

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### NORA, THE SECRESS.

A STORY OF INTERIOR LIFE.

BY CLARETTE DURAND.

CHAPTER VI.

The expression of Paul's countenance for a moment, as he gazed about the helpless, unheeded group, was one of the deepest regret and self-accusation. Daisey, who, fatigued with the excitement of the day, had been sleeping quietly in his arms, now, clinging to his side, exclaimed, in bewilderment:

"What shall we do, Paul? What shall we do? We shall get very wet, shall we not? Must we stay out here all night, do you think?"

But Paul's nature was not one to yield long to despondency. He had been looking at the child with inexpressible tenderness and regret, but her plaintive voice restored his courage.

"No, my little pet; I do not think we shall stay here all night. When they find we are not at home, they will come back for us. Stay with mamma now, dear, while I go out to reconnoitre a little."

He placed her gently in Mrs. Haughton's arms, and folding his thick shawl about her, stepped around the angle of the cliff to examine the prospect.

The storm was rising rapidly; the wind hissed through the tall oaks and howling hemlocks, and the dead leaves were scattered in handfuls before the blast. Already great drops splashed downwards through the shivering foliage, and in five minutes the whole fury of the storm would be upon us.

"My child, my child!" moaned Nora; "if she were only in a safe shelter, I would not murmur; but she will be drowned, and then nothing can save her."

"Don't fear for me, mamma," murmured the child. "Paul will take good care of us, he is so strong and so kind; love Paul, mamma, do not you?"

The mother pressed her more fondly to her bosom, and only answered in silence. Paul soon returned with an armful of strong hemlock boughs, which he proceeded to arrange in front of our retreat.

"This is a more sheltered nook than any other," he said; "for the wind is directly behind us, and these boughs will keep off the dampness, in a measure. How now, little child, are you nicely brooded?"

"As warm as toast," replied Daisey, cheerfully; "but what are you and mamma and Beniah to do?"

"Never fear for us; we shall find some way of keeping warm, though, in truth, this wind is getting sharp. Are you cold, Nora?"

She was shivering, but she replied, very cheerfully: "Not very; but the change has been very sudden."

Fortunately I had a thin shawl with me, which I had before offered Mrs. Haughton, but which she had not accepted. Paul paused a moment, and noted Mrs. Haughton's chilliness with a deprecating eye.

"Here, Beniah," he said, "sit close to Nora; closer, closer; you will warm each other; and there, draw the shawl about both of you; that will be some help."

We were indeed more comfortable, and as Paul wore the hemlock boughs compactly together, and roofed us over securely, we began to experience a slight sensation of snugness and comfort.

When the last interview was filled, and light and air, as well as dampness almost effectually excluded, Paul crept in beneath the shelter, and then, for the first time, I saw how deep were his regrets and self-accusations.

"Are you very cold, girls?" he asked, shivering himself, for the rain was now falling in torrents, and his clothes were quite damp. "I shall never forgive myself for this carelessness; you will all be sick, and my remorse will not then avail you."

"Don't accuse yourself, Paul," I said; "the storm came up very suddenly, and we none of us saw it. I think we are not in as much danger as you."

"You look pert enough, Beniah," he said. "I think you have enough of the horrors about you to endure much; but, my poor Nora!"

Mrs. Haughton was heart-sick about her child. She told me afterward, that her sufferings in that hour were almost intolerable. She blamed herself for all that had happened, and her fancy exaggerated the evils which were yet to come.

"It is of no consequence about me," she said, "if Daisey does not suffer."

"I don't suffer, mamma," said the little one, cheerfully; "I am very comfortable."

Paul was taking off his coat to wrap about Nora; he seemed to have no thought whatever of himself.

"Paul," I expostulated, "are you crazy? You will take your death. Now, let me arrange you; it is no time for fastidiousness now; sit close to Mrs. Haughton; her chest only is exposed; put the coat in front of both of you, and it will serve partly to protect both."

It was a looke regish, and I had little difficulty in arranging it, so that both were more comfortable. Then I crept back to my own place, on Nora's other side, and we sat there in silence.

The darkness was deeper than twilight in our little cell, yet I knew that Paul had drawn Nora close to his broad breast, and was whispering her there. I heard whispered words of endearment, and I knew that a caring hand smoothed the soft tresses of her shining hair. I struggled with a heart-ache and was silent.

"Daisey moaned; the mother started anxiously, and exclaimed:

"What is the matter, my child? Are you in pain?"

"A little, mother; my side aches with lying upon it so long, I think."

Mrs. Haughton held her in her arms, and held her to her bosom in agony. "There, my love, do you rest more easily here?" she said.

Daisey sighed, and did not answer.

"V. Nora," my darling," murmured Paul, "a whole lifetime of devotion can never atone for this day's neglect. Let me hold her, dear; you will fatigue yourself."

The storm was clearing, and by the increasing light I saw that Mrs. Haughton's face was deathly pale. Tears were on her cheeks, and she replied in a husky tone:

"You do not know what you are saying, Paul. It is only you who are to be blamed for this. But, see, it gets brighter; isn't the rain nearly over?"

Paul peeped outside his hemlock bough, and replied: "Yes; I do not think it will be clear directly. But it scarcely rains at all now, and there is a boat on the river. They are coming for us."

It was joyful intelligence. The hemlock boughs were quickly pushed aside, and a white handkerchief raised as a signal to the boatman, who was scanning the shore eagerly for some trace of us. It was quickly returned, and Nora, whose impatience seemed to me more eager than even our circumstances required, proposed that we should start immediately down the mountain.

"No," said Paul, kindly, yet with authority. "Stay here, Nora, and all of you, till I go down and bring you the shawls and overcoats which have doubtless been provided for you. It would be folly to undertake the descent without them."

Scarcely waiting for our reply, he bounded down the cliff, and disappeared among the underbrush. His absence seemed to be a relief to Nora, whose countenance, now that I had time to scan it, bore traces of deep grief and emotion; there was, too, a wildness, a look of stern despair in her eyes, for which all her anxiety about her child, did not seem to me to account. Yet, I could see that she strove for calmness, and I forbore to question her. The fifteen minutes of Paul's absence seemed an hour. He returned at last, accompanied by Dr. Romeyn, and both bore bundles of wraps and thick warm overcoats. Upon warmly clothed, our spirits rose a little; only Nora seemed still plunged in grief and dejection, which even Daisey noticed.

"Don't be anxious about me, mamma," she said, "my side is much better now, and I am quite certain I have not taken cold."

"No," said Paul, hopefully; "and you are not going to take cold either. I shall wrap you up so closely that not a breath of dampness can reach you, and I shall take you right in my arms, and you shall be as safe as you were in your own little crib at home."

"And you, mamma, the sun is coming out in spite of all Paul's evil prophecies, and it will be delightful going home."

Mrs. Haughton strove to smile, but the attempt was abortive.

"Now, Doctor," said Paul, "I believe we are ready to start. You shall take care of Beniah, and Nora will come with me, and we shall soon be over all our troubles."

"Did you not think it very strange?" asked the doctor of me, as soon as we were fairly started down the slippery, dangerous path, "that we all ran off and left you so? The truth was, the storm was nearly upon us before we discovered it, and in our haste you were forgotten. When we reached the river-side, some one said you had gone home; we therefore went on without you. As soon as I discovered that you were left, I was very uneasy; but the storm was so severe that it was worse than useless to think of attempting to cross the river, and as soon as it ceased, I started out. I hope you have not experienced very great discomfort?"

"Oh, no," I said, "we had been a great deal more securely housed than I had fancied possible when we first discovered the storm."

"I knew Paul was as safe a person as you could possibly be with," he replied, "but I was afraid you would suffer, nevertheless."

"I should say you had been experiencing hydrophobia on a grand scale," said Volney Richards, laughingly, as we stepped upon the piazza.

"Yes," replied the doctor, smiling in the direction of Paul and his charge; "but such powerful agents are sometimes very effective in bringing on crises, when other means fail."

I did not blame the usually grave doctor for his joke, for no betrothed lover could ever have been more tender or solicitous than Paul had been all the way down the hill, and although Nora had evidently endeavored to appear as serene as usual, an observant eye could not fail to notice that her emotions were more than usually disturbed; but the effect of this pleasant surprise upon her was great. She blushed, grew pale, bit her lip till it was purple, and finally retreated hastily to her room.

stantly, however, she stepped forward, gave her hand to her husband, uttered a few words of welcome, and quietly exclaiming herself from the company, withdrew, with her great and child, to her own room.

As the door closed behind them, I looked at Paul. He was leaning against the mantle-piece, shading his face with his hand, but the deep corrugations of his brow, the intense compression of his lips, the lurid light of his sunken grey eyes, could not be thus concealed. Before a word was uttered, he had quietly left the room.

A long, low whistle from Volney Richards was, I think, the first sound which broke the silence. Then followed a very general expression of opinion, mostly—alas for human nature that it should be so—unjust, uncharitable, severe and scornful.

"It is disgusting!" said the Rev. Mr. Hardcastle, who was again with us—the intrigues and criminalities of these Spiritual Free-Lovers. Such a saint as she had pretended to be—so pure—a medium, too, and a public teacher. I shall expose her at once. She shall have no mercy. She shall be posted in all the public prints from Maine to Oregon."

Shame, shame on thee! pretended follower of the meek and gentle Nazarene. How worthy the spirit of Christ Jesus within you, when thou canst thus visit with vengeance the erring and betrayed? He labored, with fasting and prayer, not with scorn and reviling, to cast out the devils from a Magdalen, and to the unfortunate, whom the Scribes and Pharisees condemned, he said, "Go and sin no more." Search yourselves, ye Scribes and Pharisees of the modern Zion, and see whether the spirit of your master be found in all your actions.

Meantime Dr. Romeyn, uneasy and annoyed, walked to the window. I joined him.

"Is this right, doctor?" I said. "Ought we to suffer it to continue?"

"I have no authority to act in the matter," was his reply.

"Neither have I; but you can at least see my uncle, and confer with him." For the credit of the house the truth should be known."

"Thank you, Beniah, for the suggestion. I will do so."

My next endeavor was to find Paul. I had loved him too truly, to be unable to sympathize deeply with his present sufferings. I must alleviate them, if it were in my power. I searched the piazzas above and below, but in vain. I knocked at the door of his room, but there was no answer. I entered to be admitted if he were there, but there was still no reply, and peeping through the keyhole, I found there was no light in the room. As a last resort, I went down to the seat beneath the elm. He was not there, but as I turned to re-enter the house, I caught sight of a figure in a distant part of the grounds, which I knew right well. It was faintly moonlight, and I quickly threaded my way among the trees toward him. He was pacing rapidly to and fro, in a narrow walk which commanded a view of Mrs. Haughton's window, and occasionally he raised his eyes to it with an expression of agony so intense, of sullen wrath so inveterate and implacable, that, for the first time in my life, I feared him. I approached timidly, and confronted him. He brushed me from his path as if I had been a rose-leaf. I would not leave him, however, and stood by his side, waiting for him to address me.

"Beniah," he said, at length, "I know you have come to comfort me; but it is useless, child. I must struggle with this dead alone. I appreciate your motive, but the most you can do for me is to leave me. Never fear but I shall come off conqueror at last."

I did not move, and he continued:

"It is not a case for argument, entreaty or sympathy, Beniah. Leave me; you can do me no good."

I am thankful that in all the varied moods in which I saw him, Paul never spoke an unkind word to me. Had he been cross, I think I should have left him to his own fate. But this gentleness, when I knew his strong spirit was so fearfully goaded, strengthened me to persevere.

"Paul," I said, "I did not come to you for purposes of argument or entreaty, but only to ask you a question."

He stopped short in his walk.

"Well," he said, "what is it?"

"I want to know if you will consent to give up your room to-night and share the doctor's?"

He winced a little.

"I'll give up my own room," he said, "but I can't promise to share any other person's. To-night, of all nights, I must be alone."

"I would not ask it," I said, "only that Mr. Haughton is a stranger, and we do not like to put him in a double room. The house is very full, you know."

He passed, drew a quick breath, and then asked:

"Is Daisey worse, that he cannot share—his wife's room?"

"No, sir; but—I know you are discreet, Paul, and in this case I shall venture to break my solemn promise of secrecy."

I whispered a few words in his ear. His brow did not brighten, as I fancied it would, but he answered more cheerfully:

"Yes, give him my room. Make any arrangement you choose. You know I am not difficult."

I was about to leave him, but he detained me.

"Tell me," he said, "what did they say after I left?"

"Very little about you, Paul; your name was scarcely mentioned."

"I don't care what they said about me," he said, impatiently. "But did they speak ill of her—or Nora?"

"They said what it was natural to expect they would say, Paul, under the circumstances."

"That old punning hypocrite, Hardcastle, ranted about her with his usual superciliousness. I suppose I wish the devil had him; and he will, too, if there is any such being. Beniah, I wish I could believe in a hell, it would be so satisfactory to see some people roasting there."

"Paul, Paul," I said, "you are beside yourself; don't give way to such violence."

He put his arms about me fondly, and murmured:

"Beniah, you are a true friend. I feel it. I do not know what I have ever done to deserve your sympathy, but I bless God for it, nevertheless. It was

kind of you to seek me out and give me this grain of comfort. God knows what the future will bring to me, but at least I shall never forget your love."

He was getting dangerous, and I dared not stay with him. I kissed his hand, and said, kindly:

"I have felt guilty that I have not told you before, but I had promised secrecy. You will forgive me. I am sore. Good-night, Paul," and breaking hurriedly from his lightning clasp, I flew toward the house.

Nobody asked, or knew how I spent that night. I had given comfort to Paul. I knew it, and was glad; but the old wounds had been torn open afresh, and much striving and many tears were spent before they were closed again. Lying in my quiet, darkened room, I heard the rush and roar of the river without. I thought of the pain in my heart, and of the helm which the waves offered. I rose and looked out, and in the moonlight the waves flickered and dashed, and their almost articulate voices floated up through elm-boughs and the laburnums. I thought of pale corpses, with flowing hair wave washed bosoms, drifting through sunless depths, out into the wide, wild, foamy sea; of shadowy wraiths flickering upward through the still air into the mystical realms of spirit; and I longed with a wild, insatiate longing, to go out and meet the soft embrace of the singing waves. I knew not what restrained me, but this I knew, that as I turned away from the window to betake myself to my couch, a milky luminous glow surrounded me. I saw distinctly as I ever saw to life, my mother's face, radiant, yet dimly veiled with glory, and looking at me. She did not speak, but she smiled a heavenly peace through all my veins. For a full moment the blissful vision lasted, and when it faded, I was stronger and more hopeful than I had been for many days. I lay down to sleep; calm, dew-laden slumbers visited my pillow, and I rose the next morning comforted and refreshed for the labors of the day.

The next morning there were many inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Haughton. It was simply reported through the house that there had been difficulties between them which threatened a separation; action had been taken to obtain a divorce; at any rate, they would never live together again. Mr. Haughton had come to Glen Wild to visit his child, and to make some arrangements in regard to her, in case the divorce was granted. It was a pity that they could not agree, every one said, for he was a fine looking, gentlemanly man, courteous in his manners, and generous of heart.

"It is not to be wondered at, I am sure," said the Rev. Mr. Hardcastle, that he will not live with her. I would not live with a sorceress, a necromancer, a dealer with familiar spirits. Any man is justified in procuring a divorce upon such grounds. Mr. Haughton is a gentleman, as any one can see, and I honor him for his firmness in discountenancing this most terrible of all the delusions of Satan."

"Unfortunately for your theory," said Volney Richards, "Mr. Haughton is himself not only a Spiritualist, but actually, a medium. The ground of their separation is a purely personal one, and I believe they entertain no unfriendly feeling toward each other."

Mr. Hardcastle groaned in spirit.

"What is the world coming to," he exclaimed, "when our men and women take it upon themselves to abrogate the eternal laws of Jehovah. Verily, the do- vices of Satan are very powerful."

"If the eternal law of Jehovah are embodied in the present form of the marriage institution, I do not wonder the priesthood tremble for them," said Volney; "but for me, I am inclined to think that Satan will not be annihilated by mortals in this day and generation. I think it highly probable that Jehovah's government will sustain itself for sometime yet, notwithstanding the possible dissatisfaction of a few individuals of the human race."

Mr. Hardcastle walked thoughtfully away, meditating no doubt, upon the sin of free-thinking, and praying in secret, it is to be hoped, (though the opposite is greatly to be feared) for his poor dying fellow mortals, who seemed to him to be in such mortal peril of their souls.

I never heard that Mr. Hardcastle talked kindly and forbearingly with Mr. and Mrs. Haughton, endeavoring to convince them of what he believed their terrible sin; that he fasted or prayed over them; or brought the prayers and charity of others for their fallings and errors; but I do know that he daily scandalized and misrepresented them; accusing them of crimes of which they never were guilty, and stirring up to the extent of his power the spirit of envy, malice and all uncharitableness.

Poor, short sighted, mistaken man! Mistaken both in policy and duty. For human nature, when left to itself, is ever lenient and generous toward the faults of others; and will resent persecution in whatever form it presents itself. Only narrow-minded bigotry condemn! Could he not see besides, how he violated the law of love, how he dwarfed and diminished his own soul-stature by his harsh condemnation; by his uncharitable, un-Christ-like conduct? Could he not see how he was nurturing the germs of evil and selfish passion in his own heart, and blighting the buds of gentleness and good will? Eternity will teach many a bitter lesson to such unfortunates; let us therefore who have found the "more excellent way" have patience with them, and bless them as far as in us lies, by exhibiting always toward them the meekness, the forbearance, the perfect love which is taught us by the life of Christ.

however, she went calmly to Dr. Torrey, and requested permission to act as his nurse. It was granted, and leaving Daisey, who now required but little attention, to the care of her father, she devoted herself day and night to the arduous task of nursing the sick man. A good many eyes were opened wide at the arrangement, but both Nora and her husband pursued the even tenor of their ways, heedless of sneers and suspicions, and all gossip gradually ceased.

It so happened that on the very day of the crisis of the fever, Mr. Haughton left, and Nora was obliged to resume her care of Daisey, leaving Paul to my charge. He passed safely through the decline moments, and awoke from slumber, quite rational, but very weak.

He looked about him, and seeing me sit by his bedside, uttered my name.

"Do you want anything, Paul?" I asked, "You must be very quiet; but if there is anything I can do for you, I will do it with pleasure."

He shook his head, but asked a moment later:

"Nora?"

"She has been with you," I said, "but Mr. Haughton left to-day, and she has to be with Daisey now."

He said no more, but presently relapsed into dreamy unconsciousness.

For a week, all exciting conversation was strictly prohibited, and although Nora frequently knocked at his door and inquired after his welfare, she was never invited to enter. He had requested that she should not be. Yet I knew he had not forgotten his old tenderness for her; for in his sleep he often murmured her name, coupled with terms of endearment, and followed by long sighs, tremulous and heart-heavy, such as a child heaves, when it has sobbed itself to sleep. Poor Paul! Nora knew how to pity him so well as I.

He became slowly convalescent; yet during all those long days, he would not see Nora. "I am too weak, yet," was his excuse. "I will talk with her by-and-by, but not now—not now." And then he would lay his head, like a tired child upon the pillow, and beg me sing.

"Sing to me, Beniah, little sister, truest friend; Your voice is n't melodious, but it always comforts me."

I did sing for him in my quiet weak way. I wonder my singing did not offend his practical ear. But it never did. It always seemed to soothe and calm him. How I lived in those days, I do not know; I was never for one moment deceived by his kindness. I knew he did not, could not, regard me as anything dearer than the sister, the friend which he always called me; and I strove constantly to regard him as a brother, to deal out to him scrupulously that sisterly duty and affection that the very long sleep spoken obligated me to bestow. I was faithful to that vow, Paul. How faithful, and at what cost, you will know only by the light of eternity. Human strength alone would never have sufficed me, but in those days I got nearer than ever before to the overflowing fountain, and drank sweet and refreshing draughts of its waters. Voices from the celestial spheres whispered messages of heavenly truth and benediction to my soul, and my interior life blossomed abundantly beneath their strong and purifying influences.

The day came at length when Paul, being so far recovered as to be able to sit up all day, expressed a willingness for the interview with Nora, which she had before solicited. I could see that he was guiding his soul for some great trial, and I feared that the exertion would bring on a relapse. But he was firm, and would yield to no entreaties.

What transpired at that interview I did not then know, but that a long, earnest and painful conversation was held, I had no doubt. Nora came forth from it tearful, but with grief upon her face that could find no vent in weeping. She went directly to her own room, and when, an hour later, I knocked at her door, to announce the hour for Daisey's bath, she lay moaning tearfully upon her bed.

Paul had sent for me as soon as Nora left him. I found him pacing the room, evidently strongly agitated.

"Sit down, Paul," I said, "You will fatigue yourself."

He obeyed me, and taking my hand in his, and looking earnestly into my eyes, said softly to me:

"Beniah, you are a darling comforter. I believe I should have died but for you. You have been very faithful, very true to me; and now I have one more, and perhaps the last, favor to ask. Will you grant it?"

The swelling in my throat nearly choked me, but I conquered it, and answered firmly:

"Judge the future by the past, Paul. I am not changed toward you."

"I am going away, Beniah, this very afternoon. I shall not soon return." He paused, and in the interim the beatings of my heart must have been almost audible. "I do not wish you to write to me. I do not wish any one at the Glen to write to me; no one will. But—if anything happens to Nora, you will contrive to let me know, will you not? And one thing more, Beniah. You have been a good sister to me; be a sister to her also. Comfort her when she needs comfort—you will know how to do it; cheer her if she needs cheering; be to her the same wise, kind, tender friend that you have been to me, and—God will reward you."

"God will," I thought, "for he alone will know all that the fulfillment of such a promise will cost me."

Had Paul Lindsay asked me, then and there, for the life current in my veins, I could have more easily granted it than to promise all this. The stifled agony, the tears of blood which he demanded, were bitterer than death—but I promised—God knows whether or not I kept the vow.

"But you are not going directly, are you, Paul?"

"Yes, within a half hour. This will be our last interview for a long time, Beniah—perhaps forever."

The thought saddened him, but he knew nothing of the sharp pang, keener, deadlier than death, which his words sent with the fierceness of lightning through my heart.

"It is very sudden, Paul," I said. "I shall miss you."

He tried to smile, but I do not think even his elastic nature found it an easy task. His heart was very full, but he murmured:

"I, too, shall be lonely, Beniah. Life looks very

CHAPTER VIII.

Paul's Resolves.

Mr. Haughton remained two weeks at the Glen, spending much time with Daisey, to whom he appeared tenderly attached, and treating Nora with a distant, though gentlemanly courtesy. He was to sail for the West Indies soon, and this was his farewell visit.

Meanwhile, Paul was seized with a violent illness. The severe cold which he had taken upon the mountain, together with the intense emotion of the subsequent evening, so aggravated his chronic difficulties, as to throw him into a raging and most painful fever; he soon became delirious, and the utmost care and attention became requisite to keep up his sinking energies.

Since Mr. Haughton's arrival, he had not spoken to Nora except in the way of casual greeting. Now,







Wm. MOORE.



A Review of the Second Volume of  
Hudson Tuttle's Arcana of Nature.

BY JEROME DUNSTON.

Every age has demands peculiar to itself, in keeping with the general intelligence of the people. Every department in literature, in science, agriculture and mechanics, exhibits a degree of advancement and perfection exactly in a direct ratio with the development of man's mind. As man's spiritual nature crops out and towers above his physical, so does it follow, as a matter of necessity, that man must have physical instruments invented to take the place of man's physical ability.

Look abroad, on our mighty continent, and behold the advantage mind has over matter. Behold rich harvests being garnered by the reaper and mower. Imagine one moment that these useful machines, that now save our nation from famine and war, had been placed, two centuries ago, on any of the gardens of Europe in the midst of the wisest and most learned—how magical would have been the result! What consternation and awe would have marked the faces of all Christendom! What if Charlemagne had marched against his foes with the steam engine, the telegraph, and the rifle and powder? What if Romulus had fortified the city of Rome with cannon and mortar guns? He could at that time have withstood the combined strength of the whole world, and have become the king of all nations. But this was an age of barbarism, when spiritual light and wisdom rested lightly and ably on the dark pavilion of man's soul.

What has been the task of the historian since those primitive days? On every page of the history of most nations has been written progress in science, progress in language, and progress in art; but alas! we are pained to see retrogression and dark, impenetrable superstition in religion. All attempts to improve religion, to penetrate into its mysterious rites and ceremonies with the eye of the philosopher, have been met with a frown upon the brow of the priest and the Pharisee. To prevent any improvement in theology, inequalities were formed, that had the privilege of consigning men to the dark and filthy dungeon, to the rack and the flame.

But we may well render all praise to the bright celestial host above who have impressed upon the progressing mind of man the great thoughts of freedom to worship God, freedom to think, freedom to do, and freedom to exercise the God-given rights of reason and of man's own individuality. The lapse of ages have passed over this glorious dawn dawning upon waiting man. The Arcana of Nature now opens a vast universe of thought to be explored by man, from which wisdom unceasing and infinite flows.

The law of communication between invisible minds and in matter is now known and understood. Wise and progressing spirits choose their mediums through whom they wish to convey to man the wisdom which they have learned in the Arcana of Nature, only accessible by the brightest lights of the spirit realm. To do this, it requires many years of faithful watching and guiding by the controlling spirit, to prepare the medium for the transmission of the spirit's thoughts. Mediums are no results of momentary suggestion; they are the result of long training and unremitting toil on the part of the controlling spirit. And we may rejoice and give glory to the Most High Spirit, that liberty of thought and conscience have so far advanced that such mediums as Hudson Tuttle can now transmit a philosophy, unbiassed by sectarian bigotry and untrammelled by mercenary considerations, to man, for his improvement.

We are informed by the most venerable and worthy sage controlling Mr. Tuttle, that he was chosen as a medium for philosophical communications at the early age of six years. From that time he has been constantly in rapport with spirits who have prepared him for the field he now most worthily occupies.

The Arcana of Nature now under consideration is a work that would, two centuries ago, have subjected the author to the persecutions of the dominant sect; but now it goes forth as a beacon light, dispelling the shadows of error and explaining those confused questions in spiritual manifestations which have heretofore been stumbling blocks in the way of spiritual progress. I propose to give a series of essays upon the topics presented in Volume II. of the Arcana of Nature, for the consideration of the readers of the BANNER.

## Uriah Clark's New Book.

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM, a Hand Book for Skeptics, Inquirers, Lecturers, Mediums, &c. By URIAH CLARK. William White & Co., Publishers, 108 Washington Street, Boston.

A number of years ago, Rev. Thomas Whittemore wrote a "Plain Guide to Universalism," in which he set forth the teachings and Biblical expositions of that sect were set forth in plain language, and was, therefore, widely acceptable among "Skeptics, Inquirers, clergymen, and believers," &c., in and about that better faith.

A similar mission may be performed by this interesting volume, which proposes to guide the inquirer into the paths of Spiritualism, by means of "plain facts, direct appeals, and unvarnished arguments." The author proposes to provide the people with "weapons capable of being used on every occasion of attack," so that they may "always be prepared to give a reason for the hope that is in them, with meekness and fear," or, rather, with wisdom.

The author (on page 111) declares his aim in this Plain Guide is to present all the pro and con, in as simple and adapted to the apprehension of the humblest mind. "He makes no effort to appear very profound, scientific, or philosophical, in any technical sense." He is moved to think that "many attempts to explain and defend Spiritualism have been altogether too elaborate, speculative and metaphysical," and very rationally adds that "something more than shoe-pole theories, or lofty flights into the unknown, or long, elaborate speculations, are needed."

He thinks (page 221), "some lecturers and writers are continually firing over the heads of the people." Exactly so. "This straining after the grandiloquent, the scientific, the philosophical, is like straining at camels, and swallowing gnats." Exactly so. "An uneducated old gentleman, hearing a lecturer speak of the 'ubiquity of God,' wanted to know if 'ubiquity was something good to eat.'" (The uneducated old gentleman was, no doubt, in a hurry to get home for dinner.) The expression, "Jesus wept," is given as "one of the most sublime sentences," by the simplicity of which Spiritual Lecturers may be "guided" in their public oratory. Exactly so!

We agree with the author in most of his criticisms, and like the general effect of his counsels. The volume is really an excellent work for the masses of the people. In preparing his Plain Guide, the author has gone in many directions over a large field, but does not "find room for an extensive elaboration of some topics deemed important." He, happily, has not "dredged over the heads of the people." He has made "an honest effort to sum up evidences and opinions, leaving individuals and the public to judge." He has made no attempt to dodge any of the issues of the age. "Spiritualism," he says, "have long felt the need of some Text-Book, Hand-Book, or Plain Guide, embracing all the facts, science, philosophy, religion, and reform of Spiritualism."

This work is really a book for those who want to know what has been said, pro and con, about the phenomena and teachings of modern Spiritualism, but the author has wisely avoided the discussion of the underlying principles of the present world-wide movement. So far as the facts, arguments, objections and expositions, of phenomenal and social Spiritualism are concerned in siding the world's religious progress, he has done the cause much good. It will do good to put this volume in the hands of the prejudiced and superficial reasoner against the facts and influence of Spiritualism. It is adapted to do much missionary work among "the world's people," and should be widely circulated on that account. —Herald of Progress.

The above work is having a rapid sale, and from all quarters, we hear it spoken of as being just the book needed at the present time. All orders sent to this office promptly attended to. Price, \$1.00; postage, 16 cents each; pamphlet bound, 75 cents; postage, 12 cents.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1868.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.  
Room No. 2, Up Stairs.WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLLEY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to"

"Wade through slaughter, sea and throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";  
but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild fountains of the Atlantic westward to the calm waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and, over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime. —Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

## Thoughts for the Times.

These are times to excite reflection in every mind. One thing, above all others, is peculiarly noticeable just now, which is—that the very individuals who, but a little while ago, indulged in scoffs and flings at pure spiritual influences, employing the slang of unbelief in everything good and true, and industriously seeking to make it appear that there was nothing to be depended upon except material and brute force, and money especially, while the silent and profound working of spiritual laws was of no sort of consequence—these same individuals, we say, are now in a state bordering on despair, on account of the mixed condition of things, and are running hither and thither to know how we are all of us to be finally extricated from the present appalling danger.

They were told it would come to this, but their hearts were hardened so that they should not believe. They had eyes, long ago; but they would not see. Ears also had they; but they would not hear. And their hearts were closed, as already observed, that understanding should not be able to get in. But this was so that there might follow the greater miracle. When danger comes upon them, and they find, to their amazement, that the old material powers—place, power and wealth—all avail nothing to hold together the falling structure on whose stability they had placed their sole dependence, then they begin to look about and to ask if there is any way by which they may save themselves in their dire extremity. There is a way, and it is for them to find it out; and herein consists the wisdom of the Divine economy, that, by continually slipping from their foothold, men are led to take hold where they may retain their place permanently. Through disappointment and sorrow lies the only earthly way to spiritual contentment and happiness. Only so far and fast as we discover that desirable way for ourselves, are our spiritual faculties quickened and expanded. We are like little children in this respect, that we must needs get many falls, and some severe bruises, before we can finally walk without tottering.

It is no matter of surprise to a believer in the communion of spirits, that our political, religious and social affairs are becoming so mixed and entangled as they are; such a state of things was long ago predicted, and the reiterated predictions were accomplished with such a show of reasons for what was to occur, that the mind must have been a blind one which refused to accept the conclusions presented. What reasoning person, in fact, would not have argued by exactly the same steps, and over exactly the same ground? It was universally conceded that the world had arrived at that stage in its progress and development where a new epoch must, of necessity, be at the door. Invention had been stimulated until every known power of the globe was impressed into the kindly service of man. Thought had been awakened, until the old forms and limitations no longer sufficed for the aspirations and needs of man. There was an instinctive yearning and reaching forward of the human spirit after what was as yet untouched and unpossessed. The unknown had a more wonderful attractiveness about it than ever; instead of being an object of dread and repugnance, as hitherto, it was sought after as an acquaintance especially desirable to make.

Not only so, but it began to be felt by almost every mortal, doubtless in consequence of a spiritual and superior power now newly exerted, that the world of spirits and the world of mortals were closely related—were close together, so that the one sphere impinged on the other. How could it be otherwise, in fact, after all these generations of men? Millions upon millions of human spirits passing from the form into the intangible sphere, drawing such an immense volume of thought and sympathy after them, and sending back with increased power such a volume of desires, and yearnings, and affections themselves—why is it at all improbable that the relations of the visible and invisible worlds should by this time become much more close than they ever were before, or that the day had finally reached when inter-communion would prove about the only salvation, because the only means of elevation, of the human race?

Then, again, with all the rest, a generation or more of marked material prosperity, naturally tended to make our society, first, amiable—next, bloated and puffed up—and finally, corrupt and requiring a thorough reworking out and an entire reconstruction. The symptoms of disease, too, all manifested themselves nearly together, by the feverish unrest that began to pervade all forms of modern life. It was not the perception and acceptance of spiritual truth that brought about this abnormal state of things; but spiritual truth began to be made more and more apparent, by the kindness and love of Heaven, that men might find a means, as fast as they discovered their own filth, of healing them. It was all-timed and well-timed, by the powers that rule above our heads; it was divinely arranged that, just so soon as the pain of our sickness made us to cry out, the medicine should be at hand which we were to apply for our remedy.

The war is but the natural fruit of our past. It is all perfectly legitimate and logical. With a certain class of circumstances, certain results are pretty sure to ensue. Europe, too, is to be stirred to its depths, as well as America. The new and more glorious era of mankind is not to be ushered in save on the day of general, of universal jubilee. We are to see more and further than we ever saw before; but it will be so because we have learned to know more deeply and clearly of ourselves. All the miracles we are to look for will be internal and spiritual. For this has the world advanced with such rapid strides as it has—conquered the secret forces of nature—spread its populations everywhere over the globe—stirred up thought to the highest pitch of intensity, and drawn nations—clashes together as by a common bond. Confusion may come for a time; but confusion only makes re-organization more imperative, and gives birth to the minds that are to lead the way—minds nobly inspired with the influences, that are needed to set the world on the right track once more, by which its progress will be more marvelously rapid than it ever has been in the past.

## The Mission of Friendship.

It is to inspire and strengthen in the hour of bitter adversity; to lead with gentleness hand out of the gloomy valleys into the glorious mountain heights; to give rest to the sobbing heart; the disappointed soul, with the lips of truth, the touch of tenderness, the devotion of a kindred spirit. True friendship, ever watchful of the welfare of its object, misses no opportunities for promoting that good, material or spiritual. It helps erect the fanciful castles of imagination; and the same poetic rainbow spans both dreaming hearts. It unites, with golden links of endeavor, the philanthropic hands, and a like sympathy throbs in the breast of each. Such friendship is a glory of professions, but is lavish of incessant good. It may not be demonstrative, but it lives, ever growing upward, a steady beacon-light of trust within the soul. It makes our common language beautiful, and invests silence with a reverential charm. It smooths the rugged pathways of this world, and grants us many a foregleam of the celestial state.

With such an attendant angel, the obstacles of life loom up no more giganticly appalling. We are moved to effort, inspired to the seemingly impossible. Victory is a double gain, and defeat is divested of its rankling sting of shame; for the friend will comprehend our motives, and the same sunny smile will welcome us, though we return empty-handed from the treasure mines of our seeking. The ever-ready hand will take our trembling one, though we have failed in the realization of our every hope. Clothed in purple or in humblest guise, we shall be royally attired for the spirit-radiant gaze of that changeless one; heaped with fortune's favors, or given over to the discipline of poverty, we ever wield the powerful scepter, and around us is the glory of a cherished presence. While with our friend, we own the riches of the universe; we sit upon the thrones of mind; we are invested with authority, and a halo crowns our brows. The world may strike at all merely external possessions; change may sweep over our loveliest prospects; time leave many a sad impress of his passing, yet the true soul of friendship will greet us with the tokens of an everlasting youth, with ever continued, loving favors, with holiest encouragement and sweetest compensations. Amid the desert wastes of earth, hearkens lovingly the enchanting tale; it is rest to the wanderer, a fane of purest worship to the sorrowful, a home-retreat to the seeker; a palace of joy to the wayfarer along the dusty paths of life.

The consecration of true friendship is heavenly. There is in it none of the selfishness clinging too often to the demands of love. Worldliness and calculation are unknown to its thought; and self-interest is its daily, hourly habit. It never pauses to reflect. "Can I do this without inconvenience to myself?" but its brave soul utters, "I can dare and do all things for the friend beloved!"

It will never assume the dictatorial manner. Its gentle reprovals will be deprecatingly administered in tenderness. It will touch the secret lyre-strings of feeling with a reverent hand. It will never fall roughly at the sensitive fibres of the guarded soul. It will be magnanimous in forbearance, charitable in judgment, purely unselfish in action, and, therefore, its mission will prove angelic. It will exalt and make humble at the same time, lead to constant self-reformation and to good deeds abroad. It will manifest itself as a faithful guardian, a trusty guide, a timely monitor. And its beautiful mission will not cease with the earthly life, but continue endlessly in the progressive world of spirit.

## Cotton and Free Labor.

We have perused an article in the New York Evening Post, in which are set forth more lucidly and impressively than we remember to have met with anywhere else the prospects of the cotton crops of the Southern States for the ten years next following the winding up of the present war. The writer says, that all intelligent readers and observers know, that Texas has the finest cotton lands of the country. Her capacity to produce cotton is rated at twenty million bales; her climate is unequalled for health, and while labor is now more generally employed there than elsewhere. The standard of a negro for the production of cotton is about four thousand pounds, or four hundred pounds to the acre, and ten acres to be put under his hand. In 1860, the crop of Texas cotton was 405,100 bales, requiring just the same number of acres—or less than one-quarter of one per cent. of the whole area of the State. This quantity of cotton is one-fifth part of the productive capacity of the State, and twelve and a half per cent. of the entire crop of the country. In 1860, that cotton was worth ten cents per pound, or four hundred dollars per bale.

This with untalented negro labor, and the employment of rude and inefficient tools. Intelligent and free labor, using light and well adapted tools, would double the product of the slave labor, with extra assistance in the picking season; or the product of a free laborer may be set down as over six thousand pounds per annum. For some time after the war ends, cotton may be assumed to be worth twenty-five cents per pound. The first crops of a free laborer, therefore—allowing to each man a tract of ten acres—would bring him in, in ready cash, the next little more than it would cost to raise a crop of corn in New England. In ten years, the increase of slave laborers in Texas was over two hundred per cent.; and, valuing a field-hand at five hundred dollars, the increase represented a capital of over fifty millions of dollars. Now then—reasons the writer—if a cash receipt of \$400 per hand has caused an emigration, by purchase, from the slave breeding States, requiring the payment of over five millions every year, what will be the emigration caused by a cash return of \$1,500 per annum upon emigrants representing in themselves no invested capital, but needing only the inducement to move themselves?

## Mastering Ideas.

Dr. Walker said a good and true thing, in the course of his recent address before the Alumni of Harvard College. He was speaking of the difference there was between mastering a great idea and being mastered by one, and remarked that most men really could not see that there was any difference at all. Some will crowd into their intellectual box the odds and ends, the shreds and patches of a really great thought, or idea, all jumbled up in the oddest fashion and packed in after a style of strange confusion—and really deceive themselves with the belief that the distaste which comes is the result of so great a thing having found its way into their cranium—whereas, if truth was told, the thought has completely mastered and befogged them, and not they the thought.

It is evidence of a clear and well arranged mind that it is able to discern clearly, and without confusion. There is generally no better test than this. Good minds do not go into convulsions over the ideas that are presented to them, but sit down before them for a scientific siege, and go at them with a philosophical coolness. And we must minds of this sort among the progressive men of the day, there would really be more progress made; the trouble now is, that while there are hearts to respond there are not capacities and well-disciplined minds to receive. The union of the two is a great desideratum. It is for want of this very thing that there are more talkers and writers than thinkers, and that more words than ideas find expression and casement. It is quite as essential, in this practical world, to grasp things intellectually as to discern them spiritually. We shall in good time, we trust, raise up the very class of men which the New Era is going to demand.

## Hot Seasons—A Few Suggestions.

This is, by all odds, the strongest and most uncomfortable summer season we can call up in our memory. June was cold and dreary, and July wet and thundery. Out of the thirty-one days in the month of July, twenty-one were rainy; and some of the rains were of a character to be spoken of with respect, years hence, by all living men. How August will finally average, we are as yet unable to calculate; but it is certain that the suns of this usually trying month can hardly be expected to be much of an improvement upon those of July, and therefore we may look for a rapid decay of some kinds of vegetation, for malaria in the atmosphere, and for sickness. Indeed, it is already remarked that sickness is prevalent, and that death cases, in larger proportion in many localities than it did last year. In New York City, there are seven hundred deaths in a week this year, where there were but three hundred last; and this, entirely among infants and young children.

For adults, the rules of health are few and simple, and therefore can be the more easily obeyed. In the first place, it is essential that a person keep as calm and collected as possible at all times. In the next place, his food ought to be simple and light, and not of a kind adapted to cold weather; it is a great mistake to think one can eat the same food in August that he takes in January. Too much cold water is not good; rinse the mouth with fresh water several times instead of swallowing it, and sip but few and sparing sallows at the most. Beware of everything like controversy, and in fact, of excitement of every kind; better be insulted even, than exert yourself to strike back in those boiling dog-days. Keep an unruined temper—exercise charity—cherish a high and noble faith—ask the superior beings for their cooperation, and the hottest season can be made as pleasant as any other.

## Gail Hamilton.

Our friend Miss "Gail," who has had her several pointed and thoughtful essays in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly, recently indulged in "a few feeble remarks" on the subject of Commencement at Harvard University, which drew out all the respectability and responsibility of Boston in condemnation of her boldness. She took so much liberty, in her criticism, as to say she thought it no credit to the young ladies who attend public exercises in Cambridge, that they were so scant a pattern of dress for such a particular style of beauty. For this imprudence she was chastised in the columns of the Advertiser, which appears to have Old Harvard in its special keeping; but being a spirited woman, she was entirely indisposed to submit, and retorted upon the said Advertiser with all the sting, sarcasm, and unqualified pliancy of speech at her command.

The Advertiser has shot a few sharp paragraphs and epigrams back upon her, but so far as the effect was visible to the naked eye, Gail has not yet been very badly wounded. She has made no reply, of a sweeping character, that seems to carry the field before her at a single charge. She takes the liberty to inform those who seek to offer her advice about preserving her reputation by writing less matter with more care and study, that she can take care of her own reputation, without advice from any such sort of people. She says she shall keep on uttering her thoughts just so long as she has thoughts to utter; she expects to make mistakes, and wouldn't wish to be altogether perfect if she could; but she will keep on expressing her profound convictions, at any rate. As for doing as seems to be the style in Boston, pass her days in the laborious occupation of "nursing her reputation," she cannot do it, for she does not care enough about it to give up valuable time to such business. Evidently she is too many guns for them.

## Changes Indicated.

In a leading article in the Traveller of this city, we find, in a discussion of the affairs of the Merrimack Manufacturing Corporation of Massachusetts, a strain of remark very similar to what we have ourselves indulged in from time to time, in these columns. The topic is a very important one, if not indeed a controlling one, in the immediate future. Says the writer in the Traveller:

"When one sees how much there is of unenlightened mind and shallow reasoning in the high places of power, influence and wealth, he cannot fail to be convinced that the peril of the world, everywhere and at all times, is not in knavery, but in ignorance and imbecility."

We look upon the premonitory symptoms of a change in our system of corporations or associated capital, as of deep import in the moral, social, political and intellectual organizations of society. May the good sense and patriotism of the intelligent, enterprising and wealthy few, and the intelligent faith and trust of the less favored many, suffice to carry us safely through the time of trial.

Well may thoughtful men cast about and try to sound the great depths of the future which lies before us. That there are changes of the most astonishing nature to be brought about, the very atmosphere admonishes us. Things cannot be expected to go on as they have gone on, for many more generations; there is a general spirit of unrest in the social elements, and matters will have to be re-arranged again. The relations between labor and capital are not clear and distinct enough to satisfy either side now; the one is unjust and overbearing, and the other is jealous and uneasy; to reconcile the two is one of the great problems of our day. There will be required, in order to do it, all the wisdom and calmness that is supposed to be characteristic of sages. But, after all, it must be the practical men who will have to solve the problem, and they will do it under the stress of necessity and the inspiration of liberal ideas.

## The Polish Ladies.

It is the women of a country who give character to its institutions and direction to its destiny, after all. The present war of the South has been kept up to the degree of intensity it has, by the aid of the women; and, though clearly engaged in a better cause, the Polish women are doing a work for their own bleeding country, such as no other force imaginable could well supply. A writer from Poland for an English paper speaks in terms of unbounded admiration of the spirit and perseverance of the ladies of that country. They all insist on wearing mourning, by way of reminding one another, at all times and in all places, of the unhappy condition of their country. They herd together in the churches, though they are not free from the brutalities of the Russian soldiery even there. By their conduct, the Russian Government is more annoyed than it could be by any conduct of the men. They are ready to submit to any sort of sacrifices, and slave themselves, day and night, making clothes for the troops and conveying arms and ammunition to the insurgent camp.

## "The Soul of Things."

This great work by Professor Denton is selling as rapidly as could be expected. It is a volume of lectures, biographies, containing as it does matters of the most vital importance to the welfare of the human race. Mr. Denton and wife have been engaged for over ten years in preparing this work for the press. We have no hesitation in saying that it should be on the shelves of every library in the country. We shall in a future number of the BANNER give an extended notice of the volume.

## Our Free Circles.

Have been suspended during the hot weather. All the first Monday in September, when they will be resumed again as usual.

## The Gathering of Spiritualists at Abington.

On Tuesday, August 4th, according to previous arrangement, the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity met in the charming grove at Abington. Old and young were present, to the round number of three thousand. Services were held at the speakers' stand, both forenoon and afternoon. Speeches were made by Miss Lizzie Bates, Mrs. Albroton, Mr. J. M. Peckham, Dr. Gardner, and others, whose remarks were listened to with profound attention by the assembled multitude. We exceedingly regret that we were not well enough to take full notes of proceedings.

This was an occasion rarely enjoyed in such nothing hot weather as we have had of late. For the day was unusually propitious; a cool east wind prevailing all the time, made the grove a most desirable and comfortable resort. This, in connection with the spiritual feast furnished by trance and normal speakers, together with delightful excursions on the lake, swimming in the fields, swinging, sandango up-and-downs, dancing, &c., &c., were quite sufficient to richly repay all who participated in this pleasant and beautiful excursion.

From the very large attendance on the two last phenomena, under the skillful management of Dr. Gardner, it is very evident that they are relished by the people, and we hope it will not be long before the Doctor will announce another of these soul-refreshing and health-involving societies.

We are under great obligations to Dr. Gardner, Miss Dolan, Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Peckham for the good words uttered by them, urging Spiritualists to support the BANNER. The result was, the friends responded nobly, and Mr. White received quite an addition of names to his subscription list; also \$3.00 in aid of the Free Public Circles, for which he returns his sincere thanks.

## Negro Intelligence.

A friend of ours, an officer holding a high position for honor, bravery and credit, informs us, that the most amusing and instructive meetings he ever attended, were the gathering of the negroes under the wing of the "Army of the West." Hundreds will gather together and speechifying will be the order. Some of these speeches—made by ignorant and abused slaves—for their ideas, would do honor to senators. It is true, said he, that the wording, the manner of expression, might be bettered, but the ideas were astonishing. I could not suppress my wonder, my utter amazement, as I sat and listened to the elaborate force and comely eloquence. All the speakers appear perfectly informed on the vital questions of the war, the relative positions of North and South, and of the slave. They, too, know just what will save the nation—giving them meekness, letting them fight and earn their freedom.

## Telling of It.

Some persons think if they do a good thing, they must tell of it. Why so? Is it such a hard matter, or such an unusual matter, to choose the right, and then to boast because you did not choose the wrong? So the conduct of too many would certainly seem to imply. We prefer to see a man generous, charitable, or just, because these he harmonizes his life with the divine law, and takes the most satisfaction in so doing; not because he expects to gain anything outwardly by it, but simply because it is most natural and desirable, and beautiful for him so to do. A life conducted after this rule, or principle, in living indeed; not acting, and putting forth pretensions, and striving for something entirely extrinsic to character. By-and-by men will view these principles as they are; now, they have eyes, but see not, and care, but do not bear.

## U. Clark's Lectures.

Uriah Clark will lecture on Spiritualism, giving his public test examinations and experiments with his electro-magnetic instruments in Oxford, Mass., Wednesday evening, Aug. 12th; Webster, 15th; North Blackstone, 14th; Franklin, Sunday, 16th; Foxborough, 16th; Braintree, 19th; Weymouth, 20th; Uxbridge, 21st; South Scituate, 22nd; Pomfret Hill, 27th; Centre Mass., 28th; Hingham, Sunday, 30; South Scituate, 31st; Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st. He will act as agent for the BANNER or LANCET, and the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism." Address BANNER Office.

## The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

We have just received from the publishers a little book bearing the above title. As it is made up of matter published in the Herald of Progress, most of our readers probably are already familiar with the object and tendencies of this Lyceum, hence we do not deem it necessary to make an extended notice. All efforts which tend to elevate the human race—from Children's Lyceums up to Adults' Lyceums—are laudable, and should be sustained. The price of the book, bound in cloth, is (postpaid) thirty cents. By express, \$20 per hundred. It can be had on application to A. J. Davis & Co., 214 Canal Street, New York.

## The Fremont Legion.

We have received numerous documents of late in reference to the organization of this legion, and we would seem that the leaders are really in earnest. The headquarters of the Colored Men's Central Committee are at Utica, N. Y., P. B. Randolph, Chairman. As we know Mr. R. to be patriotic, energetic, and full of enthusiasm, no doubt he will perform the duties assigned him with signal ability. Colored men should at once enrol themselves under the Banner of Freedom, and be in at the baptism of fire which is to set their brethren free.

## Illness of Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Townsend has not so fully recovered from her late severe illness as to be able to fulfill her engagement to lecture in this city on the first of September. We trust that so good and faithful a co-laborer in the field of human progress may be spared to us a while longer. Although there are no laborers continually entering the field, and devoting their whole energies to the noble work, yet the place could not easily be filled.

## Dr. J. H. Newton.

We learn that the Doctor is still in New Haven, Ct., where he is successfully practicing the healing art by "the laying on of hands." It is his intention to remain there till the 15th inst., after which time he will have to go to Hartford. He is meeting with unusual success in healing the poor and the rich.

## Essays by the Invisible.

On our sixth page will be found two interesting essays by the Invisible on the following subjects: "Origin and Immortality of Thought," and "The Object and Use of Prayer."

J. L. Higgins, of East Toledo, Ohio, writes in support of Spiritualism, and sends a copy of his "Lectures on the 'Invisible World,'" which we have every reason to believe is a valuable contribution. We shall copy Mr. Higgins' lecture from the Liberator and send forthwith a copy to all our readers. We have also received a copy of "The Invisible World," by J. L. Higgins, which we have every reason to believe is a valuable contribution. We shall copy Mr. Higgins' lecture from the Liberator and send forthwith a copy to all our readers. We have also received a copy of "The Invisible World," by J. L. Higgins, which we have every reason to believe is a valuable contribution. We shall copy Mr. Higgins' lecture from the Liberator and send forthwith a copy to all our readers.



**SPIRITUAL HAND-BOOK.**

## PLAIN GUIDE

**SPIRITUALISM**  
Hand-Book for Skeptics, Inquirers,  
Clergymen, Editors, Believers,  
Seers, Mediums, and All who need a  
Thorough Guide to the Phenomena of  
Science, Philosophy, Religion, and the  
Reforms of Spiritualism.  
BY URIAH CLARK.

and public rostrums; a reform book to which, on occasions of need; a text-book for believers, skeptics, inquirers, editors, ministers, a guide to the weak in faith, the doubtful, the unforgotten, the despondent, the afflicted; a complete dictionary for writers, speakers, seekers; an indispensable companion for students and readers; and an advocate of their rights as the claims of the people; a plain guide, an

ros and cost; theoretical, practical, sermonizing (fearless); oftentimes to none but the persistent, unimpaired, liberal and charitable to all; safe to the hands of all; chaste, eloquent and attractive in the presentation of principles and pointed exhortation, and overwhelming with arguments and facts of Spiritualism. The author has a large following in the ministry, and in the editorial and spiritual world, having been among the earliest pioneers in visiting all the Northern, Eastern, Middle and Southern States; and this volume embodies the studies and experiences. It is the first and colorful modern treatise on the subject.

Contents, in brief are:—1. Author's Preface; 2. Contents; 3. Oriental footprints, walls from ancient and modern authors in proof of spiritualism; Chapter 1.—History, ancient and modern, rise and progress and glorious triumphs of Spiritualism; Chapter 2.—The press and the pulpit. Chapters 3.—Variety of mediums and mediums. A condensed mass of

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Oh dear, I wish I understood this better. [Your teachers understand what they desire to have done with their money.] Oh dear, well, well, all

Oh dear, I wish I understood this better. [Your teachers understand what they desire to have done with your knowledge.] Oh dear, well, well, tell my mother I'm happy, won't you? and tell her I shall see her when she comes to the spirit world. I shall be ready to meet her there. [Ask if I can go home. Ask for a medium for me. Ask for one like this, will you?] They'll know what it means. [They will?] Oh yes, I'll ask you. [Had you any brothers, or sisters?] No, just the only one? Yes. Must I go. [When you are ready.] I don't know when I'm ready. [They'll tell you.]

June 29.

**Thomas MacDonald.**

I have two sons and a daughter I should be pleased to open communication with if I could. I am aware I am something like a stranger in coming back this way, although it is only now about five weeks since I was called upon to part with my own body—only five weeks. Not for all that, I feel much like a stranger here.

I try to speak to my children about their religion if I can. It's all now as nothing at all to them. They have no condition of true happiness, and when I found that one of them was spiritually inclined, and as soon as I learned that I could come back and open communication with them, I was determined to come and

My name was Thomas MacDonald. I was born in Dunkirk. My oldest son was born in Scotland; my youngest born in this country. My daughter was born in Liverpool, England. My wife went home some

years since. Now, Mr. Chairman, or President, I would like most to call the attention of my son Thomas to my coming. He is strongly attached to the Church of Scotland, and is very rigid in his views. He is somewhat of a seer in his way. When prostrated by disease on a sick bed, this power was given him. But he attributes it to a something not spiritual in its origin, but to some od force that he cannot comprehend or explain.

I want my son to know that I am here as much as I ever was anywhere in earth-life, only not in my own body. I lived something like eighty-four years hereon upon earth, and I saw something of a varied experience when living in the body. I tasted of poverty, and I tasted of riches. I knew something of sorrow, and something of happiness also.

I do not know what your mode is; how you bring us in contact with our friends. Do you send letters or publish? [We publish.] Yes, yes; I begin to see, I see, now. [We publish whatever is given here in our papers, and their pend is to reach mankind as the saints

per, and then send it to such parties as we spirit  
communicating at this place may desire to reach.]  
I see, I see; that is well. Well, suppose you direct  
paper to Thomas L. MacDonald, New Orleans, Louisi-  
ana. For the last two years of my life on earth, I re-  
sided there.

Oh, this accursed rebellion! I feel very sad when I  
behold its effects. I see now the cloud that is hang-  
ing over this fair land, and when here I did by word  
tell that I was able to, to confer an edifying sermon to

My son is somewhat actively engaged in business affairs, but I ask him to set aside all material things for a time, and give attention to the things of the spirit, and learn something of the future. I ask him to let me come and talk with him at home as I do here, and it'll do him more good than all the religion of earth-life: for when we have no spirit of anything but

I have a brother younger than myself living in Scotland, who has no idea of this thing at all, no comprehension of it. He talks about God and heaven, and knows no more about these things than this piece of furniture. [Table.] I want to go there if I can, and

leave your body?'] In New Orleans. I was with my son, and he knows something about my thoughts, and I'm fresh in his mind, more so than all others. That

is why I come to him. Good day, sir. June 29.

**Eben Avery.**

Ah, Colonel, what are you going to do for me?  
[The best we can.] Well, Colonel, I'm Eben Avery,  
or used to be. [You are the same now, are you not?] I  
suppose so. [I was twenty-four years old five feet

four inches, straight, light complexion; had a scar on right cheek, caused by a fall I had when I was a little one. I do n't want to be mistook for anybody else. I was born in Hartford, Connecticut. I died in old Virginia. Now, Colonel, I left a wife, a mother, a sister, two brothers--well, and other folks too numerous to mention. I should like to talk to them in general, and my wife in particular. I'd been married but about four months, when I thought I'd see what I

could do for Uncle Sam. He was rather hard up, so I thought I'd do what I could to help him; but I lost my body by it. So you see I'm here begging my way back, borrowing a body, and begging for the privilege of being recognized. It's a pretty tough place to be in, Sam."

Well, Colonel, my wife, I suppose, is in Troy, New York, with her friends. I don't know whether she knows anything about this coming back or not. She knows I'm dead. I was private in the 10th Connecticut. Now you see, Colonel, it's rather hard business to be here talking with strangers when you feel as if you'd much rather be at home talking with those who know

you. Well, you say you'll do what you can to help me. [We will do so.] I understand you publish in a newspaper what we say. Far as I could learn, we are expected to answer the questions—how old are you? When did you go away? where were you born? where were you did you die? what's your name?—all that sort of old folks we are obliged to rehearse here. So much for the things not being able to see us. [You stand behind the curtain.] Yes, that's so. We're standing outside the hall, trying to make ourselves known by voice and talk and so forth, just the same as we do here.

My God! I shall be glad when the wall is knocked down.

Well, Colonel, say to my wife that I'm feeling all right, with the exception of one thing, which is, I got shot out suddenly, and can't get just reconciled to my condition. But if my folks will let me come and talk to them for a half hour's time, I think I'll be quite content to travel on the other side all the rest of my days. Now you see there is a good many of us in the

spirit-world. My God! there's an army there big enough to fill all Boston, to speak within bounds, and they feel as if they'd left too suddenly; and would give the world to speak to their friends; and the ones that got to this place first are the best off. My God! it's a sort of a town-meeting day; each one trying to get to the front before their neighbor. And them's the smartest to rush up, will call the first votes. Now if they happen to vote for a good man, it's well enough; if they

Oh well, they've got the same road to travel.. That is a consolation, ain't it, Colonel? [They say misery knows company.] Well, Colonel, it's a consolation to know that they've all got to travel the same road. For when they'll know what difficulties we labor under in coming back, and to appreciate it. I suppose, though,

Other would be glad to see that he didn't they would if they were sure it was him. Now I think I've killed pretty well. I remember just how I looked, and have pressed all the circumstances to identify myself. What more is wanted? You're witnesses to me—I don't

now I want you: What is your wife's name?  
No. And a U.S. Girl? A. [unclear] [unclear]

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