

Literary Department.

For the Banner of Light.  
QUINNEBAUG LYRICS.

BY DR. HORACE DENNIS.  
CANTO II.

Pray let me see thy face again, dear river,  
All smiling as it used to be.  
When in thy solitude I mused and never  
Saw but the Beautiful in thee.  
Bright stream, thou never hadst sincerer lover—  
Thou wast in all my boyhood's dreams;  
I left thy lovely banks and bowers, however—  
That day—how long ago it seems!

Forget I never can, do try remember,  
What once befell me on thy brink:  
It came to pass one morning in November,  
Just after break of day I think—  
With dreams of muskrat caught, I left my pillow,  
And soon was creeping down thy bank—  
A treacherous bough, old root, or frosty willow,  
Gave way—and down I fell and sank!

My gun and traps and spears and fishing-tackle,  
Old homestead now doth know no more;  
The well, the trees, the road, the old hen's cackle,  
Are all I find of days of yore.  
They say the shade have fled thy way for ever,  
And salmon, too, have quit thy springs;  
The seine, canoe, old captain's hat, however,  
Are 'mong my memory's treasured things!

I said I quit thee—aye—and went to college,  
But n'er forgot thy peaceful look—  
There, days and years I spent in search of knowledge,  
In Homer—Hesiod—other books;  
I read about an ancient sacred river,  
Pactolus named, whose yellow stream  
Transmutes its sands to gold, unheard of ever,  
Except in Aeschylus's wild dream!

But though unknown to Fame, I love thee better,  
A rocky, winding Indian stream,  
Than all the names to which old Greece is debtor,  
For poet's song or fabled theme:  
The red-man loved thee, and along thy border  
His lodge in forest rudeness reared;  
There lived and roamed till times took on new order,  
And axe-man's blow thy woodlands cleared.

Hidest thou the time I strolled thy banks, did rather  
Than listen to what parsons say,  
On one Thanksgiving morn'g apt to gather  
Those who have wandered far away?  
Thill I the goal of life shall pass, dear river,  
Oft—oft—may I those steps retrace;  
I joy, am glad, rejoice, give thanks whenever  
I see paternal dwelling place!

Dear birth-place—childhood's home—and native river,  
How bright and blest ye all have been!  
Be far away the day, O yes, for ever,  
Whose dawn shall change your gladness meen:  
That day—may it be turned to darkest earth-night,  
The Ute curse upon it rest—  
Their love shall ever be my sacred birth-right,  
O may they be for ever blest!

Loved stream, dost thou not well remember Nero,  
The faithful dog that kept with me?  
I'll tell a tale of him—myself the hero—  
And how acquaintance came to be:  
A day boy, a mile away from mother,  
Intent on what I went to get,  
Beneath a barn-door deep in dust and smother,  
I held first time my canine pet!

He lived and loved and was my boyhood's fellow—  
Would spring, and leap, and bound, and run,  
And all the woods with voices clear and mellow,  
If chance I took with me my gun:  
Old age came on—he fell—became a sleeper—  
I buried him beside a tree!  
When I go home, his grave I seek, a weeper,  
And think o'er Nero's love for me.

When I am weak and near to die, dear river,  
This thought shall ever bring me peace—  
That friends will take me back to thee, and never  
Leave my sick couch till I cease:  
Yes—when I sleep and placed here, this life departed,  
May old town-bell toll off my years—  
Mine ashes be where I life's journey started,  
And those who love me shed their tears!

BRARUM.—In Canto I, stanza 7, first line, after  
river, insert the omitted word, say—it will, then read  
as it was written:

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

With roses crown her baby head,  
Gleam with a kiss her tender eyes,  
Strew lilies o'er her cradle bed,  
For she shall wake in Paradise.

What music fills the silent room?  
Oh, list! the guardian angel sings:  
Our spirit rose-bird springs to bloom,  
Our spirit-bird unfolds its wings.

Oh, mother! look with inward eye,  
Dear heart, at once bereaved and blest,  
Behold the infant cherub rise,  
She smiles upon an angel's breast.

Rejoice amid thy sorrow's tears,  
Rejoice, for unto thee 'twas given,  
To hear the music of the spheres,  
To hear an angel babe for heaven.

THE MOURNER OF A MOTHER.—When temptation ap-  
pears, and we are almost persuaded to do wrong, how  
often a mother's warning word calls to mind vows  
that are rarely broken. Yes, the memory of a mother  
has saved many a poor, dissolute man from going  
astray. Tall grass may be growing over the hallowed  
spot where all her earthly remains repose; the dying  
leaves of autumn may be whistled over it, or the white  
mists of winter may cover it from sight, yet the spirit  
of her who was to him the light of his life, the  
gentle, merciful, faithful, and true, who was  
into the paths of error.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
HUMAN TRIALS.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MARGARET WOOD.  
CHAPTER III.

That winter wore away far more cheerfully than  
could have been anticipated by Mrs. Barton at its com-  
mencement; for this could have been understood by the  
circles in which the formerly moved, and who looked on  
with the most curiosity at her experiment of earning a  
living. Not that she had been utterly neglected by all  
her quondam friends, but a few ultra-fashionables had  
given her the cut direct. But she could spare the at-  
tention of such people. She possessed the thorough  
esteem and intimate friendship of a few, which was  
sufficient for her social wants. It was a great grief  
that her parents still regarded her course with so  
much dissatisfaction, but she trusted that time would  
overcome it. She missed Rachel, who, with the first  
opening of Spring, had gone to fill her appointed place  
in the Academy of P—; but her letters were fre-  
quent and cheerful.

A few months after her departure, Mrs. Barton had  
the happiness of announcing to her the marriage of  
her old friend, George Holman. She added:  
"He is more fortunate in his choice than he is him-  
self aware of; for the lady, though placid in exterior,  
possesses a great deal of spirit—not of that explosive  
kind which he so much dreaded, but which is governed  
by reflection, and will not permit its possessor to sink  
into a mere secondary and reflected existence. He  
seems supremely happy in his new home, but yet so  
kind is he, dear Rachel, that I should not wonder if  
he sometimes expends a little pity upon you for hav-  
ing been so blinded to your own happiness."

Rachel's answer to this, breathed such a spirit of  
contentment and earnest love for her calling, as to  
need no sympathy.

Mrs. Barton's business had slowly but surely in-  
creased from the first. She commenced it utterly in  
darkness, with regard to all the mysteries of the craft,  
but they gradually revealed themselves. Her percep-  
tion of character developed so, that she could tell, al-  
most instinctively, what books were best adapted to  
certain classes of mind. She came in rapport with the  
public, as it were, and judged its pulse, as the skillful  
physician that of his patient.

This was a source of new power, and of quiet and  
intense enjoyment. Suffering had been to her a revela-  
tion, both spiritual and intellectual. It had taught  
her to feel and to think, and she rejoiced to impart to  
others, through the medium of books, those burning  
words which had come home to her own spirit—

"Those thoughts which find us young,  
And always keep us so!"

which had inspired her with faith in humanity, amid  
much meanness in the humanity around her. But this  
she did judiciously, selecting that literature which had  
sufficient of the affirming element to make it accept-  
able.

This enlarged sphere of thought and action wrought  
a corresponding change in her personal appearance.  
The languid and indifferent expression gave place to  
one of bright intelligence; the slow movements be-  
came graceful and sprightly, and the voice, which had  
once seldom taken part in conversation, now awak-  
ened with its eloquence many a sleeping spirit to the  
beauty and holiness of some struggling cause.

Let us pass over two years, during which time her  
business had so much increased as to render it neces-  
sary to secure more commodious rooms. Now a hand-  
some store with a dwelling-house over it is selected,  
and we will follow the little household to their second  
home.

The room designed for a parlor looked out upon the  
street; but the one adjoining overlooked the river,  
and was pronounced by all the pleasantest. It had a  
southern exposure, and the breeze, sweet and free  
from dust, came in friendly at the windows. This  
was the room for the pleasant family life—for morning  
worship and evening songs—for memories of the past,  
and plans for the future. A few fine prints adorned  
the walls, and placed here and there were various pla-  
caste which Willie had collected from time to time.  
In one corner stood Mrs. Barton's guitar. Music was  
one of her passions, and this little instrument had  
taken the place of the costly piano, which had so often  
contributed to the happiness of the first home. It was  
a great favorite in the family, and was thrummed  
in turn by all. This Mrs. Barton encouraged, though at  
the cost of many a broken string, for she well knew  
the harmonizing power of music.

The store was truly a great change from the little  
front room of the cottage. The ample shelves were well  
filled; near the spacious window hung costly prints,  
and the counter was furnished with the latest periodi-  
cals. It altogether wore so attractive an appearance  
that the tide of fortune actually set in its favor. This  
was pleasant to Mrs. Barton, not only from the in-  
crease of business, and as a means of extending her  
influence, but it also enabled her to employ, and to re-  
munerate handsomely, a woman of much refinement,  
whose life had been embittered by the necessities of  
poverty. She had lived for years upon the small pit-  
tance of the shop-boys, and amid the most angelical  
associations.

But what grieved Mrs. Barton most of all, was the  
change in her father's feelings, who no longer regarded  
her as a wayward and disobedient child, but as a so-  
ber, whose judgment and discretion had become an  
established fact. He now frequently spent an hour in  
the store, conversing upon the topics of the day, look-  
ing over the last new books, or questioning the boys  
of their progress in their various studies.

Mrs. Dalton was much slower in coming around.  
She regarded the store with as much disfavor as ever;  
but an event occurred which awakened her old inter-  
est in her daughter.

Mr. Charles Carter was the best presiding officer of  
Jonestown; very capable in manner, dress and conver-  
sation, and rich within, though as he had worn his  
celibate honors long, and as he was a little older than  
he looked, he was somewhat of a mystery. He had  
once been an admirer of Mrs. Barton, but she rather

as her mother's daughter, than for any qualities which  
he found in herself, and when he had almost concluded  
to make her the happiest of women, he was surprised  
to hear of her engagement to another. He was dis-  
tressed by this disarrangement of his plans, and he  
stowed a few internal expressions upon the author.  
But he soon consoled himself by the thought that  
there might be finer women in the world than Jane  
Dalton; that perhaps it was fortunate he had been  
prevented from committing himself. Years rolled  
away, and he had not succeeded in finding one perfect-  
ly suited to his immaculate taste. When the death of  
his old rival occurred, he again thought of Jane, but  
he was unspeakably disgusted when she adopted her  
plebeian course—so much so that when about to meet  
her, he was usually occupied, with some one else, or  
managed to pass on the other side. Thus he avoided  
bestowing upon her one of his graceful bows. Of this  
she was scarcely conscious, being usually occupied  
with thoughts of more importance.

But old associations are strong, and the solitary  
bachelor had his sentimental moods, when fancies, scenes,  
long gone by, would recur to him, and the memory of  
a sweet voice, which sang sweet songs than were  
ever heard now-a-days. The moonlight was softer in  
those old days; the parties gayer, the ladies more  
beautiful, and she who had been the fairest to  
him then—really, she had not altered so much. He  
had great respect for his own opinion, and the fact of  
his having once formed it in her favor still influenced  
him, but the consciousness of having treated her with  
marked neglect now embarrassed him. He had al-  
ways preserved his infatuation with Mrs. Dalton, and  
now resolved to impart to her his present sentiments,  
and seek her counsel and assistance.

This declaration aroused that lady's old ambition  
for her daughter, and she resolved for its furtherance  
to bring into action all her remarkable powers of  
diplomacy. Her first step was to bestow upon her  
many kind attentions, which were very cordially re-  
ceived, without reference to the past. Her next, to  
make her several valuable presents, among which was  
a costly and showy dress. This she requested her to  
wear, for her sake, at a large party which she was to  
give the ensuing week. Mrs. Barton consented,  
though very reluctantly. She reasoned with herself  
that what she should wear for one evening was not a  
matter of much importance; and that if she should  
feel out of harmony, it would be so short a time  
that she would submit to it.

When the evening came, she found herself at her  
mother's. Before leaving the dressing-room, Mrs.  
Dalton called her to her own room, and opening a  
casket, displayed an exquisite set of pearls.

"Here, Jane," said she, "this is just what your  
dress needs to set it off."

"How beautiful!" said Mrs. Barton; "but really it  
seems quite inappropriate for me—a working wo-  
man!"

"Do, Jane, for my sake, lay that character aside, at  
least for one evening. Here, let me clasp this neck-  
lace for you, and these earrings. How beautiful!  
You look like the Jane of old times. Now for the  
bracelet. Your arm always was a model, as Charles  
Carter used to say. By the way, Jane, I wish you  
to be very polite to him, for really he is almost like one  
of the family. He is so kind to your father; comes in  
and plays chess with him almost every evening."

When they descended to the drawing-room, the first  
person who met them was Mr. Carter. He cast a look  
of satisfied admiration at Mrs. Barton.

"How do you like the effect, Charles?" asked Mrs.  
Dalton.

"Oh, entirely," said he, offering Mrs. Barton his  
arm.

This was done in such a family way that, placing it  
entirely to her mother's account, she accepted it as a  
part of the duties of the evening.

As the rooms began to fill, she found that her un-  
usually showy appearance attracted a large share of ob-  
servation. She attempted to relinquish the arm of her  
attendant, but just then, the eye of her mother was  
upon her, and, rallying her courage, she resolved to  
endure it a while longer.

At length she began to feel that she was the object  
of more observation than even her showy dress could  
account for. There were glances, then, whispers,  
smiles, and frequent appeals to Mrs. Dalton, to all of  
which that lady gave a nodding and smiling assent.  
She overheard one lady say, "He always had an ex-  
quisite taste."

"This seems like old times," remarked Mr. Carter.  
Indeed, no one came up to Mrs. Dalton in the  
taste of her arrangements. She has an admirable  
power of making her home attractive.

"I am glad that you find it so," was the reply.  
She tells me that you have been very kind to papa;  
that you do a great deal to make his evenings pleas-  
ant."

"That is but my duty," said he, pressing the arm  
which rested upon his.

"He is very kind, certainly," thought she.

"Permit me to lead you to my sister," said the gen-  
tleman; "she arrived in town but this morning, and  
is very desirous of seeing you."

Jane assented, of course, but as she was very slight-  
ly acquainted with Mrs. Dalton, she attributed this as-  
sertion entirely to the spirit of politeness with which  
she seemed to be possessed. She found her exceedingly  
elegant in dress, exceedingly proper in manner, and  
exceedingly uninteresting; but as Mrs. Dalton, who  
was very desirous of making everything smooth for  
the evening, came to the rescue, they accomplished  
the killing of half an hour together.

"Mrs. Barton has put on her best looks for the oc-  
casion," remarked one gentleman to another. "In-  
deed, such glowing roses I've not seen for many a  
day."

And will he, might say so, for her cheeks burned  
and her ears tingled with an embarrassment for which  
she could not account.

"I shall certainly suffocate in this atmosphere,"  
thought she. "How strange that trying to please  
another causes me so much discomfort."

A dance was announced, which Mrs. Barton de-  
clined, feeling, however, for an opportunity to escape  
from the room. But not so. Mr. Carter's politeness  
was not to be overcome by such an allurement.

"Really, Carter," said a gentleman, approaching  
her, "this is the first time I ever knew you to re-  
fuse a dance."

The gentleman's remark was not without effect. Mr.  
Carter was a scotchman? "Can't you persuade Mrs.  
Barton to a scotchman?"

"I am not anxious to do so," replied he. "I am  
happy to submit to Mrs. Barton's taste."

"An excellent beginning," said the gentleman,  
laughing, and bowing to Mrs. Barton.

His manner increased her embarrassment, she could  
hardly tell why, and, almost crying with vexation, she  
exclaimed to herself:

"How overpowering this politeness is! How ex-  
tremely attached he must be to papa and mamma, to  
trouble himself so about me!"

An elderly lady sitting near them commenced a con-  
versation. After a few remarks, she said:

"Well, dear, I saw those pearls last week, when  
they were bought," giving a significant look at Mr.  
Carter. "I little expected to see them here this eve-  
ning, though; but I give your mother the credit for all  
that, for she always was a manager; but then she could  
not have done a prettier thing than to bring it out  
with this handsome party."

"She means the reconciliation," thought Mrs. Bar-  
ton. "Well, her age gives her the right, I suppose,  
to say what she chooses."

The evening at length wore away, and the carriage,  
which Mrs. Barton had ordered at an early hour, was  
announced. Mr. Carter stood ready to hand her in,  
but how great was her surprise when he entered, al-  
though he did without relinquishing her hand.

"Dear Jane," said he, "this is the first time I have  
had a moment for confidential intercourse with you.  
I am so much gratified by your acceptance of my gift!  
It assured me of my happiness, and dispelled at once  
every doubt and fear."

"What can you mean, Mr. Carter? Your gift?"

"Why, surely, the pearls."

"The pearls! Your gift! Why, mother gave them  
to me as from herself. You do not—you cannot mean  
that I have worn your ornaments all the evening?"

"Is it possible that Mrs. Dalton did not explain?"  
said the gentleman, in a tone of dismay. "But surely  
you are aware of my intentions—my wishes—she  
has told you—"

"She has told me nothing at all, excepting that you  
were very kind to papa."

"Then I am exceedingly embarrassed, Mrs. Barton.  
But perhaps she designed that I should have this op-  
portunity to speak for myself—to tell you that I ad-  
mire—that I love you—that I trust you may reciprocate  
my feelings."

"Indeed! Indeed! but excuse me, Mr. Carter. I  
can think of nothing but this terrible mistake! That  
I should have accepted your attentions all the evening  
—that I should have worn your ornaments—that  
mamma should have allowed people to suppose that—  
that—"

The situation of the gentleman was as really de-  
plorable as that of the lady; and if he did utter to  
himself some very improper words, perhaps he may  
be excused. Her excitement was so great that he  
could say nothing, but quietly handed her out when  
the carriage drew up at her door.

"Good-night, Mr. Carter," said she; "but first  
take these." And hastily drawing off the ornaments,  
she placed them in his hand.

She went to the quiet home of Mrs. Barton, to  
witness the tears of mortification which she shed, as  
all the incidents of the evening rose up before her?  
No; for the gentleman in, after all, the greatest suf-  
ferer, as, in addition to the mortification, he had dis-  
appointed hopes to encounter. Of course, he went  
nowhere but to the author of this mischief. The  
guests were dispersing, and Mrs. Dalton, smiling and  
gracious, doing the honors. She caught his eye as he  
entered, and at once understood all; but she was a  
great diplomatist, and not to be discouraged by this  
first show of a bad card. So beckoning him to her  
side, she touched his arm lightly, and whispered sig-  
nificantly:

"I will all be right yet."

The rooms were at length empty, and the explana-  
tion ensued.

"I was your idea, Mrs. Dalton, that we should  
meet first in this public way; but I surely inferred  
that you had explained it all, and that my inten-  
tions were agreeable. Surely, my case is not so de-  
perate as to oblige me to force my attentions upon a  
lady to whom they are unacceptable."

"Of course not, my dear friend. But you know  
you had reason to suppose that you had given Jane's  
consent, by your former neglect; and thus, to bring this  
meeting about, required some management, and, in-  
deed, I think I deserve credit for its success, for suc-  
ceeding it. You have been devoted to each other for a  
whole evening, in presence of all the elite of Jones-  
ville, and she has worn the ornaments which you are  
known to have purchased. You certainly have en-  
joyed her society, for I have watched you, and your  
expression was one of perfect happiness. If you could  
be so happy with her for a few hours, accept it as an  
augury of the future." If Jane did exhibit a little ex-  
citement when she first discovered it, it is not strange.  
You should not judge her by that. I assure you she  
will be sufficiently amiable to-morrow. Trust to me,  
as you have done. All will come right yet."

As this hope was the only alternative, Mr. Carter  
endeavored to obey, and await the result.

The next morning Mrs. Dalton, not in the least dis-  
mayed by the present aspect of affairs, and feeling  
that the cards were all in her own hand, sought her  
daughter's presence. Her arguments were, first, to  
excuse the part she had taken; she had sought her  
daughter's best interest and happiness. Next, to in-  
fluence her conduct; she had committed herself to the  
eyes of all Jonesville, and there was but one course  
for her to pursue.

But we, who are better acquainted with Mrs.  
Barton than her mother was, know that the eyes  
of all Jonesville, could have little effect upon her  
conduct. She was grieved at the embarrassment and  
disappointment of Mr. Carter, and deeply mortified  
at her own position; but she resolved to bear these, as  
other trials had been borne, by overcoming them  
with higher thoughts.

Her friends knew would do her justice; but that  
she must suffer in the opinion of some others, she knew  
as well. Mrs. Dalton was repulsed in every mode of  
attack; and at length, disgusted and provoked at what  
she termed "Jane's obstinacy," relinquished her ob-  
ject for the time.

In no very amiable mood she re-entered her carriage.  
Soon she perceived a gentleman on horseback, whom  
she recognized as Charles Carter, and who was on-  
dering to catch her eye. This she saw without  
looking at him directly, and being in no mood for an  
interview, she determined to avoid it.

"Whip up, Tom," exclaimed she; "how the horses  
mope this morning!"

Tom obeyed. Not suspecting he had been recog-  
nized, Mrs. Carter pursued, which was observed by  
Mrs. Dalton, who was still looking sideways. Again  
she urged on the driver.

"Take the country road, Tom, I've an errand at  
P—, and put the horses at their best speed."

But Tom, too, had taken sideways observations, and  
saw how matters stood. With the true spirit of a  
jockey, he enjoyed the race, and looked back first over  
one shoulder, and then over the other, to watch the  
progress of his pursuer. This maneuver aroused the  
suspicions of Mr. Carter, and at length the truth of  
his absurd position burst upon him. He wheeled his  
horse instantly, at the provoking thought, exclaiming:

"Feel that I am, to treat that woman! Her avoid-  
ance of me shows that she has utterly failed in her  
part, and there is nothing now for me but to seek an  
interview with Mrs. Barton myself, and the sooner  
the better!"

CHAPTER IV.

In accordance with this opinion, his usual calm  
deliberation overcame by the excitement of the oc-  
casion, he hastened to pay his respects to the lady. She  
had not been in the store for the morning, and he  
was ushered into the parlor. The common courtesies  
of greeting were exchanged, when the usually self-  
possessed Mr. Carter felt the blood rush to his temples,  
and his voice tremble, as he expressed his regret at  
her "having suffered from the misunderstanding of the  
previous evening."

"I thank you for your sympathy," was the reply;  
"but we were both victims, and I regret the mistake  
as much on your account as my own. Indeed, you  
were the worse treated of the two, for you have been  
deceived the longest time."

"It has bestowed upon me the sweet, as well as the  
bitter, Mrs. Barton; but of myself I have nothing to  
say. I am deeply mortified to have been the cause  
of placing a lady in so unpleasant a situation, and  
would gladly remedy it, in any possible way. There  
is one way, which, if it were not disagreeable to you—  
you know my sentiments, which I expressed last eve-  
ning, and would be happy to renew."

"Oh, Mr. Carter! how could you in the eyes of the  
world, accept connections so holy with one whom you  
are so slightly acquainted with?"

"So slightly acquainted! And have you then for-  
gotten those earlier years, when we were no less ac-  
quainted? They are a green spot in my memory, and  
I flattered myself that you, too, had some pleasant re-  
miniscences of them."

"Yes, they were pleasant, but you and I are not the  
same beings who enjoyed those careless days. We  
have left that ark of undeveloped life, and gone out  
into a world of wide waters. We have each, since then,  
thrown around us an aura of tastes and habits, of  
thoughts and affections, which reveal us to ourselves;  
and we can only find rest with those who are harmo-  
nious with this sphere—who give what makes us  
nobler or humbler or sweeter, and take a part of our-  
selves in return. They are God-sent. They are our  
own. But those whose presence is no gift, and who  
cannot receive from us that which seems our highest,  
do not belong to us; and if two such should dwell  
side by side, there could be nothing but a hollow peace  
between them. I could not make you happy. I love  
the life of labor which I know you regard as unwe-  
lcome; and work, which was at first but a stern neces-  
sity, has now become sacred to me. God's life is lov-  
ing and working, and why should not mine be? My  
boys must be working men, and the influences sur-  
rounding them must aid them for that career. You  
were born with a fortune, and your only occupation  
has ever been to seek enjoyment. Let us be friends  
and greet each other kindly from our different  
spheres."

"Oh, Jane, you are giving to me now, a most  
bitter lesson. You say truly that my only occupation  
has been to seek enjoyment, but a wretched failure has  
been, and now it looks as contemptible in my eyes  
as it can possibly be in yours. Late as it is, I would  
gladly change my course."

His listener gave him a bright glance of sympathy.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "you could aid me so much,  
if you would. I will not speak of love, but give me  
your friendship. Give me your approval when I strive  
ever so imperfectly. Let me feel that there is one  
who will smile upon my efforts, and I will break these  
bonds of indolence and self-indulgence, which have  
held me so long, and the world shall have in me one  
more man."

"God bless and help you, my friend," said Jane  
Barton, extending her hand, most cordially.  
It was warmly grasped in return.

"Now," said he, "let the gospel of Jonesville do  
their worst for myself, I care not. But yet for you—  
your mother must end, as far as she can, the mischief  
she has wrought!"

Thus ended this dreaded interview. Mr. C.'s in-  
fluence modified Mrs. Dalton's feelings toward her  
daughter, and she still cherished an indefinable hope  
that her wishes might one day be realized; but what  
to do with the sensation which her party had created,  
was a more difficult question than had ever before  
come within her diplomatic range. She actually lay  
awake half the night, pondering upon it, and so great  
was her anxiety, that she was once upon the point of  
arousing her less enterprising half, to seek his counsel.  
A second, better thought, checked her. It would be  
but poor policy that to confess her weakness, then, too,  
"he never had a head for plans." The result, how-  
ever, which she at last arrived at, was not unworthy  
of her genius. The pearls were to be a present to  
Jane on account of Mr. Carter's friendly remarks for her;  
and if they were not engaged, it was because they were  
too stupid to see what was for their own happiness.  
She had but fallen, with others into the most natu-  
ral supposition that such was really the case.  
The resolutions which Mr. Carter had formed, in-  
deed, were not so imprudent as they appeared.



glance appear. For several years a student of the mode of life had been growing upon him, and he went into society merely to dissipate the ennui; but here, the knowledge of his position, and only placed him at a disadvantage, so that he could not but feel vexation at finding himself outwitted by headless boys in his attempts to the pretty young misses who formed a large proportion of the society. Then when he returned to his solitary rooms, life seemed to him more than ever "flat," stale, and unprofitable. He would think of the men who had started in life with himself, many of whom were now enjoying well won reputations and happy homes, with whom he had competed successfully in many a college exercise, when he, too, had dreams of

"Deeds to be done,  
And a name to be won."

These reflections, bootless as they seemed, would force themselves upon him, and make his solitary life more irksome than it otherwise would have been.

He found that there were not only gaps, but huge caverns in life, which society could not fill up. Then he resolved to marry. With the vanity which had been nursed in him by the obsequious world, he supposed he had only to select among his numerous acquaintances, and the favored fair one would immediately reply "Yes, I thank you." The result of his experiment was a revelation. Words had been spoken, such as he had never before listened to, but which he received because the hour had come, and they gave a definite form to ideas which had often come like a dark cloud to overshadow and perplex him. Now that he had resolved to do, the next question was, what to do?

At the requirement of his guardian, he had once studied medicine, and was thought to have evinced considerable talent for the profession. He remembered still, the interest with which he had listened to medical lectures, and the desire which he had once felt, to wear the honors of M.D., but before this was accomplished, he was overtaken by that sometimes dangerous period "coming of age." A large income opened before him, a life of ease and pleasure, and he had succumbed to their influences. Should he now retrace his steps, or strike out a new path? He decided upon the former.

Though he could not hope for the eminence to which he had once aspired, yet he had served self so many years, and been rewarded only by dissatisfaction, he would now try the experiment of working for others; and for the furtherance of this object, nothing seemed so available as medical skill. His first thought was to leave his native place, and thus break at once blow, all frivolous associations. But this was to leave behind the good as well as the evil, and dreading above all, to lose his last found friend, who was the inspiration of his new born energy, he decided to remain. He therefore made immediate arrangements to study with Dr. Kalb, a skillful and well-read physician of extensive practice. He found his old knowledge return to him quite rapidly, as, also, his former interest in the profession.

It is not to be supposed that this change in Mr. Carter's habits was entirely acquiesced in by his former associates. Indeed, he received much sage advice to the contrary, and many were the jokes indulged in at his expense.

One morning a party of them intercepted him on his way to the office. One declared that a few evenings previous, seeing a light at an unusually late hour in Kalb's office, he stepped up to see the cause, and there found Dick Carter's pet greyhound lying upon the sofa, wrapped in his master's cloak. That the poor dog was evidently under the influence of an emetic, and the reproachful manner in which he rolled his eyes upon his master, for thus making him the subject of a medical experiment, was heart-rending to witness.

"Oh, barbarous!" exclaimed another.

"'T was a woful change, Carter, that came o'er the spirit of thy dream," said the third. And the first declared with emphasis that "Dick's" fate was sealed, and that the only consolation for him was that which had been proposed years ago for similar unfortunate cases:

"The doctor singly like the sculler piles  
The patient struggles, and by inches dies;  
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,  
Wait him quite smoothly to the Stygian shores."

Carter had always stood exceedingly upon his dignity, and a joke had but seldom ventured upon by his friends. He was himself surprised at the equality with which he bore this attack; but life had suddenly grown so grand and serious, that this seemed like the child's play, which it really was.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said he, "to your jokes at the expense of a Tyro; but though I submit to be your subject for the present, beware that you do not become my subjects by-and-by."

"Oh, horrors, Carter! too grave a joke by half. We give it up."

But Carter had his seasons of darkness and discouragement, when he was tempted to fall back upon his old ground. Sometimes, too, he chafed like a school-boy at the confinement of books, and longed for the old freedom of boating, driving and lounging in the open air; but he could not forget the ennet which had ever followed those pleasures.

In one of these seasons of depression he said to Mrs. Barton:

"I confess, sometimes, to a great distrust of this working life, unless where it is a matter of bread and butter. Some busy demon has all day long been whispering to me, 'What nonsense to add another to this already over-stocked profession, to deprive by your intrusion, if indeed you should ever arrive at that pitch, some poor fellow without a cent in his pocket, of his longed for life.'"

"If to take the foe were the chief object," said Mrs. B., "there would be some force to the argument of your demon; but there are so many who enter all professions for that purpose alone, it is important to preserve a balance of power against them. We have been reading, this evening, Mrs. Browning's works; who, I am thankful, did not say, 'Of what use to add another book to the world?' I am so humbled before her, and yet so glad of one who was not driven, but grandly accepted her destiny as a worker. She, the delicate and softly bred English woman, whose seeming fate was to float lightly upon the surface of society, would not rest there, but plunged downward into its dark depths, with love and pity in her heart for the wronged and suffering there."

"You give no quarter to my demon, Mrs. Barton. Indeed, you have so utterly demolished him; that I do not think he will intrude again."

In a few months—sooner than Mr. Carter himself wished—he assumed the title and duties of his profession, for Dr. Kalb was desirous of giving up to him a certain part of his practice, that which was most laborious and least remunerative, as his increasing years demanded an increase of rest. This practice was chiefly in out of the way places and among the poor, and Dr. Carter soon found himself so entirely occupied, heart, soul and body, as to have no time for those reflections which had formerly embittered his life. Indeed, the professional man, with his quick eye and elastic step, his sharp-wittedness, his ready wit, his active figure, could scarcely be recognized as the elegant Mr. Carter, whose step was so deliberate, whose dress so exquisite, and whose glance or speech never betrayed an unbecoming haste. His place in church, where he had been for so many years.

The observed-of-all observers, the glass of fashion and the mold of form, was now exchanged for a most unobtainable seat near the door, so that if called during service he might pass unobserved. These changes were extremely disagreeable to that class of ladies with whom he had been

so great a favorite, and were looked upon by them as a slight upon the dignity of the time. He frequently visited at Mrs. Barton's. Let us accompany him one winter's evening. The parlor is cheerfully lighted, and heated by an open grate. Bobby is deeply immersed in the Francocon Stories, and Willie, in the life of Michael Angelo. At another table Mrs. B. is sewing, and Miss Williams, the lady before spoken of, as her assistant, reading aloud. A slight tap, and Dr. C. enters. He is cordially welcomed by all. Willie claims his sympathy for Michael Angelo, and Bobby for Mary Bell, (one of the Francocon Stories.)

"Oh, Dr. Carter, Mary Bell is splendid!"

"No doubt of it, Bob. Was it she that I saw you totting to school upon your sled this morning?"

Willie shouted, and Bobby laughed also, but added:

"Pretty girl, is n't she? I mean to take her again to-morrow," for he had a pleasant way of accepting rather than warding off a joke.

"I have news for you," said the doctor to Mrs. B. "I saw your old friend, Miss Downe, two days ago."

"Indeed! I am so delighted! Tell me all about her."

"I was called to visit a patient, who proved to be the lady with whom she boards. She inquired for you with the greatest interest, and hopes to visit you during the next vacation."

"I am so happy!" she has made such promises before."

"So she told me, but says that there are now no prospective hindrances."

"It is nearly four years since I have seen her. How does she look?"

"Unaltered, excepting, it may be, a shade stouter. Time, it seems to me, usually gives to your sex, Willie, takes from mine." This was said with a glance at his own slight figure.

"In your case, Charles," said Mrs. B., "he has not a fair chance. You really are not quiet long enough for him to make any luxurious bestowals upon you."

"But you will confess that until within the last two years I gave him every opportunity, which he made but poor use of."

"Truly," replied Mrs. Barton, laughing, "I will not attempt to defend him more."

"Mother," interrupted Bobby, "there's to be a great skating match on Duck's Pond, to-morrow, and I want to go, old Sykes to the contrary, for he refused us the day."

"Old Sykes, my boy! What an epithet for your teacher."

"Good enough for him when he serves us so."

"But not good enough for your own sake, Bobby. How would it please your father to hear you speak so?"

This reference to their father was common in Mrs. Barton, either by way of reproach or encouragement to her boys. Thus they grew up without the sense of orphanage, and with a strong desire to please this father of whose presence they were so often reminded.

Bobby, indeed, was becoming very like him in person, as well as in character. His smile, the tones of his voice, and his merry humor, had for that reason a double charm for his mother.

Rachel's visit occurred in early Summer, and gave all the enjoyment which had been anticipated. Quietly the two friends talked together of all the trials and successes, labors and plans of the past years, and their aspirations for the future. Each gave to the other every new friend and beautiful thought which he had himself received, every ray of love and light from the Eternal Fountain which had warmed and cheered some season of darkness and despair. Meetings like these are a blessed table-land in the ascent of life, when the soul looks backward, seeing clearly all that it has gained, joyfully conscious of that love which has guided over perilous passes, and in the strength of which it regards without shrinking those heights which loom in the distance. Rachel soon formed an alliance of friendship with Miss Williams, who was one of those neutral-tint characters which harmonize so delightfully with every other shade. And Dr. Carter was so attentive to his friend's guest, that Madam Rumor was really at fault as to which of the two ladies he was particularly attracted. Mrs. Dalton, however, had no doubts upon the subject. She felt that the scheme she had so adroitly planned was in progress of fulfillment, but disgusted at the want of confidence with which she herself was treated, never deigned to refer to the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Danner of Light.

## TO MY FRIEND, ANNIE ODIERNE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

"Will thou not be my friend in Heaven?"

Yes, I will be thy friend in Heaven,

My Annie, loved and cherished long;

Wherever won by love forgiven,

And noble deed enshrined in song,

Shall greet my wandering footsteps—here

Or in the soul-land's summer sphere;

Wherever Truth and Aspiration,

In golden heart-links, from above

Invoke the poet inspiration

Unto the prayerful heart of love;

Wherever Friendship's guiding hand

The pilgrim leads to Summer Land;

Wherever Faith, fond vigils keeping

Over the treasured dreams of life,

Awards the watcher's harvest reaping,

Even 'mid the war-storm's raging strife;

Where'er for principles divine

Life-offerings dead dear Freedom's shrine;

Wherever Usefulness and Beauty

In Paradisean homes unite;

Wherever peals the hymn of Duty,

And gleams Ascension's beacon-light;

Wherever dentures heaven-renown,

Eastwards the well-earned laurel crown—

I meet thee, friend! and thence my spirit

Communes in music-waves with thee;

Alike our kindred souls inherit

The love of all things pure and free.

'T is heaven where'er a noble deed

Is offered to the world's great need.

'T is Summer Land where'er the angels

Of human sympathy abide;

Wherever sun-draped Truth's evangel

Floats o'er the awing human tide;

Wherever from the tolling sod

The seeking millions cry to God!

'T is heaven where'er the Right is striving

For Godlike mastery o'er the wrong;

Where sweet content and love are thriving

Amid the Mammon-chasing throng;

Where hearts, inspired of Freedom, wait

The opening of the Morning Gate.

Thus at all times thy wish is granted,

And I forever am with thee;

Whether I roam in dreams enchanted,

Or to the wildwood stillness flee;

Wherever bold thoughts of heaven

Unto my longing soul are given;

Or loving deeds my heart upraise;

And Progress marks with golden dial

The world's march of triumphant years.

The spirit's recompense of trial's pain

Whate'er of beauty grows to thee;

In part of Bopland's summer sphere!

Marion, Iowa, 1863.

## Original Essays.

### THE PERSONALITY VS. THE OMNI- PRESENCE OF DEITY—No. 2.

In replying to the criticisms of Mr. D. Palmer, let me premise that I neither affirm the finite can grasp the infinite, nor disregard the teaching, "Who by searching can find out God." My effort has been to show that it is more rational to hold on to the belief, "God is a Spirit," than to accept the new dogma, "Deity is a Principle" coextensive with matter, and everywhere present in endless space.

As this necessarily involves the question of Omnipresence, I feel our effort should be to learn both "what and where is God," as taught by Nature, Science and Reason. I have given some of my interpretations of their power to this momentous question. If Mr. Palmer, or any other of my readers will specify any alleged error or errors therein, I will gladly receive instruction; for my desire is to avoid error in my search for Truth. When considering a question of such intricacy and magnitude, it is important to find some standard standpoint to reason from and appeal to in our inquiries. As I understand the teachings of Nature and Science, as interpreted by Reason, they are, that matter is self-existent, but neither recognizes the self-existence of soul or spirit. They claim these had their origin through the combination of material atoms previously existing in unfellowed relations. The logical conclusion therefore follows, that this was the condition and relations of material atoms before any combination of them occurred. Hence, "the original atoms" were the immediate germ-source of the existing physical universe. Therefore, the first change in their original relations was an effect resulting from an acting cause, and constituted the beginning of creation. Thus far, I believe, the Materialist, who holds matter is God, and the Spiritualist, who affirms Deity is a Principle, and the Spiritualist who accepts God is a Spirit, can and do agree in their interpretations of Nature and Science. But at this point they separate; because their conflicting theories will not allow the same solution of the question, "What was the acting cause?"—or, "Why did the atoms, thus originally free or uncombined, thus begin to unite in new relations?" It is for the Materialist, who ignores the existence of spirit in contradistinction to matter, to offer his own solution of this question; but it is my privilege to test its rationale and consistency with his theory.

So it is for the advocates of the "Principle" theory to explain for themselves the why and wherefore of this original beginning of change in the condition of existing atoms, and when any one of them will do so, the explanation shall have my careful and candid thought.

I, a Spiritualist, believing "God is a spirit," have given my explanation of this why and wherefore, and stand ready to vindicate it when specifically objected to. Mr. Palmer does not specify any alleged error in the argument that I can take issue on, but rather seems to think the logic is sound. True, he raises an important query, and one it will in due time be my duty to fairly meet; but let us settle one question at a time. If we purpose, in the free exercise of our reason, to invoke the aid of Analogy and Induction, it is an open question whether "these germ atoms" were self-existing primary elements, or compound results or creations, and the conclusions on this point are involved in the solution of the question, Why did they originally begin to combine?—and, if you please, Why have they since continued to exhibit a perpetual tendency to change? If the advocate of either Materialism or the Principle theory can rationally solve this, he will dispose of my theory, that "God is a spirit," but if in despite of all his ingenuity, he fails to plausibly solve it, then I claim his failure is *prima facie* evidence that his theory is untrue, and on my showing the inconsistency of his solution with either the effect to be explained, or the promises for explaining it, then I shall claim a verdict against him, and proceed to further consider my affirmative proposition, "God is a spirit," and meet the query raised by Mr. Palmer, which I think can be successfully done in the harmony with our highest reverence for him as the source of all Life, Volition and Consciousness.

The poet has said, "Facts are the basis of philosophy," and then beautifully defines Philosophy to be "the harmony of facts seen in the right relations." If we accept as fact that "the original or germ atoms" were free, before their first combined, and the additional fact that since their first union they have been the subject of continued change, then our lesson is to discover the harmony of these two facts, for only thus can we progress in our knowledge of God and Nature.

I do hope Mr. Palmer and others may agree that this simple question should, in its detail, be fairly met, and thus each theory be tested for itself. Truth will not suffer thereby, though theories may.

April 30, 1863. PHILADELPHIA.

## "PURE CHRISTIANITY."

BY E. T. BRADSTREET.

I would like, Mr. Editor, to suggest a few thoughts through your widely circulating Journal. I will state that some months ago I published, in the Rising Tide, an article under the following caption: "What are the Doctrines of Christ?" in which I earnestly asked for information and light on this time-honored subject. But my appeal went forth as the voice of a lone traveler on some broad and wild prairie, which dies suddenly away, without so much return as the slightest echo. Again I reiterate the same inquiry. And as there are very many "reformers," and a larger number of "Christians," who are fond of referring in specific terms to "the doctrine of Christ," "true religion," &c., will not some one of them put their finger down on the place or passage wherein "true Christianity" is expressed? Will not some one direct where the "young child" is, that I may come and worship him also? For as yet I am much perplexed, and cannot find it. I find no means by which to exactly determine what people mean by the expressions "true Christian religion," "pure Christianity," &c. We all suppose, however, that it has reference to the teachings and example of Christ, as set forth in the "New Testament." We have frequently gone to that Book, in our search after "pure Christianity," and confusion were confounded has been the result. And, if we mistake not, a large portion of Christendom have shared something of a like experience. For instance: If we would preach a peace sermon from the authority of Christ in his "Sermon on the Mount," we may be suddenly met with the following: "And he that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one." Please, sir, what has this "Prince of Peace" to do with war weapons—instruments made for no other use than that of shedding the life-blood of men? And then, if we, from the same authority, insist upon the righteousness of war, the "Sermon on the Mount" immediately confronts us with the extremes of non-resistance, such as "turn the other cheek," "resist not evil," and so on. He is said to have been the "Prince of Peace," and yet he declares that he "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword."

At one time he tells us to "love, and curse not." But at another, we see him "cursing" "him that curses upon an uncircumcised figure." He tells us to "love," "equally hard in the heat of judgment" at some future time, "if thou shalt see that he would argue the

principles of temperance, and efforts to live with a death wish, and his conduct at Cana, where he turned the water of a common wine press, into a feast of a common wine press, certainly is only an act of expediency, in case already "well drunk." And while in one place he calls to us the milk of human kindness, of cheerfulness and meekness, he kicks it all over with the quakers' money tables in the temple.

From Christ's teaching flows the warm injunction: "Honor thy father and thy mother;" and, again, when speaking of the same relation, abruptly commands, "Let the dead bury their dead." As we admirably listen to the sweet accents of, "Father, forgive them," "neither do I condemn you," &c., how chimes with all this the grating words of, "depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire?" If we examine his metaphysics, we are soon introduced to the unphilosophical and untruthful intimation that belief and love are both a result of voluntary action; that man has the power to believe or love at will, and then pronounces damnation as a just punishment upon all men in whom certain belief and peculiar love is not found. His physics appear no better, especially where he promises those, who believe his gospel through the preaching of his disciples, that "they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them."

Where, we ask, is the Christian, to be a "true Christian" or otherwise, who would not tremble for the safety of his physical structure if assured that he had swallowed a deadly potion of strychnine, corrosive sublimate, or any other "deadly thing?" Who would expect to escape from the venom of the viper merely by virtue of his Christian faith and baptism?

His mathematics are equally mixed, when three is one, and one is three. He also instructed his followers that he would remain in the tomb three days and three nights, but did it not. He gave out that before that generation should pass away, that he would come again in the clouds of heaven and the glory of his Father, with the angels, &c., but we have no account of such an event. We might still lengthen out, but perhaps enough has been said to answer the present purpose.

Much has been said about "harmonizing the Scriptures," as though all truth had not inherent harmony, and therefore did not always harmonize. We do not fear contradiction, when we assert that the absence of harmony in any degree, is a sure index to a want of truth or correctness in the same proportion. If Christ has said or done a thing, we cannot so change the fact as to make it that he did not say or do that thing. This "harmonizing," as it is called, is simply saying that Christ meant in one place what he said and done, but did not in another, we being choosers as to which of his sayings or doings shall stand as he said or done it, and also which shall be twisted into harmony with another. How is it that one thing which Christ said or done, is in any more or less expressive of his doctrines, or principles, than another; or if it really is so, by what rule are we to determine which is deserving the preference. These "harmonizers" are much like the man who would contend that he had a cord of hickory wood, because there was a few genuine hickory sticks to be found in it, not realizing that a piece of bass wood, or any other kind of timber, might help make up the pile, was just as much of that cord of wood as the same sized piece of hickory.

But suppose, to settle the difficulty, we "harmonize" this wood-cord, what is it likely the result would be? Just bass-wood and hickory, and all other kinds and qualities which had previously composed the pile—the same after "harmonizing" as before, we think. This "harmonizing" is either more of a sugar-coat process, than otherwise. In all truth there certainly is harmony, naturally and inherent. Harmony is not a something that may be infused as will into some thing, or things, in which it had not an spontaneous and natural existence, arising from their nature and stems.

Will Dr. A. B. Child, or any other good Child, who is fond of "pure Christianity," who also may live where the Sun rises sooner than it does in the far West, give of their light, on this interesting subject, and oblige, as we think, many readers?

Dubuque, Iowa.

### A FEW REMARKS ON "TRUE CIVILIZATION AN IMMEDIATE NECESSITY, AND THE LAST GROUND OF HOPE FOR MANKIND, BY JOSIAH WARREN, COUNSELLOR IN EQUITY."

This book of less than two hundred pages, bears, most assuredly, an imposing title, yet we may embrace the privilege which the author freely concedes to every reader, of doubting his conclusions.

He tells us that "man must have power over man to resist wanton encroachments on universal rights," yet that it is "a fatal fallacy to suppose that this deciding power can be successfully vested in a majority over a minority, or over a single person."

With such views of a fundamental principle of free institutions, we may not be surprised at the conclusion to which he arrives in his 472d section, which is in these words: "The word Rebellion is only a barbarian name for the exercise of Freedom, and 'crushing out Rebellion' is CRUSHING OUT LIBERTY!"

If we can comprehend his argument, he would maintain that each individual has an inalienable right to do what he pleases, and that "true civilization," which is "an immediate necessity, and the last ground of hope for mankind," demands that each individual should be unrestrained in the exercise of this right.

If we misunderstand the writer, or misrepresent him, we do it innocently, whilst confessing our surprise that such sentiments could be harbored in any American bosom. Without doubting his purity of motive, we must be permitted to say that our author seems to misapprehend entirely the character, the wants, and the true situation of our country. This Republic is the first experiment of free government ever undertaken by an intelligent people who were capable of establishing and sustaining free institutions. Its success has been most complete and gratifying, and the experience of three-fourths of a century has convinced us that it is better calculated to secure the happiness of man than any other form of government which ever existed upon earth. So the people think; and that solid and invulnerable body of twenty-five millions of freemen who sustain the Union, and who hold the reins of government in their own hands, will continue to preserve our free institutions unimpaired.

This madly conceived, and now totally senseless, no less than fruitless rebellion, instead of shaking our faith in free institutions, will aid in confirming it, in the breasts of all who need such confirmation. It is indeed a bitter scourge, but perhaps a seasonable and necessary one; sent not to injure or destroy, but to purify and strengthen the Republic; and no fear whatever need be entertained of any other result. It is no crisis, but an incident in the progress of free institutions, which cannot fail to have a most salutary influence in promoting the intellectual and moral improvement of man.

## CRADLE SONG.

BY TIMOTHY FITZINGS.

Blether, sleep! a mother wants thee!  
Come with velvet arms,  
Hold the baby that she grants thee;  
In thy own soft charms.

Bear him into Dreamland lightly;  
Give him sleep of flowers;  
Do not bring him back till brightly  
The sun is shining on the morning hours.

Close his eyes with gentle fingers;  
From his hands of snow,  
Till the angels who he loves  
They must whisper low.

## Correspondence.

### Death of Nathaniel Osgood.

February 4th, 1863, at Alton, Maine, Nathan Osgood, of Pittsfield, Maine, aged 34 years, left his native place of Alton, after enduring for many hours the agonies of a fever, caused by injuries received by the blowing up of a steam boiler in the tannery of Messrs. Shaw & Milliken, upon the engine connected with which Mr. Osgood and his cousin, Frank Howe, were making some repairs. The latter was instantly killed, but Mr. Osgood lingered a little time.

Mrs. Laura M. Rollis, by spirit influences, collected at his funeral, at Pittsfield, to which place his body was conveyed. Mr. Osgood was one of the noblemen of earth, "a sound mind in a sound body," upright in all his associations with his fellow men; and esteemed and respected by them, and especially by those who knew him best; ingenious as a mechanic, modest and unassuming in his pretensions, and a deep thinker. He was a believer in the Philosophy of Spiritualism, and shaped his manner of life to accord with this belief. Unbless with more than a common education, he was in the habit of committing his thoughts to paper, which usually were in the form of verse. Some of these effusions have been published in the Banner or Liberator. He walks no more visibly among us, but we believe that he is round about us, using the influence of his pure spirit for our good. He left behind him a wife and three small boys.

P. A.

Mr. Enison—the following lines were written by Mr. Osgood some weeks previous to his death, and he designed sending them to you, but told them aside to make some change. To us, now, they seem prophetic. Yours, &c. C. B. A.

Pittsfield, April 29th, 1863.

### WEET NOT FOR ME.

Weep not for me when ye are gathered round  
To watch my flickering lamp of life expire,  
Pain my quick ear with no sad, murmuring sound,  
Nor hold me earthward with one vain desire.  
When the Great Father calls his wandering child  
One upward step toward the perfect day,  
Grieve not that I obey the mandate mild,  
And break with dithering break from earth away.

Shed not tears for me, ye dearly loved,  
That pain would clasp me to your heart of hearts;  
We may not part the tender bonds unloosed,  
Nor check the earth-born grief that death imparts.  
Yet the torn tendrils of each bleeding heart,  
So readily severed from the joys of earth,  
Upward shall reach to greet the painful start,  
Winged with the welcome joys of spirit birth.



able here, and many in attendance, got their first knowledge of spiritual things from the venerable speaker. It will have a good effect on all present. The reputation of the speaker, his patriarchal appearance, coupled with the honest simplicity with which he addressed the audience, must have carried conviction to many hearts.

In my examination of the hospital, to find any sick or wounded soldier whom I might benefit, I found a young man by the name of P. Shipman Griffin, of Oudaga Co., belonging to a New York Regiment. He was very sick, and was attended by his mother. I approached her and inquired how her son was. I found she was aware of the nearness of his change. "But," she says, "I do not feel as others would, for I know my dear boy will be with me still." I announced myself to her as also a Spiritualist, and never have I seen any one more rejoiced to see a friend. I was the first Spiritualist she had met, and she felt as though she had a near friend. I visited her as long as her boy lived, and the calmness with which she witnessed the growing weakness and certainty of a near termination of the earth-life of her son, astonished all. She was always cheerful while attending upon him, but had not been her journey home with the body of her son wasted by disease, which a few short months before had left her in full health.

Another victim on the altar of slavery. Attendees will ever attend the mother. She needs not our consolations. Her faith and knowledge is far beyond our words; but I shall ever hold in memory the pleasant interviews I had with the widowed mother and her son.

In sincerity I am as ever yours,

ALFRED HORTON.

Washington, D. C., May 8, 1883.

#### Places and Persons.—No. 2.

I told you, Mr. Editor, in my last notes, that I was lecturing in Evansville, Ind. I told you something of the place, but nothing of the people.

My audiences are good, so far as numbers go. They are a collection in the main of odds and ends, the fragments of humanity. A few unbelieving Germans, a trio of copperheads, two and a half score of curiosity-seekers, here and there a uniformed fellow, several out-and-out secessionists, a couple of slavery-hating slaveholders, a few persons of color, and a small army of the stout and best brains of Evansville, compose my audiences. The slaveholders, who have crossed the Ohio river to see me, hate slavery as earnestly as I do, and are watching for a way to give the slaves liberty, and with it a better condition. The few slaveholders I have met here are joining with the Garrisonians in prayer for the speedy uprooting and extermination of the curse—slavery.

My host, Dr. G., is a man of perhaps fifty years. Three young women, the joy and pride of his earlier life, a girl of twelve years—the incarnation of chain-lightning—a promising young man, a nine-years-old young America, and a wee baby and its young mother, constitute the doctor's family. You will, it may be, half believe we have a miniature Babel. Not a bit of it. Stepmother and daughters are sister-like. Baby holds all heart-strings; but, over all, her banner is love.

I have passed some time in the hospital with the sick and wounded soldiers. One sees in them, on a miniature scale, the horrors and the sorrows of war. I saw one wounded soldier, who has been in bed six months, with no prospect of returning health. Another, a boy of eighteen, has a frightful wound in the abdomen. His fair young face and his large, pleading eyes, made me half wish I was his mother and the proprietor of a comfortable home, where I might nurse him and cheer his hours of pain.

"Have you a mother?" I asked the boy.

"No mother," he replied, "and I know nothing of my father."

He is the world's orphan. May it deal tenderly with her own.

I saw a rebel among our wounded. He was kindly treated and as well cared for as they. He regrets the war, but justifies the South as justified in "defending her rights and homes." As proof of the enthusiasm and devotion of the South, he said they had cast cow-bells, tea-bells and all the church-bells into cannon; and that the women of the South counted no sacrifice too great for the furtherance of their cause. Had we of the North a like zeal, with the union of heads and hands, the rebellion would to day be remembered among the things that were. I, for the first time, believed for my native State, when told by the prisoner that two New Hampshire boys belonged to his regiment. Two genuine Yankees killing their own kith and kin! Who doesn't commiserate their mothers and sisters?

Well, since change comes to all, I must change. New places and strange faces must take the places of those I have just begun to think of loving. I go to Terre Haute, Ind.; from there to Delphi, Ind. By the 10th of June I intend to go, like McCallan, into Summer quarters.

H. F. M. Brown.

Evansville, Ind., April 21st, 1883.

#### Spirit Photograph Controversy.

Mr. LATHAM.—Dear Sir: Your review considered, &c., in reply to mine of April 11th, has been carefully read, and the points (which are few), that have any bearing on the subject, noted. What your object is in logging in so much extraneous stuff, is more than I can divine. We ought to bear in mind that paper is high, and the shortest way is always the best.

You tell me in the outset, "I seem to have but very little idea," &c., and that my article was "overdrawn." The former you attribute to my ignorance of photography, and this, you say, disqualifies me for an impartial reviewer.

Now I have seen the pictures you speak of, at least Mr. Latham's and Mr. Peabody's cards, and most solemnly affirm I cannot see the resemblance you see; but this, as you truly observe, is of no consequence. I have also seen Mr. Stuart and Mr. Mumler, and they authorize me to say, that all they ask of you, or any one else, is simply justice; and request me to say to you, to spare nothing but the truth. Hence, your embarrassment for the artist's feelings (after killing him) is wholly unnecessary.

Now, does your reluctance, &c., amount to anything? You have deliberately and most emphatically charged, "that in two cases at least description has been unqualifiedly practiced," and yet in the face of this, you now tell me that your design was merely to submit some of the leading facts, leaving the readers of the BANNER to form their own conclusions.

Now, have you not given both promise and conclusion?—and the latter buttressed with all the superlatives you could conveniently apply? I could see not the slightest chance of any other conclusion than your own, except by moving direct in the face of your ponderous cards, which luckily prove to be but harmless Quakers.

You will observe a slight hiatus here between what you say you designed to do, and what you did do. It will be recalled that I claimed only that these pictures were at the most, only suspicious circumstances—this was allowing your statement all the margin to which it was entitled. It is plain, that if it could be shown how they were produced, there is an end of the controversy. I also claimed that, the essence of the whole, you gratuitously assumed without even attempting to prove, at the same time frankly owning my inability to prove Mr. Mumler's innocence. This left the case where it was in the outset, plain as the sun in the sky. To this end, I called on you for the direct proof, which would bring the matter home; and here is what you offer me!

"The two spirits were just such as any photographer could produce from this same negative, and those experienced in the business testify that there is no more probability that they could have been produced from any other than this, the negative of Mr. Peabody, which is known to have been in their possession."

Now I affirm, without fear of successful contradiction, that the man or men, or many, that defied Mr. Mumler's statement, and who attempted to tell those who saw them, that they were called on you for the direct proof, which would bring the matter home; and here is what you offer me!

I commend this unqualified assertion to the candid

eration of all whom it may concern, and as you attribute my blundering in, to my ignorance of photography, let us see if your and their knowledge will enable you to blunder out.

This is exactly the course of Paraday, Brewster and other scientific bigots. They hold that because a thing can be done in a certain way, and they know of no other way it can be done, ergo, it is either done in that way, or is not done at all. This specious mode of reasoning, a priori, has been brought against the Spiritual phenomena time and again. Still now even the unlettered begin to laugh at their ridiculous and impudent assertions. I do not deem it necessary to follow this point any further. A little reflection on your part and theirs, will show you its force better than I can write.

If you choose to reply again, please confine yourself to what is done, and how—not what can be done. You seem to forget that I called for direct proof to substantiate your direct and emphatic conclusions. Instead of that, you offer me a wild and rambling mass of circumstantial evidence, the recital of which would be a tedious and tedious recital of venerable spinsters, that the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Pardon my seeming severity. Like yourself, I feel that there are cancers on the body of the spiritual that need to be eradicated, and actual cautery is the only effectual remedy.

The next point in the breaking of the negatives, as stated by the clerk, I asked both Mr. Stuart and Mr. Mumler separately about it; both protested their entire ignorance of the matter; neither of them knew or remembered anything about an order for two copies of Mr. Peabody. Both said, however, that in enlarging their operating-room, a shelf was accidentally thrown down, and a number of negatives on it were broken; but whether Mr. Peabody was among the number, or whose any of them were that were broken, they could not tell. This is their statement. I give it for what it is worth; it has little or no bearing on the case on hand, at any rate. There is plainly an under-current of ill-feeling in your mind against the parties; and this ill-feeling, allow me to say, operates to your disadvantage in judging of circumstances. Were you to cultivate their acquaintance, I am satisfied you would think and feel differently from what you do now.

I will go out of my way a little to notice your misrepresentation of their circular.

You ask, "What business had he, as a medium, to promise his utmost will and exertion, &c." His words indicate a small degree of faith in the spirits, but very much in himself.

Now one of the circulars is before me. There occurs this remark: "The utmost spiritual exertion and will must be exercised by those desirous of obtaining the spirit form." The rest relates wholly to the terms, but not the slightest allusion is made about himself to the shadow of a promise of either one thing or another. To me this looks like a willful misrepresentation. Perhaps a knowledge of photography would enable me to see it in a different light.

It only remains for me to notice the remark taken from the Herald of Progress: "It is easy for a medium to make a clean record." If they mean to say that it is easy to silence all cavillers, who, from spleen or otherwise, are determined to have it their own way, then I dissent from them entirely. And quote Davis himself in proof. The major part of humanity look upon him even yet as an impostor. Why has he not made his record clean, if it is so easy?

I believe I have now gone over the whole ground, and still the question is unsettled; but one thing is gained: that you were quite too fast with your conclusion. I think you ought to be willing to admit. Could I tell how these pictures were produced, I certainly would be the consequences what they would. But I cannot, and frankly say so. They may be genuine spirit pictures; they may not. A feeling, strong almost to conviction, prompts me to believe Mr. Mumler absolutely innocent, even in thought. He is a perfect gentleman. Mrs. Stuart is equally a lady, and I only wish you were better acquainted with the parties. I have not meant to either exaggerate or diminish one particle; nor would I hold back any evidence I might or may possess. I am equally opposed, with yourself, to deception in any form; but while thus zealous for God's house, I trust ever to preserve my caution in making charges, which may, after all, be unfounded. Zeal, without corresponding knowledge, is a dangerous possession, and I incline to the opinion that the latter ought ever to predominate.

J. Nazzari.

Atlantic Works, East Boston.

#### CHRIST'S LESSON OF CHARITY.

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, May 3, 1883.

[Photographically Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by J. M. W. YANTRON.]

#### INVOCATION.

Our Father! Infinite Spirit! whose name we pronounce, and whose light we feel, whose being above all beings, pervades and beautifies the universe; light of our sun, and motor of every star, whose world is the universe, whose soul is Infinite Mind—Spirit of all power, we praise thee. We praise thee with glad thanksgiving for life; praise thee for the earth, teeming with beauty and with perfection; praise thee for worlds unnumbered, which only reflect the image of thine intelligence; praise thee for every form of being and of power—for the universe, alive with intelligence and freedom. But more than for worlds or systems of worlds do we praise thee for the consciousness of the human soul, which is a world in itself, and for the aspirations of the living spirit, boundless as thine own being, while its eternal life is coeval with thine. We praise thee more for the thoughts of the immortal spirit, its strength and power, its light and love, its consciousness of immortal being, than for the splendors of all worlds, or the glories of boundless space; for though worlds may change their form and pass away, though suns may be blotted out, the thoughts of the living spirit are undying, and forever before thee, in eternal life, attain to more perfect truth, and to a higher conception of thy being. Therefore do we praise thee, and we bring our offerings of devotion, not to ask for more blessings, but only that we may rightly value those already bestowed; not to ask for personal favors, but that each individual may appreciate those blessings which are spread everywhere around. Thy nature is infinite, and we cannot teach thee what to give us, or ask thee to bestow thy love and mercy and charity upon us. As the sunshine lighteth all the earth, and beams upon all who will receive it, so does thy love permeate every heart, and those who will seek, may drink in its sunshine. Thou bestowest all honors. We bless thee for them, and we praise thee for all of light and all of consciousness which we possess, and only ask that we may know more and more of those blessings given, attain to higher and yet higher steps of knowledge and wisdom, and grasp those treasures of perpetual truth which rest with thee and with the living soul. And to thy name shall be all our praises—not the mouthed utterances of our lips, but the prayers of our souls, which, like the incense of flowers, or the morning song of birds, go forth in glad thanksgiving. We praise thee not alone in words; for these are but vibrations which die away upon the atmosphere; but the pulsations of our hearts, our thoughts and deeds, are perpetual prayers or blasphemous utterances. May those of thy children here present praise thee in deeds and words of holy kindness, by mislabeled with the hand of charity, to those who are in sorrow and suffering. May they praise thee by remembering that life is constant, perpetual, undying, and that thou livest above all forms of strife and death, forevermore. Amen.

"And Jesus said, Nath an man condemned thee? He said, Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more. And when they murmured, he said, Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. And he stooped down and wrote on the ground."

There is a pretty tradition in the Baptist Church, that when Jesus had administered this rebuke to his followers, who were murmuring, because he did not condemn Magdalen; he stood in the sand, opposite each person. Jesus said to Magdalen, and that was the cause of their silence. Whether that be the case or not, the rebuke is one which will remain sacred—one which is evergreen and alive, though man stands to write the deeds of every soul upon the

sand, may well be observed; and the lesson, which it should teach to every soul, is, not a love of oneness to sin, but that state, yet powerful force of charity which belongs to Jesus of Nazareth. Among all his teachings, whether in speech or miracle, nothing, in our conception, is more beautiful than this. Imagine his followers gathered around him, and among that number one whom they would have condemned and despised. She, too, seeking instruction and blessing, knelt at his feet. And when he had dismissed her, with the charitable saying at which his followers murmured, behold him with the power of his sacred truth, beaming from his face, reading every man's soul, knowing each man's sin, and calling upon the one that was without sin to cast the first stone! We see, in the present day, and indeed in every age of the world, this same propensity exhibited. We see very good people, who, imagining they are without sin, are quite willing to cast the first stone against their brother or sister. We see everywhere exemplified this condescending righteousness—the same propensity of condemnation—the same readiness to despise those whom others despise; and never, except in the repetition of this saying, which is often quoted, do we see, practically, those who are willing to give the rebuke. It is very easy to quote the language which we have just uttered, and to pronounce it beautiful, charitable, fine; very easy, in Christian churches and in Christian society, and in all manner of society, to say that it is high and ennobling; very easy to pronounce the lesson of charity taught by Jesus and elucidated by Paul as the highest of the Christian virtues; very easy, in walking about in ordinary life to say that charity is the greatest Christian virtue; but it is a harder cross than any Christian, or any person not a Christian, is willing to bear, to exemplify, in constant action, that ennobling, overpowering feeling of charity, or virtually to express these words in daily life.

The charity which we feel in poetry and song, in sermons and essays, is vastly different from the charity which walks in the street, which perceives the wanderer by the wayside, which takes the outcast by the hand, which rebukes the murmuring, through crowd. Vastly different is the charity which may be breathed in the evening hymn and prayer, around the fireside, which may be poured forth from every rostrum and pulpit, which may be found in every newspaper and magazine, which is published in every work in Christendom, from that which is scarcely written on the tablets of any human heart, much less on the tablets of any human life. Who among you would be willing thus to speak, were Magdalen among you to night? Who among you would take her by the hand and not condemn her? And who among you that are her sisters would not walk proudly by, and not even murmur in your souls the sentence which we have quoted? And yet we do not, would not, condemn you. We only illustrate the fact, that the influence of the teachings of this man Jesus, the true pillar of the Christian world, is quite lost with reference to the practice of that world. For this there is a cause, undoubtedly, and that cause must be removed before one tithing or particle of his utterances can be understood, before the smallest portion of his charity can be known. Charity does not mean to give countenance to crime; to say, "Well, this is murder, this is theft, but the person could not help it; it is all right." It does not mean simply to say, "There is a fatality, and it is necessary for every one to fulfill his destiny," as some modern philosophers would have you believe. Charity does not imply giving countenance to vice, that it may walk boldly forth in the street, robed in purple. But it means that, with all its preaching, talking, frowning, contumely, every human soul is also erring. It means, that among all who judge, there is no person who may not also be judged. It means—that in another part of the Bible is very clearly expressed—that "no man doeth good"; therefore, no one should judge his brother. It means, that in the highest and loftiest minds which the world has produced, those whose lives are examples of virtue, who in every department of life may have illustrated the most exalted virtues, there is the same capability of error which, under different circumstances, might have produced a murderer, a thief, or a traitor. It means that those surrounded by virtuous influences, who have never wandered from the family circle, from the sacred influence of the love of those who are near and dear to them, are not so much different in their organization, in their tendencies, or in their proclivities, that they are incapable of sin. It means, that human nature is very similar all the world over; that under circumstances of temptation, man will commit crime, and therefore should not judge his fellow. The wisest and most penetrating prayer which Jesus ever uttered was this: "Lead us not into temptation"; for there exists no mind so lofty, so far removed above all liability to temptation, that it may not fall; and there exists no mind so low or so degraded that may not, under the influences of love and kindness, be redeemed. Humanity makes such superficial distinctions; there is so much of this disposition to condemn the individual—there is so much of this tendency to believe that it is impossible for the I to sin, while the Thou is always wrong—so much of this feeling which justifies in itself what it condemns in others—so much of this discrimination between good and evil, and vice that is not good—that, according to the modern standard of virtue, we should judge that the unfortunate boy who happens to be detected in pilfering a loaf of bread, and the proud millionaire who has for a long period of years practiced a system of robbery upon every one with whom he came in contact, were widely different. The boy is condemned to the workhouse provided for such sinners, while the man enters the Christian Church and worships at the shrine of Jesus. The thief who steals millions, while the heart of the nation is flowing and ebbing away, and may have the crime of treason added to that of theft, is permitted to walk in Christian streets, and regarded as an example of Christian virtue; while the poor, unfortunate desperado, who chances to be detected in following his vocation—which has become his vocation from we cannot tell what stern necessities—is confined for life in the penitentiary or jail-house. Not that the Church by any means approves. Not that the rich sinner's crime is specifically and definitely known. He has been too shrewd; his intelligence is too great to permit of his being detected in an individual act of crime; but then, it is well known and understood, that by some dishonest means, at the expense of the nation or of the poor, he has obtained the wealth which gives him the entrance to any sacred edifice.

Thus we walk the streets, and thus among you we perceive these conditions of charity; and we find that charity, when clothed in such garb, loses its essential elements of virtue; that it is a charity of form, and not of reality. We can see, perhaps, that those who, in high places, are guilty of the greatest crimes, by the very coyness of their offenses and the loftiness of their position, command something of human respect; but it is the petty pilferer, the petty thief, the petty murderer, who must be condemned, while those who slay and steal by thousands are regarded as examples of virtue.

This does not alone apply to these extremes, but, in some degree, every individual may apply it. We may not, as individuals, possess the distinctive virtue of which we see the absence in another. As individuals, we may not be thieves, in the usual acceptance of the term; but there is no person who does not possess the elements of a thief. Let us see, then, are there thieves who rob openly, publicly—highway robbers, who stop a man upon the highway, or open thieves, who demand that which they think they are entitled to? There are others who, instead of openly avowing their

vocation, adopt some kind of profession for the same purpose, but in a different way, and by every sort of device, every conceivable system of treachery, rob men even more effectually than if they walked up to them in the streets and took their money. There are others who, in the name of philanthropy and charity, rob humanity and the world by constantly pilfering from them; and these are regarded as public benefactors. There are others who, in their profession, or in their business, rob gradually, year by year, until, because of their accumulation of vast wealth—no matter how many hearts have been broken—they are regarded as patriots and examples.

These are only a few of the many kinds of robbery. There are other kinds of theft than these. Thieving does not always apply to money. There are those who rob people of their time, which is far more valuable than money; who are constantly pilfering moments that are invaluable; stepping in upon private sanctuaries, where they are intruders, where they are bored; always wandering about, having nothing to do in particular, but to rob people of their time. Now there are persons to whom time, and every moment of time, is far more valuable in its production of thoughts and aspirations which move the world, than countless thousands of wealth, and by robbing them of that time, you commit a greater crime, perhaps, against the world, than by taking a few dollars from their pockets.

Then there are thieves who are constantly going round in society robbing people of their reputations. These thieves are the worst of all. They are found in all conceivable places, in all corners and nooks, prying into secrets, revealing all occupations, nothing so sacred that it does not come beneath their basilisk eyes; nothing so secret that they do not find it out. These are the great thieves of society; these are those who rob the world of half its virtue; and these are those who above all others should receive condemnation. It is impossible to fix any theft upon any particular individual. It is impossible to define them, to know where they are, what their place, position, circumstances may be; but they rob people of that which is more valuable than time or money either—their reputation. Many a poor man has been driven from respectability, from circumstances and conditions of affluence, to want, and low, groveling dependency, by these thieves of reputation, called slanderers. Many have been driven to poverty and crime by these same thieves. Many men have been driven to the lowest depths of degradation, depravity and drunkenness, and many a young, blushing maiden has been deprived of her good name, by these same thieves. This, in our conception, is the greatest theft of all; not only a robbery, but almost a murder; for killing a good name and reputation is worse than taking a physical life away, for it is dooming the individual to a living death, which time cannot alter, and which only the grave—and not always that—can cover up. These thieves never imagine that they are such, and if accused of the crime, would deny it. They never believe that they possess any sin, but are always discovering sin in others; a flaw in look, or in deed, or in word—a something not spoken aright, or not thought aright; for they almost have the power of penetrating your thoughts, and but for their occupation, might be regarded as clairvoyant. But such is not the case; they only imagine that they discover in others that which we, perhaps uncharitably, imagine they possess themselves. These are in some degree prevalent in all societies. They form, not the general rule, but the exception; and yet, every individual may add, in some degree, to this kind of theft. We would advise these thieves of time and thieves of reputation to be very careful that they apply something of this which I have quoted about throwing the first stone.

Then there is another class of murderers, in every sense of the word, who, if not absolutely taking life, are by violence depriving it of its every essential property, and therefore make it almost unendurable. These are those who crush the poor. These are those who bind the chains of darkness round the spirit, instead of releasing it. These are those who condemn the outcasts, and kill them, or condemn them to death, by refusing to aid them to rise; and this is worse than actual death, for it is that which preys upon the spirit, with its constant, insidious poison lurking there night and day; for no refreshing sleep can destroy its influence, no morning sun can light the spirit with hope and joy, but it preys forever, until it eats the soul away. These, the murderers of society, may surely take something of this rebuke to themselves.

Then there are those who murder by a constant oppression of the poor—of those who toil day and night in the effort to get their bread, and sometimes, perhaps, seek to drown their trouble in the intoxicating cup. The murderers of society do not consider this, but will more closely bind the chains, and drag them down. There are those walking in high places, whom men regard with fellowship and countenance—the loftiest, among you, sitting upon thrones, almost, in your midst—who are the thieves and murderers of society, to whom we might say, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." There are those (and it is inherent in almost every human soul) who in some manner or form possess these crimes—this love of vice, this constant, lurking sinfulness, and it is useless to seek to hide it by professing the greatest virtue. It cannot exist. Humanity, when assailed by temptation, in different directions will most assuredly err; and the wisest judgment, the loftiest mind, only hopes to escape, perhaps, from the darkest crimes; never arrogates to itself perfection.

And we must learn this lesson—that it is not by condemning, but by teaching, that vice and sin are to be removed. We visit a prison, and behold the captive in a dungeon there. Perhaps he has dragged out weary months of confinement, with scarcely a ray of light, and only food enough to keep his mortal life in his body; and yet, if we commence with denunciations, and in harsh terms express our condemnation, he turns away in stolid indifference, and says—"I know it; I know that I am bad, but I cannot help it." But visit him, and ask him if he remembers his childhood, if he remembers his mother's voice and her gentle touch, if he remembers when he sat upon her knee, and first learned to lip the name, "Our Father," and soon the lines upon his face begin to relax, the hands to tremble, the eye to grow moist with the tear-drops of recollection, and the proud man, the criminal, is humbled. If a mother's love is so potent, even in the remembrance, what power, then, is there in human love to make the most stolid and indifferent mind grow brighter beneath its touch? Surely, no word of condemnation could cause him to shed tears, no harsh rebuke cause him to turn to penitence. This is the power in a mother's love, because it never condemns. We often hear a father's voice in harshness turning away his son or daughter from the parental roof, because of some offence; but we have yet to learn of a mother's heart which has condemned her child. Through all the paths of sin, to the prison cell, and to the gallows, her heart and eyes follow her child, and triumph over even death and sin. How all-potent and powerful, then, must be that Infinite Love, which, when remembered, would call the darkest mind from its error and its sin!

Let us always remember that the greatest minds who grace the universe must always be expected to have, perhaps, the greatest vices. The world has produced but very few minds who were equally great in every department; and the exceptions seem to confirm the rule, that great minds, in any given direction, almost always lack in other directions. Our greatest statesmen are often devoid of the commonest elements of morality and justice; our greatest poets have often,

from the very intensity of their greatness, been deprived of moral stamina in other directions; and our greatest philosophers and men of science have been lacking in some other essential department of life. An equilibrium so essentially pervades all nature, and humanity, mind, that in these exceptions and excesses, we must expect a corresponding lack, or what we term a corresponding sin. There are some minds towering high above all others, who seem to possess every element of virtue, and every conceivable greatness, but these are rare; and are like specially brilliant lights, or stars of the first magnitude, among the myriads of lesser stars in the great galaxies of human life.

So, every mind possesses its leading vice and leading virtue. We expect, and must expect this of humanity; and do men or women can say—"Thou art awful, and I am holy—you are bad and I am good!" for place any man under the circumstances in which the vagrant, the outcast and the thief are placed; and he, too, might fall. We must always take into consideration the organization and the incidents of individuals, and see how well they are fitted to resist temptation; but while they may resist it from one direction, they may be sure to fall when it comes from another. And this may apply, also, with greater force, to women. We see among the sex, perhaps, most of condemnation, where there should be least; most of that self-righteousness where there surely should be the greatest charity. Women know, usually, that they are frail. If told so, they assume anger or indignation, but each woman is aware that under some circumstances, condition, time, place, and lack of moral power, she, too, might fall. If left alone and unprotected—if born within the atmosphere of vice—if reared to vanity and pleasure—if removed from the hallowed influence of home, of mother—if unguarded by surrounding influences, if not elevated to some social position by circumstances which are fortunate for her—all these contingencies removed, and she, more than all other beings, is exposed to temptation and error, and should be the last to condemn; for, though surrounded by every influence of virtue, she may not know the time or the place when some thief may take her good name away, and with that, almost her virtue.

But it is not so much of the danger, nor of the absolute commission of sin, that we would speak, but of the tendency in humanity, and the lack of perfection, to call your particular attention to the fact, that every individual is aware that he possesses some individual weakness—for every person knows his weakness. It is not a true saying, that others can discover faults in an individual sooner than he can discover them himself. Every person is aware of his own weakness, is aware of his own faults, and they are usually the same which he condemns most strongly in others. If you hear a person talking loudly against another for a particular sin, you may almost certain that that is his own particular vice. You may make it a universal rule, whereby to judge of humanity, that if you hear men always condemning a certain vice, it is probably their ruling tendency. We do not speak of this with reference to general principles, such as Temperance, Slavery, or anything of that kind, but with reference to individuals, who select out from among their associates individual persons to condemn and vilify, point out their petty frailties, and in society make great mountains out of the little molehills of human imperfection. These persons usually possess the vices which they condemn in others; and it is their conscious weakness which causes them almost always to fortify themselves by this loud talking. This is because, wherever there is weakness, there is always the greatest show of power. Truth requires no armor but its own consciousness. True virtue requires no loud-mouthed expressions, but simply its conduct and life, to herald its existence. So, those who cry out loud against the sins of others, may be found lacking, if the fortifications are only penetrated. The truest and surest safeguard which any human being can have, is not to be led into temptation. We pronounce this sentence from a careful investigation of human history, and a consciousness of human error and the tendency of human beings to error. It is true they may withstand every variety of temptation, where they are warned against it, and have knowledge of the impending danger; but if human beings are tempted in the direction of their particular sin, they very rarely amount that temptation. If they are tempted in the direction where they chance to be strong, they may hold up their heads proudly, and not fall; if they are tempted in directions where they are strongly fortified, they may escape, and not surrender to the enemy; but as surely as the leading vice is approached, the leading characteristic—as, for instance, the avarice in some minds—they can no more withstand the temptation than can night become day; it is impossible. Therefore, they should not condemn.

In following this lesson of charity, we would like to suggest simply this: that every person remember his leading vice. This you can discover by the general knowledge of humanity as to what is right and what is wrong; and there is a standard of right and wrong to which we will call your attention. That is right, and acknowledged to be so by Christendom—indeed, by every civilized nation, and some that are termed barbarous—which contributes to the happiness of humanity; that is wrong which causes any human being suffering. Judging by this standard of right and wrong—and it is a very clear one, in regard to which no one can mistake, and is the fundamental basis of Christianity—we find it would be difficult for no human being to discover his own frailties. Whenever it is within the mind to condemn another, remember that particular leading vice which you must be aware you possess, remember that peculiar frailty which you know belongs to your nature, and that remembrance will aid you in overcoming it. Let all do this, and there will be no time nor necessity for condemnation. And while you remember this, remember, also, that others may have the same tendencies, hereditary or otherwise, in some particular direction, which you have in another, and this will aid you in being charitable toward them; and with this remembrance and endeavor, there will be very little necessity for harsh judgments or denunciations of one another. And it will be far wiser to practice this kind of charity than that which speaks much and acts but little.

If there is anything in the angel-world, which more than another occupies their attention and time, it is this consideration. Persons who pass to the spiritual existence with all the conscious frailties of human life upon their spirit, are received by ministering angels as invalids, in a hospital, for their care, nursing, instruction and benefit. Physicians are appointed to heal the spirit, as surgeons and physicians in a well-regulated hospital administer to the patient, and attendants who, in the capacity of moral nurses, see that the invalids do no harm to themselves, and keep them within the atmosphere of quiet and repose until they are prepared to receive the nourishment of spiritual existence. So well regulated are these moral hospitals, that you can never hear a breath of condemnation, and the spirit, entering upon its new existence, is astonished to find, that while it feels, with deep humiliation and remorse, a full consciousness of its wrongs, there is no breath of condemnation from the angel attendants around him—no saying, Thou didst thus and so—but that forbearing kindness, that silence, which is a more effective rebuke than the loudest condemnation, and the spirit is thus restored to moral health. Why would it not be well to establish moral hospitals among you? You can do it every day, with no special formality or regulations. There are those among you who can heal the wounded spirit, administer kindness to the erring, take the broken-







## Troops for the Tropics.

In a letter to the New York Post, dated May 10, 1893, this city, while discussing the "inability of white men to live in the tropics," the writer, who had lived twenty years in the tropics, and who addressed his letter on this interesting topic to the Boston Daily Register, under date of October 25, 1889:

"The fact is established that the natives of our Southern tropics, and those from other localities who have had the disease, are acclimated against yellow fever. On the other hand, there is no such thing as acclimation against yellow fever. If an insurance company were asked whether it would insure negroes at the same premium in New England that it would in Alabama, the reply would be in the negative. The fact is notorious that negroes cannot bear a cold climate. The fact is equally well settled that white races of the North deteriorate in the tropics. Can the Anglo-Saxon, and other pure white races of Europe, in the healthiest portions of our Gulf States, maintain their full physical and mental vigor, and attain the longevity of the race? This is a very questionable. It is probable that the wear and tear of so much hot weather may, in various ways, detract a fraction from their longevity, and this fraction may be equal to the estimate made by the New York company. The average duration of life of a people is a nice point to determine, and it is clear that a race will reach its highest point in that climate which is most congenial to its organization. Not only do negroes bear the Southern climate best, but Spaniards, Italians, the dark-skinned French, etc., are better adapted to the climate of the Gulf States than the fair-skinned races of colder latitudes. The mulattoes, too, form the cross of these."

## Correspondence in Brief.

**PUBLISHERS BANNER.**—Please find enclosed one dollar to help you to keep up the Free Circles. We would not have the Message Department of your paper stopped on any account. We have been a constant reader of your paper for two years—buying it of N. Pierce, newdealer, of this village—and would not do without it if it cost three times as much as it does. We consider ourselves lucky if we get hold of it first, after it comes into the house.

Can you not prevail on some one of the public lecturers to come to Ogdensburg? This place is very much behind the age. We have never had but three lecturers in this place. Our dear departed sister, Miss A. W. Sprague, gave a few lectures, and they opened the eyes of many. She would make friends anywhere, and her lectures were of the very first order. U. Clark also had the courage to visit us and lecture in this place. And the last one, (the past winter) Mrs. S. L. Chappell, gave three soul-stirring lectures to pretty good houses. I have heard many liberal-minded persons here, and I wish the lecturers would come here again. But the trouble is this: There are not a few out and out Spiritualists in this place, and we are all poor, laboring people. So you see that it may not be as good a field to lecture in, as to remunerating speakers, as some other places. But I am certain that there is no place on this continent that needs the light of Spiritualism more.

COLLINS EATON.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., May 4, 1893.

## All Right—All Wrong.

The Herald of Progress pays a very high compliment to the "All Right" theory by declaring, "that with Deity all is right"—the principle of right is a reality—"there can be no absolute wrong or evil." And in the same brief article it also declares that, "with man there is nothing right"—that the degrees of wrong or imperfection must be infinite—"that the principle of right is above the sphere of conditions or circumstances, while wrong is forever dependent upon them."

A. B. U.

## Strawberries—Plant and Reap.

If our readers wish to enjoy the luxury of strawberries and cream next summer, now is the time to set out the plants. A friend of ours will furnish up-top plants of the very best kind, with full directions for culture, at eighty cents per hundred. Leave your order with Dr. A. B. Child.

## Personal.

We are informed by Bro. L. U. Davis, of Beards-town, Ill., that a letter remains at that office addressed to Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon. It has been returned from the dead letter office on account of its valuable contents. If it is not called for soon, it will again be sent to Washington. Where may Mrs. Gordon be addressed? We have a private note for her.

The PROGRESSIVE AGE, published at Milford, Mass., says that Dr. Child's lecture, delivered in that place on the 10th of April, was searching, liberal and prophetic, and so profoundly true to be received by the materialism of this age.

Col. Edward A. Wilde, of Brookline, of the 35th Massachusetts Regiment, has been made a brigadier general, and is to be put at the head of a brigade of colored troops, to be recruited mainly at the South, but of which the colored regiment from this State will form the nucleus.

"Addie," your favors are acceptable.

## Donations to the Free Circle Fund.

Wm. Davis, Milton, Mass., \$1.00; Thomas D. Denison, Chittenden, Mass., \$1.00; George B. Saunders, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Wm. Saunders, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Benj. Winkley, East Taunton, Mass., \$1.00; Jennie Lord, Chittenden, Mass., \$1.00; T. M. Jenkins, New York city, \$1.00; C. B. Gregory, Beverly N. J., \$2.00; C. Cook, Hampton, N. H., \$3.00; Collins Eaton, Ogdensburg, N. Y., \$1.00; A. Kellogg, Kelloggville, Ohio, \$1.00; A. A. Tucker, Hamburg, Conn., \$1.00; Dr. J. B. Oram, Boston, Mass., \$1.00; several friends at Circle room, \$3.00.

## Progressive Friends.

The Religious Society of Progressive Friends will hold its Eleventh Yearly Meeting at Longwood, Chester Co., Pa., commencing on Friday (Thursday), the 4th of Sixth month (June), 1893, at 10 o'clock, A.M., and continuing two or three days.

Among the friends from a distance who are expected to attend the meeting, we are authorized to mention the names of Theodore D. Weld,

Letters of sympathy from friends of the cause who may be unable to attend, will be gratefully welcomed, and may be addressed (before the 1st of June) to Oliver Johnson, Clerk of the meeting, 48 Beekman street, New York; later than that, to Hampton, Chester County, Penn.

## Law for the Indians.

The subscriber has learned that the Indians and others are sometimes kept out of their due by unprincipled men, and that when they apply for legal redress, they are still more imposed upon. To prevent these wrongs, the subscriber has made arrangements with competent counsel to prosecute any claim before the Departments, and before the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington, and will guarantee that all cases that are put in his hands shall be prosecuted with promptness and in strict accordance with justice and honor.

JOHN BEESON.

P. O. Box 239, Washington, D. C.

May 1, 1893.

## Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits address hold-imperious control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose—Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address—ELEANOR or LOREAN, 158 Washington street, Boston.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We direct attention to two interesting essays on our eighth page, given at our circle—the first on the "FORMATION OF THOUGHT," and the second on the "NATURE AND DUTY OF CONSCIENCE."

**SEALING LETTERS.**—A sealed letter, addressed to "Mary Ann Sison, Spirit Land," has been answered, and addressed by the spirit to Abner Sison. It will be mailed to the writer when we have his address in full. Sometimes the spirits give the address of their friends in full, as a test; but not always.

We also have another sealed letter, without address, which we sent to the medium for answer. Here is what came back from the medium. We publish it in order to gain some knowledge, if possible, of the whereabouts of the anonymous writer of the sealed letter.

"My grandson, J. B. Williams, wanted me to speak to him and his mother through the paper called the BANNER OF LIGHT, in Boston. I do not know anything about writing, and I have to get Oakes to help me. So I shall not write much. If I can speak I will do so, for that was what he told me to do."

NABBY B.

"My Southern Friends," a work by Edmund Kirke, lately issued, is having a great run. Within one week of publication, we understand, over 10,000 copies were sold.

Dr. L. K. Connelley writes us encouragingly from Worcester County, where he is at present lecturing. He recently spoke in Worcester to crowded houses. Truly the spiritual work goes bravely on.

How blessed it is to feel assured that when the spirit of a loved one leaves the body, it is not dead, or lost to us, but has passed to a higher life, to welcome us when we ourselves cast off the mortal form!

**SNOW'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS** are the best adapted for school use of any in the market at the present time. They have been adopted by the Board of Education of the City of New York, we understand. We suppose his "Easy Pen for Rapid Writing" is intended for editors' use. If so, we should not have the slightest objection to test the article. These Pens are wholesaled at office No. 83 Cedar street, New York.

The Copperheads are not without a party, although it is now chiefly on the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. The forces under Banks found in Franklin and Updegraff, the speeches of Cox, Seymour and Valandigham, for sale. It must have been gratifying to our soldiers to discover such expressions of "Union" sentiment so far from their homes, and endorsed as sound by the enemies they were sent to fight. Of course nobody can doubt the loyalty to the Constitution of these Copperhead orators, when such interpretations of the Constitution as rebels with arms in their hands vouch for its excellence. We trust the Union troops will use the speeches as wadding, and thus transmit them to the parties whom they were intended to aid and comfort.—*Transcript.*

We have one of the papers alluded to above, which is on exhibition at our counting-room. It is printed on wall paper.

To undertake to reason a girl out of love is as absurd as would be the attempt to extinguish Vesuvius with a glass of water.

**A GOOD MOVE.**—The New York Times is printed upon the paper which its proprietors imported from Belgium. It is of excellent quality, and cost there but seven and seven and one-half cents per pound. The duties and exchange bring the price up to fifteen cents, which is less than the present price of the same quality of paper here. Thus it will be seen that the paper manufacturers' monopoly is being checkedmate by at least one enterprising newspaper establishment. Hope others will follow suit.

Luxury has raised its thousands, and vanity her tens of thousands.

Recreation of some sort is absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention to labor. Indeed, the use of wisdom consists in tempering our recreations. There are some so rigid, or so timorous, that they avoid all diversions, and dare not indulge in them, for fear of offending their self-righteous friends.

Heartless, cold intellectuality can never make a warm, affectionate, cordial friend and companion.

**HOW TO CURS A FELLOW.**—When one of these painful torments appears on the hand, apply a piece of reunit, soaked in milk, to the affected part, and renew the application at brief intervals, until relief is found. The reunit may be obtained of any butcher. This article was first recommended by a skillful physician, now deceased. It has been tried in many cases, and has never failed to afford relief.

**FENNERSON, THE PORT, DIED OF STARVATION.**—A splendid monument adorns his grave, and on it is written, "He asked for bread, and ye gave him a stone." The finest sarcasm ever uttered.

A little girl, undergoing the disagreeable operation of vaccination, exclaimed—"Now I want have to be baptized, will I?"

"I paint for eternity," lent a magic to the pencil of Apelles.

The persistency of the Southern States in slavery is the greatest moral deformity of the nineteenth century.—*Victor Hugo.*

One of the most scientific astronomers of Italy, Battista Amici, died a few days since at Florence, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. He was known at all the learned institutions of Europe for his observations upon the double stars. By the aid of a new monometer, and his determination of the polar and equatorial diameters of the sun, he had made himself a valuable correspondent to his fellow-laborers. He invented some valuable instruments, amongst them the schromatic microscope with elliptic mirror. He was professor of astronomy at Florence, director of the Observatory at Pisa, and member of many of the scientific societies of Europe.

"How do you like your new minister?" "First rate; he meddles with neither politics or religion," was the reply.

The following is said to be a genuine transcript—"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhead—the most amiable of husbands, the most excellent of men. N. B.—The name is Woodcock, but it would not come in rhyme."

It is stated that animal life is abundant in the glacier regions of Spitzbergen, at the great depth of twelve hundred and fifty fathoms—a fact discovered by the Scientific Expedition sent to that region by the Swedish Government.

A Knight of the Golden Circle died in Pennsylvania last week. He had a great load on his mind which he could not carry out of the world with him, and he made a confession which local authorities say is genuine. He confessed that he was a Knight of the Golden Circle, which Order was secretly and extensively represented in most Northern cities. He stated that regular meetings of the Knights of the Circle, and the cabinet of the Knights, that he was cognizant that the rebel war department had arranged with the organization of which he was a member to evacuate Richmond for the purpose of drawing the Federal force that far South, and while their attention was there engaged, the rebel army, by a quick, back movement, would descend in full force upon Washington, and, aided by a general uprising of the Knights in Pennsylvania and other Northern States, capture the city and seize upon the government buildings, leaving our army South at liberty to decide at the expense of retaliation in their own hands.

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**LAW FOR THE INDIANS.**—See Mr. John Beeson's Card in another column. Our venerable friend, it will be seen, is still active in his specialty, laboring for the poor Indians. He is at the seat of Government, where he finds a chance to come in contact with agents and delegates from all the various tribes. It is quite time the Indians had an honest advocate among the whites. Had they been dealt fairly by in times past, we should never have heard of the recent outbreak at the West. Those horrors can be traced directly to the white man's perfidy. Do away with the cause of crime, and we venture to say no more such atrocities will ever be repeated.

The London Mechanics' Magazine states that, after an expenditure of \$40,000,000 on experiments with the Armstrong gun, the inventor has failed to produce a naval gun superior for practical purposes to the old 68-pounder; and that Mr. Whitworth, of Manchester, a private manufacturer, has, by his own skill and means, achieved a success which Sir William Armstrong has failed to do, though backed by the long purse of government patronage.

Vanity has been not infrequently called "the chain of roses of mixed society."

Brigham Young, Governor of Utah, goes in for kindness to the Indians. He says: "I will, comparatively speaking, take one plug of tobacco, a shirt, and three cents worth of paint, and save more life and hinder more Indian depredations than they can by expending millions of dollars vested in an army to fight and kill Indians."

A Belgian glass-blower has lately blown two large bottles, each of a capacity of sixty-two and a half gallons, and weighing fifty pounds. They were blown at the glass works of Lefevre & Co., at Lodelingart, and are nearly double the size of the largest bottles heretofore made.

A cross husband and father at the head of the table makes the best dinner unpalatable and indigestible.

**NEW YORK STATE AND THE WAR.**—The Legislature, in Joint Convention, recently passed the following resolve:

Resolved, That we will uphold our arms in the field, and sustain at home the families and the rights and interests of our volunteers in the service of the United States until the Union shall be restored, and until the flag of the Union shall float again on every fort, and in every harbor, town, city and hamlet in the State now in rebellion against the General Government.

The French were shocked at the thought of an American bombardment of New Orleans, but they are less concerned for Mexican towns, having gained shot and shell upon Puebla, to the destruction of public edifices, as well as of ordinary houses. Circumstances alter cases, and what they set down as wicked in us, is an act of duty, when done by themselves.

A number of two years' regiments have left the army, having served out their term of service. The black troops that are raising compensate for the loss, as black recruiting is going on rapidly in some parts of the South.

The condemned Indians of Minnesota have been removed to Iowa, much to the wrath of the Minnesotans, who demanded that the whole lot should hang. They had to be taken away secretly, and are to be impressed at hard labor, which they will not consider a commutation of punishment.

The New England Pin Company of Winstead, Conn., is making pins of iron instead of brass. They are also made at Seymour, in the same State.

What is it that if you put it eye out will have nothing left but a nose? *Nose.*

Bishop Colenso is said to have already received over \$30,000 from the publishers of his work on the Pentateuch, as his share of the profits thus far. The work has been out only three or four months.

**UNION TULIP.**—We have received from a friend in New York, a photograph picture of what he terms a "Union Tulip." It was said to have been drawn in ten minutes. It is indeed a curiosity. It may be seen at this office.

**ALTERED GREENBACKS.**—Two dollar U. S. notes, altered to fifteen, and tens, altered to one hundred dollars, are in circulation. The alteration is bunglingly done, and can easily be detected.

A Western editor cautions his readers against kissing short girls, because the habit has made him round shouldered.

A lady died in Brunswick, Me., a few days since, who had been sick for (twenty-one) years, and most of the time confined to her bed.

Good company and good conversation are the very signs of virtue.

**Meetings at Elkhorn, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.**

To the Spiritualists and Friends of Progress in this region I wish to say that meetings will be commenced on the first Sunday in May next, at the residence of Bro. J. B. Tupper, in Elkhorn, at 11 o'clock A.M., and continue regularly every alternate Sunday, through the summer. Mediums and efficient speakers in attendance.

And in this connection let me say to the friends everywhere, that to me the time has arrived when the advocates for truth, right and justice, should act, and act with a will. Humanity is crying for help, and shall we, who stand as it were between heaven and earth, remain with folded arms, indifferent to the calls from the spirit-world and the awe-rod of earth? The eternal law of Progress is immutable, and whatever does not come into harmony with that, must go out; therefore let us be wise, and work while the day lasts.

Bro. Tupper I consider one of our best transcendentalists, having lectured some two or three years, and controlled by high and able influences. He is also a good healing medium, and has been successful in all cases that I have witnessed, one of which was in my own family. And I would say to those who are suffering from disease, to give Mr. Tupper a call. He is controlled by a corps of eminent physicians in spirit-land.

—*Elkhorn, April 17, 1893.*

**REPAIRS.**—If you want employment, or want the best (two-thirds) SEWING MACHINE ever manufactured, send to ISAAC BAKER, Jr., New York, N. Y., for a descriptive circular, or terms. They are liberal, salary, or allow commission as the agent may choose.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eight cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

**INFIDEL CONVENTION.**

THE INFIDEL ASSOCIATION of America will hold its Annual Convention at the New Grand Hotel, New York, on May 1, 1893, at 10 o'clock A.M. Friends of the Cause in the vicinity are respectfully invited to attend. Several speakers from other States are expected.

For order of the Central, J. M. BECKETT, Secretary.

Boston, May 1, 1893.

**HERBERT CHAFFIN** that I was afflicted with a tumor in the womb for some years; I employed skillful physicians, but to no avail. I called on Dr. C. O. York, a stranger; he examined and informed me of my disease correctly, and said that in his opinion, he could cure me. To me it was strange, but true, he cured me without surgical operation or pain in a few months. The Doctor has pleasant rooms for the accommodation of the afflicted, at No. 3 Winchester street, Charlestown, Mass. (near the post-office).

No. 11 Third Place, from Harrison Avenue.

**DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,**

Harvard House, CORNHILL, BOSTON.

For a full description of the disease, and a list of the names of the afflicted, send to Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, Harvard House, Cornhill, Boston.

## INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE.

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