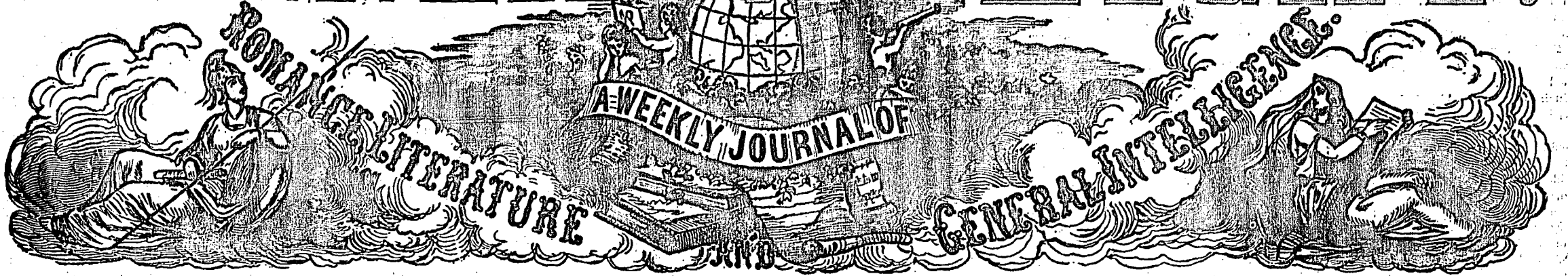


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

THE PROGRESS OF AN ADVENTURER.

Translated from the French for the Banner
of Light, by J. Rollin M. Squire.

CHAPTER VIII.

The letter which Miss Elise had received contained only these lines:

"Miss—Misery has only tears, and tears tarnish beautiful eyes. Break quickly with this prejudicial acquaintance, which renders you ill-favored and poor, and accept my love, which will make you always beautiful and rich. You have too much sense to refuse; and I sign myself.

Your lover, ere long,
FRITZ DE STOLBERG."

The reader understands now why the actress had cried on reading the letter. Each day, the woman who had delivered it to her, brought new ones; they were not accepted, and they prohibited the woman from coming again.

Poor Elise!

She refrained strictly from speaking of the letters to her friends, but her gaiety disappeared; bitter reflections besieged her soul; it was necessary that her love for Frank was infinite; it was necessary that she loved him truly, to sacrifice her happiness to the future of the poet, to thus refuse the support of a husband. Nobody would dare to offend her then, as the libertine, Fritz de Stolberg, had done, for the wife is sacred; and when insult falls on her, he is a man who then raises it.

Poor Elise!

She worked always; in vain Sosthène exerted himself to divert the languor of the young girl; his witticisms obtained only a sad smile, drowned by two tears, like a pale ray of the sun through a sky full of storm.

The assiduities of Frank at the house of Madame de Rigny, made her suffer.

"No, he does not love me," murmured she; "for as soon as he saw this woman he went away from me, from me, to whom he swore an eternal love from me, whom he wished to make his companion! Oh, I was right not to listen to my heart; I have done well. But I love him, my God!" continued she, with an unutterable accent, "for he is good and devoted. I should not have refused his love; I might have saved him with my tenderness, with my patient affection. Oh, I have been a coward; I have been afraid. And now that he loves another—another who will make him suffer, I know it—I see what is the happiness that I have lost, and I hate this woman who robs me of my happiness."

During this moment Frank was at the house of Madame de Rigny. She had received the visits of the poet, as a distraction, without thinking that the world could find this appearance of intimacy strange, and without thinking of it herself. As she had promised, she advised Frank, she initiated him into the ways of the world; he was a pupil for her, and in her mind she did not receive him otherwise. But the pupil made so much progress, he understood so well, that the teacher was quite proud, and applauded herself for her work. The timidity of Frank disappeared little by little; with freer manners, he had the voice more unconstrained.

Madame de Rigny found him an accomplished cavalier, and without explaining it to herself, as Pygmalion before his Galathea, she felt herself sweetly drawn toward Frank, the beautiful marble to which she had given life.

One evening they were alone in the saloon; the storm raged without, the wind blew with violence through the trees, whose branches cracked with a noise like lamentations. Within, the flame of the hearth diffused a mild heat, and twisted hissing its blue tongues, which one had taken for slender serpents. The rain, which beat the windows with a rumbling and continued roll, created in the soul a reverie vague and full of alarm. Neither Frank nor Madame de Rigny spoke for a moment; they listened to the grand voice of winter, full of menace for the ear of the poor, who heard its tones with terror.

Suddenly the clock struck eleven.

Frank rose.

"Where are you going?" asked Madame de Rigny, on seeing him take his overcoat and his hat, which he had placed on a small sofa.

Frank indicated the hour with his finger, as if to say:

"Look! it is late; I must leave."

"But the weather is horrible; hear the storm; sit down and let us talk."

Frank replaced his hat and coat on the sofa, and returned again to take his place.

"Madame," said he, "if any one could suspect my presence at your house at this hour, I should certainly make some jealous ones."

"Child! is it therefore a happiness to you to keep me company?"

"Can you ask me? It is a happiness so great that I never dared hope it."

"Why so?"

"Why? because, yesterday, even, I was only a poor workman, a miserable stage-player, and that to-day your indulgent goodness has made me the equal of the favorites of birth and fortune."

"Have you not something more than that?"

"I?"

"Have you not genius?"

"Oh, yes; when you speak thus! For then I feel here and there, in my head and my heart, something which impels me, which animates me and fills me with ideas great and beautiful! If it be genius which struggles in me, I supplicate you, say it forever, that it may not abandon me!"

edging it to herself, she loved Frank; she allowed herself to mingle gently with the charm of this nature, believing and full of will, of this mixture of ardent faith and timorous hesitation; she had seen a real affection in the silent homage of Frank, and without reflecting on it, as at first, she had playfully encouraged it; but she had played with the fire, and she commenced to feel the effects of the flame.

"Yes, I will say it always," replied she to Frank, who contemplated her with happiness; "yes, it is genius which impels you toward celebrity, toward fortune."

"Fortune! celebrity! Oh, then I shall dare, perhaps—"

He stopped.

"You will dare? What then?"

"Oh, pardon, Madame, pardon! But if you know how much one suffers by being poor and obscure, having caught a glimpse of a new world full of splendor, toward which one feels himself carried away! At each step the multitude cries to you, 'Where go you, poor fool? Your place is not there.' And if you advance always, if the happy of this world open to you their doors, you are still only a straggler whom they receive for distraction, for fantasy, as a curious thing which they regard for an hour, and then leave in the ante-chamber when it amuses no more. This is what I am, Madame, a stranger, a curious thing, a phenomenon of memory, who must dance in attendance till they do him the honor of consulting him, and leave his heart at the door in setting foot in the saloon."

"M. Frank!"

"Oh! it is a strange destiny, this of mine, Madame! Men of my sphere disown me in calling me proud; those of yours drive me away as a lackey."

"M. Frank!"

"Yes, as a lackey! above all, if in this brilliant sphere my look rests on a great and beautiful lady, they would make me a criminal for my adoration! Oh, it is fearful! It is fearful to have to stifle the cry of the soul, and walk alone in the spirit, in the middle of so much brightness!"

Copious tears filled Frank's eyes; he wept like a child.

"Will you hush, and not cry so?" said Madame de Rigny, keenly moved; "you are unjust, M. Frank!"

And, without knowing what she did, she laid her hand on his head and dried his tears with her handkerchief. Frank took possession of it with vivacity.

"Ah, I will keep it all my life!" said he, covering it with kisses.

Madame de Rigny saw her imprudence.

"Give me the handkerchief, child," said she, "and go, for the storm subsides."

"On the contrary, it increases. Listen!"

In fact, the thunder roared at the moment. They kept silent. Frank smiled through his tear. The look of Madame de Rigny met his own. They started involuntarily.

"Oh, I love you!" cried Frank, holding out his arms toward her.

She put her hand on his mouth, and said in a low voice:

"Hush you! hush you!"

Frank gave a cry of supreme happiness and fell on his knees to the great lady.

At this moment even, Elise prayed God for Frank, who had forgotten her.

CHAPTER IX.

It was midnight. Miss Elise worked while waiting for Sosthène, who had found employment in a café concert since the desertion of Frank. Suddenly the young girl heard some one coming up the stairs. She believed it was Sosthène, and interrupted her work to lay a knife and fork for the singer; the door opened, and instead of the one whom she expected, she saw, in turning around, a young man whom she did not know. She uttered a cry of surprise and flight.

"Fear nothing, Miss," said the unknown, "and, in spite of the strangeness of my visit at such an hour, please to listen to me a moment."

"You are mistaken, without doubt; it is not I whom—"

"Oh, pardon! It is certainly to Miss Elise whom I wish to speak."

"But I do not know you—I—sir!"

"You will know me soon. I have had the pleasure already of addressing to you half a dozen letters, and—"

"You are M. Fritz de Stolberg?"

"At your service, yes, Miss."

"Go out, sir; go out!"

"How? immediately—in this manner? Ah! sounds, no! It shall not be said that I have mounted your four floors at the risk of breaking my neck in a dark stairway, to go away without giving you a good piece of advice."

"Beware, sir! some one is coming who will protect me, who will defend me against your insults."

"Some one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Frank, will you say? Reassure yourself; he is kneeling to Madame de Rigny, and he finds that the place is too good to quit."

"I have not named M. Frank."

"Who then? Sosthène?"

"Yes, sir."

"The good fellow does not think of coming so soon; I have been searching him myself at his café concert, to aid us in passing the night joyously at the Circle, with the songs the most facetious of his repertory, on condition of the sum of one hundred francs, which I delivered him myself, and which he accepted with joy, I must acknowledge."

"My God! my God!" murmured Miss Elise with terror.

"You see it: I have taken my precautions; no one will come to trouble our charming tête-à-tête. So let us sit down and talk."

And, suiting the action to the word, he took a chair, and invited the young girl to be seated.

"Sir! sir!" said she, "I supplicate you, go, and I will forget your offence! It is not possible that you have coolly reflected on what you are doing. I implore you, go!"

Fritz began to laugh.

"Ah, go out!" said she, then, with an imperious tone; "go out, or I will call!"

"Call," replied Fritz coolly; "I will say that you are my mistress, and they will believe me, because you are an actress, and I—I am Fritz de Stolberg!"

"You! you are a base wretch!"

"No; I love you, that's all."

"You love me?"

"Listen to me, Miss Elise: you are without money, obliged to work to live miserably; I offer you luxury, dresses, finally all that which renders a woman happy and beautiful. I offer you that in exchange for the favors which you would have accorded to Frank—to Frank, who does not love you, you know it well! Say one word, and from this night you shall quit this cold and sad chamber for a rich apartment, where, instead of work, you shall have servants at your service. Say one word, Elise, and your fate changes; for I love you, and have sworn that you shall be mine."

Fritz arose and took the hand of the young girl, all trembling with fright.

"Oh! for pity, for pity, sir, leave me!"

He pressed her in his arms.

"To me—this to me!" cried Miss Elise, in escaping from his arms. "Help! help!"

"You call in vain; no one will come. We are only two here."

He rejoined the actress, searching to press his lips to hers, when the door opened violently, and Frank suddenly appeared.

"You deceive yourself, sir; we are three," said he.

"Frank!" cried the young girl, running to shelter herself in the arms of the new comer.

"Frank!" repeated Fritz, with surprise.

"What signifies your presence here at such an hour in this house, M. de Stolberg?"

"It signifies, my dear Frank, that having learned your love for another woman, I came to offer mine to Miss Elise. What is there surprising in this?"

"That you are a coward!"

"M. Frank!"

"Ah, no bravado, sir. I will be at your order when it shall please you; but in the meantime, go out."

With a gesture, he showed him the door. Fritz went out in landing a look of anger at the poet.

"Zounds!" said he, "here is something which may embroil the love of the tender, gallant with this fool Madame de Rigny."

And he went to rejoin his friends at the "Cercle des Lions."

When he was gone, Miss Elise wished to address thanks to Frank.

"You have preserved me from the insults of this man," murmured she; "it was God who sent you! I did not expect you, since lately you come in so late! Oh, it is not a reproach, only," said she, with hesitation, "you work no more!"

"Why, certainly," replied Frank, with an embarrassed air.

"No, my friend, no; you no longer work. Sosthène said to me this morning again—"

"Out with it! What did he say to you?"

"Why—I don't know—I don't remember. He said to me that you were wrong to interrupt your work; that your visits to the house of Madame de Rigny make you lose a precious time."

"Ah!"

"And that—"

"And that?"

"Nothing more, M. Frank."

"Ah! you do not tell me the truth; and I find that Sosthène carries a little too far the interest he takes in me."

"He is devoted to you."

"Without doubt; but his devotion—must it go to controlling my simplest actions?"

"One has always need of counsels, and those given by disinterested friendship should be frankly received."

"I do not say—certainly—but, since my progress, I may, it seems to me, know and judge for myself, and have no need of a mentor."

"Say ever since you have seen this woman."

Frank made a movement of impatience, and did not reply. Miss Elise remained silent also; only, when the poet threw a regard on her, he saw that she endeavored to keep back two tears which fringed her eyelashes. He felt himself touched with pity; he had a moment of repentance, for he understood, at last, all the love of the poor girl.

"Miss Elise," said he, "Sosthène is wrong to suppose that my visits to the house of Madame de Rigny prevent my working; on the contrary, since I see myself the object of so much interest, of so much encouragement, I feel, to render myself worthy of it, the need of still more labor, and if I stop a moment, it is that this moment is necessary to collect my forces, in order to approach boldly the difficulties which remain to me to conquer."

"M. Frank, you love Madame de Rigny," replied the young actress, with a melancholy smile.

"I?"

"Yes, you! Why deny it? Why not speak to me without evasion? Am I no longer then your friend, your sister?"

"Yes, in fact, it is what you replied to my love, which asked yours. Let me love you as a sister."

"Have I not done well, and should I not be unhappy to-day, if I had responded the contrary?"

"If you had responded to my love, Madame de Rigny had not seen—"

"Ah! you see clearly that you love her! But listen to me, M. Frank; it is your sister who speaks to you: where will this love lead you? Madame de Rigny receives you for want of occupation, for distraction; and she will break tomorrow that which amuses her to-day. Remember what I now tell you; it is the purest affection

which makes me speak thus; beware, M. Frank, beware!"

"But she loves me! She has said it to me."

"Well said! You speak with frankness at last!"

Frank wished to correct himself.

"I wish to say," murmured he, "that she interests herself in me; that she—"

"Oh! do not search to correct yourself! She loves you, you say? So much worse. You will be only more unhappy for it afterwards."

"I do not understand."

"You will understand later, and then if consolations are necessary to your grief, a sincere and devoted affection at your heart weeping its allusion, return among us, my friend, and your grief will be consoled, and your heart will find affection which never deceives—that of friendship. Now let us speak of other things. Do you know for whom I embroider this?"

"No."

"For Madame de Rigny."

"Ah!"

"Has she not a great party to-morrow?"

"Certainly."

"Well, you may admire on her this rich trimming which I am finishing, and which she wishes me to carry her myself."

"To her house?"

"Without doubt. She wishes to know me, she said, and I am not less curious than she," added Miss Elise, in trying to smile.

Frank wished to change the conversation.

"Sosthène has not yet come in?" said he.

"He will not return until very late; he is at the Cercle."

"Who told you?"

"M. de Stolberg," replied the young girl, blushing.

"Ah yes! I understand. The miserable fellow wished to keep him away."

"Yes, but God sent you."

"And now you have no fear, have you?"

"No."

"I may go up to my chamber?"

"Yes."

"Good-night, Miss Elise."

"Good-night, M. Frank."

CHAPTER X.

That day, in fact, there was a grand evening party at the house of Madame de Rigny. It was a party of adieu which she offered to her friends, ere she left Geneva to visit the south of France.

The multitude was numerous in her saloons, and divers groups were formed. In one of these the libertine, Fritz de Stolberg, replied to questions, all more jesting, one than the other, and which were addressed to him by his friends of the Cercle des Lions.

"Well, beautiful Don Juan, your projects of abduction have been foiled in the presence of Frank!"

"We expected you to supper with your young conquest."

"Why not show her to us? Should you be jealous?"

"Ah! my poor Fritz. What a lesson!"

"Ah! gentleman," replied Fritz, "it is a lost battle—that's all. To-morrow I will take my revenge. Who the devil was going to imagine this: that virtue could lodge at the house of an actress? She entered there through mistake; she was mistaken at the door."

"And you have done like her?"

Frank arrived in the saloon with Sosthène. They exchanged a rapid glance with Fritz. It was a regard of indignation with the one, and of irony with the other.

They called for the dancers. The group of young men dispersed themselves in the saloons where the quadrilles formed. The poet and the artist remained alone.

"Why this sadness, Frank?" asked the good Sosthène of his friend.

"Ah! can you ask me, when she is leaving?"

"Who?"

"Madame de Rigny."

"Do you hope, then, to see her incessantly? My poor Frank! what torments you are preparing yourself. Be reasonable. Come, think, think of the distance which separates you."

"The distance! Ah, my friend, if you knew. But no; you would not believe me if I said to you that—"

"What, then? My heavens!"

"Nothing, nothing. But in spite of distance, in spite of all the obstacles, I love her, and I cannot live far from her look, which I have made my life."

"Calm yourself."

"Ah, why, why have I seen her?"

"Ah, yes! for example, why have we seen her? You would be a thousand times more happy, and a thousand times more tranquil on your account; for who knows where this love will lead you, with an exalted heart like yours?"

"Here she is. My friend, leave us, I pray you. I believe they ask for you yonder—at the piano."

"Be prudent, Frank. Beware!"

Sosthène went away. One soon heard him executing the cavatina from *Le Barbier de Séville*.

Madame de Rigny approached the poet.

"Do you not applaud your friend, M. Frank? And yourself? Do you not soon rectify to us one of your charming poems?"

"I am sad, in fact, Madame."

"How? In the midst of my fête?"

"It is just because of your fête. Does it not tell me that you leave in a few days?"

"Monsieur Frank!"

"Ah, pardon me, Madame—pardon me. But I am very unhappy, and I suffer."

"Why so?"

"Why? Ask me if I have dreamed, and then you will ask me afterwards why I suffer."

"My Frank, you have not dreamed; but you are a child, who saddens at nothing."

"Yet you leave, Madame."

"Yes, without doubt, I leave."

"Ah, do not play with my grief. That would be too cruel."

"I do not play with your grief. I speak seriously. Is it not you, rather, who will forget?"

"I?"

"Yes, you. I believe I have heard you say that your happiness would be to travel; to visit Italy, Spain and elsewhere."

"It is true."

"And I believed it would be agreeable to you to see me visit the same cities as yourself. Perhaps I am in error."

"What have you said? Repeat it to me, Madame, for I cannot, I dare not understand."

At this moment a domestic came to say that a young girl asked to speak with Madame de Rigny, who had summoned her, she said.

"Shortly. M. Frank, for mercy's sake, be no longer sad. I wish only the happy at my fête," said Madame de Rigny to the poet, accompanying these words with a most gracious smile.

Frank left her, and was going joyously to mingle with the guests who applauded the cavatina which Sosthène had just finished by a brilliant organ point.

"Jean, show in this young girl," said Madame de Rigny to the domestic, who waited his mistress's order.

Jean went out, and soon returned leading a young person.

It was Miss Elise.

"Pardon me, Miss, for having thus inconvenienced you; but you will excuse me when I shall tell you that before my departure I wished to see you, to compliment you on your marvelous skill, and make arrangements with you for the choice of some necessary things, which I shall confide afterwards to your fairy fingers. Truly, you are a skilful work-woman."

"But I am not a work-woman, Madame; I am an artist."

"In linen, then," said Madame de Rigny, smiling.

"No, Madame, I am a dramatic artist; in a word, an actress; and since the theatre closed, I work for a living."

"That is beautiful, Miss."

"No, Madame, it is very simple."

"How old are you?"

"I am nineteen, Madame."

his kind a woman, coming from no one knows where, a mistress—

"M. Fritz!"

"You do not believe my story true, Madame? Yet it is, I assure you, for I know this young man, and his mistress. There she is!"

And Fritz showed Miss Elise, who entered to take the last orders of Madame de Rigny.

Frank made a bound, and found himself close to the libertine.

"Such a scandal! Ah, M. de Stolberg, you are in my house," said Madame de Rigny.

"I will retire, Madame, although I have not named all the personages of my story."

Miss Elise, prey to a violent emotion, fell into an arm-chair. She wept without power to say a word.

Frank wished to spring toward her; Madame de Rigny retained him.

She was jealous of the poor actress.

"We shall leave to-morrow," she whispered to Frank.

M. de Stolberg turned toward the door, when Sosthène, whom no one had remarked, approached and said to him:

"Sir, we shall fight to-morrow."

"We fight? and why?"

"Because you are a coward, and I love Miss Elise!"

[To be continued in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
192 WEST 27th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"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 HENRY.)

The Hemlock Tree by the Riverside.

The hot, dusty summer had passed; the beautiful, glowing days had gone, and the autumn, too, with its fresh breezes, and its brightly-tinted trees, its clear, frosty nights, and its days of storm and sunshine had gone, and winter had come, white and cold, and the streets of the city were pure with the freshly-fallen snow. Carl had grown very ill during all these weeks, and now lay on his bed continually. Bill had begged his mother to have his little bed brought down into their room, that they might tend him and care for him; for Carl had little love shown him in the miserable attic he called home.

"But we have so little room," said Bill's mother; "and then we are growing poorer and poorer every day; your father is not strong, and may lose his work any day, and I get so tired, Bill, how can I have more care?"

"Oh, you can't of course," said Bill; but Carl is such a help! He'll play with baby Lulu, and keep Tim out of mischief, and then I'll work harder every day. I'll sell more papers, and I'll find something else to do."

"And I'll hurry out of school," said Dick, "and get time to sell a whole basket of apples at the depot."

"And I'll be up by light in the morning, and fill my basket with cinders, that will last you all day," said Mary.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sighed the mother; "that my children should have to do such work!"

"But we love to," said Mary. "I am all the time thinking how warm the coal will keep you, and I don't mind the dirty barrels; and some day, you know, we are going to live better."

"Let Carl come," said Tim, "and I'll keep just as still as a mouse all day."

"Well, children, have it your own way; you are dear, good children, and I believe you'll be taken care of some way."

And so Carl had his little bed brought down into the crowded room, and was one of the family. His dim eye brightened day by day after this, and he grew stronger; and was able to sit propped up with pillows. The children did all they had promised their mother they would do. Mary rose early, and took her basket and filled it with the best cinders she could find; and Bill sold his large package of papers, and Dick peddled apples and matches, and their hearts grew more and more loving every day, as they saw Carl so patient and happy, and so blessed by all they were able to do for him.

And now Christmas was close at hand—that season of joy and love, when every one feels beautiful wishes in his heart, and seems to come nearer to heaven by the love that flows out to others. Perhaps not every one, but so many are there that feel thus, that even the selfish and unloving know of the warm life of love, and wish beautiful wishes, if they do not do beautiful deeds.

There were great consultations in that poor, miserable room, in that horrible street, and Carl was the adviser and assistant of all.

"What puzzles me," said Bill, "is to know how to get money enough for a Christmas pudding; for you know we must have a Christmas pudding, or mother 'd think we were all going to be beggars in a week—and to get money to buy all the rest something."

"Oh!" said Carl, "I dreamed it all out last night. You see, Bill, you mustn't tell anybody, but I'm going to sail on that beautiful river Christmas night."

"What do you mean?" said Bill. "You are so sick; and then we want you here."

"I shan't be sick there, Bill. I'm going to die. I know it, because I saw it all. Now do n't cry, because then you know I shall be well and strong; but I have seen just how it will be. Oh! the river is so broad and so clear, and the sky is so blue, and I shall sail so gently that I shall fall asleep, and when I wake I shall not be poor, sick Carl, but just like an angel. Did you know, Bill, that we had angels close beside us?"

"I heard the minister say that little children had," said Bill; "but I didn't quite believe him, for I never saw one, and I've looked around Lulu most every day since I heard him say so."

"But it is so," said Carl; "for I saw it all, and I'm going to be one of them when I get strong. You see, Bill, that beautiful river that I've dreamed so much about reaches a beautiful place, and that place doesn't seem far off at all; and when I reach that place where I am going, then I shall know just what to do to make you all happier. I did n't know what I could do for Christmas, and I felt just like crying, because I could n't get Lulu something nice. I kept thinking about a great, big doll I saw once, and I wished, and wished that I could buy it; and while I was wishing, I fell asleep, and I dreamed such a queer dream! It was all about hemlock trees; and I thought that great, big dolls were growing out of that tree that we saw last summer."

"Oh, Carl!" said Bill, clapping his hands, "I've got it!"

"Got what?" said Carl.

"Why, the dream. There's nothing sells better than Christmas wreaths. They are just beginning to bring them into the city. Now I'll get time to go out there and get some splendid branches, and

you can tell us how, and we can make some wreaths, and Dick and I will sell them, and then hurrah for a doll, and a pudding, and a knife for you, Carl!"

"But you know I am going off Christmas night, and what need a knife?"

"Oh, but you are to have it, Carl!"

"And if I don't want it you'll give it to Tim, won't you?" said Carl.

"Oh, but you will want it! Now I've thought of the wreaths, I'm sure you'll be better."

"Perhaps I shall," said Carl; "but I hoped I should have that beautiful doll."

Bill found a little leisure time, and laid by a few pennies, by the paying of which they let him ride on the freight train, and he went out for the beautiful evergreen.

Meantime the tree had stood there looking more beautiful than ever, for its branches drooped more tenderly to the earth, and its green seemed brighter, as if it had more love in its delicate leaves. Bill looked at it as he jumped from the car, with delight.

"Really, it seems like seeing an old friend," thought he. "I feel just like taking off my hat and making a bow. I wonder if it really knows what I think? and how glad I am to see it! Mr. Hemlock, your servant, sir," and Bill raised his hat, and made a low bow.

All the branches rustled, so that the soft flakes of snow that had lodged on them came falling down like the feathers of a dove.

"Ah!" thought the tree, "now am I happy! Ever since that summer's day I've wished for this. When I saw that loving family, and knew all their unselfish care for each other, I've been ashamed of my selfish life, and so I've tried to do better. I've sheltered many a poor traveler from the hot suns of summer. I've lifted my branches to the sky, that the sad and sorrowing might perchance look up and find some hope written on the clear heavens. I've reached down low, bending tenderly over the tired and wet travelers who took shelter for a moment beneath my branches from the rude storm. I've let the world come nearer and nearer to me, while I have reached down to it, and still up, up to the beautiful sky."

"Oh, what a rustle there was among the branches then," thought Bill. "I almost fancied I heard words; but how shall I get branches enough for Carl?"

"I'll reach down," rustled the tree.

But Bill all at once thought he'd climb the tree, and he was soon far up among the branches. Here the river looked so grand, and the sky so near, that he felt that what Carl had said was true, and he did not wonder that he wished to sail to a beautiful home. "But I must hurry," thought he; and he began to break the most beautiful branches that he could find, until he had quite an armful.

"I'll put all the beauty I can into them," rustled the tree. "I'll make the mother dream of the beautiful time coming; and the poor, sick boy shall forget his pain, and baby Lulu shall laugh and crow she knows not why. Ah, I'm only a hemlock tree, and little can I do; but if I do my best, who knows what I may accomplish? The world does not understand my speech; only the good and pure hear in me some voice of tenderness, but in my green branches God utters a little word—love. Good-by, brave boy; keep sweet memories of me all through the glad Christmas time."

In a moment more Bill was on the train, and before dark reached his home.

Oh, how Carl's eyes brightened as he saw the beautiful green.

"And did the river look just as grand, Bill?" said he; "and did you look far up and down to see what you could see? and were there any boats? Oh, if I could have been there! but then you know I shall go soon, and they'll let me sail whole days till I get rested."

"See here, Mary," said Bill, "is n't it good, we've got a Christmas night here. Only think, first a doll for Lulu—that's for Carl, and then a knife and who knows what? Oh, I feel as rich as anybody."

There lay the beautiful branches close by Carl's bed; it seemed indeed as if a close of heaven had come in among that dingy furniture; and the whole room seemed fresh and bright.

"Oh! oh!" sobbed the mother; "I used to gather it so many years ago for Christmas time, and trim the old church, and put wreaths into our cottage window; but, alas! now I think only of how I shall get a garment, or a bit of bread for my children."

It seemed as if the branches shivered, but Carl looked at them a long time, and then said:

"Who took care of the tree all last winter; and who gave it rain and sun? I've been thinking if Lulu was n't better than all the hemlock trees that ever grew, and if she couldn't be taken care of just as well?"

"Oh," sighed the mother, "if I only knew that the Lord loved us, I would n't complain."

"Well," said Carl, "if he don't love Lulu and take care of her better than the hemlock tree, then when I get to be a big angel, I'll come back, and will tend to her myself; but I know he does love her; and he has just made these green branches to let us be sure he does. See how bright they are—just like summer—and yet it is cold and frosty. Oh, I'm very sure since I've seen them that he is going to take care of us all."

"Here's the twine you wanted," said Dick; "now tell us how, Carl, and we'll work till the candle is all burned out. Can't we have all the candles we want for Christmas?"

As the happy group gathered about Carl's bed and twined the little branches into wreaths, it seemed as if summer indeed had come back. It was a beautiful summer-time of love; and in Carl's eye gleamed a light never there before; for in the beautiful branches he seemed to catch glimpses of the river, and of the sunshine, and of the glad time coming. Even the mother, as she held the sleeping Lulu, seemed looking to something more beautiful, and watched her children with pleasure as they finished their work.

Carl dreamed that night of the river again, and of sailing to his beautiful home. The mother seemed, in her sleep, again to be dwelling in the pretty cottage; and Mary smiled as if an angel kissed her in sleep; and baby Lulu, too, must have seen something as fair as an angel, or a flower, for she opened her eyes with a start of delight, and closed them again to sleep with a smile on her lips. The whole room seemed full of sweet odors; and it was as if sweet music was ringing through the air, and beautiful flowers were blooming.

The morning before Christmas Eve was cold and dismal. Dark clouds covered the whole sky, and it looked like snow; but Bill was up early and had sold papers enough to buy their breakfast; for the father had grown so ill since the cold days came, that he could not work half the days. Mary, too, came in with her basketful of half-burned coal, and Dick had made the fire. Carl could not lift his head, even when Lulu was brought for him to kiss, but lay very pale and still, so they thought him asleep and feared to waken him. Bill went out with his wreaths and did not return until almost

noon; then he came and threw himself down beside Carl's bed, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and great sobs came from his throat. His hands were purple with cold, and he could not speak.

"What is it," said Carl, "do tell me. Has any one hurt you?"

"They won't buy the wreaths," sobbed Bill; "and now there'll be no doll for Lulu, and no candles, and no knife—oh, I hate everybody! I wish I was dead! I wish everybody was dead—mean, stingy people. They said the leaves would fall. I wish there was n't any Christmas!"

"Oh, Bill, don't!" said Carl, "it hurts me so. They do n't mean to be bad, only they do n't know. If you'd only told them about Lulu's doll, they would have bought one. I'm sorry, Bill; but we'll have them in our windows, and we'll look at them and think of the great tree, and the river, and the sky—oh, how blue it was. If they only saw what I saw in the beautiful green, they'd want to buy a great many. I'm so tired; I think I shall go soon, Bill, and then I'll come right into the branches and send out little shining lights that folks will see, and then they'd want the wreaths. Oh, how tired I grow; let me go to sleep."

Carl slept a long, quiet sleep; and when he opened his eyes again, it was to find them on the hemlock wreaths, and to say, faintly:

"I'm going—I see the beautiful river—all about the angels—I'll not forget to tell them—all about the wreaths—and the doll—and do n't cry—Christmas coming—there, I'm all ready. Good-by, Lulu."

He closed his eyes, and opened them no more in the dark, dismal room, but his spirit beheld the angels, and the river, and the light and sunshine.

[Continued in our next.]

Some Things I See In and Around New York.

I was coming toward the city on one of the lines of railroad that meet here, bringing people from all parts of the country. The cars were very full, not a seat being vacant. We stopped at a small station and took in several passengers; among them a lady and little child. She looked pale and ill, and quite unable to stand, but no one offered her a seat, and she quite patiently leaned against one near her.

Just in front of her a boy had been seated, but as we approached the city, he was anxious to see what was going on outside, so he left his seat and went toward the other side of the car. As he had really vacated the seat, the pale lady occupied it, taking her little girl into her lap. As soon as the boy discovered that his seat was occupied, he returned in haste, and asserted his right to it. The lady rose and gave it to him, but he did not wish to sit, he only wished to keep some one else from the comfort, like the dog in the fable. All the way to the city he never sat down once, but stood, keeping guard over his seat, and reaching his head about in all directions.

As he turned so that I could see him, I thought, "I wonder what I can see in your face?" I looked at his eyes, and there I could plainly see selfishness written. How cold, and hard, and unloving they looked! I looked at his mouth; every line about it said selfishness. I looked at his nose and his chin, and they both said selfishness; even his hair looked stiff, and cold, and hard. No loveliness shone out of his face anywhere. Perhaps I should not have noticed these things but for his selfish act.

Then I began thinking what sort of a man he would make. Would he care for others' pleasure or comfort? Would he be willing to sacrifice any pleasure for the good of others? Would he love little children, and take them in his arms and seek to make them happy? Would girls and boys run to meet him, and call him dear uncle? It seemed very plain what he was going to be, unless he changed greatly—a selfish man.

Now if he had kept his seat, no one would have blamed him for not offering it to the lady; though he would have shown himself quite a gentleman by doing so; but to keep guard over it, and prevent another from a comfort he did not wish, showed to me just what sort of a life he lived. That one act told what he would do to brothers and playmates at home. His good clothes would not hide the real boy—that was to be seen through all. Do you ever think how you show out yourself, all that you are, in a little act that perhaps you think no one notices.

If your heart is loving and kind, nothing can hide it either, not the poorest clothes or the homeliest features, as I will illustrate next week by something else I saw.

L. M. W.

THE SOUL'S HERMITAGE.

BY WM. F. BRANNAN.

I have a hermitage of common clay
Wherein are treasures neither rich nor rare,
Yet sacred relics to my life are they—
And hoarded up in secret caskets there.

My pilgrim soul resides there all alone,
Its weary years of wild unrest are o'er;
Now soiled and travel-worn from many a zone,
And vain researches on the sea and shore.

No prying eyes looked through the portals there,
No shameless pleasure tempts the soul within;
Despair without must still remain despair—
I have no room for any pleading sin.

In dim, past shadows of a distant morn
I still can see the budding of my years—
Still hear my hopeful songs and sighs forlorn—
Still see the rainbow in life's morning tears.

Within this hermitage my sleepless soul
Lives o'er again the stormy years of life,
And nerves itself for that eternal goal
Where puny man ends all his petty strife.

Lives o'er again the wild, enchanting prime,
That played with golden gladness through my brain,
And swept with dire alarms, or thrills sublime,
The diapason of all joy and pain.

I entertain no stranger unaware
Within my soul's most secret solitude;
No guest but Death may claim an entrance there,
No vaudal foot shall ever dare intrude.

No one can share in all my bliss or woe,
No eye may see my rapture or despair;
On beggar palms no alms can I bestow
Of sacred relics, or of treasures rare.

My house of clay stands midway on a slope—
Oblivion's stream meanders at its base;
Upon the summit of this mount of hope
The sons of Fame have found a dwelling-place.

I ne'er may write my name upon their scroll,
Or see the glories of their temple fair,
Yet I can hear those thunderous voices roll
Their God-like anthems on the echoing air.

I can overlook the world a little way;
See isles of palm and bloom forever sweet—
Behold the rising of the Orient day,
And sing low murmurs in my safe retreat.

O blessed midland of my soul's domain,
Secure retreat from envy, hate and scorn,
Here let me close my simple hermit reign!
And rest in quiet till the coming morn!

An injury unanswered in time grows weary of itself, and dies away in an involuntary remorse. In bad dispositions, capable of no restraint but fear, it has a different effect—the silent digestion of one wrong provokes a second.

A FABLE.

(From the German, for the Banner of Light.)

BY E. F.

In ancient times of doubtful ken,
When Gods came down and walked with men,
And lines were not so well defined
That parted brutes and human kind,
Great Zeus, who created all,
Gave audience in his earthly hall—
With equal justice weighed each suit,
Whether preferred by man or brute.

The Horse, for speed and beauty famed,
Thus in the court a hearing claimed:
"Father of beasts and men, 'tis said
That I more beautiful am made
Than any other creature formed,
With which thou hast the world adorned—
And what by all men is believed,
Of course by me must be received—
And yet with diffidence I move;
Some things in me you might improve."

"In what respects," said Zeus, "pray?"
"I'm open to instruction—say?"
The Horse resumed without delay:
"Would not my limbs with added length
Increase my swiftness, and my strength
Be greater with a broader breast?
And for the beauty of the race,
A long swan neck might give more grace.
And if thy favorite, Man, to bear,
The saddle I am doomed to wear,
It might as well created be,
And over form a part of me."

Indignant Zeus smiling heard,
And uttered the creative word:
"Life, dust, combine and organize."
The Horse awaits with earnest eyes,
Expectant of his beau ideal,
Soon to be manifest and real;
When to his horror and affright,
The ugly Camel rose to sight.

"Behold," said Zeus, drawing near,
"The taller, thinner legs are here;
The swan-like neck, the broader breast,
And the created saddle-rest.
Wouldst thou, with all thy grace adorned,
After this fashion be transformed?"
The Horse, in silence, trembled still.

"Go, then," said Zeus, "if you will,
Unpunished, yet instructed be:
A living warning to thee:
Never, for thy temerity,
The Camel, without shuddering, see."
The Horse retired, with altered tone,
Concluding to "let well alone."

Original Essays.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

BY C. B. P.

Of course, as a Spiritualist, we differ from the authors whom we cite, as to the origin of the ancient mysteries, so far as they make them wholly to begin on this side of the Jordan. We have knowledge of something more than this material aspect—a knowledge that unfleshed spirits, under certain conditions, can control to manifest through the veil of the flesh, and that this spiritual aspect was more or less known in all the ancient mysteries, however perverted by the priesthoods in the name of Lord or God.

Apart from the material Symbolia, there was the hidden Word, equivalent to the spiritual, or "incorporeal model" of Philo. From the basic unity or centre, there was outwrought a wide range of significant parallels, whose warp and woof were blended through the material veil in correspondence with clairvoyance and trances for the fashioning of the Word, or manifestation of the spirit. Our knowledge of present phenomena beholds the supernatural or miraculous arrange itself in consecutive order of being, so that the boundaries of the two worlds may be synchronous in their gearing, and that much of the ancient mysteries may have been given "by the disposition of angels," or unfleshed spirits, through inter-relations of the incarnate world with diverse fashionings from the mundane side in the mystic Lodge, where priest or Hierophant spoke in the name of God.

Philo does not hesitate to lay on the literal Word a fabulous significance, known only to the earlier initiates of Hekherdom, while Gen. Hitchcock finds the life of Jesus "a drama written mystically, in order not to disclose openly a certain secret, which, nevertheless, was taught to those who had ears to hear"—who finds that "Christ is not a historical fulfillment of prophecy, but an ideal representation of the meaning of the law and the prophets"—that "we are at liberty to see more than one meaning in a symbol, and that the different scenes were unfoldings in progress toward an ultimate, illustrating, after the method of all the ancient esoteric societies, the doctrine of immortality."

But what kind of immortality does our author discover in this?—only the Buddhist, or pantheistic kind, for no spiritual individual identity "has ever declared anything," and therefore the "immortality" of the mysteries was only "an allusion to that bourne from whence no traveler returns."

This is rather shyly put forth, for it is equivalent to annihilation. It was our faith through the dark valley and shadow of death, till modern Spiritualism opened a more sure Word of prophecy to behold the individual soul in continuity of being through the portals of death, from whose bourne we have knowledge that travelers no return; and on this wise, too, we can find that life and immortality were brought to light, however dimly, through the ancient esoteric mysteries, so that these were not wholly in their limitations this side Jordan, though a clouded canopy in mist skirted the horizon.

In the ancient mysteries, the West was the image of darkness, as the East the image of Christ, or the Lord, whose symbol was the Sun. Egypt was the symbol of darkness to the Jews; hence the darkness over all the land of Egypt, and "out of Egypt have I called my son." The Egyptian mysteries," says Dr. Mackey, in "Lexicon of Free Masonry," "were of two kinds—the greater and the less; the former being the mysteries of Osiris and Serapis; the latter those of Isis. The mysteries of Osiris were celebrated at the autumnal equinox; those of Serapis at the summer solstice; and those of Isis at the vernal equinox."

"The candidate was required to exhibit proofs of a blameless life. For some days previous to the commencement of the ceremonies of initiation, he abstained from all unchaste acts, confined himself to an exceedingly light diet, from which animal food was rigorously excluded, and purified himself by repeated ablutions." He then "entered a narrow gallery"—the narrow way to the kingdom of heaven—"on the walls of which were inscribed the following significant words: 'The mortal who shall travel over this road, without hesitating or looking behind, shall be purified by fire, by water and by air; and if he can surmount the fear of death, he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth; he shall revisit the light, and claim the right of preparing his soul for the reception of the mysteries of the great Golden Isis.'"

"We shall not fail to see in this the man putting his hand to the plow and looking back is not fit for the kingdom of heaven, the baptism by water, by fire and by the Holy Ghost. These things are all set forth in the various books of the Biblical mysteries, and hence, essentially one with Jew

and Gentile. Here was the passing through fire to the several names of the Lord to be "saved as by fire, for our God is a consuming fire" whose "fire is in Zion, and his furnace is Jerusalem." So, too, in the Egyptian mysteries was the " fiery furnace," in correspondence to the white initiation of Shindach, Moloch and Aholaba. Here was the mystical twelve of the Zodiac in "the twelve days of manifestation"—the twenty-four hours, or four-and-twenty elders, of the four beasts who sang night and day, "holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to be." Each hour was the young Horus, or Son of the Virgin Mother. The initiated was made to pronounce the following solemn obligation: "I swear never to reveal, to any of the uninitiated, the things that I shall see in this sanctuary, nor any of the knowledge that shall be communicated to me. I call as witnesses to my promise the Gods of heaven, of earth and hell; and I invoke their vengeance on my head, if I should ever willfully violate my oath." He then entered into the holy of Holies, "where a priest instructed him in the application of their symbols to the doctrines of the mysteries, in all of which the *Phallus*, emblem of fecundity, was found" as the greater, multiplier and replenisher of the earth—the *Pater omnium universorum*, or Father of all living, and was astronomical, and physiologically by the spirit made flesh—was essentially one in all the mysteries, whatever the name of the God—the same in Baal, El-Shaddai, I (Am), and Jehovah—the same in Tetragrammaton, Loviathan, and some hundred other ineffable names—for which see Ancient Physiology, and Dugleson's Medical Dictionary.

He was the "Strength of Israel" in the Taurus of the Spring equinox, for Taurus was a name of the phallic emblem, as well as of the Sign in heaven; and whoever will ascend to the topmost height through all the degrees of ancient or modern Free Masonry, according to the Land-Marks, will see the symbol of the ancient Godhead, as Moses saw the God of Israel, whose kingdom on earth was as one with the Sun of Righteousness in heaven, and whose foundation-stones were of the rock of salvation for the life everlasting; hence the significance of 23d Deuteronomy, as precluding the "wounded" man from "entering into the congregation of the Lord."

On the same wise, too, was circumscribed a phallic rite of Israel's God, the "covenant of El Shaddai and Jehovah," hence the swearing by these names of God, or of the Elohim, by Abraham and Jacob, with "hand under the thigh"—for which see "Oath" in "Isis and the Dictionary of the Bible," where a new Septuagint of England's learning in Biblical theology, though writing to the Protestant measure of Church drill, yet so open "God's Word" as to leave it utterly stranded as to any claim of infallibility. Bishop Coleman may well advance his lines when the new Septuagint are so close upon his rear.

The Cross is no less an ancient phallic emblem, where the Trinity included Taurus is the ancestor of generation in the system of magical numbers, as per Dr. Mackey's "Lexicon of Free Masonry." Of course, there were the female counterparts, and upon all these emblems the moral and spiritual were superstrutted. In "CHRIST THE SPIRIT" Gen. Hitchcock informs us that "we may understand that the Holy Ghost may be manifested among the Gentiles; and if so, we may acknowledge, as among them, though not in the eastern Jewish sense, the condition of the sacred Trinity, and perceive among all nations not only the Holy Ghost, but the Father and the Son; and further than this, we may expect to discover among them, no less, the mysterious Mother. If we insist upon the relation of the Father and Son, how can we dispense with that feminine existence which this relation supposes, or rather necessitates? Who, then, is this Virgin Mother of a Son who is one with the Father? St. Paul clearly refers to her in Galatians, where he tells us of that Jerusalem which is above, and the 'Mother of us all.'"

"We cannot suppose that the Mother of us all, as referred to by the Apostle, is any other than the Mother of Jesus, whom Jesus himself calls the Mother of the loved disciple." We do not find in St. Paul's epistles any authority for supposing that the Apostle ever alluded to the Mysterious Mother as a mortal being, and the wife of Joseph. Mary is a Mother, and an infinitely higher sense than this, and in this higher sense she was known among the Gentiles, no less than was the Holy Ghost, and the Holy Ghost was known among them, according to the testimony of both St. Paul and St. Peter. In this higher sense [as the Divine Wisdom] we have all of us need to take her to our "own home," as we see it expressed in John; and until we do so, we have truly no proper home, but one precisely as the condition of Ulysses during his mysterious wanderings before he, also, returned to his "own home" and was re-united to one from whom he had separated twenty years before.

Let the truth be stated: the Virgin Mother of the Son of God is symbolized in the Gospels by a woman—as she had been in a multitude of other writings, both before and after the gospels were written. She is the Isis of Egypt, and was known among the Gentiles in a multitude of names, and indeed, that she has been called the Myrionymous. She is the Venus born from the Sea, the Sea itself (the Latin *Mare*) being an emblem of her. She is the changeable side of the unchangeable, and has in all ages been figured by the Moon, the chaste Diana.

Few things are more remarkable in the Old Testament than the manner in which Wisdom is referred to in the feminine gender; and when the attention is once turned upon this, the condition of Ulysses during his mysterious wanderings before he, also, returned to his "own home" and was re-united to one from whom he had separated twenty years before.

We have no wish to make a direct comparison between the wanderings of Ulysses and those of the children of Israel, and yet nothing is more certain than that the two histories have a common object, and no student can be entirely at "home" who does not recognize it. One is a Grecian, the other a Jewish story; and we, Gentiles of another age and nation, are perfectly at liberty to choose between them; or, by accepting both, find each throwing light upon the other, and both serving to illustrate the common nature shared by all nations—all nations being, in the judgment of St. Paul, of one blood.

When the Mysterious Mother becomes known, we shall have no difficulty in perceiving her in the multifarious modes by which she has been exhibited in mystical writings of all ages. She is a very Proteus in ancient writings, endowed with a certain "Uniformity," by which, in the very same story, she may be seen in a great variety of characters or symbols.

She was the true Diana of those who knew this Goddess. She was also the true Arendia of those who knew this blessed country, which had no geographical localities. She was the true garden of Hesperides; and was the very fountain of Aretus, by the side of which so many exquisite lyrics have been composed. She presides over the adventures of Ulysses in his wanderings, and yet is the Penelope to bless him in the end; and it is a most suggestive fact, that Ulysses does not go to his Father until after his re-union with his wife; and equally suggestive, that his Father is alone when the Son goes to him, and that he goes to him alone.

The Virgin Mother has her appropriate place in the Grecian romance of Thages and Celeracea, which is a pure Hermetic tale, not written by a Bishop, as tradition reports, but by one who claims to have been "of the race of the sun," his assumed name clearly pointing out his character: HELIOPUS, son of HIRACLOSUS. This name was not idly chosen, and sufficiently indicates the mystical affinity of the author of the romance with the reputed author of the Smaragdine Table which professes to disclose, though in symbolism, the complete and perfect doctrine of what is called the "Solar Work." Every one knows the ordinary meaning of Helios and Theos, but they have all ways had a mystic sense besides—the common property of an esoteric or occult knowledge.

This is rather a long extract, but the "wise Master Builder" builds the Broad Church upon a broad foundation, while the true Word is equally broad in its treasures "new and old," which every scribe instructed into the Kingdom of Heaven knows how to bring forth, as per Jesus, showing, as in "William Meister's apprenticeship," a "strangely interwoven piece of art, a wonderful drama, for in Meister's wanderings through the 'waste, howling wilderness' trying 'the practice hand on man,' on the bare Rock of Sinai, before he made the lasses O, Salvator, the Virgin Mother, becomes a 'widow,' and Mr. Samuel Weller has expounded this aspect of the Word, 'in point of coming over ye.' The forty years' wandering in the wilderness, in the regions round about Si-

nal, are minus thirty-eight years which were probably gathered to the first tribe, and the rest of the world, and went off by the way of the wilderness, over the left, as per indications of Colenso.

In the mysteries of this "wider" mother of us all—a "man was the master of the model, and as she grew therefrom, a perspective came before my eyes and brought me over to her and her over to me" and the "Electric Affinity," also, much more fully show the ancient, masonic way of life, or the mode of building the World.

Thus the Virgin Mary is found throughout a vast range of the "incorporated model"—in the Eve—rib of Adam—in the dove-tail of the ancient, circular-winged Delilah—the hair of Gabriel—the "woman clothed with the sun," as per John, and in the "precious things put forth by the moon," as per Moses. Thus this Jerusalem "widow" may be the Lamb's wife—the whore of Babylon, or Mary Magdalene with seven devils of imbecile conceptions, in the *Virgo* of the Zodiac, according to the various aspects of vision, or, as per Hildecock, "according as she is seen from within or without. In spirit, Nature is an eternal Virgin; as seen without, she is the mother of all corruption." Thus John beheld her in the two-fold aspect, as the "Lamb's wife" and "Mother of abominations."

In one of her adverse aspects, she was seen in St. John's Kaleidoscope as the great whore that sat on many waters, with the "Mystery" inscribed upon her forehead. She was arrayed in purple and scarlet of the "Golden Fleece" that canopies Aurora and Hesperides. Aurora in her rose-colored chariot opened the gates of the East with her rosy fingers, the fleecy bride of the Lamb, the twin one, and golden-haired at dawn, with starry eyes of flame, till above the horizon, when "his countenance is as the sun shineth in his strength," with head white like wool." As the morning *Virgo* opens the eastern gate, Nox and Somnus, yf before her, and the constellations disappear. Then it is that the Lamb in *dris*, the sign of Christ with tabernacle in the sun, is the "bridegroom coming out of his chamber, rejoicing as a strong man to run a race," as per David; or, the "sun shineth in his strength" as set to music in the arrangement of John.

Hence, in the evolution of the mystical Kaleidoscope of wheel within a wheel, the same mysterious Virgin is metamorphosed into the "Lamb's wife," and is shown to be "that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God and her light like unto a stone most precious," and "garlanded with all manner of precious stones" (stars), as when she sat on many waters, "decked with gold, and precious stones and pearls," while Lucifer, son of the morning, is the "morning star," the offspring of David, the bright and morning star. The same four and twenty elders with the constellated angels or hosts "sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, with variations"—a new song as it were, so that no one but the initiated "could learn that song" to sing it with harp and timbrel, without the "key of David." Still the Gentile song is wondrously like that of Moses and the Lamb and the Lamb's wife.

"The Phylarion still their Goddess' favor win, By the revolving wheel and timber's din. Of these pure fates the Mystery Morning showed Her mind approving, her eyes closed, her bow drawn, thought bent with fruit, Earth from her bosom pours Herbs, ever green, and voluntary flowers."

Not very different this from that heavenly "Jerusalem, the Mother of us all." But who betide the one who should reveal the mysteries concealed in the "letter" the hidden wisdom of God, "spoken by the prophet in parables, which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world"—for if—

"Valn of his science, the presumptive Seer, Deigned not to divulge a secret to reveal, But wistfully devoted to frail mankind; The sacred shrine of the Omnipotent Mind; Then John, indignant, avo him length of days, But dimmed in endless night his visual rays."

Hence "the new Jerusalem," or Domicile, erected by John, "vulgarily known as 'the house that Jack built,'" it was permitted to divulge the Word "to frail mankind," but only to the initiated—

Hear what the Gods permit me to relate, For 'tis profane to publish all your fate. Unnumbered woes I felt, and feel them still, For ere a slumber I was doomed to die. No man he gives fate's dark events to scan In part, but always leaves dependent man. Thus in the World's round, I was the first, The wretched slave to dwell in fleecy of gold—And thus the Father, Mother, Son, in trine, Unfolded the Gods, as though the sun did shine."

"As the sun shineth in his strength," while the dragon pursues "the woman in pain to be delivered" of the Son of God—

"A hideous dragon, of enormous size, Turns all around his circumference eyes; O'er the bright spot the strictest watch he keeps—He never slumbers, and he never sleeps."

any more than the four and twenty elders of St. John, or the four and twenty blackbirds of Mother Goose.

Throughout all the ancient architecture of building the World, whether from "the pattern on the Mount"—in the vision of the Lord's day—by the river Chebar, or in the sanctuary of Eleusis, the initiates were

In arts of healing and of doing well, though the movable Jerusalem, twelve miles square—the full breasted "mother of us all," with the Milky Way for babes—will not square with the arithmetic of Colenso.

"The Egyptians," says Herodotus, "venerate cows more highly than any other animal," and *Ehe*, the Cow of the Egyptians, was given to one of their Goddesses, is the same as *Jo*, the moon, in the language of the Argives, it being, according to Wilkinson, the same as *Jo*, the moon of the Egyptians. Thus the *Ehe* of Egypt was the *Eve* of Eden, and intersexed with variations, is manifest with *Ihoah*, *Jehovah*, *Jah*, in the Hebrew mysteries. Says Wilkinson, "The name *Jo*, or *Ah*, written *Iho*, or *Ah*, is an instance of the mediant vowel at the end of a word in hieroglyphics." Hence, to pronounce the ineffable name, you have only to laugh *Aha-Iho-Jehovah-Tah*, in the degree of Isaac, or "Laughter," equivalent to Teh-gom-Sammon Shemhamphorash and Maher-shalhash-baz.

As the cow and the moon were thus related in the Egyptian wisdom of God, so, too, the Philistines plowed with Samson's heifer. So, too, in Mother Goose, "the Cow jumped over the Moon," and while some were laughing *Aha-Ihoah-Jah* at the "brave sport," there were those who "ran away with the spoon." So, too, in the Hebrew mysteries, the Hebrews spelled the Egyptians of their spous, when the husband of the Cow, old *Taurus*, was the supposed Lord of the ascendant, or Leader out of Egypt, with the right "to Lord it over God's heritage," whereas, Moses was right by the procession in rushing in *Aries* as the Ram of God, to take away the sins of the world, or such part, as were not dumped by the scape-goat, or *Capricornus*, over the brink of the winter solstice, or everlasting woe, where each poor sinner stopped to think before he'd further go.

Venus, too, as well as the Moon, was an Egyptian and Assyrian goddess. "As the morning star she issued from the mountain of Thebes, under the form of a spotted cow, and as the evening star she returned behind it at night. She also represented Night, and in this capacity received the Sun at his setting into her arms, as he retired behind the western mountain of Thebes." Each town had a triad, (trinity) composed of the great god of the place and two other members. Thus we may see how the mountain of Thebes was the *mons veneris*, where the delightful Hebe went to dwell—the cup-bearer, who fell, like Eve, in serving the nectar from the land that floweth with milk and honey. The Triad, or Trinity, of each town was the pillar, and two witnesses as testimonies of the law and the prophets, who, as one, informed the tenement of clay in the World made flesh.

"Says Herodotus, 'The Egyptian name for Jupiter is *Aman*.' At his festival the papyrus was sacrificed, the same as to per Egypt in Jewry. Thus saith the *Amun*, as per Egypt. Thus saith the *Amen*, as per St. John. 'In Hebrew,' says Wilkinson, 'Samson recalls the name of *Sam*, the Egyptian Hercules. Hercules being the Sun, the twelve labors of the latter here may have been derived from the twelve signs of the Zodiac.' The temple of the Egyptian at Tyre, a very ancient, according to Herodotus, as old as the city itself, or 2300 years before his time, i. e., about 2755 B. C. Hercules presided over it under the title of Melkarth, or Melek-Karth, 'King' (Lord) of the city. The Tyrian Hercules was originally the Sun, and the same as Baal, 'the Lord,' which, like Melkarth, was only a title. Hercules and Venus (Astarte) were really nature deified, one representing the generating, and vivifying, and the other the producing principle;

hence the Mother Goddess. The Sun was chosen as the emblem of the first, and the Earth of the second, or even, being looked upon as the companion of the Sun. This nature system will explain the reason of so many Gods having been connected with the Sun in Egypt and elsewhere, as *Achons* (our Lord) was the Sun in the winter solstice." When Joshua called upon the Lord to stand still, it was the Sun that received the call. With John, in vision on the Lord's day, it was "as the Sun shineth in his strength," and Jacob's blessings are run upon the name of the glorious outshining of the Sun and Moon, the emblems of the World and outpouring of the Spirit.

So far has our modern churchdom lost the compass of the ancient World, though still claiming to steer infallibly thereby, that a very interesting dandelion loses her lover by ignorance and misreference to "the heavens that do rule," as per Daniel, and as melodramatically sung by Hood—

"Nothing he learned of June, Pallas, Mars; Georgia's distant shores he never stood for Burgo, Shiloh, for Master; then, for northern stars, The Bear she fancied hid in sable fur go; The Sun he knew not, and the Moon he knew not, The stars he knew not, and the Moon he knew not, The scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other."

As ignorant as donkeys in Galilee, She thought that Saturn, with his Bell, was but A private, maybe, in the Kent Militia; That Christ's Wain would stick in a deep rut, That Venus was a real West-End slut—O Gods and Goddesses of Greek Theogony! That Hercules' chair was good Mahogany, Nicely French-polished—such was her Cosmogony."

The case is a very sad one, as with many of us who have been up, up, and down, down, down, in the way for the rising and falling of many in Israel; for—

"Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim, (It is studied by a Prince amongst the Burnams) He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn Of Adonis taught him, each of them, were then, While waiting on their pious like young Germans."

Night after night, with telescope in hand, Supposing that the night was fair and clear, Afloat on the horizon, he took his stand, 'Till he obtained to meet each twinkling sphere Better, I doubt, than Milton's 'Starry Vere'; Thus reading through poor Ellen's fond epistle, He soon quitted the telescope, and said, That made him raise his hair in such a dudge, And like the hosts of the Storm-ship, whistle.

'The Moon's at full, love, and I think of thee.' 'I feel as if 'm very much her humble debtor, But not the Moon call she who can do me no better.' 'Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?' Harshly at elbow corner of the letter He gave a most ferocious, rattling pull— 'O woman! woman! that no vovs can fetter, A Moon to stay for three weeks at the full By Jove, a very pretty notion, indeed! Alas! what perils in matrimony To damsel ignorant of astronomy— For on the night, as with the leaves, A woman took, and a man took, in measure three, until the Moon Was leavened, and began to thump, As if for Nora Grellin's gown. That rose up when the moon came down. Aurora then let up the poem. A Topsy who was never born For heaven's sake, she never should have been, Where'er the leaves had been sown."

ON ORGANIZATIONS AND CREDS.

BY C. D. GRISWOLD, M. D.

The subject of Organization is becoming an absorbing theme in the minds of Spiritualists. I can well understand how, heretofore, we have been warned, and wisely, too, against a too ready combination into societies, or religious orders. We were too weak to bear the distinction of a new sect. There have been too many who, from self-love, have felt that they were ordained by the spirit-world to be first. Spiritism is a great leveller—it has brought man down from the lofty eminence of his conceit, and cured them of this worse than leprosy which early broke out among Spiritualists. Spiritualism holds good the parallel here, as in so many other respects with the immediate disciples of Jesus disputed among themselves as to who should hold the seats of highest honor in the kingdom of heaven. Everything that grows teaches us the necessity of organization. No institution can exist without organization. The State, without a civil polity, would not be among the powers of earth or the nation, however populous and wealthy it might be. Oxygen, hydrogen and carbon are elements of all organic growths; as such, we know them not; but combined, they form the tree, and the tree develops and brings forth fruit. Man, as an individual, is an element of the great world of mind. Alone, or in a separate state, he amounts to but very little. Unite two elements—male and female—and a household is developed in the various parts, portions, and institutions are formed. These are the organic growths of humanity. Without these organizations there could be no growth, no expansion, no development of mankind—man would have remained a savage; an integral element only of what we now recognize, through organizations, as societies and governments.

Spiritualism is revolutionary in its tendencies. All growth from material to spiritual conditions is necessarily revolutionary; and this is Spiritualism, and this only. The material is to be discarded, and is not necessarily spiritual, or Spiritualism. Spiritualism, as revealed to man to-day, is the grandest, the sublimest conception that ever broke upon human consciousness. It claims nothing less than the will and the power to overthrow every system of religion in the world, and substitute a better, a more spiritual law for the government of mankind. It claims to bring to the interior consciousness of man that which shall make him a "law unto himself"; thus substituting for the external and material, the internal and spiritual.

We find in the history of primitive Christianity the same elements at work which we recognize to-day. Jesus taught the interior law; but the world, seeing only the external and material, could not comprehend him. He was opposed to all organizations, either of Church or State. This comes from the clear conception of that interior law which should be sufficient for the government of mankind. His was a polity of the spirit-world, which he vainly sought to transplant on the earth, and hence styled it the "Kingdom of Heaven," to be developed within each living soul. Jesus received his inspirations from the spirit-world, and hence their spirituality. Modern teachers receive from the same source, and thus it is we are taught so much, better adapted to the world of spirits than to this sphere. Unfortunately, man has not developed to that state of being which he became a law unto himself—he comes utterly incapable of transgressing upon the rights of his fellow-man—in capable of doing any wrong. When he has reached that stage of development, then, perhaps, the Utopian idea of Jesus may be realized—then we may live and congregate for purposes of entertainment and instruction; each doing his duty fully, and without organization, without law, or without even a standard of morality, either in creed or code.

Do Spiritualists oppose organization from an exalted conception of the divine law which should lift every one above the need of external aids to spiritual growth? Do they see the Kingdom of Heaven developing in every human soul so clearly that external forms of union for spiritual advancement are too crude for this spiritualized generation? Nothing is so repugnant to many Spiritualists as a creed, and organization lends directly to the adoption of a code of morals, say they. How could man live without a soul? The Divine law is the soul of Spiritualism. What is the Divine law? Can we answer without telling what we believe? and is not that which we believe a creed? If we can give the world a better gospel than the Orthodox dismal damnation dogmas, why not tell mankind what it is, publish it and confess to it.

If Spiritualism is to accomplish any great work in the world, it must do so through organization, and a declaration of its principles. If we adopt but one article of belief—that of eternal progress—we have a lever which alone is sufficient whereby to overturn the religious world. But there are many other articles of belief on which Spiritualists are generally agreed, and which are settled axioms according to the highest wisdom which has ever yet reached this world. Infallible is the rock on which the Christians, so-called, have founded their voiding such assumption, and a creed is not only harmless, but, on the other hand, necessary—to a degree indispensable.

There are many who claim that Spiritualism is a philosophy, and not a religion. If so, then Spiritualism has no claim on the moral attributes of its believers. A man may be a great philosopher, and yet a villain. Shall we say he may be a good Spiritualist, and yet an immoral man? If so, Spiritualism is a misnomer. Spiritualism strug-

gles with this class, who want things free-and-easy. It has liberated them from the fear of hell, and this is salvation enough for them for one life, and therefore they prefer to put off further steps upward, while this world furnishes gratification for their desires.

It is needless to say that in such crude ideas the sublime conceptions of the angel-world, revealed to us in the love of Heaven, can never be realized. We must part with our bigotry, and be willing to take the good that is in the world, and add thereto; we must accept the heaven-born and eternal maxims which declare us brothers in humanity, with one Father, even God, and live usefully, lovingly, ever doing good to one another, as the greatest good we can do ourselves; seeking no other reward, feeling that there is no happiness greater than that which comes from making others happy. Then we may claim to be Spiritualists, in a spiritual sense, and rejoice with the heavenly host, that the light of truth has dawned upon the world.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov., 1864.

Correspondence.

Spiritual Progress in New Jersey.

I write you again from the city of Newark, which has been the field of my labors since the 1st of September. The Spiritualists here have a capacious hall, and a few gentlemen of means and influence are pledged to support free meetings on Sundays, for the dissemination of a consistent, Christian Spiritualism, and have adopted the following brief Constitution as an embodiment of their religious sentiments:

"We, the undersigned, being desirous of permanently establishing a Society under the name of Christian Spiritualists, to be addressed by spirits, exercised by the will of God, through their chosen instrumentality, a personal medium, of any one the Committee may appoint, teaching Spiritualism—and appreciating the truth and force of their illustrations of the future existence, and the several duties we owe each other and all mankind, teaching us charity, forbearance and forgiveness toward those who despitefully use us—our conscience and the best knowledge we possess, confirm us in the belief that all such instruction is from the great Parent of us all, and the principles illustrated are of divine origin."

Therefore, We mutually associate ourselves together to hold spiritual meetings, (no other on the Sabbath) and agree one with another, that we will live a pure, upright life in all places, and extend forbearance and charity toward those who may differ from us in the principles of worshipping our Heavenly Father, live and practice the Christian rule of loving others as ourselves, realizing that we are all brothers and sisters journeying to the same spiritual home of divine origin."

The officers of this Association shall consist of a Chairman who shall preside at all meetings—a Secretary and Treasurer to take care of the finances of the Association—the three to constitute a Committee for the transaction of all business. JOHN BARLOW, Chairman. S. C. PLAYFOOT, Secretary. JOHN L. STOWE, Treasurer.

I have spoken here eleven Sundays, thus making a course of twenty-two lectures, and spent one Sunday in Patterson, giving two lectures in Odd Fellows' Hall in that city. Here we have a moderate sized audience, but composed of earnest seekers after truth, and the deepest interest is manifested in the inspirations of to-day. Some, tenacious of the idea of a free platform, have in times past allowed the spiritual platform here to be converted into a rostrum for the promulgation of almost every idea, both moral and immoral, as has been the case in many other places. And though this may have served a useful purpose in the way of discipline, as revealing to outward contemplation, the present, real condition of society as the result of past systems, the public mind now calls for a practical, religious Spiritualism, as teaching and demonstrating in the life of believers the cardinal principles of Christianity. At the same time the public sense is growing more and more to a state of open revolt with the assumed authority of creeds, and only asks for a righteous liberty, that it may "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

Men and women who have sat for years under the droppings of old sanctuaries, are earnestly looking heavenward, peering into the realms of angelic life, already acknowledging by their conduct that they "do believe." And whereas, a few years since, a medium was looked upon as another Moll Pitcher, now I am often addressed in these words: "Oh, how I wish I could be a medium! If I could only see spirits I should be too happy to want more!" Silently, but surely, the spirit of the Angel Gospel is pervading our religious assemblies on every hand, and a divine brotherhood is raising its strong pillars to the celestial heavens, and generations yet unborn shall worship in sweet halleluiahs within the spacious temple dedicated by the builders of to-day to the great family of our common Father. Oh, brother, sister, mediums and workers, all you who have suffered the loss of home, friends, position respectability, in the prejudiced world's estimation, work on, and as ye have been called to bear the cruel taunt and jibe and curse from friends most dear, who have adjudged you the victims of a base delusion, let us be careful all, never, by such course, to wound the sensitive spirit or cast dishonor upon our holy cause by insinuations or defamations against the character of any who may have suffered in common with ourselves. It is time, surely, that we should all "cease to speak evil, and learn to do well"—rule our own lives in meekness, and prove to the world around us that we have a conscience void of offence toward our fellow man, who is as much the beloved of God and his angels as ourselves. Let us cause our influence to be felt, not by our much speaking, so especially, as by our strict and unswerving obedience to the law of charity, which our glorified teachers enjoin; then shall we find ourselves in close affinity with the great and good of the Beautiful Land, who seek our aid as worthy instruments.

Fraternally yours, F. L. HILDRETH. So. Groton, Oct. 13th, 1864.

Letter from Laura DeForce Gordon.

Before my departure for the "Sunny South," I must tell you of the great cause of Spiritualism and its good and true advocates and defenders in the Northwest. I left the "Crescent City" in August, in time (I hoped) to attend the Chicago Convention; but "military orders" and rebel batteries detained our boat until long after the time of its adjournment; so without stopping in Chicago, I hurried to the home of my parents in this city.

A few weeks, and the exhilarating atmosphere, and peaceful surroundings of this locality, so far restored my greatly impaired health, as to enable me to attend the Spiritual Convention at Sparta, in Monroe county. Many noble-souled men and women gathered there, for the purpose of forming an association, which should insure unity of action as well as purpose, thereby strengthening their influence, and increasing their power to disseminate the beautiful truths of our spiritual gospel. The effort was successful, and an association was formed, with a Constitution very similar to that of the Philadelphia Society of Spiritualists; but as a report of the proceedings is being prepared for the Banner, by the Secretaries, I omit further accounts of the meeting.

Since the Convention, regular Sunday meetings have been sustained; and judging from the increase of attendance upon my last lectures there, and also of every speaker subsequently, should say that Spiritualism to-day finds more candid, earnest inquirers in the La Crosse Valley than ever sought to hear its truths in the past. H. P. Fairfield lectured two Sundays in Sparta to large and enthusiastic audiences, awakening a new interest and delighting all who heard him with his strangely eccentric eloquence and logical reasoning.

Bro. Moses Hull has been with the Spartans the last week, and from there, as elsewhere, I hear of the great good he is accomplishing by his able and eloquent lectures. We hope to secure his services, for a few evenings at least, in this apathetic city, and try to awaken an interest in the minds of its stoical, or money-getting citizens, on the subject of Spiritualism. We have faith to believe our anticipations will be realized, from what we know of Mr. Hull's ability.

On the 5th and 6th inst., I attended the two days' Convention held at Fond du Lac, at which time the funeral of Ex-Governor Tallmadge took place. I am really glad to see Elder G. on the anxious seat, and not, like some of the clergy, ignore Spir-

itualism, but is willing, nay, anxious to grapple with it, and strive to overthrow what he is pleased to call "Batan's last and greatest delusion." He reminds me of Paul, who said, (Acts xxvi: 9) "I verily thought with myself that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth." And I trust and believe the result will be Elder Grant's conversion, like Elder Hull, and others who have renounced Adventism, and are now open advocates of the glorious truths of spirit communion. The most of the Adventists were "come-outers" from the Orthodox churches, where they were sick of the husks of Old Theology, and desired a change. I think the more intelligent of them are still unsatisfied, and will yet come up to the soul-satisfying truth that "there is no death."

I have often listened to some of the best practical sermons from Elder Grant. I heard his discussion, for three evenings, in Winsted, with our lamented sister, C. M. Tuttle, or, as the Elder expressed it, "with the demons controlling her." The discussion was very ably conducted on both sides, and listened to by large and appreciative audiences. I presume that as many then and there renounced Spiritualism as the Elder alleges did recently in Lynn, and would be as difficult to find!

I hope the subject will continue to be agitated, not only in the Crisis, but all the papers, for "the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom," and Spiritualism courts inquiry and thorough investigation. D. B. HALE. Collinsville, Conn.

A Plea for the Red Man.

This is a subject that has been often agitated, and still we would keep it before the American people, till justice is done our red neighbors. Is it asking too much, when we plead that a portion of this vast country that once belonged to them, shall be set apart for their use? Why are our people so bitter against them? Is it because they worship God in the deep forest and beneath the broad dome of heaven? because they are bound by no creed but Nature's? or that they would not be slaves? O mankind! methinks you have progressed but little in eighteen centuries, else why this bitterness in your hearts against your brother, who has ever been upright and noble to those who did likewise? Did not our fathers, as a nation, arise in their might, and fling back the English when they would invade our sacred rights and liberties? Then tell me why should we condemn the original proprietors of this fair land for doing the same? Are not their homes as dear to them as ours are to us? Sadness will steal into our hearts when we see those same red men coming back from the spirit-land to cure our sick, thereby carrying out the commands of Him who went before us, and we reflect how much injustice and wrong has been done them by a nation who should stand above all others as a beacon star in the cause of freedom, humanity and justice. But I will give place to a message from an Indian spirit-brother, who, with his native eloquence, will cast my feeble efforts far into the shade:

"The white brother has asked for his red brother. He comes from his home of light, of wood, and mountain, and river, to speak to the white brother of the Indian's old home. When my people first came to this land, where there were your people? They came to us few in number, we gave them what they asked—food and lands. We asked only their friendship in return. When they grew to be a great people, they fair would make us slaves, like those they brought in big canoes across the mighty waters; but we said, No, never, never! Will a red man be a slave? Tell your Great Chief he never can bind us down by force. My people ask only that justice you give each other. That is all we ask for our scattered people. The ears of your Chief are ever open to the wants of his children; but there are those around him whose hearts are hardened to the sufferings of my people, and they deceive him with their words. My people have the feelings of their race, and seek for revenge. It is wrong; and who will teach them right? They must seek new homes, far away from the homes of their fathers, where the white man will not molest them. White men have taught them many arts, but they have brought much evil also. We speak to our red brothers often through the chiefs, and they understand us; but they cannot lead the whole of our people. The wrongs they have suffered are stronger in their minds than the words spoken at their councils, and although we hold councils in our spirit-homes for their guidance, yet they cannot understand, for they are human still. Our enemies may be counted by thousands—many who never knew us but by name. A bigoted race, our brothers are, and they slowly away, like the sun setting in a western sky; but like that sun, to rise, under more favorable conditions, in a fairer world—never again to set in gloom and darkness, but to go on, brighter and brighter, higher and higher, till, in the presence of the Great Spirit, they will bask in an eternal sunshine of purity and bliss."

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On the 5th and 6th inst., I attended the two days' Convention held at Fond du Lac, at which time the funeral of Ex-Governor Tallmadge took place.

In compliance with his request, the services were held in the hall occupied by the Spiritual Association, the Universalist clergyman, Mr. McNeal, officiating. The sermon was a most excellent one, in which the speaker reviewed the past life of the noble reformer and statesman, and dwelt considerably upon his life and character as a Spiritualist.

The speaker informed the audience that the deceased was a most exemplary and fearless advocate of the peculiar faith of Spiritualists; and in all his works and writings, since his espousal of the doctrine, had exhibited the same energy and fearless determination which he evidenced as a statesman. Upon one occasion, whilst defending a measure introduced for the consideration of Congress, (against which there was much opposition,) he declared, "I will stand by the measure until the last gun is fired," in which exclamation he expressed the courage and perseverance which had characterized him in his avowed and defence of Spiritualism, having become a believer in its tenets and most unpopular day. He not only believed Spiritualism, but lived it; and died as he had lived, triumphant in the faith, and rejoicing in the knowledge he possessed of the hereafter.

Thus a clergyman acknowledged that Spiritualism would not fall in the trying hour of death, but enabled those who lived it to die in "triumph."

The principal speaker at the convention was Rev. Moses Hull; and the excellent discourse he gave, at the various sessions, were really a feast to the spiritually hungry (of which there were many in attendance), and the occasion will long be remembered as yielding both pleasure and profit.

Mrs. Ada Ballou has been lecturing in Fond du Lac the past summer, as well as healing the sick, doing much good in each capacity.

From Fond du Lac I went to Waupun to visit friends. I meanwhile gave three lectures to large and appreciative audiences, although here Spiritualism has been considered as a dead standstill, beyond the ability of any one to urge it forward. But through the energy and perseverance of Mrs. Thos. Lampey, and Mrs. Waldo, the people were told "What woman can do."

At Beaver Lawn are many warm-hearted friends, foremost amongst whom is J. Gould, horticulturalist, whose pleasant home is indeed a home to the itinerant. With them my visit was brief, a severe cold and bronchial difficulty preventing my lecturing; so, with a promise to call on my way south, and lecture, if possible, I left them with the hope of a reunion anon.

Next week I design starting for New Orleans, as the severe cold bids me seek a more genial clime; and as I am to go via Cairo, I may have to run the gauntlet of rebel batteries again. But should I not happen to stop a rebel bullet, you shall hear from me again on my arrival there, if I should be "moved" upon to write.

Thine for truth and the right, LAURA DEFORCE GORDON. La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 21st, 1864.

Persons and Places in Geauga Co., O.

Chardon is the county town—situated on a hill ten miles from a railroad at Painesville; has about two thousand inhabitants, loyal, patriotic and intelligent; has several good churches, and supports several agents to insure souls against fire in the other world; has a court house and town hall, in both of which I have spoken several times to good audiences. The county is a dairy and grazing county; heavy, clay soil, excellent for grass and apples; sheep and cows abound; cheese factories take the lead—some are paying as high as twenty cents per gallon for milk, and getting rich at that; but the grass was short this year from drought. And now winter has come in earnest, for the snow whistles about my windows, and the 13th of November I rode twenty miles in a sleigh to lecture twice in Kirtland, near, but not in, the old Mormon temple, built by the "latter day saints," under the guidance of Joe Smith himself, a four story edifice of solid masonry, elegantly finished, and still in good repair and ready for our use, but too large to warm on a cold day; so we go to the town hall. It is ten miles from Chardon, and in the circuit of your able and noble sister, LUOLA H. COWLES, who has often spoken in the Temple and in many of God's grove temples in the county; and done a good work for our cause both in public and private circles, and especially at funerals, at which she is often called to administer words of comfort to mourners. I am glad to announce that her domestic arrangements are now such that she can widen the sphere of her labors and increase her usefulness; and I am sure she will be appreciated as far as she is known, as she is about her home.

A little incident may serve to show some of the feeling at home: In a meeting to rejoice over the election, which crowded the court house to a jam, one of the speakers said he was proud of Ohio, and especially of her women; and with many compliments to the sex, he said there was one present, who, while weeping over her son about to depart for the war, said it was hard to give him up, but it would be harder to know she was the mother of a traitor or a coward. The son, too, after three years' service, and carrying the flag through several battles, was at home safe, and ready to vote, as he had fought for his country. That woman was Mrs. L. H. Cowles, and the son is now teaching school near home.

November 20th we went over mud roads, ten miles another way, and both of us spoke in the chapel at Newbury to a very good but not large audience, near the home of Mr. B. H. Ober and Darin Allen, long and well known to the anti-slavery friends in New York. Next Sunday, the 27th, we go again ten miles to Burton, to hold three more meetings before I leave the county, for Meadville, Pa., where I have engaged to give three lectures on my way to Syracuse. These outposts, and others in the county, are stronger in the cause than Chardon, because the clergy have less influence to prejudice the people against it.

Near Chardon is also the home (if it can be called a home) of our poor suffering brother—Bellevue Stoddard—to whose remarkable experience and pressing necessities I called attention last summer. The notice brought him many letters with small remittances, and words of great value, full of sympathy; answers to many of which he has not yet been able to write, but will, if his health permits. His fits are very troublesome, but no words can express the deep feeling of gratitude and thankfulness that flows out from the hearts of Bel and his aged and widowed mother to those unknown friends, who have taken an interest in his welfare. He weeps over each package of letters he receives from Mrs. Cowles, to whom they all come in care, and his sensitive heart grieves that he cannot answer faster and better. The spirits still continue to increase the pages of his treatise on nature, and I hope some day it can be printed, with a biographical sketch of him, and find its way to the public. I hope the friends will remember that twenty-five cents will do him more real good than twenty-five dollars will many persons. For myself, I can assure the friends who have thus responded to my notice, that they have my thanks as sincerely as if the case had been my own.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,
CAMDENWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.
BURNES FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & 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 Spiritualist Register.*

Homes for the Laboring Class.

This is a question which will press upon public attention with more and more force, as wealth accumulates in this country and the population of our cities and towns becomes denser every year. Even with this civil war's bloody exactions, it is found by the last popular vote that the several loyal States show an increased population over that of four years ago—a fact, which no doubt will be received by most minds with unaffected surprise.

The system of tenement houses in our important cities has never yet received the attention which it merits, although there have been enterprising and philanthropic minds, as here with us in Boston, which have bestowed considerable thought upon it. In London, the matter is studied as a matter of science, and speculations and calculations are indulged in which tend to establish it on a genuinely scientific basis. By this means, the philanthropic idea becomes speedily practical.

It is made to appear that, in the new London tenement houses for the laboring classes, the annual rent for each family amounted to eighty-four dollars; while the interest on the capital invested was about twelve per cent. That is a very good interest, and an abundant one; yet many owners of tenement houses in our cities obtain a return of at least one and two hundred per cent. Miss Burdett Coutts, the great English heiress, has erected a class of this kind of dwellings, which it has been shown impose a rental of but forty-five dollars per annum upon each family occupying them, and returns an interest of three and a half per cent. on the original investment, which is a half per cent better than the same amount in the national funds. But Miss Coutts had designedly constructed these buildings with a view rather to the comfort and happiness of her tenants than to secure a large dividend. To each tenement were attached a flower garden and open grounds, which showed that she had as lively a care for cultivating among the laboring classes a love of those things which lead to refinement and general elevation, as for her own personal profits in the case. She could very well afford, with the immense wealth at her disposal, to be content with a moderate income from an investment of this sort, and might make herself happy with the thought of being willing to forego an additional dividend for the sake of enlarging her charity. Had she charged her tenants in the ratio paid by the tenants in the other buildings alluded to, she would have received a return of not less than eight per cent.

A like experiment in Paris has proved successful in an eminent degree. A wealthy Parisian erected a spacious tenement house, which was occupied immediately after being thrown open to the class for which it was designed. Although the tenants have been informed that no legal means would be resorted to in order to collect what might be due from them, but that they would be allowed a month's grace, and then in default of payment be required to leave the premises, the rent has been regularly and promptly paid, and the investment has returned an ample and satisfactory profit.

It is highly necessary, in London, that these tenement houses should be placed in convenient contiguity to the place of the tenants' business or work. It would not be so necessary in New York or Boston, or indeed in any of our American cities, on account of the facilities offered by horse-railroads. These modern inventions are certainly one of the poor man's blessings, which he greatly mistakes if he does not highly prize. They take him from the crowded place of his work, clear away from all the wearying associations of his day's occupation, and in a brief time transport him to a distant point where he can find quiet, and fresh air, and all the desirable surroundings and needed appliances of home. They help divide his daily life as it should be divided, keeping the sacred home sentiments away from the dirt and dust and excitement of his necessary employments.

The very fact that there are men of wealth in our larger cities who are content to take the earnings of the laborer in return for such scanty conveniences—not to call them comforts—as they choose to furnish, well knowing that the poor man of work must take such as these, or, with his family, go without entirely, should excite other and more philanthropic and just men of means to enter the field in competition with them, assured that they will do a great deal of real good with their money, while they are also drawing as generous a profit as such men could fairly expect. Some movement of this sort must be entered upon, either by wealthy individuals or corporations, or our laboring classes in our large towns and cities will be the only class actually unprotected for; and the sensitiveness of capital in these large centres would soon tell upon what it all rested, viz., labor.

The overcrowded and foul tenements into which the families of laboring men are forced to crowd themselves, because that is the best they can do, and they have no choice left them save taking up with that and employment or going without employment if they refuse that, are a standing rebuke to the utter selfishness of wealth in the aggregate, and will sooner or later compel capital to make different provision for the arm on which it relies for its own support. The reciprocity which naturally exists between Labor and Capital is to be seen in this matter as much as in others; and we rejoice to know that, if capital refuses to recognize it, there are underlying laws in Nature which, after heavy cost to it, will compel the recognition.

"PHYSIOLOGY AND RELIGION," an Essay, by Rev. J. C. Knowlton, of Boston, will appear in our next.

Physical Manifestations.

We announced last week that Mr. J. H. Randall was coming to this city with the remarkable Boy Medium, Henry B. Allen, for the purpose of giving our citizens an opportunity to test the truthfulness of the manifestations, given in the light, in his presence. Séances have been held during the past week at private residences, and at the new rooms of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, 168 Washington street, at which was present our reporter, Mr. L. B. Wilson.

On Tuesday afternoon a private séance was given at the residence of Daniel Farrar, Esq., Hancock street, at which about twenty persons were present. The manifestations were witnessed in the light, and were very satisfactory.

A clothes-horse was placed nearly in the centre of one of the drawing rooms, in which several musical instruments were deposited, resting upon two chairs; then shawls were thrown over the frame, covering it so as to leave only an opening of about two feet space on the side facing the spectators, against which the medium was seated, with his back to the frame. John Wetherbee, Jr., Esq., was selected to sit with the boy, so as to be sure the latter did not make the manifestations. Almost immediately, on his seating himself, the dulcimer was played upon, the bells were rung, and passed up over the heads of both the sitters, with no visible hands hold of them, and then dropped into Mr. W.'s lap. Hands were then visibly seen through the open space, by all present; they touched the head of the medium, and also Mr. W.'s head, and shook hands with him. Two sizes of hands were shown: one small, and the other large. Mr. W. says the small hand was soft and delicate, like a lady's. A pine stick was floated over their heads, which beat correct time on the back of the chairs and on the floor, and was then tossed out into the room. Mrs. Farrar and another lady took hold of these bodiless hands.

J. Rollin M. Squire being present, was requested to sit with the medium. He consented; when several spirit hands were immediately seen back of him and the boy, patting both on the head, &c. A ring was taken by them from Mr. Squire's forefinger and placed upon another finger. This was repeated several times.

During these performances, the committee assured the company that the boy's hands were both hold of their arms.

[The editor and publishers of this paper, having made arrangements with Mr. Randall for a private sitting with his medium at an early day, will in a future issue be enabled to state whether or not in their opinion the above described manifestations are what they purport to be.]

Nothing New.

There is said to be nothing new under the sun, after all. The huge buckles that have broken out over everybody of late, one would suppose to be a decided novelty; but it appears that the story is an old one, at best. The ladies wear buckles now to their belts as large as bucklers. A real buckler man has broken out, so that a new "Buckle's History of Civilization" will almost require to be written. A Philadelphia editor sets down a somewhat singular incident in connection with these same buckles. He says he saw, at an extensive importer's, a case of ladies' belt buckles. They were of the widest dimensions, and carry a ribbon fully three inches wide. They were worn in the times when a lady's waist was located but a few inches below the axilla. When the fashions changed, just twenty-eight years ago, they remained unsold, and were packed up and consigned to a garret. Now they are brought out again for sale, and are in the very topnotch of fashion. They were taken up in a great hurry, and sold at a sufficient advance to pay the original cost, interest, and a handsome profit besides.

Winter and the Poor.

Let us not forget the poor and unfortunate, as winter strengthens in the skies. Thus far, the weather has been very favorable for such as can supply themselves with but a scanty quantity of fuel and raiment, but the time is not far off when the sharp winds will pierce them and cause them to feel winter in all its bitterness. Suppose that each one of us, who has been blessed with the slightest power of giving, quietly looks around, and sees where he may be the instrument of some good. Let him then constitute himself an almoner right where he is, waiting neither for machinery nor organizations, but dispensing from an overflowing heart as he goes along. He will certainly find that he will sleep sounder and live happier, and discover that there is no more rhetoric in the assertion that he who gives is far more blessed than he who receives. Even a loaf of bread, or a loaf of coal, will prove this to any one who seriously doubts it.

More Pay Wanted.

We should think the rebel officers would be asking for more pay for their military services, by this time. It costs a rebel Congressman forty dollars a day for his board in Richmond, while he receives from Congress an allowance of but ten dollars a day. And it is about as bad as that for a military man. One of the officers' letters was read not long ago in the rebel Congress, in the course of which he said that, if he got a furlough to go home, he never could do it if he lived at a distance, unless the Government specially furnished him with means. A brigadier's monthly pay will only carry him from Richmond to Augusta; a colonel could not go further than to Charlotte, N. C.; a lieutenant-colonel will have to lie over at Raleigh; a major would not get further than Danville; and as for a poor captain or lieutenant, "after paying for a bed in Richmond, he would have just about enough left to buy a ticket to the first water station."

Congress.

This body has again assembled, it being the second and last session of the Thirty-Eighth Congress. Much business really ought to be transacted during the present session, short as it is—the same terminating constitutionally on the 4th of March next. There are numerous private bills to be taken up, and there is much unfinished business left over from the last session. The finances require overhauling, for we are, in point of fact, paying out a dollar for every fifty cents we get by our present system of borrowing. It is thought that the taxes will be made heavier, which they certainly must be if we would carry the present debt, and escape national bankruptcy at the last. As the session will be so short at the longest, it will of course allow but little time for much else than business.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published "Six Morceaux," composed expressly for the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organ, by L. H. Southard, entitled, "Anticipation," "Remembrance," "Pentecost," "In Memoriam," "Children's March," and "Gaiety." Each piece is finely embellished.

Educating.

In Emerson's first lecture before the "Fraternity" of this city, on the subject of "Education," he speaks felicitously of how it is to be best accomplished, and sets down as the two great essentials in educating one's self, Enthusiasm and Drill. One nature gives, the college never can. But the knowledge already existing in the minds of trained persons is indispensable, and must be had; to secure this to the young, is the aim and theory of the college. He says that a college is but a society of experts—of men selected for their skill each in one department of art. He suggests many improvements on our present collegiate system. He wished that, in the time that is opening before us, the "breath of America" should blow through all these present arrangements for education, and that everything personal and routine should yield both most wide and universal benefits; that the professor shall prove his claims to his chair, and the class shall have a certain share in the election of the professor, if only this, to make their attendance on his lectures voluntary. He wished that the democratic sense which abides in this country would act upon all these departments in our education. He would have competition for every professor's chair. He would have every man who aspired to teach, "show his credentials," as Ericsson and George Steers have done, and as Rarney and Paul Murphy have done. He hoped that the democratic genius of this country would use a certain genius in this matter, a jealousy of old traditions, a belief in mother wit, a belief that the world is always equal to itself, and will know how to meet the exigencies of this hour with the abilities of this hour.

Illinois Cotton.

The staple is now talked of in Illinois as freely as in any of the real cotton-growing States. The people out there are already beginning to talk of the "success of their cotton fields," just as they once would have done at the South. In one section of the State, there have been two hundred and ninety acres of cotton; and the average yield has been four hundred pounds, or a full bale, to the acre. This is what the staple averages on Southern cotton lands, with "field hands." It has thus been successfully demonstrated that the cost of producing cotton does not exceed that of producing corn. Taking cotton at fifty cents per pound, and corn at a dollar per bushel, a very short arithmetical calculation will show that the balance is in favor of cotton, at the rate of not less than a hundred and fifty dollars per acre.

The Average Production.

Taking the production of the present year with those of other years, the balance is clearly in favor of 1864, with the quality a good deal better. Although so many men have been called away from industrial occupations to the field, the rate of production does not fall so much behind that of other years as to affect the stock of subsistence actually on hand for the use of the country. But for the currency and taxes, prices of nearly all the leading articles of provisions would be much less than they are. In corn and meat production the country chiefly falls short; but in other articles the production is an average, with something considerable over. Cotton is produced in ten of the loyal States; tobacco has fallen off some six or seven millions of pounds. On the whole, there is shown to be an abundance of food in the country for all the needs of the people.

The President's Message.

This document was laid before Congress on the second day of its session. It is but a business statement of the affairs of the different Departments, and furnishes a summary of the general interests of the government and the nation that all can readily comprehend. In reference to the war, the President holds the view that it rests on the will of the "insurgent leader," Davis, to bring it to a close; but as Davis has repeatedly said that he would not, except on the basis of Southern independence, the President says that nothing is left to him but to wage war with vigor until the former's military power is broken. The amnesty offer is still left open, but he does not pledge himself that the time will not come when it will have to be withdrawn in self-defence, and more stern and decisive measures resorted to.

Scott on Jackson.

In his recently published "Memoirs," Gen. Scott sketches President Jackson pretty clearly. Speaking of the idolatry with which Old Hickory was regarded by his followers, he remarks that it may be placed to his credit, to the bright face of his quality, that he never betrayed any desire "to profit by the circumstances and intrench himself for life in the Presidency, with remainder over to his heirs and assigns." Scott says the General was not in the least intoxicated with power. He seemed to care nothing to keep and perpetuate it. "Enveloped in the fumes of his pipe, with the only occasional imprecation—'By the Eternal!'—he cut off the heads of more office-holders than all his predecessors put together." And this was not done in any spasmodic vindictiveness, either.

Presents to Public Men.

People are beginning to see how needless it is to make costly presents of silver service and gold-mounted swords to men whose merits should be rewarded in a more practical way. Many such men find themselves too poor to keep these gifts, and still too considerably grateful to sell them. They would be better presented with houses and farms, and some of these good and substantial things which help them along in the world, and last during their life-time, and excite a feeling of true gratefulness in their hearts every day, instead of regret at the ill-judged kindness which burdens them with a wealth that is of no use to them.

The Muller Execution.

This was a horrible affair. A hundred thousand people, of both sexes and all ages, thronged to witness the revolting tragedy. Only at the very last moment of life did the criminal confess his guilt, and even that is questioned by his friends to have been anything but a confession. The London Times expatiates on the moral effect of having these executions public. This feature is the one which establishes the unrelieved brutality of the popular sentiment in England. Their papers have been full of this matter, pictorial and otherwise, for months. If the progressive minds of England do not soon take the lead in public affairs, Alblon is doomed.

Mr. Chamberlain's New Circle Room.

Mr. Chamberlain has taken the upper room (No. 7) in the same building with the Banner, and fitted it up for the accommodation of séances for spiritual manifestations, through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, where she will continue to hold circles during week evenings. This will be a great convenience for our citizens who have heretofore been obliged to go to a neighboring city in order to witness the astonishing physical manifestations given in her presence. We advise the most skeptical to attend her séances.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A Poetic Gem.

Cor. L. V. Hatch gave two excellent discourses on Sunday, Dec. 5th, to crowded audiences in Lyceum Hall, in this city. At the close of the evening address, while in the trance state, Mrs. Hatch gave the following exquisitely beautiful poem, entitled,

VOICES.

We have heard the many voices
With which earth mourns and rejoices—
From her high and lowly places,
Echoed in the mystic spaces;
From the thoughtless mocking throng;
From the weak and from the strong;
Hill and valley everywhere,
Voice of song or voice of prayer—
Mingled chorus,
Blending o'er us—
Voices, voices everywhere.

Voices free of happy childhood,
Echoing over glen and wildwood;
Shouting, laughing, cheering, singing;
Through the day their wild notes ringing;
Homeward, sobbing, tired of play,
Lips so weary scarce can pray—
Happy chorus
Ringling o'er us—
Children's voices everywhere.

Voices from the field of battle,
Where the horrid death-notes rattle,
Shrieking, sighing, choking, moaning,
Cursing, swearing, praying, groaning!
Sweet name murmured by fond lover;
Whispered blessing for dear mother;
Death-curse silenced o'er 'tis spoken;
Voices repeated that were broken—
Horrid chorus
Bursting o'er us—
Deadly voices everywhere.

Voices from the cottage lowly,
Hymn of praise and anthem holy;
Soothing, hushing, peaceful, blessing,
Mother her sweet babes caressing;
Much of joy and much of praise,
Humble wants and simple ways—
Peaceful chorus
Bonding o'er us—
Lowly voices everywhere.

Voices from the crowded city—
Snatch of song or cry for pity!
Bushing, foaming, rattling, dashing;
Tides of sin and anger clashing;
Pale ones moaning in the cold;
Strong ones crying out for gold;
Mother weeping o'er her dead;
Children famishing for bread;
Music where the favored dwell;
Women shrieking down to hell!
Din and chorus
Breaking o'er us—
Human voices everywhere.

Voices from the world of angels,
Messengers and bright evangels,
Whispering, cheering, praising, chiding,
With their strength and virtue guiding,
Lifting the dark veil of sorrow,
Speaking of a brighter morrow;
Voice of angel, sainted mother,
Loving sister, child or brother—
Angel chorus
Floating o'er us—
Angel voices everywhere.

Voices from the Great Eternal,
From the mountain heights eternal;
Not a swelling, surging, rolling,
Like an endless, ceaseless tolling,
But a silence deep, profound!
Broken by no wave of sound;
Filling all the deepening space,
Where the suns their orbits trace;
Holding in its calm control
Every world and every soul—
Solemn chorus
Bending o'er us—
God's great silence everywhere!

Mrs. Hatch will speak in the same hall next Sunday, afternoon and evening.

The California Steamers.

A plot was set on foot by a gang of bravadoes, with the countenance of the rebel Secretary of the Navy (though it is unfortunate for them that they have no navy), to rise on one of the steamers from Panama, on the Pacific side, and, after capturing her, to cruise in search of the other steamers of the same line which was expected down from San Francisco, capture her and her treasure, and afterwards make their escape with their booty. It would, of course, have made the scoundrels entirely independent, in the pecuniary sense. The plan, however, was discovered just in time to overhaul the whole gang before the mail steamer on which they sailed was well away from port, and a war vessel's men boarded her and captured the whole lot, the leader of them afterwards confessing the scheme.

Incendiary Fires.

The recent incendiary fires in New York have created an intense excitement in that city of daily excitements, and have even had the effect to thin out the attendance at the hotels and theatres. Gen. Dix has issued an order requiring all Southern refugees to register their names at his office without delay. This collects a motley crowd daily. The statements which many of these people make are extremely curious. The excitement about the fires has somewhat subsided, yet the authorities, both civil and military, are at work cooperatively to ferret out the real authors of the late nefarious attempts to destroy the city. There is not much doubt in the public mind that this diabolical scheme originated with the leading rebels of the South.

The Dome of the Capitol.

This new and magnificent dome, just finished, when lighted by gas at night can be seen as far away as Alexandria, and indeed for miles in nearly every direction from Washington. The scaffold and staging employed in its construction have been removed, and the whole canopy can be seen with a single sweep of the eye from below, presenting a sight of the most magnificent and impressive character, rising even to the limit of sublimity. We are glad to know we have a noble Capitol, nobly surmounted.

The Florida Case.

Our Minister to Brazil, Mr. Jas. Watson Webb, has got ahead of our Washington Secretary in the management and disposal of the Florida case, and laid out ground before Brazil which he says our Government will not fail to follow. This is a new style of diplomacy, but is direct and outspoken. It makes the old style diplomats shake their locks in indignant protestation. It appears now as if the Secretary of State had nothing to do but what Mr. Webb has pointed out for him.

New Publications.

THE THREE SCOUTS. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

The readers of "Cudjoe's Cave"—and they are numbered by many thousands—will be anxious to peruse this last work by the same author, for it is so intimately connected with the story of the "Cave," that one book cannot be read without creating an earnest desire for the other. The story is well written, and will be popular with the masses. The work is issued in Tilton & Co.'s usually excellent style, and makes a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-one pages. There is no necessity for our saying more, as the work will doubtless find thousands of admiring friends.

THE OLD MERCHANTS OF NEW YORK CITY. By Walter Barrett, Clerk. Third Series. New York: Carlton, Publisher.

This is the third book of the series, by a popular writer, and like its predecessors, is full of matters of interest. The flattering success of the two previous volumes induced the author to put forth a third, trusting that it will meet with a like success, not only from the mercantile mind of the country, but from the reading public generally. It is neatly printed on tinted paper, and makes over three hundred and fifty pages.

THE PALACE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, and other Poems. By Orpheus C. Kerr. New York: Carlton.

The author of these poems, which are issued in Carlton's chaste and taking style, is well known in the world of light literature, and has many admirers, who will no doubt be glad of the opportunity of obtaining his poems in the elegant form in which the enterprising publisher has sent them forth.

MOSMAN'S MATERIA MEDICA CHART. By E. P. Mosman, M. D. Norwich, Conn.

The principal design of this chart is to show at a glance the range of action or organs of the body chiefly affected by one hundred of the most valuable of the Homeopathic medicines, and the relative degree of the intensity of their action. It is no doubt a very useful and convenient chart for physicians of that class of practice.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1865. By Robert B. Thomas. Boston: Brower & Tilton.

This old favorite has reached its seventy-third year, and is likely to reach as many more. It is an indispensable adviser in every family, and we need not praise it, for every one is satisfied of its reliability.

ESSAYS AND LETTERS on the Treatment of Consumption, and Other Diseases. By N. B. Wolfe, M. D. Cincinnati, Ohio.

These letters have reached the sixth edition, and were written, the author says, "on the side of truth, in defence of principles which never change."

WALKER HYDE'S LECTURES.—We understand that Walker Hyde, of New York, is about to publish in book form his series of lectures on the art of healing by the laying on of hands, and the principles attending mediumistic development. It is his intention to have the work issued about the 15th of February.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for December. This well conducted magazine enters upon its fourth year, next month. It is devoted to the interest of Odd Fellowship, and deserves to be well patronized by the Order.

BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY for January is fully equal to any of its predecessors, in its illustrations and literary contents.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"Game of Great Truths, by Great Authors," is the title given to a pack of cards, with poetic and prose quotations on them, each card being titled and numbered, and arranged so that a very interesting game can be played by any number of persons from two to twelve. Published by John H. Tingley, New York. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

The Daily Evening Voice.

This is the title of a new candidate for public favor, which has just made its appearance in this city. Price three cents per copy. It is devoted to the cause of moral, social and labor reform, published under the auspices of the Boston Printers' Union, and will favor the cause of workingmen generally throughout the United States. The time has come when just such a journal is needed. The God Mammon is a mighty power, and is endeavoring by all the appliances he is master of to sit up his kingdom on earth; to crush out the spirit of freedom in humanity, and to degrade human labor to a level with the brute creation. But the spirit of man rebels against his task-master—his spirituality comes into the scale, and weighs down the sophistry of the latter—and the time is not distant when not only black slavery will cease to exist on this continent, but white slavery also.

We pray that our brothers may succeed in their new enterprise; and we hope they will call to their aid, everywhere, working men and working women, too, which will enable them to persevere, till the great end in view shall be reached. Let not the hardy sons of toll of our own dearly beloved New England slumber at their posts. Still advocate and maintain the dignity of labor; and, if need be, rally to the polls and elect men to office who will second your noble endeavors.

A New Volume of Poems.

We learn that the well known publishing house of J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, have in press and will soon issue, in elegant style, a Volume of Poems from the poetic muse of the inspired author, BELLER BUSH, of Norristown, Pa., whose chaste and eloquent productions have often graced the columns of the Banner of Light. The book is to be entitled "VOICES OF THE MORNINGS," and will contain many new poems, with choice selections from those already published. The volume will contain about three hundred pages, and will be sold for \$1.50, at retail. This

"Gem, with many sparkling diamonds set," will probably be in market in season for the Christmas Holidays, by which time we hope to be able to supply all those who may desire it.

The Spread of Spiritualism.

In Paris alone there are at this moment no less than sixty thousand persons who have no other religion or creed than that of spiritualism, or, as we call it, "Spiritualism." There, the belief is as thoroughly organized a system as any sect of the Christian religion. It has its disciples, its priests, its altars, &c., as well as its papers, reviews, publications of all sorts, with editors and booksellers of its own.—*Ec.*

Yes, Spiritualists are increasing in numbers everywhere. In the United States, the British North American Provinces, in Great Britain, in Germany, and in Italy, as well as France, with their "disciples," "papers," "reviews," and "booksellers," but no "priests." Ere five years have elapsed Spiritualists will be ten times more numerous than they are to-day. "The truth is mighty and will prevail."

**MASON & HAMLIN
CABINET ORGANS.**

[illegible]

24. *Chrysomelidae* (continued)

Mediums in Boston.

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. L. COLLINS,
PSYCHOGRAPHIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 8 Pine Street, Boston.

CONSULTANTS. Send the sick, as Will's Physicians con-
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Dec. 3. 4w*

MISS C. E. BECKWITH, Trance and Writing

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5w*—Nov. 19.
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 will give an accurate description of their leading traits of char-
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A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT ORGANIZATION.

AS I am now on a brief visit from California, and myself leaving the exterior of "Gunsight Hill" on the 10th inst.

position as our Great Head, or Ruler by Divine right, I would take this method of bringing to the notice of the readers of the Banner who may entertain somewhat similar sentiments. We have our views on the propriety or necessity of forming an Organization that shall embrace Religion as well as Philosophy, Science and Progress; and, if need be, will visit a portion of those persons during the winter. "Agitation of thousands being acknowledged as the beginning of wisdom," let us who call ourselves Christ-followers, agitate the subject of ORGANIZATION. We will meet at the residence of Mr. H. W. HUNTER, 1010 Zane St., Chicago, Ill., South Side Park Ave., 1st house West of Hudson Dec. 10.

THE ARTIST has endeavored to impress on canvas the tale of the hero often and clearly of a landscape in the Sphered embracing the Home of a group of Sacred. Wish those who desire to have the same view as himself that m the tertous land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published 1 the popular **CARTES DE VISITE** form. Single copies 25 cents, a free of postage. Large size photograph, \$1; large size color 93. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

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