

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
AT LAST!

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

What can we think? What can we do?
Bathed in a realm of such delights—
Hopes, faiths, joys, promises, with nights
Of things we dared not dream as true?

How not with such a ravished sense,
A strength which calmly looks on Death—
An angel soaring in the first breath
Of our good Lord's omnipotence?

There is no joy to equal this,
A breath divine, a bliss anew,
A light far breaking on the view,
That ripples through Death's dark abyss.

No longer by the lonely hearth
Sit we and watch the embers dying,
Weary with longings, worn with crying
For smiling eyes, and sounds of mirth.

For little, unseen, pattering feet,
Sandal supreme to human forms,
Strike on the ear, and in our arms
We feel the forms we mourned to meet.

No longer shall cold sorrow's tears
Bedim the mother's radiant eyes,
For, far within the arched skies,
Her being blest with riper years.

She sees the child she loves so well,
Then when she slumbers on her breast,
Grown far more beautiful and blest
In that bright realm where angels dwell.

And thus that world is unto this,
As to the tuneful lyre the strings,
And thus the dead without, that brings
The compensating power of bliss.

This might we long ago have learned
Had not the whirlpools of the years—
Creeds, tenets, bigotries and fears—
Engulfed the Truth which Power spurned.

Why spurned? because the very breath
Of that which teaches blind relying
Upon Authority, defying
The things which shall be after death.

Depends upon self-abnegation—
With adherence idiotic
One day to seven—state despotic,
Spring to all their adoration.

Thus six are left by way of winning—
A sort of something in the lurch—
How keep alive the crumbling church
Without a surplus time for sinning?

How and in this necessity—
That more on moral turpitude
Than on a proper rectitude
Exists a creed's obesity.

Truth comes alike to every nation,
Lowly, and scorned by priestly power,
And beauteous as the opening flower,
Till soiled by appropriation.

Defeated be that knavery
That first disputes, and then recedes,
And misapplies the truth in creeds
That help on mental slavery.

Such leave behind a track of ruin,
Whereon, like love to hatred turned,
The prostituted truth hath burned
A lurid light to life's undoing.

See how the fungus evil grew
In English Catharine's fearful reign,
When Paris saw a second Selma,
Of blood, on St. Bartholomew.

Mourn for the world with kindly path:
What laid in blood the fields of France?
What forged the buckle, sword and lance?
The power that feared the living truth!

Bland 'neath St. Peter's ancient dome,
Which o'er the city proudly gleams,
And ask how many crimson streams
Have rippled on through purple Rome.

Ask you bleak walls, that darkly loom,
How many martyrs for the truth
In them have smiled, aged and youth,
In face of torture and the tomb.

Ask England's old historic page,
Where gleam the fires that erst she reared,
Where martyr heart and blood were seared,
How boldly truth met priestly rage.

Red is thy pennon in the flood
Of light that pours across the land
Oh Church! to-day we understand
That truth reflects no stain of blood.

See now where wildly sweeps the tide
And rolls the din of dreadful war,
Where Mammon sits and drives his car,
And lays in ruin a country's pride.

'Tis lack of truth—justice in name,
The sordid interests of clay,
That make us brothers foes to-day—
Blind devotees to sword and flame.

Oh, Truth! 'tis thine to right our wrong
In Church and State, in Court and Hall;
One faith to offer unto all,
Till every nation swells thy song.

NORA, THE SEERESS; A STORY OF INTERIOR LIFE.

BY OLIVER DURAND.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Test of a True Love.

That evening he related to me the story of his life. It had been one of change and vicissitude, outwardly; of corresponding inner growth, through discipline, into harmony. He had drunk deeply of the overflowing cup of trial; and now, erect in the pride of his manhood, with the gained knowledge of experience, he looked abroad upon life with the resigned and thankful feelings of one who, having passed through great perils, had moored his life's barge in a haven of rest.

As he told me of the many sorrows, disappointments and bitter disenchantsments of his life, my heart swelled with a tender pity, attested by the tears that came unbidden to my eyes.

She, the poor outcast I had seen that day, was once the pure and worshiped object of his love. Wealthy, petted and idolized by her worldly parents, besieged by fashionable society, she had turned from the troth-plight she had given him, and had been faithless to the pure affection bestowed so lavishly upon her. With a breaking heart he had awakened from the delusive dream to behold his ideal shattered, to read the veiled, mercenary spirit he had deemed so childlike and unworldly.

It was at the persuasion of her plotting and ambitious mother that she thus discarded him. Then sudden ruin overwhelmed their house. The father disappeared, no one knew whether; the haughty mother died of shame and the dread of poverty. The petted beauty was in her turn disowned by her former flatterers, and left to her isolation and all the temptations to which her beauty, vanity, and inexperience exposed her, she took the downward path of sin. He, who was still her faithful friend, heard of her fate when it was already too late to save her.

It is only when time and calm reflection give their illumination to past experiences that they are made available as aids to spirit culture," continued the doctor. "What we often view as a great calamity, is surely a blessing in disguise. The terrible sufferings of heart-agonies are means of purification of the soul. We must learn the inner worth, and cease to judge from externals only. The more semblance of beauty that so often is apparent and of surface attraction only, has enslaved many a brave, true heart, seeking for the embodiment of its ideal of feminine loveliness and virtue. The simulated affection has ensnared many a lonely, seeking spirit, who has deemed it the fervid utterance of an eternal love! Most men and women have been thus tried and disenchanted, and yet the beautiful reality exists; but we seek it not in the right direction, until floods of grief have cleared our vision, and many a heart-pang has brought us to the consciousness of a higher, better knowledge. Beulah, you, too, know somewhat of this most painful ordeal; has not your spirit been strengthened in the contest?"

I knew to what he alluded, and I felt the crimson flush mounting to my brow. I answered, calmly as I could:

"I have been strengthened, elevated and sustained. I believe by guiding, invisible intelligences. In the darkest hours of my life, I have been encouraged by the soul-whisper of immortal beings, by the sweet breathings of hope and faith wafted to me from spirit-land."

"I believe it; I rejoice that such consolations come to you as they have to me. Oh, Beulah, let us be most humbly grateful for this blessed boon of spirit intercourse."

I saw that he was deeply moved. Tears came to his eyes. I essayed to speak to him, and my tones trembled with a new and undefined emotion.

"Beulah!"

Never had my name borrowed such a tender, musical intonation. A sudden wonder and expectancy thrilled my heart. He took my hand, bent close his face to mine, and gently asked me:

"Have you awakened from that delusive dream? Have you overcome the sorrow and regret? Can you distinguish between the seeming and the real? Can you now read my heart aright?"

Then the growing intuition became illumined by the light of certainty, and I knew that he loved me—had loved me long—with the patient waiting of a faithful and devoted heart. And in my soul were responsive echoes, love yearnings, deep, unfathomable! I felt then the utter inadequacy of language. Only my spirit uttered speech to his. He understood the silence. With the clairvoyant sight of true affection he read the unvoiced scroll of thoughts and feelings cherished in secret—unknown their love inscriptions even to myself.

I was folded in his strong, protecting arms that night ere I retired to my own room. I heard the three magic words for which my woman's heart had yearned so long—those gracious words that had never fallen from the lips of Paul. Had he not sought my affection and confidence in mockery? Was he not fickle, changeable, unstable as the wind?—owning no law but that of self-gratification? All the hidden and dangerous traits of his character, were now fully revealed to me. I shuddered as I recalled the danger I had incurred. I said to Doctor Romeyn, in the full security of my gained peace and rest:

"I can discern now between the false and the real," I said, "and, blessed be his ministering spirits!" he joyfully exclaimed.

How different was this noble man from the sneering, skeptical Paul Lindsey!

"I have told you the story of my life," he said—have spoken to you of the mistakes of the undisciplined heart. I could not tell you that you are the first love of my spirit, but this I can say: all the freshness of feeling, the purity of worship, with which I loved her while I deemed her childlike in heart and womanly, I offer now to you. I have known you long, and mine is no infatuation induced by external attractions; it is lasting affection, based upon imperishable qualities of soul. I trust you fully; can you trust me for life?"

I gave him my hand, and smiled; it was all the reply he desired.

For many hours I lay awake that night, dreaming blissfully. When at last I slept, I saw the glorified face of my mother smiling up at me, while her white hands were extended in benediction over my head. I heard enchanting music, and aerial voices whispered: "We have promised, and it is fulfilled: Ever have patience; wait, hope and await!"

I awoke to a new life. Every trivial duty, even, was hallowed to my sight; every purpose in life devoted to a higher good. I was not selfish, as at the time of my acquaintance with Paul; that is, engrossed solely by thoughts and dreams of my own future happiness. I thought more than ever of the erring and the outcast, of the friendless, homeless, toiling humanity of our large cities. With a redoubled tenderness I wept for the suffering Magdalen, the poor, barefooted children, the diseased and disarmed of earth. And in my soul I formed a vow, that in the future years I would devote my time and energies, and the means that God might send me, to alleviate the distresses of my fellow beings.

Holdah, still grumbling in her good-natured way, "couldn't see no manner of use, no how, in being obliged to stay when she didn't want to." But when I told her the secret of my happy looks and beaming smiles, the good woman actually jumped for joy; and, forgetful of her usual perfunctory gravity, caught me round the neck and kissed me repeatedly, in the ecstasy of her gladness and gratitude.

"I declare, it does beat all creation!" she said, at length releasing me, and drawing a deep breath. "Some 's born to riches, and some to good luck; you are one of the lucky sort, anyhow. Why? He's the most blessedest man in all the whole world—none of yer sneakin', manoeuvrin', better skelter, do n't care a snap follows! Not he! But a real genuine gentleman; none of yer make-believes, either, scented up and musked and whickeranded, like a dandy; but a gentleman, from the heart out! And, besides, he can make a living any day, with a pair of useful hands and a good brain; he do n't pitch into this, that and 't'other, flyin' from one business to another like a blind bat, as some men is! You'll be a happy woman, Beulah, and I wish you joy with all my heart, and do hope you'll deserve your good luck. If you knew a little more about housekeeping, you'd be kind of handy, I reckon."

I promised to pay more attention, and learn from her good example some day. She smiled complacently, and patted my head as if I had been a child. By the emphatic allusions to some persons' flighty business habits, I knew she meant Paul. But I did not wince at her words: the time for that was past forever.

Huldah went to hear the Rev. Mr. Hardestole's lecture, and came home in a state of intense excitement. "Such highfalutin' folderl! she had never listened to before in all her life, and wasn't agoin' to again for nobody nor nothin'! She could n't make sense or meaning to all that palaver; seems he had tied his throat, and crammed into his discourse all the long dictionary words he could lay hold of! Didn't say a word about the philosophy of Spiritualism, but rambled off, here, there and nowhere, stuck up among a bank of clouds and stayed there. If that's what they call trance speaking, I'd rather hear the old gobbler to home, any day!"

I attempted a few words of explanation and defence of trance speaking.

"It's a solemn belief and conviction," she resumed, "that that fellow was a shammin'! In the time—a rollin' up his eyes to the ceiling like a sick monkey, and cutting so many capers with his arms and hands. If that's what some folks call elegant and sublime, it's because I don't understand elegance and sublimity that I do n't appreciate it. I'm a homespun, sensible body, and like to hear plain, rational, sensible talk; that's what I like—not moonshine and gibberish. I believe he's a hypocrite, and after the leaves and fishes, the money-makin', my dear. Catch him preachin' without good long pay! I can tell the cut of such as him in a minute!"

Yet the reverend orator attracted a certain class of minds. Our Mrs. Lake was one of his most devoted admirers. She never could expatiate sufficiently upon "the heavenly grandeur of his eloquent and masterly style, the spiritual influence of his poetical mind!" The dark and feeble side of human nature, as well as the bright and elevating one, was revealed to me beneath the guise of Spiritualism.

At one time I should have been almost as repelled from all further investigation, as the worthy spinster declared she was sometimes when she beheld the "wrong goin' on of some folks." But time, and now the added counsels of my loved one, brought me repose, the security of faith. I had entire conviction of the truth of spirit intercourse within myself. I had read and studied the benign philosophy, and I came to this conclusion: that it was not Spiritualism which caused discord in families, and unsettled minds, and brought about divorces, but that it was the inharmonious, inherent or acquired, of the individual that led to these results. As I understood the spiritual faith, there was in it every choice incentive to goodness, holiness and purity of life. I could find in its recorded teachings no apologies for the commission of wrong. While they advocated a Christlike charity, they gave no justification of sin, but affixed to every transgression the inevitable penalty of outraged law.

I saw Paul Lindsey pass by and look up at the windows, but he never entered, and I felt not one ripple of emotion pass over the joyous current of my life as I saw the well-known figure. An impassable barrier had arisen between us. Had he sought me then, all his fascinations had been lavished in vain. With clear-sightedness and strength of soul was born resistance to his psychologic power; he could never again call the blush of affection to my cheek, the thrill of love to my heart.

I heard that he was engaged deeply in business pursuits. Walter Romeyn gravely shook his head when I questioned him, and said: "He must be perished by suffering; he must acknowledge a God!" Whether he has known the heavenly mission of this, he has

only been bitter and rebellious in sorrow, and happiness to him is bound up in self. His time for change will come, as it comes to all."

It was the test of the pure and perfect love existing between us, that every thought of mine for the benefit of others, found a ready response from him; that every aspiration he cherished was comprehended and responded to by me. This is the safest, surest knowledge. If, on essential principles, two souls agree; if in humanitarian schemes two hearts combine, and spirits blend in the same heavenward desire, be sure that you are kindred spirits, then, and do not doubt of the eternity of your love, of your chances of continued happiness.

CHAPTER XV.

"The Wages of Sin is Death."

I had been haunted by strange dreams for some time; dreams of the enticing, murmuring water; of cool streams flowing amid summer landscapes; of serene seas and calm lakes mirroring the blue skies of a more genial season; but the temptation for me in the syren murmurs of the waves was past. Yet a horror was upon me as I gazed into the pellucid depths of ocean and river; for I beheld, entangled in seaweed and enwreathed with abels and hidden gems, a woman's figure that at times resembled mine, at others was the counterpart of that poor lost one we had met before the prison-bar. Her wavy hair, wide-opened, startled, lifeless eyes, the countenance impressed with the indelible despair of a wrecked soul, uprose before me; now floating on the surface, with pale hands crossed upon the stilled breast, or lying many fathoms deep in the unsearched for profundity. I awoke with a start of terror, a vague apprehension weighing upon my spirit.

Not many weeks after Huldah's departure for Glen Wild, I saw the announcement in the morning papers of the finding of a dead body; one of those unfortunate known too well in the annals of city crime. I knew at once who she was, and when Walter Romeyn entered with a pale face and compressed lip, and asked me to accompany him, I knew on what errand of mercy he was bound, ere he had said one word in explanation.

I saw her with the yet lingering remnants of that dangerous beauty that had lured her to destruction; with the settled expression of incurable despair upon the marble face, so attenuated and pinched by remorse and the death-agonies; the long, golden hair tangled with the mud and dripping with the river-water. In inexpressible pity I knelt beside the soulless clay, and wept over the premature departure of that ill-fated spirit. With a quivering lip, my loved one stood beside me, and said, in those low, earnest tones of his:

"See, my Beulah, to what worldly misdirection leads. Once she was pure and aspiring, and would have felt repelled by every form of grossness. But, insensibly the guiding hand and leading example of a narrow-minded and ambitious mother exerted its spell, and she sacrificed love and happiness for gold display and hollow seeming. She left her soul bare and poverty-stricken, and when misfortune came, she had no innate strength to uphold her. She yielded to the fatal depression, the crowding temptations. She was not encased in the armor of a virtuous resistance, such as belongs to the strong soul—that always can be the master of circumstances. From the loftiest social position to this! How rapid was the descent! How inevitable the fearful ending! Oh, that the whole world could look upon this pitiful spectacle! Surely, the hardest heart would melt in pity. Yet so young—and, although, as our benignant faith informs us, not doomed eternally; yet through what pangs of remembrance anguish, through what ordeals of mental suffering must such a spirit pass, ere it regains the white lustre of purity, and is permitted to robe itself in the spotless garments of innocence! Poor, poor Alida! sacrificed to the insatiable idols of this world—the juggernaut of our Christian civilization!"

"And where," said I, "is the pitying Christ-love that boasts of in their churches? Men have taken a savage pleasure in degrading her, and women have hunted her to her death! Where was the outstretched hand of kindness that offered to rescue her ere she sought a suicide's fate? Who spoke one word of timely encouragement? The Pharisees all passed her by with a mocking or a haughty glance!"

I spoke excitedly.

"Nay, let us not be bitter!" he gently replied. "I have sought to save her from this last great wrong, but it was too late; the constant gnawing of remorse enervated in this insanity. Better so than the continued life of wretchedness and self-abhorrence."

As we stood there a lady entered, closely veiled. I felt a strange expectant throbbing of the heart, and I turned my inquiring eyes upon the Doctor.

"You think it is Nora Haughton?" he whispered. "It is her height and figure; let us watch the removal of her veil."

As she put it aside I was startled; it was the face I expected to see, but so changed, so whitened in its marble hues, I started back with an exclamation. She heard me and turned. The brightness of her eyes seemed to have been quenched in many tears; some terrible grief, heavier even than the loss of her child, and her domestic troubles must have wrong her heart, to change her so.

A smile, sweet and fascinating as ever, hovered on her lips a moment. She inclined her head toward us, but extended no welcoming hand. I saw she did not wish to enter into conversation, and I forbore to question her. She turned to the dead girl, slowly and reverently raised the lifeless hand and kissed it, and we heard her sob.

My heart was overflowing. I made a sign to Walter, and with a last glimpse at the agonizing face of the drowned, we sorrowfully retraced our steps.

She was hurried quietly, this bells of the Metropolis, this idolized leader of the town, this once cherished divinity. Doctor Romeyn paid the costs of that quiet funeral, and erected the simple marble headstone to her memory, engraving on it no name by which the body would ever know her.

That of a silently endured but virtuous sorrow. She seemed to me to be struggling with some powerful influence arrayed against her peace, in which conflict the spirit was victorious, though at the cost of almost her life. In my views the Doctor coincided fully.

"She will enlist the helping angels if she so wills it," he said; "the efforts of the struggling soul are never put forth in vain. Our Father has bountiful provisions for all our states of helplessness; a fervent invocation attracts the aiding spirits; great is the conquest of self, by which we gain the supremacy of the spiritual over the purely material attractions. Nora has been captive to a delusive sentiment—though I believe Paul loved her as much as he was able; but an Atheist is also a doubter of the sanctity of the affections, believing in no overruling power or governing order, he believes no moral law, and speeds bitter and thither, as the winds of fancy dictate. He learned to doubt her because she kept from him the knowledge of her affairs, wherein I think she was very wrong. Beorrey is always productive of misconstruction. She, I believe, from what you have told me, Beulah, loved him ere she was aware of it. It is well to guard our hearts, lest they stray into unlawful paths."

"But she is a medium. Why do not her attendant spirits guard her from such perils?"

"Because, dear child, we are to work out our own salvation; because to a woman of her cultured mind, reason should be the guide and guardian of affection. It is only when the faculties of the soul are in harmony, that happiness results; only when the spirit is calm and duly prepared for the holy communion can the wise and loving beings of another sphere communicate with us. When the internal realm is agitated with the warfare of conflicting emotions, the sweet, small whippers of the spirit-world cannot be heard. Nora Haughton cannot have improved her spiritual gifts by the interruption of Paul Lindsey's presence and influence. She is his superior in many ways; were he less worldly and changeable, her influence upon him would be highly beneficial."

"But she seems to suffer so much, from my heart I pity her."

"So do I, dear love; but we must learn that all this is needed discipline, and every soul receives the severe lesson that it needs, and nothing more."

"Do you think I really needed all? But I will not speak of myself, I know I am stronger for the past. But she, so elevated, so spiritually gifted with sight of things unseen, with clear perceptions, why should she need this discipline?"

"To clarify her perceptions still further, Beulah. No, I will never call you that again, my little self-reliant woman! I dare you out yet! I want to distinguish between those gifts that astonish and delight the world, and that quiet possession of untold treasures that never meets the gaze of the multitude? Mrs. Haughton was blessed with gifts of mediocrity power, with which she made converts to a better faith, and disarmed most eloquently of the glories of the Beyond. She has fine natural talent, enhanced by the bestowal of spirit influence; but hitherto much of her life has been spent in inharmonious, and consequently discordant relations. The child she doted on was born of a loveless union, doomed to an early departure from earth, physically undeveloped as the result of wrong conditions spiritually, the death of Daisy's little frail body was the inevitable consequence of the conditions attending her birth, the sole fatal influence that presided. From living in uncongenial marriage relations Mrs. Haughton was all the more imprecable to the proffered sympathy of Paul; coming at the very time when most she felt the need of some nobly sustaining soul. This power of attraction, possessed by some most heartless men, is, by confiding women, esteemed as love, when it is but the counterfeit, the base imitation of that blessed, joy-giving reality. She needed a certain growth within herself of discernment, of spiritual insight, of just discrimination in things pertaining to this life. She will obtain it through sorrow, but she will advance thereby. Either Paul will sometime arise to her standard of excellence, or she will turn away from him in disgust, blushing to remember that she ever loved one so infinitely beneath her in spiritual aspiration."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" I cried. "But there is something in her face that pains me; I wish she would confide in me, perhaps I could comfort her. She said I did so once."

"You may again when the proper time arrives, but Beulah, dear, you were going to tell me something about a feeling you once had with regard to the water; tell me that experience, as you tell me all."

I told him of the dread temptations of the past, of the alluring voices I had seemed to hear, calling me so sweetly to repose in the serene depths of how in the bygone days of my misery and heart-loneliness, I had longed to feel the cool embrace of death, the encircling clasp of waves. He listened with a grave face, but a compassionate eye, and said to me with a tender accent of reproof:

"It was well you battled courageously with so fearful temptation, Beulah, for, rest assured, it was no beckoning call from spirit-land; only the morbid melancholy of your own soul evoked those phantasms; they were the outward correspondences of your own dark, life-weary thoughts. We cannot find oblivion for the mental life of life, by quitting this existence, for all tortures of the brain and heart, as well as the loftiest pleasures, originate in the spirit; and what is physical pain to the racking torments of the distracted mind? You know that our philosophy teaches that the transition to another life effects no change in the mental, moral, or spiritual condition of the being; the same undisciplined affections would be there our here as before, if not outgrown upon this stage. Harmony alone is heaven, be it on earth or in the spheres. My little Beulah only suffered for a lack of wisdom, which many older heads and hearts have not attained to. As soon as by continued and laudable effort she overcame the harassing weakness, and grew strong in faith and insight, the trouble lessened, and the temptation to suicide receded. Was it not so?"

"Yes. And the time came when I looked upon some of my feelings with a mingling of surprise and horror, I had so defined an unworthy object, and had so cherished the thought of forgetfulness in death. I well remember what a pang of self-distrust shot

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Physical Evidence of Spirit Presence and Power.

GIVEN BY A SPIRIT THROUGH A CLAIRAUDIENT MEDIUM.

There are many who find great difficulty in conceiving of spirit, and who think it is made up of ideas, sentiments and aspirations. The spiritual body is, however, a harmonious substance—a matter progressed and ultimised. The physical organism of man collects and generates electricity from his food, from the atmosphere and solar rays; and a substratum of this vitalized electricity is obtained and composed when a number of persons form a harmonious circle round a table. Man is connected with the material world around him, by his physical organization—by the physical affinities which reside in his material structure—which affinities respond to the influences of the gaseous atmosphere, minerals, vegetables, and animals. The presence of light, electricity, heat, the different states and conditions of the atmosphere, exert powerful influences upon the material organic structure of man. Man's relation or connection with the spirit world, is no more wonderful or difficult to comprehend than his connection physically with the material world. The body and the spirit of man respond each to the same affinities in the material and in the spiritual worlds; and man should accurately comprehend the nature of his connection with the material and with the spiritual worlds. The pure harmonious human spirit is more susceptible of impression than the most refined material of which man in the physical state can conceive. When it is so far developed as to be capable of appreciating its own high destiny, it responds to the same affinities in other kindred spirits; by this means its perceptions become more and more clear and distinct, and it cherishes loftier aspirations for the true, the good, the holy, the beautiful, and experiences stronger desires to develop every germ of its nature.

There were spirit-seers and spirit-bearers in all ages of man's existence, and were men more perfectly balanced in their mental conditions—in all their interests—and less engrossed in mere physical pursuits, spirit teaching would become more general. The ascendancy of spirit power over the mere materiality of physical conditions, is one of the favorable causes of the increasing spirit intercourse of the present age. Physical amelioration, intellectual, moral and spiritual progress upon the earth, by the action of spirit affinity, are felt and reciprocated in the spirit spheres; a congeniality is established, and like attracts like. Every step of advancement in comprehending the Divine designs, by man in the physical form, is attended with corresponding strides of progress in the spirit spheres. But while man will continue to burrow in the earth—shut up within their flesh covering, and to walk in obscurity, loaded with prejudices, superstition and false views, there can be little spirit intercourse, for in all such cases the chains and channels of communication are broken. In every age, however, potent progressed spirits have communicated with their fellowmen upon the earth—when and wherever the requisite conditions permitted them to do so. The law of affinity always formed the principal cause and condition for such communications; but the processes or modes of communicating have always been and are still various.

When we visit your dwelling, and when, for instance, you form a circle of harmonious persons round a suitable table—a circle of persons who can succeed in meditating the table, the walls of the room, or any other object within the sphere of their influence—we are in such circumstances able to meditate such harmonious persons, and often the inanimate objects charged, or saturated with their vital forces, and through these mediumized electrical conductors we are able to vibrate, move, attract, control and direct these tangible objects, as well as kindred spirits. The material constituents which compose men's physical bodies are alike. But there are in an inharmonious circle of mentally discordant persons elements of spirit repulsion—of volcanic explosion.

When a number of harmonious persons are reverently sitting in a circle, formed for the purpose of receiving and examining the teaching of spirits, an equilibrium of their electrical vital force is established; and then some one of their number is found and selected whose nervous system is most easily charged with, and controlled by our influence and power. Perceiving what part of his nature is thus most harmonious with our own, we stand near him, and place ourselves in direct contact or connection with that part. We have the intuitive perception and the will power to find out and select what that susceptible part is, and where it is located. When we have found out the susceptible element of an individual's nature, by placing ourselves contiguous to or in direct contact with him, we establish a concurrent stimulation with his nervous system, and thus we acquire and have control of the faculties and motions of his body, as well as the power to influence and read the motives, the perceptions, and the aspirations of his spirit. When a circle, for the reception and examination of the teaching of spirits is properly and harmoniously organized, there is a condition established, in which the nervous system of the party selected as the medium is opened up to receive physical and spiritual impressions independently of, but not in opposition to his normal volitions. In this condition his faculties are stimulated, his perceptions become more acute and active, his moral sentiments more elevated, and his spiritual aspirations become perfectly concurrent with our own.

The internal affinities and attractions of the immortal human spirit, when developed, yearn for, and aspire after corresponding affinities and attractions, demand appropriate support, nourishment and assistance from superior sources; and thirst and seek for the inspiration, for the flowing of the elevating knowledge, the purifying love, the guiding wisdom, and the developing goodness of the higher spheres. But in consequence of their remaining undeveloped; and of their being wholly absorbed by groveling passions, the spirits of the multitude are incapable of manifesting their natural attributes; they have never gained, acquired or developed the power to make themselves felt or visible by proper motives and lofty aspirations; and therefore there is frequently an absolute impossibility in communicating with circles where persons so conditioned are present. The developed spirits, on the other hand, are visible through their material covering—their motives, perceptions, and aspirations are true and are attracted, respond and are responded to, by the congenial affinities of the progressed spirits who accurately know and clearly see the entire nature of those with whom they communicate and hold intercourse.

The knowledge of the truth, that the spirit state of existence is a perpetuation of, and an improvement upon the first—the rudimentary, the physical state—should furnish the careful inquirer with adequate means for both comprehending and explaining the real and the apparent defects, contradictions, and discrepancies contained in some of the communications and teachings of spirits—obtained through mediums partially developed, and only partly passive. It is an immutable spirit law, that the less developed, and the more physical spirits are, the more will power they have to set upon, and move inorganic and organic materials—to influence and use certain classes of external media—to cause them to vibrate, gesticulate, impersonate, up tables, write, &c. The spirits and the mediums which they thus use, are invariably far in organization, mental conformation, affinities, and aspirations—with this exceptional difference, that the spirits are always in advance of their charges; that is, they are more knowing, wiser, prouder, and more powerful than their mediums. This must account for the occasional sentences of ideas and expressions, which are discovered between thoughts and words spiritually impressed, and those derived from the medium's own mental operations and spirit-workings, as well as for the frequent occurrence of mediums only partially under spirit influence mixing up unconsciously their own ideas and preoccupations with those derived from and impressed upon them by the communicating spirits.

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

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, 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 to a 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 billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer 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.

The Discipline of the War.

While devastating war is going on, there is still a field open for human reflection—perhaps a wider field than before. The late Thanksgiving which was celebrated by the people of the nation, in obedience to the proclamation of President Lincoln, offered a proper occasion for indulging in a line of very natural reviews and reflections on the state of the country, as compared with its condition previous to the breaking out the war.

Before we were all startled from the peaceful and uninterrupted pursuit of gain and fame by the signal gun at Sumter, the nation was on a road where further advance must, in some shape, have certainly wrought its ruin. The love of greed had so fastened itself on our vitals as to be in a fair way of eating out the virtues of the entire people. We were making money so rapidly, and all our business plans were working out with so little interruption; we were living, in fact, on the state and traditional experience of other generations. As it was worked up for us in histories and all other literary forms, instead of gaining a positive and expensive experience of our own; we were filled with self-views and downright selfishness, and puffed up with hasty notions of our own importance; in fact, we were upon any but a progressive and spiritual road, although there were many individuals who lent a lustre to the age in which they lived.

Then came the blast of horrid war. The inhabitants of the land were started to their feet. It was an intestine struggle—father against son, and brother against brother. Since it first shocked us with its dreadful histories of carnage and destruction, the power of our land has been well nigh swept out of existence, and mourning has been carried into families where all had been happiness and sunshine hitherto. How many persons were about with them badges of grief and bereavement! Money, too, has been pledged and spent, in sums that would have appalled us, had they even been named at a day before the breaking out of our national troubles. In truth, we seem to have grown reckless in relation to our pecuniary obligations, satisfied that the country's precious institutions are worth preserving even at the cost of all we have and the heavy mortgaging of future generations. We all feel that it is a carelessness about money which is good rather than evil, for it is exactly what was chiefly to be desired when we were on the other track in reference to accumulation.

Looking over the ground of our national experiences for the two years and more already past, there is much more reason, on the whole, for congratulation rather than regret, at the improvement which is manifest in the national character. We have been tried in the furnace of affliction, and we can already see that better men and women are the result. There is a larger measure of warm sympathy in the community, occasioned by the frequent and overwhelming bereavements of individuals, and families, and social circles. There is a great deal less care about money, and an improved determination to employ it for noble ends. A higher class of sentiments has taken control of men's hearts, and they actually profess themselves ready, in a great many instances, to die unselfishly. Money is not the god it was, in spite of a new class of suddenly rich persons, who would still make it so.

These symptoms are all favorable ones, though they are finally reached at such a fearful cost. It is an old saying that ends cannot be reached without means; and this war, with its numerous fearful concomitants, is but a means—certain and direct—to the great end of our national improvement. There is no denying it, that we are much progressed, spiritually speaking, from the point at which we were willing to rest when our great troubles overwhelmed us. That is plain enough to the apprehension of all clear-minded persons. All this sorrow and loss has not been for nothing; we pay liberally of our material wealth, that we may enjoy abundantly of our larger spiritual acquisitions.

We cannot fail for a moment to deplore the widespread sufferings caused by this war, and we are as full of satisfaction at the thought that it may be a long time before it is ended. Yet the war has given us a sight of many things which we should not otherwise have known. We are at school, in these days, and our schoolmaster is a hard experience. The lessons taught are being thoroughly learned. There will be no occasion to regret the cost or severity of the teachings, provided the lessons are well laid to heart by us. None of us could have wished to go on in the corrupt and degenerating courses we were following, for we must have come out only where other people, long since buried beneath the ruins of enervating luxury and moral effeminacy, have come out before us. This present experience is calculated to make us robust and manly, and lovers of all the healthy virtues.

The Banner.

If the patrons of the BANNER OF LIGHT are obliged to pay at present a slight advance for it over former years, we assure them we shall return them an equal equivalent. As the price of paper stock has slightly fallen in the market, we shall in consequence give our subscribers the benefit of it by printing our sheet on whiter and heavier paper than at present. We have ordered a large quantity of good paper, of a similar kind to that on which the New York Ledger is printed. We expect to be able to commence using the quality of paper designated, with the advent of our new volume (14th), which will be soon. Other improvements will be made in due time.

In this connection we consider it not inappropriate to suggest to the friends of progress in all parts of the country the propriety of adding us, to the extent of their power, in extending the circulation of the BANNER.

The Progressive Age.

This talented little Spiritual Monthly, published at Hopedale, Mass., we commend to the notice of the friends of progress. It is doing good pocket duty in the cause, and should be sustained. You have only to forward fifty cents to secure it for one year—and that is cheap enough in this era of high prices—printer's stock is particular.

The Sack of Lawrence.

In all our readings of the progress of modern wars, we have never fallen in with a story so full of unmitigated barbarity as that of the sack of Lawrence, in Kansas, and the cold-blooded murder of its defenceless men. A rebel guerrilla chieftain raised some three hundred men from the discharged convicts of a Missouri Penitentiary and from other sources, and, after surrounding the town so as to prevent all means of escape, dashed in upon the unsuspecting population after night-fall, and proceeded to murder the males one by one, in the presence and in spite of the tears and wailings of wives and children; and then applied the torch to the town, and leaves it to its fate. Some one hundred and eighty lives were thus sacrificed to the fury of a remorseless mob of guerrillas, in the once thriving city of Lawrence; a place which has ever laid under the ban of the rebel chiefs, from the fact (which they cannot forgive) that it is an Eastern town in all its characteristics, and a complete transcript in those parts of Eastern civilization. This is what can be expected of these barbarians, who hate nothing so much as they do the promises of advancement and culture.

But it is satisfactory to know that the day of retribution is already at hand, for the latest news from Kansas City informs us that Gen. Lane as soon as possible extemporized a military force, pursued the out-throats, and killed some eighty of them. No prisoners are taken. The others scattered to their fortresses throughout the border counties, and are still being hunted by all the available troops from every part of the district. Many of these guerrillas abandoned their worst-out horses, and went into the bush on foot. They were all re-mounted at Lawrence on the horses they captured, and they went off leading their own horses laden with plunder, nearly all of which they abandoned in the chase, before they got far into Missouri. Over three hundred horses have already been taken by Gen. Lane's troops, including some of those taken at Lawrence. Most of the goods and money stolen have been recovered, and will, as far as is possible, be restored.

Talk of the Presidency.

They begin to talk of the next President already. Some people think it is not a moment too early to open the subject. Among those whom we find named for the position is Gen. Banks. Now we are not exactly in politics, nor do we really expect to get into them; but we can call up a great many other names which we should ourselves pass by for that high station, to reach that of the ex-Governor of Massachusetts. Banks is a man not overmuch afraid of new ideas, and would not flinch very timidly to see a good one fairly set in operation. He has sagacity; is experienced; has an upright and downright will; is courageous and resolute; never omits to consult the highest policy; and, in short, while he is progressive he is also properly conservative. Worse men than he can be found for the place, without the trouble of going to New Orleans to look for them. He has always succeeded in performing what he was delegated to do, whether in civil or in military life. Not noted as a brilliant man, he is nevertheless solid, and compact in his mental texture, and would very happily represent the conflicting elements of the nation in his own person and character. This is all we have to say, and we do not mean anything like electioneering by this.

The Parrotts.

The performances of these monster rifled guns, as shown under the practiced hand of Gen. Gillmore, are truly wonderful. He wrote as follows in his report of the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, which fell on the 11th of April, 1862:—"With heavy James or Parrott guns, the practicability of reducing the best brick scarp at 2,300 to 2,600 yards, with satisfactory rapidity, admits of very little doubt. Had we"—he says—"possessed our present knowledge of their power previous to the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, the eight weeks of laborious preparation could have been curtailed to one week, as heavy mortars and columbiads would have been omitted from the armament of the batteries." The work performed by the huge 200 and 300 pound Parrotts before Charleston is entirely new in the history of gunnery. Such a siege or bombardment, we nowhere find a parallel to. To shell a city at the immense distance at which Gillmore opened on Charleston is what even the lively imaginations of the rebels of that quarter were unprepared for. The scientific men, after all, are revolutionizing the material world. The spiritual men will take up the work where they leave it off.

Poor Charleston!

The nest where the eggs of treason were laid and hatched is the spot which ought in sheer justice to be visited by the shot and shell of our thundering cannon, before the war is closed. The hot-bed of secession has got to be rooted up, that no more foul weeds like that may be grown there. The greatest blow from which South Carolina will suffer, is the humiliation of her pride; this will cause her a far profounder grief than the loss of all her towns and cities. The opinion of those who call the chivalry of that little balliwick entertain is lofty beyond all earthly comparison. Before the Union army reached them with its guns, one would have supposed, from their bragadoos, that they could have frownded down a 200-pound Parrott with a mere look. But the sorry sequel demonstrates that they are just as much flesh and blood as the rest of mankind, and that they cannot afford, any more than we can, to defy and denounce all creation outside of South Carolina, as if they were of no consequence. The other States of the South will be more glad at the humiliation of South Carolina than even we at the North.

Another Rail Threatened.

The Richmond correspondent of the London Times says—"The Yankee fleet will make themselves scarce off the blockaded ports, after September." This simply means, that three powerful iron-clad rams are to sail from British ports about the first of the month, with a view to sail up New York bay, and destroy all the merchant ships and government vessels on the stocks which they can reach, steam out at the eastern end of Long Island Sound into the Atlantic again, and then move down upon our blockading fleet lying off Southern ports. Should the report be true, we doubt if we are ready for any such hostile demonstration. Evidently the rebels are laying back for one signal effort, and that is in all likelihood to be made on the ocean. Their armies are getting used up; they expect to do us all the remaining damage possible by fitting out rams and pirates in British ports, and sending them forth to prey on our commerce and to terrify our coast towns. And Great Britain permit all this, looking on with an aspect of the most approved complacency. We do not know how long that power would stand it herself, but we do seem to know how long we shall stand it. The last time will be along pretty soon.

Wax Work.

Mrs. Z. Kendall has placed in our circle room a vase containing a most beautiful bouquet of wax flowers, so closely resembling the natural, in shape, hue and delicate tint, that it is difficult to discover the difference. Mrs. K. has a superior gift in the execution of wax work, of all kinds. She popples funeral wreaths from the original flowers so closely as to make a perfect resemblance, and thereby perpetuating the wreath to any length of time. Her crayon drawing is also very fine. Those wishing for either of the above kinds of work can see this specimen at our office, where orders will be received.

Lee and Davis.

The stories of a quarrel between Gen. Lee and Jefferson Davis are not quite confirmed, yet, as a Richmond writer for the Charleston Mercury says, where there is so much smoke there must be some amount of fire. We do not so much incline to doubt respecting the misandromancy between these rebel magnates as some others do, though we confess we should be no less rejoiced than those who rejoiced the most to find the rumor that Lee has indeed resigned proved to be well based. Lee went into this rebellion business with the lofty feelings which may be supposed to influence a scion of the genuine aristocracy of Virginia; he had none of the Mississippi or South Carolina fire-eating spirit about him, nor could he be supposed capable, from a review of his birth and character, of relying on those artifices by whose aid the cause of the rebellion was carried forward so far and fast as for a certain time it was. He is represented to be a cultivated gentleman and a professing Christian; a very different sort of an affair from the Braggs and Magraders, the Beauregards and Dick Taylors of the Confederate army. We await the march of events with all the patience we possess, really expecting that something of the sort is in the future for us to rejoice over. Such a loss to the rebels as that of Robert E. Lee could not be made good.

The New Empire.

Very few men of this generation expected to live to see an Empire established on the American continent by foreign powers, after all the opposition which was manifested to even the suggestion of such a project by our fathers. Yet France has set up her patent concern on the ruins of the divided Mexican Republic, and found a person in the court of one of the old European monarchs, who is willing to accept the hazardous honor of wearing a Mexican crown. We wish him joy of it most heartily. Well may the London Star wonder if this state of things is to be permitted to continue always. England is becoming a little jealous of the success of Napoleon's schemes on this side of the Atlantic, and would without doubt, be glad enough to see us again in a condition to resent his impudent interference in the affairs of our nearest political neighbors. The London Star seriously gives forth an opinion, that when once the question now on trial between the North and the South shall have been answered, the Government of the United States will take it in hand to see if France, or any other European power can take advantage with impunity of our temporary danger, to invade a sister republic, overturn its Government, and set up a bastard monarchy in its stead. We incline to think, with the Star, that some such question will certainly be tested in good time.

Mrs. Chappell coming to Boston.

We notice that the lecture committee of the Lyceum Hall Society have succeeded in inducing Mrs. Sophia L. Chappell, of New York State, to visit Boston in October, and give a course of lectures. Mrs. C. is not altogether unknown to the readers of the BANNER, as our correspondents have often spoken of her in the warmest terms of commendation as an eloquent lecturer. The people throng in multitudes to hear her whenever she is announced to speak. A writer in the Herald of Progress, alluding to her addresses, says:—"Large masses of people congregated in the town hall to listen to her strange and startling messages, and she held them spell-bound for an hour and a half, and two hours at each lecture, pouring forth a perfect torrent of eloquence. Many persons of good minds, not endorsing her sentiments, who have heard Henry Ward Beecher, E. B. Chapin, and other orators of world-wide renown, have declared their opinion that Mrs. Chappell surpasses them all in the power of her eloquence." We congratulate our friends that she has consented to visit this part of New England, and feel assured she will be most cordially welcomed. Trust those in other towns and cities will endeavor to avail themselves of her services before her return, as we understand she designs to answer calls to speak immediately after her engagement closes in Boston. Her present address is Totadam, New York.

Back to First Principles.

We could not be better pleased than to hear, as we do, that the rage for mere show in dress and ornamentation, particularly with the female sex, is burning itself out at our places of fashionable resort, this year. At Saratoga, it is reported that the truly well-bred ladies, in mere self-defence and to distinguish themselves from those who are not such, have resolved to attire their persons in as modest a style as possible, running into none of the former tendency to lavishness of jewelry displays, and keeping down appearances close to the standard of refined manners, where they ought to be. This decisive step, taken at the height of a fashionable season, and at so notable a resort as Saratoga, will not be without its proper effect. It puts people on their own footing, where they belong; and takes away the false and unreliable props of money, upon which so much reliance has been placed by our modern society. We hope people of both sexes will become sensible enough, by-and-by, to trust themselves more than they do their surroundings.

Checking Desertions.

Gen. Meade has approved the sentence of death that has been passed upon certain deserters from the army, and they have been shot to death with musketry. This substitute and desertion business was growing to be a bigger game than could with impunity be tolerated. Either we had to surrender everything like military discipline, and give over every serious hope of beating down rebellion by the aid of armed troops, or else put an immediate stop to a practice which would very soon have wrought the demoralization of the entire army. No one, who is at all acquainted with the various facts of the case, can say that Gen. Meade has acted with too much determination. When substitutes for conscripts, who have already got their pay, conspire to burn transports for the sake of compassing their own escape, hazarding the lives of all on board, it is high time the habit was made an end of by the aid of the sharpest instruments of military law.

Science vs. Tradition.

The learned Agassiz declares that facts will force us sooner or later to admit that the creation of man lies far beyond any period yet assigned to it, and that a succession of human races, as of animals, have followed one another upon the earth.—Boston Post.

So goes science. And what can old tradition do? It was barely, ten years ago, to say that the earth was more than six thousand years old. It will be orthodox in five years or less to teach that man has been an inhabitant of this globe for hundreds of thousands. It will yet be demonstrated that these successive human races have been gradually advancing, and that could we see the earliest representatives of our race, we should hesitate before we gave them the title of human. Science takes no backward step; and much as Agassiz opposes the development theory, he acknowledges constantly the very facts on which it is based.

The Grand Picnic Gathering.

Our friends must not forget the grand Picnic Excursion to Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, Sept. 1st. Every arrangement is made for a general good time. The best of speakers will be present. Should the weather be stormy, the excursion will be postponed.

Our Circles.

Our five circles will be resumed next Monday.

New Publications.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MORTAL OVER THE CHANGING AND DUSTY OF THE FLESH. By Henry C. Wright. Boston: Published by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield Street.

Those who are acquainted with Mr. Wright, or his writings, will not look for anything tame or uninteresting from his vigorous pen, for he does not give tolerance to a thought until he has well matured it. He has made this little volume of one hundred and thirty-two pages very interesting as well as instructive. It is considering man and his destiny, he views him in three states: that which intervenes between conception and birth, which he calls the pre-natal state; in that which intervenes between his birth and the death of the body, which he calls his post-natal state; and in that which begins at the death of the body and never ends, which he calls his disembodied state, or his life within the veil. He maintains the position that the health of woman, in its bearing on the destiny of the race, will, in the world's future, be regarded as of transcendent importance, and as deserving the special attention of all who seek the elevation and happiness of man, and progress in all goodness. We commend the work to the attention of our readers. For sale at this office. Price, 50 cents, in cloth 75 cents, in paper binding.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for September has an amazingly illustrated story entitled "An unprotected male in the East," being the journal of the Honorable Miss Impulsive Gunnington. The Pennsylvania Coal Regions are splendidly illustrated by twelve fine engravings, among them views of the cities of Scranton, Reading and Easton, and a bird's-eye view of the Wyoming Valley. These views alone are worth more than the price of the work. It contains many other unusually able and interesting articles, making this very choice number.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY for August, has reached us crammed full of excellent reading matter. Its leading paper is on the prominent men of California in 1846, by J. S. Hittell. Mrs. Strong's interesting California story of "The Wife" has reached the tenth chapter. These, with many other articles and illustrations which fill its pages, make it a welcome monthly visitor.

Bromfield Street Conference.

A singularly practical question has been under discussion in the Bromfield street Conference for two or three weeks past. A widow woman in destitute circumstances and in feeble health, with five or six children to support, rose up in the Conference, and said that with all the efforts her poor health would allow her to put forth, she was unable to earn bread enough to keep herself and children from starvation. She had been making army clothes for the soldiers, and the pay was so small and her tired hands and shattered health so weak that she could not command more than half enough to satisfy the hunger of her family, and with starvation staring her in the face, she asked the members of the Conference which she had better do, *starve, steal, or beg?*

The question was discussed at some length by all the prominent speakers in a generous and sympathetic manner, they taking the ground generally that it was always better to steal than to starve to death, but that there were generous chords in all human hearts, when touched to compassion, and it would be better to beg than to steal, for stealing would call forth cruel penalties at the hands of human law that would increase rather than mitigate her present suffering.

This question should be pondered and turned over in the thoughts and feelings of all, and the destination of the sick and suffering poor should be brought daily home to the consideration of ever generous souls. The world will never be reformed of the oppressions that cause such afflictions in society by proclaiming its faults, but it may be reformed by each one taking hold in earnest and doing his own duty faithfully for the relief of our suffering fellows.

[We do not know who the poor widow is, alluded to above; but there is a note at this office for her, wherever she may be. And when some generous soul will take it to her, we will find her out and render that material aid it is so necessary she should have.—Ed.]

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

On Sunday next the Spiritualists of this city renew their meetings in Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/4 P. M., to be continued every Sunday. Mrs. Townsend's health being so poor as to prevent her being present at the opening of the season, as we expected, the committee have been fortunate enough to secure the services of that most excellent and true woman, Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Brandon, Vermont. If she is to be judged by the standard of lecturers which Vermont has already furnished, there will be no occasion for apprehension, for some of the finest talents the Spiritual ranks has emanated from that noble and highly spiritualized State.

These meetings are free to the public.

New Music.

From Oliver & Co., 377 Washington street, we have received the following choice pieces of musical composition: "Katie Lee and Willie Gray," a very popular song; a ballad entitled, "When first the bells" words by T. Loker, Esq., and music by George Pettit; a patriotic song and chorus, "Keep this Bible near your heart," by H. S. Thompson; "Thoughts of thee" is a pretty song set to music by F. Molten, from words by Mrs. B. E. Dawes; "Lety Loretto" song and chorus, music by Perrin; "Kangaroo Galop" for piano, by James Cassidy.

Rev. Charles Beecher's Case.

The Congregational Church of Georgetown, Mass., in the exercise of its primary right to accept or reject the advice of an Ecclesiastical Council, has refused to dismit its pastor, the Rev. Charles Beecher, who was recently tried and convicted for "heresy." We seem to hear our readers say, "Georgetown is not common sense. This is more than we can say of the Ecclesiastical Council.

Correspondence in Brief.

Our cause is steadily progressing here, around the political centre of the State, near the State capital, as you may infer from the frequency of grove meetings in this region. It is an earnest of the deep and abiding interest felt in the minds of the intelligent young men of our country, when they can leave their farms and their harrowed crops and assemble in gatherings of two or three hundred to as many thousands, for the purpose of social, intellectual and spiritual communion, to inaugurate principles of universal freedom, and promote universal progress, so frequently.

I take every occasion, both in public and in private, to recommend our BANNER. The great want of our people is sufficient reading matter of the right character. My method is to read and circulate the BANNER, and HARMONY OF PROGRESS among all my neighbors, and thereby obtain new and then a subscriber, and so have here and there one to send for a book. May the Lord hasten on when our HARMONY shall proclaim the gospel of freedom, and our BANNER will be every household.

"Be more at it."

Yours for universal freedom and progress.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 20th, 1863.

Rev. J. Bela Martin, formerly a fugitive slave, is towards for a short time pastor of a Baptist congregation in Boston, is now settled in the ministry in New Bedford, where his usefulness is being acknowledged by the London press.

George W. Linn, of Lee, Mass., is the man charged with making backstop paper for the rebels. He is betted at the present term of the U. S. District Court.

vance more rapidly than minds that are not so

Q.—Does this development shorten the life of the body?

A.—We think it does. As the spirit grows stronger in wisdom, so the body grows weak. You grow weak as you grow strong.

Q.—Is the fate of spirit within its own control?

A.—To a certain extent it is, and yet it is not. We believe that all spirit is within its controlling spirit of the universe; and yet, to a very great extent, it is subject to its own individual control.

Q.—What makes an individual particularly susceptible to spiritual influences?

A.—Sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Physical disease is often the key that opens the door into the internal realm. Sometimes it comes by sadness, by human sorrow. It often happens that

sudden bereavement or affliction falls upon those that are attracted seemingly to earth and earthly things. Deprive them of the society of some loved one, or take away their earthly goods, and straightway they will find upon the extent of the spiritual world.

Q.—Why are some children in one family more susceptible than others?

tion of the parents prior to conception. In this respect, you have a mighty lesson to learn, oh humanity. In passing from household to household in your land, we often pause to read the various inscriptions written upon the souls of children of the same family. Upon the soul-tablet of one is written one household

upon the soul-tablet of another is written another inscription. All are born of the same parents, physically speaking, but by no means of the same parents spiritually and intellectually, for the parents were on thing at a certain time, and one thing at another.

time. Thus upon each infant soul is stamped a different inscription, and humanity looks on and reads them with wonder. Why is it, says the mother, that one of my children is kind and obliging, while another is willful and disobedient? One aspires to the great

and beautiful in Nature, while another's tendencies are entirely groveling. Oh mother, we would point you to your own being; study yourself. Look at the palm-leaf read page after page, and see if you have not given correct impress of yourself upon the child. See if Nature has made any mistake. Has it then to be

Nature has made my mistake. See it there is not
 cause for these effects. July 18.
 General Alfred Gurney.
 By the kindness of friends I find myself able to

speak through this borrowed body. I am not unmind-
 ful of the obligations I am under to those in the death
 who wait upon me here. My departure from my own
 body has been so recent, that I scarcely feel compe-
 tent to say half I desire to.

I have a family who know only of my death, and being able to return in this way, they know nothing but I hope to be able to apprise them of the fact soon. I hope to be able to speak with them as I do here. Although I know there are many obstacles in the way of their receiving my thoughts from this place, yet

I have a brother somewhere in New York State who does not know of my death, who doubtless, feels somewhat hard toward me, in consequence of the po-

allion I took with regard to this war. Tell that brother
er to lay aside all prejudice, and meet me as a brother
should meet a brother, and I'll explain to him why
took the course I did.

I am—no, I was—that is better, General Alfred

Gurney, of Virginia. I lost my life at Gettysburg. I've nothing to say of my condition. I am here only to ask that my friends receive me at home as kindly as I have been received here. Then, if there are any wrongs, I'll try to make them right. Farewell.

William Goward.
It's like waiting for a permit to get into the hospital. One might die and be resurrected again, while they was waiting for a chance to come back. It's

Well, first I'd like to send word to my poor old mother in Columbus, Ohio. I'd like to have von tele-

boy that her son Billy came back and spoke here, and if she likes, he'll do the same at home, if she'll only give him a body to talk through. 'You want some thing for reference. Is that what you call it? [Identification.] Well, no matter about the name.

I was nineteen years old, and was the youngest of three sons and two daughters. My height, little over five feet. I can't recollect how much over. I was pretty stocky, had blue eyes, light hair, pretty good skin. I never was sick, not as I know of. Yes.

I had whooping cough when I was small, but that's all I remember of having.

I was born in Dayton, Ohio. Shortly after I was born my folks moved somewhere's here in Massachusetts. I reckon I should have to scratch up my thick

My father died when I was between nine and ten years old. My poor old mother is alive, and is feeling better because I got killed in war. I am the only child

Well, now, Colonel, I don't care about travelling a

Jordan road like this any longer. Just let my mother know that my father and me are close, by 'n the spirit world; that we aint gone out twenty thousand miles into a seven by nine hell, or heaven, such as the ministers tell you of; and my mother hell be in. Paul

old lady, she's kind of buried up in religion. She
do n't know how to get out into the light, so I'm
going to help her. Father says, my boy, that's right:
do n't let her come to the spirit-world without any
light, as we did.

Well, Colonel, what 'a the charge. [Nothing.] It's not as well, because you would n't get it if you did. 'm from the 11th Ohio, Company I. Very few of 'em left up. Well, well, we are in a country now where the rain's good, and the bow do n't get out of tune.

an always play a correct tune. Tell my mother to
keep my old fiddle in tune, and I'll come there and
play on it when I can. Good-by. [What is your
name?]
July 12.

Bill Goward, he says. [Ask him his mother's name.] He's gone out of my reach now. Stranger, knew him and knew his mother, though I never knew what her Christian name was.

I'm from Co. 11th Ohio, Company A, was shot
about the same time. I lived in Oberlin, Ohio. I've
father there, an invalid sister, and I've another
brother in the army. My name, sir, was Garrison-
Ferdore Garrison. I was twenty-two years old. I can't
remember any of the things that took place here. I was

I don't know anything about this talking; only been

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

Pearls.

And quoted old and jewels new words long,
That on the stretched floor of all time
Sparkle forever.

SEE CAME AND WENT.

As the twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unnoted,
So in my memory thrilled and stirred—
I only know she came and went.

As clouds some lake, by gusts upriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven—
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound our swift Spring heeps
The orchards fall of bloom and scent,
So close her May my wily sleep—
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays—
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last light is nearly spent,
One flash of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy
once; the memory of happiness is happiness.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

The twilight hours, like birds, fly by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;

For every wave with dimpled face,
That leaped into the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.

—[Annie B. Wally.]

Men resort to all sorts of disguises, and then com-
plain bitterly that they are not understood.

PRAYER.

Ere the morning's busy ray,
Calls you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening glow,
Your weary eyes in sweet repose,
To lift your heart and soul in prayer,
Be your first and latest care.

Bacon says that labor conquers all things, but idleness
conquers more people than labor does.

MIDSUMMER.

The secret of the opening rose,
And the shy bird's unfinished lay,
What whispering pines and half disclose,
And what in secret twilight glow,
At dawn's first blush of day,
This to the happy heart of youth is known,
Ah, best of sciences, too soon outgrown!

Statues and pictures are the stone and paper dolls of
grown up men and women.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MAHOMET.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

What of him? I fancy I hear you exclaim, as you
read my title, more than we already know? Do we
not rightly know him as a base impostor, a "velled
prophet," brandishing the gleaming weapons of war
and desolation throughout Arabia? A man whose time
was divided between dealing out superstition and mis-
ery, and ogling the pretty women of his seraglio?
Has history not more noble characters, that you might
hold up for the admiration of the world? Yes, many.
But perchance you have learned all of Mahomet's virtues
and none of his vices. Perhaps with all the pre-
judices of a Christian against an infidel, you have learned
the evil he wrought, and not the good.

Mahomet was born at Mecca, inheriting nobility and
respectability, but in comparative poverty. His father
was much loved, and was renowned for his handsome
person and agreeable manners. It is solemnly recorded
by the historians of his nation, that on the night
when he was wedded to Amina, the mother of the
prophet, two hundred virgins died of disappointed
hopes. Amina was very accomplished and beautiful,
and had been sought in marriage by the most wealthy
and influential of her nation. But she loved Abdul-
lah with all the fervor and romance of a wild, free
Arabian maiden, and was made the mother of the
wonderful child whose name stands at the beginning
of our paper. When the birth occurred, the happy
father was at Syria, and on his return, died at Medina.
He never saw the child of his beloved wife. The in-
fant was left in the arms of a weeping mother, with
nothing except five camels and an Ethiopian slave for
his share of his father's scanty fortune. At a splendid
entertainment, given in honor of his advent by his
grandfather, he was named Mahomet, which means
"most glorious."

In his sixth year his mother died, and the little un-
fortunate was taken by his venerable grandfather, then
one hundred years of age. In ten years he also died,
and young Mahomet was handed to another protector,
in the person of his uncle. Here he was embosomed
in almost parental love, and educated measurably.
He grew to be hardy and robust, and came to enjoy
that great aid to success—a good constitution.

We pass over a few years, and behold him a young
man of twenty-five years. He is of middle stature,
his skin clear and fair, and his complexion ruddy
with health. His head is large, but prettily shaped,
and rich in soft, wavy hair, which curls from his tem-
ples downward loosely, and falls down between his
shoulders behind. He has a prominent forehead,
splendid brown eyes, which win the admiration of all
they rest on; an aquiline nose, and thick beard. His
face is handsome, although large, and his lips a real
Indian red and vermilion when parted with smiles,
showing teeth white as pearls. His eyebrows are dark
and distinctly separated. His voice deep and sonorous—
very gentle to those he loves.

He possessed fine business talents, and in conse-
quence of this was introduced to the acquaintance of
Kadijah, a rich widow of Mecca, who employed him
to superintend her affairs, as she was extensively en-
gaged in merchandise. He went to Syria and sold his
goods in the markets there for a double price, and was
so successful in all his plans, that Kadijah, who was
already won by his handsome person, could no longer
control her ardent love. His absence seemed too
long, and on his return she frankly offered him her
hand and her fortune, which the enterprising young
man had too much sense to reject.

The nuptials were celebrated with much pomp and
feastings. The bridegroom was twenty-five, and the
bride forty, and had already laid two husbands in the
grave. Notwithstanding this disparity, Mahomet loved
her fondly, and never while she lived was untrue to
her in one act. He always cherished her memory, and
wept her loss, even when in later years his life-path
glowed with the flowers of passion. It seems, as re-
lated by Arab historians, that heaven, too, sanc-
tioned the marriage, as we are told how heavenly
voices blessed them, and the little boys and girls of
Ramada were all led out with misty white garments
on, and fragrant flowers. On this occasion the bride-
groom was presented, by his uncle, with twelve ounces
of gold and twenty young camels.

He was now married to the splendor of his rank,
and to equality with the richest in Mecca. Kadijah
became the mother of eight children by him, and he
never had reason to regret his alliance to a woman who
was an exemplary in her domestic life, and so devoted
to him in her affections.

Fifteen years have gone, which history has veiled in
mist. We know little of what filled them up. But at
their termination we learn something about Mahomet's
being inspired by God. Every year, for one month,
he withdrew to a cave in Mount Hara, where he de-
voted himself to meditation and prayer. Thought
worked marvelously there, far removed from the busy
scenes of life. He joins the school, in which so many
geni and enthusiasts have been developed—that of
solitude—and there, in the grand silence and
majesty of gloom about Mount Hara's rocky caverns,
the foundation of his future power was laid and nur-
tured. A mind like his could not delight in the mys-
tery and seclusion of caves and grottoes. Here the
spirit who instructed him made known his messages,
and the ecstatic prophet grew nearer to heaven and
farther from the world.

He was forty years of age when he made the an-
nouncement to the world that he was appointed the
apostle of God. He at first had few believers, but with
magical power he soon succeeded in drawing crowds
of worshippers after him. His beliefs were broad and
pleasing, being the *way of God*; his rules lenient, and
his followers promised the treasures of this world
in abundance, and a paradise gorgeous and winning to
the sensual Arab. Different Saviors of the world had
written books for the guidance of their people. So this
prophet must have his book, and the Koran ap-
peared—an artificial production. It was alleged to
have been written under celestial instruction, and
was universally admitted to be elegant and sub-
lime. It is generally believed by unprejudiced minds
that the writer was entirely illiterate. But Chris-
tians, rather than admit that it was written under
the inspiration of spirit, say that he was assisted
in his imposture by private secretaries. This seems
improbable, and has never been a favorite hypothesis
to explain away his power. His teachings were ele-
vating to the Arabs, and the soft cadence of poetry in
which its sentences abound, made it charming to the
ear. They loved to listen to its tender chiming sen-
tences, the music and meaning of which are lost in all
translations, as read to them from the rude tablets on
which they were inscribed.

The Koran, like the Bible, underwent many revi-
sions and alterations after the death of its illustrious
author. Disagreements were harmonized, sentences
polished, the verse divisions changed, by Caliph Oth-
man and others. The old copy was burned and sup-
pressed. Such liberties have been assumed by others
than Mahometans, and with other books than the Ko-
ran. Doubtless, if we had the first transcript of our
Bible, we should see that it has progressed even more
than we now can, since it was given to man. God
seems to grow better every day as man grows better,
and more intelligent. He keeps pace with his sons,
although they always go in the van.

The Koran is a general adviser on everything which
the Arabian mind dreams of. It is all embracing its
primary doctrine is this—"There is but one God, and
Mahomet is the apostle of God."

Faith and practice are enjoined. Faith must em-
brace belief in God, his prophets, his revealed words,
the existence of angels, beings made of fire and the
resurrection and final judgment.

The good Moslem must not use wine to excess, must
not gamble, by playing dice, cards or tables. An ex-
press fondness for chess saved it from condemnation,
provided it did not interfere with their regular de-
votions. Benevolence was an essential practice, and
charity to the poor unavoidable.

Mahomet himself was very charitable and humble,
being simple in his habits of life, diet, clothing, etc.,
with a great heart full of sympathy for the suffering
throughout his dominions. Only in time of war was he
cruel and hard-hearted, as all victorious heroes are.
During his seasons of military conquest, which compelled
all the petty chiefs from the shores of the Red Sea to
the Persian Gulf to acknowledge his supremacy, and
then went out after other prey, into other nations,
blood drips from his garments, and we might call him
an iron man without any heart. His character as a
conqueror was stained with despotism, but his private
life would teach that he was cruel from policy, and
not so by nature. His tears mingled with the lamenta-
tions for the warriors who fell at Mecca. And he
wept like a woman over the daughter of Zaid. If his
ambition could have satisfied itself without crime; had
he worked but for a moral and religious reformation,
and have employed his genius to civilize his country-
men, his name would have shone with a purer lustre
to us through the many years since he lived.

It cannot be denied that Mahomet was a benefactor
to his nation, gross and absurd as the whole system of
Islam looks to a higher race and a purer civilization.
It is better than the idolatry which formed the prevail-
ing creed of Arabia. He abolished many obnoxious
usages; the separation of infant slaves from the moth-
ers; the immolation of children to idols; the burying
of females alive, securing greater justice to women
by the laws of the nation, and many other things.

Before Mahomet dawned upon Arabia, the most va-
ried and superstitious idolatry was rooted in all minds.
They had an idea of the unity of God, but could not
worship without idols and divinations and cruelty.
Every household had its god, which received early and
late devotions, and these were as dissimilar as the dif-
ferent wants and minds for which they were construct-
ed. Occasionally some tribes crisscrossed their altars
with human blood. They fought, and murdered, to
settle slight differences in belief. Even their priests
did so; and in one of their churches one hundred and
thirty-seven people were killed in one day, murdering
each other because they could not agree on points
which the human intellect cannot reach. Absurdity
and cruelty ran through their entire system. They had
an idea that heaven was a great way off, and it would
take hard travel to reach it. So when a Moslem died,
his favorite camel was taken to his grave, where he
was laid, having his head tied to his tail, and left to
starve and die, that he might be there on the morning
of the resurrection, to carry his master to glory.

Compared with such a religion, that of the prophet
appears elevated and beautiful, and we can but won-
der that out of such confusion should come a system
comparatively so complete. No wonder that it was
eagerly grasped, and its originator made a part of di-
vinity, by the fanatical nation. In place of their cold,
dead idols, were given loving, watchful angels, who
constantly attended them and kept them from misfor-
tune and evil.

They were taught that their cruel idolatry was use-
less, and displeasing to God, and that elevating them-
selves was a much better way to procure heaven than
to inflict suffering on others. For every virtuous ac-
tion, the Beneficent Allah was ready to reward his
children, and at the end of a good life to usher them
into a heaven; the conception of which far surpasses
that of the Christian religion, from which the greatest
promise of enjoyment one can obtain is to sit and play
on a harp, and sing, and say euphonious words to the
Almighty, of which he and the performers must become
exceedingly tired.

When we consider the character of the Arabs, we
can make great allowance for the marvelous stories
which are associated with their Prophet, and must at-
tribute them more to excessive marvelousness and fanat-
icism than to dishonesty. This had abounded
with weird legends and "strange" superstitions. Sooth-
sayers could be collected by hundreds, if a mystery was
to be solved. A simple thing, like the flight of a bird,
had power to prophesy an important journey. Little
green genii flourished, and revealed in profusion
the life of their native cities. "Miracles," trade, travel,
everything was governed by signs and supernatural
powers.

Fanned in their oracles by old wives, listing in
childish wonder to tales of the genii from material
lips. It would be strange if their religion should be
free from marvelous stories, or its originator alighted
by supernatural powers. Such things have crept into
all religions, and are not in much greater abundance in
the Mahometan than in our own.

To the hour of his death Mahomet acted the Prophet,
evincing as much fortitude as he ever did in battle in
his days of strength and health, his interest in his peo-
ple manifesting itself to the last. He died alone with
his favorite wife, and a tomb was constructed beneath
the floor where he died. His last words were, "Oh
God, receive me among my fellow citizens on high."
Pilgrims to Mecca yet turn aside from the road to pay
devotions at the simple tomb of this great man.

The Canadians and the United States.

I have just returned from a trip into Her Majesty's
Province of Canada West, and as I apprehend that
there are few persons in the United States at the pres-
ent time who fully understand the sentiments of the
Canadian people on the subject of the present strug-
gle going on in our country, I take the liberty of offer-
ing a few observations, the result of my experience
among them with regard to this matter.

I found the people divided into two great parties—
leaving out of consideration the minor and side-lane
factions which always spring up on the outskirts of
opposing parties—the Reform party, or "Liberals,"
and the Anti-Reform party, or "Tories." Every one
knows what a Tory is, and what his tendencies are;
every one knows that Tory principle always aims at
the choking down of free schools, free churches, and
free presses. The Liberal stand opposed to all old,
despotic traditions. They hold up the banner of pro-
gress, and adopt Yankee ideas of free education, and
elective franchise. Is it difficult, then, to foresee which
side each would take?

The Tories are, of course, almost to a man, in favor
of the South, because its success involves the over-
throw of republican institutions, which they so hate.
The success of the South would be driving one more
pin into the tottering fabric of "aristocracy," placing
one more prop under the sinking framework of that
old despotism which grows fat to corruption, on the
blood and bones of a lower class. When the war
first broke out, these very Tories were opposed to the
United States, because of its sanction of slavery, and
because it refused to proclaim a war of emancipation.

Now that this very thing has been done, they raise
the old "copperhead" cry against "negro equality." They
are terribly exercised at the idea of the "vulgar
Northerners" setting the niggers free and making them
equal to the white men. How have they departed
from the teachings of British law and the precepts of
the British Constitution, which knows no difference of
color! In the eye of the law, a negro is just as good
as a white man in Canada. And yet I have never been
made aware of any difficulty arising out of the social
distinctions observed in that province.

The Liberals are radically different in doctrine on
this question. They, while vindicating, as they al-
ways have done, their loyalty to their country, yet are
not so blinded by prejudice but that they can see that
the cause of the North is the cause of the people.
They have long since entered their protest against a
central idea of the Confederacy, "that capital should
own labor;" and long ago they declared, in accordance
with the doctrines of the British Constitution and laws,
their abhorrence of the system of traffic in human flesh
and blood, which Mr. Stephens desires to make the
cornerstone of the bogus government.

The Liberals are the strong party of Canada West,
and their power and influence is continually increasing.
Fourteen constituencies at the last election threw over-
board their Tory representatives, and sent sturdy Re-
formers to the Parliament.

To sum up, then, I may say that the mass of the peo-
ple of Canada West are heartily with us in our great
struggle for the preservation of Republicanism, and
with it the rights of the laboring men of all nations
and for all time.

I spoke on the "American War" several times, in
different places while there, and always to fair sized
and very attentive audiences. Indeed, so eager is the
public mind on this topic, that I almost invariably
spoke two hours each night, without any visible im-
pact on the part of the people, which, when my fee-
ble oratory is considered, is something remarkable.

But I must close. Let me always bear in mind, then,
that Canada is with us, *in us*, and heartily desires
our success and prosperity.

Yours truly,

WILFRED WILKES.

Milan, Ohio, August 25, 1863.

Mrs. Julia A. Brown.

Among the peculiar developments and varied forms
of the spiritual phenomenon, Mr. Editor, which I have
witnessed in the past twelve years, both East and
West, I confess that I never have seen or heard such
peculiar, and at the same time so satisfactory demon-
strations, as are given through the organism of Mrs.
Julia A. Brown, of the village of Prophetstown. Per-
sons who have a desire to become acquainted with these
most singular phenomena, in their real and tangible
character, and in renewing acquaintance with their
friends who have passed on into that other and much
talked of mysterious country, can find much satisfac-
tion upon a fair and honest investigation through the
mediumistic powers of Mrs. Brown. The compensa-
tion is small compared with the time employed and the
information obtained.

Prophetstown, Whiteside Co., Ill.

AROMA OF NATURE, or the Philosophy of Spiritual
Existence, and of the Spirit-World. By Hudson
Tuttle. Vol. II.

We have received from the publishers, William
White & Co., of Boston, a copy of the above work.
It purports to be the work of spiritual intelligences
through the mediumship of Mr. Tuttle, who, in his
introduction claims no personal merit for it, but says
that he is "a man of letters, and not the least of them."
He is a man of letters, and not the least of them.
Although this second volume is, in reality, but a con-
tinuation of the subject investigated in the first, yet
each is distinct and separate, and may be perused with
pleasure and profit by all classes.

It treats upon a variety of topics, some of which are
as follows: Evidence of Man's Immortality, drawn
from history; Evidence of Man's Immortality derived
from Modern Spiritualism; Philosophy of the Impos-
sible; Agues in their relation to Spirit; Animal
Magnetism, its Philosophy, Laws, Application and
Relation to Spiritualism; Philosophy of Chicago and
Death; Spirit, its Origin, Faculties and Powers; A
Clairvoyant's view of the Spirit-Sphere; Philosophy of
the Spirit-World; Spirit-Life, &c.

The deeply interesting nature of the topics dis-
cussed cannot fail to draw the attention of readers of
all classes, and we trust no feeling of bigotry or sec-
ularism will deter any one from its perusal. We
believe no person can read the work carefully, and in
a proper spirit, without being benefited thereby; with
out having his faith in the immortality of the soul in-
creased, and his spiritual being quickened and en-
larged.

It is a 12mo. of 260 pages, and may be obtained at
the Banner of Light Office, Boston. Price one dollar;
postage eight cents.—The Semi-Weekly Publisher,
Haverhill, Mass.

Grave Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Belvidere, Boone Co., Ill., will
hold a two day Grave Meeting on Saturday and Sun-
day, Sept. 12th and 13th, 1863. Speeches will be en-
gaged for the occasion, are J. M. Peckham of Michigan, Mrs.
H. F. M. Brown of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Bell Don-
nell of Rockford, and Dr. Morrison of McHenry, Ill.

A general invitation is given to all: The friends from
a distance will be provided for as far as possible.
Come one, come all, and let us have a general good
time.

Per Order of the Committee.

CHARLES GORHAM,
HIRSH HIRSHWILL.

Chicago Infirmary and Healing Insti-
tute.

DEAR BANNER—I have spent two weeks (all the
time I could spare) at the "Chicago Infirmary and
Healing Institute." It is beautifully situated, elevated,
airy and healthy. The establishment is of
brick, in fine architectural taste, large and spacious.
It has every convenience, and all the modern improve-
ments. The grounds are adorned with shrubbery and
flowers. The house is newly furnished throughout,
and in a style to suit the most fastidious taste. The
family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Hascombe and son,
Mrs. Dutton and Dr. Morrill. They are all very at-
tentive to their patients, and afford them all the com-
forts of a home.

Mrs. Dutton is one of the best clairvoyants I have
ever seen, and gives a most perfect diagnosis of disease.
Dr. Morrill is a powerful magnetizer, and in connec-
tion with prescriptions made by Mrs. Dutton, treats
with great success the cases presented to him. I have
seen, and had stated to me, many wonderful cures.

Any one who has occasion for such treatment, may
be sure of finding at this institution all that he or she
can desire, namely, a quiet, attractive home, and
improving health. Very truly yours,
N. P. TALLMADGE.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 23, 1863.

Second Annual Grove Meeting.

The Friends of Progress of Laconess Co., in Burns
and vicinity, will hold a Grove Meeting at M. P.
Caldwell's Grove, in Burns, aforesaid, on the 25th,
26th, and 27th September, to commence at one o'clock
P. M. on Friday, Sept. 25th, which all favorable to
reform are invited to attend. Good speakers are ex-
pected to address us. Provision will be made to en-
tertain strangers. By request of Committee,
J. A. BARNES, Sec'y.

Burns, Laconess Co., Wis., Aug. 1863.

Quarterly Meeting at Middle Gran-
ville, N. Y.

The Spiritualists of Middle Granville, N. Y., will
hold their next quarterly meeting on Saturday and
Sunday, Sept. 12th and 13th. Dr. L. K. Connelly and
wife are engaged. H. Melville Fay, medium for phys-
ical manifestations, will be present.

ELIZA BLOSSOM, O. G. BULL,
Geo. W. BAKER, Committee.

Passed to Spirit Life:

From Coldwater, Mich., July 7th, 1863, Freeman
Clark, aged 75 years and 9 months.
Deceased was born in Berkshire Co., Mass., and em-
igrated at an early day to Genesee Co., N. Y., and
subsequently to Orleans Co., in that State, where he
resided until the year 1853, when he, with his family,
came to Coldwater, Mich., where he remained up to
the time of his death.

It is seldom we are called to witness the departure
from earth-life, of one around whom so many pleasant
recollections linger and cast a halo of such sweetness
and beauty, as upon the remains of "Uncle Freeman."
Not only do his family and community mourn his de-
parture, but Truth and Reform have lost an earnest
and fearless advocate, a ready investigator of science
and philosophy, and with his well-developed brain and
finely organized mind, could lift the wheat from the
chaff, and appropriate the good for himself and oth-
ers, though the last few years of his life his use-
fulness was impaired by his extreme feeble health, yet his
mind was ever active and appreciative, ever gather-
ing up truths from Nature's storehouse to adorn and
enrich his mind, and dispensing light and truth to all
around him. He was a kind and tender husband and fa-
ther, a wise counsellor, a warm and judicious friend, in-
terceding for the oppressed and down-trodden, who
found in him a benefactor, and the poor and needy
ever remembered by his bounty; courteous and
hospitable to all, as the many recipients of his hospi-
tality can testify; but over and above all, he was a
wise and consistent Christian. His daily walk was a
perfect embodiment of those charities and graces
taught by the men of Nazareth, and in these he left
his sorrowing family and friends an inheritance richer
than all earth's treasures far famed and fading. But
we feel that his work was fully done; his mission filled.
Patiently he waited the change; peacefully he fell
asleep to an awakening of those joys of which he only
had a foretaste here in the suffering form. C. R. K.
Coldwater, July 11, 1863.

From Newport, R. I., on the 14th inst., Carlos G.
Chase, youngest son of Charles Chase, Esq., of New-
port, died 17 years and 6 months.

The deceased was social and agreeable in his inter-
course with acquaintances and friends. Kind and af-
fectionate in the home circle, he was endeared to all
who knew him, and was "best beloved by those who
knew him best." He was a youth of great promise,
possessing reasoning powers greatly in advance of his
years. Deeply interested in the present condition of
his country, his hopes or fears seemed to preponderate
with her success or discomfiture, and when his older
brother entered the National service, his only regret
was that his age and physical strength would not al-
low him likewise to go forth and do battle in her cause.
But moral worth, domestic affection, nor love of
country could stay the hand of Death, and the bud just
opening into manhood was withered, giving another il-
lustration of the truth, that

In youth and beauty 'tis vain to trust,
For youth and beauty shall be laid in dust;
The good, the good, shall to his progress bend,
Death takes alike the stranger and the friend.

From North Blackstone, Mass., August 15th, after a
long and distressing decline, Mr. Samuel Cook, aged
72 years.

In recording his transition to a higher sphere, simple
justice demands a passing testimony to his worth. It
shall be brief. He was a conscientious, upright, ex-
emplary man in all the relations of life. His mind
was clear and vigorous, and his heart was full of
nobility. He was a thinker, an investigator, a cau-
tious progresser. When Spiritualism presented
its claims, though connected with an evangelic
church, he allowed no prejudices to deter him from its
investigation. He was slow and careful in his exami-
nations, but arrived at the confident conclusion that
the spirits of the departed not only watch over the un-
departed, but do, in many cases, unmistakably man-
ifest their presence in many wonderful ways. This was
a great satisfaction and comfort to him, and all the
greater, that he had been favored deeply with such
experiences, benevolence and sorrow. He judiciously,
yet fearlessly, avowed his convictions, and has now at-
tained, in a ripe old age, passed on hopefully to the
realization of a blessed immortality. May his benev-
olent children, grandchildren, relatives and friends receive
those benedictions of rich consolation, counsel and
sanctification which distill from heaven on all the af-
flicted.

From West Campbell, N. H., August 11th, Joseph
Brown, Jr., aged 21 years, of consumption.
He had faithfully served his country in the army,
and he fought gallantly as long as he was able to do so.
He was brought home to his father's home on Sat-
urday, and left for his spirit home the following Tuesday
noon. He leaves one brother in the army, fighting for
Union and Right. He was the youngest son, and a
very promising young man, with whom the aged
parents expected to spend the remainder of their days.
His departure has made a great breach in an uncon-
monly affectionate family, and his noble absence will
be deeply lamented by them all. But they are not left
without a hope, for they are all fully convinced of the
presence of spirits, and very often hold sweet com-
munion with them. His aged father, Joseph Brown,
is one of the first pioneers of this beautiful faith in the
State of New Hampshire.

The funeral occasion was very impressive, and was
attended by numerous friends, who came to sympathize
with the bereaved family and listen to the beautiful
and consoling remarks from the spirit-world through
the mediumship of the humble subscriber.

Mrs. M. D. KENNEY.

From Windham, Vt. August 18th, at the residence
of her daughter Martha, Mrs. Sallie Stuart, wife of the
late Joseph Stuart, of Andover, aged 74 years 4 months
and 28 days.

A. B. C. OF LIFE.

BY A. B. ORILL, M. D.
This book of three hundred Aphorisms on what is called
"the art of living," is a valuable treatise, and is well
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fiction. The work is a rich treat for all thinking minds.
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BY EMMA HARDINGE.

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The Improvisatore, or Ten Leaves from Life History.
The Will of Lowenthal.
The Phantom Mother, or The Story of a Haunted
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The Haunted House, No. 1: The Picture Spectator.
The Haunted House, No. 2: The Sanford Ghost.
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cident founded on Fact.
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Note. "Children and fools speak the Truth."
Price \$1. Postage, 10 cents. For sale at this office.
Oct. 16.

ESSAYS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

INTENDED to elucidate the Causes of the Chicago con-
flagration on all the Earth at the present time; and the
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us. By Joshua, Oviator, Franklin, Washington, Isaac, and
through a lady, who wrote the "Communist's" and "The
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