Yes, death and heaven will make them doubly dear.  
Our souls shall mingle still, death parts them not.  
God answers prayer, be glad—days brighter far  
Are stretched before my eyes than those of mortals are.”

I should have lingered long here, but seeing the little trunk on one side, I remembered my errand. A note lay upon it, directed to myself.

“MY DEAR MARY—It is my wish that you examine all my private papers before allowing any one else to do so, and be not surprised if I ask you to keep them from my brother Maurice. I have made a will as you will learn after looking at the contents of this trunk. I have also, during my illness, written for your perusal, some little incidents in my own life, which may, I hope, banish from your heart all doubt of my love. I have watched you, dearest, in some of those hours when you were troubled about what seemed to you mysterious little matters—but through them all, I know there was, deep, down in your heart, a strong, loving faith in your husband. Believe me, I shall die, loving you with my whole soul, and assured that I have your love in return. It has been with much pain that I have written the apparent carelessness. I would have copied it, but I was too weary. I have prayed for a forgiving spirit, to die in peace and love with every one, but there are some things hard to bear, and almost impossible to forget. God bless you, darling, and teach my boy to love his father who longs so earnestly to live for his sake. I can write no more on earth, I will wait for you in heaven.

Yours in death, SIDNEY.”

I am sure I read that through, for I remembered the words, “Yours in death, Sidney,” for they seemed to be stamped on my memory, and I remember too, hearing a man's step in the next room, and knew that it was Maurice, waiting for me. A sort of vague dread of him took possession of me, and that is all I do remember; there is a long blank, for the next I knew, Fanny was bending over me as I lay upon the bed, and bathing my head with cologne.

“Are you better, now?” she asked.

“Yes, yes, I am well,” I said. What has happened?”

“Why, auntie, you fell upon the floor in a fainting fit, and lucky for you that I came in as I did. I was going to take baby out for a ride in his little carriage, and came in for his hat, just as you fell. The desk was open, and I looked it, and there was a paper in your hand. See, here it is on the bed. Father came in and raised you up and laid you on the bed, and said you must keep still for some days. He said you need not think of any business for some time yet. He was very sorry he had mentioned the matter to you. If he could procure the trunk you mentioned, you need have no anxiety.”

“Where is the key to my desk?” I asked, hurriedly.

“Here it is,” she replied, handing it to me.

“Now please hand me that hair chain in the bureau drawer.”

She did so, and I tried to fasten the key to it, but my hands trembled so that I could not, and Fanny did it for me.

“Now put it round my neck, my dear child.”

She complied; then reaching for the letter I folded it, after two or three efforts, and laid it in my bosom.

“I am so tired, Fanny, may I sleep a little?”

“Sleep, dearest auntie! I wish you could. I will watch the house that no one comes near to disturb you, and I will take the best care of baby.”

“These fainting turns! I am so ashamed of them, Fanny, and wish I had more strength; but I believe they are constitutional. I used to have them when a child.”

“Never mind them, auntie, perhaps if you would talk about your troubles, more, and not be quite so silent and patient. It would be better for you; but rest now, try to sleep.”

“But there is so much to do, Fanny—so much,” I said, throwing my arms round wildly. “I never shall get through it! So much—so much! Fanny, dear, it would be sweet to die. I could pray for death, now—only baby, dear, baby, he can't live without me, you know, and I promised Sidney I would live for his child. I must live—I must live! But it is hard!”

“There now, auntie,” said Fanny, soothingly, “try to sleep, now. I have closed all the shutters, and you can lie here all day. I can keep house famously now, you know, and you can trust me.”

I tried to sleep in that darkened room, but sleep would not come at my bidding. My head was burn-

ing hot, and I tossed to and fro in the listlessness of ineffectual fever. I know now that the seeds of that fever were sown weeks before, but called out by the shock produced on learning that I must show no business papers to Maurice. I felt for the moment, as if all support was withdrawn from me, and I was too weak to aid myself. After some two or three hours of tossing and restlessness, Fanny came in. She was evidently startled at my appearance, and in her alarm, ran hastily for Aunt Hannah. Now Aunt Hannah had one peculiarity. She was defiant to all who had strength and health, mercurial, as I have before said, to all drones and self-indulgent people, but she never trampled on a prostrate foe, and had a particular fancy for nursing sick people into health, only provided the weak were wholly submissive to her will. I was certainly in a very yielding state, just passive in her hands.

I had a presentiment that my mind would not keep clear, and I remember that when Aunt Hannah went into the kitchen to prepare a mustard bath, I rose from the bed, and holding my poor dizzy head with one hand, while I tottered on by the aid of the furniture to the secretary, unlooked it laid my letter in, locked it again, and hid the key in a little secret drawer of my bureau. I was conscious of a very strange feeling in my head as I crept back to bed again, but though Aunt Hannah said on her return, that I must have the doctor at once, for the fever seemed to be getting higher, she did not suspect me. The fever was on me, and no skill could turn back its burning lava tide.

“Watch her carefully,” the doctor said. “Good nursing will carry her through, and that alone.” It was strange to me to see Aunt Hannah in the character of a patient, skillful nurse. I was too feeble to thank her, too sick most of the time even to appreciate her services; but in my lucid intervals, and in my convalescence, I learned her worth, though I was amused with the authoritative way in which she performed her kind offices. Fanny took the whole care of the babe, and thus did a kind Providence care for me in my hour of need.

I was, when at the crisis of the fever, very near the grave, and I remember well one day, I felt myself sinking lower and lower, with not even one desire to return to earth, I saw clearly, as if the scene were actually before me, my husband's death-bed. His head again rested on my bosom; I was receiving his whispered adieu; the doctor was holding the white, thin hand, and saying, as he looked at his own, so large, muscular and healthy:

“See, there is some contrast here!”

The remark annoyed me at the time, and I wondered that our kind, good doctor should be so thoughtless, for Sidney heard the remark, and turned his head a little to see the hands thus contrasted. But now, as I said, this scene returned again, then vanished, and the next moment a hand, large, but beautifully shaped, was before me. It resembled flesh and blood, and yet was fairer, more delicate, than any mere man's hand could be. It was a model for an artist, for it combined beauty and strength. Ah! now I know what Paul meant by a “spiritual body,” I thought, and continued to gaze upon it with delight, till at last a voice, a dear familiar voice, said:

“See now! The poor, feeble hand has become strong and comely!”

I knew then whose hand it was, and was sure that it was sent on purpose to lead me through the dark valley. I was ready then, and longing to go. I tried to speak, and call some one, for Aunt Hannah had left me, as she supposed, asleep; but I could not articulate, and very cheerfully gave it up. The hand was there! It was enough. The next instant, I heard directly under my window, a sweet baby voice, cooing “Mamma—mamma!” That sound sent the blood in quicker currents through me; every nerve thrilled, and strength was given me to speak. “Fanny, dear Fanny!”

She had been sitting with little Sidney on the porch upon which my window opened. She came at once, bringing the baby with her. I had not seen him for a week, and my heart leaped, as he put out his little hands and tried to spring toward me. Fanny laid him by my side, and that one sweet, fond embrace, won me back to earth.

Aunt Hannah came in.

“Why Fanny, did n't you know better? Take the baby right away—it is bad for both mother and child!”

Fanny obeyed, looking rather frightened, but in my heart I knew she had brought me back to earth. Was I thankful? Ah! a mother's love is stronger than death.

One day, when I was getting better, just in that quiet, convalescent state when freedom from pain is itself delicious, and lying there passive and hopeful, Fanny came in on some errand to Aunt Hannah, who sat sewing by the window.

“Is she asleep, Aunt Hannah?”

“Yes—don't disturb her. She is getting well fast, now.”

Now, if my readers ever suffered from that nervous debility which follows a fever, they will understand how much more irritating whispering is than common talking. Give me a canon of modern caligraphy in the garden, rather than an incessant whispering near the bed. But dear, gentle, unobtrusive Fanny went on whispering, till I longed to



tell her I was n't asleep, only trying to be so, when suddenly I heard the words:

"Aunt Hannah, I never like to deceive anybody. I think we had better give it to her; it may not be bad news, only something which she ought to hear."

My hearing was quickened now—they must refer to me.

"What is it?" I asked eagerly. "Is it anything I ought to know?"

Aunt Hannah shot an angry glance at Fanny, but the latter came toward me with a letter in her hand.

"It is a letter for you, auntie, and on the outside is written 'Please deliver immediately.'"

I took it in my trembling hands. "From father?" I said. "No, it was not his familiar hand, but it was post-marked at home. 'Open it, Fanny, I am a foolish woman, but I am too agitated to read it.'"

It was from our doctor—dear, good, old Doctor Safford—and he told me that my father had been very ill, taken suddenly with symptoms of paralysis; that he could not hold a pen to write, but was so anxious to see me that he insisted upon the doctor's writing, and that he should put "deliver immediately" on the outside. The doctor apprehended no immediate danger, but it would be better that I should come at once, as my father had many things to say to me.

I did not say one word when Fanny had finished reading the letter, but I tried to rise, determined to test my strength. Alas! I was too weak, and Aunt Hannah said, almost angrily, as she came and assisted me to lie down:

"You must have known better, Mrs. Perry—just over the worst of the fever, and acting as if you were a well woman. Now I'll get you a little wine, and you must be content to lie still for some days yet."

"No, no, I can't do that, Mrs. Price; I must go to my father."

"But that is impossible," said she. "We must take things as they come, in this world. Like as not your father will live these ten years yet; folks do n't go quick with palsy."

I said no more. I saw at once she had no sympathy with me, but I turned my face to the wall and wept.

It is astonishing to note the power of will. To be sure, my fever was over, there was no disease to baffle, only weakness. I was wonderfully patient for a day or two, yielding all submission to my somewhat arbitrary nurse. But on the fourth day after I received my letter, Aunt Hannah went home to attend to some preserving and pickling. I sent Fanny out with little Sidney, and finding myself alone, or rather with only a young girl, the child of a neighbor, to sit with me, I rose, dressed myself, drank a glass of wine, and walked across the room a few times to try my strength.

"Now, Nelly," said I to the little girl, as I scribbled a note with a lead pencil, "will you run with that to the stage office? and be sure to hand it to Mr. Call, the driver?"

The willing child obeyed, and meanwhile I packed a few necessities; and when the girl returned, I engaged her, with her mother's consent, to go with me and be the baby's nurse for a few days. All this accomplished, I was weary enough to go to my bed and rest awhile, nor did Aunt Hannah or Fanny suspect my plans. In the evening came the stage-driver, a bluff, honest, hardy looking young man, whom I had known, Mr. Call, said I, "you know I have been very ill, but my father is more so, add wishes to see me; he may die before I can see him if I cannot go soon. Do you think I can go safely?"

"Well, ma'am it's just here: Folks can do a great many things if they have only a mind to 'em. Now, last winter, one of them are stinging cold days, my two little boys went out into the woods after a load. They had n't overcoats nor mittens, and my wife—she's delicate, you know—well, she worried about 'em till she was high sick. But her father—Grandfather Bates, you know him—says, says he, 'Did them are boys go of their own accord?'

'Why, be sure they did,' says Betsey; 'Do you think I'd drive my boys out such a day as this? They just went for fun,' they said. 'Very well,' said the old man, 'then don't you worry no more. The fun of the thing will keep 'em warm.' Now, ma'am, you must n't think I'm comparing your going to see your sick father to the boys having fun, but the thing is, if one's will is up, they can do most anything, and it won't hurt 'em. Now, ma'am, I'm not certain but the ride will do you good. You can stop all night at the nice little village of Barlow, where Mrs. Howe, the landlady, will make you very comfortable. Then I will see that you are landed safe at your father's next day. Yes, ma'am, I know what it is to be anxious about parents. I rode two days and nights once, most of the time in a terrible snow storm, to get to my sick mother. I got there just in time to hear her say, 'God bless you, my boy. I'll die easier for your coming.'"

As he spoke he rubbed his coat-sleeve across his eyes, and yet I thought I saw a tear fall, notwithstanding this effort to conceal it. I could not but feel that this man's coming was a special Providence to me. I could go to my father. Upon how trifling things sometimes the great events of our lives hang! Aunt Hannah and Fanny were both very much surprised at my decision, and the firmness I displayed in carrying it out. They both yielded at last, however; but Fanny, with all a sister's love, insisted upon one change—she would go with me, and we would not need the nurse girl.

Under the protection of our good, careful driver, our journey was made very easy; the baby slept most of the time, and was so happy when awake that it was only a pleasure to have him with us. I certainly was a little weary when we stopped at the dear old familiar home, but my heart sunk within me when no familiar face came to greet me. Alas! she who was first at the open door with her ready smile was no more there; her feet were stayed on yonder hill, and her hands, always before held out to embrace me, were crossed upon the breast in the quiet of death. I handed the baby to Fanny, and ran up to my father's room. Yes, he was there. He lay upon the bed, supported by pillows, and when he saw me his face lighted up, and he extended to me his left hand. Ah me! as I drew nearer, the right arm lay helpless by his side—it had forgotten its cunning. Death had begun its work upon the noble form.

"I am so glad, my daughter! Your presence will be a great comfort to me."

Just then Fanny appeared at the open door with the baby. How my father's eyes brightened as the fair little face looked wonderingly at him! The one good arm was raised, and an expression of pain passed over his face when he found he could not raise both to clasp the little one in his embrace.

Another instant I had laid it beside him, and the tiny white fingers were twisted in the heavy beard that was just beginning to be sprinkled with silver. My father had known our dear little Fanny, and welcomed her as cordially as the left hand greeting and the imperfect speech permitted, for I noticed with sorrow that the paralysis was already affecting his speech.

Fanny allowed me but little time for greeting. I was made a prisoner, then, in my room for some hours, where quiet rest and refreshing sleep made me forget the toils of the journey. When I awoke I thanked God for His goodness to me, and when I saw my father so happy with myself and child, I blessed the event which had brought me home in safety. When I went in again to my father, I was surprised to find a gentleman there whose features were familiar to me, but whose name I could not recall. But scarcely had my father commenced the introduction, when I recalled the name of Evans, the lawyer who had called on that first stormy evening at home, and defended the oppressed Indian and the down-trodden slave.

"This is one of my best and earliest friends," said my father. "We were in college together, and have always kept up correspondence by letter. Was n't it good in him to hasten to me in this time of affliction?" I could not tell why, but Mr. Evans's face pleased me more than it did when I first met him. Perhaps it seemed less coarse and more regular than when compared with the softer and more classical features of my brother Maurice. Now, indeed, Mr. Evans looked like a noble man, cast in a large and generous mold.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light.  
A RAINY DAY IN NOVEMBER.

BY A. F. M'COMBE.

From low'ring clouds and frowning skies,  
With swaggering gait and sullen mien,  
With gloomy tread and dreary sighs,  
Comes down the chill November rain.

The forests of their glory shorn,  
Send forth no joyous mellow strain,  
But naked, helpless and forlorn,  
Shake in the chill November rain.

It twists and turns, and wheels about  
All day along the dingy plain,  
But still no green will venture out,  
To greet the cold November rain.

It visits all the lanes and streets,  
And patters on each window pane,  
Yet scarce a welcome ever meets,  
The dreary, chill November rain;

Its tireless drippings pain the ear,  
Our thoughts to melancholy train;  
Our faded hopes all crisp and sore,  
Come with the chill November rain.

Our joyous spring of life is gone,  
With summer fruits and golden grain;  
Autumnal glories all have flown,  
Before the cold November rain.

But caring not who it may grieve,  
It heeds no plea for suffering pain;  
From early dawn till dusky eve,  
Comes down the chill November rain.

It sings the dirge of beauty slain,  
And riots o'er the work of death—  
Unfeeling, cold November rain.

Forerunner of the Wintry God,  
Who'll soon extend his rigid reign,  
More mercilessly use the rod,  
Than o'er the chill November rain.

But then, on zephyrs soft and bland,  
The nymph, fair Spring, will come again,  
And scatter beauty o'er the land,  
And break old Winter's icy chain.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE LANDMESSER.

A LEGEND FROM THE GERMAN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

My guide cautiously threaded the gloomy path before me, and often he cautioned me to beware of excitement.

"In the forest," said he, "often now see we the Landmesser, gloomily stalking, a shadowy ghost in the twilight."

Often had I sat listening by the hour to the mystic revelations of the penitentiary, and often been empowered by their impressive manners, and the feeling that they believed what they repeated. The German mind loves mystery. It is born a believer in ghosts, and delights in tales of ghostly adventure. But the scene, wrapped in its mantle of grey twilight, the solemn breeze rising their snowy summits around us like gigantic sentinel ghosts, made the name of "Landmesser" sound quite different than I had ever heard it before.

I say I had heard of him before. He figured conspicuously in the tales with which I was nightly regaled at the village, until I resolved to get knowledge by confessing ignorance, and asked my host:

"Who, pray, is this Landmesser?"

"He was," replied he, "a surveyor of lands on these mountains. He served fifty years or more, and so occupied was he with his profession, that, how that he is dead, he cannot forget it, and, like ordinary folks, goes away, but lingers on the mountains, and I dare say there is not a person in the village but has seen him at one time or another of their lives."

So such was the "Landmesser," a ghost, who had forgotten to get away from his former scene of activity. Very plausible, indeed, that man, by constant exertion at one thing, may make himself into a machine, a machine that at last gets control of the motive spirit, and continues on just the same in the spirit-world.

"Guide," said I, "do you really believe in this ghost? or do you wish to enhance your services by the fictitious aid you give?"

"Believe!" replied he, "I know. I have seen him countless times—always the same, and unapproachable."

"A foolish fellow, if a ghost, wandering in these barren woodlands, frightening your superstitious villagers."

"Not so foolish. Perhaps he walks as a penance for a crime. I know not, but you can ask him yourself. He comes in mist. When you see such a fog in that valley, he is sure to come out of it."

I looked, and a fog was slowly rising from the craggy base of the mountain. I paused a moment, watching its matchless effect as it rose, concealing

the sombre forests of pine. I cast my eyes to the summit of the tallest berg, a moment only, but when I returned my gaze, the undefined outline of a man was represented in the fog. Slowly it approached. Every moment he assumed sharpness of outline, until I saw a completely equipped forester a few rods from me. His features were clearly discernible, even in the darkness, from self-luminosity. His face was care-worn and haggard. His eye was restless, and seemed to glance in search of something lost. I had not time for reflection before he glided from view.

"You do not doubt?" asked my guide.

"Truly I have seen a ghost; but why are you so frightened at his appearance? He can harm no one. He has not power over the elements, and yet you burghers rather meet a lion any time."

"It is true, we are frightened, but it is not true that he has no power over the elements. I believe the Landmesser, or any other ghost, if so disposed, could hurl the avalanche from the mountains on us, or direct the wild tempest which forever gnaws on these peaks to sweep down and destroy us. It is not what the ghosts have done, but what they can do, that makes us cautious."

"No one has ever spoken to him?" I asked, after a long pause.

"No. The nearest any one ever approached doing so, occurred this very year. If you desire, I will tell you the story as we descended this path."

To my earnest solicitations he began:

"One of our village girls was more beautiful than any of the others. Her name was Linda. She was seventeen this summer, and for three years past had herded her father's cows on the side of the mountain."

Last summer she departed as usual in the morning, with her cows. Night came, but she did not return. It was past midnight when her parents were awakened by a wild scream, and Linda rushed into their arms, only to gasp a few words and expire. From her half-articulate sentences, they learned that she had fallen asleep. While she slept night came down. She heeded it not. The Landmesser gave her an opiate. While night advanced, she dreamed. A landscape spread before her surpassingly lovely. The mountains were of gold. The streams, dashing down their sides in musical cascades, were of silver. The earth was carpeted with flowers, the air, redolent with sweetness. Beautiful airy beings pursued the avocations of pleasure wherever she turned her eye. One approached her. He was extremely beautiful. Never before had she seen a man so perfect. He took her hand in his, and in a volun of music, said:

"Be my bride."

She awoke. Darkness was around her, but she could see the form of the dreaded Landmesser before her. It was his hand of air she held. She saw his hand in hers, but felt only coldness. It was he who claimed her for a bride.

With the effort of despair, she rose, and rushed down the mountain-side—rushed home—but the spell of the ghost was on her; he had claimed her, and she died. Her spirit went to him. Twice since have I seen them together. I know, she, as a spirit, regards him as she did in her dream. She has no fear, but thinks him beautiful. Twice have I seen them. The Landmesser was n't more alone. I believe his bride and he will desert their haunts in our woodlands."

Such was the strange tale I heard as we descended the winding path. The cottage, or hut, of the Landmesser, where as I lay wrapped in my blanket, many a time I seemed to see the Landmesser stalk, grim and searching, before my eyes.

Walnut Grove Farm.

A PLEA FOR THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE.

How can one resist the inspiration of the country, so dewy and fresh, so gladdening with its wealth of hope and rich promises? Where is life more beautiful than amid the lavish adornments of the country? Where more weariy than in the dusty, sickly atmosphere, where human beings thickly congregate?

Man sighs and yearns for something different; for more satisfying pleasures, even though surrounded by all the allurements wealth can furnish—the blessings it can bring. There is a musty languor rising from the counting-room, the busy office, that eats and cankers at the core. Ere the noonday of life has burned off its freshness, as the sun is burning off the mists of the morning, there is pleasure, or forgetfulness of other needs, in the constant turmoil of business. Its excitement pleases, its gains satisfy, or only quicken the thirst for more; but that season comes to all when these desires are not—when an incessant craving for a new atmosphere, new interests, turns the heart, sickened away from the past. Then it is that Nature calls.

Amid the quiet, grateful beauty of some country-home, bid the spirit return to health and duty. It is grievous to watch those thus losing their relish for the amusements which Fashion prescribes for the crowded city. New allurements are spread, new excitements tried, till moral ruin ends the scene. It is a wide, deep gulf that crosses the path of many of the most prosperous inhabitants of every city. Fortunately are they, I can almost feel, who must go on planning and working till the end, and yet, though morally soul-killing to so large a class, this yawning chasm is not seen plain enough to be comprehended.

How many enterprising, upright, moral men, are victims of their own ignorance. They abandon an active, business life. They have wearied and taxed their energies till they have accomplished their aims. Now they will enjoy their gains. The pleasures they were sparing of before, indulged to excess, soon satiate; a recreation, a reward before, they are now but time-killers. The bomb-circle soon catches the infection, and a morbid, querulous atmosphere usurps the place where activity and energy diffused an exhilarating influence.

What comes next? From one device to another quickly passing; where does the person, who scorned even a trivial misadventure in the social world, more than in the business world, find himself? All, both men and women, have examples of such transformations; victims to the "want of air and employment. While you are looking for life's pitfalls, that you may fill them up, or mark them for others to shun, forget not this: Each individual requires different food; but for the larger class how beneficial, if they will but study Nature, and its unfoldings! Each tiny insect can furnish food for thought. The life of every one of these little birds abounds in curious facts. Then, thinking, planning, planning, harvesting, comes, a continued unfolding more per-

fect in detail, more boundless in variety, than the most brilliant performance, by the most talented theatrical troupe ever witnessed. It is almost incredible, the interest with which all watch the growth of that their own hands have planted, and therein find abundant pleasure. It is not degrading as many seem to feel, to understand something of the means used to render soil productive, or of the varieties of labor, to secure an ample harvest. Doubly blessed both, to all the race, and themselves, if wealth has crowned their past efforts. There is the privilege of developing new resources, of increasing the varieties of plants and species, of being foremost in making earth a garden of beauty.

Oh, world-weary, pleasure-hunting man, go not as the eyes of Pleasure will surely lead, if you follow unreeling. Add not another to that most deplorable class, who, taint long years of noble manhood by the follies of a life bereft of its need, an object to be attained unto. Rather lay off the body, bowed and decrepit by menial service, than present a soul deformed by the most loathsome vices, because you failed to understand self and its requirements.

Mrs. THOUGHTFUL.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES

FROM ELLEN, IN SPIRIT LAND.

Happy songs are ringing  
Through the summer air,  
Birds and insects singing,  
Made everywhere;

Flowers are blooming brightly,  
Trees are dressed in green,  
Stars in Heaven nightly  
Light the lovely scene.

Soon, and Winter cometh,  
Brightest birds are fled,  
O'er the cold land roareth  
Winds and storms instead.

But to climes where Summer  
Cometh in its turn,  
Each bright bird has hastened,  
On Faith's pinions borne.

So when death-like Winter  
Comes to summon thee,  
Like a bird, unfettered,  
Fly away to me.

S. B. K.

## Original Essays.

### GOD IN MAN.

BY C. S. WOODBURY, M. D.

We are taught in the so-called sacred writings and mythology—many things concerning Deity and his characteristics, one of which is, that he assumed the form of a man, with all the characteristics and traits of noble manhood, being conceived of woman, and born into this world according to the order of humanity—which appears to us, very singular, since he had the power to make Eve out of Adam's rib, and lived here for a certain length of time, giving instructions to his people by his teachings and example, as to how they should live upon this earth so as to inherit the "kingdom of heaven" at the death of the physical body, and thus gain everlasting life, reaping for their portion the eternal monotony of paradise; or, disobeying which, he immortalized himself to the torments of a hell too inconceivably human to be an attribute of a just Deity.

In a general sense, we purpose to show that God is in every man, and the impossibility of his being wholly in one, which was the case, if Christ was God, and God Christ; for, to say that one was son and the other the father, and both one, is simply a literal impossibility, and mere senseless use of words; if words mean anything, let us give them their right use at once, and not longer profess to believe what they contradict.

God, we say, is a general living principle, a progressive Omnipresent Spirit of Life, pervading all things; a Deity vitality, throbbing and pulsating throughout the veins and arteries of immensity, not a personal entity, confined to this world alone.

In these remarks, I shall use the term Nature as relating to earth and Universe, the grand systems of worlds and creations; the all, so far as we can conceive of immensity. Controlling the Universe are the vital forces, which we call God, but which the human mind can conceive of only as two-opposing powers, acting to ever balance each other harmoniously, and these powers I shall call magnetism and electricity; or, if the reader prefer, positive and negative, or heat and cold, consequently there is, what is justly termed a father and mother God principle, from the harmonious blendings of which originate the Universe, being inflamed, controlled, and sustained thereby; and not only the Universe, as a whole, but single worlds, and every atom thereof has these two forces, the God-powers sustaining them, without which—if that were possible—they would instantly cease to be.

Such, in brief, is my conception of the Universe and the powers controlling it, of which earth is one very small orb, rolling in the vastity of blue ether, in which it swims, so to speak, imbibing life continually therefrom, hidden and sustained as it is, by the equilibrium of magnetic and electric forces, or God-powers—the male and female attractions and repulsions of orbs and constellations.

The Bible account of creation, in its limitation to this earth alone, as being the whole of Deity's creation, is necessarily very untruthful and imperfect, to say nothing of the manner in which it is said to have been made; not even having enough of the semblance of truth to be worthy discussion, for all intelligent minds, at all acquainted with natural science, must see for themselves how incompatible is that intelligent history of the world, which nature writes upon the tablets of time with the finger of ages, with Bible instructions, and decide for themselves; also, as to the merits of each, and know whether they will take those very imperfect records, which have passed down through the polluting fingers of an intriguing priesthood for centuries, and from time to time somewhat changed to suit the growing mind, as they have undergone translation after translation, until they are almost translated out of their pristine purity, and edition upon edition without number, to the truthful and beautiful philosophies of nature; they must impute certainly to one or the other error, and for each one is this the study which they alone can satisfactorily solve for themselves.

From the ideas gained from nature, I am led to theorize, that this earth is but one orb, born, probably, from the sun, and by the very slow process of the conglomeration of small particles, since

we know that such is its composition, and is capable of being reduced to atoms; therefore I infer that the earth was formed of ages forming, or growing, and, as there is no end to the divisibility of matter, that matter is the nucleus of spirit, or that spirit is matter, and matter, finely attenuated, becomes spirit. The earth was undoubtedly of very slow formation, and has become, through many ages, of slow development and change, gradually fit for vegetable and animal life, from which time, by series upon series of Nature's consecutive movements, mankind have slowly found an existence, coming up out of the operations of Nature, as the evolutions of time have worked a continual refining process. Motion is life, and the continual changes, growths, and decays which Nature is constantly undergoing, serve to develop and refine the earth, yet for how long a time it has been in reaching its present state of development, science is unable to demonstrate; and, though we of to-day are living witnesses of man's mighty growth and power, with his giant intellect stretching far and wide into the domain of thought, and delving deep into the intricate mazes and labyrinths of time, yet I believe him to be still in a rudimentary state of development, and able to comprehend but little of the Universe and the Deity principle that pervades and sustains it all.

Earth belongs to the Universe, and man to earth, "all parts of one stupendous whole," deriving life from the spirit of immensity, the magnetic and electric forces that constitute the God-powers, harmoniously sustaining and controlling it all; thus we see that in one and the right sense God is in every man, dwells in the deep recesses of his soul as a part of this universal whole; but when we stop to consider that this earth alone is about twenty-five thousand miles in circumference and eight thousand in diameter, and then reflect that it is but one orb in one constellation, and that the orbs of that single constellation roll millions of miles apart in their circuit around their central sun—the earth being ninety-five millions of miles from its sun—and again still further consider that constellations, "ad infinitum," are sustaining such vast distances from each other—then we may try to conceive, first, the relation which earth bears to the whole, then the proportion single man is of earth, and, finally, what he is to the Universe; and then conceive of God, the universal Life-Principle that spreads itself in inviolable purity throughout the blue ether that spans from orb to orb, and constellation to constellation, wrapping the whole in a liquid ocean of life-element not only, but pervading all forms and conditions of matter, from stupendous worlds down to man and atoms, as enclosing himself in one man, who, to the universe, bears a smaller comparison than does the microscopic atom floating in the sunbeam to the world.

Having formed our conceptions, we gain something of an idea of the smallness of the very prevalent notion entertained by the Orthodox world concerning God, and his enclosing himself in the man Jesus Christ. True, Christ is said to be the Son, yet it is claimed he and the Father are one; God and every man are one in the right sense, but that Christ was any more God than any other good man is simply absurd, and will not bear the test of reason.

Christ had remarkable mediumistic powers, which were looked upon superstitiously by the ignorant minds of his day, and, his intrusions—his dealings handed down as a priestly lever to hold the world in stupid awe for a couple of thousand years or more.

It is not to be wondered at, that when the human mind is held in such heathen darkness, and riveted to such very small ideas of God and the vastness of creation, there should be so little universal brotherhood and real Christian charity manifest in the world at this, so called, enlightened nineteenth century! One might suppose that we had made progress enough, and arrived at that intellectual growth and refinement as to preclude the possibility of a people, calling themselves educated and cultivated in the natural sciences, having such limited and superstitious views concerning life and Deity as to dress him up in the exterior garb of one man, and to enclose immensity within such narrow limits as those set forth in the Bible. The littleness of the world's conception of Divinity is a sufficient proof of the assertion made, that man is still in a rudimentary state of development; certainly he is so spiritually.

Superstition has ruled the world long enough, and committed its quota of human souls to purgatory! The Protestant world is but one remove, and, indeed, I may say truly, is worse in many things, in bigoted ignorance than Catholicism; it is nearly all one and the same thing, in both, superstition; not science, sets bounds to belief; but, thanks to the illimitable powers, which work wisely and well, all in good time a new era will dawn. Already the terrible din of opposing parties stirs the very heart centre of America, and revolution bears upon its onward tide great and mighty changes, all working, through much change and bloodshed, for the good of the whole. America is reeking with human gore, and the wall of suffering and bereaved thousands goes up to heaven for aid—yet America but takes the lead in revolution; the whole world will, from this time forward, rock to its very foundation at the advance march of truth, which the progressed few are hurling into the midst of society, until truth shall be the war cry, and "peace, good will to men," and the "love thy neighbor as thyself" the motto and aim of life.

God is in every man, and the truth therein implanted must eventually work out the beautiful principle of human life, and raise man to that true dignity of manhood and selfhood which it is his great lesson in life to acquire. True religion and true life lie implanted deep within his own soul, and it is his great study to evolve them into beauty and usefulness to the world; to so husband and control his life powers that every act shall be a truthful example of living, and every wish and thought a constant prayer of aspiration toward the Divine mind. Man is all he is in the brain; it is the receptacle of spirit, intellect, and the home of the soul, and from it goes forth every life-energy he manifests. Not an action is put forth but what originated in the brain; the desire first exists, and action issues from the commands of the will. In the brain lies all the power we possess—every attribute of feeling, and wish, and thought. God is spirit and spirit is life; therefore in the spirit resides all power.

Physical things have no power of expression, save as they are acted upon, by spirit, so that the forces of magnetism and electricity, indwelling in everything, which we call God, compose, also, man's spirit, and man really, in spirit, is inseparable from Deity. God dwells in everything. Instead of idly waiting the fleeting moments of the past, or some fixed dogma or creed of the pre-



ent, man's business is to be up and doing, to study his own nature and try to develop some good out of himself to the world. His life powers were given him to use, and only by use truthfully can they be developed. The brain must be exercised in order to grow and expand the spirit. Thoughts cooped up in the brain are not only useless, but positively injurious, by filling up and excluding others, thus preventing growth. Thought is constantly received in the brain from the world of thought, or spirit, and there gestated, and its expression is its birth, giving room for more. By rightly understanding and using our life-powers we properly fill our mission; but by keeping the mind dark, in clinging to old notions, embalm them in superstitions, we pass, when time, its allotted course has run, into spirit-land, spirit mummies.

Troy, N. Y.

## THE DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

The ancient astronomers knew nothing of the distance of the principal part of the heavenly bodies. About the beginning of the Christian Era, or a little before, they had arrived at the distance of the moon from the earth pretty accurately; but the distance of the sun, and also the planets, was unknown to them. They placed the distance of the sun only a few times the distance of the moon from the earth, and the distance of the planets was wholly unknown to them. One of the strongest proofs to them of the immobility of the earth, was the fact that there appeared no change among that class of heavenly bodies called Fixed Stars. They rightly contended that if the earth moved around the sun, the change of position of the earth ought to produce an apparent change among the Fixed Stars. No such change appearing, they concluded that the earth did not move. But the true cause of the apparent fixedness of the stars was unknown to them. Many ages passed away before the true cause was known. As astronomical instruments were improved, however, the astronomer gradually extended his knowledge of the distance of the heavenly bodies.

We are informed by Archimedes, that Aristarchus, a celebrated Grecian philosopher, concluded that the universe is of vast extent, since the places of the Fixed Stars are not much affected by the motion of the earth. (He is said to be one of the first to maintain that the earth has a motion.) He then concluded that the distances of the Fixed Stars must be immensely great.

Leaving ancient speculations, we will come down to more modern times. After Copernicus had shown, upon mathematical principles, that what is now known as the Copernican system of astronomy, was altogether the most probable theory of the universe then known, his opponents objected to it upon the ground that the motion of the earth around the sun produced no change in the apparent places of the Fixed Stars, which ought to be the case if the earth moved. The answer to such an objection was, that the distance of the Fixed Stars is so great, that the change of the position of the earth from one side of its orbit to the opposite, could have no appreciable effect on the apparent positions of the Fixed Stars, as measured with such instruments as were then known. Yet, this answer could not be conclusive, since it lacked the requisite observations. They were yet to be furnished. The accurate observations of Tycho Brahe (accurate for his time, since he succeeded in reducing the measurement of angles to accuracy within one minute), were no more successful in determining a change in the apparent place of the Fixed Stars.

It was Galileo, the celebrated Italian philosopher, who first pointed out the only really practical method of determining the parallax of the Fixed Stars. He concluded that in general, the smaller, or less bright stars, are at a greater distance than the brighter ones; and hence, by observing a large and a small star (recalling that we speak only of apparent magnitude), situated close together, these stars might be seen to open at one season of the year, and to approach each other at the opposite season. Galileo, however, was unable to turn this method to any account, except to show that if the earth moved, the distance of the Fixed Stars must be immensely great.

Dr. Bradley, a celebrated English astronomer, attempted to determine the parallax of one of the Fixed Stars, by observing its positions at different seasons of the year, as it passed through the zenith of the place of observation. Dr. Bradley's observations did not reveal any parallax of the Fixed Stars, but they made known a very important phenomenon of the solar system, viz.: the aberration of the Fixed Stars. This phenomenon is caused by the combination of the motion of light and the motion of the earth around the sun. Thus, Dr. Bradley unexpectedly discovered a phenomenon which demonstrated conclusively that the earth moves around the sun.

Sir William Herschel, some years after Dr. Bradley, attempted to apply the principle mentioned by Galileo, to find the parallax of the fixed stars. Dr. Herschel also arrived at an unexpected result. He found that the two stars which he compared exhibited a relative motion, but contrary to what it ought to be to reveal an annual parallax, it had no connection with the motion of the earth. After some years of observation, Dr. Herschel found that some of the stars which are so close together as to appear to the naked eye as a single star, and which are called double stars, actually had a motion of revolution around each other. Such double stars have been called binary stars.

From the period of Sir William Herschel's discovery of the binary systems, little progress was made in the discovery of an annual parallax (a change in the apparent position of the star by being seen from different points of the earth's orbit) till about the year 1830, save to show that no star which had been examined, exhibited a great a parallax as one second of arc. Sirius, or the Dog Star, from its great apparent magnitude, was generally regarded as the nearest of the fixed stars; but to this no parallax could be found; and so the limit—greater than which it was known it could not be—was taken as the probable annual parallax of Sirius; that is, it was fixed at one second. I noticed in an article on Astronomy, from Madison Tattle, in a previous number of the Banner, that Sirius was spoken of as the nearest of the fixed stars. Such is not the case, as we shall presently see.

During the years 1839 and 1840, Professor Ross, at the Royal Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, found that the bright star called Alpha Centauri, has a parallax of about one second.

Maclear subsequently found, in the years 1839 and 1840, that the parallax is more exactly 0".9138. This makes Alpha Centauri the nearest of all the fixed stars whose parallaxes have yet been found. This bright star is situated in the Southern hemisphere, and is invisible from our latitude.

During the years 1837 and 1838, Professor Bessel, the great German Astronomer of Königsberg, Prussia, found a parallax to the star 61 Cygni, of about one-third of a second. Subsequent correction by Professor Peters, gave the parallax equal to 0".8744. The following table will give the parallax of those stars which have exhibited any of a perceptible amount; also the distance in miles that they are situated from the earth; and also the time it will require light to travel from them to the earth, moving at the rate of 192,000 miles a second.

Name of star.	Parallax.	Distance in miles.	Time for the light to pass.
Alpha Centauri.	0".9138	21,000,000,000,000	4.3 years.
61 Cygni.	0".8744	59,000,000,000,000	8.72 "
Sirius.	0".8200	87,000,000,000,000	14.81 "
1830 Groombridge.	0".6280	88,000,000,000,000	14.46 "
Iota Ursæ Majoris.	0".1380	148,000,000,000,000	28.67 "
Arcturus.	0".1970	156,000,000,000,000	29.78 "
Alpha Lyra.	0".8070	98,000,000,000,000	18.70 "
Polaris.	0".1083	187,000,000,000,000	35.65 "
Capella.	0".0460	480,000,000,000,000	71.04 "

The first two columns were copied from Humboldt's Cosmos, Vol. 8. In computing the distances I have used Dr. Gould's solar parallax of eight one-half seconds, giving about 96,000,000 for the distance of the earth from the sun. We see by the above table that Sirius, so far from being the nearest of the fixed stars, is among the more distant; light requiring about fourteen one-fifth years to come from the star to the earth. How immense is the visible universe.

## WHAT THE DESTINY OF THE BIBLE IF SPIRITUALISM WERE PROVEN FALSE.

BY E. C. DUNN.

There is, or at least has been, a great effort by the Orthodox world to prove modern Spiritualism a delusion. And it is a mystery to me how those claiming to believe in the truth of the Scriptures can with such strange audacity denounce Spiritualism. It seems, if they studied the Bible as they ought, they could not consistently thus do, for the arguments they employ deal death blows to the very book they so tenaciously cherish. Now the Bible is to me, and the majority of Spiritualists the great storehouse of spiritual facts and truths.

Prior to my becoming a Spiritualist and a medium, I had serious doubts relative to both the facts and inspiration of the Scriptures. Such, for instance, as Daniel unharmed in the lion's den—Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace—Jonah and the whale—Christ walking on the water, and others of like import. But now they are plain to me, for I see similar things done to-day, that not only purport, but that I positively know transpire, and none, too, in accordance with Nature's laws. In fact, modern spiritual manifestations corroborate the ancient, and those correspond with the present. I must confess my skepticism when reading in the Scriptures of Peter, James and John seeing Moses and Elias on the mount, knowing the two latter had been dead some fifteen hundred years. But the very churchmen who accept this upon testimony from those living some eighteen hundred years ago will, if they hear of similar occurrences, be the first to denounce and cry illusion, delusion, imagination, &c. But are they certain that Peter, James and John were not deluded and deceived? Was it not imagination when Balaazar saw the spirit-hand writing the sad prediction upon the wall?

Now I am a medium, and have been taken up bodily and moved through the air in the presence of others. At this fact the modern sectarian may exclaim, "Imagination!" Then why not imagination on the part of those who saw Ezekiel moved through the atmosphere? (See Ezekiel, viii: 3.) "And he put forth the form of a hand, and took me by a lock of my head, and the spirit lifted me up between the earth and the heaven, and brought me in the vision of God to Jerusalem." Now will not the same law apply in both cases? Are not God's laws the same now as two or three thousand years since? Has Jehovah, or his laws, changed? If so, he stultifies himself, for he declares in the Scriptures, "I am the Lord God that changeth not." Again, if he change, he were liable to perish, for change, as relating to the infinite as an entity, implies absolute destruction.

Now, spirits either did or they did not communicate. Peter, James and John either did or did not behold the spirits of Moses and Elias on the mount. If they did not, why have the sacred historians so affirmed? Why, John tells us that he saw a spirit on the Isle of Patmos, (some may say this was an angel.) Not so; for hear what he says:

"And I John saw these things and heard them; and when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then said he unto me, 'See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and one of the brethren, and of them that keep the sayings of this Book: worship God.'"

It seems that this was not an angel, but one of the old prophets. Now, did John see him or not? If not, why is it so recorded?

Again, Saul went to consult a medium, and he tells us he received a communication from his old friend, Samuel. (See Samuel, chap. xxi: 12th, 15th, and 14th verses.) The question now arises, was Samuel really there? The Bible positively so tells us. If he was not there, then the Bible misinforms us, and is unworthy our credence. But if spirits, anciently communicated, why not now? Have the gates of heaven been closed? Have God's works proved a failure? Impossible! God works by the same means and to the same ends as of old. Are not Peter and John, etc., just as good as those of the Jewish age? If not, Christianity has been proclaimed for the past eighteen hundred years to little purpose. And if so, the more need of the present spirit manifestations that surround us every where. Some may cry Devil—if so, why not those of Christ's time? If electricity, that moves tangible substances, why not the same fluid that rolled the stone from Christ's tomb, loosed Peter's chains, and carried Ezekiel through the atmosphere? The same system of reasoning, if applied to modern spirit manifestations, should be applied to the ancient. It would virtually not only overthrow Christianity, but demolish the very fabric of immortality itself. To me, spirit communication is not only a source of joy, but my highest pleasure, to thus hold converse with loved angels gone before.

I shall see them stand on the shining strand, Their white arms 'round the tide— Waiting to witness their handiwork— When I reach the further side.

Battle Creek, Mich., Oct. 29, 1862.

## MARY, MY DARLING.

Well, thou art near me.

Mary, my darling!

Let me put back the dark hair from thy brow,  
Let me but gaze on thy face as I knew thee.  
Only more holy thou seem'st to me now.  
Press to my lips the fond kisses you gave me,  
Lovingly, trustfully, as my breast—  
While life shows thy tresses fall o'er me,  
Soothe me with kisses, love—  
Lull me to rest.

Come for my asking.

Mary, my darling!

Brush from my cheeks the warm tears as they fall—  
Oh! how I pine for thee, Mary, my darling,  
Loving thee fondliest, truest of all!  
Come to me, darling, come with thy passion,  
All of thy weakness, all of thy pain—  
Rest in my heart, it will shelter thee, darling,  
Let me not plead with thee—  
Pleading in vain.

Crown me with kisses.

Mary, my darling!

See how the warm blood leaps up to my face,  
Feel how my wild heart, throbbing and breathless,  
Longs to unfold thee, seek thy embrace.  
Once I was richer, richer than Croesus,  
Rich in thy fondness, by thee caressed;  
Now I am beggared, robbed of my treasure—  
God! what a loneliness  
Dwells in my breast!

Am I not dreaming?

Mary, my darling!

Cold blows the wind through my casement to-night,  
Coldly the stars gem the heavens above me,  
Shining with crystalline, tremulous light—  
And as I look from my window the moonbeams  
Fall with a chilliness over the stone,  
While my seared heart in its sorrow and sadness  
Sees but a grave—  
And a shadow alone.

GOD AND JOSEPH TREAT.

Brother Joseph seems to have some strange mental aberrations since he wandered spiritually into Egyptian darkness. He asks me to abandon the use of the term God, and of course my belief and faith in God, and yet says we have no voluntary actions. I "can't help it," Joseph. Why ask me to do what I have no power to do? Let your own theory apply to me, and do not ask the machine to stop or start by voluntary action. Is it "all right?" Then I am right, even in my views of God and God; so I must use the word while I believe in God, not a God, or the God, but God. I also, believe the word has been used to cause a vast amount of suffering, and sanction the worst of crimes; and I do not call them right; but I do not see how Joseph can call them otherwise.

I have some voluntary actions, and I should not be honest to refuse to use the term God, with my present belief, although I have no image to represent what I call God, and there are some acts which I call sin or sinful, and I know not how to better distinguish them from other and different actions. I might as well call Joseph Treat, Peter Parley, as to call all actions right, or by one common name. To me there is quite a difference between freezing and burning, although the surgeon says there is not much.

I do not know, brother, that words are curses at all to the world. They are really only representatives, or shadows of real or ideal things, and are about as harmless of themselves as the pictures we have on our tables of good and bad men and women. I do not think the word God would do much mischief if there was not an idea back of it—some self-constituted agents here to execute what they say is his will. I would release God, and hold the agents responsible, as they are in reach—God, he or she—No, I do not believe in the gender of God, nor do I care what it is; but if I had to love God as my Christian brethren say I ought, I should prefer the feminine, as it seems more natural for me to love woman than man. But I use the term here, because it is in such common use, and it conveys the idea as well as one not used; and I make innovations enough in our language by mistakes and designs, without changing the gender of God, as commonly accepted.

Brother, you seem entangled like a fly in a web. You say "there is no sin," and then "all sin came from God." If there is none, how did it come from God, and if there is none, how could it come from him? Your superabundance of negatives will, I think, prove a positive, and you are compelled to use the word God, nearly as much as I do, at least to account for the actions which we are compelled to perform, and the necessity which for aught I know, may be itself your God. "Cannot help themselves!" Oh, yes, we can, brother, and help others, too, as you are helping the poor sick soldiers, (I hope) at the hospital. "What is, it?" Well, I rather think so—God and sin included, and God not killed by a long way—even the God of armies and battles is alive yet, and I fear peace will not kill him, or it—(it cannot be here) Jesus and Jehovah were both said to be masculine; but neither of them is my God. Work on, brother; you will get untangled sometime.

Oct. 22, 1862.

## Political Institutions.

In his recent work on representative Government, Mr. John Stuart Mill affirms that the merit of political institutions is two fold; consisting, partly, of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the community—including advancement in intellect, virtue, practical activity and efficiency—and, partly, of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, and active worth already existing, so as to operate with the greatest effect on public affairs. That is to say, political institutions are only a class, or set, of organized arrangements, operating on the human mind, and for purposes of public business; and as Government directs its pains and energies to the one or the other of these, it must look for results in the culture of the people or the strength of the political machinery and arrangements. We have, hitherto been left pretty much to ourselves in both respects; education and thrift have had each a pretty good time of it with us; and now we are to begin and draw together certain threads of steel that will convince the world, both within and without, that we must have a Government, though the people were never so educated, or rich, or independent.

I WILL—There are no two words in the English language which stand out in bolder relief like kings upon a checker-board, so to great an extent (says a popular writer) as the words "I WILL." There is strength, depth and solidity—decision, confidence and power—determination, vigor and individuality in the sound, ringing tone which characterizes its delivery! It talks to you of triumph over difficulties, of victory in the face of discouragement, of will to promise and strength to perform, of lofty and daring enterprise, of unfettered aspirations, and of the thousand and one solid impulses by which man masters his limitations in the way of progression. Point to the boy who, with defiant glance and flashing eye, dare, roll out a strong emphatic "I WILL," and we will point you out the making of a man proud to conquer as he goes.

## Correspondence.

### The Soldier Boy.

DEAR READER—Did you hear the soft, shrill notes of the fife, the light tap of the drum, and see the brave little band of soldiers as they slowly moved, with arms reversed, in the direction of that spot of newly-broken earth, just made ready to receive the remains of the poor soldier boy? He is laid softly down; then the sharp crack of musketry, and then hurriedly was fresh earth replaced; and on Virginia's soil was made the final resting-place of our dear soldier boy.

Kind reader, he was our youngest boy. On him twenty bright summers had shed their bloom and beauty; but alas! he whose heart was so full of kindness, love, and affection, had fallen by the ruthless hand of the spoiler, and his earth-form is now the unconscious tenant of the dark chamber of the grave.

At the call for volunteers to protect our national Government, and sustain the free institutions of our land, the soldier boy left his occupation in the evergreen forest, in the wild woodlands in the far-off West, and at Fort Ridgely his name entered on the muster-roll, and he numbered in the First Minnesota Regiment, and was soon passed on to Washington. The dangers and hardships of the battles of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff were shared by him—through both he passed unharmed. In the march, when the grand army moved from the Potomac, fatal disease, caused by suffering and privation, fastened on his physical system. To the Chesapeake General Hospital he was removed. Eight days of suffering were allotted to him, and on the 13th of April last, his eyes closed forever on all that is bright and beautiful here below.

Thus closed the earth-life of the once fair but now fading and wasting form of our good and kind-hearted soldier boy. Now the cold and piercing winds of autumn course their way through the surrounding forest; leaves and tendrils are gently falling on the bosom of mother Earth; the aged father leans on his staff, and looks forward with joyous hope in the near future just over the bright and clear river. The feeble, and almost helpless mother, in quiet and pensive mood, sits by her window, looking forth on the little river, watching its smooth and gentle current passing along in its winding way. Memory brings to mind happy scenes in by-gone days. Her missing boy is seen in childhood days, playing, dancing, and laughing beneath the majestic old oak that cast its cool and lovely shade around our rural dwelling, while the big tear courses its way over the faded and care-worn cheek.

To the many parents who now sit in sorrow, whose sons have passed away in our country's cause, permit me to say, weep not; let not sorrow, like the lone night-bird, brood over thy feeble and languid spirits; come, learn with me the soul-cheering truth—there is no death—a change only. Man lives beyond the tomb, and our dear ones that have passed that change in a strange land, far, far away from their fond and happy homes, can and do return, and oftentimes in early morn, and evening twilight hour, noiselessly enter our rooms—stand by our side, and in language soft and sweet, say to us, "Weep not; we still live, and are long our home shall be thy home." Yes, "home, sweet home" in the summer land, where the unfading and ever-blooming fields, or foliage, or flowers, can never be stained with this life current of those we dearly love.

JOHN D. OLDER.

Granville, Calumet Co., Wis.

### Letter from Illinois.

MA. EDWIN—We see your paper occasionally, and would suggest, in our entirely normal or natural state, for any other would be impossible, the organizing of the Spiritualists of the United States into some tangible body, or bodies, whereby their great gifts, growing daily of a purer and higher order, could act more effectively upon the public mind and policy of this country in its present great emergency. We think this spiritualistic element, crude and rudimentary as it may be, is still infinitely in advance of all other moral agencies in its capacity and comprehension to act upon the affairs and concerns of life, either public or private, and which our sects, that make scholastic doctrine, instead of the precepts and spirit of Christ, the fundamental basis of their faith, are incapable of doing. We say, then, why do not the Spiritualists do something to render more effective the power that they say? Why do they see so very far beyond their fellows as to become impracticable, transcendental, and waste the virtues and beneficence of their new dispensation for the want of systematized power to act on the new and momentous issues that are before and around them?

Slavery is a great wrong, a curse to man, an unspeakable, unparalleled wrong to woman, brutalizing and taking her out of the sphere of responsible existence, and is the all-pervading issue in this present war. It has well been said of slavery, that "God has no attribute that can take sides with it," and He has brought this crisis upon us as the means of our escape from the terrible thralldom, leaving us no possible excuse for palliation. The public mind has not inaptly contrasted the condition of the negro with that of the Israelites in Egypt, and "let my people go," has more than a passing solemnity; is more than the mere vision of a gifted woman, is indelibly stamped upon humanity. Why not, then, in temperate language, sustain the President on the subject of emancipation? Let him know that the great body of professed Spiritualists—greater still, perhaps of those who do not profess, who take of its inspiration without losing their former status, who "ponder" within them, and "come to Jesus by night,"—will, almost without exception, sustain him in this great trial, and give his administration their support.

It appears, then, to me, to be the duty of this body of untrammelled and cosmopolitan reformers to do much more than they have done to act upon the public mind, to speak out their sentiments in some united voice that will be heard and felt over the broad land.

A FRIEND.

Oct. 30, 1862.

TOILET FOR GENTLEMEN.—For preserving the complexion—Temperance.  
To preserve the breath sweet—Abstinence from tobacco.  
For whitening the hands—Honesty.  
To remove a stain—Repentance.  
Easy shaving soap—Ready money.  
For improving the sight—Observation.  
A beautiful ring—A family circle.  
For improving the voice—Civility.  
The best complexion at the toilet—A wife.

Thank God, madam, I have contracted no bad habits. "No, sir, you have expanded them."

## The Discovery of Shot-making.

A DREAM.

About seventy years ago there lived in the city of Boston, England, a Mr. William Watts, a plumber and glazier. To this occupation he added that of a shot-maker. At that time shot making was but a partially developed art, and consisted in letting drops of melted lead fall into a vessel of water from a height of but two or three feet, which caused the drops to suddenly cool in a rounded form. But as the metal did not thoroughly solidify before it reached the water, the sudden contact of it with the latter caused a slight indentation on the surface of every shot exactly at the point where it first touched the liquid. In fact, it destroyed or rather prevented perfect sphericity—a slight imperfection to all appearance, but quite sufficient to prevent the little missiles from traveling in a straight line when sent from a gun.

Mr. Watts was a bit of a sportsman himself, and seeing that with the shot as then made he could not score a certain aim, he investigated the matter, and soon came to the conclusion that that imperfect sphericity was the cause of the shot flying wide of the mark. The fault ascertained, the question next was how to correct it. He racked his brain day and night, hoping to discover some method of making a perfectly round shot—many were the experiments he made, but all in vain, and he at last gave up the idea in despair.

But Mr. Watts had a wife, who was not so easily beaten, and she had set her wits to work also. She was a remarkably quiet, thoughtful woman, and took it into her head that, as there was a cure for almost every ill, so there might be a remedy for bad shot. She was one of those who did not know what impossibilities meant. This idea having entered her mind, there it remained, and we all of us know that if a woman sets her heart on accomplishing anything, accomplish it she will. Day after day she watched the process of shot-making, as she sat by the water tank knitting away for dear life, but saying never a word, though eye, brain and fingers were not unemployed for a moment. So matters went on for many months; Mr. Watts became desponding; his business fell off, and poverty stared him in the face. Rather than make imperfect shot, he cared not to make any, and he must soon have gone to ruin had it not been for a dream.

One night Mr. Watts was suddenly aroused from comfortable slumber by a vigorous shake of his shoulder. Rubbing his eyes, and "God blessing" himself, he sat bolt upright in bed, and perceived with great surprise (for the moon was shining into the chamber) that his usually quiet wife was pulling the room, exclaiming, not "Eureka," but something very much to the same effect:

"I've found out how to do it," and then she added: "Get up directly, William, I've made your fortune!"

Mr. Watts was now thoroughly awake, and Mrs. Watts related her "vision of the night."

She had dreamed (or rather thought in her sleep) that, if the drops of molten lead were allowed to fall through the air from a considerable height, so as to get thoroughly hardened before they reached the water, their perfectly spherical forms would not be damaged by the sudden contact therewith. The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Watts, in great secrecy, tried the experiment. Opposite their house was a lofty old church tower—that of St. Mary Redcliffe—and this tower was selected as the scene of operations. The sexton was a neighbor. From him the key was borrowed, and by eight o'clock Mr. Watts was there with a charcoal brazier, some lead, a bucket of water, and the shot card (or mold) as the implement was called, through which the melted lead was poured or strained to form drops. You may be sure they looked themselves in. The stairways of the tower were circular, so that a "well" was formed from the top to the bottom—just the thing required. At the summit Mr. Watts fixed his "card," while at the bottom Mrs. Watts stood beside the pail of water, on the added contents of which, before long, so much might depend.

All was at length ready, and down dropped the molten shower of glistening globules of metal. Hissing and spluttering they fell into the water, until all the lead above was used, and then, with eager haste, Mrs. Watts plunged her hand into the now warm fluid, and drew some of the shot thereof. Examining them eagerly, she had the inexpressible delight of seeing that each and all were faultless—perfect and entirely spherical. The problem was solved—the triumph achieved—and, as she said, she had made her husband's fortune.

Mr. Watts speedily procured a patent, and "Watt's Patent Shot" was patronized by King George the Third and his scapegrace son, the Prince of Wales. In fact, it speedily superseded all other sorts, and Mr. Watts in a brief period realized an enormous fortune.

### A Coat of Arms.

The Southern Confederacy must have a seal, of course, having set up political housekeeping for themselves, and that seal must bear a proper "coat of arms," by which their existence may be known. This is what the Congress of that country has finally decided upon, according to the authority of the Richmond Whig; in the foreground, a Confederate soldier, in the position of "charge bayonet"; in the middle distance, a woman with a child in front of a church, both with hands uplifted, in the attitude of prayer; for a background, a homestead on the plain, with mountains in the distance, beneath the meridian sun; the whole surrounded by a wreath, composed of the stalks of the sugar cane, the rice, the cotton, and tobacco plants, the margin inscribed with the words—"Seal of the Confederate States of America," above, and "Our Homes and Constitution," beneath.

How holy is the sympathy of childhood for the sorrowing! The soft cheek laid mutely against your own; the timorous velvet hand on the throbbing temples; the plying eyes, from which the most quivering soul that ever trouble laid bare can never shrink away. No deceit there! no danger of misplaced trust, should those wailing eyes unsal your lips to groans of pent-up anguish. Leaning on the bosom of "the Beloved" alone, could the repose of sorrow be more heavenly?

It was a bright thought that of Smithsonian, the founder of the Smithsonian Institution, when he was dying of an unknown complaint. Smithsonian had had five doctors, and they had been unable to discover what the disease was. At length they told the patient that he must die. Calling them all around him, he said: "My friends, after I die, make a post-mortem examination, and find out what ails me; for, really, I have heard such long and learned discourses on the subject, that I am dying to know what the disease is myself."

The man who needs a law to keep him from abusing an inferior animal, needs a prison to prevent his violating the law. It ought to be enough to deter any man from cruelty that the objects of it cannot speak for themselves, cannot bear witness against him, are dumb.

Women often lose the men they love, and who love them. By mere wantonness of coquetry they reject them and then repent; they should be careful not to take this step too hastily, for a proud, high-minded, gifted man will seldom ask a woman twice.

A fellow, in an obnoxious state, took up his lodgings on the sidewalk. He wore next morning and straightened himself up, looked on the ground on which he had made his couch. "Well," he said, "if I had a pickaxe, I would make up my bed!"



## AT SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

BY WM. M. ROBINSON.

Like plates of brass armor  
The yellow plowed lands lay  
Upon the valley's bosom  
For leagues and leagues away.  
Along them shined and shimmered  
The lazy moving stream,  
As o'er a child's soft bosom  
The idle ribbons gleam.

The mountain's velvet helmet  
Nods darkly on her crest,  
As though some untold passion  
Was trembling in her breast.  
The green leaves chant together  
A weird and mystic strain,  
And the feathery tenants mingle  
Their notes in the wild refrain.

The shadows sweep o'er the valley  
Like an evanescent blot,  
That seems like a holy feeling  
Begrimed with an impure thought.  
—'T was thus lay the quiet valley  
And the sentry hills held sway,  
Ere the bugle notes scared the song-birds,  
Or the reveille woke the day.

And now was the smiling Sabbath,  
And the sweet-tongued meeting bells  
Rang out like an incense wafted  
O'er listening hills and dells.  
The soldiers catch the cadence  
Borne out on the distant air,  
And it comes to their weary spirits  
Like the thought of an angel's prayer.

But vain the holy summons—  
The prayer remains unsaid,  
The singers' lips are silent,  
The sermon lies unread;  
While long and dusty columns  
Of sun-browned troops file by,  
Nerved by the rigid purpose  
To win the day—or die!

Along the paths of the mountain  
Moves up the dark-blue line,  
The gun-wheels grind o'er the boulders,  
The burnished bayonets shine.  
Way up in the leafy covert  
The curling smoke betrays  
Where the foe throw down the gauntlet,  
And the answering cannons blaze.

The crack of the Minie rifle,  
The shriek of the crashing shell,  
The ring of the flashing sabre,  
Their tale of the conflict tell.  
They tell of the dear lives lying,  
War's food in Nature's lap,  
Ere the Starry Flag in triumph  
Waves through the Mountain Gap.

Night drops her plying mantle  
To hide the bloody scene—  
Next morn a thousand dead men  
Mark where the foe had been.  
And where the fight was hottest  
Two mangled corpses lay  
One clad in bright blue jacket,  
And one in homespun gray.

Their hands are clasped together,  
Their bloody bosoms show  
Each fought with a dauntless purpose,  
And fell 'neath each other's blow!  
They fell, and the crimson mingled,  
And before the parting eye  
Back rolled the storm of the conflict  
To the peaceful days gone by.

Each thought of the Mystic Token—  
The talismanic sign;  
Each recognized a Brother!  
Two firm right hands entwined!  
The fire of the noble Order  
Touched not their hearts in vain,  
All hate fades out, uniting  
Two hearts with the triple chain!

Oh, ye who sit in council  
To mould the nation's fate,  
Do ye confess your weakness?  
Find ye no omissions?  
And ye of the gilded churches,  
Does He not hear your prayer,  
Who notes the falling sparrow,  
And numbers every hair?

Then ye of the Mystic Order,  
Let it be yours to say:  
War, thou shalt go no further!  
Here shall thy fierce waves stay!  
And again the good old Banner  
Bid wave from sea to sea,  
To lead the golden advent  
Of Freedom's jubilee!

Then Peace upon God's footstool,  
And praise to the Most High,  
Shall permeate each bosom—  
Ye of the Mystic Tie,  
Send from your ark of safety  
The consecrated dove,  
To spread o'er earth the benison  
Of Friendship, Truth and Love!

CAMP OF EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS BATTERY,  
ANTWERP CREEK, October, 1862.

## Correspondence in Brief.

Mrs. E. D. F., San Jose, Cal., writes as follows:  
"I am making efforts to procure you some new 'recruits.' I hope I may be successful; if so, will write you again in the course of a month. Such a valuable paper as the BANNER should never suffer for want of patrons, the exponent, as it is, of our beautiful, true and glorious faith. It is a welcome visitor to my home, and there are many things I would be deprived of rather than fail to read the entertaining columns of your journal. It seems to me a dear and valued friend, whose weekly coming gladdens and refreshes my spirit, and instructs the mind. Blessed indeed are you who scatter broadcast over our world these great spiritual truths, for by them many are made happier and better, and more exalted in their lives."

[Thanks, for your kind words in regard to the BANNER. If felt as deep an interest in the success of our paper as you do, we should not to-day be striving with only *Hope* for our sheet-anchor. The donation will be devoted to the purpose for which it was sent. God bless you.]

J. T. WESTFIELD, N. Y., proposes the following questions:

Does a power that is capable of moving matter, exist in matter, inert or active?  
Is man an outgrowth of all below him?  
Is the negative of one degree of development the positive of the next succeeding degree?  
Can life exist without preying upon life?  
Are not all visible forms composed of invisible elements?  
Is not the mind positive to the body? And if so, is not the invisible superior to the visible?  
Does that which is invisible produce that which is visible; or does that which is visible produce that which is invisible?

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . . EDITOR.

## Men, Women, and Marriage.

Theodore Parker delivered a memorable discourse on Marriage, as he did on several other important topics—and in the same he very naturally divided Marriage into several heads. There was the marriage of Fancy; the marriage of Fashion; the marriage of Convenience; and the marriage of Love. Of course, it is easy enough for every one to delude himself with the idea that, from whatever motive he marries, it must be for love; and yet, we all know, from the most superficial observation, that not one in a hundred, if indeed one in a thousand, is a marriage of real love. How fatally we suffer with a subject that is of such great proportions—that sends out its radiating influences so very far into our future.

Men do not know themselves, do not know the actual wants of their nature; and in such a state of ignorance they marry. Women are kept perfectly in the dark in relation to the other sex, as well as to their true place in the world. One sex is early debauched in its moral views by law and false teachings, and the other is looked up and barred in by the hand of ignorance. And in such a state of proficiency they marry! What a mockery of the sacredness that belongs to that divine relation! If even a few marriages prove happy because of a lucky chance, what a state of society would not that be in which all marriages were contracted on the right principle, or law!

Some get disgusted with the whole matter, and abandon all thoughts of ever marrying. So thoroughly evil is the influence of a wrong education. It is lamentable, to think of even one human being who feels compelled to deny himself the profound pleasure that is his by natural right, because of what society says and thinks about matches and marriages. Yet the instances of such misery are many on every hand.

There is the marriage of *Fancy*. Sure enough; what a frail bubble of an affair it is. Two persons—usually young persons—are suddenly surprised with a fancy that they are in love with one another; or one is positively certain that he never saw such a pretty face before in all his life; or a sweet "love of a bonnet" did the business; or perhaps only the flirt of a ribbon, or the shade of a glove, or the happy turn of a fan. And these fancies for one another oftentimes turn on something as weighty as a new ball-dress, in which the fair one looked—oh, elegantly!—or on the grace with which a young girl sits a horse, or alights from a carriage, or acknowledges a salute. Upon trifles like these—we blush to say—thousands of persons predicate that grave step which is to solve, or confuse beyond disentanglement, the problem of their earthly happiness. It is fearful to think of. But society makes no fuss at all about such a monstrous state of affairs; society only goes quietly ahead in pursuit of its former vanities, in new paths and under fresh stimulus.

The marriage of *Fashion* is a despotic affair, from beginning to end. It is one of the few monstrosities of human life. One man and one woman link their fortunes together for life, because it has been decreed and decided that they are fit to marry, according to the laws of that hard, enameled life, and for no other reason under the heavens. Others talk it up, make the match, judge for the parties contracting that they rank one with the other, and, in fact, coopeve and carry along and consummate the entire matter. There is no love in it; oftentimes there is not even any desire. It is merely to keep up appearances together in a stronger way than it could be done if the parties remained separate. It is because others have said that these two, or those two persons, ought to stand up before a priest, join hands, and blithely, so that they may draw more powerfully in a double than a single harness. If there is any really wicked mockery of the sacred institution practiced among men and women, it is when they consent to marry because Fashion tells them it is for their interest as her votaries.

Then we have the marriage of *Convenience*; as when an old bachelor marries an old maid, after each has waited to see a whole generation join hands and go in quest of happiness in couples, and concludes at last that there is nothing better left for them than to go and do as the rest have done, only regretting they had not done it before. Or when a widower, with a family of young children, feels that his little brood need a mother to take care of them, whereby many a poor suffering soul gets a "step mother" to its cost. Or when estates join, and the only way to rub out the dividing line and merge them into one is by marrying the possessors and running together the metes and bounds. There may be an earthly excuse—certainly there is an explanation of this marriage. Let it pass.

Who can sufficiently praise the true love-marriage? What has the world one-half so perfect and beautiful? Where do angels love to come down oftener, and abide longest? Who looks into the sanctity of that home, and comes out of its influence without knowing that he has witnessed a life he never thought possible on earth before? What heaven from morning till night! What deference, each to the other, in every wish and desire! What affectionate manners, more eloquent than all the "my dears" and "my darlings" of speech! What a glow and warmth over all things, great and small! How much contentment—what quiet energy—what a fund of resources and fertility of invention—what patient trust—what perfect peace and beautiful self-sufficiency! Who can describe it, if he has once seen it? Who can catch the spirit of the handsome fact, and stuff it into lumbering language, so that the unexperienced may understand it all? Happy are they, and they only, who have touched this lowest deep of their being's capacity. Any other marriage than this is but a sorrowful reminder, all through life, of "what might have been."

The President notifies all who call upon him that he will not modify or withdraw his emancipation proclamation.

## Photographic Cartes de Visite Portraits.

A stranger in a city like New York, would always feel grateful to any one who would show him where he can pass a few hours pleasantly which might otherwise hang heavily. Such a place for an entertaining and highly instructive lounge, is J. Gurney & Sons, Photograph Gallery, at 707 Broadway. It abounds with objects of absorbing interest. Here one can look around and see the faces of men and women, who give the social world all the meaning and expression it has for him. The list of celebrities includes almost every one who has achieved anything like fame in America.

But the Photographic Cartes de Visite, surpass, for variety and life-like faithfulness, even the more ambitious pictures. To run them over, is to find delight apparently without end. A person may seat himself at one of his tables, or at a counter, and occupy himself all day long with the surprisingly large collection. The House issues a Catalogue of these Cartes de Visite, which any one can procure by sending for it, and from the long list may readily make a selection, to suit him. Had we room, we should like to name some of the owners of the faces; but they include statesmen, actors, poets, warriors, professors, singers, bishops, lawyers, artists, gems of beauty, and a supplementary list of illustrated topics, which can be procured of no other House of the kind in the country.

These Cartes de Visite are exactly the things to put into the *Agassiz* Photographic Albums which this House has constantly for sale; and any person, with one of Gurney's Catalogues before him, can select and send for just what pictures he wishes, together with just such an Album as he would like, with the certainty of having his wishes as carefully attended to as if he were on the spot to gratify them himself. Mr. Wm. H. Emerson has sole charge of the Card and Album Department, and may be found on the lower floor; orders in this line should be forwarded to him. We have a few counterfeit presentations, in hand now, which were taken at this establishment, and we should be happy to show them to such of our friends as chose to call and look at them at this office. The artistic ability of Gurney and his collaborators is of the highest order, he having been in the business himself for nearly a quarter of a century. Look in, friends, when in New York. It will be the pleasantest part of your visit there.

## The Removal of Gen. McClellan.

The subjoined extracts on the removal of Gen. McClellan, as Commander of the Army of the Potomac, are from an article in the New York Tribune:

"At the last hour—too late to save his friends, but not too late, we trust, to save the country—the President has relieved Gen. McClellan from the command of the Army of the Potomac. Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside succeeds him. Gen. McClellan retires for the present from what is by courtesy termed active service."

We are among those who called the summons of Gen. McClellan to the chief command under the President of our armies with outspoken hope and joy. We trusted in him as the predestined right arm of the Republic in her deadliest struggle with her traitorous ally. It took months of stubborn, criminal, fatal paralysis, in the face of a foe contemptible in every element of strength, save capacity, to hoodwink our Commanding General, to cure us of that fond delusion. Not all we had seen, and felt, and realized that our fondly imagined *Magnum Opus* had a chronic incapacity for getting on, did our faith in him falter.

But when month after month had passed away gloriously, while he held one hundred and fifty thousand brave volunteers idly shivering through a winter in canvas tents, while our country was brought to the brink of ruin by the imminent danger of a war with Great Britain, which would have ended in a struggle with all Western Europe, and while fifty thousand rebels besieged Washington, obstructed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and kept the Potomac closed against our shipping, that faith was shaken. And when at last, three weeks after the time set for the movement in peremptory orders given him four weeks earlier, he had advanced to Centerville, and found nothing but a simple cannon to impede his progress, we gave him wholly up, and the faith that had yielded so slowly to overwhelming evidence could never be revived.

It has been General McClellan's misfortune, and still more the country's, that his intimate friends and trusted counsellors were nearly all at heart opposed to an unequalled discomfort of the rebels. They are *Unionists* after their fashion—they would not have the Republic divided and ruined—but they have no conception of no liking for, any other settlement of our troubles than one which shall be based on compromise—that is, buying off the traitors from persistence in their treason by new concessions, new guarantees, to slavery.

Gen. Burnside fought gallantly at Bull Run; he led ably and victoriously the brilliant campaign in North Carolina; he was called thence to reinforce McClellan after his reverse, before Richmond; and he ably commanded the left wing at the battle of Antietam. Thus far, he has done well, whatever work has been allotted him; we trust he will, in his new and more arduous position, justify the hopes, and retrieve the fortunes of his country. That he will at all events avoid Gen. McClellan's cardinal error of treating the order of his superior as so much waste paper, we are confident."

## Foreign Reports.

We have many, and, indeed, all sorts of rumors about what foreign powers are thinking of doing with us, within a week or ten days past. What is going finally to be our fate, is something which nobody seems competent to prophesy. France, if her Emperor acts at all in the premises, will have to be startling herself pretty soon, if she has not already begun work in Mexico. But Napoleon will never be led by the nose in this risky business by John Bull; if he does anything, it will be of his own accord and conception, though he may allow John Bull the privilege of seeming to lead him about. As for England, she might as well interfere by virtue of declared government authority, as to permit her merchants and business men to behave toward us as they do; she is, and has been from the beginning, perfidious to the last degree, and therefore we question the strength and extent of her courage. She will go just as far as she dares, and no farther. Whenever she thinks Napoleon is willing to join with her in plucking the feathers out of the original American Eagle, she will be ready for the "holy alliance." She has stood at the graves of too many young nations, not to be all dressed and ready to drop her hypocritical tears into our own.

## Miss Lizzie Doten at Lyceum Hall.

This favorite lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy occupies the desk in Lyceum Hall on Sunday next, afternoon and evening. Miss Doten has not spoken in this city for several months, and there are many who are anxiously waiting her return.

F. L. Wadsworth, who has just closed a two week's engagement in this city, goes to Taunton to lecture before the Society of Spiritualists, the remaining Sundays of this month.

## The Assembly Room.

Don't forget—all ye who love "to trip the light fantastic too"—that another assembly at Lyceum Hall is announced for Wednesday evening of this week.

## What is in a Name.

A Southern Journalist professes to find great significance in the alleged fact that the Slave States have names that may be appropriately used to distinguish their respective inhabitants, while the Free States have names that do not easily admit of such distinctions. It is assumed that the geographical and political relations of the Southern people may be readily and gracefully indicated, by the addition of appropriate terminations to the names of the States to which they respectively belong. Hence we naturally speak of Mississippians, Tennesseans, Kentuckians, Carolinians, and Virginians. But the author of this remarkable discovery seems to think it would be in bad taste to speak of "the Maineans, the Connecticuters, or the Massachusettsers."

There may be either more or less in this matter than the Southern scribe imagined. For aught that appears we may just as naturally designate Vermonters, Rhode Islanders, and New Yorkers in this way, as the people of more Southern communities can be so distinguished. Moreover, Jerseyman sounds quite as well, especially to a Northern ear as Georgian; and a Pennsylvanian is rather more likely to be a loyal and proper person than a Floridian or a Texan. This characteristic illustration of the reasoning of the Southern political Scribes and Phrasemakers is quite as unsatisfactory as the South-side logic employed to justify secret treason and open rebellion against the best government in the world.

The rebel writer thinks that this assumed difference in names may have been the result of accident with the older members of the Union, but not so the New States. On the contrary, he is sure he perceives in the circumstances noted abundant evidence the people of the Free States have never felt that they were entitled to any sovereignty peculiarly their own, and hence they have claimed no separate political individuality. In short, they have not professed to be a *People*; while the inhabitants of the rebellious States have claimed to be sovereign States and "a peculiar people." (Their peculiarity is as cordially acknowledged as their independent sovereignty is disputed.)

If it could be shown that the South really had any such aim in the selection of names for States, as is implied, it might also appear that those who molded her institutions contemplated the present political disintegration from the beginning. We have yet to learn that the very names of the Southern States are expressive of disunion, secession, and treason. If they are so, those who are ambitious of such distinctions will be left to the undisturbed possession and enjoyment of the same, with no man who loves his country to either dispute their claim or share their infamy. The loyal citizens of the Free States are content to be known, at home and abroad—everywhere—as Americans; and in this crisis they will answer to the only name that distinguishes the Western Continent and its great Republic—Nationally.

S. B. B.

## To the Friends of Progress.

We are in the midst of a terrible conflict—a "war of the gauges;" gauges of social, civil, and religious ideas, and over us floats the BANNER or LIGHT, and Herald of Progress; a few friends able and willing to lend pecuniary aid will not allow the noble enterprise of Bro. Davis to fall, nor the Herald of Progress to go down in the storm. But the BANNER is emphatically the people's paper; it depends entirely on its subscribers and purchasers—and there are enough of them, if all will be prompt in renewing, and earnest in soliciting new ones, to carry it triumphantly through the war, and bear it folds over a nation once more at peace and in prosperity. The war is evidently nearer its last than its first end, and signs of peace will soon appear in the North, for a subdued South must soon acknowledge its inability to contend longer. Then more than ever shall we all want the encouraging words and comforting messages of spirits, and then will the progressive journals be more read, better appreciated, and better sustained than ever. Now is the trial hour, the struggle for life or death. The exorbitant prices, depreciated currency, heavy taxation, will sink many a bark before peace is proclaimed.

Let us see to it, that our Banner is not shot away nor furlled, but kept open to the breeze and to angels, as a scroll for them to pencil words to mortals in, and through, and beyond the war. I know persons enough, with means enough, to sustain several such papers by subscription alone, and such persons too, as approve and promulgate such teachings as these papers send out. I should be sorry to have their carelessness, or apathy allow the BANNER to drag on the pockets of the generous proprietors, who are not as able to bear it as many subscribers. But I know there is no need of any one, or few, being over-taxed, if all will join heartily and earnestly in this hour of trial, and lend each a helping hand, to renew and get new subscribers, so the proprietors may not find their funds short to pay the increased prices that come weekly, and rise almost weekly on articles furnished.

Friends, now is the time we need your subscription more than you do. Please send it along in clubs of four, where you can, and less at higher rates where you must—for the BANNER must float over the homes of the free and the hearts of the true. Send in New England bills, or Treasury notes, or other kind of postage currency at par in New England, except gold and silver—that is out of market here now, withdrawn, or suspended payment—so do not send it.

WARREN CHASE.

## Bad Men for Rulers.

It is not such a certain matter that those who call themselves, and are called by others, *good men*, make the best sort of rulers. It is so easy for such men to delude themselves, even as they frequently disappoint others. Alexander Hamilton touches on the same idea, as a philosophic statesman, in one of the earlier papers from his pen in the "Federalist;" as a man who knew men practically, and not theoretically, and one who knew them thoroughly, too, he looked at this subject in its true light. He knew that *good men* feel so sure that they are right, and that their opinions and theories are right, merely because they are conscientious, that they more frequently miss the mark than hit it—and men who are positively bad men, on the contrary, are likely to turn out excellent work as public servants. Not having been fairly put on trial hitherto before their fellow-men, they have thought it well enough if they simply suited themselves; but when they come to be loaded with new responsibilities, and those of a public nature, all their nobler and higher qualities instantly make an effort to develop themselves, and they turn their practical knowledge of mankind oftentimes to the very best account.

## New Publications.

LOCALIZED PROTESTANTS; or, Marriage as it is, and Marriage as it should be, philosophically considered. By Charles S. Woodruff, M. D. Boston: Bela Marsh.

To say that this neat volume contains, all along through its bright pages, thoughts that have been suggested by almost every one's experience or observation, or both, would be stating simply the truth. More persons have right "notions" about this all-wrong affair of Marriage than ever utter them. Common Sense alone teaches us better about it than we practice, and it hardly requires large talent to show up the deformities of the system, with its outgrowing wrongs and wretchedness, in a way to arrest general attention.

Dr. Woodruff is a good writer, a good thinker, and knows how to make good statements. Not every author, after he has made himself sure of his points, can state them. Daniel Webster's preliminary statements, in opening his cases before a court, were as much argument as that which goes more strictly by that logical name.

This valuable little book is contained in just six chapters, with the following titles: Nature as a Standard of Right—Society, its Customs and Forms—Marriage as it is; the Love of Money an Incentive—Marriage as it should be—the Creative Power, and Conclusion. In the first chapter, the style in which, by simply taking the Old Testament account of the creation of man and woman "at its own word"—the author displays its utter nonsense, compelling every thoughtful mind to fall back upon the standard of Nature alone for its faith—is so complete and conclusive, in its effect as to be worth the price of the book itself. He defends Science, and insists that it shall have the first hearing; for to discover the laws of Science is to find out the secrets of Nature herself. When he says that present marriages are rather the results of mutual selfishness than anything else—as that each consults, if he or she does not seek his or her private comfort and advantage—he states a truth that runs so generally through our modern marriage system as to be the prime cause of its rottenness and corruption. We all know that, as a habit in society, not two persons in two hundred, if in two thousand, seek the state of marriage from any higher motive than lust, fancy, convenience, or advantage. This may be a sort of co-partnership, and two persons may go through the world pretty comfortably on that basis, if they are peacefully inclined; but it is impious to speak of such an arrangement as *Marriage*. Says our author to this very point, "God is love, and creates in love, it being essential to the creative purpose, and underlying the creative power. Love was before creation, and begot the desire to create." And he adds, a little way on, "Two powers constitute love—a positive and negative, or male and female; and the seeking or drawing together of these principles is the act of loving." Good.

The chapter on the Creative Power, for clearness and candor, for scientific statement and highly instructive conclusions, should be read and pondered upon a long time by every intelligent reader of this paper. We know it is what squeamish people call a "delicate subject;" but these same tender-toed critics are as indelicate as they well can be in their own allusions to it, and their own treatment of it. We only wish that we had as much room as we would like to use in quoting out of it. "Mix the seeds and soils of your affections"—says the author—"in their proper relations; nurture them in strict accordance with the laws of your being; water them with that pure, holy love which belongs to gentleness, and that shall rear you yourselves, and to the world, the noblest specimens of human life, the most God-like forms of humanity, which the Divine Mind intended you should rear, and hand down to him as a legacy that which shall endure throughout all time and eternity—perfect individualized selfhoods, noble in truth and in true dignity of man and womanhood." He thinks, as we think and believe, too, that "in the marriage ties and the creative elements lies the power to reform the world, when once humanity can be made to understand its proper use."

For sale at this office.

SUPPLEMENT DISSECTED, in a series of Investigating Letters between a Free-thinker and his Deacon Brother-in-Law, comprising a variety of brief and familiar Rationalistic Discourses on a number of the most prominent Texts and Incidents of Holy Writ—designed to invite Scrutiny and remove Indifference, and to insure greater depth of thought and research into the value and reliability of Scriptural Evidence. Sold by S. A. Lent, Agent. Post-office address, New York City.

The reader will see just what this book is, in point of spirit and character, from the title above stated. Its object is one that occupies the thoughts of a great many persons, now-a-days. The volume is composed of some ninety Letters, written from one family relative to another, and is mainly a compilation, or comparison between conflicting opinions, systems, and statements, making the subject of Creeds thus plainly understood in the light of all possible analogies. The author apologizes for publishing, but no apology, we think, is needed. It will be found a store-house of recorded facts on religious matters, to which all persons may go with profit and advantage. The only wonder is, that people require to read such candid books as this in order to get the cobwebs out of their eyes.

BRECHER AND PARKER. SIGNS OF THE TIMES. SPIRITUALISM. By J. M. Peebles, Pastor of Independent Congregation, Battle Creek City, Michigan. This pamphlet is a timely compilation by its author of such writings of the two men named above as make directly to the establishment of the truth of Spiritualism. It is very well done. "The quotations from poets, prose-writers, and the Beechers are pat, happy, pithy, and excellent for making morning in the brain. If the people would but see, how soon the clergy would follow them!"

THE VITAL FORCES IN NATURE AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN. By George B. Simpson. Washington: Printed by R. A. Waters.

The author says that he has "set out upon the uncertain sea of research," without means, friends, or books, "resolved to learn by practical observation that which was written in the great Book of Nature, whose God-imprinted pages were everywhere spread out before him." It makes a very respectable pamphlet.

AMERICAN JUTE, is the title of a paper read at the monthly meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, October 16th, 1862, by H. H. Woodrow. The author claims, in his essay, that he has invented "the application of the fibres of the American plant, known as the *Jute*, to the manufacture of paper, book-covers, and fabrics," &c.



## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

[Dignity would be pleased to receive good original how much for this column.]

SHORT ARTICLES.—We wish all our excellent contributors to remember that short articles are the most pleasing to the readers. Condense your thoughts into as few words as possible. There is also another advantage. If your contributions are short, more can be heard, and we can have a greater variety.—*World's Opinion*.

We endorse the above in toto. Short, tersely written articles are perused by the general reader, when long ones, which are often loosely written, are not. Writers for the press do not bear this fact in mind as much as they should.

We ask all our readers to peruse the fine Poem in another column of the BANNER, entitled "At South Mountain," by Wm. M. Robinson, who went out from this office as a member of Cook's Battery. It has the true poetical ring, and betrays the idealism and power of one who possesses the soul of a poet.

S. Eddy, Mrs. A. O. Spaulding, B. M. Grant, Miss L. L. Lathrop, O. Bishop, Ira Grant, Mrs. R. Rounds, L. E. White, will please receive our thanks for missing back numbers of the BANNER. No more No. 1's, of Vol. 12 are wanted; but a few of Vol. 12, No. 3, are.

Dr. Wm. B. White, whose card is published in another column, is considered by those who have employed him to possess much magnetic power. He is clairvoyant, and consequently locates diseases, which are more easily cured by such a knowledge than otherwise. Spirits control him readily.

The Salisbury Mill stock now sells at 225, having advanced 100 per cent. in twelve months.—*Portsmouth Journal*.

We hope, for humanity's sake, that the system of "starvation prices" does not rule in that corporation.

One of our subscribers, writing to renew his subscription, says:—I am much pleased with the BANNER. The communications printed in it are exceedingly interesting. So are the letters and essays. I gain from them much valuable instruction; and this is what I want, for I am a learner.

Solution of the enigma in a recent number of the BANNER—a whale.

Russia, declares that she will have nothing to do with any attempt that may be made in Europe to endorse the Southern Confederacy, the declaration being made as late as last month.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says that the President takes the result of the New York elections quite philosophically, and will, doubtless, profit by the lesson. When Col. Forney inquired of him how he felt about New York, Mr. Lincoln replied: "Somewhat like that boy in Kentucky, who stubbed his toe while running to see his sweet heart. The boy said he was too big to cry, and far too badly hurt to laugh."

A PACKAGE BY MAIL.—A package was mailed at the New York office a few days since, the postage on which, prepaid by stamps, amounted to \$145 48. It was addressed to London and the contents were stated by the sender to be of the value of \$700,000.

When *Vanity Fair* heard that T. E. Chickering was to be Colonel of the Massachusetts Forty-first, it proposed to name the regiment, "Chickering's Piano-Forteists."

MAJOR GENERAL BANKS is organizing an army for operations against rebellious Texas.

A MILITARY SPIRIT.—As a little four year old boy was being put to bed, his mother said to him, "Kiss mamma good-night, Johnny." He at first refused, and then inquired, "Do you kiss your mamma?" "Why do you ask that my dear?" inquired the astonished maternal parent. "'Cause I'm Lieutenant of our Company, and Joe Walsh is Captain!" Being assured that it was not beneath his official dignity to "kiss mamma good-night," he thus saluted her, and was put to bed.

FIVE JUST MEN IN SODOM.—The Richmond Examiner enumerates five men in the North, whom it compares to the "five just men in Sodom." Franklin Pierce, C. L. Vallandigham, Fernando Wood, Thomas and Horatio Seymour.

A Western paper speaks of "a man who died with out the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are exceedingly rare.

Vice we can learn of ourselves; but virtue and wisdom require a tutor.

Gen. Prentiss, for a long while a prisoner among the rebels, but recently exchanged, says that the proclamation of President Lincoln does more to end the rebellion than all the battles fought.

A negro boy was driving a mule, when the animal suddenly stopped, and refused to budge. "Won't go, hey?" said the boy; "feel grand, don't you? I suppose you forget that your father was a jackass!"

To pin our faith on another man's sleeve, and submit to be led by authority, deprives us of independence, and subjects us to just contempt.

We have politics and trade, and the daily dust of life rises with the morning mist and settles with the dew; but over all things, serene and silent and starry, rises the heaven of a nation's soul—its literature.

The total taxable property of San Francisco, the present year, is \$60,000,000.

A London coroner estimates the deaths in that city from cholera taking fire, at seventy-five annually.

People should never kiss those of their own sex. We never kissed a boy in our life—except occasionally a tom-boy.

"I stand upon the soil of freedom," cried a stump orator. "No," exclaimed his shoemaker, "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Elias Howe, Jr., whose income is a quarter of a million a year, carries the mail daily from Washington, seven miles, to the camp of the 17th Conn. Regiment, in which he is private.

Three immense iron-clad steam rams, the most powerful ever constructed, are building in English shipyards, and with these it is supposed that the rebels will attack our northern cities. We told the authorities months ago that such was the intention of the secession leaders.

There is a secession club in Liverpool, numbering 800 members, who provide funds to furnish vessels to run our blockade. No individual member of this society is allowed to know what any other member contributes.

Why should the Stars be the best Astrologers? Because they have studied (studied) the heavens ever since Creation.

Douglas Jerrold said: "Truth is like diamonds—there is nothing to be made in it by a small trade."

"Well, Bridget, are you going to the new place?" "Sure no, ma'am! The lady could not give a satisfactory reference from her last cook."

There is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

To vex another is to teach him; to vex an enemy is to justify a wrong; to vex a friend is to bring a sorrow, and a trouble on his patience.

## Price of Newspapers.

Nearly all our exchanges contain articles in regard to the advance in paper stock, which has gone up of late nearly fifty per cent, and they all agree that an advance in the price of their respective journals must be made in consequence. The Baltimore correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says: "There is quite an excitement in the rag and paper market here. Prices of both articles have materially advanced, and are still upward. Even old newspapers and other refuse paper command four to five cents per pound. New York and other Northern dealers have been here purchasing all they could get of both rags and paper. Owing to the drought and lowness of the streams, paper mills in the surrounding country have been unable to manufacture half the usual quantity. It is thought our daily newspapers, owing to the advance in paper, will be obliged to put up the rates for subscription, or reduce the size of their journals."

The Hartford Times says: "We pay just fifty per cent. more for printing paper than we did one year since. Is it not proper that a portion of such extra tax should be shared by the readers? The Government tax on newspapers is excessive. It reaches them in four different ways. The tax on white paper is large—on ink—on every advertisement—on the income. It would seem that the tax was arranged to embarrass newspapers. It certainly forces them to raise their prices or publish at an actual loss."

The Scientific American says: "Owing to the scarcity of rags for paper stock, and the high rate of foreign exchange, together with the scarcity of water to operate paper mills, the price of paper has advanced twenty-five per cent within ten days. What paper consumers are to do is now a serious matter for the consideration of publishers. If there is any substitute for rags, which is destined to take the place of them in the making of paper stock, now is the time to bring the article forth."

Miss Lizzie Doren will lecture in Boston next Sunday; Mrs. A. M. Spence in Marblehead; H. B. Storer in Plymouth; Frank L. Wadsworth in Taunton; Mrs. M. M. Wood in Lowell; Warren Chase in Quincy; N. Frank White in Springfield; Mrs. E. A. Bliss in Plymouth; Mrs. E. A. Kingsbury in Somers, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Providence, R. I.; Miss Emma Houston in Bangor, Me.; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon in Portland, Me.; Chas. A. Hayden in Stockton, Me.; Miss Emma Hardinge in Philadelphia.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,

THURSDAY EVENING, NOV. 11, 1892.

SUBJECT:—"Uses of Spiritualism."

MR. WETHERS took the ground that the uses of Spiritualism were not to be found so much in the direction of worldly success as in spiritual improvement. To the spiritually-minded man the avenues for worldly prosperity are shut off, and higher pursuits engaged in. Those who are successful and prosperous in this world, have but little interest in spiritual things. Those whose thoughts and affections are set on spiritual things, may not feel so deep an interest in the successes and prosperity of earthly things. It is not unwise to think less of this world, and more of the future world; but it is wise and useful. The great purpose of Spiritualism is to call our attention to the all-hereafter. The people need something to do this. The Church is spiritually dead, from its worldly successes. There is no reality to the claims for spirituality in the Church. All the reality of the Church is absolute materialism. Spiritualism comes with the reality of spiritual existence, presented and proved. There is a reality about mundane, every-day things; but there is a greater reality about spiritual things.

I have made up my mind fully that there are disembodied intelligences. Spiritualism has proved this to me. Now I have something to hope for—something to live for. I know there is an immortality for us. Everything sinks into insignificance when compared with what Spiritualism has proved to exist.

MR. THAYER—Spiritualism has been useful in annihilating the once popular idea that heaven is located away off from us, somewhere beyond the sun, moon, and stars. Spiritualism teaches us that both heaven and hell are only conditions. Spiritualism is a mighty thing for human guidance. It is useful in many ways. It is to the true man and woman what the magnetic telegraph is to the man of business. I feel, and even I know, that Spiritualists enjoy the direct and constant influence of spirits. Spiritualism teaches us that there is a God at the helm of all human acts; that God governs everywhere, not man. I have a high regard for the teachings and uses of Spiritualism—greater than I have for any or all the philosophies of which I have any knowledge.

MISS LIZIE DOREN—Spiritualism has opened a wider field of investigation for ambitious and aspiring minds. There are many in the Church who cannot read that for which they have longings, and have been led to Spiritualism. In which there is wider range for thought and exploration. Scholars and metaphysicians are no better prepared for Spiritualism than those who are not scholars and metaphysicians—it is adapted to all, learned and ignorant. Step by step a man advances in Spiritualism. It may be slow at first; but soon his soul begins to take hold on that which lies beyond the things of time, and the divine ideal—the harmony that pervades the universe, is his theme. We cannot learn from books or teachers what is revealed to us by soul-experiences. In our own soul we shall find the greatest and the highest revelation of God to us. It seems to be the great purpose of this Spiritualism to send us home to ourselves. However great we may regard the uses of Spiritualism to ourselves, there is another and a higher use: To aid spirits in the spirit-world. Unexpressed spirits are immensely influenced for good by their communion with mortals. Many spirits in the spirit-world are made wiser, better, and happier by spirit-communion. This alone is a great use of Spiritualism. I cannot, in a few words, begin to tell of the vastness of this revelation of Spiritualism; that is with us and before us. But with the uses that we have already discovered in Spiritualism, there are enough to invite all to come and examine it.

DA. GANNON—The world says that Spiritualism has abuses, while Spiritualists say it has uses. I propose to say a word about what are called the abuses of Spiritualism. It is said that Spiritualism abuses men for business; that it tends to immorality; that it is filled with deception. These manifestations are not of Spiritualism, but they come as a natural consequence from the teachings of the past—they are the attributes of the churches, that Spiritualism is breaking to pieces and throwing off. They may be just and lawful as products of the Church, but they are not of Spiritualism.

My acquaintance with Spiritualists, which has been large, has shown me that they are more conscious of their own faults than any other people, consequently are in a way to be free from faults. Spiritualism sharpens our business capacities; it makes us more useful in the world; it promotes

morality; it banishes deception, and develops true men and true women. Therefore, I repeat, that all in Spiritualism that is not good and useful is not of Spiritualism, but is of the old leaven of the Church. The tendency of Spiritualism is to harmonize humanity; to make men do as they would be done by. The immorality charged upon Spiritualism is the immorality of the past, that has been put up, now finding vent. Spiritualism is an enemy to deception. The deception charged upon Spiritualism is that generated in the past, not in Spiritualism. The immorality charged upon Spiritualism is of the past, not of the present. If a medium deceives, it is the psychological influence of the one who sits with the medium, and brings the charge of deception upon the medium. Mediums are exceedingly susceptible to the influence of mortals as well of spirits. So the sinner who gets fraud and deception through a medium, may trace the cause to him or herself.

I am satisfied that Spiritualism is a great aid to unexpressed spirits. By spirit-communion with mortals, they can be brought in rapport with the earthly influences that are necessary to their rudimentary steps in progress. Persons who die without any knowledge of the hereafter, suffer until they have gained the knowledge it was lawful and right they should have gained while on earth—and this can only be gained by coming in rapport with earth through the aid of spirit communion with the earth-life. I am satisfied that thousands and thousands of spirits have been vastly benefited by Spiritualism. This is a great use of Spiritualism to mortals, as well as to spirits, for humanity cannot be in harmony while the spirit-world is inharmonious.

DR. BOWEN thought that Spiritualism had brought nothing new to light; that he could not see a new idea that it had developed. But he thought that it had confirmed the claims of immortality. He thought that it taught men about hell and about heaven, from which no one could escape; that it had developed both good and evil—that it had not thus far made the world any better; that we could not look for fruit till harvest time; that the result of Spiritualism would be its union with the Church. Spiritualism now holds one extreme, and the Church the other, and a medium would be the standard of right, which would make a better theology than that of the past.

DR. CHILD—If there be any one prayer that should be more earnest than all others, it is that we may, day by day, more and more, become better acquainted with the spirits that are around us, and that influence us. For to know the unseen influences that direct us, is to know ourselves; and, to know ourselves, is to have a deeper view of life than our outer senses can give us.

There is a thoughtful, silent condition, a sort of reverie, when our outer perceptions rest, and our inner senses are aroused, when our inner perceptions become more conscious, in which we learn what and who we are, we study our true nature, we commune with our guardian angels that are in oneness and harmony with ourselves, we learn the true condition of our own being. By this silent, pensive exercise we become truthful, charitable, just, kind, passive and subdued. Then the gates of the unseen world are opened to our view, little by little, and we begin to learn of the treasures there, that are in store for us, and for all. It is our privilege and our right to commune with the other world, and it is both pleasant and profitable for all those who have a desire, to seek and enjoy such communion. "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find." We have only to seek for this communion, which seeking is a prayer for it, and we shall have it, justly, in accordance with our developed capacities and desires for it.

This study of ourselves, this recognition of, and acquaintance with, our guardian spirits, educates us and prepares us better for our life after death, to which life we are all rapidly hastening. It is consistent and wise that we should study and know something of that life we are daily and hourly coming to enter upon so soon. It is well that we should become conscious of, and somewhat familiar with, our companions there, and with the light and love that fills it, so as not to be ushered into an untold, unknown world, a stranger, desultory and alone in darkness, without our vision unfolded to see its light, and without a generous nature cultured to feel its love.

What are the uses of Spiritualism? It has been useful in lighting thousands through the dark avenue of death, and it has made their entrance into the spirit-world happy and pleasant, thousands who would have wandered in darkness and alone for many long and weary years had they died without its benefits. Spiritualism is useful to the spirit; it is good for our spiritual journeyings and spiritual pilgrimage. Spiritualism may not be useful for a man to get rich by; for a man to gain renown by; for a man to gain popularity by. Spiritualism is not thought to be useful by those who spend their lives in trying to appear what they are not; who have to make up in dress and address what they want in common sense; who have to proclaim their virtues to have them known; who have to run down the character of others so that their own characters may bear a more favorable contrast. Spiritualism is of very little use to a man, or a woman, in dressing up nice to go to church, and in being thought well of there. It is no use to men who want to get high seats and popularity, and to be called Rabbi. Call such men on to the stand, and they will testify that Spiritualism is a damage to their successes—it is not any use at all.

Ask the bereaved mother, whose bosom heaves with sorrow, what the use of Spiritualism is. Ask the prodigal son, who has ate, and drank, and laid with the devil. Ask the dying man. Ask the dying man's wife and children. Ask the outcast and the degraded. Ask those who are spit upon and are down-trodden. Ask the meek and lowly. Ask those who are reviled and persecuted for Spiritualism's sake. Ask the drunkard and the prostitute. Ask the poor and needy. Ask the tall, worn and weary. Ask the hungry and the naked. Ask the burned, and the frozen criminal. Ask the pure in heart, who love not earth. Ask the afflicted man and woman, who have no hope of any earthly success, or any earthly happiness. Ask these kind of folks what is the use of Spiritualism, and they will answer, it is a star in this dark night of earth that guides them; it is an angel-pilot, sent to carry them safely over the stormy sea of time, sooner, to the port of heaven. It is a card of invitation, and chariot sent along with it, that asks us to come now, to our Father's house, where there is bread enough to spare."

Obituary Notice. Passed to the higher life, 6th inst., Mrs. PHOEBE WALKER, wife of the late Samuel Walker, of West Randolph, aged 81 years 5 months. Like a shock of corn fully ripe, she has passed on to join those who have gone before.

How to Obtain the Banner of Light. We wish it distinctly understood that we have authorized no person outside of our establishment to receive subscriptions and mail this paper regularly to subscribers. All persons subscribing for the BANNER are particularly requested to send us direct. Enclose two dollars in a letter, writing plainly the name of the new subscriber, and of the Post office to which the paper is intended to be sent, not forgetting the name of the County and State, and direct to WILLIAM WHITE & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

## WORTH THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS,

AND LIFE ITSELF. Is the information for consumptives, and sufferers by Pile, Dyspepsia, Asthma, Bronchitis, Obstructed Coughs, Catarrhs, Nervous Debility, Neuritis, &c., to be found in Dr. O. F. PHELPS BROWN'S "Treatise on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations," which will be mailed free, (postpaid) to all who will send me their names. The prescription used for the cure of the above death-dealing afflictions may be put up in any drug store, and are entirely free from minerals. The engraving represents one of the principal ingredients. Address, DR. O. F. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J. 1w Nov. 22.

## WILL ATTEND FUNERALS.

MRS. J. H. CONANT hereby notifies the public that she will engage to attend funerals in Boston and vicinity. She has been induced to make this public announcement at the earnest solicitation of many friends. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Nov. 22.

## DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE.

SYMPATHETIC CLAIRVOYANT, MAGNETIC, AND ELECTRIC PHYSICIAN, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice, free. Operations, \$1.00. 54 Jefferson Place, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. 3m Nov. 22

## MRS. S. J. YOUNG.

CLAIRVOYANT AND INSPIRATIONAL READER, No. 80 Pleasant street. Hours from 9 o'clock, a.m. to 6 p.m. Nov. 22.

H. A. TUCKER, CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN, will attend patients at his office in Boston, 30 Pleasant street, on Wednesday of each week, from 2 to 4 o'clock, p.m. Nov. 22.

## WONDERFUL CURES.

DR. F. W. URANN, Who has made so many wonderful cures in BOSTON, LOW, and elsewhere, recently in HARTFORD, Conn., has returned to Boston, and taken rooms No. 260 Washington Street, Corner of Avenue Place.

His mode of treatment is such that by the vital forces become more equalized NO SURGICAL OPERATION PERFORMED AND NO PAIN CAUSED.

Thousands of long standing cases have yielded to this treatment in five to ten minutes!

The diseases which have yielded the most readily are WEAK SPINES, PARALYSIS, falling Pile, Lung, Liver, Heart and Kidney Complaints, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Fever Sores, Female Weakness, Loss of Voice, Weakness of the Limbs, Diabetes.

The following are a few of the many persons who have been cured or greatly benefited by his treatment:

W. F. HOMER, 40 and 54 Federal street, Boston, for many years troubled with heart complaint, so bad that at times he was unable to attend to his business; after one operation he was able to run up stairs, work in his garden, and attend to his business; he has since gained twelve pounds.

Mrs. E. COREY, of Cambridgeport, Mass.—Sciatica; so lame that she could not walk without assistance; after one operation she was able to walk as well as ever, and could walk a mile free from pain.

Mrs. S. A. GOODHUE, Lowell, Mass.—"Protruding Uterus" and Spinal Difficulties; and for several years was troubled with this; was entirely cured.

H. E. BARTLETT, Lowell, Mass.—Hip complaint and ulcers; this complaint was of long standing and past cure, on account of the decay of the bone, but is now free from pain and ulcers, and can sit down on a hard seat without pain, and walk without crutches or cane.

Capt. W. H. LAMPSON'S CHILD, Lowell, Mass.—The child could neither walk or talk, and took no notice of anything. After one operation he began to improve, and has so far gained as to be able to walk alone, can talk, takes notice of everything, laughs and sings, and appears perfectly well.

ELIAS L. ST. JOHN, son of Moses E. St. John, Simsbury, Conn., troubled with heart complaint and Rheumatism of the hips, arms, and shoulders; was not able to help himself for more than a year; was not able to walk or lift his arms; after one operation of fifteen minutes was able to run, jump or move in any way.

Mrs. HENRY LOOMIS Southwick, Mass., troubled with fits and Spinal Difficulties; could not walk without much difficulty; perfectly cured by one operation.

Mrs. WM. JENKINS, Unionville, Conn., troubled for over two years with chronic Liver Complaint and Rheumatism; had a large lump on her side which was very painful; was unable to lie down; cured by one operation, and is as well as ever.

JOSEPH H. ELDRIDGE, formerly of the Hartford Police—more recently on Hartford and New Haven Railroad—was obliged to give up business on account of a severe cough and bleeding; perfectly cured; and can now do a good day's work.

BRIDGET COFFIN, Hartford, Conn., had a fever sore on her face for six years; had eight different physicians attend it at different times with no good effect; entirely cured by one operation.

ELIA ROBERTS, Hartford, Conn., was completely paralyzed; was unable to move hand or foot, and her head seemed as if hung by a cord, not having the least control of it; she is now able to move both head and hands freely, and is gradually getting the control of her feet.

C. G. GATES, New Haven, Conn., troubled with a very bad sprain on ankle joint; cured by one operation.

Mrs. DIBBLE, wife of William Dibble, Deputy Sheriff, Granby, Conn., troubled with internal tumor and spine difficulties; was unable to walk or ride; after one operation was able to walk a mile, and has frequently since rode ten miles; a letter from her and photograph can be seen at office.

Letters from many of the above patients and photographs can be seen and read at the office.

Dr. Urann's Terms are such that all can avail themselves of his treatment, and to the poor a cordial invitation is given free.

## JUST PUBLISHED.

## SPIRIT SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY S. B. K.; arranged by O. M. ROGERS. Price 75 cents, including postage. Usual discount to the Trade. WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston. Nov. 15

## MRS. CAROLINE A. BATCHELDER.

INDIAN HEALING MEDIUM, BEING POSSESSED OF EXTRAORDINARY MAGNETIC POWERS to annihilate the ailments of the LESANS, and restore the unbalanced mind to its normal state, offers her services to the friends of this unfortunate class, and, if need be, will visit them at their homes.

Positive Relief also given to all nervous diseases, and Catarrhs and Rheumatism of the Stomach, and is imported to the circulation of the blood.

TERMS—Traveling expenses by railroad or otherwise, out and home, must accompany each application for a visit out of town; beyond this, such remuneration only as the party feels able and willing to bestow.

Address, MRS. C. A. BATCHELDER, Danvers, Mass. Nov. 8

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MANUFACTURER OF, AND DEALER IN, HAVANA AND PRINCIPAL CIGARS

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

## UNION SOCIABLES

AT LYCEUM HALL. THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lyceum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 24th, and continue every Wednesday evening through the season.

Package of 12 tickets, \$3; single tickets, 75 cents. Music by Bond's Quadrille Band. Dancing to commence at 7:45 o'clock. Nov. 1.

A. B. CHILD M.D., DENTIST. NO. 15 TARKENT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

## New Books.

JUST ISSUED.

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By A. B. CHILD, M.D.

Published by WM. WHITE &amp; Co., No. 158 Washington street, Boston.

WILL BE SENT, POSTPAID, FOR FIFTEEN CENTS.

This book breaks through the darkness and afflictions of earthly alliances, and tells each and every one who has and her own other half. It transcends the tangle and the wrangle of Free-Lozism that falls with falling matter, and tells what Spiritual Love is, that shall grow brighter and purer forever.

This book is warm with the author's life and earnest feeling. It contains terse, bold, original, startling thoughts. It will be a solace to the afflicted and downtrodden of earth. Nov. 15.

## BULWER'S STRANGE STORY!

A VOLUME OF 386 PAGES, Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with Steel Engravings, AT THE LOW PRICE OF TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. (Postage nine cents.)

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

We will mail the work to any part of the United States on receipt of the price and postage. Address WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington Street, Boston. April 26.

## The Book of the Day!

THE TEXT BOOK FOR EVERY INTELLIGENT AMERICAN!

THE NEW LITTLE WORK—a sort of Pocket Companion—just published with the title of "HONEST MAN'S BOOK OF FINANCE AND POLITICS."

It is certain to make a greater commotion in men's thoughts than "Ten Fables," "Oris," or "Common Sense" did in their day.

Here is a work, handy for every reflective man to take up and study, and calculated to move the modern world. It analyzes the diseases and defects of society, proving that they grow out of the radical errors of our financial system, and of the entirely erroneous notions prevalent on the subject of pure political economy.

Wine corrupt men have hitherto kept back in relation to pure political science, this book brings to the light. It exposes the bribery, corruption, tyranny, and coarse ignorance of our boasted modern system, and shows how we may all at length emerge from it, a purer, freer, and better people.

The style is in no sense rhetorical; but the writer goes to his subject with a business directness that no prejudice can resist. He cares nothing for inflicting pain, if thereby the people seeking to know for themselves are really informed. In fine, this little book—which is the public fruit of a noble mind—is destined to make a way for itself, and especially for the cause it advocates, that is permitted to but few publications of any age.

For sale, price 60 cents, postage 10 cents, at the "Banner of Light" Office, 158 Washington street, Boston. Aug. 19.

## A B C OF LIFE.

BY A. B. CHILD, M.D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC.

IS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of the country for 50 cents.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily found in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading matter. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street, Boston. Dec. 21.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS-BOOK,

NO. ONE.

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

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



## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit who names it, through the medium of a person, who, in a condition called the Trance, is not conscious of the medium, but is a channel for the spirit's communication to those friends who may recognize them.

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

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

**Our Readers.**—The Seances at which these communications are given are held at the BANNER or LIGHT Office, No. 135 Washington Street, Room No. 3, (on stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

**Notice.**—At these circles, which are free to the public, subject us to much expense, those of our friends who take an interest in them, and desire to have them continued, are solicited to aid us in a pecuniary point of view, or we fear we shall be obliged to suspend them altogether. Any sum, however small, that the friends of the cause may feel inclined to remit, will be gratefully acknowledged.

We are fully aware that much good to the cause has been accomplished by these free circles, as many persons who first attended them as skeptics, now believe in the Spiritual phenomena, and are made happy in mind thereby. Hence we hope to be sustained in our efforts to promulgate the great truths which are pouring in upon us from the spirit-world for the benefit of humanity.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

**Monday, Oct. 20.**—Invocation: Henry Clay, of Hanover County, Virginia; Margaret Tarrant, of St. Louis, Missouri; to Thomas F. Tucker, of New York City; Moses F. Tate, of the South Mass. Regiment, to his friend, Joseph L. Sawyer, of Wisconsin; to his friends in Perryville, Wisconsin; Charlotte Olivia Barron, of Richmond, Virginia, to her father, Rev. Christopher Barron.

**Tuesday, Oct. 21.**—Invocation: Miscellaneous Questions answered by Abner Kneeland; General Whiting, of the Confederate Army, to his family, and to General Lee; General Beauregard; Cordelia Hunter, to her mother, in New York; Lucy Ann Herlick, to her husband, Major Herlick, of New York State.

**Monday, November 3.**—Invocation: The Marriage Institution; Abel Bell, of Boston, Mass.; Maria Donovan, to Mrs. Caleb Biddle, of New York City.

**Tuesday, November 4.**—Invocation: Spirit's Explanation of the following upon the Wall of Lord Brougham's Bedchamber; Question and Answer: Nellie Gardner; Rachel Ryder, of New Orleans, La., to her husband; Thomas Corner, of Boston, Mass.; Christopher Hollis.

### Invocation.

Our Father, oh what a divine right is ours—the right to call thee Father—thou spirit of the Mighty Past, Present, and Eternal Future. Oh, what a divine right to be allowed to call thee Father, though we look upon the shadows where the kingdoms of earth seem tottering, and the voice of the angel of Peace is no where heard. Oh, the elements are wild, and angry frowns meet us everywhere; still, oh holy one, thou art our Father—and with the divine assurance of this truth, we have also the assurance of a blessed hereafter; and though we walk amid scenes of darkness and death, still we know thou art near us; and that thy ministering legion of angels will attend to our every want, and comfort every sorrowing heart. Oh, our Father, thou who art in heaven and in the hearts of thy children, again we come unto thee in the spirit of prayer; again we send up new songs of thanksgiving unto thee, for all the sorrow, for all the darkness which has been ours in the past, and is still with us in the present, because we feel that in the future we shall know that all was for our good, and that everything hath been sent unto thy children through thine almighty love for them, and so be drawn still nearer unto thee. Oh, our Father, we will kneel at the footstool of thy almighty love, and say forever and forever they will be done. Oct. 14.

### John C. Calhoun.

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*—In answer to the urgent inquiry that reaches me from time to time in regard to my position as a spirit, and the opinions I entertain as a spirit in regard to a recent proclamation issued by your Chief Magistrate, I am here to-day. Now, I do not presume to suppose I shall make one convert to modern Spiritualism, nor do I wish to. I do not suppose it possible for me to influence, even in the slightest degree, the minds of any persons present, for I recognize that you have all a divine right to think and act for yourselves, and it is not in my province to urge upon any one, for their adoption, the opinions and sentiments of another.

That I have seen cause to deplore the course I took here upon earth with regard to political affairs, I have already stated—it may not be in this place, but elsewhere. And to the minds who have called upon me to return and speak to them, I would say, that reared as I was amid Southern institutions, and impregnated as I must have been with Southern magnetism, it was not strange that I, even to-day, retain certain ingredients of character not found with you here at the North. For you must remember that we take our proclivities with us, be they good or evil, light or dark—take them with us to the spirit-world.

I perceived, even while in the body, that there was no real union existing between North and South; nor do I think there ever can be, since the climate, the soil, and the various conditions engendered by Southern institutions, all tend to make the Southerner a distinct and marked individual, and to develop in his being proclivities that are widely different from yours. Then extend to your Southern brother your sympathy, kindness of heart, pity, and wisdom of heart, and believe him to be quite as much of an individual being as yourself.

I know of no element south of Mason and Dixon's line that has not always tended to uphold, strengthen and perpetuate slavery. Every element south of that line has favored the existence of that institution. The Southerner is dependent upon you at the North, so far as intellect is concerned. The Southerner is dependent upon the black man as far as physical labor is concerned. In a word, the elements make the white man of the South a slave; the master as well as the black man. He is no more free than the negro whom he holds in bondage. And what has forced these conditions upon your Southern brother? You answer, God or Nature. Granting this to be true, then, who shall presume to question the wisdom of Almighty God in making the Southerner just the dependent being that he is? Surely, no one, either in heaven or upon the earth, and therefore I believe his condition religiously, socially, and politically, to be a natural and right one.

What do I think of the recent proclamation issued by your Chief Magistrate, Abraham Lincoln? There is no one, either in or out of the form, who has received this beautiful bud of promise with more delight than I have, and although I am no longer a dweller upon the earth, yet I rejoice that I live in spirit to see this day. I rejoice not alone in behalf of the people of the South, but for those of the North as well, for you in common with your Southern brethren, have suffered much from the evil effects of slavery as an institution. True, I lent my influence to perpetuate slavery when here on the earth. True, I exerted all the energies of my being that this Union might be dissolved; and I now perceive, as I did not then, that an All-Wise Father is fashioning your course, and leading your northern army on to the ultimatum of the grandest victory a nation can conceive of.

Nevertheless, standing in advance of mortality, and gazing with spiritual eyes upon the condition of both North and South, I am fully convinced that there is one image you must all sooner or later gaze upon. It is this: That as you of the North and South are not alike, and have both inherited opinions that are entirely antagonistic to each other in their nature, and as those opinions have been growing with your growth, and strengthening with your strength, until time has made you each a dissimilar and distinct people, I, for one, cannot believe in the union of heart, soul and principle, between North and South, which many of my countrymen so earnestly pray and hope for.

I desire to see this fair land united. I desire to see peace and harmony spreading its angel wings over this American Continent. But perceiving the conditions under which both North and South exist, I cannot with any degree of certainty expect to see a united people. Slavery has done much toward fostering that natural inactivity and indolence which is so characteristic of the Southerner. The climate, soil and the various institutions of the South make him dependent upon his Northern neighbor as far as intellect is concerned, and upon the black man as far as physical labor is concerned.

And, again, your climate, soil and various institutions have done everything for you of the North. You have the muscle, sinew, activity and the positive force that characterizes your institutions. You are not dependent upon your Southern brethren for intellect; you are not dependent upon the black man for physical strength; you draw your strength from your atmosphere, and therefore you may well count upon your victory over your Southern foe.

I believe, in common with a vast number of spirits, that the proclamation of emancipation is a good one. I believe it has come in time; and though I cannot think it will be productive of great good at the present time, yet I do believe it will be a ladder which shall lead you to higher and more lasting results in the future. I believe it will be like clear water thrown upon your garments, and cleansing them from the dark stain of slavery. I thank God that it has come in your day, and I may say in mine, for I am not apart from the earth; and although dead as far as my body is concerned, yet my spirit lives, and I feel that I am possessed of greater power than was mine when upon the earth, for all the faculties of my soul are in full play. And as I was once dependent upon my countrymen of the North for strength, I am now independent, thank God!

I have said that I do not believe in a union of soul, heart and principle between my Southern brethren and you of the North. Now, much as I would delight to see you a united people, nevertheless, if I look at the stern face of Nature, North and South, I must yet feel that there is no union to be found between my countrymen of the North and South. Oh, I would have you use your talents for the benefit of humanity, instead of striving, as I did, to make self paramount in the eyes of my fellow-creatures. Oh, bring them into the grand temple of humanity, and let rich add poor, high and low, free and bond, receive the benefit of such gifts as the Father has endowed you with.

Oh, my friends, do you know that the Infinite God expects much of you? Do you know that your every act is witnessed by the inhabitants of the spirit world, and that when you are there are tears in heaven, and the angels bow their heads in sorrow? Oh, think of this, and when you look abroad upon the puny landscape that is spread out before your physical gaze, remember that the eye of an All-seeing Father is resting upon you. Remember that those you have lost in this civil war are with you in spirit, shielding you from danger, and steering your frail bark even through the midnight of political trouble, and are stamping upon the great canvas of Time each act and thought of yours, and registering the same in heaven.

Oh, then, be careful that you make as few errors as possible while performing your work upon the earth! Be careful that you have the honor of God, and the good of humanity more at heart than the glory of self! Oh, remember that you are not engaged in a mere combat for mastery and military conquest, but in a warfare between light and darkness, good and evil. Remember, oh my countrymen, that your acts of to-day will follow you through-out the cycles of eternity. Oh, then, guard well your conduct, and if honor calls upon you to do your duty, in the face of Almighty God, let that duty be performed fearlessly and faithfully, with such strength as God has given you, and be determined to defend the right at all hazards.

Oh, my countrymen of the North and South, for your own sake and for those little ones clustering around your firesides, for those little ones who must some day make their mark upon the page of history—for their sake, if for nothing else, do your duty fearlessly, and with hearts all open to the searching eye of Almighty God. My name you ask for? I am Calhoun. Oct. 14.

### Benjamin Frazer.

Humph! It's all very well to preach righteousness after your own internal deeds have plunged a nation into hell! All very well for John C. Calhoun, or anybody else, to talk about Christianity and right, after the whole of their natural lives, or the best part of them, have been spent in doing all the evil they could. I, for one, believe that the spirit of Calhoun is the devil himself. I hated him when I was here on earth, and I do not hate him any the less now. Every one has a right to express their own sentiments here, I suppose? [Certainly.] It ain't because I lost my life in this rebellion, that I feel so bitter against Calhoun; it ain't because I suffered just what I did in dying that makes me talk so severe; but I hate his principles. I always did. He used to be, I suppose, as big an old aristocrat as ever walked the earth. One thing is certain, which is, that his principles have done more toward plunging this nation into hell than any other man that ever lived on the earth. He'd like to have been king of a Southern Monarchy; that's what he has aspired to; but, thank heaven! he never lived to fill that position on the earth. I don't know but what I come here with rather a bad feeling; but then I had to listen to what he said. Somebody says, "Ben, that'll identify you to your friends better than anything else." Well, it may be so. It's a mighty poor wind, they used to say, that don't blow somebody some good.

My name was Benjamin Frazer, and I belonged to the 10th Maine Regiment. I lost my life in the battle of South Mountain. I've got folks in Augusta, Maine. They're not aware of my death, and so might not recognize my spirit as Benjamin Frazer. But I am, by death, nobody else. I didn't believe any in Spiritualism before my death; but I believe it now, because I have to; believe it, because I see it. I never did believe much that I didn't really see when I was on the earth.

Now about my death. I went out very quick; didn't suffer a great deal; think I suffered more in thinking how I should get across, than from any bodily pain. Ah, but I soon found out which way the wind blew. It blowed me across the river without my holding a sail. I was a caulked by trade, and knew very little about military matters before this war broke out.

Old Calhoun says you'll never be united, and I do not know but what he speaks the truth, for there's too much of the devil in the Southerners to ever unite them to anything that's decent. They say easy blows kill the devil, but I don't believe it. I hate that devilish fool you have been here, and I among them. [Try and keep as cool as possible.] I should have been a little different if I had not been obliged to listen to what that old fellow said, and then I see the old serpent in him. "We do not see ourselves as others see us," you know.

I think I'm just beginning to feel like myself now. I didn't come here to talk against anybody; but I came here, first, to tell my folks that I'm not taken prisoner, but am dead, as far as the loss of my body is concerned; and, secondly, to tell them that I am alive in spirit, and can return and talk with them, if they'll give me the chance.

Let me see who I've met since I came to the spirit-world. I've met my father and my mother that's here—came some years ago—and a good many of my relatives and friends. But I should like a chance to come back and talk when I shan't be interrupted by John C. Calhoun. Good-by; maybe I'll feel better the next time I come. [I have no doubt but that you will.] Well, I hope I shall. I can't bear to feel hard against anybody; but when I saw that old heathen and heard him talk so smooth, after having made so much trouble in the world, I felt just like pitching into him.

Now I think I've done very well in coming here to-day. I was afraid at first that I shouldn't do half as well. Do you always give us a uniform like

this when we come here. [It's the only kind we have to offer our spirit-friends at present.] It ain't natural to me, but I suppose I can get along with it as well as other people. This is a government I never came under before; but we'll submit as long as it does the business for us. [He alluded to the dress of the medium.]

I've got a good deal I'd like to say to my friends. [They'll probably call you home to talk with them.] Well, what do you ask us for your transportation of our letters to our friends? [Nothing but good will.] That's good coin, and ought to be current everywhere. Well, I should like to talk to some of the boys if I could, and tell them what kind of a country this is. It's a pretty good kind of a country, I think. Somehow or other I should have liked about a year longer on earth, but then as I have not got it, I guess I won't grumble about it. But look here! what about God? I ain't seen him. [And you never will see him any more than you do at present.] It's humbug, then, just as I supposed all religion to be when I was here on the earth. I once tried to be baptized, but when I got a fair sight at the place I was to be thrown into, I backed out; I didn't believe in cold water baptism just then. And then their creed was a little too iron-yoke-fashion to suit me. I said it was humbug then, and I say so now. Good-by. Oct. 14.

### Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan.

I was born in Boston in 1831, on the seventeenth day of August. My name was Sarah Elizabeth Vaughan. My father was a dry goods trader, and, as far back as I can remember, was located near what you call the Old South Church. I was born into the spirit-world in the year 1849, between the hours of three and four in the morning, on the eleventh day of June.

I have a mother living in New Hampshire; I have brothers, too, living in Boston; and I am told by my father who is with me, that they know very little of modern Spiritualism. My desire and my earnest prayer is, that I may speak with them, and particularly our dear, dear mother. Myself and the little sister who is with me in the spirit-land, are both anxious to commune with our brothers, and we earnestly desire that our mother devote the remainder of her days upon earth to God, and that she may have the assurance of the guidance of her spirit-friends before she dies; for soon she comes to us, and we would have her happy and contented in the spirit-land.

My brothers, I see magnetically, are absorbed in the wild atmosphere of political and civil life, as my father says, and they seem to me to be surrounded by the art of life. Here Fashion seems to exercise her powerful sway over them, but when they come to the spirit-world, they will find that Nature reigns supreme, and that to those who have not lived real lives here upon earth, there can be very little happiness in the spirit-land. I would have those dear brothers make a careful and thorough investigation of the subject of Spiritualism, and if they find it good and true, and answering the purpose to which I would have them apply it, to accept it as their belief, and cherish it well; but if they should not find it adapted to their particular necessities, then they are equally at liberty to reject it.

I'm a stranger here. I visit you under the existence of many difficulties, for Time in its passage with you, has almost learned me to forget the use of voice and sound. But I come to inform those dear brothers and mother of my home in the spirit-world, and of the dear friends I've met there, and I hope, oh so earnestly, to be folded in the arms of love by those who wept at my death. Oh, my tears weep now tears of joy that I return, telling them that there is a blessed hereafter awaiting them in the spirit-land. One thing more: my disease was typhus fever. Oct. 14.

### Theodore H. Price.

Be kind enough to say that Theodore H. Price, a member of Nimitz's Battery, who died in New Orleans July last, would like to commune with his friends. Oct. 14.

### Sarah Ellen Bennett.

Please send word from me to my brother. He lived in Memphis, Tennessee, and I lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. My father, and all our family, with the exception of my brother Richard, are opposed to this rebellion; he is not strange, as my mother says, that he should enter the rebel army. He doesn't know that I am dead; does not feel that I am going wrong in thus taking up arms against the Government of the United States. I want to tell him that if he will do all he is able, to come home to our father's house. He will be happier, my father will be happier, and my mother, too; and I shall think that I accomplished more good in dying than I could have done by living. I was seventeen years of age at the time of my death. They said that I died of consumption; but it was not so, for instead of dying of consumption, the cause of my death was tumor on the liver.

My brother's name is Richard Bennett; my own name Sarah Ellen. Tell him that our father mourns for him more than he does for me, and my mother, too. Tell him that I have been with him many times since I died, and that I've come here among strangers to try and reach him, and render him happier, perhaps. Tell him that his daughter Adeline is with me, and if she only understood these things, she would say what I do; but she is too young. But she sends much love, and wishes she could speak with her father and her mother, too.

There is a gentleman here, who wishes to make a correction, he says, in the name attached to his communication. His name was Benjamin Foster, and not the name attached to his letter. He has a brother upon earth who bears that name, and by loss of magnetism, he gave his brother's name instead of his own.

Tell my father and my mother that whatever I have to say to them, I prefer to say at home. Oct. 14.

### Emily Faulwasser.

My beloved father, mother, husband and friends, I am awake in a blessed hereafter, and shall never die again. I am happy, and have no desire to return to earth. My dear father, your belief in spiritual truth is all as it should be, and I rejoice that I died by the friends of a spiritual truth. Yet do not think of me as dead, for I am not; it is only my body, and I shall do all I can to make you happy here and hereafter. Dear father, I will come and speak to you first. I can do so best, on account of your faith in the beautiful hereafter. Dear mother, don't mourn. Tell my friends I am happy in this, my new home. Your loving daughter, EMILY FAULWASSER. Died in West Needham, Mass., aged 25 years. Oct. 14.

### Minnie Jarvis.

Written: Dear mamma, don't cry any more for me. I am safe with father. MINNIE JARVIS. Some other spirit wrote: "The child was a passenger on board the steamer Golden Gate." Oct. 14.

### Invocation.

Our Father, to thee we commend the feeble utterances of the hour; to thee we commend the aspirations of thy children who have gathered here to-day. We ask no blessing, either in their behalf or for ourselves, for within the very heart of our being there is a blessing for each, and it comes to bring us that light, warmth, and strength, which are so necessary to our onward progress. Our Father, we bless and adore thee; and though the conditions that surround us are those of darkness, and the tomb is all around us, yet, oh, our Father, we see thy face, recognize thy presence, and we adore thee, continually. Oct. 14.

## Is the Spirit of Prophecy Infallible?

"The spirit of prophecy—is it infallible?" This is the question given us for this afternoon's consideration. But, before commencing our task, we here will take occasion to say, that the physical condition of our medium: this afternoon renders it necessary for us to be very brief in the answering of such questions as may be presented to us.

"The spirit of prophecy—is it infallible?" **Ans.**—As we see, in part, as we know in part, so we prophesy in part. As we are but finite portions of the Great Infinite Mind, it were not possible for us to prophesy, without that imperfection that marks all imperfect life. "Is the spirit of prophecy infallible?" No, certainly not. As all human life and all that pertains to human life is fallible, so the spirit of prophecy is fallible. The conditions surrounding it are finite, and should be duly considered by all who seek for an explanation of this question. And when we have properly considered this spirit that extends itself into the future, we shall receive wisdom concerning it as much as is possible for us to draw within the scope of our mental vision.

During all ages, there have arisen your prophets, wise men, and dreaming women, who have professed to hold in their possession the golden key that unlocks the secrets of the future; and who, to a very great extent, have been able to draw from that future a great variety of gems that might otherwise have lain hidden within its embrace. But there are more prophets than those that live in mortal form. There is nothing in life that does not contain within itself the elements of prophecy to a greater or less degree, and that is not infallible—no, not in any department of life.

The particles that compose this portion of what you call inanimate life—[table]—can be changed, but never entirely destroyed. You know that they will continue in this state for a time; but suppose that conditions you are not aware of intervene, what would then be the result? The spirit of prophecy would be changed, for the particles composing this table at the present time, would have been molded into some other shape or form of inanimate life. And so it is with the spirit of prophecy as relating to the human mind. As we are finite beings, we cannot grasp during the few years allotted to us for dwelling upon the earth all the unfoldings of the great Master Mind of Creation, and thus we are liable to err in our judgment of persons and places; thus our spirit of prophecy is marked like all our lives with finite life.

All are prophets, all are looking into the future. The spirit of prophecy is to be met with at every point of life, whether it exists in the animal, vegetable, or mineral kingdom. All forms of life, whether animate or inanimate, contain within themselves the spirit of prophecy; all point from the past, through the present, into the eternal future. And yet, as we said before, all the different degrees of spirit-prophecy are finite and fallible; and when you look upon the spirit of prophecy, we would inform you that you look within your own self, and there learn that the spirit of prophecy has existed, and ever will exist, and ever be marked with finite life. Oct. 16.

## Questions and Answers.

**Ques.**—And there shall be no more death? Can that condition be defied to-day?

**Ans.**—Death is only a relative condition of life; it becomes death only through human fear, and when human fear shall have been swept away from the earth, then life in all its beauty and perfection will be displayed to your gaze. When the minds of the various races of men have become so unfolded and developed in point of wisdom, as to have outlived their instinctive dread and fear of death, then death itself will be dead, or swallowed up in life.

**Q.**—How can one organism occupy two minds at the same time?

**A.**—The human organism was never known to contain but one mind at one certain time; that were a spiritual and physical impossibility. Oct. 16.

## William Cortland Prentice.

I am aware that the course I pursued for the last few months of my life in the body has cast something of a gloom over my family and many of my friends; but I visit you to-day for the purpose of becoming spiritually reconciled to my father and a certain class of acquaintances still living on the earth, who differed from me in political opinion. I find it exceedingly hard to become satisfied and contented with my present condition in the spirit-world while I am thus arrayed in enmity, to a certain extent, against my friends, although I do not as yet see cause to believe that I was not just as much in the way of right as were my friends to whose opinions I could not conform myself.

I grasped the conditions that surrounded me with earnestness and good will, and I think I am safe in saying that I was conscientious and honest in adopting the course I did while on earth, since I believed it to be a right one, though many of my friends seek to exonerate me from blame, and think that I was influenced by others to do wrong. I desire to rectify this mistake of theirs. I was not forced either to take the course I did by surrounding circumstances or my associates. I accepted it with free will, and felt that I was doing my duty. I have said as much as to say that I am not happy as a spirit, nor can I be while feeling the full force of inharmonious conditions that separate me from my friends.

They believe that I was misled and have fallen in the ranks of evil. We are taught in this world of thought and progress, that there is no such thing as everlasting sin, and that the Great Law God recognizes no outlaws. But the eyes of the Lord sees with divine vision the motives that govern the conduct of his children; therefore to God it seems all things are right—to man they are not so.

I would implore a hearing with my father, my dear, dear father, whose counsel and love I appreciate, and whose sorrow, in consequence of the course I pursued during the last several months of my life, is my greatest grief. It constitutes the only degree of hell that I know in this condition of life. My father is conscientious in his rigid adherence to these principles, Unity and Freedom, which he believes to be right and to have their foundation in God. I would ask my father to pause and remember that all cannot see with his eyes, or understand with his senses, and those who differ from him in opinion are perhaps, right in the eyes of God, and may be instruments in the hands of that Almighty Principle for establishing a higher and more elevated condition of human government.

I believed that our Government was weak and unable to hold itself in union. I believed also that there was no power, either in heaven or on the earth, sufficiently strong to save it from ruin, and I am forced to believe this still. Much as I revere those dear friends who were politically opposed to me during the last several months of my life upon the earth, I must yet say I cannot see enough of good, or God, in them to lead me to suppose that the Union as it exists to-day can ever rest on a firm basis. It is true I may be wrong; it is true there may have been some unknown forces urging me on to evil—but I saw them not, I recognized them not; and as I was honest in my convictions of duty, I cannot but believe that God sustains with his right hand, my principles, as well as those of my opponents.

My Chairman, my chief motive in visiting you to-day, was to gain an interview with my father, if possible. I desire that he lay aside that which I shall term prejudice in regard to this new philosophy, and that he seek out some suitable subject through whom I can commune with him. I am more than thankful for the God-given privilege of sending my thoughts across the River of Death to my father, who dwells in mortal; I am earnestly desirous to outline, and pass beyond my present inharmonious condition, and I feel that my father is so the chief instrument in effecting this change in my condition as a spirit. That father of mine is doubtless known to you through the records of the political and intellectual world, all I am William Cortland

## Professors of Kentucky: my father, George D. Prentice, of the Louisville Journal.

Oct. 16.

**Col. Thomas H. Forrest.** I am at a loss to know what I shall say, meeting as I do with strangers. I was informed by your attendants in the spirit-world, that if I would avail myself of the use of the body given here for our use, I should meet my friends to-day. I find here, on the contrary, strangers, and if I am to judge from appearances, I am in the Federal assembly. [Your spirit-guides probably meant that your coming here would open the way for you to meet your friends.] I see there is some misunderstanding, either on their part or mine, in relation to this matter; but as I am here, I may as well, I suppose, avail myself of all your kindness. [That kindness you will of course use to your best advantage.]

I am Colonel Thomas H. Forrest. I am from Virginia; sacred soil to me, if not so to you. I parted company with my body at the battle of Antietam. I suppose you are aware of the conditions and casualties attending that affair. [We are.] I have no wish to defend the position I occupied as a mortal in the presence of this assembly, inasmuch as I expected to meet with friends, but find, instead, only those who are antagonistic to me. Therefore, you perceive, I labor under some difficulty.

I have a wife, three fair daughters and one son. I desire to commune with them. They are not aware that there is any power in existence by means of which spirits can return to earth and commune with friends. I desire to make them acquainted with this matter of spirit-communion. I expected to meet some one or more of them face to face in coming here to-day, and am therefore not a little disappointed at finding myself among strangers.

I am aware that I shall meet with obstacles in my efforts to reach my family, yet I will rely upon the wisdom and fidelity of those who counseled me to visit this place. I presume that they are acquainted with some way or means unknown to me, as a spirit, by which I may reach my friends, else they had not sent me here to-day.

My oldest daughter has a companion in the Confederate army. I have heard him express sentiments, that if I recollect aright, were tinged somewhat with this new religion. I once heard him say that he had seen a copy of your paper, and had been favorably impressed with its contents. I do not know that he is a believer in this new religion to any great extent, but I make use of it as a bridge by which I may cross the river and hold communion with my family. I would ask that he make use of all the means within his reach to assist me to return and commune with my family. Were I standing upon Southern soil, I might speak differently from what I do here, but obliged to speak as I am to-day, under the chilling influence of your Northern atmosphere—begging your pardon, it is cold to me—I cannot feel that freedom here, that I should if I were speaking under the influence of Southern magnetism, and therefore I shall say but little.

I am aware that it is necessary for me to identify myself to my friends, and with your permission, I will make use of certain facts connected with my earthly body, by means of which I may be identified by my family. My father was a physician, who was born and reared in Ohio, and emigrated to Virginia before I was born. In early life I thought seriously of adopting his profession, but owing to certain peculiarities of my nature, I afterwards abandoned the idea, and took up the practice of law. Again I found that ungenial. I then became largely interested in land speculations in some of the Southern States, and more particularly in Florida, and through trade, made many acquaintances, many friends, and many enemies.

When the rebellion first broke out, or in fact before it was current to you at the North, I made a little memorandum of my future plans. That memorandum exists now, and is in possession of my wife. I speak of these things that I may be recognized by my friends. I was forty-three years of age and a little better than one month, when I died. Upon my left arm above the elbow, as high as I'm able to judge, there was a deep scar, received in traveling through Florida. At that time I think I was in my twenty-second year, although I'm not positive. This scar came from an arrow which I always supposed was aimed at me by some red man, I had been striving to make some land speculations in that part of the country, and the red man, I suppose, thought I was going to interfere with his rights and privileges, and so determined to take my life. This circumstance is of trifling importance—as I passed through very narrow escapes many times during my stay there—but I speak of this that I may be recognized, that I may identify myself to my family as far as possible.

Allow me to say that I have not changed materially in my views with regard to political affairs. [Are the members of your family still living at your former residence?] They are, with the exception of my oldest daughter. She is in Alabama. [Where shall I direct a paper containing your message?] To Portsmouth, Virginia. [I think you'll be able to reach your family.] I hope so. Are we enemies, or friends? [Friends.] Oct. 16.

**Lizzie Buck.** My uncle is a prisoner, and I want to talk with him, and my grandfather wants to talk to him, too. My name was Lizzie Buck, and my father's name is William Buck, and I lived in Bayouville, Alabama. I don't know where my father is at present. I used to write him letters when he was at home. Now I can't. I haven't sent any for a good while.

But I want to talk with my uncle, and my grandfather says he's this side of the lines, and is now your prisoner. My uncle's name is George Buck, and he went to fight against you, and your folks have taken him prisoner. [You can't tell where he is, can you?] He is in a place where your paper goes, and he'll get it, I know, because my grandfather has communicated with him, and he knows all about it.

Well, in the first place, my Uncle George has been taken prisoner by the Federals, and I don't know whether I'm glad or not, but I wish my father had been, for then I could write to him as I used to do. [Is your father in the Confederate army?] Yes, sir, he's fighting against your folks. But my father likes the Yankees. He used to come to Boston, and used to stop at the American House. [How long since he was in Boston?] He hasn't come there three years, most. And then my grandfather wants to tell my Uncle George that his oldest son is dead, my cousin. [Was he in the army?] No, he was at home. He died in South Carolina, or there. He went there to see about some business for my uncle's father, and was taken sick and died there; and he's here in the spirit-world with me, and he wants to talk with his father very much. Just as soon as he can get a road open, he'll try and speak with his father himself. He wants him to go straight home, to lay down his arms, and not fight any more against the Federal Government, because he'll only suffer by it; because he's lost most all his property now, and he's going to lose more.

The folks down here that house, they know my father. [Were you ever at the American House in this city?] No, but I've heard my father talk about it. He used to come here most every season. Don't you forget to tell my uncle to go home, will you? [No.] My grandfather don't love to see his son fighting against the Government of the United States.

[What relation is Cecil Buck to you?] She's my cousin. [Do you know her?] No, but she came to our circle one day. [She's my uncle's daughter.] Oh, he knows she's dead, but he







