

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XV.

{ \$2.50 PER YEAR. }  
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

{ SINGLE COPIES. }  
Five Cents.

NO. 19.

## Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE WORLD—A FRAGMENT.

IN THREE PARTS.

#### PART III.—SEARCH OF THE WINDS.

BY C. L. BURNSIDE.

Seize me, ye winds of Skiddaw's misty top!  
And I will make a girdle for the world,  
And float, like orient morn, through all the realms  
Of Earth, where I have lived so long and well.  
I will entrance the listening winds, that sweep  
The high and stormy Atlas of the world;  
And see the view that sometimes caught my sight,  
Of high, projecting capes, and headlands far,  
Enveloped in the mighty shroud that lay  
Like to a giant necklace round the world,  
And bore the images of misty years;  
High on its ancient scroll of filmy work;  
And compassed all the sea, that summoned up  
Its thousand spectres to behold the sight.  
I will entrance the listening winds, and speed  
Over the sea, that greets me royally;  
And feign the vengeance of an angry God,  
And criticise the works that I have made.

"Ye works that I have made, and all ye realms  
That own my sway, I summon you; prepare  
To give account of all your naughty deeds.  
Ye have provoked my vengeance by the way  
Ye got my first command. 'Increase,' I said;  
But ye have grown so numerous, that all  
The powers of Earth and Air but ill suffice  
To keep you in the bounds of righteousness.  
I will destroy you utterly, and sweep  
Remembrance of you from the Earth's broad  
breast,  
That nourished you like suckling innocents,  
Until the milk of kindness curdled you,  
Like cheese upon the press, that etsoon goes  
The way of all the other cheese that bears  
The impress of the dairy's handiwork.

"Ye have rebelled in thought, and word, and deed;  
And, as I made you for the opposite,  
I have concluded that a screw is loose  
In that high-pressing instrument in which  
I placed the milk of all your kindnesses.  
I will destroy you utterly, and make  
A new creation, like the one I made  
Perfect, and without fault in all its parts,  
Except the 'forensic screw, that must be loose  
Somewhere—I know not where. But all day long  
The clang of mighty Error rises up,  
Like the harsh jar of Babel's luckless tower  
That I will build in Shinar's fated plain;  
Where all the harsh discordance of their words  
Is insufficient to abate the work  
That I prepared before the world was laid  
As to its deep foundation. Mighty world!  
How I have nestled on your budding germ,  
That I did plant before the morning stars  
Sang the new anthem of their rising light!  
And, sacred in the memory of my love,  
Did think me of the time when I should see  
Trees, towers, cities, rising misty, vast,  
Like the mirage that cheers the traveler  
In the Saharan deserts of the South,  
Where I will plant the race of mighty Ham,  
Who will insult his father, in his need  
Of kind indulgence for the weakness, which,  
Nathless, I punish, as will be my wont.

"I will entrance the listening winds, that bear  
My voice, as swift winged messengers, that come  
At the low bidding of my secret will;  
And I will sweep down the mountain sides  
Dire vengeance, in the shape of rains, that come  
Like the high Alpine torrents, that descend  
With avalanche power to the vales;  
And whelming, in their steep and headlong way,  
Towns, cities, hamlets. Still the midnight winds  
That howl in idleness around the crags  
Of light and inventoried Ararat,  
Where I shall rest the ark that he shall build,  
Whom I commission to repeople Earth.  
He shall engulf the waiting world; but all  
Who truly shall repent, shall yet be saved.  
But yet I know that none will venture it;  
For I will harden every heart to stone,  
Lest the uncompromising sweep should seem  
Unworthy of the grandeur of my name.  
I will invest the heart of sinful man  
With new-found sinfulness, that I will make  
For the occasion; like the dilettante  
And quite fine discords placed upon the stave  
Of music, when a master sings the strain.  
I will entrap the listening world of man,  
Like as a peasant of the Apennines  
Entraps the offending wolf and all her cubs;  
That yet are not so dire as he could wish,  
Until, with tortures sedulously applied,  
He makes them yelp dominion in their rage,  
And then yield up their lives, a forfeit just  
To the fine vengeance that he has in store.

"Answer me, spirits of the mighty wind!  
Have I not laid the ante-fluvial world  
Under great bonds to keep the future peace?"

I will entrance the listening winds again,  
Until I find, through all my kingdoms vast,  
Some spot where evil has not entered in.  
I have some secret nations in the main,  
Afar from all contaminating air  
Of pestilential contact with the world  
I made so very good, and found it not  
Remain as I had made it; though, indeed,  
It was not bad enough for my designs  
Concerning it; and had to make it worse,  
By special hardening of the heart I made  
Too soft for the desired weight of guilt.

I will entrance you, winds of Lucifer  
Son of the morning, sweeping from the East;  
And stay your silent course to the afar  
Realm of uncounted millions, China vast,  
And populous as the overflowing herds

Of bisons, that sweep down the table land  
Of Tartary, and thunder at the gates  
Of old Himalya mountains, that I greet,  
High, vast, mysterious; solemnly enthroned  
Upon the Asian Steppes, like the kings  
Of tombed and mummied Egypt. Therefore hail!

I will entreat the listening winds to sweep  
Over the vales of Asia, to the sound  
Of dulcet melodies that sometimes come  
From thy old Pagan temples, mighty Ind,  
That stand erect in all thy cities old;  
And stray with mournful cadence in the aisles  
Of Banian temples thronged among the trees,  
And send a solitary feeling through  
The hearts of all their worshippers. Again  
Entrance me all the winds that rave and come,  
Far-circling through the eddies of the world;  
And I will seek, through every realm of earth,  
A place where Evil is not. Have ye found?

Oh, mighty in its mournful cadences  
Sweeps the high wind from all its sighing caves,  
And says: "Nowhere, nowhere, inquiring shade  
Have we found nook or cranny in the world  
Where evil is not. Will ye give it up?"

"Never, until the place is found at last;  
For I have worshipped late and early; made  
My orison the earnest of my lay  
That I have sang to Nature; mightily  
Enrapt with all that was undoubted good;  
And I will find the place where evil is not,  
Or make that evil good. Choose which ye will.

I sent the searching winds through all the East,  
And they came back appalled, saying to me:  
"All, all is good! For we have never found  
The place where evil is not. Therefore choose  
The worship that ye will; Evil or Good;  
For we have found no place where they are not  
So mingled in the embrace of common fate,  
That to entrance the one, would only make  
The other howl more mournfully than before."

And I have left the winds to rave and howl  
Nightly upon the verge of Tartary;  
And make such music as etsoon they may,  
With all the listening jackalls of the plain.  
I will entrance them once again; but I  
Will do it with the cadences that come,  
Like organ—harps from all the piping East;  
Reverberating like the dulcet melody  
Of untold harpers in the midnight wind.

Answer me, winds of midnight, coming low  
Through the low reeds of Dendora, the lost  
And ruined city of the lower Nile:  
Where is the unseen melody that floats  
Through all your meshes of sweet music—gush  
With all the vigor of untamed desire,  
Through the inverted reeds that, bending low,  
Bow to the passing shadow of their God?  
Osageo, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### NATURE VERSUS REVELATIONS.

BY P. S. BALLARD.

As we travel along the adamantine walks of life,  
The echo of our feet pronounces the name of God.  
In the munificence of order we behold the lowest  
objects as well as the highest speaking His praises.  
The grandeur of law pervades the universe, and  
whispering breezes wake musical sentences that  
we regard as prophecies. Turbulent waters lashed  
into foaming billows corroborate their state-  
ment louder than lethal voices.

Fragments, whose pages we repeat in cadence,  
often deceive us. Some in their credence seem to  
think them faultless, and base their knowledge  
on those written pages, offspring of causes. Ruptures  
in Nature belching burning lava, these never  
fathom. From turbid waters see them shrink  
with horror, hiding their senses in those finite  
chapters pregnant with error; but Truth, like the  
sunbeam, speaks of God and Heaven, Life's best  
evangel, rearing from chaos worlds of life and  
beauty, passing, but real. In its embraces we are  
safe from error, for error is finite, and moth doth  
off corrupt it and its adorers.

Worlds of fruition beam like lights above us  
calling mortals to attest the goodness of the Creator.  
Mind is immortal. God has stamped upon  
it endless duration, and pure affections spring to  
life when mortals gain the conception of God in  
Nature, whose divine injunction rests on His  
labor.

Linguists may alter or amend the statements of  
predecessors; but in the volume God himself has  
written, "Truth stands triumphant." Read the  
inscription along the starry pathway glowing  
above us. Orbits, whose centre mind can never  
fathom—pilgrims on duty—star to star repeateth,  
"God our Creator."

Worthy of record is each tiny flower whose  
breath perfumeth breezes; songsters whose voices  
fill the air with music, floating in the distance;  
trees whose unfoldings spring from smallest  
acorns; dew-drops descending, awakening not an  
echo; all impart to Nature something substantial.  
Summer and Winter each in turn discover some-  
thing of value. Spring time expandeth buds that  
reach forward even to Autumn; and days with-  
out number come and go, that labor need not be  
irksome. Labor is pleasant when the mind ap-  
plies it to its unfoldment. This we discover is the  
tree of knowledge, and on its branches hang those  
fruits that yield joy and perfection.

Sweeter than friendship is the voice that woos us  
to the All-Father; and we, as His children, should  
rejoice that all things are proffered for our advan-  
tage toward perfection. Leaving old land-marks,  
let us hasten to witness what Truth is doing in  
the mighty Present; for it is better to be moving  
with the car of progress, than be out-distanced by  
the march of Ages, whose cycles repeat that the  
God of Nature reaches His children through the  
atomic structure of His Creation.

Such is Creation, and the Truth it teaches robes  
all in beauty.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### AFTER A BATTLE.

BY MISS J. S. ADAMS.

"And so, Laura, you have refused Robert  
Gray?"

The speaker was a woman of forty. There were  
still traces of beauty upon her countenance, and  
a stranger might have taken her for one much  
younger. The daughter, to whom she addressed  
the question, was a type of the mother, now in the  
blush and beauty of eighteen.

"Yes, mother, I have; you have many times  
told me that one should not give the hand when  
the heart cannot accompany it."

"Are you quite sure, my child, that he has oc-  
cupied no place in your heart? Have you ana-  
lyzed all of your feelings toward him?"

Laura blushed crimson, and, palled, a little im-  
patiently:

"My own feelings must decide for me. I have  
always enjoyed Robert Gray as an acquaintance,  
nothing more."

"I sincerely hope you have given him no cause  
to think of you as any more than a friend, yet I  
scarcely think a man of his character and good  
sense would have offered you his heart without  
having previously received some encouragement  
that it would be accepted."

"Why, mamma, we have roiled and walked to-  
gether as friends and neighbors. He fancied, I  
suppose, that he loved me, as many do before  
they have seen much of the world. He will for-  
get me in the excitement of military life, forget  
that he even thought of me in the relation which  
you seem to think he has held me."

"I hope it is so, Laura."

Mrs. Deane gave a deep sigh as her daughter  
left the room. Before her came the vision of her  
own girlhood days—days when her own fancy led  
her from the heart that loved her best to a union  
in no way suited to her nature. Ten years she  
had lived in that union—a union externally, leg-  
ally, but in spirit how divided! Seven years ago  
she stood by the grave of him to whom she was  
thus united. Then followed days and weeks, ay,  
months of remorse to her soul so deep and an-  
guished no pen could portray it. Waves of self-  
accusation seemed to flood her entire being, and  
counted all the differences of opinion as faults of  
her own.

It was long before a healthy tone came over her  
mind, and she could rest in the assurance that in-  
tuitively came to be perceived by her, that blame  
did not exist either in herself, or in him from  
whom she had now parted, but that spiritually  
they were not adapted to each other's require-  
ments. Still it was a source of great peace to her  
to know that amid all the inharmonies of their  
union, she had labored to her utmost to please  
him, and to be faithful to her vows.

As her daughter began to develop into woman-  
hood, her vigor of thought returned; and she re-  
solutely determined that all that lay in her power  
should be done to prevent her from making an  
unsuitable match.

How happy, a few days ago, she felt when  
Robert Gray asked Laura to become his wife.

How had all her fond hopes been blighted in a  
moment when her daughter informed her of her  
refusal!

That night, her only prayer to the All-Seeing  
was, "FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE."

"No matter, mother, about the many little fix-  
ings. You must remember I am to be a brave  
soldier, and you must not make me tender."

"Do you think your regiment is to go im-  
mediately to the front, Robert?" asked his mother,  
still continuing to do up various comforts for her  
boy, as she called him.

"We expect to go right to work. I like it; it's  
better than lying still, and it helps drown the feel-  
ings, too."

He did not mean to utter those words. The  
quick ear of his parent caught them, and to her  
sensitive nature they sounded as though they  
were wrong from a suffering heart.

"You are sad at leaving us, Robert. Are you  
sorry that you are to go?"

"I am only too glad to be of service to my country."

All his weakness was lost in that great, manly  
reply, and for a moment he felt victorious over  
love and emotion.

His mother might never have learned the grief  
which was preying upon his soul's vitals, but for  
the tear which he brushed away as he came across  
some faded flowers among his books and papers  
which he was looking over, perhaps for the last  
time.

With a woman's intuition she saw and knew  
all. The flowers she remembered as the gift of  
Laura Deane to Robert one day when he had  
been confined to the house by illness. She had  
sent them over fresh from her garden and spark-  
ling with morning dew.

The mother went to the son, and laid her hand  
upon his aching, feverish head:

"Robert."

The name was spoken with tenderest tones. It  
thrilled his being. He laid his hand upon her  
shoulder, and the strong, brave soldier wept.

It was a sad but a holy season—that brief half  
hour—when, without words, the mother and son  
conversed. Closer grew the bond between them.  
His sorrow became her own, and grief shared,  
loses more than half its bitterness.

"You will promise me one thing, mother," said  
Robert, as the tea-bell summoned them away—  
"promise me that you will be kind to Laura. We  
must not blame her that she could not love me.  
Will you promise me this?"

"I do."  
"Haven't you got brother's things ready yet,  
mother?" said a gay, light-hearted girl, as she  
bounced into the room, impatient at the delay of  
supper, for she was longing to try her new saddle  
horse when the evening repast was over, and  
Robert was to accompany her.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her sev-  
eral times, in a playful manner, more to conceal  
his own emotions than to give expression of his  
love of her, though she was his household idol.

Tea was soon over, and brother and sister were  
galloping over the roads lying in the shadows of  
the great trees, that stood like guardians upon  
either side. The girl's playful manner was like  
the dancing wavelets that ripple the surface of  
deep waters. Her joyousness was so abundant  
that she did not notice the deep, thoughtful mood  
of her brother. A sudden bend in the road re-  
vealed two riders in advance of them.

"Look, Rob, see how splendidly she rides! Why,  
it's Laura Deane! But who is that gentleman  
with her?"

"Ah! that is Clyde Wellington; he is spending  
the summer here."

"Where is he stopping?"

"At Mrs. Clifford's."

"Do you know him, Robert?"

"I do not—look here, Mattie, you are getting  
very careless. Hold your reins more firmly. A  
little tighter. There, now, turn into the next  
cross-road, and we will go home by the old mill."

"Oh! but I wanted to get up with Laura," said  
the thoughtless child in a tone of disappointment.  
"But don't you see she has some one with her?  
It would be quite rude in us to join them."

"You always used to ride with her before he  
came. I hope he won't stay long—but, then, you  
are going away! I should think Laura would  
miss you."

"Look out for those low bushes, Mattie; you'll  
certainly break your neck if you attempt to ride  
these shabby roads alone!"

"Perhaps Laura will invite me to go with her."  
"Be careful that you do not invite yourself, my  
gray little sister. Here we are close by the old  
mill."

Robert tried to enjoy the scenes before him, but  
they were so associated with Laura, that the sight  
of them only gave him pain. For a moment only  
he gazed upon them, and then the two drove  
rapidly away. The last time he visited the spot  
she was with him. Then he had hoped no word  
of his love, but his heart beat joyous and expect-  
ant, and all the path before him was bright with  
hope.

How, now, had the cup, all untasted, been  
dashed from his lips?

"Look, Miss Deane, and see if you ever saw  
anything so lovely as those clouds? You have  
the most charming sunsets in Cliffdale I ever be-  
held. Were it not for the imperative demand in  
my nature for excitement and society, I should  
certainly take up my abode here."

"Could we not offer any inducements for you  
to dwell with us?"

"Attractions are not wanting;" and as the  
young man said this, he fixed his full, earnest  
gaze upon her.

Plain Robert Gray had never dared to gaze so  
long and tenderly into her face, and in doing so  
Clyde touched her vanity and self-love. She was  
pleased with his speech, and compared his elo-  
quent ease and manner with Robert's, congrat-  
ulating herself upon the fact of being heart free.

The evening shadows reminded them that their  
return must be thought of, and they turned their  
horses in the direction of home. Mrs. Clifford had  
invited a gay company at her house for the evening,  
and it was proposed that after music and mirth  
within doors, a sail should be had upon Sylvan  
Lake—a name given by some romantic young ladies  
to a pond near by. There was but little about the  
water to justify so delicate a name. To be sure,  
at one end there was a touch of beauty in a row  
of thick pines that dipped their branches beneath  
its surface and mirrored their graceful forms  
upon it, but this was all. The rest of its borders  
were barren, save such life as sought an existence  
in a few half dead trees that shot out horizontally  
from the crevices of the rocks, and seemed desper-  
ately determined to rest their heads on some  
blackberry vines below.

After spending the evening with the family,  
Robert Gray went to walk. He needed to be  
alone with his thoughts. The emotions produced  
by the fact of parting from his family and friends,  
perhaps forever, were great enough, indeed, but  
added to these was the disappointment of his  
heart. Truly he had a contest of feelings to en-  
counter, as well as the enemies of his country in  
the field. But he must learn to meet it bravely,  
as others had done, and like them grow strong.

He walked rapidly, and found himself close be-  
side the lake before he was aware of the direction  
he had taken, so deeply was his meditative mood  
entrancing him. The sound of happy voices rang  
out on the evening air. Among them he recog-  
nized that of Laura. How the heart to which she  
should have been folded throbbled with pain.

Peal after peal of laughter came over the lake,  
each outburst intensifying his sorrow. He tried  
to leave, but some spell seemed to chain him to  
the spot. A dark cloud, like a pall, at that mo-  
ment shrouded the moon. A sudden change of  
wind sent the dark clouds, thick and black, from  
the east. The waters of the lake began to heave  
in commotion. The tone of the voices changed  
from that of hilarity to one of fear. Soon he re-  
cognized the sound of a sail-boat approaching.  
Robert strained his eyes, but the darkness ob-  
scured everything from his sight. He only knew  
that the boat was being driven furiously to the  
shore. He shuddered to think of what might hap-  
pen should the boat be dashed upon the rocks,  
and he too far from any dwelling to procure as-  
sistance.

"Oh, Mr. Wellington, oh, save me! We shall  
be dashed to pieces," were the words that came

distinctly to his ears. The loud roaring of the  
wind drowned the answer to the pleading voice.

Nearer came the voices, fiercer the waves raved  
—then a crash. The boat had been dashed upon  
the rocks, as had been feared. One cry, Robert  
heard but one, and leaped into the water. A flash  
of lightning revealed to him the sinking form of  
Laura. He struggled, and with almost superhu-  
man effort bore her in his arms to the shore. Then  
—but only for an instant, he struggled with hu-  
man thoughts, the next, the man rose triumphant  
over self. Again he plunged amid the turbulent  
waves, and drew the exhausted form of Clyde  
Wellington to the shore. He had clung to the  
wreck, and the waves dashed over him until his  
breath was almost gone. The two thus secured,  
Robert hastened to the nearest dwelling, and soon  
returned with men and lanterns.

Did Laura know who her preserver was? At  
the moment he grasped her she knew the hand  
that rescued her from death, and the keenest ar-  
rows of remorse entered her heart.

The men bore her to the house. Mr. Wellington  
busied himself about himself, taking particular  
pains to see that he was comfortably wrapped in  
blankets, which, at Robert's request, had been  
brought. By the latter's exertions all the party  
of the boat had been safely brought to the shore,  
with the exception of two young ladies, who were  
drowned immediately on the upsetting of the boat.  
It was said intelligently to convey to Mrs. Clifford,  
who felt in a measure responsible to their parents  
for their safe return to their homes. The bodies  
were not found that night, but the next day they  
were secured and sent to the homes made desolate  
by the sad disaster.

After all were well cared for, Robert returned  
home and related to his ever-anxious mother the  
events of the evening. She loved him for his nob-  
leness, and prayed that his brave heart might as  
faithfully serve his country.

Had Laura Deane been less favored by for-  
tune's gifts she might, perhaps, have been proud  
of the offer of one so noble and true as Robert  
Gray. As it was, she, like most young girls, had  
an ideal of a lover something above the ordi-  
nary standard—some one who had not seen the  
world, and possessed elegance and refinement.  
In after years she learned that true refinement  
has its basis in principle. She learned to discrim-  
inate between external mannerism and true ele-  
gance. Had she been less favored in this world's  
goods, she might never have spurned the offer of  
a manly heart; but confident and at rest as re-  
garded her material comfort, with very little  
knowledge of the world or of herself, she existed  
in a sort of ideal world. To her young and ro-  
mantic imagination the person who might claim  
her hand must be brought to her life by some  
great, stirring event—something out of the com-  
mon course. Her fancy had been strongly im-  
pressed already by young Wellington, but after  
the danger of that hour a new feeling had come  
upon her. She thought less of the new acquaint-  
ance, and more of the old faithful friend.

The next day as she sat wrapped in blankets in  
the great arm-chair, her eyes kept constantly turn-  
ing toward the house of Robert. The sun went  
down, still he did not come.

"Do you think, mamma," she said, unable longer  
to keep the subject of her thoughts to herself,  
"that Robert would go without bidding us good-  
by?"

"Why, he's been gone three hours. He took  
the morning train. He came here, but you was  
asleep, and he would not have you awakened.  
He left a good-bye for you."

Laura turned deathly pale at the words of her  
mother. It did not escape the notice of Mrs. Deane,  
who thus became more convinced than ever that  
her child was self-deceived in regard to her own  
feelings. But she found comfort in the thought  
that time would throw light upon the subject.

That evening Clyde Wellington called. In the  
fascination of his smiles and flatteries, Laura for-  
got for the time her sadness, and when he left the  
flush of joy even was upon her features. Each  
day brought him to the house of Mrs. Deane.  
Sometimes he took a long ramble in the grove,  
often with book in hand, from which he would  
read for an hour or more. His voice was deep  
and well modulated; his selections made with  
fine, appreciative taste, and it was not strange  
that after such interviews Laura grew to admire  
him, to consider his presence necessary for her  
happiness. When he was absent she became dull  
and listless. And yet it was not "happiness"  
that she experienced in his society, though it was  
what the world generally calls such. It was ex-  
citement and pleasure—a spasmodic joy that came  
and went like fever flashes of heat. Happiness is  
a permanent bliss that steadily floats our life  
barque—pleasure, like mad waves, is fitful, and  
though at one moment it mounts us to the sky, it  
may in the next dash us upon hidden rocks, or cu-  
gulf us in ruin.

The summer glided away. Autumn came, and  
painted the field and forest with rich, golden hues.  
Clyde Wellington left Cliffdale when the roses  
faded. His departure gave Laura an opportunity  
to analyze her real feelings toward him. She had  
enjoyed his society, but there never came over  
her spirit the healthy glow which she felt after a  
season with Robert.

Her vanity had been flattered by the preference  
Clyde had shown for her society, but he had  
left without even asking permission to write to  
her. She thought of Robert, struggling, perhaps,  
in battle, and wished she had not been so hasty in  
her decision. She even longed to hear some tid-  
ings of him, and she determined that very eve-  
ning to call upon her neighbors and try to glean  
something from them respecting him.

As she walked down the well-worn path that  
led from their garden to Mrs. Gray's, it seemed as  
though the grass had grown over the walk. She  
felt rebuked by her conscience, and ashamed of  
her neglect of kind friends.

Mattie met her at the door, and taking her hand



led her into the sitting-room. It looked very natural. Over the mantel hung a portrait of the absent one. Mrs. Gray met her as kindly as though she had been over every day. She could not have showed her more attention had she been her son's own affianced. It touched her innermost self, and did more toward making her see herself in her own true light, than any amount of coldness or indifference could possibly have done.

They were in the midst of a cheerful conversation, when Mr. Gray entered with a paper containing the latest news. He handed it to his wife, who ran her eyes eagerly over its closely printed columns.

What made one name stand out as though written in letters of fire among the list of killed and wounded?

One shriek, and she fell lifeless to the floor.

Very tenderly Mr. Gray raised his wife and placed her on a sofa. She did not revive for a long time, but when she did, it was to become the comforter of those around her. She only turned away from the scene of life to bury her dead. She held back her great, surging grief, and was ready in a moment for the white battle-field of life.

Laura felt that she had no right there, as soon as Mrs. Gray revived, and she prepared to go and send her mother to the grief-stricken family. Mrs. Gray approached her, and taking her hand, said: "Laura, I have lost a noble son, but he has died bravely. God will bless him. I was not expecting such a blow; but God's will be done."

She stooped and kissed the brow of Laura, pressed her hand, and bade her good-night.

It was not the same being that walked the little path homeward in the cool air of evening, that walked it some hours previous. It was a young heart and head learning its great lesson of life, passing through the furnace of affliction that it might become refined like pure gold, as, sooner or later, the fire of purification must come to every soul. Then she knew that she loved Robert Gray!

Reaching her home she exclaimed:

"Oh, mother!" It was all she could utter in words, but the utterances of her soul in heart-rending sobs, showed how deep were her feelings. It was some time before she could control her emotions so as to be able to explain the cause of her anguish. No heart beside the mother's was more sorrow-stricken than Mrs. Deane's, when she learned the sad news. Leaving Laura in care of an aged aunt who was temporarily visiting them, she was soon at the side of the bereaved parent. She found her not wrapped in her own grief, but administering to her husband and children. Mattie was wild and comfortless. Her sorrow, like her joy, expressed itself in the strongest manner.

"Laura," said Mrs. Gray's aunt one day, a week subsequent to the intelligence of Robert's death, "was there a young man visiting here last summer by the name of Wellington, Clyde Wellington?"

"Yes, at Mrs. Clifford's; but why do you inquire?"

"Oh, nothing, except that I trust you had nothing to do with him. He's an unprincipled man. His native place is Renwick, a few miles from where I live. During the past two years he has been engaged to at least three girls—all nice young ladies."

Laura turned to conceal her blushes. She was about to turn the current of conversation into a more agreeable channel, when a servant entered and handed her a letter.

She hurriedly broke the seal and glanced at the name. Her astonishment was great when she discovered it to be signed Clyde Wellington, which was only increased as she glanced over its contents:

"DEAR MISS DEANE—You may have construed my long silence into an evidence of my indifference, and forgetfulness of you; but let me assure you that there is no being so dear to me as yourself. Since that fearful night upon the lake, my chief desire has been to make you my own. Circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from verbally declaring my love to you."

A few years ago I formed an attachment with a young lady, which my sense of honor would not allow me to suddenly to displace by another better suited to the demands of my soul. I returned to my native place, resolved that if she still trusted in my youthful choice, however great the sacrifice might be to me, I would marry her. Judge of my surprise and joy, when I ascertained that she did not consider me in any way essential to her happiness.

I have but one hope now on earth, and that is, that you will respond favorably to my request. Will you accept the hand of a true and ardent admirer—one whose life of devotion to you will prove how sincerely he loves you? Impatiently I wait your reply. Truly yours, CLYDE."

Whether the words of her aunt helped Laura to a quick reply, or the impulses of her own heart dictated it, we may not know. But we can testify to the fact that a sharp, decisive answer was journeying to its destination by the return of the mail that brought the letter from Mr. Wellington. Could we have followed it, and witnessed its reception by him for whom it was intended, we should have seen anger and mortification acting out their strongest expressions.

"I will be revenged," he said, as he tore the letter into shreds. "I'll show her that it's no trifling matter to refuse me. Yes, I'll have my revenge," and with an oath he raised his hand, and called for a witness to his resolve.

Autumn died, and placed her garlands under the pure white shroud which Winter wove. The old trees, bereft of their foliage, still turned heavenward, just as hearts that have known the joys of summer and walk beneath the chilling shadows of winter, still hope, and send their aspirations after the flowers of happiness that have faded.

It was New Year's Eve. Mrs. Deane and Laura had been invited to the Grays to spend several days. It was glorious to see them still trusting in God, and trying to be cheerful under their deep affliction.

"We must practice what we preach," said Mr. Gray, as they were seated around the pleasant fireside. "It is one thing to say to our young men, 'Go,' but another to feel that it is all right when one of our own band is taken. We must be careful and see to it that our practice agrees with our preaching. Why, only the other day I heard an old farmer say, 'When I can see folks' theory and practice go hand in hand, I'll let my three sons go to war; but I'll spend every dollar I'm worth to hold them back until that rich old Ferguson sends his puppies.'"

"This Ferguson, a great politician, who talks loudly and boastfully of patriotism—is greatly astonished that young men do not hasten to the scene of action; in fact, goes so far as not to patronize a store kept by a young man, or to employ one on any terms. He has three sons, but 'bodily infirmities' excuse them, and his wealth serves for heroism. The soft hands of Adolphus Alexander Ferguson never swung an axe, or handled a hoe. Of course they cannot go to battle. 'We shall soon need a home-guard,' is the answer Mr.

P. always has ready when glittering gold will not appease the indignation of sensible people."

Take a shield of silver rose the clear moon over the hills. The shadow of the old church-tower fell on the graves in the quiet churchyard below. The shades of time also lay upon the resting-places of the noble dead, far away. It seemed as though the memory of the brave one was never so fresh in the hearts of that bereaved family as that night. Each strove to talk of other scenes than those of war, but as though all minds were centered on one magnet, and that drawing them with its subtle, but invincible power, every attempt to speak of other things or persons resolved into fond, endearing tributes to the brave soldiers. Many a tear was hastily wiped away, and thought untroubled by the others; but none so bitter as those which fell from the eyes of Laura.

"Let us have some music," said Mrs. Gray, feeling the veil of sadness, which, in spite of their efforts, was creeping over them.

"Mattie, play some of those songs your brother loved so well; let us all join. Why should we sorrow that he has gone but a day before, and for such a noble cause?"

Mattie tried to play, but the well-remembered strains were too much for her intense, excitable nature. She rose, and went weeping to the sofa. Mrs. Gray motioned to Laura, who seated herself at the instrument, and though her own heart was throbbing with bitter waves of recollection, she played and sang the songs without a quivering tone.

"Now for some good national airs, Miss Deane," said Mr. Gray.

"And then my favorite chant, 'Thy will be done,'" added Mrs. Gray.

Grand and full rose the melody of the Star Spangled Banner, its inspiring strains wafting the soul nearer and nearer to the spirit and scenes of conquest. All present felt the thrilling effects of the inspiring melody. Each felt that it was better to sing, even in sadness, for they all felt borne to a loftier sphere.

A quick, sharp ring of the door-bell, just as the last tones were dying away, caused them to start, and every eye turned inquiringly toward the door. Mrs. Gray answered the summons, and soon ushered into their midst a pale and sickly looking soldier.

"O, perhaps it's some one who was with dear Robert in his last moments," whispered Mattie to Laura.

He readily accepted the seat, which Mrs. Gray offered, and seemed glad to rest. The kind woman went for wine and refreshments, feeling that he must be hungry as well as weary. How glad she was to be of use to a soldier, and her heart yearned towards him as the memory of her own dear boy came sweeping over her mind. Perhaps he had no mother living, was the quick thought of her own noble heart. A dreadful cold greeted her ears as she re-entered the room. She paused with tray in hand, and her pulse beat quick as she heard him speak the name of her dear child.

"Then you were with him, and in the same company?" said Mrs. Gray while all eyes were fixed upon the stranger, as though seeing their dear one last, he could impart to them some dying word, some little message.

"Take some wine," said Mrs. Gray, coming nearer to him, and before she was aware of the act, she laid her hand tenderly upon his shoulder. She thought he started, but it was only the hard cough which followed every effort. When it was over he drank the wine. Then clearing his throat he began:

"I have heard that sudden joy is as hard to bear as keenest sorrow; but I know of no way to prepare your minds for what I am about to tell you. I have good reasons to hope that your son is not dead. It was to impart these tidings that I am here to-night."

"What? what? Robert, our son, not dead? Oh do not deceive us, but tell us the foundation for such joyous surmises!" eagerly exclaimed the mother.

"Listen, then—he is now before you," said the soldier. He then removed his disguise, threw down the cloak and muffler, and clasped his mother to his heart.

If he had risen from the dead and appeared in their midst they could not have been more astonished and dumb with amazement.

The old church clock struck the hour of midnight before he finished an explanation of the facts that led to his having been reported dead. There was a young man in the same company who was killed on the same day Robert was taken prisoner. His name had been mislaid in the list of the killed.

Mrs. Deane felt that she ought now to return to her home, and leave the family to its new-found joy. But Mrs. Gray would not consent to her departure. So, after bidding the returned soldier a fond good-night, Laura and her mother immediately retired to their room.

Robert glanced toward Laura and felt that he had one more battle to fight, for his love for her had not died.

The harsh treatment which he had received in prison had so reduced his flesh, that with a slight disguise it was no difficult task to appear in the midst of his friends as a stranger. He feared to come in any other way, having heard from a soldier of his own regiment, that the news of his death had already reached his parents. He had traveled day and night to reach as speedily as possible the dear spot.

A few days of rest and happiness would soon prove that he was not after all, in as bad a condition as his appearance would lead one to suppose.

It was a wonder what a few days of home comfort did for him. The pale, haggard look gave place to one of returning health and vigor, and his cough under the remedies of a maternal hand, was soon cured.

O, my dear brother!" exclaimed his sister, as she sat upon his knee that night, "are you really alive, or is it your spirit?"

"I confess I appear a little ghost-like, but do spirits eat and drink as I have been doing? I will soon, however, give you literal proof of my being of the earth, earthly. In a few days you will see how your nice pies and puddings will disappear, and as I shall need your services in that direction, I advise you to retire to rest and pleasant dreams."

"See, mother," continued Robert, "that this witch does not come to me in the night to see whether I am flesh and blood."

The brother and sister then embraced, and the family retired for the night. It was nearly dawn before any of them slumbered, so full of gratitude were their hearts for the return of the lost.

The sun was high in the heavens when they awoke the next morning. Mattie was the first to open the shutters and let the warm sunlight in. She flew joyously from one room to another, keeping the servants in a flutter of excitement with her mild exclamations of gladness at her brother's return. But for her mother's timely arrival breakfast would have been delayed far into the noon.

During the day, Mrs. Deane and Laura returned to their home. When the evening came Laura

anxiously looked for Robert. He came not. Her heart sank with disappointment, and she bitterly reproached herself for having been so blind to her own interest when he offered her himself.

But the following day when he came, her heart beat with hope and a new light shone from her eyes. During the next few days Robert often visited Laura. Then his calls became less frequent. What could it mean? Did he love some one else, or was he too proud to ask again for the love which had once been denied him? Laura suffered greatly in her suspense. It was well. The old and faithful lover who had never changed, resolved not to be too hasty in the renewal of his attention. Sometimes, too, he thought Laura did not love him, and then he would stay away for many days and try to forget her.

When he learned from his mother that Laura had no other attachment, his heart beat with joy. Between the alternations of hope and fear, he sought her one bright moonlight evening to learn his fate.

Mrs. Deane was absent on a visit to a friend. Laura sat at a table writing when he entered. At first she seemed cold and distant, but looking into his face and seeing the deep earnest look there, she extended her hand as she had not done since the night of his return.

"No, not there, Laura; sit here by me."

She went and sat beside him on the sofa, and gazed earnestly into the bright, glowing fire.

"Laura, not long ago I asked you to be mine. I did not blame you that you could not love me. Perhaps you do not now, but something prompts me to repeat the question. What shall be the response?"

She placed her hand in his and burst into tears. But they were tears of joy, and glittered over the deep calm of her face as the raindrops sparkle on tree and flower.

Tenderly he drew her head upon his breast. No lip disclosed their love to Mrs. Deane; she knew it all as she came into the cheerful sitting-room. Laura's tell-tale, happy face mirrored the deep, deep joy of the two loving hearts.

When the buds and blossoms awoke from their long sleep, Robert and Laura were married. As the shroud of winter was thrown aside revealing tiny blades of grass and tender buds, so they, after a period of suffering, laid the shroud of sorrow from their souls, and found purer joy and sweeter rest for having passed through a battle.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### LINES, ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ELLIE, BY HIS FATHER.

In a little grave where the first-trees wave,  
'Mid the spring flower's perfumed breath,  
There the earthly form of my little boy  
Is sleeping the sleep of death!

'Tis a year to-night since we saw the bright  
Blue eyes of our boy grow dim;  
One year since alone in the midnight hour,  
We parted in tears from him!

Now, early and late, with my ear at the gate  
Of the world of immortal joy,  
Like a watcher I stand and prayerfully wait  
For a word from my angel boy!

And I get so near that I sometimes hear  
His voice on the other side,  
Come floating out, on the inner ear,  
From homes where the loved reside!

And the rays of light on the inner sight  
Shine now as never before,  
And I scar away to those mansions bright,  
Where the darkness falls no more!

Windsor, Vt., July, 1864.

#### Original Essay.

##### ABUSE OF HABEAS CORPUS.

BY DR. HORACE DRESSER.

So deeply rooted in the hearts of all good men is the liberty element—the sentiment of freedom—that any restraint of our citizens in time of peace, in the exercise and enjoyment of their inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—never fails to induce inquiry into the cause, and an examination of the lawfulness and justice of such restraint. To such an extent has this sentiment been active among us, that at a period still fresh in the memory of all, an officer of the United States Navy received the unbounded applause of the public, and finally the honorable awards of his government, for his fearless boldness in enlarging from imprisonment, on the distant shores of the Mediterranean, the person of a foreigner, not then fully entitled to the immunities of American citizenship. The enchantment which distance always lends to the beholder, besides the prestige of arms, in the example referred to, no doubt, contributed much to the enthusiasm manifested in this instance of liberation. Not always, however, has distance added to the nobility of the examples of unrighteous confinement within prison-walls and dungeon-cells, occurring in these days.

I might furnish a catalogue of cases which have agitated the popular mind, and remark on the causes leading to their occurrence, besides reviewing the judgments in each, which not only the Courts have rendered, but the People equally in the tribunal of Public Opinion. Such an undertaking I have not designed for the remainder of the present paper—I shall dwell only on a single other case, cognate to the subject of this article, to further illustrate the uses and abuses of this ancient writ of Habeas Corpus. Though some years have elapsed since the case engrossed the attention of the public, it is nevertheless not so long a time as to lose interest in the memories of men, or fail to be a fit and illustrious example of abuse. The allowance of the writ by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, whose opinion in that case I have already considered, gives fresh interest to this case. Now that an end has come long since to the judgments and doings in the premises, I shall review the facts and law of the case of a man who has given to the world an example of patience and non-resistance worthy of a citizen of the great State of the renowned Quaker, and of the beautiful town whose very name is so significant of brotherly love—the gathering place of the just and wise men, who sent forth to mankind the Declaration of Independence.

I place upon record the facts of the remarkable case of *MENYAS*, in a deemed consistent, in further illustration of the use and abuse of Habeas Corpus, to extend the review to another case, which, though not so recent, was still fresh in the memory of the people. It may be remembered that this case was decided by the Supreme Court, and is reported in the 10th volume of the Reports of that Court, in a former number. The remaining part, devoted to the proceedings and opinions of the late Justices, is given in full in the present number. The time which has intervened since the matter was determined has not lessened the interest of the case, nor diminished its historical importance.

It will be seen in the sequel that of necessity the writ proceeded out of Chambers, and not out of Court. In point of fact the slaves departed from Wheeler, at five o'clock P. M. on the 18th day of July, 1855. The District Court is never in session at a later hour than three o'clock in the afternoon. At eleven in the evening, on the same day, service of Habeas Corpus was attempted at the house of William Williamson. The writ not being served on the 18th, as was attempted, before the time therein named for the return to the same, an alias writ was issued, and service thereof made upon Williamson next day. Williamson never had the custody or keeping of the slaves, nor were they ever held by him under any commitment, nor by him ever restrained of their liberty. The respondent neglecting, or being unable to produce the slaves, pursuant to a mandate of the Judge, was afterwards imprisoned by the United States Marshal for that district, on process issued out of the District Court, for contempt of same. These facts I take for the foundation of these strictures. In the examination of the acts of the learned Judge in the very inception of his movement in the affair, I scarcely need the name of judicial proceeding, seeming to me to be *extra leges et iudices*.

The District Judge never had jurisdiction of any matter to warrant Habeas Corpus. It would be extremely absurd to suppose that because he had the right, by virtue of his office, to exercise certain powers, he might do what he pleased touching the rights and liberties of the citizen in person. The Judge of the District Court is, as limited and defined by the law of the land, a Judge is as harmless an entity as any other person, with the exception that when tempted to usurp power and inflict extra-legal punishment, he has greater facilities. The Judge had no jurisdiction in the matter of the escaping slaves, and hence no power to issue the Habeas Corpus. These slaves were not fugitives, had not escaped from one State into another, and therefore, were not within the provisions of the Acts of Congress of February 12, 1793, and September 18, 1850. No jurisdiction came or was conferred, therefore, by these acts, nor were the matters at issue within their purview.

I will continue the search for some ground of Habeas Corpus. These same acts are penal upon those who obstruct or hinder the claimant of a slave, or who rescue, harbor or conceal a slave. The application to the Judge discloses no charge of this sort; and, besides, if the respondent had, by any possibility, brought himself within those statutes by any act, the remedy for the injury to the relator, was not by Habeas Corpus, but by action in the usual method, in the Circuit Court of the United States, by writ of *Capias*, the punishment of these acts is provided for by the provisions, touching obstruction, rescue, harboring, and concealment, being thus provided for, as may be seen on reference to the acts. But it was impossible for the respondent to bring himself, by any act, within these statutes; for they provide solely for escaping slaves, under Art. 4, Sec. 3, of the Constitution. Granting everything—allowing that the slaves were fugitives, and that Williamson had rescued them, the Judge could not lawfully warrant by Habeas Corpus, at Chambers, nor by action in his Court give relief. It would be an injury to be redressed in another Court than his. The language of one of these statutes is, "shall forfeit and pay the sum of five hundred dollars, which penalty may be recovered by, and for the benefit of the United States." The Court of the United States, not the District Court, is the proper Court. But this writ of Habeas Corpus was no action; nor was it in Court—it was only in Chambers. No jurisdictional matter springs up here. But it is said the slaves were enticed away from their master. Is not this, indeed, reason for Habeas Corpus, and did not jurisdiction of the Judge here find a pivot for the play of that Archimedean lever in the law of the Habeas Corpus? It would have been well for him if it had; but all practitioners know that for such injury the relator has his action at law; that he must come into Court with a case, impeaching his adversary with his declaration, and have trial in the manner and form belonging to actions—into a forum proper, with its concomitants, clerk, jury and marshal, where may be found a new and better trial, and record. In short, he must resort to the proper Court of Record for relief in such case, and by *Capias*, too—not by Habeas Corpus.

This matter of enticement, then, furnishes no foundation for writ of Habeas Corpus, either in time-term, or in vacation of term, in the District Court, proper, or in Chambers of the Judge. There must be further search, therefore, for warrant of this extraordinary writ of Habeas Corpus. What if it be true that the relator and all slaveholders, by the law of nations, have the right of transit of their slaves through territory where slavery is unknown or disallowed? Is the abandonment of the relator by his slaves, in Pennsylvania, matter, under the Code of Nations, for the writ of Habeas Corpus sent forth greeting? The law of nations, however, is not a law of the United States, and the law of the United States, "solitary and alone," without prior, without clerk, without jury, without book of record for judgment, seems not to correspond with the magnitude and importance of the question; nor, indeed, do the Judges' Chambers, however luminous by the lights which burn and radiate within their precincts, seem the fit forum for the settlement of the question concerning rights and the respective parties. I think that the circumstances of this case, and the character of the tribunal, will not embolden another traveler with slaves to avail himself of the wisdom of the Judge, exhibited in the matter before him in this case. If guided by proper counsel, he will, under like circumstances, choose other writ than Habeas Corpus, another forum than the Judge's Chambers—will look well, to see that he has jurisdiction, and that the writ, too, lodged in such place and in "such form" that the judicial power is capable of acting upon it." The Judge Story has expressed it. This transit doctrine, though true, will not warrant Habeas Corpus. It calls for other remedy, and elsewhere—an action in Court—in any aspect of the affair.

In searching among the categories of complaint, caused of course by an application, with the facts connected with these escaping slaves, for something to warrant the Habeas Corpus, we are unable to find any; and I am unable to discover any in the code of nations, their conventions, the common law, the constitutions of States, their bills of rights, or their legislative enactments. Again, the District Judge never had jurisdiction of the person, and the respondent equally in Habeas Corpus. This proposition is but the corollary of that already examined. If what precedes be true, I am saved time in the proof of this; for what can be plainer than that if the affair did not call for the remedy which the Habeas Corpus was designed to bring, but left the wrong, or injury to be redressed in a court of record, the respondent was not bound to heed the mandate from the Judge's Chambers, any more than if it had been issued by his Honor, John Doe. It was at his option to seek the Judge at his Chambers, or at any place appointed in the writ, or to remain absent; to make a return, or not, at his pleasure. Suppose he had chosen to remain away, and the Judge had before him evidence of the due service of the writ upon him; or, take the matter as it occurred, he chooses to go at the time, and to the place nominated in the writ. What of it? Has the Judge jurisdiction of his person, so as to punish him for any cause? In the one case, if he obtained jurisdiction of the matter complained of—if the complaint before him came within the province of his powers—he might attach him, and thus compel his presence, and unless he gave sufficient excuse, might punish him for the contempt. In the other case, he would not be attached; being in Court, he may be summarily committed for the contempt. But in either case, it should behoove a Judge to be careful of his conduct, and not to expose himself to liability in the law; to mark well, and carefully digest the question, whether he may meddle with the person, till he has before him jurisdictional matter. In the small Courts, every Justice of the Peace is careful not to issue execution against property or person, till jurisdiction of the subject of complaint is had by him, although the defendant may have come into Court, and submitted to trial. Suppose a Justice to try the subject of title to land, a thing outside of his limits—the defendant coming into Court on summons, not objecting his jurisdiction, and even consenting to judgment, if the judgment be good, the execution harmless, and commitment to jail for contempt of Court during the trial, safe for his Honor? Consent does not confer jurisdiction. Will neglect to plead want of jurisdiction in respect to the person, help the trespasser? Now the Courts of the United States are limited in their jurisdiction; outside of their limits the Judges thereof are as feeble in power, as is the humblest Justice of the Peace, when beyond his statutory boundaries.

I forbear further inquiry or remark, leaving the reader to examine the quotations which follow, to see whether the affair of the escaping slaves of the relator constituted such a "case" under the Constitution, as to warrant Habeas Corpus by a Judge out of Court; or to give jurisdiction in any manner short of an action in some Federal Court.

"The judicial department is authorized to exercise jurisdiction to the full extent of the Constitution, Laws and Treaties of the United States, whenever any question respecting them shall assume such a form that the judicial power is capable of acting upon it. When it is assumed such a form, then becomes a case, and then, and not till then, the judicial power attaches to it. A case, then, in the sense of this clause of the Constitution arises, when some subject, touching the Constitution, Law or Treaty of the United States, is submitted to the Courts by a party who asserts his rights in the form prescribed by law. In other words, a case is a suit in law or equity, instituted according to the regular course of judicial proceedings."

"Cases arising under the Constitution, as contradistinguished from those arising under the Laws of the United States, are such as arise from the powers conferred, or privileges granted, or rights claimed, or protection secured, or prohibitions contained in the Constitution itself. Independence is a particular statute enactment. Many cases of this sort may easily be enumerated. Thus: If a citizen of one State should claim the privileges of a citizen in another; if a State should coin money, or make paper money a tender; if a person tried for a crime against the United States should be denied a trial by jury, or trial in the State where the crime is charged to be committed; if a person held to labor or service in one State, under the laws thereof should escape into another, and there should be a refusal to deliver him up to the party to whom such service or labor may be due; in these, and many other cases, the case, to be judicially decided, would be a case arising under the Constitution."

"It has sometimes been suggested, that a case to be within the meaning of this clause, must be one in which a party comes into Court to demand something conferred on him by the Constitution, or a Law, or a Treaty of the United States. But this is a misconception. It is clearly too narrow a view of the clause. It is in the right of the one party, as well as the other, and may truly be said to arise under the Constitution, or a Law, or a Treaty of the United States, whenever the case depends on the construction of either."—(Story Com. on the Const., § 849-7-8.)

A District Judge has jurisdiction and can exercise judicial power only where they are given by the Constitution of the United States, and the Laws of Congress. This judicial officer derives his office, and power to act in the same, not from anything found in the Constitution, Laws, or Bills of Rights of the States, or in the common law, but from what is found in the National Constitution and Laws.

His jurisdiction is limited by these; they present barriers against his extra-judicial acts. The element to which the laws have restricted his power is known; its specific gravity has been measured, and its component parts have been well ascertained. "The judicial power of the United States' Government is vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."—(Const. Art. 3, Sec. 1.)

Congress established the Circuit and District Courts, and by the Judiciary Act of 1789, prescribed the powers and duties of the Justices thereof, as well as the Justices of the Supreme Court. To show the source of the power and authority possessed by the Federal Judges to issue writs, and all the warrant which exists for the issue of Habeas Corpus by these Judges, whether as Courts, or off the bench out of Court, at Chambers, as Commissioners for a prescribed duty or purpose, and acting under the authority of the Judiciary Act of 1789, I here transcribe Section 14 of the above named Act, and ask the reader to point out the part, paragraph, or provision thereof, which chatters the writ that went forth from the District Judge to the respondent, in the case under review. Within its few lines, if anywhere, will be seen all and singular, the grant to issue this process by that functionary:

And he is further enacted, that all the before-mentioned Courts of the United States shall have power to issue writs of Habeas Corpus, and all other writs not specially provided for by statute, which may be necessary for the exercise of their respective jurisdictions, and agreeable to the principles and usages of law. And that either of the Justices of the Supreme Court, as well as Judges of the District Courts, shall have power to grant writs of Habeas Corpus, in cases where they are in cases of commitment, provided that writs of Habeas Corpus shall in no case extend to prisoners in the States where they are in custody, or are committed to the custody of the United States, or are committed to trial before some Court of the same, or are necessary to be brought into Court to testify."

Here the boundaries of the power of these Judges to issue process are clearly marked. Besides this, just as clearly is there a marked distinction in respect to their powers, in Court and out of Court, over the writs known in the law; in respect to what writs may issue, where, or either of them, are sitting and hearing Court as such, in term; and in respect to what writs may be issued, and under what circumstances, by a Judge in vacation of term, out of Court, in Chambers so called. Now the Habeas Corpus which issued in the matter under review, came not forth in term—was not the offspring of the District Court, or of any other Court—but it issued from a Judge in vacation of term. It is painful in the extreme, to witness the attempt to draw from its ancient origin, the writ of the old prerogative writ, which dates its origin and advent in the times which developed *Magia Charta*, and which has secured, more than all other appliances known in the law, the liberty of the subject or citizen from the trespasses of power. The liberator of the law, in this affair, became, *pro tanto*, the destroyer of liberty. It is justifiable to appropriate here the words of some of the Fathers of the Republic, seems to me, to be the words of the noble Prince of Denmark: "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bung-hole?" The knell of personal liberty has been rung, and its funeral sounds have reached our ears. "Alas, poor Yorick!" 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an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published *gratuitously* for the head of the department. Appointments.":

DR. H. F. GARDNER, 571 Madison, 57, Tremont street, Boston, will answer calls to lectures. april-1

MRS. EMMA HAWKINS, San Francisco, Cal. sept-19-lye

CORA L. V. HATCH. Present address, New York. Jan-2

SCHIE D. GILBERT, clairvoyant and trance medium, 1 McLean street, Boston. Jan-2

MRS. SUSIE M. JOHNSON intends spending the fall, and perhaps winter, in the West, should employment warrant. Those desiring her services will oblige by an early application. Address, Mrs. August Bradley, Esq., care of H. B. Emery, 107 Broadway, Hartford, Conn. april-1

MRS. SARAH A. BYRNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Magoun, clairvoyant and trance medium, 45 North Main street, Springfield street, East Cambridge, Mass. mar-12-2m

MRS. SUSIE A. HUTCHINSON, Milford, N. H. ap-23-6m

MRS. C. AUGUSTA FETTER, New York, trance speaker, will make appointments and call engagements wherever (on public routes) desired. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York, care of M. S. J. Newcomb, Esq. may-23-16w

MRS. LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, Ypsilanti, Mich., will make summer and fall engagements wherever (on public routes) desired. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. may-28-3m

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDN, trance speaker, Taunton, Mass., will make appointments and call engagements wherever (on public routes) desired. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. may-28-3m

MRS. C. FANNIE ALLEN's address will be Stockton, Mass., after July 9. She will now receive calls to lecture for the coming autumn and winter, and attend funerals when desired. jy-16

MRS. A. K. FULFORD, clairvoyant and trance speaker, will make appointments and call engagements wherever (on public routes) desired. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. jy-16-1

MRS. C. A. PULFORD, of Oneida, Knox Co., Ill., will answer calls to lecture, or speak on funeral occasions. jy-19-3m

MRS. A. K. FULFORD, clairvoyant and trance speaker, will make appointments and call engagements wherever (on public routes) desired. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. jy-19-3m

DR. HORATIO L. TRITON, clairvoyant and trance speaker, Post Office address until August will be Chicago, Ill. may-22-6m

FANNIE BURBANK FELTON, So. Malden, Mass. June-6m

MRS. ANNIE LOUD CHAMBERLAIN, musical medium. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. June-6m

DR. A. P. PIERCE, trance medium, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address, No. 8 Haymarket place, Boston. June-1-2m

MRS. FRANK REID, Breedsaville, Van Buren Co., Ill. June-1-2m

MRS. E. K. LADD, medium, No. 4 Stoddard street. jcy-3m

MRS. FRANCES LOUD, fair, of Mrs. J. A. Kellogg, Albany, N. Y. June-1-2m

MRS. MARY PARKHURST, Bond, part of Mr. J. will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. June-1-1w

MRS. A. P. BROWN's address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt. June-1-2m

THE DISCREETION—Elijah Woodworth, of Lealie, Mich., will discuss the affirmative of the following subject with any Christian minister of regular standing, who will call on him on the subject of the resurrection body of Jesus Christ in the Christian Church penonified. the may 7-3m

MRS. CLARIE B. DEARBORN will answer calls to lecture, on Sundays. Address, Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. jy-19-3m

A. B. WHITING, Albion, Mich. jy-19-3m

MISS L. T. WHITIER will answer calls to lecture on Health and Dress Reform, in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitefish, Wis. Jan-16-1

MRS. SOPHIA L. CHATFIELD, Battle Creek, Mich. †

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Mo., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give courses of lectures, as usual. †

DR. F. O. HYTZER, box 166, Buffalo, N. Y. aug-1

MRS. H. M. AND Mrs. H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y., care of Mrs. J. M. Brown, 111 Broadway, New York. jy-16-1

MOSES HULL, Battle Creek, Mich. Jan-2

THOMAS COX will speak, whenever desired, (to circles) on the Christian Science system of Health and Reform, on all subjects. Address, Huntsville, Ala. May-1-3m

SAMUEL H. PAIST, the blind medium, will answer calls to lecture and sit for tests. Address, Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa. jy-16-1

L. JUDY PARSON, Detroit, Mass. Jan-1-1



## Poems by A. W. Sprague.

Those of us who knew in life the noble impulses that governed the author of these poems, can never act the part of critic. There was, in her, the true womanly soul, in whose presence one felt the inspiration of something divine, the determination to do the noblest and best, ever looked; and in her quiet manner, one felt the power and strength of interior aspiration. She has left in many a heart sweet recollections, and they do not need any testimonies of what she ever promised unto herself to do and become. None who knew her could ever doubt her under any circumstances.

The present volume of poems opens again to her friends that inner sanctuary of her soul, where she sought not earthly fame, or even earthly love, but only to feel the light of divine life, which should quicken every power and attribute of her nature. They lack finish, for she had no opportunity to revise them; and they show the progress of her thought as different subjects and scenes came before her, rather than artistic study. But they are ever upward in their tendency, and breathe a voice of quickened aspiration. "The Real Prayer" shows so tender and loving an appreciation of pure devotion, that we copy it entire:

## THE REAL PRAYER.

I stood within a shadowy-aisled  
Cathedral, vast and dim,  
And listened to the organ's tone,  
Like a perpetual hymn.  
'T was not the time for service grand,  
When thousands gather there;  
Only a few, with stricken hearts,  
Dwelt low in silent prayer.

The pictures on the walls were works  
Of some great master hand,  
And bade the solemn past return,  
Like faded magnificence.  
And what a heaven was in the eye  
And face, upturned, divine,  
Of that Madonna! Could one help  
But bow at such a shrine?

And, oh, the agony of him—  
The Christ upon the tree!  
I turned away so much, too much,  
Like stern reality.  
And saint and martyr, bearing rack  
And torture for "his sake,"  
O'er all the walls; enough it seemed  
The heart well-nigh to break.

I looked again at those in prayer,  
And said, "Who knows the heart?  
Those pictures, like reality,  
Are but the works of art;  
And may not these be pictured prayers—  
The essence passed away—  
Devotion's form without the soul,  
The worshippers to-day?"

I patted in thought, and said, "Thy soul,  
Religion, tell me where?"  
When through the open door there came  
An answer to my prayer:  
A ragged little errand-boy,  
With bundle in his hand,  
Walked silently and knelt him down  
Where I had dared to stand.

He dropped the bundle by his side,  
And crossed his hands in prayer,  
And lifted up his little face,  
A living picture there.  
And what an earnest, speaking face!  
How eloquent the form!  
Face, form, and ragged garments said,  
"God shield me from the storm."

Madonna, saint, and martyr-face,  
Faded like mist away.  
"The past be with the past," I said;  
"Devotion lives to-day."  
That look of earnest, trusting faith,  
No hypocrite may wear:  
This poor, lone, friendless, kneeling child—  
"The very soul of prayer!"

Day after day I've seen them kneel;  
Long prayers I've often heard;  
But never one like that to me—  
That prayer without a word.  
And when I weary of the guilt  
That in devotion shares,  
I think of that young worshiper,  
And still keep faith in prayer.

Her cheerful, earnest purpose in life, is breathed  
forth in "Let the Saints be Glad in Heaven."  
"I'd rather have a step that brings  
A joy at every tread,  
Than all the silver sandals worn  
By saints to earth long dead.

Then bring me life, an earthly life!  
And let me live it true,  
Before, O blessed saints in Heaven!  
I come to live with you."

We are told that the poem entitled "The Poet" was written with very great rapidity. It has many passages of noble sentiment, and breathes of that living fire, that even then was consuming the too frail body. How much we need such inspired speakers, we must all feel; but are they not living unto us still?

On one of the first days after our well-beloved friend had entered the higher life, she came to us, and in beautiful, loving words spoke to us, and told of her entrance into the beautiful realm of spirit-life. There was about her a freshness of life that we had never seen with her on earth. Her soul seemed exultant in its new-found joys. Shall we doubt that with that increased power she still does the work she so loved to do, viz., to labor for the elevation of human spirits? We will trust in the living inspiration that she seeks to bestow, and feeling her calm, strong life still operating for the good of the world, trust still, labor still, and strive to aid her in doing all she would have done.

L. M. W.

## Spiritualists' Levee.

In accordance with the notice given in the BANNER of the 25th ult., the Spiritualists of Eden Mills and vicinity, held a Levee on the 4th inst. The weather was favorable, and at ten o'clock, A. M., people had collected, according to various estimates, from fifteen hundred to two thousand. At eleven o'clock a procession formed, preceded by the Eden Brass Band, and marched to the grove. The meeting was called to order by the President, Mr. Charles A. White, who remarked that eighty-eight years ago our forefathers met to take measures to free themselves from the British yoke, and we have met to-day to free ourselves from the yoke of Greed, Bigotry and Superstition. The audience then listened to one of Mr. Denton's poems recited by Mr. Bent of Wisconsin, in a trance state. He then delivered a beautiful, deep, and sound discourse on the "Old Dispensation and the New."

Mrs. A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury, Vt., entranced, gave a pungent address upon "The Devil, his Origin, Locality, and Use." She then read a poem by Miss A. W. Sprague. Volunteer speakers were then called for, and responded to in very short addresses by two or three.

We were favored with numerous pieces by the Choir and Band during the exercises. Those who were disposed then repaired to the tables where a substantial repast was prepared for the physical man by Messrs. S. Scott and G. W. Denio. In the evening there was a dance in Denio's Hall, in which many participated.

Thus passed the first Spiritualists' Levee ever held in these parts, and, although great things were not aimed at, yet we trust much good will eventually result from it.

H. C. QUINCY, Sec'y.

P. S.—Chas. Crane of Hydepark, and Albert Holsden of South Troy, Vt., were appointed delegates to the National Spiritual Convention, to be held in Chicago in August.

H. C. Q.

There are ten thousand Swiss emigrants at Havre and other ports waiting passage to this country. The Swiss appreciate America.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE &amp; CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in Man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

## Follow the Intuitions.

If, while we paid due respect to the reason, and allowed it full play in its own particular sphere, we at the same time gave all the room and margin which belonged to the intuitions, to the silent but powerful instincts of the being, reposing as it were rather on the perceptions of the spirit than on the reasonings of the faculties, we think there is little doubt that there would be very much fewer mistakes than are made in life, and very much more uprightness and honesty of conduct. The fact is, we are not surcharged with faith; we are not willing to take a plunge into the divine current, believing that we can swim there if we do but believe we can. By trusting to our reason as much as we do, and by employing it to the extent we do, we come to think that to succeed as men and women in the world we need but whet and sharpen our intellectual faculties, and keep bright and glittering the blades of wit and reason; but further experience in life undeceives us on this point, and we come at length to learn that there is vastly more power in soul than in mind, and that the individual who actually and practically trusts in God as he goes along will in the end find himself further advanced and better developed than if he had boasted of the highest gifts which a generous Providence had vouchsafed him. There is so much more in growth than there is in gift. The spirit is so much the superior of the mind.

We run our eyes, the other day, over an address before a Commercial College in New York, by one of the Professors, or Teachers, in which he says, that every man living, no matter what his calling or condition, had a peculiar vein of philosophy running through his life and conduct; and that that line might be as old as Plato or Socrates. The lecturer therefore laid down the principle with all possible emphasis, that "ethics should be taught as well as accounts." In discussing the tenets and characters of the ancient philosophers, he divided them into two classes—those who tended to empiricism, and those who tended to idealism. He thought the effect of the power was to lead to skepticism, wild reasonings, and that their teachings in too many instances resulted in demoralization. Of the latter, however—the idealists—he thought the result of their teachings led to devotion, to principle and the natural elevation of man. He further set up the claim that the intuitions of the soul were the true unitary standard of appeal, in all questions pertaining to morals and to the infinite. He held that men are too much in their reasonings, and not enough in their intuitions; and that this was proved sufficiently by the course which men too generally pursue in life. If they wanted to prove slavery, or any form of gratification to be right, they could find plenty of argument; while, after all, their intuitions were to the contrary.

The intellect is whetted to sharpness to realize its ends. But if men, not ignoring reason, but allowing it its proper and legitimate sphere, would prove true to their innate sense, there would be far less trouble resulting in society. There would naturally follow a higher type of manhood in man. If we do but stop to observe with care, we shall find it the intuitive class in whom we confide, as a general thing. All the Christian graces blossom in their souls. They spread abroad life, health, and sanity among the nations, and are the real pillars of the true Church, and the buttresses of all true and enduring government.

We are decidedly and emphatically of the gifted lecturer's opinion in relation to the value and reliability of intuition over reason. To whet and sharpen the intellects is one thing—to awaken and employ the full powers of the soul is quite another. The man who approaches us with his soul, rather than with the powers of his mind, is our man; he can come close to us, reach our inner qualities, get hold of our feelings and sympathies. And so in his own career—he must follow his own impressions if he would be what he can be, what he is capable of being, and what he really ought to be. If he goes ahead, reasoning his way along until he has got where he thinks (not knows) he ought to be, he will never be the individual which it lies within his power to be, neither will he perform that service among his fellows which is clearly within every person's power and privilege.

## The Alabama and Kearsarge.

The excitement over the naval fight between these two vessels in the English Channel, is still kept up in the French capital, and manifests itself in a variety of ways. One of the first of the French marine painters has already painted and sent to New York a large picture of the fight, and is engaged upon another, which is to be presented to Capt. Winslow by subscription. The combat is an endless subject of discussion, too, among naval and scientific men. It has likewise entered into literature; and even the restaurants have allusions to it on their bills of fare. And, worse than all, Capt. Winslow has had poetry about the matter inflicted upon him, which speaks of "concealed thunder" and of "monster guns which worry Neptune and vex the mighty deep."

## French Sympathy.

Both Napoleon and the French people are hostile in their disposition toward us, and would do us incalculable harm if they only had the power. The Emperor of the French, however, does not know exactly how to enter upon an experiment with our strength and resolution, while he has to furnish so large a force as he does for the subjugation of Mexico. He would be glad to pitch into our interests, if he did but dare; but the business he has undertaken against the Mexicans will be likely to occupy all the men he will have to spare on this side the Atlantic. He is not doing the Mexicans so much harm, after all, as he is doing us good. The forty or fifty thousand men he keeps there do not allow him a very large margin of men to calculate on, as an invading force against the Government of the United States.

## Mr. Home's Case before the British House of Commons.

Mr. Home's expulsion from Rome has been made the subject of inquiry in the British House of Commons. Mr. Roebuck, who presented the case, claimed protection for Mr. Home, "against the tyranny of the Roman Government." Messrs. Layard, Hennessy and Scully—the last two being Catholics—opposed the claim, and sought to cast ridicule upon the whole matter. Mr. Scully said he did not believe in any spirit, except the case of the "Witch of Endor," which remark excited the laughter of the house. Upon this Mr. Coleman makes the following comment:

"I happen to know that if Mr. V. Scully will ask the opinion of the prince of his Church, Cardinal Wiseman, he will find a very different measure of belief. It is only a few weeks ago that Cardinal Wiseman, in speaking of the modern spirit manifestations to one of his flock, said that he entirely believed in them, and that he could not be a Catholic without doing so."

The conclusion of the whole matter in the House of Commons was, that nothing was done; in the words of the reporter, "the subject was dropped."

Subsequently the following paper was drawn up by the friends of Mr. Home, and is being very generally subscribed to:

"The undersigned, indignant at the unjust expulsion of Mr. Home from the Royal Studio, and only without having been guilty of offence, but without any charge of wrong-doing being urged against him, desire to record their sense of the persecution to which he has been subjected."

The Foreign Minister having vainly sought to obtain redress for this outrage on the rights of a British subject, and Mr. Home having incurred considerable pecuniary loss by a sudden and forced ejection from Rome when all his arrangements had been made with a view to pursue his studies as a sculptor, we have entered into a subscription to relieve him of such pecuniary loss, to which we invite the cooperation of those who consider his case one of indefensible and gross oppression.

We desire also to place on record our confidence in the integrity of Mr. Daniel D. Home, and thus give expression to the sentiments of respect and esteem with which we regard him."

## "And Darkness Supervened."

A clergyman of Chelsea, one Mr. Morgan, has recently taken his turn in the exposing of Spiritualism. At the close of his last lecture, a woman whom our friend Mason, of the Telegraph, designates as a "medium inspired to refute the statements of the preacher," arose to address the audience, "but before she had time to make her announcement distinctly to all, the gas was turned off, and darkness supervened." Add this to the darkness in which the preacher had already manted the audience, and that of an Egyptian night must have been as noonday to it. This is apt to be the case when a man whose only knowledge of Spiritualism is derived from hearsay, or from a prejudiced examination, undertakes to enlighten a congregation of persons who are willing to subscribe amen to every word he utters, even before they know what the word is.

It was a fitting close for the evening; a proper benediction upon a people willing to sit and listen to remarks intended to disprove a truth which is the corner-stone of the Christian religion, and the very life and soul of the holy Scriptures.

Were the gentleman's arguments against Spiritualism so weak that he feared a woman's words might possibly destroy their force? Had he nothing but darkness with which to meet her? As the people creep slowly and carefully from their pews, stumbling over stray objects upon the floor, and feeling with outstretched hands their way along, holding fast upon the pew-doors, and so found their way out of the darkened house, strange thoughts must have passed through their minds. When they came all was light and cheerful; when they left all was dark and cheerless. They came for light and they obtained darkness. When the preacher who thus chose to leave his hearers in the dark, puts away the MSS. of that discourse for future use, it would not be inappropriate for him to make a memorandum upon the back of it, somewhat in this form: "Preached this in Chelsea, June, 1864; and darkness supervened."

## National Sailors' Fair.

While much has been done for our soldiers of the army, that other, and equally important arm of our national defence, the navy, has been comparatively overlooked. We are pleased, therefore, to see a move made in its behalf, and that a great Fair is to be held in this city for the purpose of providing a home for the disabled sailors who have perilled their lives in defence of their country, and for whom the Government has made no provision, except in cases of those who have been in the service twenty years. A managing committee has been appointed, comprising a large number of the most wealthy and influential gentlemen and ladies of this city and vicinity, and a call is made on the loyal and patriotic men and women of our land to aid in the good cause by contribution, either of money or articles of taste and utility. It is confidently believed that the subject need only to be brought before the public to enlist the sympathy and cooperation of all.

## A Word of Caution.

One of our most reliable commercial journals remarks that, if we would avoid riots and bloodshed in our cities this winter, the whole community must be determined that prices shall come down. It calls on all the banks to refuse to discount a note that will enable parties to hold up still higher their merchandise. By rigidly adopting this course, it says, they will help the whole community; and before the rigors of another winter set in, we shall see many staples at one half their present prices. And we are assured that there is no lack of coffee, tea, sugar and molasses, and many other foreign goods; that our importations are much larger than usual, and never was there such an abundance of all domestic produce.

## Atlanta.

We have every reason to believe that, before this issue of the BANNER will be in the hands of the reader, intelligence will come of the fall of Atlanta. Johnston offered no resistance at all to the advance of Sherman, who had marched southward from the Chattahoochee River, and was within shelling distance of Atlanta. The rebel commander had retired within the defences of the place, and the Union General was getting ready to invest it. There can be but one opinion respecting its fate. If Johnston has really concluded to make his last stand here and now, no doubt Sherman will be very glad to be made aware of it.

## The Indians.

A California correspondent suggests that at some of our Conventions an effort be made in behalf of the Indians. He thinks that something should be done to rescue them from the ditch into which they have been driven by heartless men, who, in order to elevate themselves, tread upon the prostrate forms of their brethren. The same writer speaks very highly of Dr. Child's speech on Non-Resistance, as reported in our issue of March 9.

## The Chicago Convention—Spiritualism and Politics.

We see it stated in one of our exchanges that the Spiritual Convention to be held in Chicago, on the 9th of August, is for the purpose of forming a political organization. The editor further states, what he likewise knows to be untrue, that the "convention has been brought about by the Democratic National Executive Committee," and that the Convention of that party was postponed to await the action of the Spiritualists!

We claim to be informed as much as any one of the plans and purposes of the Convention, and we deny, most emphatically, that they have any political basis whatever. Such a denial on our part may seem uncalled for by some of our readers, but in a time like the present, when everything is being drawn into the political vortex, we deem it best to throw an obstacle in the way of the progress of such a false rumor, at its start.

No one can deny that Spiritualism has become a power. The belief in this fact is apparent in this attempt to wed it to a political party. But the nature of that power is very far from being comprehended by the world at large. It is cosmopolitan in its character, not confined to any people or country, and when it is brought into action the whole race of man will feel its quickening and elevating influence. In what way this great lever will move the world we cannot say, neither can any one; but this one thing we do know, it will not become leagued with any existing political organization, or employ the platform of any "party" as a fulcrum. The time is rapidly approaching when the world will be startled by a voice that shall say unto every form of oppression and wrong—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

## A New Polar Expedition.

Mr. C. F. Hall, the well known Arctic Explorer, who passed three years, from '60 to '62, among the Esquimaux, sailed July 15th, from New London, Conn., on a second expedition of discovery in the North Polar regions. His life there has only sharpened his zeal to know still more about the latitude and the people, and the very labors and hardships he has hitherto endured throw a romantic coloring around the expedition, which makes it more attractive to him than ever. His only companions on this voyage will be an Esquimaux and his wife, whom he brought back with him, and has supported at his own expense, and instructed in the ways of civilization. A thoroughly-fitted whale-boat is the only vessel Capt. Hall takes, and his supplies consist of clothing and pemmican for himself, necessary instruments and books, and an assortment of goods to trade with the Esquimaux for food, and to pay those whom he will engage to serve him. Capt. Hall has already acquired the Esquimaux language, is familiar with their habits, is known favorably to the people of a large region, and will remain with them from two to three years. He will travel with them in their annual migrations, and will spread everywhere the knowledge of his purpose to learn new particulars concerning the fate of Sir John Franklin, and any other matters of interest in the almost unexplored regions of the North. He proposes to make his winter quarters at Repulse Bay, which is the most northerly-northwest point of Hudson's Bay. Then, by means of dogs and sledges, he will make his way to King William's Sound and Boothia Peninsula. While there, he will visit the north magnetic pole, and commence a series of magnetic experiments. In this vicinity of the country he will stay, perhaps, two years.

## No Loan.

The Secretary of the Treasury has been forced to return to Washington without negotiating the loan of fifty millions on which he counted in New York; the difficulty arising not from a want of willingness on the part of the Banks to lend that amount of money, but from a clause in the law authorizing the loan. The expectation now is that the Secretary will at once put a six per cent. par loan upon the country, which we have every reason to believe will be at once taken. The Government is behind with its obligations already, to the amount of ninety millions of dollars, and there is no resource left, save in a loan. The Secretary, at any rate, takes back word with him to Washington, that the confidence in the financial strength of the Government, on the part of moneyed men, is unabated; his impressions, after his week's visit to Wall street, are of the most cheering character. The latest indications are that the Secretary will ask the people to take seven and three-tenths interest bearing Treasury notes at par, convertible or not, according to his option, at their maturity in three years, into six per cents, interest payable in gold, in long bonds. To this denomination of notes he may also add a large amount of compound interest six per cent. legal tender notes and gold bearing bonds.

## Monumental Designs.

The committee who have in charge the design and erection of a monument at Gettysburg to commemorate the valor of the brave men who there gave up their lives in 1863, have given notice to competitors for a design that they do not desire to receive a plan for a tall obelisk or column. Undoubtedly, therefore, they will take up with some squat and unexpressive affair, whose base will not begin to hold the names of the four thousand heroes whose blood sealed the victory which was gained for the Union cause on that spot. It is believed to be better that they should not proceed at all, if they design to confine their artists to some wretched plan. To be at all a success, Art must be married to Religion, as it was in the middle ages. This designing a work of art for money is like writing a poem for pay—what is the inspiration worth which gives it life? The cathedrals of old Europe were erected by men who wrought at their tasks with religious fervor and zeal, and not for hire and pay; and if we would have similar productions in our time to become significant to future generations, we must work for similar motives.

## The Weather and Crops.

We are all of us rejoiced to hear that the recent rains at the West have done so much good as they have. In Illinois, which is the greatest grain growing State, the crops have been greatly benefited. They are now busily engaged in gathering in their wheat harvest in the southern portion of the State, and the yield is related to be equal to that of last year. And the papers of the great western cities inform us that the wheat and grain crops are in a most promising condition, and calculated to cheer the hearts of all who behold them. The trouble now, however, will be about help to get in the harvest; that is liable to prove as serious a cause of mischief as bad weather. But there always is "a something" to pay with the agricultural business, as there probably is in every other, and we need not give our minds excessive trouble over the idea that there will not be enough to eat, in the first place, and plenty of labor of some kind to get it into the granaries and store-rooms.

## The Opposition in England Yielding.

"The Wizard of the North," Mr. Anderson, who made such an ado in New York a few years since with his pretended exposure of Spiritualism, has recently been engaged in the same thankless task in Scotland. He draws large audiences, and puts money in his purse, but entirely fails to satisfy the majority of his audiences. As Mr. A.'s business is to deceive by his tricks, nothing better than deception can be expected when he undertakes to show how "spiritual manifestations" are produced.

A Mr. Taylor lectured for many months in London pretending to expose "the spirit-rapping impostures," but it appears now that Mr. T. was from the very first a believer, and was fully aware that his tricks in no way accounted for the real phenomena of true mediumship. His wife was a medium, and by her he obtained some of the most remarkable manifestations. Mr. Taylor has recently expressed a wish to enter the field as a lecturer in favor of Spiritualism.

One more—Mr. Chadwick has for years, as a public lecturer in England, opposed Spiritualism, and has been sincere in doing so. Evidences, however, accumulated so abundantly in proof of its genuineness, that he has been compelled to yield, and is now not only lecturing in support of its truth, but has commenced the publication of a paper entitled "The Spirit-World."

## The Convention—Answer to Correspondents.

In reply to inquiries made by several of our correspondents, we are authorized by Dr. H. F. Gardner, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, to state that a person attending the Convention at Chicago, need not necessarily be a regularly appointed delegate in order to take a part in its proceedings. It is to be a mass Convention, open and free to all Spiritualists. No credentials, therefore, will be required other than an interest in the objects of the meeting, and the fact that a person is present is sufficient proof that he possesses that.

By reference to the official call on our eighth page, it will be seen that some changes have been made in the prices of fare to and from the Convention, and we would request all inquirers to read the call attentively, and observe how broad and liberal it is.

We are not informed of any special arrangement having been made with railroads and steamboats at the West, but presume that the friends of the cause there will see that something is done. It is desirable that this be attended to at as early a day as possible, in order that the public may be duly informed in time of any arrangement that may be made.

## Call for Men.

The new call of the President for half a million of men is based on the supposition that the grand army in Virginia must be kept up at its maximum, in order to wear out the force under Lee. Volunteers may be received for fifty days, after which the deficit will be supplied by draft. The volunteers, however, will be taken for one, two or three years; but the draft is but for one year. This makes it comparatively easy. Those who go into service this year will not be summoned to duty in the field at present, but will be provided very shortly with winter quarters; the term of service is brief, the bounties liberal, and the prospect is that this is, in any event, the last year of the rebellion. If Grant be faithfully supported, he will certainly capture Richmond and destroy Lee's army. There is no more doubt of that than that the sun will rise to-morrow.

## Awful Accident.

As we remarked a week or two ago, this is the season for accidents on steamboats and railroads. There is a real glut of them. The last was the horrible wholesale slaughter committed on the Erie road, one train smashing at full speed around a curve into another, and a train laden with rebel prisoners and their Union guards, numbering about a thousand men in all, losing a little short of a hundred men killed outright, and more than a hundred wounded. The accident occurred merely from the telegraph operator or agent at one station neglecting to inform the operator at the next station that a train had the track, and to let no other train advance until the road was clear.

## Sealed Letters.—Illness of the Medium.

The public are requested not to forward any sealed letters to our care for the medium to answer, at present, as her health will not allow her to sit for the purpose of receiving responses to such letters. Letters already sent to this office for answer, we shall retain for awhile, in the hope that the medium may soon be able to answer them. If not, they will be returned agreeably to our standing notice. Due notice will be given when the medium regains her health sufficiently to resume her duties in the holy calling for which she has been chosen by the angel-world.

## A New Paper in California.

THE GOLDEN GATE is the name of a new weekly paper published in Sacramento, the first two numbers of which we have just received. It is designed to be a free paper, devoted to the investigation of spiritual science, and the development of a progressive humanity. It is edited by Mrs. Frances H. McDougall, is neatly printed, and promises to be a valuable aid to the cause for whose special advocacy it is established. A more beautiful and appropriate name could scarcely be conceived of, and we trust it may prove to be many a "golden gate" through whose open portal they may see peace, joy and increased happiness. We commend it to the attention and patronage of our California friends.

## Delegates to the Convention.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., "appreciating the importance of the National Convention," have chosen the following named gentlemen to represent them at the Convention to be held in Chicago, August 9th: Messrs. Wm. G. R. Mowroy, Immanuel Searle, Lauriston Towne, C. V. Kennon, and L. K. Joslin.

At a meeting of Spiritualists on the 4th inst., at Eden Mills, Vermont, Messrs. Charles Crane of Hydepark, and Albert Holsden of South Troy, were selected as delegates to the above Convention.

## Dr. J. B. Newton.

This world-renowned healing medium has gone to Europe. He left this port in the steamer Asia, for Liverpool, last Wednesday, July 28th. Our numerous correspondents who are daily writing to us to learn the doctor's whereabouts, will please notice the above fact.

## Dr. L. K. Cooley.

This efficient co-laborer in the Spiritual ranks, requests us to say that he intends laboring in the Western States after the National Convention adjourns. Those wishing his services, either for lecturing or healing, should address him at Chicago, Ill., on or before the 9th of August.



## New Publications.

**THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.** By Robert Carter. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The author of these more than pleasant letters is a gentleman of fine literary attainments and qualifications. He was for two or three years the secretary and reader for the historian Prescott—a fact which certifies strongly for his skill and ability. The contents of this goodly volume, offering the summer reader such pleasant pages, are made up of a series of letters which were originally addressed to the New York Tribune, while the author was engaged in the solitary pastime which almost everybody would like to indulge in at this particular season. They let us into delicious scenic sketches of coast-life, and acquaint us with resources for summer enjoyment, and solid summer improvement, too, more rich and varied than one could suppose until he had come to the actual reading of the book.

**THE CONTINENTAL MONTHLY** for August is out and for sale by all the periodical dealers. Some of its best contributors have articles in the "Causes of the Minnesota Massacre," in which he endeavors to do impartial justice to the Indian. At the close, he says: "Woe to them, who, knowing what must inevitably result from their foul dealings, continued to deal foully with the Indian—until doomsday came!" We recommend a careful perusal of it. "Negro Troops," by H. E. Russell, will be read with interest. In fact, there are many other good articles which should be read.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for August opens with a fine steel engraving representing a scene in "Harvest Time." The double steel fashion plates are equal to any of the previous ones which have graced the pages of this magazine. The wood engravings excellently represent what they are designed for. The literary contents are supplied by some of the best magazine writers of the day. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, at \$2 per year. For sale in this city by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We shall print in our next issue another paper in continuation of the "Experiences of Henry Whittemore in Spirit-life."

The friends of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain are informed that she has removed to No. 10 Chapman street.

**CORRECTIONS.**—In "A Sketch from the Roadside of Life," published in our last, second column, the third line of sixth paragraph should read, "from lower to higher;" also in fourth column, the thirteenth line of second paragraph, "of healthy action," instead of "of our healthy action."

Elijah Woodworth speaks in Eaton Rapids, Mich., on Sunday, July 31st, and the following Sabbath.

**THE MUSIC BOOK** for Public Meetings, Circles, Conventions, Grove Assemblies, and Social Gatherings at home and abroad, is "THE PSALMS OF LIFE." This standard collection for Spiritualists, Progressionists and Reformers, contains upwards of five hundred choice Psalms, Hymns, Anthems, Sentences and Chants, to each of which is appended suitable music. The Boston Transcript says of it: "As a Hand-Book of Poetry it is worth four times its cost." The press throughout the country have spoken of it in the highest terms. No Spiritualist society, choir, or family should be without it.

**FELLOW FEELING.**—A young doctor counting a maiden's pulse.

Dr. J. G. Holland, of the Springfield Republican, does not appear to have much faith in "dentified" repentance, as the following truthful lines from his pen indicate:

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound;  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:  
That a noble deed is a step toward God—  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view."

A six-year old boy that was walking with his mother on the street at Taunton, the other day, was puffing away lustily at a cigar. No doubt the mother thought it was mainly.

On the 25th ult., while a band was playing before Marietta, Ga., the popular air entitled "The Battle Cry of Freedom," a shell from a rebel battery fell in their midst, killing two of their number. The other musicians finished their piece, however, although they were put a little out of tune by the accident.

The Hon. Rustomjee Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy, member of the legislative council of Bombay, and son of the late Sir Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy, has given fifteen thousand pounds to be distributed among the poor of London. Well done for Rustomjee Jamssetjee Jejeebhoy.

"Do you suppose that you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a seedy actor in quest of an engagement. "I should think I might," was the reply, "I have done a great many landlords."

Courage does not consist in feeling no fear, but in conquering fear. He is the hero, who, seeing the lions on either side, goes straight on because there his duty lies.

The world, now-a-days, live too much "in the house," souls grow angular as the apartments they dwell in, and come, like them, to have parlors and pantries, closets and coat-holes.

Western farmers are now applying petroleum successfully in the destruction of caterpillars. The effect is instantaneous. The oil is applied to the trunk of the tree and introduced into the nests.

An ingenious chemist in this city is said to have manufactured a wash, which, by daily application, will prevent the beard from growing, no injury being done to the skin or complexion.

Mr. Sumner made a proposition in the late Congress to incorporate two national academies, one of literature and art and the other of moral and political sciences. Bryant, Church, Dana, Holmes, Curtis, Emerson, Prof. Whitney of Yale, and such, are the proposed corporators of the first; while among those of the last are Beecher, Phillips, Bancroft, Dr. Horne, Edward Everett, Gen. Halleck and Prof. H. B. Smith, of New York.

Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said, "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, doctor," replied a wag: "dead men tell no tales!"

Footie expressed the belief that a certain miser would take the beam out of his own eye, if he knew where to sell it for timber.

**AN ELEGANT TESTIMONIAL.**—There is now at the store of Jordan, Marsh & Co., a model of the steamer Commonwealth, of the Stonington line, executed in gold and silver, by J. D. Benton, of New York, for presentation to Capt. J. W. Williams, of the Commonwealth, by his friends. Its delicacy of finish, just proportion, and correctness and completeness of detail are the admiration of all who have examined it. The model is constructed on a scale of 3-32 of an inch to the foot; its extreme length is thirty-one inches, breadth of beam six and one-half inches, depth from top of saloon to bottom of keel four and one-half inches. It contains fifteen doors, one hundred and twenty-eight blinds, one hundred and forty-four windows, and sixteen hundred panels; besides, in the saloon, chairs, tables, sofas, etc. The hull and upper works comprise over six thousand different pieces. Seventy-three ounces of gold and two hundred and forty-two ounces of silver were used in its construction, and its cost is estimated at \$6000. On one of the tables in the saloon is a bottle of wine. In the engine room are musical works (not yet completed), which will play five national airs, and selections from the opera of "Martha." It was taken to the Central Fair of the Sanitary Commission at Philadelphia for exhibition, and will probably be on view for a few days in this city.

"My voice is still for war," wrote the mute.

A Swedish doctor lately restored to activity a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for two years. He is going now to experiment upon Swedish criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to a complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

To a man who was inquiring what in the Old Nick he should do with his torn and mutilated postal currency, a fellow who evidently has an eye to the main chance replied, "Deposit it in the contribution plate at evening meetings, the same as other pious people do."

Speak not injurious words, either in jest or in earnest. Scoff at no one, though you may see occasion.

Rev. Horatio Stebbins, recently of Portland, Me., has received a call to the pastorate of the Church of the Pilgrims, in San Francisco, as successor of Rev. Thomas Starr King, and will leave for California in a few weeks.

A BRIDGE FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM, is the title of an able speech (printed in pamphlet form) delivered by Hon. Charles Sumner, in the United States Senate, on the bill to establish a Bureau of Freedmen, June 13th, 14th and 15th, 1864.

A National Fast has been appointed for the 4th of August.

Mexico is going into the cotton-raising business.

The assistant whom Blondin was wont to carry on his back across the Niagara was a Milanese, who, breaking down in his affairs, resolved to commit suicide. Blondin got him to be his assistant in his perilous feat by the following logic: "If we go down, very good; you are drowned, according to intention; if you arrive safe on the other side the fortune of both of us is made."

The hay crop has been abundant in Maine, as well as in this State, this season.

Lawyers have doubled their charges. We hope they won't have occasion to double their cases.

The Kearsarge has put out to sea again, on the lookout for Sommes in his new vessel, which it is said he has succeeded in obtaining.

The Middleboro' Gazette says that an immense quantity of straw is being cured and bleached in that vicinity, to supply the place of imported goods. Foreign straw brings an almost fabulous price.

**RARA AVIS.**—In the town of Rowe they have a good many strange things, and among the strangest we have heard of are the operations of a chirping lark. For some unaccountable reason, a little bird of this species visited the domicile of an old bachelor and made friends with him. Whenever he went to the door the bird was always there to greet him, and whenever he went the bird was sure to go. It would follow him into the fields, and remain as long as he did. In short, it has been his constant companion for three months, and its last crowning act of singularity and familiarity was to light upon his hand and drop an egg.—*Springfield Republican.*

The best juices of meat go out into the brine when salted; and a plan has been invented for separating them from the salt, and using them for soup. Lobbing thought that the scum and other diseases, afflicting those whose principal diet is salt meat, arise from the absence of these animal extracts which are retained in the brine.

Robert J. Walker estimates the yearly gross earnings of all the trades, professions, occupations, &c., of the United States, at the immense sum of two thousand millions of dollars.

The auction sale of pictures in New York from the first of November to the first of July, produced more than \$600,000. The private sales have also largely increased over those of any previous year, and the prices have materially increased, 50 to 200 per cent. over the original cost being readily obtained.

The Great Eastern has taken three thousand tons of coal on board, and will shortly leave Liverpool for Sheerness or Deptford, where she will be fitted with water tanks, in which the Atlantic cable will be stowed away as fast as it is completed.

The speculators in tea, coffee and sugar, are carrying immense amounts of these articles, and paying one per cent. a month interest to do it. The New York banks are talking of shutting down upon them, which would bring about a collapse, and let prices down sensibly.

One of the principal points made at a trial in a Court of Probate, in England, to prove the incapacity of a testatrix aged seventy-three, was that "when she played whist, she revoked, and trumped her partner's king."

A Mrs. Hern whipped two editors at Dubuque, Iowa, a few days ago, and wished there had been four. She'll do for one of the home guard.

A Californian claims to have discovered a substitute for blasting powder that is much cheaper and less dangerous. Sawdust is one of the ingredients. The inventor of the compound is now using it successfully at the mines.

The Troy Whig has the following: "South Troy is just now agitated by the stories told about a child that talked at birth. It prophesied that a comet was coming in a few weeks, and was going to give us a terrible drouth, and that in consequence of its disarrangement of atmospheric laws there would be a five years' famine. The war was to end next year, according to the inspired baby's prophecy. There are numbers who have seen the talking child, and insist upon the truth of these stories."

**CONTENT.**  
Have faith in God that for thee all is well—  
So, whether thou art Fortune's slave or free,  
Or, crushed beneath adversity's dead weight,  
Lie 'neath thy burden hear discomfite,  
Thou yet shall be content.  
But that of faith and steadfast hold on God,  
Which never, when its sun beclouded sets,  
Writes like a wayward child beneath the rod.  
Oh, sweet Content, that hath such faith in light,  
It resteth calm, serene, in God's own will in Darkness as in Light.  
—JOHN S. ADAMS.

**A Spiritual Message Verified.**  
A lady who is a medium and well known to the spiritual circles of London, is intimately acquainted with a learned divine, one of the most popular preachers of the Metropolis. This lady has for some time past unsuccessfully endeavored to impress her friend with the truth of Spiritualism. Being at his house recently in the company of his wife, who, we believe, has herself become a medium, they sat at a table, and among other messages there was one addressed to the clergyman, which purported to be from the spirit of a friend of his, who gave the name of John. That, however, as the clergyman remarked, was a name too common to identify him. "John who?" was asked. "John S." was the reply. "That is true," he said, "I have a very old friend of that name; but I am not aware that he has passed from this life." In answer to other questions it was stated by the spirit that he died two years previously at a certain hotel in the town of A—, in France. Some few days after, the message was verified. The body of John S. was sent from A— to London, for interment, and the clergyman had the melancholy duty of reading the funeral service over the remains of his late friend.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

**The Spiritualists of Chicago.**  
We have received a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, from F. H. May, the Secretary of the Society. It promises to become a valuable auxiliary to the cause in that city and vicinity.

**Vacation for our Free Circles.**  
Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles are closed until the 1st of September, when they will again be reopened.

**To Correspondents.**  
[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

C. W.—"Lella" came duly to hand.

J. M. P.—Notes received—will print soon.

Dr. H. S. B.—Will comply with your request soon.

F. F.—You will find an answer to your questions in another column of our paper.

**Three Days' Meeting.**

The Spiritualists of Old Town, Milford, Bradley and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting in Milford, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

It is expected that the Davenport Brothers, whose celebrity is world-wide, will be present, and possibly the Davenport Sisters; also, some prominent Spiritualist speakers and lecturers. Among them, W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairfield, C. A. Hayden, J. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Emma Houston, Susie M. Johnson, and, we hope, a host of others. All lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists are most cordially invited to come and share with the friends here. The following are the friends here who will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance, and want every niche of room occupied. Come! one and all! Let us join hand and heart, that we may more effectually work.

"For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMEY, Committee  
NEWELL BLAKE, of  
A. RIGLEY, Arrangements.  
J. M. ROBINSON, of  
J. J. ROBERTS, Arrangements.  
Bradley, Penobscot Co., Me., June 25, 1864.

**NOTICES OF MEETINGS.**

**HOSPITALITY HALL.**—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited.

**CHURCH.**—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have at 10 A. M. Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. H. C. Baker, 10 A. M. Hall, Chelsea.

**LOVELL.**—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leestown Church, on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st of each month. The following lecturers are engaged to speak after noon and evening:—J. S. Lovell, July 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, August 1st; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 2nd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 3rd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 4th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 5th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 6th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 7th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 8th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 9th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 10th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 11th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 12th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 13th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 14th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 15th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 16th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 17th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 18th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 19th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 20th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 21st; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 22nd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 23rd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 24th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 25th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 26th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 27th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 28th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 29th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 30th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 31st.

**QUIKOR.**—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Service in the forenoon, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Susan A. Hutchinson, Sept. 4; Mrs. E. C. Clark, Sept. 11; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 18; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Sept. 25; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 2; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 9; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 16; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 23; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 30; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 6; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 13; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 20; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 27; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Dec. 4 and 11.

**TACONIC.**—Mass.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall, on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, and 31st of each month. The following lecturers are engaged to speak after noon and evening:—J. S. Lovell, July 31; Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, August 1st; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 2nd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 3rd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 4th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 5th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 6th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 7th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 8th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 9th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 10th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 11th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 12th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 13th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 14th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 15th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 16th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 17th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 18th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 19th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 20th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 21st; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 22nd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 23rd; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 24th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 25th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 26th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 27th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 28th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 29th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 30th; Mrs. J. J. Baker, August 31st.

**PROVIDENCE.**—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westobest street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Hutchinson, Sept. 4; Mrs. E. C. Clark, Sept. 11; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Sept. 18; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Sept. 25; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 2; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 9; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 16; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 23; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Oct. 30; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 6; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 13; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 20; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Nov. 27; Mrs. J. J. Baker, Dec. 4 and 11.

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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was written by the Spirit of the deceased, and is published as such, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

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

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations are solicited.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Tuesday, June 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Gen. Felix Zollicoffer, to his family; Timothy B. Smith, to his mother; in Fisherville, Mo.; Mary Kelley, to Mr. Rowell, of New York City; Charles Fisher, son of Wm. Alanson Fisher, of New York, who died in Richmond, Va.; John, to his mother, in the Navy; Annie Ellenwood, of Hamilton, N. Y.; Mary Elizabeth Oliver, to her brother, in Cleveland, O.; Wm. L. Smith, to his father, in Clarksville, Mo.; Mary, to her father, in Clarksville, Mo.; Lee, in Clarksville, N. C.; Mary Snyder, to her husband, in New York City.

Monday, June 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. G. J. Wise, to friends in Virginia; Alonzo M. Jones, to his mother, in Chelsea, Mass.; Patrick White, to his friends in this city; Margaret Moore, of Manchester, Eng., to her parents.

Tuesday, June 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Communication from Gen. Leander, to his mother, and Mr. Albert H. Graham, of Savannah, Ga., to her father.

Thursday, June 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Rebecca Plaxter, of Boston; Ben Conley, to relatives in Williamsburg, Va.; Eleanor Jarvis, of Clarksville, Mo., to her brother, Col. Joseph Jarvis, in the Army; Charles Williams, to a brother in the Navy; Annie Ellenwood, of Hamilton, N. Y.

Monday, June 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Richard Todd, to Thomas Todd of Kentucky; Cyrus Phillips, to his mother, in Hamilton, Mo.; Louisa Griffin, to her mother, in New York City, and her father, Andrew Griffin, in the Army; Peter O'Brien, of the 32d Mass. Reg., to his brother Tim.

Tuesday, June 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Eliza Lacey, killed at the destruction of the Arsenal at Washington, D. C., to her mother, Charlotte Wilkins, to her father in Jersey City, N. J.; Jonathan Withers, of Portsmouth, Eng.; Edward Mason, to his father, Giles Mason, of New Orleans, La.; G. Lewis Bates, to his mother, in New York City.

Thursday, June 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Gregg, to her son, Daniel Gregg, at present in Richmond, Va.; Delaney, to his wife, near Atlanta, Ga.; Victoria, a slave, to Mass. George Burgess, of Orville, La.; Andrew Cole Perry, to his brother, Joe, and his parents.

Monday, July 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. F. W. Clark, to his family, and Col. Wm. Wright; John D. Hanney, to Capt. Martin, of the 3d Mass. Battery; Francis Stacey, to his mother, Mrs. Sarah C. Stacey, of Wickesett, Va.; Clarissa Oldroyd, of Montgomery, Ala., to friends in Williamsburg, N. Y.

Thursday, July 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Hiram Ames, to relatives in Missouri, and Springfield, Mass.; Rachel Hill, to Capt. Alfred Todd, of the 7th Virginia Regulars; John Downey, to his brother, Charles Wilkins, to her father, in Jersey City, N. J.; Jonathan Withers, of Portsmouth, Eng.; Edward Mason, to his father, Giles Mason, of New Orleans, La.; G. Lewis Bates, to his mother, in New York City.

Monday, July 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Wm. Bohann, of Norfolk, Va., to his father, Capt. J. T. Cooke, of the ship "Tallmadge," to his wife, in Liverpool, Eng.; Geo. W. Shippell, to his mother and sister, in Morrisville, Pa.; Jennie Ross, to her mother, and Joseph in the Army.

Thursday, July 14.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Richard S. Andrews, to Jake Porter, Charles Allen and Philander Uley; Theodore Ellis, Jr., to his mother, in Bridgeport, Conn.; Edward Wilson, to his father, Gen. Wilson, of the Confederate Service.

### Reverend William Andrews.

My friends, I cannot make you understand how exceedingly thankful I am for the privilege of addressing myself to you to-day, with the hope that I may reach friends who are near, yet afar off.

Three years have passed, as high as I am able to judge concerning time, since I was rudely and violently separated from my body. I was settled as pastor over a small society in Greensboro, Alabama. I lived in peace if not in plenty there for four years. I was not aware that I had any enemies. I owned no slaves, and I made no onslaughts on slavery, for I knew it would be useless to do so. I felt that it was a power I could not control or alter in any way, so I thought best not to meddle with it.

But I was a Northern man, born in the good old State of Massachusetts; and when this miserable condition of war was first inaugurated at the South, I found I was looked upon with suspicion, for what, I really did not know; but I was told by one of my neighbors, that I was a Northern man, and as I had not expressed myself in favor of Southern sentiments since the breaking out of the war, it was but natural to suppose that there was a volcano of abolitionism within me that would sooner or later burst forth. So I was looked upon as a dangerous character, and it seems that it was decided that I should be sent North.

I had a wife, two young children, one son, the son of a former wife, who were dependent upon me for support. Like all of my calling I was poor, had very little to do with, and when I was told that I must leave the State, I said to myself, God only knows where I shall go. I cannot flee to the North without a sacrifice of everything, and indeed, I had hardly more than money enough, perhaps not enough. It seemed to me as though I must wait for some time before going North, for I had some debts I wished to settle. But while I was trying to arrange my plans, my enemies, it seems, were laying plans, and they thought it was best to assail me by night, to separate me from my family, and carry me thirteen miles from my home, and murder me.

I went forth, friends, from my home without a shadow of suspicion or fear, for I went with those I had supposed were my friends, for two of them were my nearest neighbors. They were members of the Vigilance Committee, and they deemed me a traitor, and they said their country demanded they should deal thus-and-so with those who were traitors. When told this, I asked, "What am I a traitor to?" "To your country," they replied. Said I, "Before God you lie, for I am loyal to my country, so help me God! And although I know, and feel that I am about to yield up my life, yet I honor the sacred Constitution of the United States, with the exception of one clause, and that, if it does not outwardly refer to your pet institution, yet does so in principle. That I cannot honor; but all the rest I do." After making free in that way, I was speedily divested of my clothing, and sent, without warning as it were, into this spirit-world.

I requested the privilege to pen, or pencil a few lines to my wife, and was allowed to do so; but poor woman! she became frantic at my loss, and in her agony she wandered off, she knew not where, in search of me. But she did not, could not find me; did not find me. When she returned, she was told that she must leave the State. My youngest child has passed to the spirit-world since my death, and thank God for that! My oldest was forced into the Confederate Army, but thank God he escaped, and is now at the North. The other is with my wife, an exile in Texas.

Oh, I pray God I may reach her with some thought. I am told in the spirit-world I shall. I want her to know that it is the general belief with us that the reign of slavery is about over; that they who have oppressed us, who have placed the yoke upon the necks of others must suffer as well. They are even now writing that which shall seal their doom forever. But thanks be to God, in their case there is still a chance for them.

to improve. I would not place one stone more about their necks, for I feel they are heavily burdened now.

I want my wife—Olivia is her name—to know that I can return and speak to her; to know that I died without fear, to know that I am alive, to know that I have the power to return, to know that I can commune with her privately, to know also, that my son, who is dear to her, is safe on Northern soil, and will soon, I trust, be able to render her assistance.

Oh, sir, say that this feeble tribute of my love is from William T. Andros, formerly of Greensboro, Alabama, to Olive Andros. I think she is near St. Charles, Texas. I have the assurance of those who know more of these things than I do, that she will receive it. Farewell, sir. June 9.

### Lucy S. Hills.

I was a teacher in Macon, Georgia. I was born in Waterville, Vermont, and was twenty-two years of age.

I was in the family of Mr. Dasmond, of Macon, Georgia—Mr. William Dasmond. I was persuaded by my friends there to remain until after the war was over. It seems they thought it would amount to very little, and peace would soon be restored. But it was a monster of huge proportions that they had anticipated, and was not to be so easily crushed out.

After matters assumed such a direful condition, I then found myself regretting that I had not availed myself of the opportunity of going North in the first of the trouble, for when I was ready to go it seemed impossible. And after making three attempts and failing, I was taken sick, the result of disappointment and exposure, I believe. I had what might be called lung fever, which resulted in consumption.

I had no thought but what I could come North whenever I desired to do so. I had no special home; I made a home wherever I happened to be dwelling, but most of my friends were at the North.

I have a half-brother in New York City, who, I've learned since I came to the spirit-world, has tried to ascertain my whereabouts, and see if I could get back to the North. But his efforts, like mine, have been unavailing.

I hope to be able to inform my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dasmond, with regard to their son William. They have news that he is dead. On the contrary, he is living, but is a prisoner in Federal hands.

I also wish to inform my dear old grandmother in Vermont of my death; that I am happy, although I find the spirit-world not at all as I expected, and I would be very glad to say something to her by which she may receive light regarding this new world.

During the time I was residing in the family of Mr. William Dasmond, I made the acquaintance of a person calling himself a medium. He was in the habit of visiting at Mr. Dasmond's house, and I then saw something of spiritual manifestations. His name was Bosworth. I know not where he is now, or what became of him, but I learned something of these things. Mr. Dasmond became somewhat interested in Spiritualism, and said he hoped when any one of his family should die, that they would return, if possible, and give him some proof or spirit-communion.

He is mourning over the supposed death of his son William, and wondering why he does not return, if Spiritualism be true. I am the first who passed to the spirit-world from that home; and I return and assure him to-day that Spiritualism is true in the main, but in many respects it is not true. I mean by that, that many of the manifestations are spurious; but I also mean that many are entirely genuine.

I hope to be able to commune with that person, with that family, but I do not know when and how; do not know if it will be possible for me to do so at all. With many greetings of love, many kind wishes for all I have left, I am still Lucy S. Hills. Thanks, sir, for your kindness. June 9.

### Dennis Kane.

Well, Major General, what are you going to do for me? [All we can.]

I'm Dennis Kane, from Troy, New York, and I came to me death by lead, I suppose. They tell us when we come to this place we must speak of our death, what caused it, how old we were, and all those things that will help our friends to know us by.

Now, my name you have and manner of death. My age was, as high as I can judge, between thirty and thirty-one; my height about five feet four inches; weight, somewhere between one hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty-five pounds.

I've got a wife and one child, and I've not got much of a faculty for sending ideas this way; do not know much about it; have to learn about these things, you know, before you can do much. I am from the 14th New York, sir, Company A. Now seeing as I died for my country and yours—that is, mine while I was here, you understand—you're bound to do the best you can to help me here. [Certainly.]

Well, sir, what I'd like to have you do in the first place is to let my wife know I am coming; and I'd like to let my cousin Jack know I am coming, and a brother what's living out in Missouri, too. And what's better, I'd like him to take my wife and child and take care of them. I believe the town he's living in is Colson; seems to me that's it, sir. Anyway, I want him to take my wife and child out there. He's got—well, some little dislike against me, something about our family affairs, I believe; but no matter; he's more money than I've got, anyway, and my wife's left with a child to care for. It's a small, little, wee one she's got, and she's not able to do much for herself until the little one grows larger. Till then I want him to take care of my wife and child. Faith, if he do n't, now, I shall be his evil genius, and haunt him day and night. Major-General, if I say I'll do a thing I'm pretty sure to do it, and he knows me well enough, if I say I'll be his ghost, to believe that I'll keep my word.

Now I'm here, just as much as I ever was, only without my body; and I claim just as much of a hearing, just as much as if I was here in the body. I want justice done me and my family, if I have lost my body, you know. That's all right, Major, ain't it?

Now, sir, about the pay. Faith, it's your hand in your pocket wherever you go here. [What have you got to say with?] It's a thing of the mind; that is to say, they are ideas, they ain't like your currency. Now I propose to pay you in this way, sir: when you come to the spirit-world, and do not know much about the country, I'll be a guide for you. So you see I'll be able to pay you for your kindness, after all. Hey! will that do? [Yes; or do a good service to any one who needs it.] Ah, faith, I was always ready to do that when I was here.

Now, sir, all you've got to say is that Dennis Kane comes here and would like to have his letter reach his wife in Troy—you mark that down—cousin Jack, and a brother in Missouri. [Is your wife in Troy still?] Troy; yes, sir; and working

very hard to get along. Let one of the spokes be knocked out of the wheel, and it's hard work to drag it up hill.

[How long have you been in the spirit-world?] I'll tell you the day, sir, but I can't tell you the time, for I know nothing about it. I came to the spirit-world, sir, on the 14th of May. [Nearly a month ago?] Well, if I were to judge, I should say it was about a month. [Were you in Grant's army?] I was; and he's going into Richmond, and I wish I was there to go with him. Faith, I'd like to take something there, if it's nothing but a whiff of the pipe. And there's a good many feel as I do; would give anything to only get one foot in there. Well, there's one thing sure of it—I can go there as I am; but I'd like to have gone in the body, musket in hand, and ready to do service. Good-by to you. June 9.

### Invocation.

Maker of the day and night, Father of the sun-beam and shadow, we lift our souls in thanksgiving unto thee. We pray not because all nations have prayed in the past, because all tongues, all kindred, pray in the present, but because there is the spirit of prayer within us. Oh God, our Father, the voice of this nation, like an unquiet spirit, is sounding out in sad tones that war is with them, pestilence and famine are yet to come. Spirit of Eternal Justice, we in our ignorance would ask why thou dost delay thy presence? why thou art standing in the distance? why, oh why, is thy power withheld? The answer comes to our soul: it is for wisdom, and not for folly. Oh, our Father and our Mother, we would ask that the missionaries of love, whose mission it is to bind up the broken-hearted, to look after and tenderly care for those who sit in sorrow, draw near unto this people. May they draw near this hour, and fold in their soft garments of love this afflicted nation. Oh, may they wipe away their tears, and although they lead these children through dreful scenes of woe, yet may they minister to their necessities; may they teach them lessons of eternal love; may they infuse that spirit into their being, so that they may know war no more. Oh, we would take this sorrowing nation in the arms of our sympathy and love, and bear them away from this scene of woe; but our sympathy is not wisdom, and it is well that the Great Father ruleth ever. It is well that his arm is ever outstretched in mercy. It is well that a power superior to our own finite wisdom is ruling in the universe, and to that we bow in humble reverence. June 13.

### Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—According to your custom, we wait to answer inquiries from the audience, if they have any to offer.

QUES.—In seasons of Methodist revivals, persons are sometimes wrought upon by the power of God, as it is termed, to such a degree that they lose their strength and consciousness for the time, and remain for several hours in a trance state, and usually have visions of heaven and hell corresponding with their religious faith. Please explain the philosophy of this?

ANS.—It is a well known fact that all speakers throw out from themselves a certain power, by which they are able to psychologize certain sensitive members of their audience. At the places you refer to, there is usually a large amount of this psychologic influence, and there are also a liberal congregation of sensitive—persons who are susceptible to this psychologic power—who can be brought under the will of another, so as to become unconscious for a time. Now such, we believe, as lose their consciousness are mediums, not only to psychologic influence, but to spiritual influence, also. It is no mystery. It is simply the action of law as old as the universe. In all places of religious excitement, whether at camp-meeting or under the dome of the church, the influence is the same, and is capable of being excited by these persons at all times. They are simply the sensitives of your land, and are acted upon according to natural law.

Q.—Whence do the sensitives receive their impressions of heaven and hell?—from the mind of the psychologizer, or from their own?

A.—Generally from the mind of the psychologizer. Pictures that are existent in the ideas advanced by the speaker are generally reproduced while in this abnormal state, and you know that these pictures are generally shadowing forth some kind of heaven or hell.

Q.—How is it that they appear as pictures upon the mind of the sensitive? Are they impressed upon the optic nerve?

A.—We believe they are impressed upon that vital element in which the brain is ever submerged, that spiritual element, if you please, through which and by which all thought is born into external being. We believe the pictures are produced this way. They are a living reality to the one who sees them. They will always tell you they do not see with the eye. This should prove that the optic nerve has little or nothing to do with producing them.

Q.—Was the light in the bush, which Saul perceived on his way to Damascus, a demonstration of psychology, or a spiritual manifestation?

A.—We are informed—and we have full faith in our informant—that this was a direct spiritual manifestation; that the power showered upon him was from disembodied spirits; persons who were able to overthrow his darkness with light.

Q.—The effect of these images when produced by persons in the form, you call psychology; when out of the form, a spiritual action. Is that the distinction?

A.—We are not aware that Paul perceived any of these images.

Q.—He saw the brightness.

A.—Yes; and so many mediums at the present day see lights passing from disembodied spirits. They are able to see these luminous bodies, or the atmosphere by which they are surrounded.

Q.—In this case of Saul when on his way to Damascus, can you tell us who produced those pictures?

A.—It would be an impossibility. We might as well inform you of the precise time your present war would end.

Q.—Who addressed the words to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

A.—That we cannot tell you. It was said to have been from one the Christian world recognizes as its Saviour. It might have been; we cannot tell. June 13.

### Luther C. Ladd.

I have been trying to give some manifestation in this way, ever since my exit from this world of yours. I went away from earth on the morning of the rebellion. I believe my life was the first one sacrificed in the cause, and I'm very glad of it. I wouldn't have it any different now if I could.

I went expecting to do something toward crushing out the rebellion, and hoping after the trouble was over to come home again. But Fortune, Providence or God—it matters not, I suppose, by what name you call it—decreed otherwise. I had hard-

ly set foot in Baltimore before I was called higher.

I know very little about this thing—in fact, I know nothing which could be of any service to me in regard to this Spiritual Philosophy. When I got to the spirit-world, I made the best of my condition, and very soon learned to be content and quite happy. But I've ever been seeking to find a way to come back as I'd like to, that is, to my friends personally; but have never been able to come at all until to-day.

My experience in earthly things is rather limited, as I only lived about seventeen years here; that of course was n't much, as I was obliged to labor for my support, and of course did n't have any better opportunities of getting knowledge than others that are poor, except they're fortunate enough to get some showered down upon them from the invisible world. In that case, they're lucky, for it do n't cost them anything to get it, and you can't shut out light that comes in that way.

When there was a call made for troops, I joined the Lowell City Guards, so as to go to war, for I thought it would be called upon first. Sure enough I was right, and I went, fully determined to do something. I do n't know as I did much, but I certainly gave the nation my good will, and that was about all I had to give, anyway, for I did n't have a chance to see any service before I had to give up my body. So I was rather disappointed upon finding myself in the spirit-world, but little more experience in these matters has taught me to be quite contented and happy.

Now if my friends would like to talk with me in this way—talk with Luther C. Ladd that was and is—I should be glad to talk with them. I can't tell them much, but I can tell them more than they know, for they do n't know anything about the spirit-world. I'll give 'em some information, and as they've all got to go there, I take it that a little knowledge won't come amiss.

I was a native of New Hampshire, but was in Lowell at the time of my volunteering, and went from there. Good-day, sir. June 13.

### Joe Baxter, Colored.

Massa, I tell you what it is, you've got a good deal to do before you take Richmond; you got something to do, all of you, before you take Richmond, as true as you're a born child; all of you've got something to do. You can't go in there without a good deal of sacrifice, and an army almost as large as half your Northern population. But I bless the Lord, for I believe that you'll get into Richmond, for I believe this good old Father Abraham is going to put you all in there. You ain't going in before the 4th of July; no, you ain't going in before then. You can't get in, there's no such thing written in the book of your destiny at the North. You're going to hear another call soon. You'll have to go, and he won't let you put in your money to save your heads. No you won't, you've got to go, good many of you that have staid to home.

I had a talk with my old massa—what I was slave under for twenty-two years—last night, and I told him that God was on the side of right and the white man at the North. But he was n't of that opinion, and I said, "You see who's right, old Joe, or you—see who's right."

My old massa is a great believer in these things. He talks with his father and his mother many times in this way, and once in awhile some of us come; and he do n't think he's doing wrong to have slaves. He's conscientious about it, but he's wrong, for all that; I told him so. He did n't think it was me. He did n't believe that it was old Joe Baxter who came and talked to him last night. He says, "If it is you, go where they let spirits come and talk at a public circle, in Boston, and tell me what you said to me to-night."

So I'm here; so I'm here. That old massa is in Washington. He's holding his tongue, because he can't say anything to better his condition. He's got his medium there now. I tell him "that God is on the side of right, and he says all over the land, 'let my people go; and if you holds on to them, he'll be sure to make you suffer for it—be sure to punish you in some way.'"

Massa, I wish you could get in before the 4th of July, into Richmond, but you won't. Now you see old Joe Baxter comes here, and I appeal to Massa William Baxter, of New Orleans, to prove that I come here and told what I said to him last night. Next time, old massa, believe what I tell you there. If you do n't I may say something you won't like—something that may put you in a tight place there. Good-by. June 13.

### Lieut. A. A. Romney.

I was lieutenant on board of the Merrimac, at the time of her engagement with the Monitor. I was wounded during that engagement, and died in consequence. I shall be under infinite obligations to you, sir, if you will inform my friends at the South that I am anxious to commune with them in this way.

You will please say that A. A. Romney, second lieutenant on board the Merrimac, desires to commune with his friends in South Carolina. I am extremely anxious; there is much that I left undone that I should like to perform, if possible.

Do not fear, sir, that I shall interfere with your affairs as a nation, for I come here solely from personal motives; because I wish to commune with my friends, my family, those that are dear to me on the earth. [We shall print your message.] For which I shall thank you, at least. June 13.

### Dr. William H. Brooks.

I, William H. Brooks, was surgeon in the 11th Georgia, and was killed at the battle of Pittsburg Landing.

I have a brother who is three years my senior, in the army at the North. I am anxious to find a way by which I may commune with him. I understand that my friends at the North are thinking rather hard of me; have been told strange stories in regard to my entering the confederate army. I do not come here to refute those stories, but simply to say that I will give them the truth if they will give me a chance to commune with them personally.

I entered the confederate army from motives which I think were good. I was not pressed into the service, as my good mother supposes, but on the contrary I voluntarily entered the confederate army in the capacity of surgeon. I had served but a short time, and in my sympathy risked too much and lost my life. I do not regret it; I am glad I am what I am, and would not return if I had the power to.

I understand that my brother is a captain in the army of the North; in the 9th Ohio I believe; of what company I cannot tell, but am informed that it is the 9th Ohio.

I ask that he give me an opportunity of talking with him as I talk here with you. Then I can tell him the whys and wherefores of many things that are now mysterious to him. And from him I hope to transmit intelligence to my friends, many of them, in the body. Farewell, sir. June 13.

### Louis Carroll.

My father is a prisoner in Richmond, and he do n't know that I'm dead. I lived in Chicago when I was here. My mother lives there now. My mother is with a sister now. She is not living where she was when I was here.

I want to tell my father that I'm dead; and my mother—she's broke up house-keeping and gone with her sister, and a gentleman here says your papers go through to Richmond very often. They go through to Richmond, particularly when there's anything in them to put them through for. He told me to come here, and he'd see what he could do for me.

My father lost his hand and he's been sick, but he's well now; his name is Carroll—Josiah Carroll. My name is Louis Carroll, and I was most eight years old—most eight years old. I ain't been in the spirit-land but a little while—two or three months only; ain't learned much.

My mother—she's an Adventist. My father's nothing. [Has no particular religion?] No, sir. I want—I should like to tell him I died in February—died in February; wasn't sick but four or five days, and I haven't been homesick at all in the spirit-land. Whenever I staid away from home a little while I felt homesick, but I haven't been homesick here.

I broke up the drum my father gave me. I staid the head in. Mother's got it now just as I left it. And when my father goes home he'll see it. He told me to let him see it looking pretty well when he came home. [Did you drum too hard?] Yes, sir; I lost one of my drum-sticks, and had a piece of wood what had sharp corners on it; that's how I come to stave it in. It's got my name on it, on a brass plate. 'Twas my father's present to me just as he went away.

I should like to tell my mother, too, Uncle John is here. He says my father will soon be exchanged—coming home—will soon be exchanged. She'll like that; I'm sure she will. I'm going now. Oh! my Uncle John says, tell my father that I—I went to the spirit-world the very day he exchanged his quarters from down stairs—from down cellar, to up in the sky parlor of the prison. [In Richmond?] Yes, sir; that very day I died. Now I'm going. June 13.

### Oliver J. Swazey.

Oh, I am here! Oh, I am so thankful for it! I know I should come. I—I told four of my friends who have no fixed belief in a hereafter, that I was sure I could return, and I would do so if this Spiritualism was true, so soon after death that they should know that there was no possible means for your obtaining the knowledge that I shall give here without my coming.

Oh! my life here was a hard and miserable one, and you'll pardon me if I do not recall it. I'm only here, sir, to prove that this glorious philosophy is true, as far forth as I can. At one o'clock, this very day, I said good-by to my friends. It is now scarcely four, I am told. You'll be careful about the dates?

Mary, Jennie, Rose, Adeline, and Fanny, I come to redeem my promise. Oh, be true to the teachings of the angels. They will lead you out of darkness into light. It's true, all true, more than true. Oh, glorious truth!

I died of pneumonia, sir, at one o'clock to-day, in St. Louis, and my name, my proper name, Oliver J. Swazey. June 13.

### OH, TAKE ME HOME!

BY MRS. F. R. HUBBARD.

Oh, take me home, for I am lone and weary, I've waited long, and watched for thee to come To bear me safe across the darkness river, That lies between me and my spirit-home.

Oh, take me home, for earth has cast its shadows Far o'er my path, and darkened life's bright day; And I am left to grope my way in sadness— Oh, come and drive these clouds of earth away.

Oh, take me home, for heart and strength are failing; I feel my earthly task is almost done; Life's battle, though severe, will soon be over, And the great victory over death be won.

Oh, take me home, for visions bright and lovely Are vailed to me from the other shore; 'Tis there the weary ones of earth are resting, And earthly pain and toil are known no more.

Oh, take me home, where all is joy and gladness, The tears of sorrow there shall cease to flow; Sweet strains of music will dispel all sadness, And every face with radiant beauty glow.

Ready? ah, yes! my spirit's long been waiting To quit this mortal form, and lay it by, That it might soar to that bright home immortal, Prepared by our kind Father in the sky.

### A Note from A. B. Whiting.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, through your



## Obituaries.

Trained out in a higher life in the angel-world, from East Edington, Me., July 8, 1864, B. D. Penny, aged 49 years. He was a brave, brave, progressive mind, lived in society. At an early age he became associated with the Universalists, and lived and enjoyed their happy and spiritual life. This opened a new world of progressive life to him, and he was able to enjoy it forever, leaving a dear father, a loving mother, and a family to mourn his departure; not, however, as those who have no faith or knowledge in spiritual things.

The writer was called to attend the funeral services, which were held in the church in Edington. Notice had been given out that there would be spiritual services, and notwithstanding the hurried nature of the service, the church was well filled with friends and neighbors. May his happy spirit comfort them with the words of life, immortality and heavenly communion, in the prayer of

Wm. H. Hicks, of Co. 1, 27th Michigan Infantry, son of John and Ann Hicks, of Edington, Me., died at the battle of Cold Harbor, on the 24th of June, 1864, at the age of 21 years, in the 23rd year of his age.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, in the Methodist church, in St. Johns, on Sunday afternoon, July 24, at 10 o'clock.

It is a great privilege to witness the cheering effect that the beautiful principles of our religion has upon the minds of those who are in the hour of bitter trial and sore bereavement.

Wm. Hicks was a believer in Spiritualism. With the knowledge he possessed of the bright future, his last days on earth were cheerful, although he suffered much physical pain, having been on the field of battle three days and nights after being wounded. His father attended him through his sufferings in Washington. His body was brought home to Edington, Me., and buried, aged nearly 4 years.

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## New Books.

THIRD EDITION.

## First Volume of the Arcana of Nature.

BY HUMPHREY TUTTLE. Carefully revised and corrected by

the author.

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## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(Lionel Lincoln.)

## AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

No. 6.—ERNEST,  
AND THE SAILOR'S HISTORY OF A SEASHELL.

"Children," said Aunt Ratie, as we walked through the green lane up toward the beech grove, "do you see those sunset clouds? I have been watching them and studying their forms, until I seem to see beautiful objects. See, now, is there not a golden archway that one fancies opens to heaven? And can you not look through, and in the deep blue of the sky almost see the faces of beloved ones?"

"Yes, see," said Arthur, "there is a hand just over the archway, and there, just to the right, is a cherub; one can almost fancy it moves."  
"But what's the use of seeing things that are not?" asked Anna; "I know clouds are clouds, and sky is sky, and I don't want to fancy anything else."

"Well," said Aunt Ratie gently, "if we only look at things as they are, and never see their beauty and glory, we shall have a dark world to live in. A cloud has its use, and it also has its beauty, and through them both we can learn of the wonder and perfection of all things. God placed in us the love of beautiful things, that we might find something higher and better in everything about us than its mere use; for everything we see and hear is meant to bless us outwardly and inwardly—outwardly by its use, and inwardly by its beauty. If you do not quite understand what I mean, I will make it plain to you, if I can, by telling you what Egbert told Gertie and me one beautiful autumn day. He had taken us out into the woods, as we have now come, and seated us on a bank of dried leaves, and said:

"Girls, what do you know about God?"

"Oh, I know a great deal," said I; "he's a Father who loves everybody, and especially good children."

"And what do you know of him, Gertie?"

"Oh, I know very little, except when I feel him in my heart, just like sunshine, or moonlight."

"Well," said Egbert, "that is knowing a great deal; but I wish to tell you what happened to me many years ago. When I was quite a little boy my mother died, and my father was gone most of the time on the sea, and I had no one to love me very dearly, as mothers and fathers do, so I was sometimes very sad and lonely. My father sent me up among the mountains, that I might grow strong and become like other boys. Here I lived with good, honest people, who took care of me, and meant to be very kind to me; but they told me nothing that I wanted to know; for they talked about their farm and their crops, and how much wheat would be worth a bushel, and how many potatoes they could raise to an acre. The women told of butter and cheese, and the best way of making them, and the children, like their parents, talked of berries and nuts, and planned how many they could gather and sell."

This was all very well for a part of life, but small as I was, I felt that there was something in me that potatoes would not feed, and so, notwithstanding the generous bowl of bread and milk they gave me, I felt hungry all the time. We lived in a nice farm-house, and the farmers had large, spacious barns for their hay, and granaries for their grain, and they allowed me to come and go when I would, for my father paid them a generous price for keeping me; but, as I said before, I did not feel contented or happy. I wanted something I did not find."

One day I took a long walk through the woods, and amused myself hunting for beech-nuts. After walking through the path I came upon a little clearing, and saw before me a poor but which had a garden-patch before it, in which grew fine vegetables, and also some flowers, which the frost had not yet injured. They looked very beautiful to me as I saw them, and I wished I had some; so I ventured up near the door of the hut, thinking I would ask for one of the purple asters. I was delighted to see a little boy within, and I stepped up into the doorway. He turned his head toward me, but his eyes did not meet mine. He was dressed in the poorest of clothes, but his face was so cheerful and pleasant that I did not mind his attire. When he spoke his voice was low and sweet, so that I thought of the whisp-pow, with its sweet, sad tones.

"I cannot see you," said he, "but you must come in, and you will find a seat, and perhaps tell me who you are."

"Why can't you see?" said I.

"I am blind; but I hear very quickly; so I know you were coming a long way off, and I knew you were a boy by the sound of your step, and I knew you were a gentle boy because you walked softly, and I knew you were not very happy because you did not spring and jump, and I thought perhaps you wanted something, because you stopped and then came directly forward."

"I did want a flower," said I, "and I thought perhaps some one would not mind giving me one."

"Oh, I am glad you love flowers," said he, "are they not beautiful?"

"But you can't see them?" said I.

"No, not as you do; but I can find their beauty if I cannot."

I did not understand him, so I said, "How lonely you must be here. Do you love alone?"

"No; I have a father and some brothers who are away at work, but I am never lonely; you see I have so many things to love me that I can't be lonely, and there is so much that is beautiful to learn of in everything, that I have more than I can do. My mother lives in Heaven, and she loves me so dearly that she never gets tired of teaching me how to find God in everything. I was trying this morning to find him in the soft wind that blew in at the door. The farmers say, 'What a fine wind! It is a splendid day to harvest our crops,' and the boys say, 'What a fine wind to blow off the nuts!' but my mother says, 'Hear the wind! It tells thee of a loving care that keeps thee and all the earth.'"

"But I don't hear my mother," said I, "although she is in heaven, too."

"That is because you do not listen to hear her. She keeps speaking to you I know, for all mothers love their children; but come, let us go out together, and go up this high hill. If you will just take hold of my hand I can show you the path. I know it by touching the trees."

We went out together and walked slowly up a winding path, for I was so glad of some one to talk to that I would gladly have gone anywhere with him. He told me how he became blind when a little baby, and what a sad life he had until he began to find the goodness and beauty of every thing. He told me about the flowers and called

them God's smile. He told me of the clouds and called them God's writing. He told me of the sky and called it God's mantle, and said no one could be poor who knew how to find God's riches. I did not understand all he said to me, but I felt as if I was with a great teacher who knew everything and could instruct me in all I needed to know. We came to a large rock and seated ourselves upon it.

Ernest, for that was the blind boy's name, put his hand in his pocket and took out a box of crumbs and scattered them about, and told me to sit very still. Soon little birds came hopping about us to gather the crumbs. I was delighted and had never felt so happy before. I seemed to feel that everything was loving me as it did Ernest, and I was no longer homesick or lonely.

"There is nothing I so much wish to see as the clouds," said Ernest, "I think I could read so much in them."

"But I can see them very well," said I, "and I have never read anything but just about the rain and the wind."

"Then I must tell you how," said he. "The sun shines on them when they are dark and makes them bright and beautiful, so they tell me; then I read that the dear Father in heaven makes all troubles excellent to us if we let His love shine into our hearts. At sunset they are most radiant; that means that when death comes, it will be the most beautiful part of life. The blackest bring storms; that means that the greatest troubles are of great use, and help to bring the brighter day. Oh, what wonderful writing there must be on the sky! but come, let us go down, for you have a long walk home to the farm house, and I must be getting things ready for our supper."

I walked home that night happier than I had ever been, for I had learned a lesson I had wished to learn. I had found how beautiful and good is everything. I began to study for something within in the flowers, and the grass, and the clouds, and I found something to love everywhere. My father sent for me soon after, and it was some months before I saw Ernest again.

The long, cold winter had passed, and the beautiful spring had come, when I again went up to the farmer's home to spend the summer. One of the first days after my arrival, I went over to see Ernest. He was so ill that he could not sit up, but so cheerful that you could not think that he was sick. He told me beautiful stories of the angels that he had seen, and of the home that he was going to.

"I shall not die," said he, "but live close to everything beautiful, and see with my soul. I don't feel as if I was blind now, for I see a great many things that my father and brothers do not. I see my mother bending over me, and I feel her hand soothing my pain. Do not forget," he added, "that the best business you can do is to find beauty and love in everything."

Those were the last words I heard him speak, for the next day when I went to the hut, his body was dead, but his spirit truly lived.

"Oh, what a pity he should die," said I. "I wish I could have seen him."

"I am sure it was beautiful he should die," said Gertie; "for now he sees, and will never be blind any more."

"What I wanted to show you, was this," said Egbert, "that it is what we have of beauty within us that makes everything seem beautiful about us. I was telling that noble sailor, Simon, who saved my life, about Ernest, one day, and he said, 'I will tell you a story about a sea-shell. It is called the Rosebud of the Ocean, because of its beautiful bluish tint, and ladies prize it greatly as an ornament for their parlors.'"

There dwelt far down in the silent, calm depths of the sea, a tiny atom. It was so minute that one would never imagine it could be of any value; but there was within it something as wonderful as dwell in the great chambers of the ocean—it was life. As day by day that life beat, the little atom grew, until it knew within itself a great happiness, and a great desire. A wish sprang up within it to become something better and nobler, and that wish was its prayer. The beautiful maidens of the sea, Coralina and all her fair sisters, heard this holy wish, and bore it to the great sea-king. He said:

"What would the little atom have?" And they answered:

"It would not have any gifts, but it would become beautiful and pure, that it might show that life is within it."

Then the sea-king replied:

"Let its prayer be answered, and do each of you minister to it, and we will see what it will do."

Then the sea-maidens carried all that was necessary to the little atom, to help it in its growth and the acquisition of beauty. They carried beautiful sea-weeds, and tiny, glowing particles of earth and stone; they infused into the water all kinds of food, and then they said:

"Now it can become just what it will. If it will be beautiful it may be, but it must do all the rest itself, for it has the life of the great sea-king within it, and our gifts are all about it."

"I presume," said one, "it will be nothing better than a sea-oyster."

"If it keeps wishing that beautiful wish," said Coralina, "it may become more beautiful than all the inhabitants of the sea." Then she whispered to the little atom, and said, "Never cease thy prayer, and thou shalt have all I have answered."

Then the little atom said to itself:

"If I can become all I desire, I will become the most beautiful of all the sea-treasures."

So it began to build its habitation, and worked unceasingly day after day. It seized the best of all the treasures about it, and transformed them all into its beautiful dwelling. But it grew so slowly, and seemed so insignificant, that it became often discouraged; and had it not been for the words of Coralina, it would have been content to be only a common sea-oyster.

One day the maidens came to see what progress it had made, and they all turned and laughed, saying:

"Fie! It is no better than any shell that we toss on the shore daily."

But Coralina heard the faintly breathed prayer from the tiny chamber, and whispered again:

"Do not fear, thou canst become as beautiful as thou wilt." So the little shell said:

"I will toil on and not grow weary."

It worked more and more industriously, and prayed more and more earnestly, until it builded for itself a far more beautiful structure than at first. When the sea-maidens came again, they said:

"Oh, that is very well, but is no better than others have done." But Coralina whispered:

"Keep true to thy beautiful wish."

Then the little shell worked away more busily than ever, thinking ever: "I will be true to the holy life that is within me."

When the maidens came again, they said:

"Really, this is becoming a very pretty shell;" and Coralina said: "Let not thy prayer fail."

Day after day the shell toiled on, with ever the wish to be more noble, and beautiful, and pure; and then came the great reward; for the rose tint

came to its beautiful chambers, and within its pearly borders one could read the beautiful prayer of its life. When it had completed its work, and all the maidens came to see, they said:

"Oh, how lovely! and is this the sea-king's reward of a holy desire?"

Then Coralina took the beautiful shell and bore it to the glorious kingdom of her father, and when he saw it he said:

"This indeed is after my own heart; let it become the favorite of the sea, and we will call it 'Rosebud,' because within its heart it kept the beautiful, holy life that I gave unto it, but was never content until it blossomed forth in beauty."

"Oh, Aunt Ratie!" said Bertie, "what a poet that old sailor was! His story makes me think of that beautiful poem by Holmes."

"So it does," said Arthur; "and I am going to find it and speak it in school next week, and then, Aunt Ratie, I will repeat it to you."

"Do you suppose," said I, that the old sailor meant that we could all be as beautiful as we wished, for I can't believe that?"

"Yes," said Aunt Ratie, "and he was right. We cannot change our features, but if our spirits are beautiful within, they will shine out until even our faces will look lovely; and if we have holy and pure desires, we can become almost anything that we wish. And now come," she added, rising, "I will show you a 'Rosebud of the ocean,' that Egbert brought home to me."

We followed her to the house through the green lane, and she opened the cabinet in her little sacred room, and took down that exquisite shell that bears its flowery name; and as we looked into its pearly chambers and saw its blushing beauty, we felt as if we should see a beautiful maiden coming forth with a prayer on her lips, and as we placed it to our ears and heard its sweet air-music, we fancied it said, "Make me noble, beautiful and pure!"

"The story of Ernest," said Willie, "means that we can find goodness and beauty in everything if we have it in ourselves."

"Yes," said Aunt Ratie, "and thus we find the goodness and love of God."

"And the story of the Rosebud," said Anna, "shows us how God dwells in our life, and we can show His beauty and love in ourselves. I always thought I must try to become beautiful by some outside show."

"Real beauty always begins within," said Aunt Ratie, "but it took me a long time to prove it to be so. But how late it is! Let us have the candles and one song, and then we will separate for to-day."

## Rebus.

Read old tradition, there I stand,  
The leader of a rebel band;  
Five letters all compose my name,  
No two of them are just the same;  
If you're not versed in classic lore,  
Four letters tell how to get more.  
Of these five letters transmute four,  
I'll show you my mesmerism power;  
Three of these letters give the name  
Of one who my envy did inflame;  
Four of these letters on your sheet  
Would show my character complete,  
What men are anxious most to do  
Four bring before your view;  
Transpose four letters, they will hide  
The fears I cause a youthful bride.  
Again, four of them give an ancient name,  
Whose sons heap on me all the blame;  
Now I've so plainly spelled my name,  
Tell who I am, and whence I came. COSMOS.

## Enigma.

I am composed of 19 letters.  
My 10, 2, 6, 12, 16 comprises the greater part of our common food.  
My 7, 3, 14, 4 grows in dense tufts on rocks and trees.  
My 17, 13, 11, 18 is a useful metal.  
My 15, 9, 11, 16 is what many people have become.  
My 1, 13, 11, 3, 7 is what most ladies know how to use.  
My 19, 17, 18 is what many people love too well.  
My 2, 6, 12, 17, 8 is a boy's name.  
My 5, 17, 18 is what we all should avoid.  
My whole you will find advertised in the columns of the BANNER. EVA.

ANSWER TO CHARADE BY X. E. W. X.—Mistake.  
ANSWER TO CONUNDRUM BY SAME—Past time. (Pastime.)  
ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY ORESTES—The Battle Field.

## Correspondence in Brief.

## A Good Example.

MR. EDITOR.—It is stated in the Herald of Progress, July 16th, 1864, that the price of paper four years and a half ago, was about four-fifths of a cent per sheet. To-day it is two and a half cents. Now as I have subscribed for your paper to the 17th Sept., 1865, and knowing that you cannot furnish it to me or any other person without a loss at the present price, and to prevent any such calamity to said subscription, I transmit one dollar additional to said subscription, with the hope that others may be induced to follow my example.

Yours in earnest, JOHN COSGROVE.  
Soldier's Home, Washington, D. C., July 18, 1864.

## A Field for Lecturers.

A few of us who have stood for twelve years and have labored hard to convince the people of the reality of spiritual communication, now begin to see the fruits of our labor. We have speaking, seeing, writing and healing mediums, and this writer is now used as a pantomime medium.

A. B. Williams is a son of Abraham Williams, the old pioneer, who came to Illinois some thirty years ago, and in 1840 emigrated to Grand Island, Mich., to which place his son removed in 1859, he then being an opposer of Spiritualism, so much so that he would not read anything on the subject. The old gentleman having read some works on Spiritualism, became a partial believer, whence a controversy arose between the father and son. The latter claimed that if spirits could come, they could come there as well as anywhere. The old gentleman held the same opinion, and concluded to form a circle and test the matter. One was therefore formed, which resulted in the development of the son as a healing, speaking and singing medium. He then gave his father such tests as brought him out a full believer. The son came back to his old homestead with his family to live, where he is visited daily by patients, for the treatment of disease. He has given many good tests by way of describing diseases, and has healed some diseases which have been of long standing. Richard Marshall, a skeptic, who had had a lame back for six years, being at one of our circles, was perfectly cured in two hours and thirty minutes. A little girl of nine or ten years of age was cured of fits, of several years' standing, and which had baffled the skill of some of the best physicians, by laying on of hands a few times.

I will further say that the people in this vicinity are thoroughly aroused. We held meetings in Stephen's Hall last fall and summer, where large and respectable audiences were in attendance. We wish to give an invitation, through your excellent paper, to some of the lecturers on Spiritu-

alism who may chance to come in this direction to give us a call, and, if convenient, a course of lectures, as we believe much good can be done. We have a large hall fitted up in the town of Vermont for that purpose, and we wish you to occupy it.

Come, and such as we have give us unto thee. You will come by cars to Bushnell, or to Lewiston, thence to Vermont by stage. Once there you will find a warm friend in the person of Rhoads Dillworth, or John Marshall. J. HALL.  
Vermont, Fulton Co., Ill., 1864.

## The National Convention.

MR. EDITOR.—In common with all true friends of human progress, who are acquainted with the grand mission of Spiritualism, I rejoice in anticipation of the great good that may result from the National Convention of Spiritualists at Chicago, on the 9th of August. My good hopes are based upon two considerations:

First, The parties that will compose the Convention will consist of women as well as men, and hence the gentle, tender spirits of mother, wife, sister and daughter will help to suggest and permeate the doings of the Convention. There will be present, not only the most receptive, but the most progressed minds of both sexes, from all parts of the country, all of whom will be attended by their guardian angels and spirit circles, which, in the aggregate, will form an invulnerable host of the best and best who have ever walked on earth, or peopled heaven.

Second, The object of the Convention is more grand, because more comprehensive and beneficial in its purposes than any that has preceded it. It is not to build up a new party or to establish a new creed; but to vitalize all parties with the love of God and man, and promulgate truth as found in all creeds, and thus establish the kingdom of God upon earth by a realization of the great fact that of Faith, Hope and Charity, CHARITY is the greatest.

Let every community of Spiritualists contribute their means to send delegates, and thus hasten forward the good time "When Righteousness shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the great deep."

JOHN BELSON.  
Washington, D. C., July 18th, 1864.

## Suppression of Truth in Canada.

We make the following extracts from a private letter dated Quebec, July 8th:

The Davenport Brothers have been exhibiting their wonderful mediumship in Montreal, and I was in hopes they would have come to Quebec, but was disappointed. Only one Montreal paper had the courage to advertise and give a report of their performance, which was very favorable and fair. But the subject was smothered up, and although four nights were announced, I heard of no more than the one which was fully attended.

We had had in Quebec a Madame Dimont, advertised as a clairvoyant. She was here only a few days. As soon as I heard of her I went to see her; but here, also, was I disappointed, being told at the hotel where she resided, that she left the city that morning, by order of the authorities. Churchdom takes alarm at the appearance of anything of the kind, and leaves no means untaken to prevent its diffusion. Such is the land I live in. Still, let us hope that the light will pierce through and dissolve the clouds of ignorance.

Wonderful Manifestations in Rutland, Vt.

We are having convincing proofs here of the power of spirits, through the mediumship of several mediums, one of whom, Horatio Eddy, is so fastened with ropes that he cannot possibly move his hands in any manner. He is then placed within a circle formed by the persons present, and while there, the ropes still tied about him, his count is taken off and put on again under all the ropes! He is sometimes tied to a pole at the top of the room. His sister Mary is carried by unseen hands around the room above the heads of the skeptics. Lights are produced appearing like beautiful flowers. Spirit hands are placed on the heads of many. Musical instruments, bells, etc., are carried about the room, and played upon at the same time. Through Wm. Eddy and A. J. Sargeant convincing tests are given. All these things are awakening great interest and producing good results.

Rutland, Vt., July 8, 1864. M. W. D.

## At Chicago.

MR. T. V. Taylor extends an invitation to those attending the Convention at Chicago to give him a call. His place of business is at 104 Randolph street. In a letter from Mr. T., dated at Memphis, he states that the friends of the cause in that city, and in all places he has visited, express great interest in the approaching Convention.

First National Convention of Spiritualists.

At a Convention of the Spiritualists of New England, held in Boston, in March last, the following Preamble and Resolutions, after a full and free discussion, were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Whereas, The facts given to man through communication with the spirit-world, conclusively prove that a portion of the inhabitants of that world do take interest in the elevation and improvement of humanity, and are associated together for the perfecting of wise plans to accomplish so desirable an end;

Resolved, That it is largely by associated action on the part of Spiritualists that their beautiful teachings can be made practical, and that in the establishment of a National Convention of Spiritualists should be convened at some central point in the great West during the coming summer.

Resolved, That this Convention appoint a committee of five to correspond with the friends of the movement throughout the country, and select the date and place where the Convention shall be held, and make any other necessary arrangements for carrying out the spirit of the foregoing Resolutions.

H. F. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Annanda M. Spencer, Miss Lizzie Doten and Henry C. Wright were appointed said Committee.

After careful examination and deliberation the Committee have decided that the greatest facilities for the accommodation of those who may attend for the Convention can be had in Chicago, Ill. They therefore most cordially and earnestly invite all Spiritualists throughout the country to meet in Convention in the city of Chicago, on Tuesday, the 9th day of August next, at 10 o'clock A. M., and continue for five days thereafter during the pleasure of the Convention, for the purpose of a free interchange of thought upon all subjects embraced in the foregoing resolutions, and to take such action in the premises as they may deem best. And as the Committee fully recognize the identity of interest of all Humanity in the "New Dispensation," they would extend the same cordial invitation and greeting to the Spiritualists of all Nations to unite with them in their deliberations.

"No rent up taken confines our powers.  
For the whole boundless universe is ours."

It was said in a former notice, all Spiritualists realize the great fact, that we live in a transition age. Old things are rapidly passing away in the religious and social, as well as in the political world. Behold all things must be formed anew. And the time has fully come when the millions in our country who have received the glorious light of the incoming day, must decide whether, by associated action, they will give direction and shape to the new, securing to all and each the greatest possible amount of individual, social, religious and political freedom, compatible with the greatest good of the whole; or, whether religious and political domination, the rulers of the past, shall, in the reconstruction, so frame our Constitutions and Laws as to crush the millions, for the exclusive aggrandizement and benefit of the few. Slavery, cruelty, oppression and wrong have had full sway under the old regime, based as it was, and is, upon the Mosaic code of barbarisms, and it is for us to decide whether they shall still rule the earth, or the more rational and beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of all races of men, and the Fatherhood of God shall furnish the basic foundation of the new Church and State.

In conclusion, the Committee would urge upon the attention of all Spiritualists the recommendation contained in the last resolution. Do not fail to have a representation from every city, town or hamlet. Come, and let us reason together.

Arrangements have been completed with the Vermont Central R. R. Company to convey passengers from the following places to Chicago and return for \$25, exclusive of meals on steamer, or

not exceeding \$30 meals included, the round trip: Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester and Fitchburg, Mass.; Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Haverhill and Portsmouth, N. H.; Burlington, Montpelier, St. Albans, Vt., and Ogdenburg, N. Y., by the following route: over Vermont Central Railroad from Boston to Ogdenburg, thence via the Grand Trunk R. R. to Port Huron, thence via the same route. Tickets good from July 20th to October 1st, inclusive. Tickets to be had in Boston only of L. Mills, Esq., General Agent, No. 5 State street, and at the ticket offices of the Vermont Central in the above mentioned places. From the State of Maine passengers will be conveyed over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Huron, thence by the Lakes as above for the same fare, viz., \$25 for the round trip, or \$25 including meals on the steamer. Apply to Wm. H. Flowers, Esq., General Agent, Bangor, Me. The Spiritualists of New York can make satisfactory arrangements for reduction of fares by calling upon E. P. Beach, Esq., General Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, 279 Broadway, New York City.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman.  
H. B. STORER, Secretary.

All papers favorable to the movement will please copy.

## Grand National Convention.

For the information of the friends in New York and the New England States who desire to attend the National Convention in Chicago, permit me to say that the fare from New York City to Chicago and return, via Buffalo, Saratoga and the Lakes, is \$30.70, exclusive of meals, or \$33.70, including meals on steamer, for the round trip. From Buffalo to Chicago and return, \$12 without, or \$17 with meals on steamers. Excursion tickets to be had only of E. P. Beach, General Agent, No. 279 Broadway, New York, and George H. Tryon, opposite the Erie street, Depot, Buffalo. Single tickets on steamer, fifty cents, or passengers can carry their own provisions. No extra charge for berth on steamer. For particulars in regard to fares from the New England States, and depots for the sale of excursion tickets, see notice in another column. Tickets good from July 20th to Sept. 1st, inclusive. United States currency and notes received at all refreshment rooms on the line of the Vermont Central and Grand Trunk Railroads and on the steamers.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman, Com.

## Grove Meetings.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress of St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., will hold their third Grove Meeting of this season in the grove near H. H. Barry, in Parisville, Aug. 20 and 21, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Speakers from the Chicago Convention on their return East, will find a cordial reception with us, and if need be, their extra expense provided for. Stopping at Potsdam, or Napp's Station on the N. R. R., N. Y.

By order of Committee, REV. JAS. FRANCIS.  
Parisville, N. Y., July 14, 1864.

## Grove Meeting.

The Third Annual Grove Meeting of the Spiritualists of Superior, near Ypsilanti, Mich., will be held on the 6th and 7th days of August next, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. Speakers on their way to the Chicago Convention are respectfully invited to attend. Accommodations free, and as large a fee given the speakers as can be obtained. Moses Hull is engaged, and others will be unless response is made to the above notice.

By order of the Committee,  
WM. F. GOODELL.

## Annual Meeting.

The fourth Annual Meeting of Spiritualists will be held at Centreville, Bradford Co., Pa., on the 21st day of August, commencing at 10 A. M.

Spencer, Pa., July 17, 1864. WM. M. PALMER.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

A Journal of Romance Literature and General Intelligence; also an Exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century.