

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A STORY OF GOLD.

BY J. EDWIN M. GORE.

[CONCLUSION.]

"There's money here," said the old man, sadly, looking down at the purse and the pocket-book with a long, deep groan.

"I see it—ay, I see it before my eyes, just there beside the empty bottle, but it's not mine—I've nothing to say to it. I would not touch a farthing of it were it lying there in heaps, unless I had earned it. I never yet took what was another's. I'll never do that, no matter how bitter the poverty is on me. I've helped a wretched and honest fellow to get revenge—not to get justice on the man that wronged him. I've done that once, maybe twice, and if he gave me something like payment for my trouble, that was all right—all right," but he passed his rough hand over his brow as he said this, and a momentary expression of darkness, of unhappiness, as if he too, had a conscience, was visible, and then immediately vanished.

"There's money which you may earn this very night; but the child still sits there," whispered the old man. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike him. He rose and approached the girl. She never moved, never looked up; he touched her, saying, "Grace, Grace!"

The child glanced upward hastily, and saw what was to her even a greater rarity than food and clothes, she saw kindness in the old man's face.

"I want you to go to my house, my poor little girl, and tell my daughter that I sent you to keep her company till I go back; and maybe when I go there, shortly, I'll give you something else, something good; there, now, it's not raining much, and you'll soon be there."

At this he stroked down her wet hair. At the very moment he was plotting against the life of one of his fellow-beings, he felt a deep sympathy for another. Mysterious human nature, thou art all contradictions! "Something else—something good!" reiterated the unhappy child in her soul, though she did not speak one word; but she raised her eyes in wonder and in sudden joy, as she listened to the heavenly language of pity, of kindness, which almost for the first time since her mother's death, (who had been driven into the grave by the unkindness of her husband,) fell on the poor child's ears. She was so surprised, that it was not until the old man had twice bid her go and stay with his daughter, that she rose, and with gladness and alacrity passed again from her father's wretched cabin out into the dull, constant rain.

Then all alone in the darkness of that miserable dwelling, Marcus Downing unfolded his designs. Sir Philip Linton was in the country; he had been in his own castle for a few days; the old man had made it his business to learn the particulars of his outgoings, and had discovered that very night, that at a certain hour Sir Philip visited the cabin of a handsome widow, the wife of one of his own servants. The widow's cabin was in a solitary spot, in a retired corner of the park; the path leading to it was thickly surrounded by trees—Bryan was notorious for being the surest shot in the country.

The deadly scheme was told—the purse and the pocket-book containing between them a considerable sum, would reward the deed. Of all the frightful depravity which the love of money has produced in our world, this, must, to the eyes of spiritual beings, seem the most fearful—that for a sum of money there are human creatures to be found capable of deliberately taking away the life of a fellow man who has not injured them—against whom they have no feelings of rage or vengeance, such as fill the mind with madness, and dry up all the natural emotions of pity and compassion—this is a pitch of evil hard to be believed, but that facts have proved it. It is recorded in the black annals of this world's crimes. Surely, surely as the guardian angels pass from one realm to another, amidst God's mighty creations, in no other globe which may be tenanted with life and mind, do they gaze on wickedness as great as this!

"I'll do it," said Bryan Cassidy, in a deep voice; and his hollow eyes danced with rapture as he gazed on the promised reward, glancing from the purse to the pocket-book, and from the pocket-book to the purse again, mentally calculating how much the probable amount might be. Then even he was ashamed that it should seem he was actuated solely by mercenary motives, though in his heart it was so.

"It's not just for the money I'd do it, either; no, haven't I a grudge at that Sir Philip? Did n't he, or the agent, it's all the same, take the bit of ground all from me long ago? Ay, they did; and do you think I've forgotten that yet? Does n't all the country hate him, too? Does n't he only come to ruin us some way? and so proud as he is. Ay, it was only yesterday, and he passed me by—his looked at me more scornfully than he ever did at the dirt at his feet. He looked at me and turned away his head, as if his eyes, nor his nose, nor anything about him, seemed as he was, could bear the presence of a poor man in rags, even for the half minute he was passing him by. Well, well, this time to-morrow he'll not be looking so, mind me; he'll ruin no more of our daughters—yours isn't the only one he's ruined," Mr. Downing has many a black curse on his tongue—it's a public good to put him down. Yes, it's for the good of many a poor creature. I'll do it; there'll be blessings on the hand that's put him from doing harm; and have n't I a right to do it? Besides everything else, your daughter, wasn't she my own cousin? Was n't she a cousin of my own cousin, the priest, Gregory Downing, who's my own second cousin, and the only man I think like an angel, in all this world, priest or no priest, that ever I met with? Yes, yes, you are not able yourself for this villainy, and surely some connection of the family in the main should do it—some man. How much is it? You'll let me know what your purse and pocket-book has, what you got. The old man gave the boyed things into his hands, which eagerly grasped them. Bryan Cassidy was

satisfied. There was a larger sum than he imagined. An expression of most repulsive joy lit up his features. He held a tight grasp of the purse and pocket-book; he seemed most loath to return them again to the old man.

"Maybe you'll let me keep them before hand, it will make me a surer shot, though there's not much danger when it's one of the black English that's before me; when it's one that's disgraced us, and murdered, as you truly say, my own cousin, for so she was in a way; but you'll let me keep this now?—you need n't fear any mistake—nobody ever doubted the honesty of Bryan Cassidy."

The old man looked keenly on Bryan's face with something of his former watchful attention to business matters; then he glanced at the pocket-book.

"Keep it, keep it, and be sure, aim well—aim for his cruel heart that killed my child."

The old man rose as he said this; he pressed his hand on his wrinkled brow, and said his head felt giddy and aching, but he supposed it was the smoke of the cabin. Giving a second short injunction to Bryan, to make sure of his victim, he left the house and turned his feeble steps toward his own home.

"Money! money!" said Bryan, buttoning his pocket more securely over his newly-acquired treasure, "ay, money—it is come at last! I saw the glittering of it all day, as I lay watching the sparks rising from the fire, but I could n't guess how it was coming—well, it's here, anyhow, the blessed charm that it is!"

The house was very dark; he was quite alone; he thought of the deed he was to do, and he felt strangely uncomfortable for a moment, and then he was astonished at himself for having such a feeling. Yet let him reason it away as he would, that emotion of repugnance to his appointed task still continued. He walked out of his cabin to try to dispel it. He went to the nearest place where ardent spirits were sold, and drank a considerable. Still the unpleasant sensations of conscience continued. He had no thought of breaking the engagement he had entered into; he was firmly resolved to do the deed; but he wished for an easier mind. Then he remembered the consolations which his religion gives in cases of premeditated crime.

The young priest, Gregory Downing, sat alone with his books in a small room in the house in which he lodged, which was at a short distance from the cabin of Bryan Cassidy. It was a very plainly-furnished room; the uncarpeted floor, and unadorned chairs, and uncurtained windows were all comfortable enough, though cleanliness and neatness were there, and a bright turf fire was blazing in the little grate, and the voice of crickets was heard about the hearth. He who went forth from that humble place to minister to the spiritual wants of the people amongst whom he was stationed, could not be charged with the sin of luxurious living. He had a number of books on his little table, together with writing materials; a few rough shelves, nailed to the whitewashed wall, contained the remainder of his library. There, night after night, the young priest sat, and read, and thought. He had thought too long, and too deeply it seemed, to judge from the very sorrowful, sickly hue of his face. His whole appearance betokened much study, or, at least, a want of rest and peace. He leaned his head on his hand as he read, and occasionally looked away from the page before him, sometimes pondering deeply, with eyes riveted on the ground, and then sighed heavily, as if the result of his meditations was very far from being connected with happiness. On other occasions his gaze would wander to the fire, and he would watch the bright blaze for a long time, until his melancholy face would begin to glow with the light and beauty of some inward fancy, which might never gladden his face in this world. With a sudden start he would return to his book, and his actual lot, and his breast would heave strongly, as if he felt that in his reveries he had been wandering into forbidden places.

Life seemed to weigh heavily on that young priest. As his mind looked over all the possibilities of his earthly existence, he could see no brightness in it; yet as at intervals he raised his eyes to heaven, there came an expression of resignation and calmness on his brow, which showed that he looked much beyond this world for hope and rest. Yet, in religion, or rather in the many systems of religion, lay the source of his sorrow; for he doubted his own faith, yet knew not of all the sects into which the Christian Church is divided which to adopt as his own. In certain of the broad, great truths of religion he had a firm belief and trust, but in all minor matters his mind was straying ever in perpetual uncertainty, from which he sought refuge in charity to all—in love to all, even to the meanest and most degraded persons with whom his duties brought him in contact.

The entrance of Bryan Cassidy roused the young priest from the gloomy thoughts into which he was plunged. He welcomed Bryan with warmth, unimagined by the ragged state of the attire in which he presented himself, and by the reckless and evil look which his disorderly manner of life had stamped on his face. The man was his cousin, and as such he always received his visits with attention and kindness; but he was also a friend, or rather they had been in habits of friendship in the very early life of the young priest, before Bryan had become so degraded and sunk on by his vice.

Bryan took the chair by the side of the fire, while the young priest placed for him. He was almost wholly silent for some moments. He sat gazing on that young priest's pale, gentle, holy face, on which no shadow of crime seemed ever to have rested; he gazed and thought of the beauty of holiness; and then he thought how dark, how passion-stained and evil-looked his own face must seem, contrasted with that spiritual, angelic-like countenance. He saw, as he looked on that face, his own depravity presented before him as in a mirror. He was touched—he was grieved deeply.

"You seem ill, Cousin Bryan," said the young priest, kindly looking toward him as he heard his groan.

"No—not ill—not ill—but—" he paused, and seemed to be deeply occupied with his thoughts for a moment, "I have a few questions to ask you, Cousin Gregory," he added.

"Well, I shall be happy to answer them, if I can."

And if you are suffering from mental causes, it will relieve you to inform me of your sorrows. I ask no confession, however, unless you— He paused abruptly; he was touching on a doctrine of his Church in a manner which showed his doubts—doubts which were not yet strong enough within him to make him renounce that Church altogether, and, therefore, he rarely made any public display of his opinions.

"We confess our sins to you, our priest, and you can forgive us? You can obtain pardon for our worst deeds?" said Bryan, very abruptly; and he fixed his eyes with a startling eagerness on the young priest's face.

That face became still paler at the question. It was one of the points which had cost him the longest and deepest study, the most perplexed days, and most restless nights. His very soul sickened now at Bryan's words.

"Frightful question! frightful! What millions of souls may it not have lost!" whispered the young priest, half audibly, looking upward with a long and melancholy gaze.

Bryan was surprised and much puzzled, and knew not how to account for the strange and excited looks of the priest.

"Yet it might be true—it might be—there is nothing impossible with God. He could give human beings such a power. But no—it is not so."

The young priest sighed deeply, and, passing his hand over his brow, looked round with an aspect of bewildered uncertainty, and then bent his head down on the open pages of his book, as if unconscious of the presence of his visitor.

"Why, what in the world has come over you this night? But it's a study that's doing it—you're killing yourself over your books, Cousin Gregory," said Bryan, gazing with gentleness, and even softness and affection, on the priest. "I was asking you a question, there, I have n't troubled many priests this long while, except yourself, but you'll forgive me for it—I intend to take myself up a bit after a while. I was saying, that when I commit a sin, that maybe you may think a great sin, though I don't, for there's different ways of looking at things; but when I come and confess it to you—you my own priest—you'll get me free pardon for it, after doing a little penance, perhaps?"

"No! no!" cried the young priest with energy; "do not trust in such a doctrine. I don't know if I'm a priest; do not for one moment believe that you may deliberately commit some great crime, and then come to your priest, who, on your performing a penance, can forgive you, can obtain your free forgiveness from God. Priests have not this mighty power: it is a perverted doctrine—it has been fearfully perverted of ten!"

"What! it's a doctrine we've learned, all of us; it's one of the chief doctrines of our Church, isn't it? We have noted on it, too; ay, it has been noted over and over!"

Bryan gazed with still greater surprise on the priest's disturbed face.

"It has been acted on, indeed," reiterated the priest dreamily, fixing his eyes abstractedly, as if gazing far off into the distant times, when it was a dark traffic to trade in the evil propensities of human nature, by selling power to commit sin without fear of punishment.

"Priests have sold indulgences long ago," said Bryan, as if his mind had taken the very same track; "for a sum of money the liberty of committing even murder has been given; the money, of course, paying for the prayers with which the priests obtained the pardon of the sin."

"It may have been long ago, in dark ages; but there is no such vile doctrine in our Church now," answered the priest earnestly.

"Ah! but our Church is infallible. There's the same doctrine in it yet, though it's not showed in the same light. It's a doctrine I would n't like to give up, Cousin Gregory. It has been my comfort at times—it was my comfort a while ago, when the agent was killed; but that was before you came here; and we all confessed it to Father Sheen—an easy, good man he was, that did n't give himself too much bother about anything in this world except the eating and drinking. He gave us absolution, though, to be sure, we had a great deal of fasting, and the like of that, for it, too."

Every feature of the young priest's face expressed the horror he felt at Bryan's words.

"It is fearful!" he ejaculated.

"It was n't my hand gave the last blow; no, no, Cousin Gregory. It was n't my hand. There were five of us about it, you see; and I had little to do with it," exclaimed Bryan, moved by the emotion the priest betrayed at this mention of his crime. "It's only justice that a set of brave fellows do, after all, when they make an example of the tyrants and oppressors, of them that would give the poor people no way of living, of them that break down the very hearts of the starving creatures."

"Bryan," interrupted the priest, laying his hand calmly on his shoulder, "I can't listen to this; leave justice and punishment to God. If there are tyrants and oppressors, let heaven, or let the laws, punish them; but don't you dare to lift the hand of violence against them. You have already, by your own confession, much to answer for. Long and deep must be your repentance for your past life, before you can expect peace and pardon from God."

Bryan was silent for a moment. The solemn accents and words of the young priest had struck him deeply, but his mind was much confused, owing to the large quantity of spirits he had drunk before entering the priest's lodgings; he could not reason; he could only feel a stupefied sensation of deep guilt and remorse.

"But your prayer, Gregory—the prayers of such a priest as you will surely save my soul. I shall confess all I have done; I'll confess all to-morrow, and you will get pardon for me—you've the power to do it—I've always trusted and believed in that."

"Believe and trust no more in it, then. I warn you, commit no evil action, under the impression that your priest, that any priest, that any man, can forgive you. There is no power in us, your priests, to obtain that forgiveness. Remember my words."

"Why, this is strange! strange!" muttered Bryan. But at this moment the old clock in the priest's room struck twelve. Bryan started up. It was his hour, and he

used to execute. The young priest's words had moved his feelings, had given him sensations of horror of himself, but had not yet changed his resolutions. He almost shrunk from the hand which the priest kindly presented him as he was leaving the room; he felt keenly that he was too guilty to press the hand of one so good; he turned away his eyes, perhaps for fear the evil purpose in him might be read there.

As he closed the door of the young priest's house, and walked hastily to his own miserable cabin, he felt an unutterable yearning within him that he could but change places with his Cousin Gregory—that he could but become like him, so free from guilt. But yet he walked straight to the place where his pistols were deposited and selected the best, and charged it anew with great care. When he was quite ready, he stood irresolute. His head was in a state of confusion. Some of the young priest's words were ringing in his ears.

Then the money which he had gained seemed to spread itself out before him—silver—bank-notes—gold—could he give it up? could he carry it back to the old man, and so leave himself as he had been but a few hours before utterly penniless? No; he felt he could not relinquish that money—it was so long since so large a sum had been in his possession—he had known so much of the blackness of poverty—he had so recently looked into the very depths of starvation, and gazed down, as if into his grave, where lay his shriveled form, which had slowly died the death of hunger, because he had no money to buy food, and could not work to obtain money because he had no strength. But he had money now, and so beautiful as it seemed! Silver and gold had never seemed so bright and glorious to him before. There was magic in its very touch. Whilst it remained on his person he felt he had not power to draw back from his evil purpose.

Next the old man, Marcus Downing, seemed to rise before him, uttering the words, "Vengeance! vengeance on the destroyer of my child." Bryan opened his heart widely to his feelings. He willfully blinded himself as to his motives, persuading himself, as much as possible, that money was but a secondary inducement, that pity for the old man, and a desire for justice on a tyrant, chiefly actuated him.

So he hastily closed the broken door of his solitary cabin, as his daughter had not yet returned, and proceeded, at a rapid pace, to Sir Philip's park. He soon reached the solitary place where his victim was expected to pass, and took up his station amongst the thick trees which surrounded the narrow road or path leading to the widow's cottage.

He was silent and solitary. The night was very calm. Hardly a breath of wind was to be heard through the trees; the rain was over; there was a clear sky with a bright moon shining purely down on all the hidden wretchedness of this world. Bryan walked slowly through the trees by the side of the path, listening intently for the sounds of footsteps. Long he waited and listened, but no sound was to be heard, no human creature passed near.

The moon shone clearly down upon him through the leafless trees. He looked up, and wondered that the blessed, holy light of heaven could come so brightly down, as if to show him how to aim more accurately at the heart and life of a fellow being. His dark and evil face brightened at the thought; it was as if heaven were approving of the deed—were furthering his effort to rid the world of a tyrant and a destroyer. The fancy pleased him for a moment, but it soon passed away. He could not divest himself of a consciousness of deep guilt, though he made many efforts. He tried to bury himself in the dreams of the past, and so forget his upbraiding feelings, which he imagined had been excited merely by circumstances, and would subside, as on former occasions.

He stood by a large old tree and remembered vividly the time, when a boy, almost thirty years before, he had climbed up in order to demolish a magpie's nest; and how he had fallen, for he was young, and being unused to climb so high, his head had grown dizzy; but his clothes had become entangled in one of the branches which he had grasped, and so escaped falling on the ground and was not much hurt. And was so glad that he had sustained no injury; and his companions all laughed with such delight when they saw the magpie's eggs hung from the nest—only one little girl was so very sorry that they were broken, for she wished to preserve the shells. That scene came all before him again. There was himself that small boy, with such a glowing face, and such a bright, open brow. Ah, was that the same face with the one he had gazed on very lately, in an old broken-looking glass—the black, evil face on which he thought he could distinctly trace all the crimes he had ever committed, and wondered if other people could do the same when they gazed on him? A sudden, bitter thought passed through his mind—if he had only fallen to the ground on the stones at one side of the tree, and died when he was a little boy, how happy, how very happy would it not have been for his soul.

Why could he not go away now and give up the execution of this evil deed at last? No, he felt some kind of a fate upon him—he could not drag himself away—there, he must wait, and watch, and, if possible, destroy!

He saw lights from some of the village cabins gleaming through the trees. There was one which came from the window of a poor, hard-working girl, who sat up late, far past midnight often, and yet rose always when it was light and worked with her needle perpetually, earning never more than ten pence for the longest day and night labor; and very rarely so much as ten pence—very rarely, indeed. Poor girl! How very hardly had she earned that little miserable trifle of money. Then he wondered if she would do an evil action, some fearful action, such as he was going to do, for a larger sum of money; but he well knew in his heart that she would not. No, Nora Keenan was by far too good and kind for anything of evil. As her mind and pale, but very pleasing face rose up in his imagination, it gave him one moment of pleasure; but the next was more bitter by contrast. What could Nora Keenan think of him if she knew all? Then and then the memory of his dead wife rushed upon him; he did not summon that remembrance, for it was dark and miserable. The last hours they had spent together, as usual, again before him. He saw her lying on her mean bed, intoxicated, shamefully intoxicated, but he

was no better. He had entered his cabin in a state of drunkenness, too, but unconscious of his own degradation, he was strongly alive to hers. He had suspected her of still worse crimes, but he had no evidence of them; of her intemperance there was no doubt—there she lay in her worst stages. He could not remember what passed all that night. He could never distinctly call it back. He believed he was mad, but there were evil words and blows passed between them, and the next day she died, and people reported her husband had killed her. That was the occurrence which first stamped the traces of evil on his face; his brow was dark and suspicious ever afterwards.

He walked rapidly backwards and forwards among the trees, for his excited imagination conjured up her image—not as she was in her last wretched hours, but happy, young, merry and handsome as she used to be in the days of their courtship, when they both loved each other so fondly.

He had been there a long time, he believed, and still Sir Philip did not come. It was long past ten, he knew, and yet he heard no footsteps. Something must have delayed him; there was no other way by which coming from the castle, he could reach the widow's cottage. He determined to wait for a while longer, however.

Suddenly, he heard footsteps, rapid footsteps. He placed himself ready, where the moon shone clearest down on the path. His head was reeling; his hand trembled, but he felt urged onward in his dreadful purpose by some irresistible power within him. So continued was his mind that he did not distinguish that the footsteps were not those of a grown person, and that they came in an opposite direction from that which he was watching. He was in the act of raising his pistol, when a small, ragged boy emerged from the dark shade of the trees, coming as if from the widow's house, and ran hastily along the path. Bryan recognized him as an orphan nephew of the young widow, whom she had reared. He wondered where the child could be going at that hour of the night; he thought of calling to him and inquiring of him, but a nervous fear of discovery kept him silent.

He shuddered, for as the boy ran suddenly up to where he stood, he had nearly died. Had the boy not been so very small, he would certainly have fired; and his blood ran cold at the thought of murdering a poor innocent child, though he coolly contemplated the death of a man burdened with many unpropitious sins. His horror at the thought of his chance to kill that child, caused him for a moment to contemplate the crime of murder—the murder he was going to commit—in a new and appalling light. He wished vehemently that Sir Philip had only injured him very deeply in some respect, that he might have a stronger reason for the act he was about to perpetrate. He strove with eagerness to console himself as the near relation of Rebecca Downing, and, as such, the man who had the best right to avenge her.

But in the moment of his greatest self-reproach, when he had almost resolved to wait no longer, his hand inadvertently touched the pocket-book—the chain of money was again fastened around him—he remained.

At last he heard footsteps advancing—measured footsteps. Again he stood where the moonlight shone most clearly. The figure of a man appeared advancing in the direction he was watching—a man enveloped in a cloak, the collar of which was drawn up considerably about his face. "It is Sir Philip," muttered Bryan. He aimed—he fired.

Marcus Downing awoke from a disturbed and feverish slumber, as the dawn of the dull November morning was sending its beams into his small bedroom. All night he had been oppressed with evil dreams. Terrors had overwhelmed him, he knew not why; mysterious horrors had been spread before his shuddering gaze. He was glad now that he was awake, and that it was daylight, and that all the fearful darkness brims had departed. His first thought was of Rebecca, and of Sir Philip. She is avenged—she is avenged by this time!" he whispered, and a fierce, bitter joy passed over his face, shivered face.

At that moment the door of the room was violently opened, and a figure entered, which caused the old man to start up in his bed in speechless wonder and terror.

It was Bryan Cassidy—it was like the doomed spirit of Bryan Cassidy, if such could appear to mortal eyes. There was no look of blood or life in his face, but his lips were apart, his teeth were bare, and his hands were clenched.

"There—there!" cried he, as he reached the bed side, "there is your cursed money, the price you paid me for shedding blood. Take it back, take it back—take it!" He flung the purse and pocket-book together on the bed.

The old man could not say one word. His eyes were distended and fixed on the maniac-like form before him.

"Curse it! curse it! curse your money, now, old man! If you had never made it, we would have all been happy. Burn it, burn it now! God—Oh, God! if I had never seen it!" Bryan writhed as if in convulsions.

Still the old man could not speak—could not ask the reason of all the agony he saw. He seemed suddenly struck into a statue like form of age, and helplessness, and unutterable misery.

"And I loved him so well; there was nobody in all the world I loved as I did him; there was no other living creature so good and so kind. I would have given up my best heart's blood for him—ay, every drop in my veins for him; and now—now—my own hand—that hand that would have gone through fire for him—to do it—cursed—cursed money!"

There was a mist came before my eyes when I fired last night, a black mist. It was the devil's presence, keeping me from seeing and knowing the man I loved; that I might murder him, and so put one so good away from the world. But I fired true, though the black mist was there. I saw it this morning—I saw the crowd gathering about the place. I could not stay away for fear they might suspect me. I'll see the proud tyrant lying low, I said, so I went to look on Sir Philip—the dead face, and I saw—I saw him—my own cousin—the only one I loved in the world, lying there—murdered by my own hand! Old man, bury that money

in some deep place. I never go to bed for any purpose! There's much more to it!"

An Bryan repeated the last words, "I never go to bed for any purpose!" and he was found lying dead in Sir Philip Linton's park. He was shot through the head. The young widow whom Sir Philip had been in the habit of visiting, had been taken suddenly very ill the previous night, and had dispatched a messenger for the priest between eleven and twelve o'clock, as she feared she was at the point of death. On his way to the cottage the unfortunate young priest met with the doom intended for another. Sir Philip Linton had been called away after nightfall on important business and so escaped.

Marcus Downing never rose from his bed when he had heard of the fate of his nephew. He died after a short period. Bryan Casidy disappeared. No tidings of him ever reached the neighborhood afterwards.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ROLL ON! OH, RESTLESS SEA.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Roll on, oh, restless sea,
Break on thy pebbly shore;
I hear with ecstasy
The music of thy roar.

Frail with a harmony I never knew before,
What aith thy ceaseless surge?
Tells it a tale of pain?
Sings it a constant dirge.
For those who went for gain
Out on thy trackless waste, and never came again?

Tells it of distant war,
Where to the shock of fight
Rolls some triumphant car.
Bearing the crowned right,
Who joins the weaker cause against the tyrant might?

Or tells it, like the eages,
With white hair and hoary,
Of all the by-gone ages—
Seasons big with glory,
Whose great events but faintly glow in story?

Oh! is there aught that is
Thou canst not tell—in sooth,
Bridge thou the wide abyss
Twixt falsity and truth,
Thou canst, and tell me what things marked thy distant youth.

The flood! 't is true that this,
Penning by the Prophet's hand,
(Disputed Genesis.)
Ere was, by God's command?
That rain for forty days and nights deluged the land?

This canst thou tell, oh sea!
Recall thy youth again,
And solve the mystery!
Swoll'n by that fearful rain,
Didst bear the ancient ark to proud Armenia's chain?

Roll on, oh! restless sea,
Break on thy pebbly shore;
I hear with ecstasy
The music of thy roar.

Frail with a harmony I never knew before,
Saw'st thou when Joshua won
The field at Bethoron?
Saw'st thou the mighty sun
Stand still on Gibeon,
Or the pale moon delay her course o'er Ajalon?

Didst madly lash thy waves,
Grow wild with many fears,
And thunder in thy caves,
Dashed all thy coasts with tears,
To see the wheels of Time clogged in the starry spheres?

Didst raging volcanoes,
That lift their craggy spires,
Yawning with fearful throes,
Belch forth their lurid fires
Roaring like some revenged fiend ere he expires?

Metest thou that some dire clash,
And some such revelry,
Some universal crash
Of systems there might be,
That would cry to world, and sea roar back to sea.

Didst thou, oh sea! of yore
Obey the Saviour's will,
When off the Gadarene shore,
White-capped and bill on bill,
Thy wild waves tossed the slumbering Lord, who cried,
"Peace, be still!"

Saw'st thou o'er Calvary's height,
When men, to madness driven,
Forgot their God, the night
With clouds by light'ning riven,
Which fell o'er those who dared insult majestic heaven?

Tell me, oh who dared seal
All that thou canst reveal
Of that dark mystery
Which thods the Past conceal,
For men have striven long and cannot break the seal.

Thou knowest every land;
No shore thou hast not seen,
No secret cave, no strand
Where thou has never been;
Translate thy song, nor longer strive the Past to screen.

Roll on, oh! restless sea,
Break on thy pebbly shore;
I hear with ecstasy
The music of thy roar.

Frail with a harmony I never knew before,

There, and that, too, is the land of American freedom (down in Southern Georgia).

Up in that land of Georgia, as well as in Alabama, have been, and are, but women, whom no one would ever suspect of having a portion of African blood in their veins, that were the slaves of these same people, who are foremost to defend their rights as well as property, after they have made it.

We have all heard enough about the "nigger," but of over six hundred specimens of them that I have just examined in a perfect state of nudity, I cannot help but make some comment on what I have seen.

I found the backs of about one in five showed the marks of him that ruled; and in one case he had left over one thousand rule marks, of from six to eight inches in length, while some showed numerous gashes that you could not cover the scars of with one, and often two fingers. I do not see how any person can be expected to keep still and say he believes in letting every people, of every State, have their own way of governing their own domestic affairs, when he has just ceased looking at these marked effects of it. I think some of our domestic affairs at home would not show as clear a record as theirs do, if we were to undertake to do as we choose in governing our domestic affairs, even though we did make our own domestic affairs, I should expect to hear of more than a few family quarrels, and I think it is said to be no hard task to do a thing when you get used to it; but if you will allow me to express my private opinion, I would prefer being where they left off.

These are no imaginary pictures of what we find down here in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi, and I doubt not in every other State having the same law. I never was an Abolitionist, but I am not in favor of white slaves in a white country, and that where we call our nation a white one.

The Arcana Questions.

Hudson Turner, Esq.

Dear Sir—I am reading, with great interest, your "History and Laws of Creation," and, while not prepared to judge of the correctness of many of the theories which it contains, am confident that I do not mistake in pronouncing it an eminently readable and suggestive book.

1. But I confess I am not a little mystified by the "Dedication" and the "Preface"—especially those to the first volume. Will you, therefore, allow an inquirer after truth, to ask you frankly, whether you mean to be understood to disclaim the authorship of these volumes entirely?—i. e., whether the language, as well as the facts and thoughts, came from some other source than yourself? Or, whether, on the contrary, the language is your own?

2. Also, whether by the "invisible guides," is meant "invisible authors," or "real authors," or "the authors," &c., of which you speak, you mean mundane authors of scientific works, or whether you rather mean the disembodied spirits of the dead? And, if the latter, how do they communicate their facts and theories to you?

3. How happens it, also, if your work claims a spirit origin, that its facts are taken mainly from mundane scientific treatises, as acknowledged, Vol. 1, pp. 73-4, and elsewhere?

4. Who are we to understand instituted the expert method described in Vol. 1, pp. 97-8? Yourself? or a disembodied spirit, who, in 1856, was still living in a mortal body?

5. And, if it is claimed that the work, both as to substance and form, was dictated by disembodied spirits, pray how are they able to refer to the exact page (of mundane scientific treatises,) that contains their facts or arguments, when, as I have been led to believe, spirits do not see material substances in such a way as to be able to read, and refer to, mundane books?

I am afraid you will consider the above inquiries troublesome, if not presumptuous, in a stranger. Yet, if it be not giving you too much trouble, I should be very much gratified if you would favor me with such an explanation of the origin and composition of your book as you may feel disposed to communicate.

Yours very respectfully, G. B. F.

REPLY.

To answer the letters of inquiring friends, is to me always a pleasure. The ARCANNA was written, to do good, and if the little I can add makes clear any passage apparently dark, the time I thus employ is well spent.

When I commenced writing, under the dictation of my spirit friends, I was but sixteen years of age—that is, eleven years ago—and my education was very limited. I have not received anything from the school since, but I have ever aimed to be something more than a mere instrument. I have endeavored to comprehend all the ideas I have received, of which that published is a very small portion. Aided by my guides, I have made some progress, and perhaps understand the Arcana better than the general reader, although there are many passages which I do not understand.

1. The "Dedication" of Vol. I answers your first series of questions. "For years I have been led through the paths of science by invisible guides, who have manifested the earnest zeal of a father for a feeble and transient child. They have upheld my faltering footsteps; they have supported my weary frame, and in darkest hours thrown their sacred influence around me. Like the reader of these pages, I am a student in their portion, receiving my mental food from their hands. From these invisible authors I draw the concealing veil, and to them I dedicate this volume." I mean by that, that I am a learner—the spirits are my teachers—that I write the ideas they impress. Ten years ago I wrote mechanically, but now I write by inspiration: the former method gradually merged into the latter.

2. By "invisible guides," etc., I refer always to spirits. Mundane authors are always so called when quoted. I most certainly disclaim its authorship, more than as an instrument in the hands of superior intelligences.

3. The cardinal doctrine of the Arcana is to establish its theories by facts. Now, ten thousand facts might be known to its invisible authors, supporting a theory they wished to establish, yet, if unknown to us, they could not use them: for to us they would not be facts. They were compelled to use the accepted facts of science, and if these were sufficient to establish their position, it is as well as though they produced a greater number. Suppose they had quoted from a work of Gall, written since he entered the spirit-world, would such quotation have been received? Better, I think you will at once admit, to quote from an established mundane work.

4. The experiments detailed on pages 97-8, Vol. I were instituted by myself, after a full detail, written by the spirit who wrote that section of the Arcana, and they were even so illustrative that I added the two paragraphs detailing them, using the pronoun I to distinguish the authorship. Several passages are added by me in Vol. II; but I have them enclosed in brackets, and noticed the fact in the preface.

5. I know not how spirits can refer to mundane works, but I know that they can do so. Many of the books referred to in Vol. I were wholly unknown to me, and frequently they make quotations from works I have not read, which, on comparison, are correct, except sometimes a word, a letter, or a punctuation, being generally perfect quotations. Whether they see or not I never inquired, having always taken it for granted that the spiritual nature of all things were perceptible to spirits; i. e., all material things have a spiritual form, and if spirits cannot see the material, they can the spiritual.

I have nothing to conceal in reference to the composition of my works. My study, library, and manuscript are free to the inspection of all.

Fraternally, H. T.

A bar of iron valued at five dollars, worked into home-boards, is worth ten dollars and fifty cents; needles, three hundred and fifty dollars; penknives, blades, three thousand two hundred and eighty-five dollars; shirt buttons, twenty-five thousand four hundred and eighty dollars; balance springs of watches, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There are thousands of iron bars, needles, penknives, blades, buttons, and springs of watches, and all these things are made of iron. The value of iron is not in the iron itself, but in the workmanship that is put into it. The value of a watch is not in the watch itself, but in the workmanship that is put into it. The value of a penknife is not in the penknife itself, but in the workmanship that is put into it. The value of a needle is not in the needle itself, but in the workmanship that is put into it. The value of a button is not in the button itself, but in the workmanship that is put into it. 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Remarkable Cure of Palsy by Spirit Power.

To the following facts the persons whose names are affixed are knowing. We publish them as proof that those out of the body are interested in those in the body, and are able to help them in their hours of trial and suffering, both as relates to the body and the soul. We present these facts as evidence that those "within the veil" who are humane and interested in human welfare, are ready to aid in the cure of the diseases of body and mind of those who are in this outer life.

Mrs. Julia M. Friend, of Gloucester, Mass., is a test medium of great clairvoyant powers, and has been before the public, and generally known and respected in Gloucester and vicinity, for some eight or ten years, as a medium, and as a woman of great integrity and sincerity of character and propriety of deportment, in the various relations of wife, mother, daughter, sister and friend.

Wednesday, July 20th, about 9 A. M., the word "sickness" came out on her arm in presence of one of the undersigned, in very marked and distinct letters. She passed into an unconscious trance, and in answer to the question, "Who is to be sick?" the following was written:

"It refers to the medium (J. M. Friend). She is to be taken suddenly ill with trouble of the heart, and remain for some hours quiet and unconscious. It is to be a sort of paralytic shock, but I think she will come out of it. It will be very sudden. She will have the appearance of sleep during the time. If death takes place, there will be a change of color about the eyes; but we hope it may not be so."

To the question, "When is it to take place?" the answer was given, "Within a month." "Can anything be done to prevent the shock?" "No. It must and will take place." It was asked, "What can be done for her when the attack comes?" Answer, "Rub the stomach and side well with mustard water, applying cloths wet with the same."

When she came into her normal state, the communication was read to her, to her husband, and her husband's mother. One of the persons whose names are affixed was a witness to all the above transactions, and wrote them down as they transpired. The prophecy came through Mrs. Friend, from what purports to be her guardian spirit, Dr. Brown. It was written down at the time and shown to three persons, and the following Sunday it was made known to a public meeting held by Mrs. Friend, she being the medium through whom it was told. The word "sickness" on her arm was also seen by five persons, two of whose names are affixed to this statement.

Friday, August 21st, while sitting in her room listening to the reading of the daily news, she was suddenly struck down, and remained in a wholly unconscious state for four hours. Two of the persons whose names are undersigned, were present all the time. Part of the time there was no manifestation of life, except a scarcely perceptible pulse at the wrist. When she came into a conscious state, her right side, from the shoulder to the foot, was wholly paralyzed and powerless. She had no power to move the hand, nor even a finger on the right hand. Her mind and speech were unaffected. Till Sunday morning she remained perfectly helpless on that side; then, two of the undersigned being present, she was put into the trance state, and by the aid of an unseen power exerted over her by her guardian spirit, it was communicated that certain persons whose names were designated and whose names are affixed, should meet at her room, form a circle, and bring their magnetic power to bear on her, and through this means her guardian spirit promised to enable her to stand on her paralyzed limb and use the palsied hand and arm.

Sunday evening, August 23d, the following persons met at her room: Francis M. Loring, Cyrus St. John, Gorham Burnham, Nathaniel P. Allen, Elbridge H. Friend, (husband of the medium,) Abbie Friend, his mother—all these well known in Gloucester—and Henry C. Wright, of Boston, and formed a circle. An invisible power, purporting to be her guardian spirit, took possession of Mrs. Friend, and caused her to bear her whole weight on her palsied limb, and use her palsied hand to write the following communication:

"If this circle will meet four or five times, we think with the aid of your magnetic power, we can get the patient so that she can walk about her room in a few days, and in a few weeks be able to walk out of door." It was also told that, after the spirit-power left her, she came into her self-enslaved and normal state, she would be stronger than she was before the circle was formed, but not able to move about as while under their control. The above-mentioned persons met five times, formed the circle, and each time the patient came stronger, remaining in an improved condition after the unseen power was withdrawn. One of the undersigned persons, by the direction of Dr. Brown, visited her daily, and in presence of others, brought a power to bear upon her which imparted such strength to her paralyzed limbs as enabled her to walk about the room while under its influence, and which left her improved in strength when consciousness returned.

On Friday evening, August 23d, she had a severe attack, and the disease seemed to leave the arm and side and tend to the brain. It had the symptoms of the first attack, though continued but about an hour. While her friends stood around her, bathing and rubbing her, her hand was moved by this strange power, and wrote under the influence of the Doctor: "The disease seems tending to the brain—an unusual thing; the usual course being from the brain to the limbs; but we shall succeed in throwing it off." Which they did; for when she became herself again the limbs remained as before, and the mind and speech were soon fully restored. This experience was in presence of the whole circle.

Not the least extraordinary among the facts concerning this cure are the following:

During the first week, Mrs. Friend was attacked by faintness four or five times, turning cold and pale as death, falling into a dead faint, and lying, for some minutes, without any visible signs of life. Each one of these fainting fits were foretold by Dr. Brown, her guardian spirit, some time before they occurred, and directions given by him regarding her restoration from them.

The attack occurred Friday, August 21st. The Sunday preceding, August 18th, it was told through Mrs. Friend, by Dr. Brown, in a public meeting, that the sickness would take place the latter part of that week, which statement was verified, as we have shown.

It is now two weeks this day since she was stricken down suddenly, as if she had been shot, and from which unconscious state she came out with her right side completely paralyzed and helpless. She can now walk about her room, and from one room to another, without aid, and can use her palsied hand and arm to write, to dress and undress, and feed herself. The side and limbs are not so strong as before the shock, but her spirit guardian and friends assure her and her friends that they will, in a month or two, be perfectly restored.

This cure of entire paralysis has been produced solely by an invisible power purporting to be, and so, proved to be by the undersigned, the agency of disembodied spirits, no visible agency having anything to do with the cure, except the circle of the above-named friends, who have met and formed a circle around her, joining hands, six times, and making passes over the affected side and limbs, and rubbing and patting the hand and foot occasionally. The entire process of cure has been under the counsel and direction of Dr. Brown, her guardian spirit.

We record these facts, most all of which have taken place in the presence of us all, and all of them in the presence of two of us, and append our names to this

statement, solely that others may have their faith in the power and willingness of spirit-guardians and friends to heal diseases of body and soothe the sorrows and anxieties of the mind, and to encourage them to come to this fountain and find health to the body and rest to the soul. We doubt not the same power that healed similar and other diseases in the days of Jesus, is made manifest in the cure of Mrs. Friend. Nor is there one fact recorded in the life of Jesus and his followers, respecting the curing of diseases, better attested than is this of which we speak, and which we have witnessed. The witnesses are all living, and may be examined as to details. Why should we receive accounts of healing, as true, performed two thousand years ago, and attested by persons of whom nothing is known, and refuse to believe the statements of living witnesses, all of whom are well known? Why is the Dead Past worthy of so much more credence than the Living Present?

FRANCIS M. LORING,
CYRUS ST. JOHN,
NATHANIEL P. ALLEN,
GORHAM BURNHAM,
ABBY H. FRIEND,
ELBRIDGE H. FRIEND,
HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 4, 1863.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1863.

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

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 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 calm waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

Now is the Time to Subscribe!
With the first number of our new volume we shall commence the publication of a highly interesting Novelle, written expressly for the BANNER by Miss CORA WILLBURN, the author of "Coelia Wayne," a tale we published some years ago, and which attracted much attention at the time.

The title of our New Story is,

Jasmine;

OR,

THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

In anticipation of an extensive demand for this great story, we shall print large editions of the papers containing it, in order to supply the trade. But, notwithstanding, we may fall short of the demand, hence it behooves those of our friends whose names are not already on our books, to see to it that they are placed there in season to secure a perusal of Miss Willburn's new story.

In the first number of Volume XIV we shall print a verbatim report of a Lecture delivered at Lyceum Hall, in this city, July 6th, 1863, by Cora L. V. Hatch. Subject: "DOES SCIENCE CONFLICT WITH THE BIBLE?"

Also, in the same issue will appear a beautiful Poem, by Verona Coe, entitled, "THE OLD HOUSE."

Silent Force.
The real fact is, that all genuine power works silently. It is the engine that drives without hitches and jumps, which does the work. The men who are talking about themselves all the time, generally waste their energy before they get to it. Wordy and bolshie people are not the ones to rely upon; not so much because they mean deliberately to deceive, or are hypocritical, as because they are pretty nearly used up for service before they are actually called upon to render it. In running a mill by water power, it is necessary to keep back the stream until a good strong head of water is on, preparatory to opening the gate and letting on the power. It is the same way in character. About so much energy must have been secretly and silently accumulated, before anything can be attempted with a hope of success.

The history of the present war abounds with striking illustrations of the truth, that silence generates the great powers which are employed with effect before the eyes of the world. On looking over the roll of our Generals and Commanders, we can easily see who is the great man, and who will fall from a circle overtakes him. The failures which have already occurred, have occurred only in obedience to his law. In Gen. Banks we find this point very forcibly illustrated. He never jabbered about, but did his work; nor does he stand to his work, either like a mere mechanic, but plunges in deep reflection even while he strains all his energies to the accomplishment of his end. The one favorable remark made about him on all sides is this, that he has done well wherever he has been placed, without grumbling—that is, without talking too much. He has given the President less trouble, if we are to believe what Mr. Lincoln himself says, than any other of all the Union Generals.

So it is in Grant's case; he wrought with power because it was in silence. He set about his gigantic task of capturing Vicksburg, and he did it. Not with words, for the country heard nothing from his lips while the great plan was going through with its accomplishment; but he kept "pecking away," as the President describes his own labor in the prosecution of the war, thinking while he worked, and gathering up his forces for a new and stronger effort at every step. Rosecrans performs much in the same way. So does Gillmore. So must all men, who possess genuine power, whether it is employed in war or in the professions of peace.

Nature lays down a rule in this matter. She knows how things should be done better than we ourselves. She economizes better than we can. The laws of the universe are very simple and very rigid; and they allow no waste of force, either in man or earth. Could we see and understand the Divine economy, we should be wrapt in wonder at the beauty as well as its inner orderliness. Among the chief provisions of that economy is this fact about which we have been speaking, that it is necessary to keep our power from wasting, before the time comes to employ them. No such specimens of thriftiness are seen in any of the departments of Nature, and none such ought to be found in us.

In this view, silence is absolutely necessary to growth and expansion. Then the powers of the spirit write in their complete struggles with one another, and learn to know each other's own place before they leap forth to impress themselves on outward objects

or circumstances. We are gazing our powers then for a service of which we know but little. In truth, the person who has been thus secretly cherishing his spiritual and intellectual forces, becomes absolutely astonished afterwards to find how great strength he can suddenly put forth upon occasion. These temporary self-supplies, or bursts of power, are among the most gratifying of all our internal experiences. And they furnish us with the proofs we need, too, that there is always a deep in our nature which has never been reached, and that such will always be the case.

In the full possession of his silent force of character, too, men are apt to be more self-poised than when they do not feel its presence. To be always ready to perform, should the call be made, is a happiness peculiar to persons of genuine power none other have it, or can have. In all characters it exists to a certain degree, and it may be increased still further with pains and culture. Where it is a special deposit in the character, so to speak, it forms ones of those great and powerful elements which revolve within the social system as the great water-wheel revolves within the mill.

The Cities and Exemption.

Already we can see evidences of the radical mistake made by the larger cities in managing the burdens of the draft. The object of the new law is, of course, to procure men; but by the vote of the cities and larger towns, the men are prevented from going into service, their commutation being paid for them. The men in the rural districts see how the thing works, and become dissatisfied; it does not seem right to them that they should be compelled to serve, while their more fortunate brethren of the cities are exempted. In the country towns, such a thing as buying off the services of the whole body of the drafted men is not dreamed of; there is no such element in the population as there is in the larger cities, to be pacified; they do not think of compelling the selectmen or supervisors of their several townships to tax the property holders to buy them all in, in a lump. But they discover, much to their dissatisfaction, that in the cities the drafted men are voted exempt by a sweeping ordinance of the Common Council. And they naturally ask themselves why there should be such a difference between their own liabilities and those of their city brethren. The distinction is certainly an unfair one, and is manifestly caused by the concerted pressure which the masses in the cities can bring to bear upon the local authorities. This sort of argument is out of question in the country towns. There every man must meet his own responsibilities for himself. This novel state of things suggests to every observing mind the unpleasant fact that this yielding of the cities to the demands of a certain class is but the prelude to the creation of a separate class, or caste, among our populations, whose resolve will be to be taken care of out of the public money, and whose attitude toward the richer classes will be taken with a view to compel compliance with their wishes even with the aid of the bludgeon and the torch. As a contemporary well observed respecting this very class—"It has been our boast and glory hitherto that we have had no such class. If a certain school of politicians are to have their way, we shall soon have the most perfect specimen of it the world has ever seen, uniting European greed and blood-thirstiness and degradation with American audacity."

The English and French on this Continent.
It has now become established beyond the reach of dispute, that it is the deliberate intention of France and England to recover their ancient foothold on the American Continent, if the project be in any way practicable. They formed an alliance, some years ago, for a different purpose; but it is now seriously proposed by them, in the absence of more engrossing business at home, to take up the case of the sick man America, just as they did the case of the sick man Turkey, and make something out of it, if possible, to their own advantage. To this end, however, France went ahead in the neighboring State of Mexico, and took possession of the country, its fortifications, its wealth, its church, and its government, and has since straddled a monstrous monarchical structure across the remains of what was but yesterday a constitutional republic.

To offset this movement of her ambitious neighbor across the channel, England now makes a demonstration of starting up a sort of constitutional monarchy in Canada. It is openly argued for in a late number of an influential British magazine, and the arguments made are an open confession of the motives that have hitherto lain concealed. The writer says, what every intelligent reader knows to be true, that the chances of building up a monarchy in Canada are remarkably few, and the time very short; if, therefore, the British Government design to set on foot any such movement, in conjunction with the movements of France, on the southwestern part of the continent, now is the time for it to set about it. The temper of this article is simply the temper of many of those leading minds which to day give character and shade to British foreign policy. The poor fellows in England and France fancy we are falling to pieces here, and hope to be in at the picking of our bones. They little know the meaning of the great movements of the present time, or dream of the vast results that are to grow out of them.

Black Regiments.

The Government has more of these troops in the field, or in camp, than is generally supposed. We hear that there are at least seventy-five thousand of them already recruited, and either ready, or preparing for active service. A gentleman writes from Vicksburg, to one of the editorial staff of the St. Louis News, privately, that the negro regiments now in process of formation down the river—that is, below Vicksburg—are filling up with wonderful rapidity. He gives it as his opinion that some fifty of these black regiments will be ready for service by the first of October. He further thinks from what he has seen of this class of troops, that they are possessed of a genuinely martial spirit, that they are ready to fight wherever they may be placed, and that they will make a very efficient element in the service. It is plain that if the negro race in this land are to be redeemed and elevated, it must be accomplished mainly through their own exertions. There is no doubt that this rebellion is furnishing them with the long desired opportunity which is to bring them release. They could never have found an open door themselves; the blind passions of their masters have most effectually done that for them. So true is it that man proposes, but God disposes.

Rebel Desertions.

If we are to believe the reports that keep coming in upon us, the rebel armies are rapidly melting away before the spirit of demoralization which has taken hold of their ranks. A correspondent of one of the leading New York dailies, writing from the Army of the Cumberland, furnishes additional and most interesting evidence on the subject of discontent in the South, as well outside of the rebel army as within those organizations. He says that desertion is no longer confined to solitary individuals, but large masses of men only wait for an opportunity to quit a service which they loathe. It appears from information which is called reliable, that at least five thousand men have taken refuge in the mountains of Georgia alone, and have successfully resisted all the forces which rebel authorities have been able to bring against them. The writer adds, that as every man the Confederates can raise is needed to oppose our troops, it will be well nigh impossible for them to displace the refugees, whose numbers will continue to increase as the cause of the Confederacy becomes more desperate.

The Needed Wisdom.

To be truly wise for our day and generation does not demand an intimate acquaintance with all the sciences, nor a thorough knowledge of the world of books, the great, glaring trade marks, or the "mill" of greater contrasts of life. To every aspiring mind, and prayerfully laboring soul, come the precious gifts, the glorious compensations, the joys of wisdom, though gained only through severest trial and long continued discipline. To learn the lovely law of kindness, and to exercise it constantly; in forgiving thought toward the harsh opponent; in gentle ministry of love unto all; in devout overflow of beneficence each day, in speech, and tone, and act—this is to know of Wisdom; though the feet move in the humblest by-paths, and the hands are bound unto the lowliest toll.

To grow out of self into the love of all humanity, is to learn and follow Wisdom; to turn to the culture of the innermost as well as to the cultivation of all that externally admits us to the good will of our fellows. To preach silently and most effectively. To be cheerful, grateful for the common blessings of life, humble in heart, yet loftily aspiring in spirit; in love with the beautiful in all its varied aspects—this is to be wise; and Wisdom bringeth peace, which is happiness. To spurn no effort here that is for social advancement, to revel in the divinely rare portraits of the hereafter, which uplift our souls in thankfulness for the great boon of life, is a permitted, wise, and holy pleasure. To form friendships based upon the indestructible basis of moral qualities, is the prerogative of Wisdom; to find Love imperishable as the Divine Originator of his beatitude, is the part of Wisdom's compensation.

To the serene heights of spiritual contemplation, and to the dreariest valleys whither duty calls, behold, teaching Wisdom guides the way, ever with the reassuring touch and uplifted brow of Faith. It is only when we have recognized her beauty and acknowledged her mission, that she becomes the invaluable guide. Sometimes she has been with us under the garb of sorrow, in the seeming of strange, spectral shapes; in strange disguises, in which we knew her not. But when our sight is cleared of the mist of error and misconception, we behold the angel-teacher and the garlanded forehead, the sceptered hand of earth and heaven's commissioned one.

Public Spiritual Laborers.

As the fall and winter campaign of Spiritualism is now opening with encouraging auspices, many places are making due arrangements for lectures. The BANNER seeks to furnish a list of those who are in the field, and we cordially invite lecturers and others to add as, in order that the press and the platform may more fully cooperate. The public laborers seem alive with new zeal, and some of them are adding extra attractions to their efforts. Some of the secular papers of New York are noticing the labors of "Ex-Rev." Uriah Clark. In addition to his lectures and public test examinations, in the use of electrical and magnetic instruments, he illustrates the laws and principles of spiritual phenomena in a manner to "interest, startle and stagger the most lukewarm and obtuse." The Lyons Republican says: "Mr. Clark is an orator of great power, a philosopher of stern logic, and a gentleman of agreeable manners." Rev. Dr. E. A. Hotbrook, of Watertown, N. Y., in writing the BANNER, says:

"I have been acquainted with our worthy brother, Uriah Clark, for the last few years, and have witnessed the unfolding of his interior powers. Those most intimately acquainted with him, best appreciate his attainments in the moral, spiritual and intellectual departments of being. He has a keen appreciation of the wants and needs of humanity, and in his lectures probes to the very heart's core the organized and heterogeneous mass of inharmonies, materialized, socialized, and sanctified by the world at large. His heart is evidently in the work, and from his abundance 'the month speaketh' with telling effect. No reasoning mind can listen to him without feeling the need of reform, in Church and State. He has the rare gift of combining argument with eloquence, which renders him both pleasing and instructive. He gives the finest readings of character I ever witnessed, tracing also diseases through years of progress, and relates past incidents in the life of the individual. Bro. C. has now given himself up fully to lecturing, and no progressive mind should fail to hear his lectures, and witness his tests."

We learn that Mr. C. is to spend several months in New England, and till the first of October is addressed in care of J. D. Sears, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

Spiritualism at the West.

It gives us great pleasure to announce that Spiritualism is rapidly on the increase at the West. Thus it is—the more opposition we have to contend against, the faster the truth spreads. While we congratulate the brothers and sisters who are engaged in the great work out West, on the advancement of our cause there, we can assure them that we of the East are not idle. Our ranks are increasing at a rapid rate. Some of the best minds in our midst are quietly investigating the Harmonical Philosophy, and their unbelief is fast giving way to a full realization of the mighty truths which are continually pouring in upon them from the Summer Land.

Our Free Circles were reopened on Monday last for the season, and more people were present than could be comfortably seated. We shall, whenever the friends come to our aid, enlarge our circle room, in order to fully accommodate the increasing numbers who are anxious for spiritual food.

Hon. Edward Everett and the War.

We extract the following from the letter written by Mr. Everett to the Mass Convention of "unconditional Union men," assembled on the 3d inst., at Springfield, Ill.:

"Andor requires me to add, that if it is the duty of the good citizen to abstain from factional opposition, it is, in time of war, not less the duty of an Administration, as well in civil as in military and naval affairs, to assume a position wholly independent of party. I am afraid it is impossible, in time of peace, to carry on representative government except on a party basis. During the existence of war, and especially of a war which tasks to the utmost the energies and resources of the country, party support, in proportion as it is relied upon, is an element not of strength, but of weakness."

If all good men and good patriots in the loyal States whether in or out of office—sacrificing when necessary a little of the pride of personal feeling and of party association—would cordially unite for the attainment of the objects, which they all approve, viz: the vigorous prosecution and successful termination of the war, the next New Year's Day would witness the prostration of the rebellion and its leaders, the return of peace, and the restoration of the Union."

Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, of Brandon, Vt., made her first appearance in this city, on Sunday, Sept. 6th, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, as a lecturer. She was greeted with full audience, and her lectures were well received. She delivered them in an earnest but pleasing manner, with a clear, full, toned voice. In personal appearance she resembles her collaborator, Mrs. M. S. Townsend. She also spoke before the same Society on Sunday, Sept. 13th. We commend Mrs. Horton to all societies who desire to engage an earnest and eloquent lecturer.

Rev. Adin Ballou will speak before this Society next Sunday, Sept. 20th. Mr. Ballou is a great favorite here, and his numerous friends will be glad to look at his pleasant face again, and listen to his instructive teachings.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The distinguished lecturer, who is to deliver the Spiritualists of Portland, on Sunday, Sept. 20th,

Correspondence in Brief.

Permit me, through the "Light" of your BANNER, to say to all good spiritual friends traveling through the North-west, that I am authorized by those who are now on the way to request such lecturers, when they are conveniently bringing our place in their line of travel, that they will please come and address us on the new, true and glorious Spiritual Philosophy, and send us word a few days beforehand, so we can have things made ready, and "our house in order" for a full meeting.

We doubt not that all lecturers visiting us will be not only enchanted with our surroundings and country, but they would also be well paid for their address in the edification of our people.

The Davenport Bros and Wm. M. Fay have just closed a course of their wonderful spiritual manifestations; and, though it was the first blow struck here for breaking up the terrible darkness and superstitions that seem to have enveloped the people, yet our small hall was filled to overflowing by an intelligent and astonished audience. Great interest was given in the new phenomena. Those boys have given us powerful and telling blows toward emancipation from the bonds of religious bigotry and superstition. And now having had those spiritual physical manifestations, we crave for the logical argument and great reason, to keep up the spirit and era of progress in the soul and in the community.

The Chicago and Burlington Railway is the greatest traveled route westward, and has on its line the cities of Chicago, Aurora, Mendota, Princeton, Burlington, and many other large thriving villages. It is a most beautiful country throughout the whole route. Lecturers will find these good points, and an interesting route for lecturing. They will please take note of this, and come on.

Chicago, Wm. M. Fay, Sept. 5, 1863.

Bro. N. B. Miller, writing from Cuba, N. Y., under date of Sept. 1st, says Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch was engaged to speak there on the 6th, and adds:

"The Spiritualists of this vicinity are anticipating a rich feast of spiritual food, and unbelievers had the announcement with pleasure. All love Cora, and listen to the inspiration that falls from her lips with such eloquence and power. It quickens our spiritual nature, and we feel that we are better men and women, after listening to one of her discourses."

Federal Successes at Charleston.

The following is Gen. Gillmore's despatch to the War Department, dated Sept. 7th:

"I have the honor to report that Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg are ours. Last night our sappers opened the crest of the counterwork of Fort Wagner on the front, making all its guns, and an order was given to carry the place by assault at 9 o'clock. This breach, that befell the hour of low tide. About 11 o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and all but seventy-five of them made their escape (see Cummings' Point in small boxes).

Captured dispatches show that Fort Wagner was captured by a detachment of South Carolina troops, numbered by 1,400 effective men, and Battery Gregg between 100 and 200. Fort Wagner is a work of considerable magnitude, its bomb proof shelter, capable of holding 1,600 men, remains intact after the most terrible bombardment to which any work ever subjected.

We have captured nineteen pieces of artillery and a large supply of excellent ammunition. The city harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by my guns.

I have the honor to be, General,
Very respectfully your obedient servant,
(Signed) G. A. GILLMORE,
Brigadier General Commanding.

Generals Rosecrans and Burnside have been successful in driving the rebel army out of East Tennessee. Chattanooga and Knoxville have been captured, and our army is marching to cut off the railroad communication of the South with Richmond.

Spiritualism in England.

We learn from the London Spiritual Magazine that Spiritualism is attracting a large share of public attention, pro and con, in England. The London Weekly Dispatch devotes much space to the discussion of the subject. But while it indulges in some foolish sneers at Mr. Hewitt's history, it admits that the facts recorded by present Spiritualists are all perfectly real. The Quarterly Review and North British Review, also have each an article on Spiritualism in the current numbers.

Spirit Portraits.

Friend Peckles, in a letter published in the BANNER recently, alludes to a photograph artist in Chicago who is said to produce spirit pictures. We have no several specimens, which resemble those made in Boston. We do not wish our friends to be too sanguine that these copies de visis are genuine. They must test the matter thoroughly, before coming to a definite conclusion that they are veritable spiritual productions. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Opening of Dedworth's Hall.

Meetings of the New York Friends of Progress were resumed Sunday, Sept. 13th, at 10 1/2 o'clock A. M., and are to be continued every Sunday morning and evening throughout the ensuing year, or until the weather of another summer shall render another "season" both wise and desirable.

The Children's Lyceum will assemble in the room of the same day, at 2 1/2 o'clock.

Brown's Street Conference.

The subject for debate before the Conference, on Tuesday evening, Sept. 16th, will be "Was an Abolitionist?" Dr. A. B. Child will make the opening remarks.

Prophecy and Prophecy.

Was the subject discussed at our Circle July 14th in one of the liveliest. A report may be found on our sixth page.

We did intend to criticize the critic of the N. E. Com. Advertiser, whose critique of Mr. Hewitt's book, "The Spirit of Times," was extremely strong, but as our contemporary of the Herald of Progress had properly noticed the "politician," we forbore with the lash of Justice.

We call attention to the article on our sixth page by J. M. Peckles, entitled "Spirit Messages." It is one of those old type of religious papers—the New Covenant, in language—who are in the habit of picking from messages we publish, those from an educated spirit, and printing them in their journals, in order to deceive their readers as to the general character of those manifestations, will have the candor to occasionally print those which appear from educated spirits, as well.

DEATH AND THE NATURE OF THE SPIRIT. This is the title of a Discourse, printed in pamphlet form, preached in commemoration of the moral worth and exaltation of character exhibited in the life of Mrs. Lucretia Kelllogg, by J. M. Peckles, Pastor of the First Free Church of Battle Creek, Michigan.

TAN AMERICAN AND FOREIGN for Sept. is filled with a variety of interesting reading matter, a good share of which is of especial interest to the Circle.

DALLON'S DOLLAR MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October is put in good season, with an unusually interesting table of contents.

The Fifth "Demonstration" of the Harmonical Philosophy will be celebrated at Temple, on the evening of Monday, September 14th, beginning at precisely 7 1/2 o'clock. The class of beginning will be much larger than at any previous demonstration, numbering more than forty ladies and gentlemen, and representing nearly every one of the Free States.

Wendell Phillips' speech in New York, and his subsequent tour, will be a rapid sale. The price of the book is \$1.00.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by a Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. M. Gammans, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—or more.

THESE CIRCLES ARE FREE TO THE PUBLIC. The Banner Establishment is subjected to considerable extra expense in consequence. Therefore those who feel disposed to aid us from time to time, by donations, to dispense the bread of life thus freely to the hungry multitude, will please address—BANNER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. Funds so received promptly acknowledged.

The Sessions are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 138 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The doors are closed at precisely three o'clock, and no person admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED

Monday, Sept. 1.—Invocation: Spirit's Request: "Thou shalt have no other Gods before me." Questions and Answers: Samuel Colburn, of this city; to his friends: Daniel Temple, of Georgia; to Philip Burge, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; to the late John Johnson, to his friends; Thomas H. Kelle, of Birmingham, Ala., an engineer, who lost his life by an accident this morning, while on the rail car between Birmingham and London.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Invocation: "Is the desire for immortality the best proof that the soul is immortal?" Questions and Answers: John Smith, late of the late Company Andrew Barnhart; Marietta Coggs, of Atlanta, Ga., to her father, now a prisoner at Fort Delaware; Isaac Poole, of the 6th Mass. Regiment, to his mother, Charlotte White, of New York City.

Invocation.

Oh God, the hour is thin, and may our utterances also be of thee. May every thought that shall be born of us this hour be of thee, and thus everlasting.

July 16.

Prophecy and Prophets.

"Is not all prophecy contrary to natural law? and are not all prophets impostors, in the broadest sense of the term?"

In human jurisprudence it is not expected that one will criminate himself. Now therefore, inasmuch as we ourselves have prophesied in regard to certain events, many of which are already transpiring, while others are yet unborn, it is not to be expected that we shall take the affirmative side of the question. The friend who has proposed the two questions we have just enunciated, professes to believe that all things which have an existence, have that existence by natural law—that nothing exists outside of natural law. Furthermore: he professes to believe only in that which is apparent to some one, or all five of the senses. That which he can touch, taste, smell, hear and see, he has faith in; but that which lies beyond and above the senses, he has no faith in. We believe he ignores entirely the existence of a supreme intelligence, also the existence of the human soul beyond the tomb. He says, "That which is around me and is apparent to my senses, I know, I realize, I feel; but the fact that some talk of I know nothing about, have no faith in."

And yet this same individual has called upon us to answer his propositions. Now either our good friend must abandon his position, or he must consider that the question or questions propounded to us are of non-importance. He must either assume that prophecy is a result of natural law, or else it does not exist. According to his theory, all things that have an existence, have that existence by virtue of natural law. Now mark his question: "Is not all prophecy contrary to natural law?" You will perceive that our friend admits the existence of prophecy. Now, taking him on his own ground, we will endeavor to answer his questions by the light of the questions received. We are to suppose that our friend considers that they exist; by the light of the position he has assumed from the beginning of his intellectual being, we are to suppose that these propositions are natural.

Now we know, if we know anything at all, that Nature makes nothing or creates nothing that is not for use, for the highest use of mankind and the universe at large. Therefore if prophecy exists, it exists for use, for good. If prophets are, they are for good and use; if they are not, then why offer the questions that have been offered us this afternoon? We believe that all prophecy is a result of natural law. Therefore, if no further, we will stand aside by side with our infidel friend. Now then if prophecy is a result of natural law, surely all prophets must receive the gift from natural law. Nature gives the gift to humanity. Then why not prophecy?

Now we believe that there are many kinds of prophets, from the smallest atom in the universe up to the human soul. These beautiful blossoms, are they not prophets? do they not speak of life? And while they speak of life, do they not speak of denotation at the same time? While you are able to look upon them as they are in the present, you may also judge somewhat of their future. Now if the spirit or soul of prophecy did not exist even within the simple flower, how could you know what its future existence would be? Each atom is in itself a prophet, and the man of science may prove the truth of our assertion.

What is the reason the astronomer can tell you to an hour of the return of the fiery child, the comet, that visited your skies months ago. He prophesies of the comet's appearance, and how? By his knowledge of his own? No; by learning the language of prophecy that is written in unmistakable letters upon the comet. All things contain within themselves the elements of prophecy. From the grain of sand up to the human soul, each contain the language of prophecy, else how could you analyze them? how could you read even their present page? For it is only by the light of the past the present can be known or perfectly read. Believe us, if there were no past, no future, there could be no present.

Prophecy exists within this insensible article of furniture (table). You know from its nature that after a certain length of time, that which holds these afflicting particles together will cease to exist. What will be the result? Decay must follow, and the particles composing this table will assume another form. This must be so, for if the power of life was not within this article of furniture, you could not prop it up or mold it in its present form.

With regard to our prophecies five, six and seven years ago, respecting scenes political you are now passing through, we can only say that the present proves the truth of each prophecy. To what were we indebted for the light that enabled us to foresee these events? We answer, to the spirit of prophecy existing in broad magnetic life everywhere. We learned the language of the present at that time, and were able to discern what your future would be from that present. Now we believe for you to prophecy is just as natural as it is for you to breathe, or live in the atmosphere of your earth. All things prophecy, and will ever continue to prophecy. Should we write "impostor" upon prophecy, we should be obliged also to write "failure, eternal and infinite," upon all God's works. Can we do this? No; certainly not.

Oh, our friend, with regard to your great wisdom, we look upon you with reverence, with honor; but when we view you standing upon a material platform,

and leaning upon the decaying fabric of time, we can but pity you, pity you with all your intelligence, with all that material science which you have made your own. Oh, come with us and read of the soul of science. She will tell you that prophecy is a result of natural law, and is found everywhere in God's universe. Oh, do not look alone for prophecy or propheta among the human, for I tell you there is more prophecy in the bowels of the earth than was ever found dwelling on earth. Oh, come with us into the temple of Nature. Stand there and learn a prophecy, and learn of God, for the great God of the universe dwells in matter, in every form. We grasp our God in everything; we worship him in everything. Come and learn of our God, and you will be sure then to worship him. July 16.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Why is it that undeveloped spirits have greater power over matter than more refined ones?

Ans.—Those spirits whom you see fit to style undeveloped, are such as dwell on the surface of your earth. This class of spirits cannot progress as rapidly as some, because they have not thrown off the conditions of mortality. Thus they have greater power over the crude things of earth, than those who have passed on to more sublimated conditions of life.

Q.—Is there not danger then of spiritual influence being less useful than otherwise?

A.—Why so?

Q.—Because we cannot commune with the high and good?

Q.—Are you sure you do not commune with the high and good? We said that the lower class of disembodied spirits had more power over crude matter than all others. We wish you to understand that in making what is termed physical manifestations simply, they have more power than other spirits; not that they have more power over the human, by no means.

Q.—What is the process of murderers' progressing by returning?

A.—They do so through an infinite degree of conditions. Some need to progress through a certain mode of return; some progress rapidly by intuition; while others do so by listening to that which is said or done in mortality. Do you understand us?

A.—I do.

Q.—Can spirits communicate with mortality except through a medium?

A.—No, certainly not; but there are as many different kinds of mediumship as there are atoms of life. Sometimes one thing is made use of as a medium, sometimes another.

Q.—Is there any difference between spirits magnetizing an individual, and one who is in the earth-form?

A.—No, with this exception: one is in the physical body, the other is not. Do you understand us?

Q.—Yes.

B.—The atmosphere in which you live may be the only medium requisite. In some cases you yourself afford the desired medium. But a medium, or mode of communication through which spirit can commune, must be established.

Q.—Is not good health a good medium?

A.—It is, though sometimes ill-health produces certain phases of mediumship. Yet good health is an excellent medium.

Q.—Might not the imperfect communications we receive be accounted for from that plane?

A.—Certainly. Ofttimes, our communications would always be just what they were designed to be, were the bodily condition of the medium through which they were communicated a sound and healthy one.

Q.—Can one spirit influence several persons at the same time?

A.—Yes; for instance, a certain spirit may be two miles from the person he may wish to commune with. He will shower down a certain quantity of magnetism upon several persons who may be stationed at different distances from each other. There may be a dozen or twenty persons, upon whom he wishes to shower his magnetism. Now each and all absorb it and give it out again.

Q.—Can we give out our thoughts magnetically?

A.—Certainly; there is not a thought born of your brain that does not magnetically affect all other individuals.

Q.—Is it similar to sound?

A.—Yes, the waves of thought and the waves of sound are similar. But the quality of magnetism changes according to the condition of the individual. For instance, you may be very good to-day, and give out a good and refined magnetism, while to-morrow it may be of the opposite quality. At another time you may give forth a magnetism possessing all the attributes of evil influence.

Q.—It has been said that the twilight hour is better suited to the reception of spirit communications than any other time. Why is it?

A.—Because weary physical nature seeks repose at that hour generally. If you ever think of heaven and your departed ones, it is generally at the twilight hour. Therefore, at that hour spirits can come to you more easily than at any other time. The coming or communing of the spirits at that time does not depend on the condition of the atmosphere, or the time of day, but more upon the condition of yourselves at that hour.

Q.—You speak about magnetism. Is not thought generated by operating magnetism, rather than impropagated with it?

A.—What is the difference? There is none at all to us.

Q.—Is thought a material substance?

A.—Yes, in one sense all thoughts are material. We believe that all that which has an existence is refined matter. It may be so refined that you call it spirit, soul, or whatever term you please, still it is matter, else it could not be held in its proper position by natural law, and we know it is so held.

Q.—Can the controlling spirit perceive my spirit in the flesh?

A.—Certainly, far better than were I in the flesh.

Q.—What is the nature of our communion?

A.—It is composed of all the universe is composed of. Analyze the universe entire, and you may analyze yourselves.

July 16.

Mary Louise Thayer.

So that dear old man recognized me. He had not forgotten me, had he? I'm speaking of Dr. Andrews, of Albany. I've only come here to-day to tell him that my children are now well cared for, and I never was so happy in my life, never. Oh, he was so kind, so kind to write and tell you that I told you the truth when I came here before. I felt after I went away, that I was one of that class of poor creatures that folks perhaps would not believe much in; but when I followed my letter, and saw that Dr. Andrews recognized me and wrote to you about it, I was so happy! You tell him I'll watch over him and bless him, and when he comes to the spirit-world I'll be ready to receive him, and will tell him many things. He told me much when I was here on the earth. Good-by. Mary Louise Thayer. July 16.

Patrick Welsh.

The ladies first, and the Irishmen afterwards. It was my turn to come next to the speaker, but I not like to step in and say that's my place, because it's a lady. Well, now, Capt'n, what are you going to help me to do. [To say what you want to.] May I feel to say something that's not very good. Well, I feel somehow hard about some things, not exactly right about them, so I want to speak of them.

My name is Welsh—Patrick Welsh. I'm a soldier, or was one before I lost me body. Now I've got folks on the earth that need help. Faith, it's not the Government's business, nor nobody's business to help them, poor widgeen. Now it's all very well to talk about being satisfied with your condition. Egad, I might die and go through purgatory twenty times before I get able to it. Faith, here I am, without my own body, and I lost it in fighting for this country. Now I'd like to have a chance to talk to 'em, or something of the kind. [Say, what you want to.] Faith, I'd like to speak somewhere else beside this place. [Your friends will get you a body like this one to speak through.] Oh, one of these? Well, that will do. Well, I suppose our asking for help from Government, or anything of the sort, won't amount to nothing. [It might.] Well, I like to know about it. Faith, I know these bodies we have here can be found in other places.

Now suppose I place myself before the President, and I say, here, old fellow, I've got a wife and three little ones, and I want you to put your hands in the Treasury, and help them, what it does amount to? He can't see or hear me at all. [He may see your message. There's no harm in your saying what you like to him.] Oh, my God, I'm as good as he was any day, ain't I? [You ought to be.] And my wife is just as good as he wife, if she's a little bigger than mine. Faith, I know very well he's the President of the United States. That's what he is, and I was a soldier. I lost my life fighting for him, too. Well, if he reads my letter, I want him to use all the influence he has toward taking some steps to help the families of those who were killed in battle. Now if he helps 'em all, mine will be pretty likely to come in for a share.

Now, look here, I've been thinking there's another person who might help my wife and children as well as Government. Faith, I like to know if there's not some way I can reach him. [You can say what you like to that person in our paper.] Well, then, I say this: My wife's got a cousin, whose name is Thomas Haggerty. He's a bachelor, who's got no one to look after but himself, and is worth about four or five thousand dollars. Now I should like to know why it is he can't help my wife and children until they're able to help themselves? Oh it's the Church, the priest, and all the rest. I've got to get over before—can come.

Well, if he reads my letter, just ask him to let me come somewhere where I can talk to him as I do here, and I'll put him in mind of something that he's under obligations to myself for. Faith, I'll tell him all about it if he'll give me one of these subjects to talk through.

I suppose it looks very strange to see me here talking about such things; but what the devil is a fellow to do? Faith, there's no use in waiting for them to come to me, nor to talk about their souls, when their bodies are starving. We was told in coming here to talk about what we wanted to, so it be true. Faith, and it's true. [You are perfectly right in speaking of earthly matters.]

Now I come from the same place that lady's from: Albany, New York. My family's living there now. Faith, I should like for that same gentleman to help them. Faith, I like to speak with Dr. Andrews, and I'll put a flea in his ear what will be large enough to fill it all up. Faith, I like him to do something for my wife and children—interest somebody for 'em, and I'll interest somebody for him, when he comes to the spirit-world.

[What street are your family living on?] How is it? [Do you remember the name of the street your family reside on?] Faith, yes; last time I heard from them they were living on Willow street. Faith, the number's gone. I can't catch it. [Give the names of your wife and children.] Her own name, Mary, and the children, Mary, Patrick and Lucy. They're little ones—small, little ones, not large enough to comprehend what I'd say to them about these things, were I to talk to them. Well, here I am. I was sort of one of the roughs when I was in my own body. I went down to New York, and enlisted. I enlisted with the roughs. I was a rough myself, and likes to take my glass of whiskey as well as any of 'em. I was not one of your high ones. I consider myself just as good as anybody in the land.

Faith, I don't know but that I'll ask that old gentleman to do something for my folks. When you wants anything, you'll ask for it. That's the way, pitch in. [Come and tell us if Dr. Andrews aids your family, will you?] Faith, I will. Faith, I'll sound it as loud as I can. Faith, I like to have you ask him to pay you for myself. [We don't charge any fee here.] That's what I hear before I come, but I thought I'd keep shady about it, because I'd nothing to pay with myself. July 16.

Orilla.

I wish to commune with one in earth-life who is very dear to me. He is occupying a position in the Confederate Government. He says sometimes, "If I could believe in spirit-communication, I should think I was influenced by spirits."

Oh, tell him I do come to him, do influence him. And ask him to write to his friends at the North, applying them of his condition; also of the condition of his mother and his brother. There are ways by which he can send his letter North. If it were not asking too much, I would ask that he abandon his present post, and come to the friends who love him. I cannot say more to-day.

From Orilla to Norman Knox, of Prattville, Alabama. July 16.

Lieut. Gilbert Thompson.

I ask as a favor of you to-day, that you will inform my father, Nathaniel Thompson, of Montgomery, Alabama, if possible, of my decease. Tell him I died within your lines eight days ago, happy and resigned. Ask him to try and furnish me a form to speak through, if he can. I will then give him all the particulars of my death, and of many other things also.

From Lieutenant Gilbert Thompson, of Montgomery, Alabama. My age, twenty-four years.

[You are aware, I suppose, of the difficulty we have in transmitting papers South.] I am aware, sir, of the difficulty, but I have been told that many of our communications reach their destination. I may hope that mine will. At least, I shall expect that you will treat me as you profess to all others. July 16.

Eating when Sick.

It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to eat. "Now, what can you eat?" Every one has heard the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion, when engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece?" "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away, pa's sick." When a young man who has surfeited, in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something?" People can't live without food! Then come toast and tea. The stomach is exhausted and no more needs stimulating drink, or food than a faded horse needs the whip! What is needed is rest, complete rest. Nine tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' abstinence, when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy was generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession by Dr. Dio Lewis.

Bigotry dreads discussion. They seem to think faith comes with beatitudes. If he had the faith, he'd say that, if he opens his mouth to the quarter the wild blows from, and will catch the devil.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

BY J. M. FEARNE.

The editors of religious and denominational papers frequently select "spirit messages" from your sixth page, Mr. Editor, as samples of spirit communications, and true to their one-sided and sectarian traditions, invariably—so far as I am informed—make choice of the most exceptional in style and ideas—those originating with the uneducated and nonprogressed, occupying similar planes spiritually, with those "spirits in prison," to which Peter says, Jesus preached after his martyred death on Calvary.

Is such a course impartial, or magnanimous? Has Christianity inspired them with no higher conceptions of Right and Justice? They will probably answer us, when hazards answering: tell golden-plumaged oracles why they ever seek tainted dishes. Like attracts like the universe throughout.

To test the manliness of popular religious journals, permit me to ask them to copy the following "message" to me, in an hour of mental address, from my spirit teacher to the higher life. It was given through the organization of that excellent medium, Dr. E. O. Dunn, unconsciously entranced. The communication certainly shows ripe scholarship, high spiritual development, and a deep desire for the moral growth of his earthly charge. He has given me his name, earthly residence, and history as clergyman, professor of languages, and mathematics in a European classical institution, all of which ecclesiastical history, as I find by searching, corroborates. But to the message:

Brother of Earth—I come from the ethereal fields of the blest to greet a brother bound to me closely by the infinite law of attraction—bound by a golden-textured web, woven by angelic fingers from particle love-essences, gathered from those ethereal substances that float in the island and ocean realms of space, which can never be decomposed or changed only to bind more firmly the cords of affection, which encircle hearts that must ever interiorly beat in union.

Brother, I delight to descend from the spirit regions of beatific bliss and brightness, to aid and instruct you, who doing good, and by virtue of Nature's reflex laws, myself also, in ascending those spirals of spiritual ascent, that lead to the inner glories of the heavenly mansions. And as I ascend, you shall ascend. The cord of affection—of affection that unites us—is divine. It can never be severed; but the rapidity of your ascension must necessarily be in exact ratio with your aspirations and minglings with me in purity, love and wisdom.

Dear brother, let not thy rising spirit sink. In mortal, as in mathematical equations, opposites are indispensable. The universe must be balanced—pictures must have shadows—only stormy seas can make skillful mariners, and then, consciously gifted with soul-power, should master the lesser circumstances, control conditions, and defy moral defects. Sometimes thou thinkest thy pathway strewn with piercing thorns; then again in visions thou perceivest that fragrant blossoms far outnumber them, and confess that thou art blessed beyond all blessing. Remember, that sufferings are the chariot that bear balms and beatitudes from the sensuous to the super-sensuous man, dwelling in the courts of the inner temple. The sweetest flowers are mingled with briars, and why shouldst thou not occasionally suffer the stings that may pierce thy hands, when permitted as thou art to look forward to the beautiful roses thou shalt ultimately pluck along the bloom-fringed margins of summer-land gardens—roses moistened by dewdrops from the angel-wings, and whose leaflets are fanned by the waving of angelic wings. Oh, that I could portray, or give thee some faint conception of the surpassing splendor and beauty of the objective scenery that makes so radiant the table-lands of immortality! But the winged pen of imagination tires, and mortal language utterly fails to impress upon the physical retina the brilliant and resplendent homes of the "pure in heart." Nought but the divinest ideas can descriptively interpenetrate the ever-increasing loveliness and imagery of those celestial abodes.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," said an apostle. Angels beings hardly recognize time or space—their garments have been washed to crystal whiteness in the baptismal font of self-sacrifice, and in the quiet of dewy evenings they delight to call adown in golden-gondolas the electric streams that thread the spirit-land, freighted with love's sweetest messages to gladden the inhabitants of earth. Encircling and ennobling their harmonious habitations is deathless foliage of ever-varying hues—flowers that shed perfumes sweeter than those "vials of odors," seen by an anciently inspired one in heaven—landscapes lined with precious stones, bejeweled with rubies, and carpeted with emerald; and pearly streams ever flowing o'er glittering sands, every gurgle of which is like psalms from seraphic choirs.

Brother of earth, go on—thy mission is beautiful; bear all thy trials and tribulations with a strong, manly heart; for, as 'twas said in an olden age, by the "sweet of thy brow shall thou earn thy bread," merit the reputation of a moral hero—a walking epitome of well-doing, and that, too, though thou treadest the wind-press alone; and when wearing in thy earthly pilgrimage, and thing of thy unenvied journey, reflect upon the New Jerusalem that awaits thee when thy appointed work is faithfully done. Let thine eyes be cast toward heaven—the key-note to thy nature be Love—thy guiding star Wisdom. Let thy soul go forth in aspirations of purity, holiness and truth. Let thy hands be extended toward angels to "beat them up," and though the earth should cease to move, and stars to shine, and apparently the veil of sadness and mystery enshroud thee, thy spirit shall ever, ever shine like those brilliant stars of night that receive light and warmth from the many central suns of the great universe—and this central sun that shall illumine thy spirit shall be inspiration light, poured from the spiritual world, to guide thee to the portals of peace, where, when thine earth-mission shall have been well wrought, thou shalt recline on mounds of velvet moss, thy brow be entwined with myrtle, and decorated with rose-buds, from which the bees of paradise shall sip choicest sweets to store away, that thou in the coming future mayest partake of the honeydew of eternal life and blessedness.

Now, my dear brother, go on thy way rejoicing, for though I depart from thy physical senses, I ever dwell with thee in thy spiritual or innermost sphere, and in a few short years of ripening experiences at most, thou shalt travel the shining shores of the heavenly expanse, hand in hand with me, and thine attending spirit band.

John.

Spirit Communication.

EDITOR OF BANNER.—Spiritualism and some of its advocates in this city have had a good share of those trials which are perhaps necessary to produce the greatest good. I am satisfied, however, that our spirit guides are managing affairs so that poor, undeveloped beings, both in an out of the earth-form, will, in the long run, come into true and beautiful harmony.

I wish to speak of Mr. John Cogswore, who has been a soldier twenty-eight years, and is now a private in the 1st Battalion, D. C. Vols. He is in the sixty-third year of his age, and at thirty assigned his name with an X. Being a native of Ireland, he has out the advantages of school instruction, but having a strong will and a quick perception, he has been able to embrace new truths. He is a man of great promise, and his future will be a grand one. Forty years ago he began to doubt the validity of the claims of the Catholic Church, and when the

celebrated Abner Kneeland was prosecuted and imprisoned at Boston, for blasphemy, about thirty years ago, he became in deep sympathy both with the man and with his sentiments, and their mutual friendship became more and more intimate for several years, until the death of Mr. Kneeland. Since then he has been in sympathy with every progressive movement of importance that has come before the public.

Although Mr. Cogswore has been a different man and thinker on spiritual subjects for some years, it was not until a few weeks ago that he got direct personal proof to make him a real, satisfied believer in the truth of his revelations. He came to me a perfect stranger, (being imprisoned to do so,) for the purpose of getting a test from his old friend, Abner Kneeland. He said, as he lay in bed, he could not tell of it unless it was true. An arrangement was made for a sitting with a reliable medium who knew nothing of him, or which he desired to commune with, when the following communication was given by one, who, being dead, yet speaketh:

My Friend—I am happy to commune with you. Long years have elapsed since we met. When I entered spirit-life everything seemed to me a mystery. I was an infant, as the world called me. I was true to my belief. I rejoice to say to you, friend Cogswore, that the joy of my soul was unbounded when I realized that I possessed the priceless gift of immortality. When I knew that I lived forever, only to progress, develop, and unfold into brighter and happier conditions.

The earthly sufferings which the weakness and injustice of my brother man imposed upon me, are now a count of the avowal of my sentiments for freedom and truth, were as much as my spirit was able to bear. Oh, how different things are now than when the "lightened" and "intelligent" people of Boston cast me into their prison-cells, simply because of my belief. Well, my friend, the world is developing, although it is in turmoil now. The angels rejoice to see it, because out of this darkness there will come forth the glorious sunshine, more brilliant than ever. I could write to you volumes relating to our past life, the present and the glorious future.

Heaven speed it, dear friend. You cannot tell the joy I shall experience when I can wait your spirit to the blissful abode. I am often with you, and it is my spirit that thrills your soul at times with the power, the love, and the different truths which are born in the angel world. I see in the depths of your soul the germs of immortality, and the magnitude and greatness to which you are capable of unfolding. I see in you that which I admire, and which attracts me to you. On a day when you work your mind over now, unconsciously to yourself, throw off brilliant emanations, which enlighten these around you. Your devoted friend, ABNER KNEELAND.

The medium through whom the foregoing was given, knew nothing of the history or associations of the parties. It is therefore not only a very good test, but also remarkably suggestive, as it plainly shows that an honest infidel, as well as an Orthodox Christian, and a happy reception beyond the grave, and that future bliss does not depend upon faith in words, but upon sincerity and obedience to the highest light which comes more or less clear to every human soul. Respectfully yours, JOHN BAMBOO, Washington, D. C.

"The Frailties of Mediums."

I observed, Mr. Editor, some months since, an article by Mr. Cogswore, on "The Frailties of Mediums." He asks, "Do a few intentional frauds take away the phases of mediumship that properly belong to the medium?"—and it is just to deprive him of the means of subsistence because of them? To which I answer, firstly, that if the person really possesses mediumistic powers, these frauds cannot take them away. But they take away all confidence from the listener. For how can one distinguish the true from the false? And, secondly, it is just to deprive any one of the power of subsisting by dishonest means. Any imposture is detectable; but to deceive us where our strongest feelings and affections are enlisted, and that, too, for the sake of money, appears to me the meanest and worst kind of deception.

These "intentional frauds" and the open deception of their perpetrators in the columns of the BANNER, will probably do more to injure the cause of Spiritualism than all the opposition of all the churches.

Respectfully, L. O. BROWNELL, Bristol, R. I.

Passed to Spirit Life.

From Methuen, Mass., July 30th, Mrs. Betsey R. wife of Dr. J. Russell, aged 70 years.

After a long and severe period of suffering, (a cancer,) one of our church members, and a woman through whose organism released of beautiful light from the spirit-world have been written and spoken, passed on to know of the truths which she had had glimpses of while here in the form. The last few months she was very anxious for the time to come for her departure; every day seemed like a month. But at last the happy moment came, and repeated from her suffering. She was a kind and devoted wife, and leaves a kind and faithful husband near eighty years old, who also realizes the truth of our beautiful philosophy, and longed for the time to come when he too shall pass on to meet his companions.

It was her request, months previous to her departure, that the writer should officiate at her funeral, and while kind spirits gave consolation and comfort to the mourning companion and friends, the assurance was given that the mother was not gone nor the wife dead, but still lives, and will be to them a guiding angel.

Man, M. B. Knapton, Lawrence, Mass., August 16, 1891.

From Chicago, Ill., August 4th, Francis DeLuxe, of Boston, Mass., after a brief illness of five days, who

He had only a few days before left home on a visit to his mother and brothers, living at the West, in his usual good health. In the prime of life, with a robustness of constitution such as few possess, none had the physical signs of promise of a long and useful life. He was certainly apparent than he. But beneath his fair exterior lay coiled the wings of death, the great destroyer. His very motion and

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 While it *heals the Body*, it also *energizes and expands the*
Mind, hastening by many years the *possession of those Sub-*
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Author.

he that is wise will not abhor them—and he hath given us
skill that he might be honored in his marvelous works
—Ecclesiasticus, ix. Apoc. chap. xix. xviii.
—Ecclesiasticus, ix. Apoc. chap. xix. xviii.

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