

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. Kolla M. Squire.

CHAPTER XI.

We may be permitted to interrupt a moment the plot of our story to give some explanations regarding Frank. The reader will ask, without doubt, why he has so quickly forgotten Miss Elise, and why the writer has raised up so suddenly another passion in his hero. The writer has only copied Frank, and Frank in believing to love Madame de Rigny, has only obeyed his exalted imagination. May the reader excuse the one, and especially may he pardon the other; for, as was said in the preceding chapter, the contrast with the past was so great that Frank walked with dizziness. There would be quite a theme to develop, if we wished to enter sooner into the analysis of Frank's character. A simple comparison will suffice us: He was a child whom they had permitted to rove at liberty in a splendid garden, and who, after having admired one flower, left it to go toward another which he believed to be more beautiful, because it had another form and another perfume. Frank resembled in that all men. It submitted a new sentiment to him. This sentiment was caprice.

Caprice! is it not in fact to it that we all yield, oh grave readers, oh charming readers? What golden dreams, what conceived projects carries it not on its light wings? To what serves us our resolutions? They are based upon the sand; caprice passes over the sand and reverses them with its breath! Caprice had breathed into Frank's heart, and, as lightly as it had been done, it had shaken the poet's love for the young actress. We repeat it: Frank resembled other men, with this difference: that he believed himself sincere in his new affections, and had willingly sworn to have never loved but Madame de Rigny.

After the scandalous scene provoked by Fritz de Stolberg at the house of the great lady, Frank conducted Elise to their common dwelling; Sosthène had arrived there before them.

"Listen," said he to the poet, when he entered with the young girl, "listen: this man has cowardly insulted, before all, her whom we have called our sister, and I wish to ask him the reason of his insult."

"You?"

"Without doubt."

"But I have already twice provoked him, and twice he has refused to respond to my provocation. Besides, it is I alone whom that regards, and I will not allow that you go to fight in my place, provided this man consent to fight."

"But this duel would be death to you, unfortunately! You cannot hold a sword!"

"What matter? God will decide!"

"Death! you fight for me!" cried poor Elise, drying her tears, "no! M. Frank! Let alone this man, and do not risk your life against that of a miserable fellow unworthy of your anger. And, besides," added the young girl, "do I not, also, leave this town? What matters to me the insult of M. de Stolberg? Believe me, M. Frank! let this man alone, and keep your days for those who love you!"

Miss Elise returned to her chamber. When the two friends were alone:

"Come, come!" said Frank to Sosthène.

"Where do you wish to go, then?"

"To the house of M. de Stolberg!"

"At this hour? You are a fool!"

"Ah, it is that I have not the time to wait!"

"To-morrow—"

"No! this night! now!"

"Frank, let me take your place?"

"Ah, you would despise me too much after! Come! M. de Stolberg will not have returned perhaps, as yet, to his house, and we shall find him at the Cercle. He has arms; he will choose a witness, and you will be mine, will you not? Well, come!"

"Wait until to-morrow, at least."

"It is impossible!"

"Impossible! why so?"

"Because, to-morrow—"

"Well?"

"To-morrow I shall leave."

"What do you tell me, Frank?"

"Truth."

"You leave with Madame de Rigny?" cried Sosthène, as if struck with a sudden revelation.

"Yes," replied Frank with a low voice, "I leave to-morrow with her; she permits me to accompany her in a voyage of some months only. But, reassure yourself, my friend; I shall return near you; I shall not forget you."

Sosthène seemed to reflect.

"You are right," said he, after a moment of silence; "it is necessary that you go to find M. de Stolberg to silence the calumny. When you are no longer here, it is necessary that people know fully that you fought for the young actress and that you do not play near the great lady the humiliating rôle of those whom the world calls *coquets de coeur*."

They went out together.

It was necessary to pass before the Cercle des Lions to reach the dwelling of Fritz de Stolberg. The night was dark and cold. The two friends walked beside each other without speaking. Suddenly they stopped. They had heard voices which discussed together, and among them they recognized that of Fritz de Stolberg.

"I swear to you, gentlemen," said he, "that I will lower the impudent cackle of this young cock!"

"Think of it, Fritz! you fight with him?"

"Fight? not that, but to give him a correction which he will remember."

Frank wished to dart forward, but Sosthène restrained him.

"Wait," said he in a whisper.

"Well and good," replied a friend of Fritz. "But why have we been sent in quest of arms at such an hour?"

"And in such a cold?" added another.

"Why, above all," continued a third, "seek forthwith this poor Frank, this beautiful, weeping swain whom you will freeze with terror at the sight of a naked sword or a pistol barrel?"

"Wait till to-morrow."

"Not that, gentlemen, for to-morrow Frank will not be here to receive that I have prepared him."

"Who told you?"

"Gentlemen, you are very ignorant or very innocent!" replied Fritz de Stolberg, with a smile full of superb irony.

"Explain yourself."

"I have said to you that Frank leaves to-morrow."

"Yes."

"But with whom believe you that he goes?"

"With Sosthène."

"Not at all."

"With Miss Elise?"

"Yet less."

"With whom, then?"

"You do not guess?"

"No."

"I was right just now. You are all ignoramus, or of very innocent hearts. Frank leaves to-morrow with Madame de Rigny."

"Nonsense!"

"It is impossible!"

"You dream, my good Fritz!"

"I repeat it to you. Madame de Rigny carries off—that is the word—Frank, the poet, or actor, as it shall please you best to call him. But I come to put myself across the route, and I hope, by the aid of a light sword-thrust, to deprive Madame de Rigny of so sentimental a travelling companion. You see, gentlemen, that there is no time to lose, and that if I don't hasten myself, the beautiful Frank may escape me."

"You deceive yourself, M. de Stolberg. Frank will not escape you, or, rather, you will not escape Frank. You seek. I was going to you, without knowing if I should find you, and I thank you, sir, for having the good will, contrary to my expectation, to save me half the road."

Fritz and his friends stood confused at seeing suddenly the young poet before them.

"I hope, M. de Stolberg," continued Frank, "that you will accept this gentleman for my witness?"

He designated Sosthène in naming him.

"This place is deserted; no person passes it at this hour. We may fight immediately."

"You are perfectly right, and if M. Sosthène wishes to choose one of these gentlemen to regulate the conditions of the combat, we shall have no more than to put ourselves *en garde*."

"But the conditions are all regulated, sir. You have the sword; will you please to deliver me one?"

"Oh! oh! you ignore the rules of the duel, M. Frank."

"I avow my complete ignorance."

"I do not wish to kill you, M. Frank."

"You are more generous than I, sir."

"I wish only to give you a lesson."

"I wish to punish you. I—"

"M. Frank!"

"Come, give me a sword, then."

"Gentlemen," said one of the friends of Fritz, "you must not fight now; the night is too dark."

"So much the better," cried Frank. "Obscurity will equal the chances."

He took a sword from the hands of a witness, and put himself opposite M. de Stolberg.

The duel commenced.

They heard the clinks of the steel, now strong and rapid, now slackened. For a moment the two adversaries parried and thrust vigorously, when suddenly the moon gliding from behind a cloud lightened a second the scene of combat. Frank's eyes darted lightning. The face of M. de Stolberg had kept its expression calm and smiling. They saw him rapidly disengage his sword at a moment when Frank set upon him, then they heard a stifled cry. Frank fell. Sosthène precipitated himself toward him.

M. de Stolberg bent toward him whom he had just wounded.

"Reassure yourself, sir," said he to him; "it is a simple prick that I have given you. I had promised you not to kill you. I go to send you a carriage."

He went away with his friends. When they were gone, a door opened suddenly, and Sosthène, who was seeking to lift Frank, saw a woman before him. It was Madame de Rigny.

"We have forgotten to say that it was nearly opposite to her residence that the duel took place."

CHAPTER XII.

When Frank and Sosthène left their lodging in the "Rue de la Carrière," to go to the house of M. de Stolberg, the young actress, troubled by what she had heard, feigned to go up into her chamber to take to rest; but she listened to the conversation of the two friends, and when they went out she descended softly and began to follow at a distance. A sad presentiment said to her that Frank was exposed to danger, and she wished to be near him to prevent this danger, or to be the first to give him care. She arrived at the place of the combat at the moment when Frank, struck by the sword of his adversary, sank upon the ground, and as Madame de Rigny arrived in her turn near the poet.

"Miss Elise," murmured he, and seeing the young widow, he added, "and you also, Madame? How knew you? by what circumstance?"

"I was going to rest," replied the great lady,

"when under my window I heard voices which seemed angrily disputing. Then I recognized yours and that of M. de Stolberg. I was still under the impression of the scandalous scene of this night. I divined that you were going to fight. I descended to prevent the duel, but alas! too late."

"Reassure yourself, Madame, and thanks. My wound is neither mortal nor very grave, and," added he in a low tone, "I shall be able still to follow you."

But, as low as he pronounced these last words, Miss Elise heard them. She heaved a profound sigh. It was then only that Madame de Rigny saw the actress.

"M. Frank," she said quickly, "you cannot return thus to your home."

And addressing herself to one of the domestics that had followed her, she said:

"Tell them to prepare a chamber in the house for M. Frank."

Poor Elise felt an anguish of heart, and addressing with hesitation the poet:

"You do not feel strong enough to come with us, M. Frank. We will aid you, we will support you. Will we not, M. Sosthène?"

"Ah! do not think of it, Miss," quickly replied Madame de Rigny. "M. Frank is too feeble; it is necessary even to make haste."

The domestic returned to say that a chamber was ready to receive the wounded man, who mounted the staircase leaning on Sosthène and the domestic.

They examined carefully the wound, which was not, in fact, very serious.

Madame de Rigny left Sosthène and Miss Elise near their comrade.

"Good Miss Elise," said the sufferer, addressing the young girl, "your interest for me has made you come out in a cold and dark night to this street."

"Have I not done well, M. Frank?" replied she, with a smile. "I shall be able, at least, to receive your adieu, for you would have gone without saying anything to us."

"Miss, you know—"

"I know that you must leave to-morrow. Have you not said it, M. Sosthène?"

Frank made no reply.

"Let me, for the last time perhaps, say to you again, beware, Frank, beware of throwing to the wind the treasure which God has confided to you. It would be disobeying Him, and render you very culpable, to leave, to prove abortive by indifference and repose, the poetry which He has put in your soul. It is for you to diffuse around you that he has given it you; it is by labor that you see it grow, and you are indulging in passing distractions which drive away labor. Beware, Frank, beware!"

Sosthène spoke in his turn.

"Friend," said he to him, "you are the master of your actions, and all the advice which sincere and devoted friendship could give you would be insufficient to change your resolutions; therefore I shall add nothing to that which Miss Elise has already said."

"Why, one would say that I ran serious dangers. Reassure yourselves, my friends; it is only a voyage of a few months which I am going to make. As I said to Sosthène just now, it is an opportunity to make myself known. Madame de Rigny will open to me many doors, which without her would be closed to me for a long time to come. She has promised it to me."

Then Frank continued, addressing himself to the young girl:

"And, nevertheless, if you had-willed it, Miss, I should have remained near you. But you did not love me enough to keep me, you who might have kept me with a word, a word that you have not wished to pronounce, and that I look forward to yet."

"M. Frank, it is the hand of God which directs our actions. I shall pray him to spare you the trial."

"The trial, can it injure me? No, Miss; for I say it with you, it is the hand of God which leads us, and it stretches toward me full of mercy! See what God has done for poor Frank. He has marked each of my days with progress, and each progress with a victory. Who would recognize to-day the obscure laborer of yesterday, whom Sosthène met going at hazard on a great highway. No, if God reserved me trials, he would not have covered with flowers the commencement of my route, as if to hide the snares in it."

"May it be so, my friend," replied Sosthène, "and may God save you from pride."

He pressed Frank's hand, and went away with Miss Elise, who, before leaving, said again to them:

"Be happy, M. Frank. I shall pray for your happiness."

What the young girl had said made a great impression on Frank's mind. He did not doubt that a real and profound affection had dictated the words of Miss Elise. Strange nature, that of Frank's. He would have wished the ability at this moment to go to his friends and say to them, "Defend me against myself, and keep me near you."

He feared the future. But soon his will got the ascendancy, and it showed him the renown toward which he was going. He closed his eyes, and his imagination thus summoned brought before him pleasant chimeras and radiant phantasms which invoked him. He fell to sleep in caressing them, and he found them again in his sleep. The dream kept up the illusion through the night, and as in opening his eyes he saw Madame de Rigny near him, he believed himself still dreaming, and his lips murmured:

"Be blest, you who have loved me! Be blest, you who have led me toward glory!"

Three days afterward, the wound which he had received in his duel with M. de Stolberg offering no longer any cause for fear, Frank left Geneva with Madame de Rigny.

Miss Elise and Sosthène left the city also some time after.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two years have rolled away since Frank followed Madame de Rigny, and many events have been achieved since that epoch. Frank has visited a part of Italy and Spain. He is no longer the same young man; a complete metamorphose has taken place in him; his beliefs are shocked at the practicalism of the century; he sees the world such as it is, and yet, without believing it malicious, he taxes it with injustice and culpable indifference.

Frank is wrong.

Interest guides men; and egotism, it is said, is the natural consequence of interest. If we dared state our thoughts in this respect, we should say that, taken in a true sense, interest, sentiment, innate in our nature, is the moving power which ought to carry man toward progress. But let us leave behind us him who crosses his arms and regards with an indifferent air the struggle of labor and intelligence. The world is not malicious. God has united the creature to the Creator in saying to him, "I rough-hew a universe, achieve the rest!" And in the immense work which he confided to man to bring him to Him, interest, as we have understood it, was necessary. Those who complain, and say the world is malicious, are the feeble and envious; the feeble, whose hearts fall in face of trial; the envious, who are true egotists, hypocrites, lackeys, who censure the master and who would do more than he if they possessed his gold! We are in the world to live with the world. To want good are useless complaints? Let us search only that which is good, and let us accomplish each our work with the sweet and holy philosophy of labor and hope!

Frank came to think so, but he ought yet to pass through many trials before steeling altogether his soul, and understanding that strife is necessary to man to succeed, according to the triumph, at least to the accomplishment of his ideas. He had had a moment of discouragement. This moment was to have come.

When Sosthène and the troupe of actors had found him on the route of Vigan, he was a young man without instruction, and altogether ignorant of the ways of the world. He began to work, and his astonishing progress created a kind of admiration with those who had seen it achieved; they lavished commendation on Frank; they accustomed him each day to praise. But when he has left them, when he found himself before other persons, who had not assisted in his progress, they found him very ordinary, and did not at all think to continue to him the praises which he expected; they paid no attention to him; they listened to him, but without enthusiasm. It was then that discouragement took possession of his soul; above all, when he perceived that the love which he had found in Madame de Rigny, was nothing more than self-love, and that the moment when the idol descended from her pedestal, this self-love changed to annoyance—almost to confusion!

Certainly Frank must really suffer!

His pride rendered him indignant, not only because the world overlooked him as a poet, but because the great lady was ashamed of his love.

Then he thought of the humble fireside, where he lived with Sosthène and Miss Elise—Elise, who loved him, and near whom he had been able to live happy and tranquil.

"Ah! I passed on one side of happiness," said he. "I was blind, for she stretched out her hand, and I saw it not. Where go I thus? Who will tell me what are these tumultuous waves which mutter in my soul; and this secret voice, that I always hear, and which cries to me, 'Onward! onward!' I see now the sweet peace of an obscure life, but free, and which I have lost! The holy and blest life of the family which leaves the passions without to expire on the threshold. Who will explain me that? I was loved with all the ardent tenderness of a virgin heart by my good parents, and I have left them. I was not a bad son, my God! and with my adventurous life I have abandoned them to grief. I have wished to go back again toward the house of my father, and still this secret voice, stronger than my will, has cried to me, 'It is not true; onward! onward!'"

Frank and Madame de Rigny came to end the summer season at Cambo, a poetic village in the Pays Basque, at the beginning of the Pyrenees. The village is divided into two parts—upper and lower Cambo. The first part is built on a terrace overlooking the valley which bounds an amphitheatre of wooded hills, at the feet of which the coquettish Nive rolls her blue waves.

Madame de Rigny inhabited upper Cambo, the rendezvous of foreign fashion. Frank lived in the other part of the village; he had rented a little white house, surrounded by a curtain of willows and poplars.

Madame de Rigny had not wished him to live near her; and each time he climbed the ascent which led to upper Cambo, he always found the young widow absent.

To-day it was a promenade to Saint-Jean-de-Luz; to-morrow it was a visit to Pau-de-Roland. In short, it was an absence of every day, and a new excuse for every absence.

We have said that Frank's pride had suffered greatly from it; and all that Miss Elise had predicted to him returned to his memory.

Formerly, he was with every party; now they seemed to make it a point to avoid his presence.

For three days he had not seen Madame de Rigny; he repaired to her house. They told him she was out.

"It is well; I will wait until she comes in," replied he.

"But, sir—"

"Can they have prohibited you from opening the door to me, Margaret?"

"No, sir; but—"

"Then be quiet; I want to see your mistress. She will thank me for having come, and, above all, for having waited for her. When did she go out?"

"This morning."

"And she said she should come in—"

"This evening."

"Before dinner?"

"Yes, sir."

"She cannot be long, then?"

"I do not think."

"It is well. Go!"

The maid went out.

"I cannot live longer in such uncertainty. If she has ceased to love me, she may tell me frankly. I am weary with these humiliations, and I have suffered too much from them already! She is ashamed of me, it is evident. The toy no longer amuses her, and she breaks it! That must be. They had predicted it to me. Oh! added he, smiling bitterly, "I believed she loved me! I was a fool, that is all. It was a caprice, a distraction; she wearied, and she took me to drudge away her ennui. In truth, I was a fool! But I wish that she may tell me presently herself. I shall anticipate an explanation. She looked forward to it, perhaps, and will not dare provoke it. Well, I will do it. This will be a service which I shall have rendered her."

He went and placed himself at the window.

The setting sun purpled the summit of the Pyrenees; the Nive reflected the last rays of the day, and its mysterious murmur seemed to say good-night to this poetic nature, in readiness to fall to sleep.

"On an evening almost similar to this one; at the foot of hills similar to these that I see—at the foot of the Alps, in fact, I was with Elise," sighed Frank. "We walked, holding each other's hand; sweet ideas filled my heart; I found life happy and beautiful; an avowal mounted to my lips, and without its escaping from them, I met it in the look of Miss Elise. Poor girl! she loved me! What has become of her? And Sosthène? Where are they now? Oh, my friends, if you knew how much I suffer, you would pardon my ingratitude, and you would come to console me!"

He returned and sat down in the saloon.

There were books on the centre-table; he took one up mechanically. It was a volume of his own poems—a volume which he had published some months before, and to which he had given the title of "The Capricious."

"Wild day-dreams," murmured he, "see what you have done with Frank! You came seeking him at the workshop, and he has followed you! Ah, I should have closed my door to you; but your voice was so sweet! you called me. Your smiles were full of promises, and I believed in them! You spoke not the truth; yet, oh ye dreams, you have ruined Frank; but Frank cannot curse you, and he will follow you forever!"

A carriage stopped before the door. Madame de Rigny descended from it. A minute after she entered the saloon.

She was surprised to find the young poet there.

"Ah! is it you, Frank?"

"Yes, Madame; I have come so often without having had the happiness to meet you, that I have taken the liberty of waiting your return."

"I thank you, Frank; you have done well; but I am horribly fatigued; this promenade—"

"This promenade has been long?"

"You vex yourself again."

"I, Madame? and why should I vex myself? and by what right?"

"Frank, you are not reasonable; and if you reflect well—"

"I do only that the whole day, not having any thing else to do."

"This is a jest."

"It is a truth—unhappily."

"You do not work more, then?"

"At what?"

"At your poetry."

"It has gone away, Madame."

"And what route has it taken?"

"The route to Geneva."

"Oh!"

"Yes, Madame."

Madame de Rigny believed that Frank made allusion to their meeting.

"That town pleased it, therefore, well?" she continued.

"Is it not its cradle? It has regretted the country. Nevertheless, it left very desolated."

"It will return, then?"

"Perhaps."

"Frank, you are troubled!"

"You divine justly, Madame."

"What is it?"

"And you divine no more."

"Oh! I pray you, Frank; I detect epigrams."

"It is that you begin to conjecture, then?"

"You are insupportable."

"Be

would be dangerous for me; a first defeat—and it would be certain—would bring me no discouragement, and I could no longer struggle. Nevertheless, I shall leave. Where shall I go? I am ignorant of it; but that which is sure, is that you shall have no more to fear the what will they say of it? of the world which you seem to dread, since that—since that you love me no more."

"M. Frank!"
"Did you not just say it to me?"
"I?"

"Without doubt, in giving me the advice to leave, is it not to say to me that my sight is a torment to you—a remorse, perhaps?"

Madame de Régnay found not a word to reply; she was stupefied by what Frank had just said to her.

"Ah! you reproach me because I work no more; but can I, when I carry along with me a fearful doubt, and one which kills me? When, in the position which you have placed me, I ask myself, every day, if I shall have again to-morrow courage enough to stifle a new shame, to drink a new humiliation? Ah! you have not spared me, then, Madame. Why have you not said frankly, when I began to be an object of restraint to you, 'Frank, I have been deceived; I thought I loved you with true love, when it was only an affection of friendship which drew me to you?' I had suffered from it, without doubt, but I had understood also that you could not give me a love which was not in your heart. I should have left, blessing you for this illusion of your soul, had it lasted only an hour, for it would have rendered me happy for an eternity."

I listen to you, Frank, and I believe myself dreaming. You speak to me of shame, of humiliations. Do you not dream also?"

"No, Madame!"

"In what have I humiliated you?"

"In preventing me from appearing at your side, as formerly."

Madame de Régnay bit her lips.

"As formerly, M. Frank?"

"Yes, Madame. Oh, reassure yourself," continued he, with a smile sadly ironical; "I do not pretend to reclaim our old habits, if I invoke the past; it is only to show what the present is."

"Is it then so hideous for you?"

"I ask you the same question."

"And I reply to you: you are a child—a child whom I pardon, on condition—"

"On condition that he shall leave. Yes, Madame; so to obtain his pardon, he leaves this evening."

Madame de Régnay, whom this scene wounded and fatigued, although she did not make it appear, could not defend herself from a secret joy in learning that M. Frank had resolved to go.

"Where will you go?" asked she.

"I am ignorant of it."

[To be continued in our next.]

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
102 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 Huxley.)

The Hemlock Tree by the Riverside.

PART THIRD.

[Continued from our last.]

Christmas morning shone over the city bright and clear. Into thousands of happy homes crept the beautiful light of morning, and awakened glad children from pleasant dreams of the good Saint Claus, who was to fill their stockings, and put marvelous parcels under their pillows. Glorious Christmas time! who does not bless the angels for singing their song of love so many years ago? and who does not bless the kindly hearts that fill the world with joy, and thus bring heaven near?

It seemed as if one could hear shout after shout of pleasure, as the beautiful dolls, and the horses and carts, and innumerable toys were unrolled, or as the gifts from the Christmas tree of the evening before were again produced. Could it be that in the whole city one child was not made glad?

Carl's tired body had been carried to his poor attic, and there it lay, needing no beautiful gifts, for his spirit had gone over the wonderful river of his dreams, and he had reached his home. But into the home of Bill and baby Lulu the morning light shone with no joy-beams. It stole in sideways through the casement, and little eyes opened, but there was no Christmas gladness to greet them. The room was cold and still, only in the window hung the hemlock wreaths that Carl had given his last thought to. At last baby Lulu crowded, and turned her head to where Carl's bed used to be.

"Dear me!" said Bill, "what am I thinking of? There's no fire for mother, and no breakfast for baby; and here I lie like a great, lazy fellow, as if there was nothing to do!"

"Dear me!" said Mary, "I had forgotten we had no candles, and I had been forgetting that it was Christmas; but I'll run and get some, and mother, you keep Lulu in bed where it is warm until I get back."

"What am I thinking of?" said Dick, "that I have not sold a basket of apples already?"

And so these three angels of love went forth that Christmas morning on their mission of goodness, from that cold, desolate room, putting back their great sorrow for the missing of Carl, and their sadness at all their disappointment, and trying to do some brave work still. Tim slept in his bed forgetting all trouble, and the father, too, weary and sick at heart. The mother rose and went, even the sweet chirrup of baby Lulu, as she saw the sunlight on the wall, could not prevent.

As Bill went out, he stopped with Mary a moment to look at the Christmas wreaths in the window from the street.

"Don't they look nice, though?" said he, "just as if they were going to speak. Somehow it seems as if dear Carl was looking out of them, and saying, 'I won't forget.'"

"But you see he is not," said Mary, "and nobody will remember that it is Christmas for us!"

"Who knows?" said Bill; "and if Carl remembers up in heaven, that is better than all else. I tell you Carl will never forget Lulu; and I expect to see a great doll raining down, and something real nice for you."

"But they don't have dolls in heaven," said Mary.

"Well," said Bill, "I suppose they do not; but I do not know either. I do know that when Carl said he would not forget that, he won't; and I should not wonder if he asked all the angels that he saw if there was not some way of getting a doll to Lulu. Oh, Mary! such a beauty as I saw in the shop down there. How I wished I had money in my pocket; and I kept wishing so hard that I thought perhaps I had, and I shook it and turned it inside out, but never a cent was there in it! Now, Dick and Mary, you must not tell, but I am

afraid I shall do something bad for the sake of getting another her Christmas pudding. You see, I looked into the windows yesterday, and wondered and wondered what some people had so much for, and others nothing at all, and then I began to think if it would be very wicked if I was to steal a little, just a very little, that nobody would miss, and that would make us all so rich!"

"But you wouldn't, Bill!" said Mary; "I know you wouldn't; you'd never dare think of Carl again!"

"That is it," said Bill. "I should somehow think he'd know; and then those hemlock wreaths, too—I should think they would know, and I should know myself all the time; but I was going to say I don't mean to look at a single nice thing to-day, for fear I'll forget, unless I get some money, and I'm sure I shan't, for nobody will care for papers Christmas morning."

"And nobody will buy apples," said Dick.

"And nobody will put out their coal barrels," said Mary.

"Well, well; do the best we can," said Bill; "and I'm sure Carl will not forget that it is Christmas."

Just after these children had left the window, a gentleman came by. He, too, looked where the children had been gazing at the wreaths in the window.

"What beautiful wreaths!" said he. "I wonder who put them there?—and in such a poor, miserable place! Hemlock wreaths, too! There is nothing I like so well; it seems as if they could speak to me and how bright they look, as if saying, 'Come in; do come in!' I've half a mind to go, and yet perhaps they would not sell me one; and yet it seems to me as if I heard voices, saying, 'Go, go.' I dare say those within will not wish to see me. Perhaps they are full of their Christmas joys, and I shall be an intruder; but then I like to see those that are happy—why should I not go? and if they are poor, I'll buy a wreath and carry home to darling Minnie, and tell her how these grow on a beautiful tree such as I loved when a boy; and I will tell her what beautiful stories the hemlock trees used to tell me about God and the angels. It really seems to me I hear those voices again; how sweet they are! and they repeat, too, 'Come, come!' Yes, I'll go."

He rapped gently at the door, and the mother opened for him. The room was still, except the sweet voice of baby Lulu, who seemed to think that the sunlight on the wall was talking to her; and how cold and desolate it seemed! No sign of Christmas, except those wreaths in the window! The good man's heart shone on his face, and love looked out of his eyes, and he knew that there was sorrow here, and he was thankful that he had listened to the voices bidding him come in.

"It was the beautiful wreaths in the window that tempted me to rap at your door, madam. I love so much to see the green hemlocks; it takes me back to the mountains, to the days of my boyhood, and seems like an old friend; and there seemed to me a peculiar beauty in these wreaths. I almost fancied some loving face was looking out of them."

"Oh! that was because Carl made them—our dear Carl, who is dead; and he wanted them hung up for he made them for the children to sell, that they might have a little Christmas, and nobody would buy. Some said they would not last, and some said they did not like hemlock; but I know that such have never wanted to find God near when he seemed far off, because he speaks always through those green leaves."

"And you always hear his voice?" asked the gentleman.

"Oh, no, sir. I forget to listen; for only think what trouble I have! I could hear God's voice when their children were little better than beggars? But then Carl always kept some hope in me. I did not want he should come and live with us, but the children loved him so, and baby Lulu, that I let him come, if it did take bread out of our mouths."

"Tell me about Carl, and all of you. I love to hear," said the gentleman.

The mother felt as if a friend had come in who would gladly know all her history. So she told of the days of her childhood in the country, of her pleasant cottage home, of their coming to the city, of her husband's illness and discouragement, and even of the picnic under the hemlock. How sweet it seemed to her to pour out all her troubles, for already she felt that there was so much love in this stranger's heart, that he could give her all she needed. And he sat and listened, and the tears fell from his kindly eyes; and again he thanked the good influences that had brought him here.

At last baby Lulu thought of her breakfast and gave a little, imploring cry, and the mother went to care for her, and Tim, and the father awoke. The gentleman rose quietly and went out, and the mother thought he would not return; but soon the door opened and he came bringing some fresh coal, and soon the grocer's boy followed with bread and sugar and coffee, and with even the raisins for the pudding. Then there followed milk and eggs and butter, a feast of good things and among them a fine turkey. The fire was made, the rooms began to be warm and bright, and the pleasant odors of a bountiful breakfast filled them.

As Bill came in he opened his eyes with wonder; Mary followed, and paused at the door, and Dick put his cheerful face close by theirs.

"Did not I tell you that Carl would not forget?" said Bill. "I know that he'd tell all the angels that it was Christmas."

"And what if he did?" said Mary, "they could not bring turkeys and coal and great bundles of things."

"Well, they could make somebody do it, you see," said Bill; "Carl knew, and he said he would not forget, and did not I tell you that if he remembered that it would be all right?"

"Dear Carl!" said Mary, "I wish I could let him know that they have all come—all the good things we wanted for Christmas."

"All but Lulu's doll," said Bill; "but then I shouldn't wonder if that came raining down by-and-by."

The children were eager to know of their mother where all these things came from, for the gentleman had gone out again. When Mary heard, her face grew sad.

"It was not Carl that brought them, after all," said she.

"It was just the same," said Bill. "I know just how it was: Carl, you see, went over the river, as he said he should, and he reached the beautiful place that he wanted to go to, but he did not forget when he got there, and he remembered that we had no Christmas, and that Lulu would have no beautiful gift, and so he told the angels all about it; and then the angels said, 'We must see to this for Carl is so good and loved Lulu so much.' So, just as quick as it was morning, those angels came down—I almost thought I heard them when we stood by the window, looking at the wreaths—and they found a man who had ever so much love, and they made him do just as they wanted.

They made him stop and look at the beautiful wreaths, and made him wish for one, and then, when he came in, he was so good that he wanted to do all the rest. Oh, if I live to be again I hope I'll be an angel's man!"

Their good friend just then entered again, bringing his arms full of packages; and among them, sure enough, was a doll for Lulu. Oh, how the children laughed when they saw it, and ran to the baby and lifted her from her mother's arms, and shook the pretty doll before her laughing eyes. Then there was a knife for Dick, and a book for Bill, and a horse for Tim, and a beautiful picture for Mary, of the angels bearing a spirit to its home; besides these there were new dresses and warm mittens and mittens, and many things that they so much needed. This was, indeed, a beautiful Christmas, a joy-season. What happy hearts there were in that humble home! and did not the happiness reach the sweet summer-land where Carl had gone?

These children had found a friend, not for a day, but for their lives. As the good gentleman learned of their loving acts, he wished to help them to become noble and true. When the spring came he found a home for them in the country, where they could grow strong and healthy, and find beautiful flowers and green fields. One of the first things that Bill did was to get a hemlock tree and plant it beside their cottage door. The children always called it Carl's tree, and they ever kept his memory fresh, believing that he, as a loving spirit, knew all about them.

"I've been thinking," said Bill one day, as they sat on the green grass before their door, "how good it was in Carl to remember us and find so good a friend for us; and I've been wondering what we could do for him."

"Why," said Mary, "he does not want anything where he is; he has all kinds of beautiful things."

"Yes," said Bill, "but beautiful things do not make people the happiest, I believe Carl would want to be doing something good and kind all the time, and you, see, he must find folks to help him. If we could only help him would not it be good. Let us not wait till we are grown up to be angel's men and women, but let us begin now."

"But how shall we know what Carl wants us to do?" said Mary.

"Oh, we can feel it," said Bill, "just as the good gentleman felt about Christmas; and then we shall be at work for Carl and Carl will be at work for Heaven, so we shall be doing lots of good."

And thus these children became angels on earth, trying to do good and loving deeds; and when the next Christmas came, many a poor child was glad in the simple gift that their love planned.

And the hemlock tree still grew by the river-side, still blessed the tired travelers, still lifted its branches to the clear sky, and drooped them to the flowing river. Has it no voice for you? Does it not say, "Do the very best you can to make the world happier and better?"

Some Things I See In and Around New York.

It was one of the coldest of the days of the autumn—quite a winter's day, when one wanted to wrap themselves in warm cloaks, and thought of warm fires and comfortable homes. I passed through one of the streets where the poor live, and where my heart always grows sad as I see the little children who seem to have no one to love them or care for them. As I passed along, a little girl attracted my attention. She had on no nice garments, not even comfortable ones. She had in her hands a bit of cake that some one had given her. She was a wee bit of a thing, hardly able to find her own way anywhere. A little boy came along beside her; whether he was taking care of her or not, I could not know; but she looked up in his face, and thrust up her little hand in which she held the cake, that he might share. He took a large bite as if he had not had anything so nice for a long time, and she looked as pleased as if she had eaten it herself.

Now that was a very little thing, but it seemed more beautiful to me than all the fine pictures in the windows on Broadway. In that little girl's face shone out love instead of selfishness. I could not see her poor dress or her uncombed hair; I only saw that she loved to give to others what was sweet to herself. How many times I think of her, and pray the dear angels to take care of her, and let love grow in her heart more and more.

To Correspondents.

S. E., MICHIGAN CITY.—I believe in the blessed law of compensation, but when I read such words as yours, I feel it. I thank you for them. We all need sometimes to know that our work fails not. Did you not know that those only can really bless others, who have known, through experience, the sorrows as well as joys of life? And even little children need the richest and noblest treasures that can be given from the human heart. If a story has no lesson for one mature, it may as well be untold to a child. I trust the angel Hattie is a listener, through you, to some of the stories. It is sweet to think one may touch some chords that will vibrate even in spirit-homes. L. M. W.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Dust on the tombs of greatness past—
Dust on the ruins of fallen pride;
The desert sands are over them cast,
Mouldering decay where dark waters glide.
The Spirit of Progress, in those dim years ago,
Went down through the ages of passing time,
It reared those nations renowned in song,
And led them to deeds and records sublime.

Sometimes it has moved with the conqueror's car,
Its wheels revolving all red with blood;
But it looked to the years gleaming afar,
When peace o'er the ransomed nations should brood.

Sometimes as a star in the crown of a king,
It shone in its lustre o'er science and art;
Then it sailed in the fleet with white gleaming wing—
In lands all unknown a new race to start.

For ages 't was hid in the cloister's gloom,
Till it stood by the martyr's gleaming pyre;
In ashes and blood it burst from their tomb,
And went forth on its wings of lurid fire.
It burst the bonds of fettered thought,
Opening the way from the thralldom of creeds;
With the price of blood each step was bought,
As on its way Progression speeds.
Ann Arbor, Mich., 1864.

Tunneling the Alps.

The tunnel under Mount Cenis will require twelve years at least for its construction, so it is proposed to build a railroad across the south face of the Alps, using as the basis the great military road of Napoleon. This road will be forty-eight miles long, and it is believed that it can be built in two years. A locomotive has been contrived to climb up steep inclines and turn sharp corners.

Original Essays.

PHYSIOLOGY AND RELIGION.

BY REV. J. C. KNOWLTON, OF BOSTON.

"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Rom. 12:1.

As the human soul needs attention, culture, salvation, so, also, does the human body. Hence Christianity, our rule of faith and conduct, enjoins a careful and judicious treatment of the outer man as well as the inner. This salvation of the body—this home, muscle, and nerve religion—is my present theme. And the text exactly fits the sermon.

Notice first the earnestness of the Apostle: "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." It is an important matter. It involves the lasting welfare of mankind. The sole hope of a Millennium lies in this direction. No one can be a good Christian unless he takes good care of his body. Therefore, by all that is great and good, I entreat you to attend to this matter.

Next, notice that it is a Christian duty. Paul was writing to Christians. He says: "I beseech you, brethren, that ye present your bodies, a living sacrifice." It is right for you to attend Church, to worship God in prayer and praise, to be generous, to keep the "Ten Commandments," and to believe in sound doctrine; but you cannot be truly happy nor do your full duty in the world, without attending to muscular morality—to physical Christianity. The new wine of the Gospel Kingdom should be kept in clean, strong and beautiful, as well as new bottles.

Next, notice what the Apostle desired them to do: "Present your bodies, a holy, acceptable, living sacrifice to God." It is not enough that you give a portion of your time, money, and thought to the Church—not enough that you consecrate and dedicate your souls to God: in order to be perfect you must also give your bodies.

A sacrifice means a gift, an offering to be placed on the altar or table of God. Flowers, fruit, animals were anciently deemed acceptable. The sacrifice was not, therefore, necessarily anything painful, but rather a beautiful, rich and pleasant gift.

Paul wanted the human body to be presented as a living sacrifice, in contradistinction from the animals slaughtered and burned on the altar. The human body need not be killed to render it fit to be offered to God. "Holy and acceptable" means whole and in good condition, and therefore acceptable. By the Mosaic law, no animal was fit for sacrifice except those "without spot or blemish," i. e., entirely whole, sound and healthy.

The same law applies to the human body. A maimed, lame, diseased, discolored, worn-out, old, decrepit body, is not acceptable to God. It is presented to the sexton for burial; but not to God. Such a body can neither adorn his Church nor be useful in his service.

Finally, notice the statement of the writer, that this is "your reasonable service." The reason for presenting the body, a living sacrifice to God, exists in the nature of things. It is the plain teaching of common sense, and it must be admitted correct by every one who reflects on the subject. Why and how we should attend to this duty, is what I ask you now to consider.

Physiology is the science of nature. The word means a "discourse about nature." It treats of living organisms and the phenomena of their lives. Human Physiology tries to explain the nature, laws and functions of the various organs of the human body. Of course it is an intensely interesting study. It brings to our knowledge many curious and wonderful things. But its main value consists in its revealing to us our powers, capabilities and duties. It also has a religious influence. It would lead us through Nature up to Nature's God. But the subject is large, and I have only time to notice a few of the more salient and practical points.

The well-developed and healthy human body is exceedingly beautiful. The velvety softness and smoothness of the skin, the wavy outline of form, the oval symmetry and graceful rounding of every part, the exquisitely gentle tapering of the limbs, the erect, dignified position, and, above all, the radiant glory of the divine face, demonstrate its enchanting beauty. As no artificial instrument can equal the sweetness of the human voice, so no painting, no statuary, no richest gem of artistic workmanship can equal the silky hair, marble brow, rosy cheeks, sparkling lips, and sparkling eyes of human beauty. In a word, man is the image of God and, therefore, perfect. The mother fondling her infant, and the strong man spell-bound by their charms, is the prettiest, sublimest sight on earth.

If we look within the body and notice the braided muscles, the oily joints, the elastic tendons, the valvular, throbbing heart, the porous, purifying lungs, the delicate network of nerves and blood-vessels, and all the curious apparatus for seeing, hearing, talking, feeling, motion, digestion and excretion, we shall be delighted and amazed. The arrangement of the minutest part of our organization to ends is faultless, and the harmonious working of every part is complete. No wonder the Psalmist said, "We are fearfully and wonderfully made!" No machine of human invention, astonishing as have been the triumphs of genius, has a tithe of its varied capacities. Every moment it is quietly working miracles as wonderful as turning water into wine. I can do wonderful works, and, at the same time, under ordinary circumstances, keep itself in repair.

But the proudest, grandest thing of all is the human body, is the home of an immortal soul—the temple of the Holy Spirit. A divine intellect, an emanation from God, holds its throne in the brain, engendering thought, writing history, forging argument, feeding the fire of affection, issuing the edicts of will, and communicating with the external world through its million lines of nerve telegraphs. This is the divine excellence, the crowning glory of our earthly being. This life is above the brute and allies us to heaven. This places us at the head of the animal kingdom, and assures us that we are but little lower than the lofty angels.

These things being so, it becomes us to attend to our bodies. We should prize them as the handiwork of God, as exponents of celestial aesthetics, of heavenly fine arts. We should keep them clean, whole and sound, and adorn them with fitting coverings and ornaments. The more precious the jewel, the richer should be its setting. Nothing can be too rich or too good for the beautiful, wonderful, spiritually tenanted human body. We should carefully use them, so as not to disarrange their symmetry nor mar their polished finish. We should not thoughtlessly expose them to danger, nor in any way suffer them to be harmed, because they are our most precious earthly treasure. And finally, we should consecrate and dedicate them to the dear God who fashioned them for our benefit. To do all this is manifestly our reasonable service. But still there are other and far weightier reasons why we should take the best possible care of our bodies.

The careful examination of our nature brings to light the fact that the body and mind are so intimately connected that whatever affects the one affects the other, also. Injure the body, and you injure the operation of the mind. Develop the body to the fullness of strength and comeliness, and the soul will partake of its perfections.

In a coarse or badly organized body the intellect seldom reaches high attainments. The brawny Indian's soul is Indian. It loves the wild forest, and refuses civilization. The ill and almost Ourang-shaped Bushman cannot help being odd and awkward. A sickly spirit is dark and despondent. Your acquaintance furnish abundant illustrations of these facts. A person might as well undertake to run away from his shadow as to escape from the influence of his temperament. The English cannot help being unsocial, the French vivacious,

and the Yankee ingulitive. These peculiarities are the results of their bodily temperaments.

Diseases also affect the mind. Invariably typhoid fever inclines its victim to insanity; nervous debility to mental irritability; dyspepsia to melancholy; and consumption to a kind of morbidly morose mentality. In like manner every other ailment has its peculiar effect on the mind and character. Pleasant as it is to have a friend calm, patient and hopeful in death, the physiologist will as often attribute his mental condition to his disease as to his religion. To die without hope, means, sometimes, to die of a dyspeptic disease.

And finally, a person's physical condition and surroundings largely affects his mental state. The intemperate in eating, drinking, smoking, or any other indulgence, generally become stupid and animal. The very weary, hungry, sleepy, or dull reasoners and poor counsellors. Forth from heaven has no great attraction and hell no great terror. Rags, filth and crime usually go together. Scenes of wrong, wrangling, drunkenness and debauchery, degrade the spectator's taste, and eventually blunt his feelings. "We first endure, then pity, then embrace" the evils around us. Bondage renders the master a tyrant and a slave revengeful. The soul will not remain in an unreasonable tenement. Hence, when the body, either by abuse, disease or old age, is no longer habitable, the soul retires and death ensues.

"Mind makes the man." Hence, in order to be able, efficient, happy, mental men and women, people must have sound, well developed bodies and good surroundings. Without these no great advance into a higher life is possible. You must ever hear of a poor, malformed, weakly man becoming a "Master of Arts," eminent in everything. Such persons may be, and often are, bright examples of some one virtue or trait of excellence—they may be very patient, or generous, or industrious, or devotional—but their minds do not sweep the circle of the sciences, nor grasp many great truths. Crooked Pope and lame Byron were distinguished poets, but they were lame and crooked in everything else. So long as people are rotting with disease or grim with filth, or burrowed in dark, damp basements, their faith will be erroneous, their taste depraved, and their conduct bad. So long as great cities are full of poverty, scrofula and syphilis, they will be Sodoms and cesspools of iniquity. The "great unwashed" masses will be mobocratic, and weak people will be led astray.

Here Physiology suggests the duty of the reformer and philanthropist. These cannot be any great and general elevation of the human race without physical culture. The disciples' feet must be washed, as well as their brain enlightened. The Monastery must give place to the Gymnasium. "Bodily exercise must be preferred to moody meditation." The teachers of Physiology, Dietetics and Hygiene, must take with Doctors of Divinity, and ply their vocation on Sunday and in the Church. A reformation under such preaching may not come in a day or a year; but a future and better generation will enjoy a rich harvest. So fully am I convinced of these things—so much sin and misery do I daily witness that might be relieved by physical culture—so much danger threatens the Church and State from ignorance of Physiology, that I dare not and cannot refrain from speaking on this vital subject.

Again: each human generation shapes its successor. In other words, both mental and physical characteristics are transmissible and hereditary. In Adam's fall, fell all his posterity. If the parents eat sour grapes, the children's teeth will be set on edge. The iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. Timothy's virtues could be traced back to his mother and grandmother, and so also can many a man's virtues or vices, strength or weakness.

This is a fact of tremendous import. Ours is a wicked world, and most of its present inhabitants will die in their sins. Our three score and ten years are too few for any great characteristic change, and no common conversion can root out constitutional depravity. We may to some extent restrain our appetites and passions, we may correct many of our bad habits, we may live far more purely and lovingly, and in every way we may do much better than heretofore; but an old, crooked, grumpy, sour-hearted, true cannot make straight and sound. Hence the main hope for humanity is in rearing a better generation—in improving the stock. The School, the Church, the Asylum can do much, but the reform must begin further back—at the altar, in the home, and in the nursery.

Look squarely at the alarming facts. Physical defects and mental aberrations, as well as their opposites, descend from parents to children. Indians beget Indians, Negroes beget Negroes, and white people beget white people. In like manner parents beget children. In our families, we have consumptive children, nervous children, scrofulous children, and weak-minded children. I am personally acquainted with some families in which deafness is hereditary, in others where defective eye-sight is hereditary, and in a great many where particular vices and frailties run in the blood. In fact, insanity, animality, intemperance, passion, pride, revenge, and every other quality, bad or good, are entailed and often entailed. All this is beyond question. We are like our fathers, and our descendants will resemble us.

In addition to this, the condition and surroundings of parents affect even their unborn offspring. The children born in Paris during and immediately after the "Reign of Terror" were irresolute and passionate. Everywhere the children of the over-worked and poorly fed, are dwarfish, and the sons of slaves are slavish. We need not go far to find fools, cripples, monsters, born so, not by a freak of Nature, but by the follies and crimes of their parents. In our families, in our families, and thirty-two persons in Massachusetts, there is one unfortunate either deaf, blind, malformed, or idiotic. Nature is not in fault. God's laws are not evil. Men and women are ill used, ignorant and sinful, and these unfortunate are the sad results. What shall be done? Let the evil go on, or shock the sensitive by trying to induce a reformation?

The answer to my mind is not only clear, but trumpet-tongued. It is, "Do as much as possible, and also remove the causes." Do as well as we can by the bodily bond, and try to have fewer such wretches come into the world. In a word, instruct people in Physiology as well as religion. Teach these four simple lessons:

1. Reason and not passion should always rule. Otherwise there is danger. All the passions and propensities are blind and indifferent about results. An angry man will wound his hand by revengefully striking an insensible object by which he has been accidentally injured. "Fride goeth before destruction." The romantic love described in novelettes, and felt at times by many boys and girls, is, in reality, a sickly sentimentality—a thin, delusive, evanescent vagary. If that alone guides, its victims generally soon become miserable, and not unfrequently the parents of "les misérables." The passion that is excited by a rosy cheek or a fine moustache, is chilled by the first blast of adversity; but the ties of social affinity, before destroyed, in our families, by some reason, grow stronger and deeper, till "death do them part." In locating your house, in furnishing your home, in selecting your companion, and in conducting all the affairs of your household, equally use your best common sense—meditate

should be a change. It should be considered a grievous sin for any man or woman willingly to live without a home and a congenial companion. Every family from about the world should know that she can and will support herself, and every man should understand that a good wife is not a burden, but a helpmate. Let the resources of every person be employed to provide home comforts, and every one would soon have a happy home, to which God might send good and beautiful children. In such abodes, it would be cheap and sweet to live; and from them would go forth holy influences, and streams of charity. Let this policy be adopted, and many that are now languishing at their pride and poverty, would be attracted for their thrift and goodness; and many that are now wandering vagabonds, or morose dependents, would soon enjoy the blessings of domestic felicity. To this end, the Genius pleads and begs that false pride may be cast out, and industrious contentment, rich in love, reign in its stead.

3. Homes should not be filled with unwelcome children. There is no sadder sight on earth than a family struggling with poverty, and discouraged by the frequent arrival of little, not wanted guests. The father's ambition wanes, and despair begets his soul. The ever-increasing expenses wear him not to expect anything but hard work, poverty and anxiety. The mother's health and cheerfulness gives out; she drags on a weary, wretched existence, continually thwarted, disappointed, vexed and tried, till in middle age death mercifully comes and ends her melancholy earthly pilgrimage. That long before her untimely exit, the house—it can hardly be called a home—becomes the filthy arena of unmitigated confusion. The ragged children maintain continual riot. Nothing can be kept in place; tidiness departs; disorder reigns; the younger children roll in filth, the older clamor for expensive indulgences, and are all ill-mannered. At length some of them, through unavoidable neglect, sicken and die. Others get into bad company, are led astray and sink in depravity. At last the worn-out father, gone home, and the family is at once scattered. The agonizing tragedy ends.

This is no fancy picture. The reality is fearfully common. Pious couples and impious ones alike travel this dreary road. Educated clergymen and ignorant Irishmen are alike afflicted in this way; and both classes attribute their misfortunes to Divine Providence! Both pretend that there is no remedy. The ranks of squalid reproaches must be recruited. They wish it were different, but alas! it is the Lord's will!

It is not so!

No one need have any more children than is desired. There is no compulsion, no divine ordinance in the case. There is no need, either, of patronizing the vile liars who shamelessly blazon their foul business in the public prints; nor of allowing the deadly poisons advertised as wonderful discoveries and cure remedies; nor of asking a reckless surgeon, at the risk of life, to violate decency and nature. The real remedy lies in the will; it is a simple matter of choice. Your destiny is in your own keeping. God's laws require you to have no more than you can bring up in his nurture and admonition. Be wise, discreet, strong-willed and spiritual; study physiology, and your homes will be heavens, and you the favored parents of few, but angel children.

4. Lastly, men and the well formed and healthy should have any children; and those who do come into the world, should be the fruit of tenderest affection. When one is expected, no labor or expense should be spared to render her who may be its mother, comfortable and happy and hopeful. No hiding away, no despondency, no hardship should be permitted. From the first the young heart should throb in the rhythm of love and hope.

Instead, how often is the mother vexed with many cares, grieved by unkindness, worked beyond her strength, and shut out from the pleasant world as if she were a criminal. She suffers in lonely seclusion and by utter ignorance. She treats herself and is treated unwisely and injuriously; everything irritating and depressing. In due time, a villain, a fool, or a monster is born; and people that ought to know better, blaspheme God by calling the ill-born imp, "an awful dispensation of Divine Providence." Yet they are partly right. It is in accordance with natural laws, the awful result of sin. Had the mother been treated with the deference and tenderness due to her condition; had she been hopeful, happy and engaged in pleasant occupation and amusement, her child would have been beautiful, bright and good. These are no uncommon affairs. Every one of us is better or worse to-day from early influence in this world. And we are this way holding the destinies of coming generations.

My friends, ponder these things deeply, and try to "present your bodies a living sacrifice to God, holy and acceptable, which is your reasonable duty."

THE WRONGS OF NEEDLE-WOMEN.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Thank heaven, there is at last a journal, entrusted to competent hands, that seeks redress for the slavery of the white needle-woman. Looking over the pages of the new monthly, "The Woman's Journal," there sweeps over my soul the reminiscent flood of past and bitter experiences, when, a stranger on these shores, I toiled in weary servitude for four long years at the torture-needle. And for the oppressed, the cruelly imposed upon, would seek that justice that experience and truth have at last found in the name of the human equal rights. We have no right to free the slaves abroad, and keep the women of our cities in the grasp of forced labor. We must be universal emancipationists, or our advocacy of freedom is a sham. We must release the tolling mother who struggles for a scanty pittance, as well as liberate the African. It is a disgrace to our civilization that such outrages are perpetrated upon defenseless women abroad, and tolerated by the people at large. With contempt and supercilious authority the tyrant contractor or clothing dealer looks upon the working-woman whose toll-worn, aching fingers fashion the garments that bring to him a golden return of profits. The respect that the true gentleman ever awards to womanhood is withheld from her; "only a seamstress" is a phrase of reproach, echoed even by the little children of our snobs. How many thousands have been driven to degradation by this misuse of tyranny, our statistics show.

Out of the heart-wrung blood, the agonizing sweat of the poor, have been built palatial mansions; truly the "fine silks rustle with dying moans." The young, the pure, the beautiful, have filled untimely graves; the blessing of labor, by man's misdirection changed to a curse, has separated husband and wife, mother and children, as effectually as did the slaveholder's fiat. The cruel exaction of twelve and fourteen hours' labor from delicate women, burdened mayhap with helpless babes, has cost many a life, has wrung the soul with a martyr's anguish; equal to that caused by the merciless slave-lash. That man or woman who could oppress another because of her necessities, no matter how the disposition is manifested, would rule despot over Southern bondmen, and be a tyrant in Government. All that such lack is opportunity for the full display of the Nero temper.

How often does a vulgar, flaunting, purse-proud parvenue lord it over the hired seamstress, who is infinitely her superior. Not a glimmer of artistic taste, of poetical appreciation, is there in the belittled, trinket-strewn imitation of ladyhood—the soul of her subordination filled with all the aspirations that make life beautiful and heaven a reality. That this state of things may cease; that the reverence of respect be rendered only unto true merit; that the tinsel of an aging inferiority no more impose itself; that right make the right; and that true lives only command the world's homage, that justice be done to the heroines of humble life and wearing toil, let us labor, sisters, until the great wrong of our century is put aside; until, honored in life, it deserves to be, labor is acknowledged in its dignity, and its name is proudly vindicated; until idleness and fashionable do-nothingness shall be a reproach; until "the hand that gives," the hand that labors alone, shall be named that of the true lady's.

Lasalle, Ill.

GOLD IN UTAH.—Brigham Young boasts that he can see more gold and silver from the door of his house than would equal the whole currency of the world. These mines are not allowed to be opened. The effect would be, according to Brigham's ideas, to bring near the "City of Saints" a large mining population, which he would find exceedingly hard to rule.

GOD IN NATURE.

A SUNDAY REVERIE.

BY J. HOLLEN M. SQUIRE.

"When is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord."—Psalms ciii.—4.

"The volume of Nature is written by the finger of God, and is, therefore, as free from error as Himself."

Come, my friend, while fair Aurora
Sheds afar her ruddy beams,
Greeting hill, and stream, and valley,
From her sunlit realm of dreams,
While the green earth glows and sparkles,
Where the radiant dew-drops play,
And all nature breathes a welcome
To the newly rising day—

Then the mind, unburdened, gladly
Contemplating all it sees,
Reads the universal language,
Fathoms voices in the breeze,
Listens to the whispering forest,
Marks what every bloom reveals,
And translates the brooklet's murmur,
As through sunless haunts it steals.

'Tis God's hour, before we enter
On the great world's whirling scene,
Where the fruitless flame of action
Throws a lurid light between
Heaven's sweet will and earth's perverseness;
To the God who reigns above,
Love's divine, unwritten anthem,
All pervading Nature's plan.

Credes are utterly utopian
Which direct our reaching love,
Pointing the unheeding fingers
To a God who reigns above.
Do they heed Him, they who blindly
Localize the Deity?
As do they who see the Godhead
Vitalizing all they see?

Nature pens a living language,
Bold and clear to all who read,
Hampered by no conclave dogma,
Sullied by no sombre creed.
In the world there are things grander
Than old time and modern fane,
That may win us to God's service
More than fear of future pain.

Trusting love and shrinking cowardice
Are not from the self-same laws;
Christian pride and Christian meekness
Cannot have a common cause.
God is love—give me that portion
Tendered to each thirsting heart;
Let me read from Nature's bible,
Yet untouched by priestly art.

Mine has been a life of doubting,
Questioning synodal claim,
Finding often in profession
Less of quality than name.
Hence, since Nature never varies,
Swayed by no disputed books,
Give me sermons of her preaching—
Sighing groves and babbling brooks.

Whose faith equals his who traces
God's hand in the calm or storm?
They who worship Nature, deeply,
Reach the spirit through the form.
Comprehension gives us power,
Gives our love a deeper glow,
And no vagaries can know
Can supplant the things we know.

Then, my friend, when fear oppresses,
When corroding doubts prevail,
And the quivering soul is shaken
In the sophist's specious tale,
Come where mountain, stream and valley,
Flowers, forest, bird and bee,
Witness all Jehovah's goodness,
Instinct with his harmony.

From the cup of fear and trembling
Have I quaffed and quaffed again,
Till I know the light's elusive
How'er sweet, has drugs of pain.
But the gentle hand of Mercy
Rolled the cloud from off my days,
And the promise of the future,
Beaming o'er my pathway, lays.

Round the joyful present twining,
Clings affection's vine above,
Laden with the fruit of promise,
Brimming in God's cup of love.
Darkly though the past has lowered,
Fearful though was its abyss,
Who'll cling to its terrors,
Would forego delight like this?

MELANGE OF MARVELS—HEALING, TELEGRAPH-
ING, SEEING, PSYCHOMETRIZING.

BY URIAH CLARK.

The age of wonders seems ending with the nineteenth century, since things once deemed the most marvelous are becoming so common they cease to appear wonderful. Were all the personal experiences of to-day condensed into one record, the Bibles of other ages, in comparison, would dwindle down to mere primers. Startling test-facts are of almost daily occurrence among Spiritualists, lecturers and mediums; and they become so frequent we often forget how much these facts are needed by the skeptical and the inexperienced. The fear of seeming too credulous or egotistical often restrains us from giving in our individual testimony. I am tempted, however, in this instance, to master this fear, and in response to frequent inquirers, put a few facts in type, hoping others may be tempted in the same direction.

My first psychological and spiritual experiences date back to 1843, in Canandaigua, N. Y., where I had then just begun in the ministry. On my attempting mesmeric experiments, some ten or twelve persons readily came in rapport with me; and on yielding their wills, exhibited almost every phase of psychological phenomena. A young man, now editor of one of the most popular dailies in New York, on passing into the interior, gave descriptions of the spirit-world, equaling anything I ever heard. During a state election, in spirit, he went to Albany and took a rapid glance over the entire state, and reported the precise figures as to the result of the election. The next day his report was confirmed. A young woman, just from England, during her first sitting, immediately passed to her old home across the ocean, and reported some events which were confirmed by the next foreign mail. A lad named Moses Ham was cured of chronic sick head-ache, by a few passes. Miss Sarah Gunnison, twenty years old, subject to fits from infancy, was relieved after a few sittings. Her father called on me during my late visit in Milwaukee, Wis., and stated that the fits had not since returned.

Mrs. C. E. Bisby, now Mrs. Dorman, the well known clairvoyant physician, of Newark, N. J., was the most remarkable subject I ever met. At the first sitting, in the presence of her husband and others, in three minutes she passed into a state entirely cut off from all mortals, and it was some time before she could utter a syllable. She declared herself in the spirit-world, and all memory of the past seemed obliterated or dwindled into distant insignificance. The various phenomena attending her would fill a large volume. In her interior states she talked more freely with spirits than with mortals, and gave incontestable evidences. My spirit mother and other friends gave tests equal to any I have since received. The advent of Spiritualism was distinctly predicted, my future mission pointed out, and the time given when I should leave the ministry. Every word was fulfilled within ten years, but, oh! how little did I dream of the fierce ordeals awaiting the spiritual pioneer.

At that time, the health of Mrs. Bisby was exceedingly precarious. But she was so susceptible to unseen influences, an entire change was wrought. At a word, a look, or the wave of my hand, she would instantly pass into the interior, and a few moments would suffice to relieve all pain or debility. Her husband once wrote me for help in her behalf, while I was three hundred miles off; and I sent back a little slip of paper,

which served to direct her mind and to enable her to pass under the healing influences of her spirit guide. On one occasion, while she was sitting in her room, her husband was so severely ill, that he was unable to get out of bed. She went to his bedside, and, at another time two weeks were out from her head while she was laughing and talking with me off on some aerial journey. One night she fell through a trap door, and was taken, up so severely bruised that she lay helpless and insensible till I could be sent for in the morning. I found one of her elbows out of joint, and several severe bruises on other parts of her person. With her assistance, I righted the elbow, and then, without touching her, I made passes, and within ten minutes she sprang to her feet, and, to the utter astonishment of the spectators, declared herself entirely well, and went about her work. After a brief but dangerous attack of disease during my absence, a crisis came, and she was given up as dying. I returned, and was hurriedly summoned to her bedside. Her husband and two or three women stood weeping around, and as I rushed into the room they exclaimed, "Too late!" To all appearances, Mrs. Bisby had just breathed her last. I flew to her side, caught her hands in mine, instantly cleared the room of all save her husband and myself, summoned all the will-power of my manhood, and loudly called on her in the name of Almighty God, and the hosts of heaven, to come back! Her breathing immediately began anew, but was very feeble. In less than five minutes she spoke, opened her eyes, and the same moment she was able to get out of bed, and declared that she had been delayed only one minute longer, she should then have passed into the happy land.

The tax on my healing power was so great at that time, the winter of 1843, and so many persons called on me for aid, I became at first enfeebled, and then alarmed. Orthodox neighbors said I was aided by Beelzebub; I was pointed out in the street as a wizard; some of my ministerial brethren grew anxious for my reputation, and the committee of my society in Canandaigua waited on me with counsel to desist from all psychological practice. I left the place, and, like Jonah, fled to escape from the sick and suffering who were calling for my aid. During ten years I went on in the ministry, seldom exercising the gifts which had imposed on me such terrible trials. On entering the spiritual lecturing field eleven years ago, these gifts began to be developed anew, though I have never as yet fully given myself up to their exercise.

At an early day I began the practice of psychometry and clairvoyance, in connection with occasional experiments in the healing line. I soon found myself able to read persons at a distance, and telegraph to them. Once I telegraphed spiritually from Rochester to Albion, N. Y.; at another time from Glen Falls to Buffalo, and again from Brooklyn, N. Y., to St. Louis, in each case witnesses at both ends of the line testifying as to my success. The moment a letter was put into my hands, the writer seemed fully revealed to my inner sight, and sometimes the whole life of the writer would flash before my vision. In several instances I sent mental messages to diseased persons, and they were relieved. A sick woman in Auburn, N. Y., Mrs. Cronk, sent her mother to see me, and I received a message, which, in connection with spiritual influences, so effected her that she immediately began to recover.

I was at my father's in Mount Vernon, N. Y., when, one evening, I felt a strange influence calling my attention to a next door neighbor. I knew nothing of the neighbor in question; nothing had been said to me, yet I described his disease, sent him word, and was called to his relief. While in Canandaigua, N. Y., I was sent for, to visit a sick stranger stopping at a hotel. I found him severely afflicted from acute rheumatism. In ten minutes he was cured by a few passes, and fell into a quiet sleep. In Randolph, Vt., I was hurriedly called to see a Mrs. Bass, who was said to be dying, and had been given up by friends and her physician. I formed a circle around her bed where weeping friends had gathered; I invoked the powers of the eternal world, and the next day I left her convalescent. While lecturing at Buffalo, N. Y., in 1856, I was called on by Thomas Cook, an ex-slave from Canada West. He was so deaf, I was compelled to raise my voice to the highest pitch, and put my mouth to his ear. In less than a week, after two or three operations, he could hear my ordinary tone of voice across the hall where I was lecturing. Mr. Cook was at the Spiritual Convention, in New York City, last May, and on my stating these facts to the audience, he confirmed my statement, and said his hearing had been comparatively good ever since. In the early part of 1857, I began to give public test examinations at a series of my lectures. In all cases I have asked my audiences to select persons who were entire strangers to myself. The persons selected, taken a seat on the platform, I close my eyes, and then begin with the early life of the individuals and close with a delineation of character. I have given these public examinations in 23 places in Maine; 16 places in New Hampshire; 22 places in Vermont; 39 places in Massachusetts; 3 places in Rhode Island; 16 places in Connecticut; 104 places in New York; 7 places in New Jersey; 10 places in Pennsylvania; 26 places in Ohio; 2 places in Maryland; 2 places in Kentucky; 9 places in Indiana; 39 places in Michigan; 8 places in Wisconsin, and 15 places in Illinois; making in all over 500 public examinations, without counting double that number given in private. I cannot remember a dozen failures in all these instances. In more than three months, I have given to the persons being examined, described incidents, accidents, diseases and events, and given unmistakable evidence of the aid of intelligences beyond my own mind, and beyond all minds in the form. But however successful I have been, I claim no gifts which are not latent in all, and I have encouraged the cultivation of these gifts as among the most practical and important.

October, 1857, as I closed my lecture one night in Andover, Mass., I gave notice that on the following evening I would give an illustration of spiritual healing power. A Mr. K., a German, was selected for me to examine. Among other things, I told him he had remarkable healing power. I then felt the presence of some man in the audience who was suffering from rheumatism, and I requested the man, whoever he might be, to walk up to the platform, with the assurance that I could cure him.

Judge Bedell, an elderly gentleman, arose and said he must be the rheumatic subject whom I had named. He came on the platform, and I requested the spirits, through Mr. K., to operate on the Judge. In less than ten minutes, Judge Bedell rose up, commenced raising his left arm and moving his left leg, and stretching out the arm with entire ease, he declared it had been helpless for more than three months. Some skeptic in the audience, not acquainted with the Judge, wanted to be informed as to how the audience knew whether what the Judge stated was true or not. A gentleman arose and said nobody in Ann Arbor would doubt what Judge Bedell stated. The physician who had attended the Judge, likewise arose, and said he could confirm what the Judge had stated as to the prior helplessness of his arm. Judge Bedell, in a moment, was enabled to do that which Judge Bedell, presented himself before one of my audiences in Chittenango, N. Y., and, after a few moments' operation, I was enabled to send him home rejoicing. While I was in Montague, Mass., a father and mother brought a little girl, some three years old, for me to examine and treat. Without any clue I discovered that the little girl was suffering from something like a piece of metal in her stomach. The parents informed me that the child had swallowed one of the small, new cents. I directed the treatment needed, and the little girl was soon relieved. On several occasions while giving public lectures, I have invited all who felt indisposed or who were suffering any acute pain, to come forward and be seated within my sphere; and all those who comply with conditions in such cases, are usually relieved.

Since my late illness in the West I have been more than three months unable to give the important duty of cultivating and exercising these gifts, in behalf of the afflicted—those suffering in mind as well as body. No department of Spiritualism is so beneficent and wide-reaching in its influence. It is encouraging to know that those called clairvoyant and healing mediums are multiplying all over the country. A very large majority of men women and children are suffering from some sort of disease. All the joys and hopes of life are constantly snuffed by manurings of mental or physical maladies. More than half of the sins and sorrows of the people—whether in their homes or otherwise—arise from neglect of health and the various conditions indispensable to health. The spiritual physician has a two-fold labor; he must reach the soul as well as the body. The hearts of the multitude are diseased or in morbid conditions, needing the tenderest ministrations of fraternal aid

and sympathy. Three-quarters of all those who have called on me, have been suffering more from mental than from physical affliction; and I have been able to reach more to the feet that I have been able to reach the feet of men and women, than to any other cause. Before the healing influences of angel-life can be imparted, there must be certain spiritual as well as physical conditions, and the heart must be open and active to all noble and generous sympathies.

Of late I have seen so much sadness and suffering, and these considerations have moved me so powerfully, I have been strongly impelled to concentrate myself more exclusively to the exercise of these healing gifts with, in the past, I have only used on special occasions. Like many others I have waited for favorable conditions. And I have shrunk from the labors and responsibilities imposed on the medium whose mission is not only to teach but to practice and show "signs" of the angel ministry. It is no easy task to take on yourself the sufferings of your fellow beings, so far as to feel as they feel, see them as they are, enter into the sanctuaries of their souls, and bear the burden of their woes in order that you may relieve them. But this must become the mission of all true mediums who are under the influence of the Father's messengers of mercy and humanity.

We need men and women who can not only practice these spiritual gifts, but who can teach them and impart them to others in order that we may hasten the time when all may enjoy like blessings and privileges. As conditions are prepared and oceans offer, I hope to stand ready for whatever work may appear most beneficial in behalf of humanity. Sometimes I feel the spiritual mission so oppressive and overwhelming with responsibilities, I would shrink back, and call on Heaven to spare me this never-ending field whitening for harvest. But "woe is me!" as thousands exclaim, if I face not the heat and burden and battle of this dawning day of celestial glory. Bear on, ye pioneers of opening heavens, and unborn millions may yet bless your mission!

BOAT SONG.

BY MISS A. W. SPRAGUE.

Gaily o'er the billow

Are we sailing free—

Sailing toward the sunshine,

O'er a sunny sea.

Sweetly o'er the waters

Do we gently glide,

I and my beloved,

Closely by my side.

What if storms should lower?

What if winds should come?

They will only float us

Swifter to our home.

Will the sunshine darken,

Care we for the skies,

While there gleams such sunlight

In each other's eyes?

In the haven distant,

Far, far o'er the sea?

We shall sail together—

Heaven enough for me.

* From an Unpublished Drama.

Correspondence.

Items by the Way, by J. M. Allen.

Perhaps it may not be amiss for me to furnish the many readers of the Banner with a brief sketch of some of my wanderings during the past few weeks.

It somewhat out of my line of operations to chat thus familiarly with my (mainly) unknown friends; but why may not I, as well as others, while away a brief hour, "when the spirit moves," in delineations of personal experience? Mine has been a very varied life. For many years I have been tossed (temporarily and otherwise) upon the billowy sea of unrest. The forces of my soul have urged me forth and onward, from the quiet sleep and farm away into the busy world of strife and ambitions, successes and defeats. Mine have been the lot of the student, the student life, away from my "father's house," a sense of dissatisfaction has attended me. I have never been completely successful. Poverty impeded my progress as a student. Emerging from the academic shades, I thought to enter commercial life; but the over-ruling Fate was against me, and the still small voice whispered "Such is not your mission and sphere. Go forth into the thought realm, and gather anew pearls of wisdom to dispense to the poor and lost."

The schoolroom did not long satisfy. The cravings of the soul said, "Light! light! more light! Receive more, then give." I embraced, after a series of business experiments, (futile each), the noble and beautiful art of Daguerre; thinking, for awhile that life's work and mission had been reached at last. The still small voice (the "voice of God in the soul") was soon heard again, however; and again a feeling of unrest arose, and yearning aspirations were kindled for greater attainments in the lore of the past and present, and for more extended usefulness. The altar fires of scholasticism were again lighted, and with dogmatism and teaching as means to an end, the infant institution, progressive and grand, presided over by the far-seeing and philanthropic Horace Mann, (dear spirit! he is even now as I write by my side) received yet another son of the old Bay State to its benign and beneficent bosom.

Teaching, and with it passed away from earth the beloved spirit of the indefatigable worker and fearless advocate of human rights, whose gentle and firm presence had so oft soothed and guided us in our toilsome ascent of the "hill of science." Alas! the light of the institution had faded away. The corridors echoed grimly at the tread of the sheeted dead. There was no brilliancy in the inspirations of its halls, no warmth in its chapel, no social tie strong enough to hold me yet longer.

I passed out once more into busy life—this time a disciple of the divine art of music—thinking to bury the soul in the sublime inspirations and beatitudes of harmony. But the harmony which the over-ruling Power had predestined for me was not that of sound merely. A sublimer, more glorious and beneficent harmony awaited me. The glorious music of the spheres was to enter my inner being, and work out a purification there. A divine music than earth affords has reached the inner ear, and made the labyrinthine avenues of the soul to echo with a celestial glory. God be thanked! The angels are with me. They have eradicated many of the evils of my former conditions, and fitted me to go forth, and with the tongue of inspiration to give angel words and angel music to weary waiting mortals. They have filled the brain with sweet thoughts of undying love and continuous progression. They have opened the inner vision, so that "whereas I was blind, now I see." They have revealed to me some of the glorious plans of the celestial workers, aiming to mitigate the ills of universal humanity. With a heart warmed by angel love, and an earnest purpose, I shall labor with such wisdom as is given me in the cause of Universal Harmonization. Here my soul can rest.

No occupation is or can be beyond. May God and the angels give me strength and wisdom, fidelity and energy sufficient for the accomplishment of the work laid out for me. I cannot fail; I must not falter. Though persecutions thick and fast come sweeping o'er, yet will I endeavor to stand firm to principle. Though poverty yet encounters me, I shall buoy me up.

Some weeks ago, in obedience to an intuition, I found myself in the cozy village of Oldtown, Me., where spirits, in former past, have been accustomed to give counsel regularly and often to the many progressive minds of the vicinity. The brave worker and true friend of Spiritualism, H. B. Emery, lay dangerously ill, but through the assiduous care of Dr. Hopkins (medium) and others, he has, I believe, recovered. I gave two lectures in the Universalist Church to fair audiences, who received with attention and apparent satisfaction my humble ministrations. The comforts of a home and the delights of social fellowship were afforded by the Hon. Newell Blake and his pleasant family. Their kindness will long be remembered. I also recall with pleasure the hospitality of Bro. Parlin, of Bradley, on the occasion of a week evening lecture in that place.

The influence pervading "Parlin's Hall," is very genial and pleasant; and it was with much delight that the angel inspirations were given forth. Would that all public rooms and assemblages and elevating magnetism! Methinks the pleasures of mediumship would be greatly enhanced.

Sunday, Nov. 20th—two days before the Presidential election—two lectures were given through my organism in Bangor, where the Spiritualists are "not dead, but sleeping." The evening discourse was upon "The hearing of Spiritualism upon the destinies of the Republic," my dear friend and guide, John Quincy Adams, being the controlling spirit.

The commodious house of L. Stockwell furnished a meeting place for me while in Bangor. Since Miss Houston finished her labors there the Spiritualists have been slumbering—"hibernating," perhaps! May they wake out when spring opens!

From B. I took steamer to my little home in Searsport, in time to casta vote for "Honest Aho"—may he ever remain so!—returning on Friday as far as Wintport. Good audience; large proportion skeptics.

Next Sunday, in Glenburn, Stormy: no public meeting. Remained in G. until Nov. 21st, lecturing on the 20th. The Spiritualists of Glenburn and vicinity show a very commendable zeal in coming from such distances. May their zeal never grow less; and may the good angels develop little Johnnie Gibbs—a boy of eleven years—still further into the mysteries of rope-tieing, etc., etc., that still another may be added to the several already in the field, furnishing incontestable proof of spirit power. Little Joe has fully developed in one week from the time his mediumship was discovered—while I was there—so that his spirit-uncle—whom I distinctly saw—could tie and untie him with ease. I doubt not he will become an excellent medium for such manifestations. Found a home with Dr. Marston.

Returned to Searsport and enjoyed a week's rest with the dear ones at home. The life of an itinerant is painfully saddened by constant separation from home and family. He who is continually needed publicly and privately, yet the want of a steady home, and of the delights of domestic life, are continually realized; and ought not an inworking and overshadowing Power could send forth the writer of this. As it is, I am constrained oftentimes and now to declare that come what will, I will remain within the quiet shades of domestic retirement, until the time arrives for the speedy with which an identical little Joe has fully developed in the world. Then, with my beloved companion, will I go forth, urging the adoption of the beautiful and universal system of printing, which has been given me by the prime movers of this great spiritual revolution, which is even now overshadowing all the institutions of earth, and sweeping away the conditions of the past with an irresistible might.

With the pen I can labor, though the voice be not raised. Ever subject to the movements of the spirit, the inspirations which I may receive shall take permanent form upon the printed page, and thus, mayhap, secure to themselves an abiding home in the hearts and intellects of the people.

God grant that every worker in the spiritual cause may feel welling up within him an undying love for universal humanity, and an unswerving determination to stand firm to principles.

This letter, dear friends, is a little too long. But I could write no less. I will write no more.

Lynn, Mass., Dec. 6th, 1864.

Spiritual Progress in Illinois.

I am just now stopping at the pleasant town of St. Charles, Kane Co., Ill., situated about thirty miles north-west of Chicago. Here are the most liberal and active in those things which pertain to spiritual culture and growth. They have a local organization; therefore are cooperative in the right direction. The moral, social and political reformers of the age are well sustained in St. Charles. The people are loyal and spiritual, as they will be everywhere when this law is observed—order. I have just completed my second course of lectures here, which were well attended and appreciated. Judging from the audience, I was greeted me at each meeting, and the pressing invitations to come again, the "good byes" and "God bless you."

My next engagements are at Union district, seven miles north-west of St. Charles. This is a rich farming country, settled mostly by eastern people who came here when the country was new; living as they have for a long time, free from sectarian bondages, they have become natural spiritualists. I judge from the audience, I was here to good audiences, with more than usual interest. Brothers Stowell and Ladd are the active embodied spirits in this place, and would like to have speakers visiting St. Charles or Elgin, make them a call, for the purpose of giving the people all the encouraging words and principles of our glorious gospel—life, immortality and heavenly communion.

Nov. 25th, I was in Elgin, but Leland had been sick and some near-sighted persons supposed that he had cut the lines of spiritual communication between earth and heaven, and that they should hear no more from the angel-world. Thanks to the embodied spirit in the person of N. E. Daggett, who long ago put his hand to the plow, and has never thought of looking back, I was taken to his house, and made welcome; and more, he even got up an interest among the people, and I gave a course of lectures. The house was good and increasing audiences, in spite of ridicule and slander. The spiritual gospel was taken home to many a heart, and a general revival was the result of my mediumistic labor in this place. The Banner of Light is supported here; hence there are no fears of Spiritualism dying out.

"Where there is a will, there is a way." "No man can come to me," said the inspired teacher of Judea, "unless the Father draw him." To attain any useful spiritual position, we must be truthful and truth-loving. A truth increases truth, so does love beget love. Truth and love united form the magnet which draws or attracts us to consider spiritual things. Therefore be of good cheer, dear readers of the Banner; the immortal and glorified spirits are at work, and they will accomplish what they have undertaken, namely: reform, bless and save humanity.

H. F. FAIRFIELD.

Dedication of a Hall to the Friends of Progress at Vincentown, N. J.

The cause of our philosophy is surely moving onward with success. The stereotyped opinions of many are giving place to facts, and truths of political, physiological, social and religious importance are being realized in the practical workings of men and women, who dare to progress beyond the conservative teachings of the past.

Through the instrumentality of a few efficient and earnest workers, among whom are prominent Mr. Alfred and Henry J. Budd, the old Methodist Church has been purchased, repaired and lately dedicated to the cause of Truth and Freedom. The attendance was good, the services of a highly instructive character, assisted by friends Paxon and S. Marshall, and a ready

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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 that catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

Whither Drifting?

It is suggestive to hear this question now asked by so many in the streets and in public places, and to see it put so often in the columns of the public press. The universal conviction seems to be a fixed one; that, to all practical intents and purposes, old things are passed away, and all things are fast becoming new. This does not, of necessity, imply that people eat, drink and sleep differently from what they did, or that the common concerns of life are to be conducted on any plan at all less practical than that on which they now are; but it means that popular ideas are changing over to the ground and basis of truth; that what was but yesterday considered sound and unalterable, to-day must give place to the serious fact which has displaced it—that life is not all meat and drink and raiment and riches, but something high and elevating, which possesses the being with a power none can comprehend or define, and must have its great ends answered, or we pine and die.

Paradoxical as it may appear to the superficial eight, this very epoch of blood and violence is more profoundly spiritual and promotive of genuine spiritual life, than the thirty years which have immediately preceded it. It required a nameless and limitless suffering like this of to-day, to bring men around to a knowledge of themselves. Nothing was needed so much as introversion, for men looked everywhere but within their own lives. There was thoughtfulness enough about appearances in others' eyes, and abundant care for the accumulation of those material goods that stand for personal power and are too productive of a ready personal influence; but this people, with its providential marriage of talents and temperaments, its natural tendency to spirituality, and its quick impressibility from superior and unseen influences, were going on in perfect ignorance of what deep life was slumbering in them all this while, and, therefore, were falling of that high destiny which it had been appointed for them to achieve. This shock of arms started on a sudden, an entirely new train of thoughts and feelings, and seemed to open the sight of the nation to objects which it had never entered its thought to heed. And these objects were something very different from the houses and stock, the riches and fame and ambitions of the former days, which were but trifling in themselves, and carried as little meaning with them, besides; they were something laid deeply and fundamentally in the nature, something which the soul had been searching and hungering for. They alone could satisfy those internal cravings which are always felt and always will be felt while there are men and women to live in the world.

And here the question arises again and again: whither are we drifting now? To what end is all this excitement, this wonderful stimulus of the soul's faculties and powers, this thorough awakening of all that was slumbering life only yesterday? The tendency is plain: To this generation, and to this particular people, has been given a work to do, not for themselves alone, but for posterity, such as no people in history could ever point to before. A new wave of power, spiritual and eternal, has broken over the popular heart. Things that took form only in dreams the other day, which many called nothing more than ideals, are to-day taking the form of realities, of statutes, of institutions. The past has only been forecasting the future which is here with us now. All those royal pledges and promises with which Time has hitherto approached the nations, are presented to us now for immediate and actual fulfillment. What our own fathers dimly discerned, and hinted of in broken expressions, in books, sermons, addresses and society, it lies within our reach to take and hold to-day, and we must grasp them or we perish. For no era can be untrue to itself; no generation can turn its back, either idly or scornfully, upon its high calls to duty, without paying the penalty which accompanies such neglect—and that penalty is spiritual, moral, and physical death.

When we come to look around and indulge in even the most superficial reflections on the subject, we shall at once see that we shall be just nothing as a people unless our life was informed, furnished, inspired and lifted up by some fit and full ideal. The mere clearing of the forest and planting of a home did not suffice to engage our pioneers; they thought of what was to follow afterwards, of pleasant social circles, of improvement in the mind and manners, of good standing in the esteem of those around them, of education and individual growth and power, and of all those things which stretch forward from that point. The mere covering of the back and the sheltering of the head and the gratification of the appetite did not comprise all their bold and sturdy thought; that swelled out until it took in social forms, and an enlarging intellect, and an expansion indefinitely in the direction of individual power and individual greatness. There was something besides the animal want in their souls; their very unrest proved that which has been fairly inherited by their children. And it is just the same with the money-getters of the present day: they set an ideal before them, and would never work as they do, for the sake of money alone, which, at the most, yields them but food and shelter and raiment; power and expansion are to be had on other terms than such as the God Plutus chooses to lay down.

By reason of our material success, and of that ceaseless activity of thought—superficial as it may have been in the mass and aggregate—which strikes out new combinations of old ideas, and discovers new and better modes of life, we were all ready for the last test to which we were to be subjected by the superior powers of heaven. We were prosperous, we were actively thoughtful; we were given to inquiry and speculation; we were singularly impressible and receptive in conse-

quence of our previous discipline; all that was wanted was a crushing sorrow which should make all hearts bleed alike, and knit all souls in sympathy; a fiery trial which should bring to the surface the scum of materialism and the froth of the petty passions; and a test of that patience and faith which assuredly underlies all true elevation and greatness, whether individual or national. Thus disciplined, our hearts and lives thus expurgated, the time cannot be far off when the New Era is to come in.

Brittan and His Reviews.

The London Saturday Review, of the date of October 22d, reviews "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," giving it the first and most important place, but taking exceptions—as will appear from the following—to the author's views on a question of morals:

"To be sure his appreciation of moral responsibility is not such as to make him altogether a safe guardian of the conventional interests of society. The man, he argues, 'who is absolutely impelled in a wrong direction should not be severely censured and unduly condemned for yielding to an irresistible impulse. A moral obliquity may be as excusable as a spinal curvature. If, in respect to his moral nature, a man is lame, he must have extrinsic aids and supports to assist him through the world, and he should not more be sent to perdition for limping than any other cripple.' Sentiments like these, which the writer has himself emphatically and not calculated to commend this last and most developed phase of Spiritualism to the convictions or tastes of sober-minded people on this side of the Atlantic."

The difference between the author of *Man and His Relations* and this English reviewer, on a question of morals, is of the first importance. While the former appears to have clear and philosophical views of individual responsibility, as modified by the innate characteristics and personal surroundings of men, the latter still holds on to the old conventional notion that all men who perpetrate the same deeds are guilty in nearly or quite the same degree.

This reviewer attempts to obliterate all moral distinctions based upon constitutional differences. In this respect he will admit no degrees in guilt. In his judgment the man who violates a law which he has neither the power to obey nor to comprehend, is just as guilty as the one who has both the intellectual capacity to understand the law, and the moral strength to conform his life to its requirements. If one does wrong from choice, he is no more deserving of punishment than the man who is forced to do evil. We have indicated that the difference between these public teachers is fundamental. The one proposes to give the offender the full benefit of every palliating circumstance, whilst the other would have men sent to perdition for yielding to impulses which they had not the power to resist. This sufficiently indicates the moral attitude and the religious standard of the Saturday Review. Its Editor would have all the moral cripples severely denounced here, and irretrievably damned hereafter. For what right have such men to be conceived under unfavorable circumstances? They should have been born with large mental and moral developments; at the same time their brains should have been scarce in the basilar region. Moreover, they should have selected schoolmasters for their fathers, and made their first appearance in pious neighborhoods, with a wise reference to their own proper intellectual and moral training!

The writer in the Saturday Review undoubtedly holds the opinion that insane people are wholly irresponsible for their actions; and, on the contrary, that people who are judged to be sane, are strictly accountable for their conduct. While it must be obvious that the intermedium, between the highest and lowest mental and moral capacities on earth, is filled up with every possible gradation of innocence and guilt, this foreign reviewer recognizes but two classes, namely, those who are accountable to the last possible degree, and those who are not accountable at all. The thoughtlessness of the child is precisely as reprehensible as the recklessness of the man. The poor wretch but half made up from his birth, and left friendless in the world, and without opportunities for improvement, should he transgress the laws, is entitled to no more forbearance than the intelligent criminal who deliberately prostitutes the highest faculties and attainments to the basest purposes.

It is quite impossible for the moral and metaphysical philosopher to sanction such juvenile conceptions. Indeed, we get not how any enlightened legislator can either express or entertain views that are so far behind the best Christian civilization. And if we have any judges on the criminal bench, whose official acts are influenced and determined by such confused ideas of justice, they deserve to be stripped at once of the insignia of an office which they can only dishonor. Ignorance of the most obvious principles of justice and humanity may be excused among the masses of a beef-eating and beer-drinking community; but the fact that such crude notions are inculcated by the recognized leaders of public sentiment, in any country, excites no little surprise in the better informed circles of American society.

More Compensation.

We get about such an average of rain every twelvemonth—so the philosophers of the weather say. We had a fearfully dry and hot summer, beginning as far back as early in May; and since the fall set in, the sweet heavens have no day been backward in pouring out of their cloudy concave all the water the most discontented people in the world could have asked for. But it is a great deal easier to stand this weather than that. Too much rain is more comfortable, particularly in cold weather, than too much heat in hot weather—to use a Hibernianism. We think the springs and streams will very shortly get all nicely supplied with water, so that they can go into winter quarters under the ice floors and have a right quiet time of it until spring comes and unlocks them again.

Sleighting.

This annual winter enjoyment has set in again, in all its attractions. Never were our streets gayer and livelier than they have been since the last snow fell. Parties are all the time going to the favorite drives and stopping-places out of town, and all along in the back country roads there are loads of young folks who are enjoying themselves as they never will again. Sleighting is capital sport anywhere. We trust our readers will all have their fill of it this season. Cold weather is just the weather for winter, and winters is just the time to have good times sleighting.

Jennie Lord in New York.

We learn that Miss Jennie Lord (sister to Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain) is meeting with good success in New York. She has given sances at private residences, at which many distinguished personages were present, who were perfectly astonished at the manifestations of spirit power exhibited in her presence. She is causing the scales to drop from many eyes.

Bayard Taylor's Lecture.

Bayard Taylor delivered the fourth lecture of the course before the Mercantile Library Association, on Wednesday evening, to a large audience. His theme, "Ourselves and our Relations," allowed a wide scope of thought, from which he gathered the material for a fine address, which was both instructive and entertaining. In his elaborate introduction he said it was not his object to turn away from our American window and look through another, but to tone down, if possible, our golden-tinted pane, that we might behold some of the aspects of our national life under a sober and perhaps clearer illumination. He said we clung to a fabric of the last century as if, instead of being the first democratic experiment, it was the final result of democratic ideas, incapable of improvement. The foundations upon which we built were new in history. No civilized race was ever before put upon a virgin soil. He then gave a general view of the struggles of our people, showing that their progress had been mainly material. Politically we have stood still, while, on the contrary, in Europe, the most important influences at work have been political, making a steady and healthy advance, proving his assertion by saying that the Republican principle of representation had forced its way into Russia and Austria. He then contrasted our Government with those of Europe, so far as they affected the lives of the people. He contrasted social conditions, asserting that in Europe social conditions seem to have matured, while in this country we have to endure something which we call public opinion, which sits by us at our boards and sleeps with us in our beds. Individual ambition, as the result of free government, was alluded to as giving wonderful life, energy and fertility of resources; intimating that our prevailing national trait was discontent. Democracy and Aristocracy were arraigned side by side, and dwelt upon at some length.

The speaker here touched upon the permanency of our national and political measures as bearing on the future of our country, as developed by the war, and then considered the idea of centralization of power as an advantage from which we had been drifting since the time of Washington. He was very elaborate in this portion of his address, favoring a change in the laws so as to correct all the evils of our system existing at the present day.

Mr. Taylor occupied one hour and a half in delivering his truly able and eloquent address. The President of the Association, Seth A. Fowle, announced that Rev. E. H. Chapin, D.D., would deliver the next address before the Association, on Wednesday evening, January 11th.

Mrs. Chamberlain's Seances.

Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain dedicated her new Circle Room, at 158 Washington street, over the Banner of Light office, on Tuesday evening last. Her new room is larger than any she has occupied heretofore for the purpose of holding seances, and therefore better accommodates the visitors. On the above occasion a full circle was present, and the usual manifestations given at her seances were repeated with much power and effect. A large number of musical instruments, consisting of guitars, tambourine, drum, bells, trumpet, etc., were played upon, beat and blown, simultaneously, while all the party were sitting with joined hands around the table. The drum, which was fastened high up on the wall, was beat at the same time other instruments were played upon in distant parts of the room. The members of the circle were touched by several of the instruments, which were floated over their heads and around the room, giving forth music like the while. The manifestations were wonderful, and beyond the comprehension of the skeptic, but satisfactory to those who are cognizant of spirit-power.

Mrs. C. continues to hold seances in the same room every week evening, except Wednesday and Saturday. We are pleased to notice that the skeptical public are availing themselves of the advantage of these seances to test the question of physical manifestations by spirit-power.

Cora L. V. Hatch.

On Sunday, Dec. 11th, Mrs. Hatch gave two lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, under influence of the higher powers, with the usual ability which characterizes her efforts on the rostrum. In the afternoon she discoursed upon the importance of labor, considering it a necessity for the bettering of one's condition, not only in this life, but in the life beyond the veil. In elaborating this theme, she gave some beautiful and practical lessons for a progressive life, which we trust will benefit all who had the good fortune to listen to her.

In the evening, the audience chose the subject to be spoken upon, as follows:

"The mystery of the connection and interrelation of mind and matter, of soul and body—of a thinking substance and an extended substance as exhibited in man."

The speaker elaborated this subject with marked ability for three quarters of an hour, to the evident satisfaction of the audience. At the close of the address questions were propounded by the audience relative to the subject for three quarters of an hour longer, which were answered with promptness and to the point.

Mrs. Hatch speaks here again next Sunday afternoon and evening.

Winter Agricultural Meetings.

Winter is the mental harvest season of the farmer. He has his reading, his social pleasures, and his farmers' club meetings. These latter are calculated, if properly managed, to furnish as much entertainment and instruction, as well as actual profit in the future, as anything to which he is disposed to lend his personal attention. We always liked to get in among the advanced farmers of the legislature, at their regular meetings at the State House, and listen to their discussions of the various topics which pertain to farming and farm-life. These things, when looked back to in the heats and weariness of summer days, are very refreshing to the thoughts; and they give a stimulus to the labor of the farm which nothing else could supply. Our agricultural friends, we doubt not, are in these times enjoying themselves to the top of their bent.

The Sanitary Commission.

In no other country has a great, benevolent organization like the Sanitary Commission ever been established and carried on. We doubt, even, if it could be done in any other. It is one of those plans which require the very closest cooperation on all sides, and would break down at once if either leaned upon or was indirectly controlled by Government. Since this valuable organization has been in operation, which was in June, 1861, there have been paid into its treasury in round numbers, three millions of dollars, and on the 1st of October last the managers had still about the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars undistributed. Who can compute the amount of good done by this organization since it began its benevolent work?

Sealed Questions.

The notice in the Banner of Dec. 10th in regard to spirits answering sealed questions laid upon our circle-room table, has led, we fear, to misapprehension on the part of many of our readers. We now state explicitly that we have no medium for answering sealed letters, as formerly. Therefore no one should send letters and fees to us for that purpose.

Our spirit-friends being desirous—owing to the anxiety of spirits and mortals to commune with each other, to aid them, under the circumstances, as far as possible—requested us to say that letters sent here, containing special sealed questions, (not over two at any one time,) and two red postage-stamps, to pay us for remailing them, could be laid on our table for brief answers. That is, the spirits responding to such questions would simply write the answers on the envelopes. We ask no fee for this. We simply desire enough postage-stamps to accompany each letter to allow us to return them without expense to us—that is all.

Remember, therefore, that no sealed letters are answered in detail through our agency, as formerly. You will see by the notices elsewhere of Mr. Mansfield at New York, and Mr. Farnsworth at Chicago, that they agree to answer such letters. We know that in a majority of cases these gentlemen have given great satisfaction. Starr King, when in the form, recommended Mr. Mansfield; and Ex-Governor Tallmadge, also, while in the form, recommended Mr. Farnsworth.

A New Tax Bill.

The most sensible and statesmanlike plan yet set on foot for levying and collecting taxes, is that which proposes to lay a duty on sales. By this process, which troubles nobody until it comes to the consumption of manufactured articles, whether to sell again or to eat, drink and wear, a tax of one per cent. would be likely to enrich the treasury by the amount of three hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Then the cumbersome and expensive machinery now employed for levying and collecting Government taxes would be altogether dispensed with, and the larger part of the revenue would go into the treasury instead of, as some claim, into the pockets of office-holders, to be employed in too many instances for purely political uses. Such a tax law would be like finding a rich mine of gold to pay the national expenses with.

Mortality in the Army.

It appears, from fifteen months' examination, that the general rate of mortality was about 72 per annum out of each 1,000 men, 20 being killed or dying of wounds received in action, and 52 from disease and other causes. It is no new fact to the observant, but it is well to impress it on the mind by such a distinct statistical result as this, that more than twice as many soldiers die of disease as fall in battle.

The ordinary rate of mortality in time of peace among civilians of a military age is about nine or ten per thousand in a year. United States soldiers, in time of peace, are found to die at the rate of twenty-six in a thousand per annum. While war, therefore, destroys men more rapidly than peace, the increase is not so great as some may have imagined.

The London Press.

The journals of London, and, indeed, of all England, are very much given to talk since the result of the election in this country became known. They hardly know what to make of it, that we do not have riots and revolutions all through the North, after such an exciting and more or less embittered contest. The London Times goes on to speak of the President in the following patronizing manner: "As regards foreign States, ourselves in particular, we may reasonably believe that he has sown his wild oats; he has gone through the course of defying and insulting England, which is the traditional way of obtaining the Irish vote, and we may not unreasonably hope that he is unlikely to repeat the experiment." Funny paper, the London Times.

Help Poor Children.

The New York "Children's Aid Society" has sent forth an appeal to the Gothamites for aid for the thousands of homeless boys and girls they have under their charge. During the Holiday festivities it is hoped those who are abundantly blessed with this world's goods, will not be unmindful of the more unfortunate, not only in New York, but in all our large cities and towns. In no surer way can the rich secure the blessing of heaven than by alleviating the wants of the needy and suffering. Donations for the New York Children's Aid Society can be sent to the President, Wm. A. Booth, Esq., 35 Front street, or to the Treasurer, J. E. Williams, Esq., Metropolitan Bank, or to the Secretary, C. L. Brace, 11 Clinton Hall, Astor place, New York.

A Strange History.

A New York paper tells of a man, whom thousands of people have known by the name of Rathburn, who, in 1836, was the most energetic and indefatigable citizen in Buffalo. No enterprise was set on foot that he did not have his hand in it. In an evil day he committed forgery, being pressed by the crisis of 1837, and was sent to the State Prison. Pardoned out, he came to New York and tried the hotel business, both there and on Long Island; but becoming tired of his ill luck, he sought the solitudes of Western Virginia, as a rest for the remainder of his days. He happened to settle in the very heart of the oil regions, and now leaves a fortune of three millions of dollars to his heirs.

The Nation's Development.

The report presented by the Secretary of the Interior is a very satisfactory one to the reader, always excepting that portion of it which relates to the troubles we have been having with the Indians. From this exhibit, even in spite of the prevalence of a devastating war, it appears that the material resources of the nation have been developing at a rate calculated to surprise everybody. The public lands are taken up by settlers with a rapidity, as the treasury receipts show, seven times greater than during the first year of the war. During the past year, nearly seven thousand patents have been applied for, going to show that the mental activity of the people is no-wise abated.

Mrs. Laura Cuppy.

This most worthy and excellent co-laborer in the spiritual ranks is about to leave her home in Dayton, Ohio, on a lecturing tour through the New England States. She will arrive in this city the last week in December, as she already has engagements to lecture in our neighboring city of Charlestown the first three Sundays in January, and in Portland, Me., the first two Sundays in February. Those desiring her services will please address her care of this office. We commend her to lecturing committees, or those having in charge spiritual meetings.

New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January is a superb number. Read the following list of contents: A Tour through Arizona, illustrated; Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men.—II, Siege of Vicksburg, illustrated; After the Storm, with an illustration; Scenes in the War of 1812, illustrated; O, Don't Become a Nun, my Dear! with an illustration; Tom's Education; The Life of Flowers, with an illustration; Sheridan's Battle of Winchester; Nora and I; The Sunbeam; Janie Thompson's Lovers; Armadale, by Wilkie Collins; An American War Correspondent in England; Our Mutual Friend, by Charles Dickens; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer; Fashions for January. For sale by A. Williams and Co., 100 Washington street.

THE LADY'S ALMANAC FOR 1865. Boston: Published by George Coolidge, 3 Milk street.

This convenient little almanac and memorandum book has long been a favorite, not only with the ladies, but with the gentlemen also, on account of its convenience and pocket-size. The present number has a good variety of choice poetry and prose, thus making it a very interesting little annual.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for January, has a fine illustration for a frontispiece, called "Purity," which, with the fashion plates and other illustrations, together with a fine table of contents of literary matter, make it a favorite in the family.

Judge Edmonds.

From a New York correspondent we learn that Hon. J. W. Edmonds delivered an address before Rev. Mr. Willis's society, in Ebbitt Hall, New York, on Sunday evening, Dec. 11th. Much interest was felt to hear this distinguished advocate of the spiritual philosophy on his favorite theme: "Spiritualism, its Progress and its Use," and the audience were not disappointed, for the Judge gave them a very interesting and instructive discourse, which was well appreciated. It was very evident, from his remarks, that the speaker was well acquainted with every phase of mediumship, and that he himself was gifted with mediumistic powers in a largely diversified degree, which enables him more readily to comprehend and explain the science and philosophy of the spiritual phenomena. It was worthy of remark that an unusually large number of grey heads were among the audience. These world-weary souls, as they near the other existence, feel anxious to know more surely whither they are going.

"Something New."

We have received from B. B. Russell, periodical dealer, 515 Washington street, five large board cards, twenty-two by twenty-eight inches each, upon which are printed from elegantly executed lithographic drawings, models for a Cottage, a Villa, a Pigeon-house, a Windmill and Picket, the Union Iron Works, a Church of the Gothic style of architecture, patterned from one of our Boston Churches, and the Boston Custom House, with a full description and directions, so that by the exercise of a little patience and ingenuity, they can be cut apart and then put together in perfect form. These model sheets are indeed something new for boys and girls, and will eminently prove to be entertaining, and highly instructive, not only to the young, but, as the designer says, "to children of two score years." When put together, they will make a handsome ornament for the drawing room. Parents cannot find a much prettier present for the Holidays.

The Bankrupt Bill.

At the time of writing this paragraph, the Bankrupt Bill has passed the House of Representatives, by a majority of twenty votes. It has of course been sent up to the Senate, where it is expected to be passed without much delay or discussion. It was too bad that so much of the real energy and enterprise of the nation should be so long locked up from service by reason of an overhauling and inhuman law. By the war, our Northern merchants lost three hundred millions of dollars; and one hundred and twenty-five thousand men were prevented from doing business. This is all wrong. They should be released, and made to become active producers and consumers again.

War News.

We have news through rebel sources from Gen. Sherman's army. It indicates that his army had proceeded on its march triumphantly from Atlanta through Georgia toward Savannah. The accounts state that a battle was fought in front of Savannah on the 10th inst; in which Sherman's army was victorious, with a loss on our side of twenty-five hundred men, and four thousand of the enemy. Later accounts state that Gen. Sherman had captured the city.

Our army in Tennessee, under command of Gen. Thomas, had an engagement with the rebels under Gen. Hood, Dec. 15th, in which the latter were badly defeated.

Appointments.

Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd speaks in Charlestown next Sunday; N. Frank White in Chelsea; Mrs. Susie A. Hutchinson in Quincy; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes in Plymouth; Rev. J. M. Peabody in Providence; R. I.; Mrs. A. A. Currier in Philadelphia; Charles A. Hayden in Washington.

Uriah Clark, the well known pioneer lecturer, and the author of "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," etc., will return to Boston about the first of January, we understand, and will respond to calls for Sunday lectures, and for courses of week-day evening lectures, with experiments and illustrations in the use of magnets, the magnetic needle, gyroscopic wheel, and his striking public test-examinations. Address, care of the Banner of Light.

Mrs. E. M. Wolcott will lecture in Morrisville, Vt., Dec. 23th.

To Lecture Committees.

Those in the vicinity of Boston who are in want of a good lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy, will address Mr. J. M. Allen, at this office. We are often applied to by friends in the neighboring towns for speakers to lecture before them, and generally we can only refer them to the Lecturers' List for information; but now an opportunity offers to secure the services of an able speaker, who needs engagements just at this time. See an interesting letter from his pen in another column.

Warren Chase.

This indefatigable, able and energetic laborer in the spiritual ranks, is at present lecturing in the State of New York. He has just closed a course of lectures in Syracuse, as we learn, to large and appreciative audiences. He goes to the National capital next month, where he is to speak for five Sundays. He is doing a vast amount of good for humanity by opening their minds to the reception of spiritual truths—which are the incentives to all reforms.

