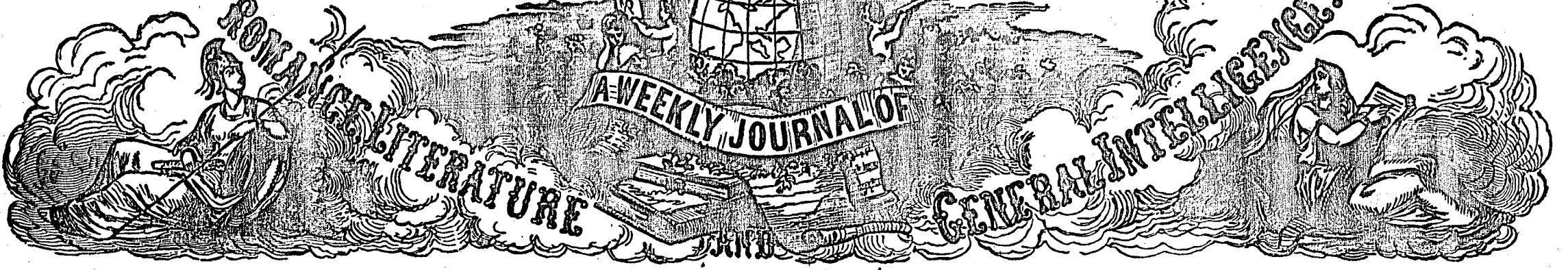


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### MADemoiselle MARIANI.

Translated from the French of A. Housaye, for the Banner of Light, by Laura L. Hastings.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Where Mademoiselle Mariant forgets Bossuet.

Luciani had a brother, one of the conquerors of Sebastopol, one of those young men who can do nothing that is not heroic. Hector could do nothing but fight; on the day of battle he was a man of genius. He had returned to Paris after the taking of Sebastopol, to see his mother and sister, but above all to show his cross to those who might doubt his valor. As soon as he was in Paris he drove his four horses, willing to spend six years of his life in his six months' furlough. He did not accompany his mother or sister much into society, because he kept company in a gayer world, or at least much more noisy.

One evening at the Italiens—two months after the meeting at the castle of the Favorite—he presented to his sister one of his friends, Count Horace de —. Mademoiselle Mariant gave her hand graciously to Horace.

"I begged to be presented," said Horace, "for I feared already I was a stranger to you."

"I do not forget," said Luciani turning pale.

They spoke of Baden, Paris, Tamberlik, fates of the season, and said adieu without knowing if they should ever meet again. When Luciani was alone with her brother, she asked him where he had known his friend Horace. Hector blushed like a young girl at that simple question.

"I do not know, my dear Luciani. I have smoked with Horace, we have given the same vote on the Cerrito, he has given my name to his horse—what more is there necessary for us to be the best friends in the world?"

"Really! Castor and Pollux had not such fine reasons for loving through life till death."

"Horace is charming."

"I find him absurd—a vane that turns at every wind."

"Not much discretion, but a heart."

"For what?"

"For love."

"Has he ever loved anything?"

"Yes, distinctly."

"What?"

"A woman—I am mistaken—Mademoiselle Olympe, who twined him round her like a grape vine round a marble statue."

"You are literary, my brother."

"No, my sister, it was the outrage of Horace's love which inspired me with that hasty sentence."

"And what has happened from this mad love?"

"A woman who laughs, a man who weeps."

"But why such Don Juanish airs?"

"He has put a mask on his heart."

"What hinders him, then, from coming here?"

Luciani, who had seated herself at the piano, disguised her questions by the variations of the Carnival of Venice.

Horace was at the last hours of his passion for that dangerous girl, who had always had the art of retaining him—in flying from him. By degrees the beautiful and poetic face of Luciani had effaced that of Mademoiselle Olympe.

The next day Hector brought Horace to his mother's house—a frozen visit, in spite of the welcome of Hector, for Madam Mariant had, contrary to her usual custom, a very morose and pithy demeanor, and Luciani, to conceal her emotion, spoke of Bossuet.

Some days after, Mademoiselle Mariant asked her brother why Horace did not call.

"He will not come here again, because it was so dull. My mother has spoken to him of morality, and you have spoken to him of Bossuet—as if you had read Bossuet!"

"I know it by heart."

"You are an extraordinary person! Horace was quite correct in saying that your heart and your mind were the unmatched volumes of a beautiful book."

"Did he say that? He is not so foolish as I thought him. Bring him here again and I will not speak to him of Bossuet."

Horace came the next day. That time he was pale and sad as love itself. He had all the eloquence of heart and mind. He was profoundly witty, knowing, paradoxical, and unexpectedly romantic. He placed himself at the piano and played with the most penetrating emotion. Luciani listened and gazed on him with ineffable joy which she tried to conceal under an indifferent demeanor. For the first time she had a foresight of the joys of love. But she did not wish to avow, even to herself, that she loved Horace.

That evening, after Horace had departed, she embraced her brother and took from her mother's hand a new romance to continue her dream.

#### CHAPTER X.

The First Tears of Love.

It was a terrible night for that young girl who had even then railed at love, and that love had played with her in turn.

"Horace! Horace! Horace!" murmured she, burying her face in her pillow, "it is I who love you distractedly!"

Toward daybreak she lighted her lamp and took up the Imitation of Jesus Christ to find there a refuge. But she closed the divine book with fear, and re-took the romance already read.

"The romance is here!" said she, striking her heart and throwing the volume far from her. In a few hours she had undergone all the piddleness of love. Horace was beautiful, and he had no, told her that he loved her. What was more, he was pale yet from a false love; she was seized at the same time by curiosity and jealousy. She

who had seen for a year all Paris at her feet, saw at length, a man who dared suffer before her from the falsity of a wicked woman. She wished he would bow, also, to the recognized charms of her beauty, or else she wished nothing; she loved!

In the morning she went to kneel at the altar of the Virgin Mary. She believed there she could leave her sorrow; but she was interrupted in her meditations by the arrival of a young bride who represented to her the melancholy image of happiness. Tears came in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"It is he," said she, "who has caused me to shed these tears?"

She returned to her mother's house. In passing rue de la Ferme-des-Mathurins, she saw all at once Horace, who came out of one of those singular houses—houses of the demi-world, which posit up or else conceal their life.

"It is astonishing!" said she; "he does not live there. What can he be doing there at this hour?"

Horace soon disappeared on the street, as if he had some secret to conceal.

Toward four o'clock, he met Luciani in the forest. He was on horseback—an unruly horse—which would not permit him to speak to the young girl. But his blue eyes spoke eloquently, and her eyes sought his as if there she should find the seventh heaven.

In the evening she hoped that Horace would come; but he did not. At each moment she would impatiently look at the clock. Each time that a carriage stopped in the street, or the door-bell rang, she would turn pale and drop her book—for she continued to read romances. Her brother took his hat to go out.

"Where are you going?"

"Here and there. How can one tell where he is going, unless on the days of battle?"

"Shall you see your friend Horace this evening?"

"Yes."

"Where? at the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins?"

"Who has told you of the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins?"

"Have not you? What do you do there?"

"We find friends, cigars, and cards."

"Is that all?" said Luciani, with a concerned voice.

"It is all," said Hector.

"Then ask your friend Horace to come and dine with you to-morrow."

"But to-morrow you are going to the ball at the Ambassadors."

"No; I shall not go."

#### CHAPTER XI.

Truth Counterfeited.

Horace came to dine with his friend. He was charming, as usual; he was witty, and all laughed at his wit; he recounted some scandals, where he had the art of putting on the stage, with a sprightly relief, all the women that Luciani knew.

After dinner, in passing into the saloon, the mother urged the daughter to dress for the ball. Luciani said with impatience, she would not go. Madam Mariant did not wish to lose such a fine opportunity of showing her shoulders, which had been marbled, but were now only marbled. She retired to her chamber to dress. Luciani had counted on that.

"Will you not come and smoke?" said Hector to Horace.

"No," said Horace.

Hector went out to smoke. Horace had counted on that. Horace was leaning on the chimney-piece; Luciani was standing before the piano, regarding, without seeing, a book of music. Horace bent down to her without touching her. She trembled and slightly turned her head. Their eyes met. Luciani turned pale, Horace opened his arms, she fell, all astonished, on his heart.

They said not a word, because they had nothing to say. But some seconds after this beautiful silence, Horace said, as if in waking from a beautiful dream,—

"I love you! Luciani, bring me life again!"

"Horace! Horace! Horace! do not cause my death, for it is love that will kill me!"

For both, it was a surprise, a delirium of joy. For Horace, it was the joy of a mind which reopens a beautiful book already read; it was for Luciani, the joy of the heart which mounts on the lips and says:—I love—before knowing how to love.

Horace knew all. Luciani was inexperienced. She mounted the golden ladder, and he descended to remount with her.

Now, whilst they were solving the mysteries and philosophies, Hector, who had lost, the day before, at play, had gone to his mother's room, hoping to gain something for his interest.

"Tell me, Hector, do you know much of Horace?"

"From the beginning to the end."

"Has he money?"

"Yes, like all those who have not any. You know there are only a few that have any."

"I like those the best."

"What is it to you?"

"He loves your sister."

"Horace! What folly! I know he has three or four loves. He has only come this evening in his own defense."

"So much the better! I like that much better. I was afraid he came to cross my designs."

"You have your designs, then, as Providence?"

"Yes; I am going to marry your sister to the Baron d'Humerolles, who will place a million in her hands."

"She will not be any richer for that. If Horace loved her and she loved Horace, she would be much richer with him. Do you see, mamma, the gold of man is perishable; his age spoils that."

"Oh! do you not know how we are situated? I have but six thousand francs income, and my expenses are three or four times that amount. It

will be necessary some day to fill up this pit of public debt or we shall be lost."

Hector shook his head, sadly.

"I know we are going to ruin, and that my sister is like the herb which grew on the old castle. She will be culled by one of the black band."

Madame Mariant entered the saloon a moment after, with the inquietude of a deer who had let her little ones play too far from her. She found her daughter at the piano, and Horace reading a journal. They loved each other too well not to play comedy.

"What have you been conversing about?" said the mother.

"Mamma, M. Horace read me the evening journal. We then conversed about the daily news."

"Accompanied by the piano, if I have heard rightly."

"As you say, madame!" said Horace.

"Monsieur Horace, shall you go to-morrow to the ball at the Hotel de Ville?"

"No, madame; Saturdays I always go to the ball at the Opera."

Mademoiselle Mariant struck the keys sharply. The mother did not see the blushes of the daughter.

"But, to-morrow, we shall see what occurs."

#### CHAPTER XII.

The Foolish Enterprise.

The mother and daughter went to the ball at the Hotel de Ville.

"Mamma, I give you warning that I wish to dance till three o'clock in the morning."

"But we shall not find our —"

"It will find us. You can go and chat with the Dutchess in the tapestried saloon; and I will not leave Helene, who wishes, like me, to dance as long as we can without detriment!"

Helene, was a friend of Sacre-Cœur, an English beauty of the Faubourg Saint-Germain. What can one say to a girl of twenty years, who wishes to dance?

Luciani danced.

When the mother had moved away, after having gathered all the exclamations thrown like lilies or notes of admiration at the feet of the beautiful girl, so beautiful in her youth, and so young in her beauty, Horace sprang out from his place of concealment, and seized the hand of Luciani.

They did not dance.

They sat down in a corner behind the dancers. What they said, you know—and if you do not know, why, you can guess.

"Ah!" cried Luciani, suddenly, "there is Helene, dancing, yonder; she will see us!"

"Ah, well! Luciani, believe me, then, let us go to the ball at the Opera."

"What foolishness!"

"Everything is ready for the journey. I have my carriage waiting for us, yonder. You will find there a domino and mask. You will be pretty, even concealed by a mask, and you will wear the domino royally!"

"I will let you talk. It is amusing to imagine romances."

"It is much more amusing to make them. Only think, in an hour we shall return! Who will ever know this adventure, but ourselves—and your mother—when we are married?"

Luciani became more serious; that last word of Horace went to her heart. She knew that some day she would marry the Baron, or some other gray-haired millionaire.

"But if we go to the ball at the Opera," said Luciani, trying to familiarize herself a little with the idea of the adventure, which had appeared nearly revolting. "If we go to the ball at the Opera my brother will see us."

"But he will not know you. And that will amuse you, to see everybody and still be invisible. I have a marvellous box."

And by force of eloquence, or I should say, by force of love, Horace hurried Mademoiselle Mariant away, curious and frightened. He had foreseen all. By means of a lous, a man from the vestry awaited him on the stairs with a cloak.

Luciani concealed herself entirely in the cloak. Her heart beat quickly, but danger has its dimness of sight.

Horace did not find his carriage, but he would not lose time by seeking it; he took the first hackney coach that came, and bought another domino. Horace had the force of a conqueror.

If he had sought his carriage but one moment, Luciani would have repented of her folly, and re-entered the ball-room.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

The Ball at the Opera, and the Ball at the Hotel de Ville.

Mademoiselle Mariant, nevertheless, did not wish to enter the ball at the Opera. Horace descended from the carriage and held his hand to her.

"Never!" said she, throwing herself back into the carriage. "Do you see all those masqueraders? They frighten me."

"Are you not concealed by your domino and your velvet mask?"

The young girl let him take her from the carriage.

"Hold! is it you, I see, Horace?" said Hector, from the top of the stairway at the Opera. "The duce! you match with Duchesses, then? What a stately highness!"

He did not recognize his sister.

"Be quiet!" whispered Horace, who felt the emotion of Luciani.

"Let us conceal ourselves in your box," said she, dropping her head. "I have wished to see, but I am too much afraid of being seen."

"Madame," said a friend of Horace, "have you a passport to come here? Let us see if I recognize you."

Horace wished to pass on, but another domino, Mademoiselle Olympe, took his other arm, that gave to his friend—a well-spoken man with an

opera-glass—time to say, gravely, to Mademoiselle Mariant, as if he read the description from a passport:

"A young girl of legal age. A sunbeam of June, under clouds of rice-powder; medium stature; black hair; eyebrows like raven's wings."

"Eyes?"

"Let us go from here," murmured Luciani; "I am fainting."

Horace had finally disengaged himself of Mademoiselle Olympe, but could not get out of the crowd, as the curious people pressed around him so much. Luciani recognized most of the young people that she met in society. All those who have money and French fancies, go to the balls at the Opera. Finally she entered Horace's box.

Horace pressed her to his heart and kissing her, murmured:

"I have never loved but you."

He begged her to pardon his bringing her there.

"Ah, Horace," said she, weeping, "I have given you my heart and my soul, my life and my death, for I have always thought that love would kill me."

"Reassure yourself, Luciani; love endures death. We get accustomed to it as Mithridates did to poison."

"You laugh, Horace, whilst I weep. I am at the same time joyous and despairing."

"Be always joyous; I love you, I swear it by your beautiful eyes."

"Do not speak thus. If you love me, do not keep me an instant longer in this place, where I have come against my will."

This excursion from the ball of the Hotel de Ville to the ball at the Opera, may seem a little too romantic. It is a true history. I have known more than one like peregrination. When she re-entered the ball at the Hotel de Ville, Luciani hid her face with her fan, as if all eyes would be able to read in her face the history of the two hours' absence. She threw herself into the first waltz. Nevertheless, at the last sound of the violin, she imposed silence on her heart, and returned to her mother.

"Poor Luciani," said she, to herself, "must I always be condemned to wear a mask?"

Madame Mariant was furious. She had sought Luciani, and had only found Helene.

"Where have you been?"

"I have been waltzing."

"How pale you are! Baron, will you conduct us and ask for our servants?"

A man who carried on his neck the Catholic order of the Knights of Isabella, took the right arm of Madame Mariant, whilst Luciani took the left arm of her mother.

Two young people seeing them pass thus, exchanged these few words:

"It appears that we see the future husband of Mademoiselle Luciani Mariant?"

"No; he is a lover of her mother's."

"I tell you that the Baron is going to wed the daughter. Poor M. D'Humerolles! There are some people who are born to pick up the crumbs from the table."

"I would do as much, if I was sure of being the husband of my wife."

"I believe one could be very happy with that beautiful creature. It is only necessary to have a million to lay at her feet."

"There is something that is better than a million—it is love."

"I should rather have a million," murmured a philosopher, "than love."

#### CHAPTER XIV.

The Influence of the Atmosphere on the Human Heart.

The next day Horace was smoking at the door of Tortoni's.

"Did you go to the ball at the Opera last night?"

"Yes; I found at the ball of the Hotel de Ville a young girl who was enamored with her beauty. I took her with me to the ball at the Opera, where I have a box. After which I reconducted her to the ball at the Hotel de Ville."

"Then you do not love her?"

"I know nothing about love; you know marriage is not in my vocabulary. It is necessary to leave that to people who have nothing to do."

"Shall you see her again?"

"Yes, this evening, if I do not go to sup with Olympe."

Horace spoke in this fine style because he was on the steps of Tortoni's. There could be a book written under this title: "Of the influence of the atmosphere on the human heart."

In the mean time Luciani had not slept—she dreamed waking. She expected Horace. She expected a bouquet of white lilies that he had promised to send to her mother. She went to the forest hoping to meet him; she met only the Baron. The evening she still expected him.

"Why does not M. Horace come?" asked she of her brother.

"Why do you wish he should come to be ennuied by the corner of your fire? He is not a man excessively gallant. He knows well that he would waste his time with you."

The bell rang. It was Horace. Luciani breathed for the first time since noon.

Horace was charming—too witty for a lover—but who would not pardon that in a lover loved? Horace and Luciani found themselves alone for a moment.

"Horace, I should die if I did not see you. I must tell all to my mother, that I may not prove false to you."

"Luciani, I love you, but say nothing to your mother. Let us conceal our happiness. Is it not beautiful for us both to live with only God for our confidante?"

"Horace, you are romantic. Love me only, but love me always."

Hector, who had been to get his hat from his chamber, appeared at the door of the saloon.

"Horace, are you coming?"

"Already!" cried Luciani. "Where are you going?"

Horace could only reply:

"We are going to play at lansquenet."

As soon as he was out of the saloon he said:

"Hector, I cannot go with you this evening. Olympe expects me to supper."

"You are in the wrong. To-day is the fete of the Reche-Tarpeienne. They will make this night the best of all the holidays."

"Ah well! I will go, perhaps, after supper."

#### CHAPTER XV.

A Gambling House in Paris.

There was at Paris during the past year—I say the past year, for these gambling houses are never of long duration—a gambling house for games and beauty, according to the representation of the mistress of the house. It was on the second floor at No. —, Rue de la Ferme-des-Mathurins, that Madame de la Roche, a woman of a certain age, I should say of an uncertain age, had instituted a baccarat and lansquenet, under pretence of giving tea to her friends of both sexes.

Who was this Madame de la Roche? A woman who had met with misfortune, who spoke of retiring from the world, and who went to confessional four times a year. If it will do to believe her, she was the widow of a consul with whom she had been round the world. She did not wish to re-marry.

To occupy her spare time, she kept an open table, but on condition that, at nine o'clock in the evening, the dining hall should be metamorphosed into a gambling saloon. The poor woman! disabused of all, had only that passion. "Play for play," said she, "art for art." If it would do to believe her, she always lost, still that did not hinder her, when every one was gone, from counting her gains with her last companion of adventures, a knight of the Four Emperors, a godly man, blazoned with a gilded coat of arms, who went like her to confessional four times a year. It was very useless, for both might have received the good God without confession.

When they found themselves alone, toward three o'clock in the morning, they would throw off their mask, and their hands full of gold, laugh over their tricks of jugglery. She called him the knave of hearts; he called her the Roche-Tarpeienne.

They knew perfectly their Paris; they knew that where there are women—and cards—adventurers, idlers and prodigal sons would always come to pay the contribution of love or play.

It is useless to speak of women and cards; but in love as in play, there is always counterfeit money.

The gallery changed in other respects every evening. The mistress of the house had the art of renewing her society. When the women had no money, she gave them her purse; but it was necessary they should be pretty and lively. The house of the rue Ferme-des-Mathurins acquired in a few weeks, a noisy fame, to such a degree that the chief of police gave the order, one morning, to watch near there. But exactly on that morning the chief of police received a visit from a veiled lady, who said she belonged to the best society, and who begged of him the permission to enlist in his secret regiment.

"Your name?" demanded the chief of police.

"Madame Jacintha de la Roche," answered the veiled lady.

"The Roche-Tarpeienne," said the chief of police, who knew better his Paris than she. "You have done well to come here this morning, for I have given the order to bring you here this evening."



she had a nose that turned up, and black fingernails, she was pretty—and Hector had told her so one night when he asked for some tea after having drunk too much champagne at the Roche-Tar-penne.

"He will tell me this evening, word for word, how Horace employs his time."

When Hector reëntered, Elanore offered him some tea.

"What is this for?"

"Monsieur has demanded tea of me every evening for six weeks."

When Elanore carried, in the morning, as usual, the chocolate for Mademoiselle, in a beautiful cup, chased in copper, like gold, that Hector had brought her from Sebastopol, she said to her with a knowing air:

"Mademoiselle shall know that I have not lost my time: I know word for word how M. Horace passed his time yesterday. At nine o'clock in the morning he mounted four stairs at a time to Mademoiselle Olympe's room to hear her repeat her role; for, saving your regard, she is going to make a debut at the Varieties. At noon, he dined at the café Anglais. At three o'clock, a carriage, containing a veiled lady, stopped for him at the Bourse, for the Bourse is his morning laquaisnet. At six o'clock, he returned from the forest, still accompanied by the veiled lady; he set her down finally on the ramparts of the Capuchins, and went to dine at the circle. At nine o'clock, he took a seat at the theatre to see Mademoiselle Duverger play a part, and at midnight he went—shall I say it to Mademoiselle?—to that house that you know."

"What house?" said Luciani, who felt her heart stop beating.

"Does not Mademoiselle remember that the other morning we saw M. Horace go out from No. —, in the Rue Forme-des-Mathurins?"

"What is that house?"

"God save us! I have never put my foot there."

"Tell me!"

"It is where they play laquaisnet in the fine company of camellia ladies, chorus-women, and women who are not worthy to untie the strings of my shoes; in a word, abandoned women. Oh, men have very little constancy!"

"It is odious!" murmured Luciani. "I never wish to see Horace again!"

But she wrote this note:

"Horace, I watch for you. Take care! If you do not come I shall be desperate."

"Elanore, carry this letter to M. Horace. Await the answer. If he speaks to you, do not answer him."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### Confession of a Man of the World.

Horace ran to the house. He was frightened at the physiognomy and paleness of Luciani.

"Luciani!" murmured he, seizing her hand.

They were in the saloon. The mother, who had passed the night at the ball, was sleeping yet.

"Horace," said Luciani, drawing her hand from his with indignation, "you are a coward! You have flown from your word; you have dragged me with you, in speaking to me of your heart—and you have no heart. But reassure yourself, I will have no more of it—all is finished with me!"

And she recounted to him, word for word, imposing on him silence, all that he had done the day before.

Horace threw himself on his knees, retook the hand of Luciani, and weeping genuine tears, made thus his confession:

"Luciani! Luciani! hear me! Luciani, I love you. Pity me! Idleness has ruined me, and I am lost. I have no longer the power of doing good. Yes, I am a coward; for, you have said it. I flee from my duty, I flee from my conscience, I flee from my heart. I have thrown here and there my life, and I shall find it no more. I am not the only one, Luciani; there are thousands of us prodigal sons living from day to day, without thinking of the morrow, because we have no more before us the instruction of God. We are in the labyrinth, and we only seek an Ariadne. When I rouse up from these errors I am ashamed of myself, and I think I will lose myself in work; but, I have told you, I have no longer strength to do good. It is a woman who has ruined me; she has ruined my heart, after having squandered my fortune, and to-day—"

"And to-day you avenge yourself on me for the wrong that woman has done you!"

"No, Luciani, I love you, and since yesterday that I have seen the odious tableau of my youth, I detest myself now that you have shown to me your heart. I would give all my life to become again for one day worthy of you. But, after all, my crimes may be able to expiate themselves. Your love—that love which has lost you—can save me, if you wish. I continued to live yesterday as I did the day before, because your brother had his eyes on me, and I tried to conceal our passion from him badly."

"It is better to tell him all."

"Luciani, do you not know that I have lost all my fortune? Your youth and your beauty are a gift of which I am unworthy."

"My beauty and my youth? You forget my virtue, Monsieur!" said Luciani, with grief.

Then recollecting herself, she said:

"My beauty and my youth! what do you wish that I should do with them to-day?"

Horace did not answer; but there rose to his lips those beautiful words of consolation:

"The Gladiators were naked to combat. Virtue is a dangerous shield for the battle of life."

Horace had not the faith of passion, but he had the science of it. He was so eloquent, so profound, so paradoxical; he had the art so well of changing his expression, that Luciani, led astray, dismayed and dazzled, fell in his arms, saying:

"I love thee!"

"Adieu," said he, when he left. "I have lain at your feet the bad book of the past. I wish no longer to remember myself. I wish to live only for you. I will go at once and see a Minister who has promised me a commission. We will be married Easter week, and will pass our honeymoon at the expense of Government."

"I will save him," said Luciani, when she no longer heard his footsteps in the ante-chamber.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### The Page of Happiness.

Happiness will not give an account of itself. It is the shortest page of the romance of life. "I am so happy that I wish to die!" said Mademoiselle de la Vallere, one evening, in the Park at Versailles. She loved the king, and it seemed to her that her heart was imprisoned on the earth.

Luciani was happy for a week.

Horace left her only to return. They devoted two hours of every afternoon to playing the piano with four hands, and two beating hearts. They met an hour after at the woods; they dined together at the table of Madame Mariani, without betraying their secret, and the evening the same theatre, or the same saloon drew them together still. Luciani had various aspirations. Pondering on her love, she could not hinder herself from thinking, now and then, that to live in

Paris would be impossible without considerable money in order to meet the demands of luxury—luxury, that kingdom of Golconda which commences at the Opera and finishes at the Arch of Triumph, which parades with four horses at the Champs-Élysées, which waitresses at the English Ambassadors—mountains of lace, rivers of diamonds, saloons painted and gilded—fêtes of fairy-land, paradise lost and refound.

And Luciani said to herself, that luxury was her native soil. But she saw lovers pass arm-in-arm without carriages, gay, careless, forgetful; and she said to herself, that the true kingdom of Golconda was love.

"Horace is ruined," said she; "but he is beautiful, and I should be more proud to pass arm-in-arm with him than to mount in the carriage of the Baron d'Humorolles." And she bravely took a needle to mend her laces.

Nevertheless, Madame Mariani did not mend her laces.

"Are you very sure," said she, one day, to her son, "that Horace does not love Luciani?"

"Are you very sure," said the son to his mother, "that Luciani does not love Horace?"

"No; Luciani is on sure ground with the Baron. Also, did you see yesterday how uneasy he was? He ought to come this evening to ask her hand of me!"

"Official client! Well and good, for since eight days I have not been contented with Horace; he plays no more, speaks no more, says no more. Yesterday he ate a quail's wing and a leaf of salad at a supper which lasted two hours."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## WAITING THE HOUR.

BY KARL DRURY.

How waves the long grass on the hill,  
That clover blossoms blush among;  
And where bleak winds of winter sing,  
With happy peace the land is still.

Through morning-mists and golden noon,  
And through the chirrup-broken night,  
There gleams forever, fair and white;  
The grave of one who died too soon.

When stars flock in the dusky sky,  
And shadows wrap the rustling wood,  
A yearning conquers in my blood,  
To speed the death that I must die.

Then do I clasp the chilly stone,  
And covet all its senseless calm;  
For broken hearts there is no balm,  
Or rest from pain, but death alone.

And all the treasures Memory hoards  
Within her deeply-hallowed urn,  
Deny relief, nor can return  
Her to myself, who now is God's.

Then let me, like a wounded bird,  
Beat out my pining life, I pray;  
Or, haply, weep my life away,  
All thankful if my prayer be heard.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

[LITTLE HOPE.]

MAAM TROT AND AUNT DEAN.

Did you ever know a fretful old woman that no one loved and every one avoided? Such an one was Mrs. Trot, or, as every one called her, Ma'am Trot, who lived in the little red cottage under the hill. Nothing ever went right with her; it was always too hot or too cold, too damp or too dry, too windy, or too still. And so by degrees people got very tired of hearing her grumblings, and did not go to see her; and then she became very jealous, and thought every one intended to injure her. A cow was never tempted up to her fresh green grass that she did not think its owner drove it there to plague her; an innocent chicken never peeped beside her fence, that she did not see in it some especial injury to her garden—all contrived and planned by some unlucky neighbor.

I am afraid that the children of the neighborhood were not very careful to save the feelings of Ma'am Trot, for they seemed to love best of anything to see her run to the door and try to find something to scold about.

"There, now, if there is n't neighbor Jones's dog snuffing round my door; dare say he sent him; but I'll teach him better;" and so she would holler after a broom, and a basin of water to dash upon poor Tray. "Now only think! there's that tormenting goat of Charlie Read's. I do believe they got it for him purposely, that I might be made miserable; dare say they'll teach it to jump a fence, and then it will be in my garden; if it does I'll kill it. I'll pour boiling water on it! I do believe it is going to storm; never saw such weather! Should n't wonder if I got cold and got sick!" and so the poor old creature spent her time in complaints and repinings. No one ever heard her rejoice, or saw her laugh, and no wonder that no one loved her or cared to be with her.

In the little white cottage, just by the brook, lived Mrs. Dean, or, as every one called her, Aunt Dean. A sunnier, happier heart never dwelt in an old, feeble body. The whole world to her was beautiful and good. The sun shone for blessing, the clouds and storms were alike for good. The dear old soul could see some beauty in even the ugliest thing; and a worm, or a spider never received her harsh words. I do believe she would not have killed a mosquito, except in self-defence; and she often took a fly gently, that had been caught in her pitcher of milk, and put it out of the door that it might gain its liberty. If a dog dared to come around by her back door, and she discovered it, she would find a bone in her cupboard that she had saved for it. Every cat in the neighborhood knew where she put the little bits of meat, and even the hens seemed to understand that she shook the table-cloth in the yard purposely for them.

All the children in the town knew where to get a nice, juicy apple or pear, and there were always pictures and books on Aunt Dean's table that all eyes were welcome to look at. The sitting-room was full of sunshine and gladness, and the old ladies loved to congregate there with their knitting-work, and the young girls always stopped to hear what Aunt Dean had to say about their merrymaking, or to tell her about their beaux.

Susan Lee was sitting one day in her mother's pleasant parlor, and complaining of the weather, of the heavy clouds, and the dismal prospect.

"Shall I tell you," said her grandfather, "what I am thinking about?"

"Oh, do," said Susan; "I don't know of anything that can please me but one of your nice stories!"

"Well, I was thinking of the days when Ma'am Trot was young."

"And I suppose," I made you think of her by my complaining; but do tell me if you knew her, grandpa?"

"Oh, yes; I knew her well; and Aunt Dean, too. We all lived in the same town, and were children together."

"Well, a nice time you must have had as neighbor to Ma'am Trot! Do tell me how you got on. I hope you enjoyed her well!"

"It is quite a story, Susy; but as this is a fine day for story-telling, I don't care if I give you something of a history of Mrs. Kitty Trot and Mrs. Mary Dean, my happy neighbors."

"Never saw them but once," said Major Foster, called his darling. She was sunbathing in the old man's heart. She laughed from morning until night, and made the old house ring with her gladness. Her eyes were black and lustrous; her hair hung in glossy ringlets, and her lips were red as cherries. She was the pet and pride of the household.

Mary James was not as beautiful as Kitty—you look as if you did not believe me—but so it was. She always had a pleasant, sweet face; but her features were not regular, and no one ever called her a beauty, as they did Kitty Foster. I dare say it was partly the fault of us all that Kitty grew selfish and vain, for we all petted her and were proud of her; while Mary we loved, but did not dote on, or prize so highly.

As they both grew older, they always went together into society, and no party was considered complete where these two girls were not. I used to think, if I ever grew up, that I should try and marry Kitty."

"Oh grandpa!" said Susan.

"Then you think it strange that a boy should think of marrying the homeliest girl in the town for his wife? Now is it not Susy? Who do you expect the young fellows will admire? Very likely you'd have had a grandmamma, Kitty, but for one circumstance. We were to have a great party in the woods—we did not call them picnics then, but simply 'a walk.' All the young people were invited, and we expected to have the merriest sort of a time, for we were going to the lake, and intended to spend the day in pleasure on the water and by the shore. I shall never forget how charming Kitty looked that day. She had on a leghorn hat, with bright pink ribbons, and a pink dress with a white bolero."

"Oh grandpa, how funny it seems that you should remember so many, many years all about dresses. But how did Mary look that day?"

"She looked sweet and good, but I can't tell you what she wore, so you may be very sure that she was well dressed. It is the greatest of compliments when one cannot tell what you have on, because if there be perfect harmony you notice only the general effect."

We had had our boat-ride, and were about to begin a game of romp, when Kitty seemed to fear that she would not be first, and she said to me, 'I mean that she had left something in the boat, and was too tired to go for it herself. Her generous friend Mary insisted upon going for her, and as soon as she was fairly out of the way Kitty began her play as briskly as ever. This was only a very little thing, but the old saying that a straw shows which way the wind blows is true. I saw a jealous, selfish spirit in Kitty that made me watch her in our games and sports. I found she was never satisfied unless she received the most attention, and she never cared for the comfort and pleasure of others. Mary, on the contrary, showed herself always generous and loving. I began to see a sweetness in her face I had never seen before."

The next winter after the party to the lake, we had a party at our house, and all the young people were invited. It was arranged that those coming in the same direction should walk together, those farthest calling for their next neighbor. Mary's house lay just on the way from Kitty's. Mary was a friend visiting her, who was quite as pretty as Kitty, and all expected to enjoy her presence and company. But when the party from that direction, Mary and her friend were not with them. They had not called, for Kitty had assured them that Mary and her friend were not coming. She said Mary had told her so in the morning.

Now, for some reason I did not feel quite satisfied with Kitty's story, so I put on my cap and went after the girl, whom I found at her vanity, waiting to accompany me. I shall never forget Kitty's look of anger as we entered together.

"I'm sure," said she, "you told me you were not coming. I'd be of one mind over night."

"I said, replied Mary gently, 'that unless mother's headache was better, I should not leave her; but she quite recovered as the sun went down.'"

Now, Susy, you may think this a very stupid story, but it was a trifling event, and you must remember that I started to tell you how it happened that Kitty Foster became Ma'am Trot.

Well, she yielded more and more to her selfishness and envy, and year by year, she lost her sweet expression of countenance, while Mary, exercising more and more her gentleness and love, became every year more beautiful.

One day, when I was going for some years, and when I returned I found them both married. Kitty had married a wealthy man by the name of Trot, and Mary, also, was fortunate enough to have found a good and well-to-do husband by the name of Dean. But report said that Mr. Trot was a poor hen-pecked husband, and that Kitty rode him a sad journey. She indulged her disagreeable selfishness more and more each year. She showed herself more and more unkind, and wished to injure her. Let me tell you how she used to talk, in those days. "Mrs. Dean has got a new silk dress. Well, some people can afford to have all they want. Suppose she thinks there's no end to her husband's purse. It's a horrid fitting thing, anyway. I sent down last week to get me one of those beautiful blue Florence silks, but could n't get the shade I wanted; and I believe it is going to rain again, and it will just spoil my plan for a ride; never did have any weather I liked. If there is n't Capt. Lee coming up the yard; wonder what he's coming for; wish he'd stay away till he's wanted."

"Now, grandpa," said Susan, "I believe you made that all up."

"With my sharp ears I heard the last part as I walked up the yard, and the first part was really said to me after I entered. Thus, you see, that Mrs. Trot was fast fitting herself for old Ma'am Trot. In a few years and adventures came to Mrs. Trot. She lost three children from her earthly sight, and instead of being softened by the sorrow she became more and more fretful and disagreeable. She complained of all her fortune, and she showed herself a most miserable woman. Some years after, her husband became poor, and she was the beginning of still greater fretfulness. It is said that she fretted her husband into the grave. Sure it is he died a most sad and sorrowful man, leaving her poor in purse and poorer in spirit."

I could see from year to year, as I came back to visit the town where she resided, that her face changed from its naturally lovely shape to a sharp, pinched, wrinkled appearance, could never have imagined that pretty Kitty Foster had come to be ugly Mrs. Trot. After a time she went to live in the little red cottage under the hill, and there she kept on freezing her heart more and more, and shutting it up against love and sympathy. It did not take so very many years for her to come into the shape of Ma'am Trot who loves no one and whom no one loves, whom little children shrink from, and even cats and dogs soon learn to fear. Poor Kitty Foster! I sometimes wish I could forget that she ever became old Ma'am Trot. Let me tell you, little girl, above all things avoid the creeping of selfishness and envy into your heart. Little by little they come just like skulking thieves to steal away your good looks, your happiness, your gentleness and love. Don't ever complain, Susy, about the weather, but submit gently to what you can't help, and always keep a cheerful spirit within you, knowing that whatever ills come, they can all be made to bless you if you will find their blessing."

"But, grandpa," said Susan, "what about Aunt Dean? You only half finished her life."

"Oh, well, that is as clear as sunshine, for in Aunt Dean's face you read her beautiful history. She, too, had great trials. Strange to say, she lost her only and beloved child, but instead of being sored by the affliction, she seemed to be made more lovely by it. She used to say that her darling child had opened the gate of heaven wide for her, and that she never loved him more than when he was a poor, pinched, wrinkled creature, who could never have imagined that pretty Kitty Foster had come to be ugly Mrs. Trot. After a time she went to live in the little red cottage under the hill, and there she kept on freezing her heart more and more, and shutting it up against love and sympathy. It did not take so very many years for her to come into the shape of Ma'am Trot who loves no one and whom no one loves, whom little children shrink from, and even cats and dogs soon learn to fear. Poor Kitty Foster! I sometimes wish I could forget that she ever became old Ma'am Trot. Let me tell you, little girl, above all things avoid the creeping of selfishness and envy into your heart. Little by little they come just like skulking thieves to steal away your good looks, your happiness, your gentleness and love. Don't ever complain, Susy, about the weather, but submit gently to what you can't help, and always keep a cheerful spirit within you, knowing that whatever ills come, they can all be made to bless you if you will find their blessing."

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account of these experiments, as of psychometry, of which he is a discoverer, are to be found in his *Journal of Man*—a most interesting and instructive work.

Every one has at times experienced an impression of the presence of the friends—sometimes after an absence of years. So common is this experience, that a byword has arisen in reference to it, much more expressive than polite or refined. The consciousness of the approach of coming events, which so often cast their shadows across our pathway before them, is due to our intuitions. Know there are few who deny the existence of the faculty of intuition—men of learning, and even of profound intellectual attainments, with acute and well developed senses—but I am always sorry when I meet with such persons, not that I would deny their right to such an opinion—for we must all, if true to ourselves, have our own opinions, based upon the convictions which come to us on our own stand-point of development—but I am sorry because an important faculty, the source through which we receive some of the highest and purest enjoyments, lies so dormant and germinal in them as not even to be recognized.

There are others, who, while they admit the existence of this faculty, feel doubtful whether it is of any value, furnishing evidence that in their cases it is not a power of reading human character, but a power of reading human destiny. Even those in whom this faculty is active and well developed need all the instruction they can receive as to its further cultivation. There is one form of intuition which I am happy to believe is common to all mankind—universal in its character, though varying in degree. I have never met an individual who did not possess this faculty more or less perfectly. It is the power of reading human character by intuition. We intuitively meet an individual without feeling, in the flash of a moment, an impression as to his character. I know of no exception to this form of intuition, and our first impressions are very often correct.

It is a beautiful thought that while our intuitions may fall to reach objects around us, or perceive the highest and more delicate impressions which belong properly to them when they are developed, they can thus go forth upon their own native plane—soul speaking to soul—meeting our brother and reading his character. There can be no better protection to us than this; it is the key which unlocks or locks the door of association, and, if we are faithful to its highest teachings, it will not only protect us from evil, but give us an entrance into the most holy and beautiful life open to mortals on earth—a kindred human soul. It stands at the gate of Paradise as a flaming sword, turning every way to keep the way of the tree of life, warning us against evil and pointing to the good and the true. Let us, then, seek to cultivate this most important intuition, by which we weigh the world and measure humanity.

Our intuitions vary in different degrees, and at different periods of life. They are more active but less definite in early life. The keen, shrewd intuitions of children make them doubly interesting, and can startle us with their beauty. As they grow older, and meet the rude storms of the world, these become more or less blunted, and it is well this should be so, for the harsh and unkind conditions which too often surround us in the great battle of life, would crush us if we retained the delicate sensitiveness of childhood. Still there are no conditions of life in which intuitions do not minister to our happiness and the good of our fellow-men.

Every parent should feel the most sacred respect for the pure intuitions of their children, for it is through these that we maintain our strongest affection. Sad indeed is the condition of that child who fails to find a sweet nestling place and home of protection in the bosom of parental affection.

There are orphans, whose parents walk beside them in life, who have been driven out into the cold world by deception and fraud on the part of those who should have been their firmest and truest friends. Sad indeed is the condition of that child who fails to find a sweet nestling place and home of protection in the bosom of parental affection.

We have said it may be well for those who are compelled to go forth into the rude battles of life, to have their intuitions somewhat blunted. Yet we should never seek to retain the delicate sensitiveness of childhood. We should preserve us in many an hour of trial; it is these that link us to the beautiful memories of childhood. The connection between our present intuitions and those of our early days gives us those pleasant memories of youth that furnish green spots along life's dusty road, and render it so delightful to rest in bygone days. It is pleasant to think that if we thus retain our intuitions through the heat and struggle of life, we shall attain to that most desirable condition, a green old age, in which, returning to many of the feelings of our childhood, our intuitions shall again grow stronger and more beautiful, and memory, leaning over many of the dry and barren fields of our life, shall again to the green pastures and still waters of the early and joyous days of innocent childhood; and then the evening of life, stored with rich treasures of knowledge, becomes not only happy and blessed to us, but a means of spreading happiness all around us. Let us, then, cherish our highest and best intuitions, in whatever condition they may find ourselves, and let them be a link to us, not only to our friends, the loved ones around us, but to heaven—to the angels, and to God.

I have spoken of intuitions in man. They are still more strongly marked in woman. Their fine and delicate organization renders her more susceptible to them. I am glad to see a man who is not ashamed to own that he has womanly intuitions. I wish my next number of these, if they be better for us, for our sisters, for the world. We should then be able to appreciate more truly woman's feelings, and screen her from that which is harsh and rude in the world.

Woman, by common consent, is admitted to be the more intuitive; and were the conditions around her nearer right she would be the more happy. Increased sensitiveness renders persons susceptible to keener suffering and higher enjoyment. It is woman's intuition that makes her attractive to man. She feels in an instant what he requires hours, and perhaps may never, be able to reason out; but I must not venture here.

There remains an important branch of our subject: How shall we cultivate our intuitions? Observation has shown that certain forms of disease raise the sensitiveness and awaken our intuitions. We see this in the instinct of animals when disease attacks them. They often select plants or minerals adapted to the wants of their systems, and when the necessity for this power passes away the intuition sleeps again. Man—strong, self-reliant, independent—when the hand of disease is laid upon him, becomes like a little child—sensitive, confiding, and impressionable. Medicines that would not affect him a few hours before now act upon him; his intuitions are awakened, and he is susceptible to finer impressions than he ever received before.

From this fact, some have supposed that disease was essential for the development of the intuition, and the learned Bacon once falls into the very singular mistake in giving the name of "Sick sensitives" to his intuitive subjects—for the highest, purest and best intuitions, those which are most reliable, come to us not through disease, but through growth and development, through proper cultivation of this faculty.

I have said that childhood was marked by strong intuitions. In order to retain these, care should be taken not to blunt them by deception, fraud, or sudden exposure to rude and harsh conditions. Let your children ever have a haven in your affections, to which they may come and find shelter from the bleak storms of earth-life.

It will be found that the law of development is dependent upon two conditions—the supply of appropriate food, and the use of proper exercise. Intuitions, being the cream of human feelings, cannot rise to the surface and become apparent, except there be a quiet condition. The flush of excitement and the fever heat of impulse and passion on the one hand, and the cold, unfeeling condition of hate and crime on the other, are unfavorable to it, while the calm, quiet, medium temperature favors its appearance.

Too often human feelings become like a knotted and tangled skein of silk, from which we can draw no threads; but as we settle into the quiet, these become loosened and we may find ends so that we may draw out long and beautiful needles for use. It may appear at first sight that the rule of exercise is the development of the intuition, since we cannot feel its presence, but the silence of the other faculties is necessary for the free exercise of this gentle and heaven-born faculty.

uty. The mode of silent worship adopted by the Society of Friends is calculated to develop intuitions. A better method still, for most persons, is to sit either alone or with some kind and congenial friend.

There are certain places in which we feel a calm, quiet influence stealing over us and breathing the incense of heaven into our souls. I know of no place that inspires me so much, draws out my aspirations, and feeds me with inspirations, as beneath the wide-spreading branches of some old tree, where, on a warm summer's day, I can sit down beneath the cooling shade, and listen to the music of the gentle wind as they murmur through its leaves. Here I am filled with the most solemn feelings of worship, in God's great cathedral, the blue vaulted arch.

To some the patter of rain brings a music that wakens sweet intuitions. The ancient philosophers knew that silence awakened some of their faculties; they walked alone in the groves and communed with Nature. The anecdote of Socrates sitting in silence, and not answering his friend at the time, and informing him afterwards that "he was punishing an angry man," is to the point, and a useful lesson. It is related of the great and good Washington, that near the close of his life when a resident of our city he would frequently ride out to Kensington and visit the old man that stood at the head of the River Delaware, under whose wide-spreading arms William Penn made his immortal treaty with the Indian natives; and there he would sit for hours, communing with himself, with Nature around him, the angels, and with God.

We have said that the most common intuition is that of the perception of human character and conditions. One of the most effectual means of cultivating our intuition is by an association with those to whom we are strongly attached, and whose intuitions are very similar to our own. There is no more delightful feeling than to read the thoughts and perceive the feelings as we sit beside our loved friends and feel our souls blending with theirs in a holy communion. Under such circumstances we are not afraid to express the fine and vague intuitions that come, and thus are we strengthened on this plane. Children always associate with their intuitions prompt them, and select their companions under the influence of their feelings; and the pure love of children is one of the most effectual means of preserving our intuitions through life. Sad indeed is the desert waste that knows not the love of children.

To some the twilight of the evening hour is the period when their best intuitions come to them. I find the transition from the sleeping to the waking state in the early morning, to be the period when my soul realizes the truest and most beautiful intuitions. Any condition which we find to favor our intuitions will aid us in their development. It is better, under the impulse of a good intuition, to neglect the duties of the day, than to neglect the intuitions of this gentle and loving art of our nature. Truthfulness and spontaneity on our part as well as those around us, are essential to the proper cultivation of the intuitions.

Spiritualism has awakened the intuitive nature of man more than anything else, and there is far more intuition among mankind to-day, than there ever was before. Our highest and best intuitions link us beautifully and lovingly with the departed; and as we come thus to hold communion with them, our natures are drawn out, and a field of true enjoyment is opened before us which the world can neither give nor take away. In conclusion, I would say, cultivate your intuitions; but at the expense of your other faculties, but in such a manner that all these may be united in a beautiful and harmonious whole. The intuitions which belong to man's higher nature, will give a greater degree of clearness and beauty to the other faculties; and the man whose senses are finely attuned to their appropriate functions, whose reason freed from the trammels of bigotry and ignorance, goes abroad into the fields of knowledge and grasps the grand and sublime problems which belong to its sphere, while his spiritual nature ascends to the plane of divine and eternal principles, will find that all these are made more harmonious and beautiful, as his intuitions are unfolded, so as to lift him into a condition in which he may bathe in the sunlight of the celestial and divine spheres. Thus realizing the definition of the poet, that "Intuition is a power of seeing things as they are, and not as they are represented by the senses." And the calm and serene influences of this will blend and mingle in the actions of each faculty, and thus will we be able to approach that most desirable condition, a harmonious man.

### THREE DAYS' MEETING OF SPIRITUALISTS.

At Milford, Me., Aug. 25th, 26th, and 27th.

#### A LARGE ATTENDANCE.

#### INTERESTING SPEECHES, &c.

Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Susan M. Johnson.

Morning opened with rain. At eleven A. M., a goodly number of people being present at the grove, Mr. Norris, one of the gentlemen of the committee, took the stand and called the meeting to order.

Nomination for permanent chairman was called for, and Hon. Newell Blake, of Old Town, was nominated and elected. Mr. B. D. Marshall of Milford was chosen Secretary, with the power to elect an assistant. The Chairman, after a few appropriate remarks, proceeded to appoint a Business Committee of six, whose duty should be to provide for the accommodation of visitors, &c. Mr. French, of Bradley, Dr. Woodbury and Mr. Miller, of Old Town, Mr. Rigby, of Salford, and Mr. Robinson, of Milford, composed the Business Committee.

W. K. Ripley then took the stand. He said it was important to set the ball in motion, and perhaps, from his general acquaintance with many of the people present, he was as well calculated to do the greasing of the wheels as any one. We need harmony and concert of action, while we expect diversity of opinion, especially on minor points. He would have and enjoy the utmost freedom, and hoped the speaking would not be confined to those on the platform and to those known as public speakers, but that all would participate. He felt impressed that our dear departed friends were present and would say to all "Be happy and free."

At this stage of the proceedings a choir of from twelve to fifteen persons, clad in the exercise of singing. After which a gentleman in the audience, (Mr. Douglas) who said he had come one hundred and thirty miles to attend the meeting, briefly related his experience. For twelve years he was an ardent opposer of the Spiritualist Philosophy; would not permit himself to listen, much less, investigate its claims. But through the force of a positive demonstration, was now willing in the all-glorious faith of spirit communion.

At twelve the meeting adjourned till two P. M. At two P. M., there being about six hundred persons present, the Secretary, in the absence of the President, called the Meeting to order. The choir sang a hymn, uniting in harmony the minds and hearts of all.

Mr. Hodges, of Rockland, in the entranced condition, addressed the people for nearly an hour. Taking a view of the advent of Spiritualism, he followed its progress up to the present time. In the face of old theology, in opposition to the churches, in direct conflict with popular opinion, Spiritualism has made an advance steady and onward, in numbers and influence, unprecedented in the world's history. Let us take courage, then, feeling grateful for the present growth and progress, press boldly on to higher and nobler attainments. Singing by the choir.

Mr. W. K. Cowen, of Lisbon, Me., said that when Jesus was on the Mount of Transfiguration with some of his disciples, where Moses and Elias appeared, there were about him three tabernacles; one to Jesus, one to Moses, and one to Elias. But a voice from heaven protested against paying such honor to the errors and mistakes of the past, and declared, "This is my beloved son—hear ye him." The churches and popular religion of to-day still continue blindly to insist upon building tabernacles to Moses and Elias, and thus to shut out the light of truth from the world. The speaker related the circumstance of the death, a few months since, of a promising daughter, fourteen years of age, being the seventh child gone to the spirit-home. Not a sorrow did he feel, not a tear was shed by him. He felt, through an unshaken faith in Spiritualism, that his beloved child was nearer to him than ever, and that he could at any time travel one hundred miles on crutches to be present at the meeting. Singing by the choir.

Mr. Maddox, from Monroe, entranced, took the platform and in a very vigorous style discoursed some fifteen minutes, on Individuality. After which an Indian spirit controlled him and gave us some thoughts concerning the "cat of paw." At this time, by way of giving variety of interest to the meeting, Master Currier, son of Mrs. A. A. Currier, of Lowell, Mass., was introduced to the audience, and recited "The Old Ship of State," composed by David Barker of Me. We feel safe in saying that few, if any, High School scholars in our cities, could declaim that piece or any other piece, with such dignity, ease, and effect as did this young boy. If he be, we must manifest manifestations of superior power through him.

Mr. Rhoades, of Portland, Me., spoke on the diversity of opinions among Spiritualists; while to some minds, all seems confusion and discord, the eye of the true and advanced Spiritualist perceives that all is harmonious.

Mr. Houghton, from Locks Mills, Me., next addressed the audience. He is quite young, and has but recently become subject to spirit control. His style was forcible, evincing power yet to be unfolded.

Mrs. Stearns, from Michigan, entranced, spoke from the platform. Her manner was easy and dignified, and her matter well selected and forcibly illustrated.

Mr. Haskell was entranced by an Indian spirit, somewhat peculiar in manner, though quite interesting. Then followed a song improvised by an Indian spirit and sung in the Indian dialect, through a gentleman in the audience.

At this stage of the proceedings, the Chairman read the following Preamble and Resolutions, offered by B. B. Marshall:—

Whereas, Spiritualism teaches the entire freedom of mind from all bonds except those of truth, and whereas, in order for the mind fully and impartially to receive the truth, one of the first conditions is the freedom of the body,

Therefore, Resolved, That it is the voice of this Meeting that human slavery is in direct conflict with Spiritualism, being a foul blot and curse upon the immortal soul, robbing it of its birthright—the ownership of its physical habitation.

Resolved, That in Abraham Lincoln, standing as he does, under the banner of Universal Freedom, by and through an amendment to the U. S. Constitution, we recognize the man worthy of our support, as one well calculated to advance the cause so dear to us all.

After some sharp discussion upon the propriety of introducing such resolutions into a Spiritualist Meeting or Convention, they were laid upon the table, the meeting adjourned until nine A. M., the next day.

#### SECOND DAY.

Twelve hundred persons present. At 9 A. M., the Secretary called the meeting to order. After singing by the choir, Mrs. Stearns spoke in prayer.

Mr. Douglas spoke of directing our minds to the one great object of the meeting—without enlightening his hearers as to what that object was—proceeding to ask that last night's discussion of the resolutions made him as though he would like to be at home. This morning he felt differently, and urged harmony of mind and feeling.

Mr. Carroll, of Rockland—an elderly gentleman who has been a medium twelve years—read a communication from a spirit, through himself, which he deemed of importance.

Mr. H. P. Fairfield spoke under the influence of Sylvester Judd. He said we wanted Spiritualism morning, noon and night. Spiritualists, he said, had got salvation, while old theology had death and damnation. We have got God and Heaven, they the Devil and Hell. Paul's pockets were stuffed full of letters from the high priests, to persecute the ancient Spiritualists at Damascus, but the scales fell from his eyes, through spirit influence, and he became a medium and Spiritualist.

Next followed a song entitled, "Nellie lost and found," by the daughter of Mrs. C. Rand, of Milford, Mass. It was sung in a sweet, clear voice, with good effect.

Mrs. Abby Morse, of Searsport, sang under the influence of an Indian spirit, a couple of songs. Mrs. Danton, of Union, then took the platform, and, under influence, spoke of the higher life, and its direct concerns in the things of earth.

W. K. Ripley was next introduced as the regular speaker for the forenoon. He remarked that Cromwell said to an artist: "Paint me as I am!" We are all artists, painting ourselves daily, on substances of various kinds. The good man and the assassin whetting his knife, are each seeking happiness. For this the poor imbricate in the gutter crawls; for this the maiden toils and the youth labors. All that is necessary is for each to see clearly the only and true path to permanent happiness, and all will walk therein. Spiritualism is the one thing best calculated to lead us to that goal. Let us cease to find fault, and take on a feeling union. Our strongest dislikes are others' strongest loves. Mediums are too frequently uncharitable and unjust in their estimate of each other. True charity and benevolence does not consist in wholesale applause and recommendation, without a wise discrimination and selection; neither in a studied silence, and refusal to give voice or countenance. But rather in a generous acceptance of each in the sphere of labor their talent appoints for them, admitting the great law of progress as inevitable to all. Spiritualists sometimes commit the mistake of yielding too easily and absolutely to spirit-assumption and dictation. Reason should be exercised, and, if need be, power also, to retain a legitimate and individual mind.

Columbus intuitively saw the New World, but by reason, and the sanction and assistance of a noble woman, he sought and found it. Intuition may perceive a spirit-world, but reason and science must corroborate and substantiate its truths. There are two kinds of evidence—Positive and Probable. Columbus, when he saw the peccol stick on the water, lunged probable or presumptive evidence, and the fact of the stick's being peeled, was indicative of his habitation. There are no trifles so small that some useful lessons may not be gathered from them. Positive evidence is that which each person has demonstrated to their own senses, and cannot be imparted to another, except negatively. We have come to discuss all subjects of vital importance to mankind, without fear or favor from Gods or Devils. Speaking of our origin, our ancestors, he said we might profitably go back to the Frog in the pond, and, indeed, as far back as creation extended. In the realm of science and nature, there are no such distinctions as "high and low" and in the religion of Jesus there were no aliens from human sympathy, and the Father's love. If Jesus differed so with Judas, who "had a devil," we might well afford to acknowledge a common brotherhood of imperfection and its consequences. Much more was said by Brother Ripley, which we had not time to commit to paper, though very instructive and interesting.

Singing by the choir, after which Master Currier recited, in a masterly manner, Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." At four o'clock P. M.

At the adjourned hour the meeting was called to order by the Chairman.

Two thousand persons were present. After a voluntary by the choir,

Mrs. A. A. Currier was announced as the regular speaker for the afternoon. Taking the subject, "Life in the Soul-world, or the Powers of the Spiritual State," she said it required very large credulity to accept this theory, especially if it will not bear the light of reason and the power of thought. All over the world mankind believed in immortality in some form. She would not offer this fact as an argument in its favor, for, once, not very remotely in the past, the entire civilized world accepted an error in regard to astronomical relations of our earth, with its own movements and that of other bodies. The spiritual is beyond the ken of the schoolmen of science, and therefore it neither relies upon tradition or science. But demonstrates itself to the individual mind.

She contended that spirits need rest, and do sleep. Poets and thinkers here on earth require more sleep than the least of us without rest or repose. According to the Bible account, God rested after his six days of laborious toil; and, surely, if this be so, it is not inconsistent for the creature to need rest also. The spirits also eat and drink. They have eyes, and therefore see; ears, and hence they hear; a mouth and teeth, and they eat. For not an organ can or would exist that is not for some use, she asked, does the spirit-life obtain his belief of spirits? Much in science, not in faith. Just at this point in the discourse, loud raps

were distinctly heard upon the platform near the medium, as much as to confirm the very next words of the speaker. It is, she said, in actual demonstration. The churchman is bound by his own creed, to go with the Spiritualist to the manifestations of the past, they only carry company on the present. The belief in obsessions—the idea that spirits still retain their base appetites, and gratify them through the indulgence of those passions in mediums, she emphatically pronounced a monstrous libel against the spirit-world. It is not dependent upon the earth. She would defend the right and expose the wrong.

Singing by the choir.

Mr. Fairfield, under influence, took the stand and spoke on the "Philosophy of Spiritualism." God is life. We are in his image, hence we are life. Death is but a circumstance in our life-time. He spoke of the geological growth of mankind. We are allied to the animals, but we are superior, though in the same general course of being; and in character shall partake of the nature of all that preceded us, as also be governed in the present, and future state, very largely by the associations and assimilations of nature and society. If we eat hog, we shall partake of its nature, and in some departments shall express the peculiarities of its type. In our associations are revealed our tastes; at least, all such are voluntarily chosen. Not the death of Jesus, but the life of Christ is our salvation. God, hunting for Adam in the garden shows the narrow idea Christians have who accept that record of the Divine Being. Adam knew where himself was, but God had to call aloud to learn his whereabouts. He asserted that spirits might eat strawberries and cream. Did not Peter see all kinds of animals let down from the spirit-world? There must have been a cow there, and if a cow, then milk, then cream, grass for the cow's subsistence, and no good reason why there may not be strawberries.

At this time the resolutions were taken from the table, and after some discussion were passed, omitting the last resolution relating to Mr. Lincoln. The vote stood about 500 to 55 against.

Mrs. Morse improvised a poem touching the resolutions. It was a most wonderful and grand effort. The use of the clock man as his white as yours, was the sentiment of the poem.

After speaking by several individuals on different topics, the meeting adjourned to 10 A. M., Sunday.

#### THIRD DAY—SUNDAY.

Weather fair. About three thousand persons were present. At 11 A. M. the President called the meeting to order.

After a voluntary by the choir, Miss Susie M. Johnson was announced as the regular speaker for the forenoon. In the entranced condition she spoke on the subject of more intimate acquaintance to all present than Spiritualism, considered with reference to its uses and future purposes. It is not necessary to go into a presentation of the proofs and evidences of the fact, as doubtless most all present accept the philosophy. If a person believes in a God of love, or whatever their faith may be, we expect to see something in the character of that faith, and that corresponding to their belief. Spiritualists profess a higher faith than any other class of worshippers. Church-men and skeptics are asking what are the uses of this new religion? The fact of the need of change is evident in the present eruptions and convulsions, both in religious and political affairs. Every demand is met by an appropriate supply. The commands of God are always the demands of Nature. There is no distinction between God and his works. Separate God from his works, and you cut off all the avenues of man's approach to him. We want to know a God who stands related to us; we want to know of the elements of Godliness, and feel that they exist in human beings. We want to feel cooperative with God; that he has as much need of us as we of him, and that the perfection of the universe depends upon the relationship of its atoms and forces, and that separation cannot occur without destruction. Persons talk of independent individual action, without seeming to realize they are as much acted upon by forces from without as within. We are associative beings, and were brought here through the action of the desire and law of association. So the spirit-world is associated with us to accomplish their purpose and end. The only true religion is to pray without ceasing; but pray with your arms, your legs, your purse, your love. Every Spiritualist should have a definite purpose and a practical use for their religion. If not, then drop it. Spirits come not alone to dance for our amusement, but to effect a radical reform in every department where sin abounds. We intend to purge every sin of corruption. If you cannot be better, do not be a traitor. If you cannot fight in this cause, then for God's sake run! Throw down your spiritual weapons, and gravitate to your proper place, the Orthodox Church, or wherever else it may be. If your politics need purging, we shall make the attempt in the face of all criticism. It shall be done impartially but earnestly; easy if possible, severe if must be. As parents correct their children, God and Nature would correct our mistakes, who are only children of larger growth. Let us accept the truth from whatever source it comes. This war is the result in no small degree of the popular Christianity. Its history is not comprised in four years or twenty-five. It is organic in human nature. Cannon-balls cannot end the struggle until they strike the central purgatory of all sectional prejudice and party bias. Until mental purification, internal and oppression shall be superseded in human hearts by love, charity and forgiveness; and the glory of our achievement will be no greater than that of the "top dog in the fight," unless sanctified by other motives than animal conquest. Does not the pleading voice of dead and dying heroes silence the bitterness and contentions of the living? Have we not seen by their memory in one common effort to remove from our eyes the "beam," that we may more clearly see to remove the "mote" from our neighbor's? Not through strife, but universal love and good will come true victory. Let us come here, not to pour out the "vials of our wrath" upon each other, but to compare experiences, to acknowledge our own weakness and dependence, and gather strength to bear present burdens, and combat future evils.

Singing.

Mr. Fairfield spoke under the influence of L. P. Rand, giving an account of his spirit life, and vindicating his course with the "Davenport Boys," while here. He recognized many friends present, who had given him their sympathy and support while in the form, and had sent many an earnest prayer for his "Bridge of Life." That same transition state between the material and spiritual conditions of existence. He is still active in promoting the general diffusion of knowledge among the dwellers of both spheres, and acquainting himself with natural and spiritual forces; tendered to all present his love and desire for their comfort and happiness, and a final reunion, with expressions of his enlarged opportunities.

Adjourned till 2 P. M.

Came to order according to adjournment. Presenting by the choir. Three thousand present. Singing by the choir.

Mrs. Stearns in an earnest and forcible manner discussed the great principle underlying the spiritual movement. She urged upon all, purity of life, honesty of purpose, and a rigid adherence to the laws governing generation, that the men and women of the future may be the children of wisdom, intelligence and love. We have no hesitancy in predicting for this lady—now a comparative stranger among us—a large circle of acquaintances, and that she will be fully appreciated, both publicly and privately.

Mr. Douglas offered a few remarks embodying a farewell to the friends and the meeting.

Singing.

Charles A. Hayden, Maine's favored "Boy-preacher," now took the stand as the regular speaker for the afternoon. New England, he said was noted for its religion and its churches. Religion has always been considered in the past, a special revelation of the Divine Mind; but Nature's most simple lessons are genuine religion. Nature, God and Humanity are triune force; indissoluble in purpose and action. It is not of our own making, but of God's gift. Life is in its manifestations. Religion is the outgrowth of Nature through the human mind and heart. Faith without knowledge is worthless. To say God exists, amounts to nothing, without the proof. So of the spirit-world. It must be demonstrable to the reason. The Atheist has the argument, unless demonstration can be made.

The speaker contended that the spirit-life is the voice and aspiration of all things. We in this day have the advantage of all past ages. In

that, the archives of their experience and observation are opened to us. Our Bibles are merely a record of a few years in the past. The Koran of the Mahometan and the Zend Avesta are of equal significance, viewed in the light of history, as the Christian Bible. We have not the inspiration of a "Moses," nor the sanction of the Christian. We may not climb mount "Sinai," but we will climb mount Science, which overlooks it, and make such observations of the "promised land" as shall lure some modern "Moses" from the miniature heights of past inspiration to the extended range of the bounds Infinity. To enter into heaven, is to compass its conditions within our own vision, and establish them in our hearts. We acknowledge no authority but that of Nature's law. Bibles are our aids; never our masters. Agitation will yet overthrow all false religions. The truth must ultimately prevail, though "Galileo" be thrust within dungeon walls. We have had enough sermons to save the world; but the truths which have been suppressed by these sermonizers, are what will truly save the soul and body also. The churches complain that Spiritualism encourages infidelity. While the fact is, the Church, unwittingly manufactures materials for us to convert to a knowledge of spirit and its relations. In closing up the avenues of present inspiration and spiritual manifestations, they effectually shut out the proof of spiritual existence to the inquiring mind, and leave it no other alternative but blank materialism, and yet fortunately for those whose wants are not met in Moses, Jesus and the Apostles, when theology built a bridge over Jordan for Moses and Elias to confer with Jesus and his disciples, they left the gate open for other adventurers to enter. We claim to be infidel to total depravity, infidel to vicarious atonement, infidel to the idea that God makes any blunders. Can there be anything more absurd than the idea that God tried to kill off his rebel subjects by a flood, leaving just enough to perpetuate the evil he attempted to cure; and that falling in that effort, he came down from his superior condition and assumed the inferior position of creature, and suffered himself to be killed; and, lastly, created a Devil, to consummate the work he had himself incompetent to accomplish. We are infidel to such an estimate of Infinite wisdom and power, as is represented by such a picture as this. We are not infidel to the authority of Intellect and Science.

Washington, through a ray, is just as competent to give us thoughts as through a goosequill. Fame helped us to the liberty of new enjoy. Crush the rebellion, and cut crush out slavery, both South and North. A greater commission than was given to Israel is now given to the North. Shades of Washington, of Adams, of Jackson, of all heroes! we ask forgiveness that at a Spiritual Convention resolutions touching the great question of slavery should meet with any opposition, and that one man should be found to oppose that slavery is right. So be it, and all like him! He himself is a base, cowardly slave. Let all earth and hell combine to suppress resolutions and the freedom of speech, yet we do declare, on behalf of the spirit-world, that the right shall prevail, and freedom come to all of Africa's sons and daughters. Away with a Spiritualism which enfold within its warm embrace every child of earth, applying the outcast, the down-trodden and oppressed.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the President and Business Committee, as well as this community generally, extend their sincere thanks and full approval to Mr. B. B. Marshall, of Massachusetts, who has so kindly and faithfully performed the duties of Secretary for this meeting. And the "Pine Tree State" sends, through Mr. Marshall as a representative, a recognition and blessing to old Massachusetts and her sons, whose hearts are always in the right place, heads clear, and hands ready to do their bidding.

Resolved, That this audience express their unbounded thanks to the Business Committee, and the people who have so bountifully provided for their comfort in opening to them their homes and hearts.

Resolved, That as Christ fed the multitude anointed with "broken bread," and they were satisfied, so we would express to our mediums in the form, and also to our spirit friends, our satisfaction for the thoughts with which our hungering souls have been fed.

The Chairman then extended a vote of thanks on behalf of all present, to the choir, who had lent the influence of their voices, attuned to harmonious utterance, to soften the asperities and quicken the better impulses of our natures, during the meetings of this session.

The audience then proposed an expression of gratitude to the President, Mr. Blake, for the acceptable performance of his duties as presiding officer, which was generously acceded to by all present.

Mrs. Morse then took the stand, and improvised and sang two songs, the subjects for which were selected by the audience. One was "Freedom!" the other "A World of Sorrow and Truth."

Mr. Maddox made a few remarks. Then followed a voluntary by the choir, and at 5 P. M. the "Grove Meeting" of three days closed—(though the meeting adjourned to meet in the Universalist Church, in Old Town, at 7 o'clock, to hear Mrs. A. A. Currier deliver the last lecture of her month's engagement there.) Your reporter being tired, having another engagement, and the twilight was not bright; but, judging from the testimony of those who were there, the lecture must have been a masterly effort, replete with character, elegance and emphasis. Subject, "The Present Aspect of the War."

It is worthy of remark, and highly creditable to the State of Maine, particularly this section, that although there were no police upon the ground at any time during the meeting, there was no disturbance or disorderly conduct to be corrected, and not once, to my knowledge, was the Chair obliged to enjoin order. There must have been, we think, in a gathering numbering three thousand people, many who were neither believers nor sympathizers in our faith, but they were certainly inspired with a love of good order and reputable behaviour, if not by spirits. Those who had been active in getting up and conducting the meeting, felt, as they heard on every side the expressions of satisfaction and pleasure, a spirit of thanksgiving, which, I imagine, was an acceptable prayer to the Spirit who had "held us in the hollow of his hand," and baptized us in the power and love of his eternal presence; and we believe all went forward in the paths of duty strengthened and hopeful, and we, spiritual pioneers, mediums and reformers, will go forth with a deeper love for our fellow men and a stronger trust in God.

SUSIE M. JOHNSON, Ass't Sec.  
Bradley, Me., Aug. 31, 1864.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HEAVEN.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

There is a heavenly land above,  
Where never-ending summer reigns,  
Where everlasting peace and love  
Illuminate the holy plains.

The life which suffers most below,  
Will keener relish joys above;  
The heart which feels the bitterest woe,  
Will better prize the sweets of love.

Earth's struggling souls do not despise



## Correspondence in Brief.

## Needs of the Banner.

We are under great obligations for your free and timely statement in regard to the financial relations of the BANNER. It is an old and tried friend, and dear to our hearts—one, we trust, that all true friends of progress would be anxious to cherish and sustain in the hour of trial. No Spiritualist that has capacities to realize the wants of our time, would permit the light of the BANNER to languish and go out, without being willing to make some sacrifice to prevent it.

Brethren in the cause of humanity, let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and assist the vehicle of our thoughts and of glad tidings to the hungering spirit, beyond these perilous times. Who would see the BANNER go down? What home would be a home, unless the family circle was lit up by its weekly visits?

Words of good cheer are proper at all times, but they cannot enlighten or feed a famishing world. The man who asks for bread to satisfy the demands of his being, cares but little for them; however profusely bestowed or kindly spoken, they cannot save him. The best and most encouraging kind of cheer to the conductors of the BANNER, and which is all important to them, as well as to its thousands of patrons, is a few dollars. In times gone by, many of us have contributed freely to keep the old ship Zion afloat, and that its sails might be made more attractive, we have made in addition a yearly donation. But these things with us have passed away. And now shall we not be equally consistent with our faith and belief in a cause an hundred-fold more dear to our hearts, and make a bestowment to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and with it an earnest and universal prayer that its light may continue to shine and throw its radiance over our pathway?

West Carlton, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1864.

Accompanying the above was a draft for \$50, for which we return our grateful thanks, as do also our invisible friends.

## A Note from Ohio.

DEAR BANNER—You have so many Conventions and Grove Meetings to notice, that I shall trouble you with but a short article.

The Spiritualists of New London and vicinity met in Brundage's Grove, on the 10th and 11th inst., as previously arranged, for the purpose of holding a Grove Meeting. We had a pleasant time, and a large attendance; but our speakers are so busy that Bro. Barnum, the regular speaker here, came very near having to officiate alone. At the opening of the afternoon exercises on Sunday, Bro. B. read from the BANNER the resolutions of our National Convention, and then called for a subject to speak upon. The resolutions were given, and he spoke upon them so well, that when it came my turn, the first thing I said was "Amen," which was responded to from the audience. It is not because our people are fond of strife and bloodshed that we thus endorse the policy of the Administration, but because a race is being born from chattelhood to manhood, and to this nation is given the maternity thereof; and should this struggle cease before the object thereof is accomplished, it would be as fatal to the nation as would the cessation of birth-pangs to the mother ere her babe was born. Yours for truth and humanity,

New London, O., Sept. 12, 1864.

## A Card.

In carefully looking over the history of the past we have rarely been so much gratified at the evident progress which is now being manifested in this community, as this. We refer with heartfelt pleasure to the kindly feeling manifested by the established Church of this place, which, like every other manifestation, must eventuate in good results.

We allude to the funeral of our worthy brother private, Horace R. Parsons. The services were held in the Orthodox Church, which was kindly tendered by that society for the occasion.

We deem this notice but an act of justice, and sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when that progression shall be reached which shall cause all churches to recognize a universal brotherhood on occasions like this.

The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Henry George, of Boston, in a most acceptable manner; and we would cordially recommend Mr. George as deserving of the success as a lecturer which he merits, having heard him lecture at the town hall last evening in this place.

NATHAN NOURSE, JR.  
SILAS CUTLER.  
Burlington, Mass., Sept. 17, 1864.

## "Nature vs. Drugs"—Reforms—The Children's Department.

Having violated Nature's law by overwork, I am now laying by to recuperate, and I have for my companion the dear old—in wisdom—BANNER. Among other valuable articles I found in it, the one on "Nature vs. Drugs," by Dr. A. J. Higgins, particularly interested me. I am a reformer, and I rejoice to notice among other reformatory subjects, that of dress is being agitated. I trust competent writers and lecturers will feel the importance of a subject that so nearly relates to our health and advancement, and labor to bring about a thorough reformation in female dress.

One word for the encouragement of those who write for children. The stories of Mrs. L. M. Willis seem to take right hold of the affections of the little ones. My little girl—about six years of age—as soon as she sees your paper, sits down by my side, and says, "Do read to me that pretty story in the BANNER," before I have time to even run over the captions of its contents or read the "Messages." Yours in spirit of Progress,  
Mrs. D. J. CHASE.

Pittsburgh, N. Y., Sept. 14th, 1864.

## B. W. Stoddard, Medium.

To the many friends who have so nobly responded to the call from Warren Chase, in behalf of B. W. Stoddard, permit me to say, that in so doing, they have made glad the heart of the widow and orphan, and for the present, feel content with their door. And lest some may feel impatient at the long delay of an answer to their letters, I would say, that the young man has had another attack of his sickness, (fits) which has prevented him from writing for some time past; but he has now nearly or quite regained his usual health, and his time will, when able to write, be devoted to those who have so kindly aided him, and all shall receive attention. But then, remember that grateful hearts will bless you. Truly yours,  
LUCIA H. COWLES.

Chardon, Ohio, Sept. 13th, 1864.

## The Boy Medium.

In connection with my lecturing I have charge of Henry B. Allen, the boy medium, for musical manifestations and various test phenomena. The boy has been visited by hundreds of persons, and has been instrumental in giving satisfaction to many who are seeking for the "land of immortality." Those who wish for lectures or circles, or both, may address me according to appointments in the BANNER. The fore part of the coming winter I shall visit Maine and Eastern Massachusetts with the boy, but will make arrangements to visit any point where friends may wish. Very respectfully yours,  
J. H. RANDALL.

Morrisville, Vt., Sept. 21, 1864.

## Mrs. Bond's Lecture Appreciated.

The BANNER continues to come to hand with its usual punctuality, and is perused with increasing pleasure. In No. 17, Vol. XV, is an address by Mrs. Frances Bond, which should be printed upon satin, and framed, and then be put in the hands of every Spiritualist, so that their unbelieving friends can read it. To my mind it is a superior production.

The BANNER is loaned to many who are unbelievers, and they read it, shake their heads, and then, read on.  
S. D. P. B.

Huerfano Creek, Col. Ter.

The most curious instance of a change of instinct is mentioned by Darwin. The bees carried to Barbadoes and the Western Islands ceased to lay up honey after the first year. They found the weather so fine that they quitted their grave mercantile character, became exceedingly profligate and debauched, ate up their capital, and resolved to work no more, and amused themselves by flying about the sugar-houses and stinging the negroes.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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; and of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

## Living Simply.

It does not take a great deal of money, ordinarily, to be happy. That grand desideratum, happiness, is compassed with compliance with very few conditions. Contentment is at the bottom of the secret. And although it is almost universally true that no man comes up to the object of his desire with a tithing of the eagerness with which he contemplated it afar off, it can be made a fact in every one's experience, for all that, that contentment may not necessarily be at variance with the largest and freest notions of the spirit, and that the simplest style of living is not incompatible with growth and development to the largest degree.

What is it that makes us so afraid of simple things, of things of which we cannot say that they cost as much money as somebody else's? Why are we willing to be so tormented with the merest moonshine of our imaginations, and so betrayed by the silly bugbears which are raised by our conceits? We surely may pursue a style of living in perfect keeping with our character, which of course submits to the limitation set by our means, and still not undermine any of those solid and sterling qualities by which we became useful to others and a source of happiness at home with ourselves. There is no computing how happy a man may become, if he only tries to make what he has, however little it may be, answer his turn. Besides, fully one-half of what he thinks to be wants, are nothing more than whims or fancies; he is really better off without than with them. The excess of our supplies only constitutes so much needless baggage for us to transport from station to station, from stopping-place to stopping-place; it is but what the warlike Romans used to call the impedimenta of their armies.

It is not essential for a man to live in a large house, filled with costly furniture, in order to display true elevation of sentiment and dignity of character; on the contrary, many a man of the most striking character, in which were combined breadth of culture, depth and power of thought, impressiveness of manner, and genuine elevation of sentiment, has found it one of the easiest of matters to manifest the whole in the midst of simple surroundings, and with none of the adjuncts either of large wealth or imposing ceremony. The truest dignity is always in keeping with the least pretension and parade; overload it with the social ornamentation, and it ceases to be that and instantly becomes something else.

We have seen two persons—a man and his wife—live in the shade of what other people would superciliously style obscurity, and show more real beauty of life and true loveliness of character than any of those who esteem themselves more fortunate ones, and who boast of their superior style on the ground of their larger wealth. Beyond the possession of enough, and the assurance of its continuance in the face of ordinary contingencies, riches do not operate as a means of culture, or of engendering liberality of sentiment or largeness of thought; on the other hand, where the mind is fixed chiefly and continuously on them, it insensibly grows contracted, becomes pinched and petty, and, in time, utterly refuses to offer hospitality to those sentiments which, above all others, give it expansion and elevation. So that, in fact, what was once coveted so eagerly as a means, by becoming an end, is made to stand directly in the way of the object originally aimed at. Riches are quite as apt to be a hindrance as a help to us; and that, too, not by reason of any evil spell which they are able to exercise over our secret purposes, but because solely of our own natural indecision and many infirmities.

Nothing is more attractive to other eyes, as nothing certainly exercises so powerful an influence over the mind of others, as the sight of great things being done with small means. That is the way of Nature. The universe is full of illustrations of this very same fact. Providence allows nothing to be wasted, and it will be found by us all, that, in the spiritual as in the material world, the largest results are secured with as close an economy of means as are the smallest. We may profitably take the limit in the conduct of our daily lives. The old style public men could live, and live in a state of comfort and dignity, in very plain mansions, though they were commodious enough to answer all their needs and requirements; but our modern politicians, including what there may be of statesmen among them, would hardly think they could get along except amid surroundings that will impose with their luxurious grandeur upon the imaginations of all who are brought in contact with them. It is just as true of men in other callings and professions. Very few dare be themselves, dare refuse to buy showy and imposing things when they are well able to do it. Even while their heart revolts from taking an imitative part in such a numbing show, they deliberately sign a check to cover the expenses.

When the character is overlaid and covered up with what ceases to lend it expression, it is time that the victim, if still able to perceive the misfortune, should throw off the cheap coverlets with which his nature is likely to be smothered. It is so easy, and yet so difficult, to be perfectly simple—to be just one's self, and nobody else. It costs but little, and therefore few feel that they can afford it. Society tyrannizes so much, it takes a great soul to quietly put aside its edicts and refuse to domesticate itself within its narrow limitations. But when once the first step is taken, all comes easy after that, and is perfectly natural, too. We admire the person whose society is puzzled to fix a place for, but audaciously, though ever so quietly, fixes his own. These are the souls that make all the real society which is worth talking about. If they rely more on themselves than on what is purely external to themselves, others feel the secret influence in due time, and at length all around them are made better by their presence.

At best, we can enjoy and place in our personal service only so much, whether it is money or something else. This very fact ought alone to suggest moderation, self-contentment, the idea of

living upon our own resources, and the fact that we can be happy if we only will. All depends on where we leave our hearts. If it is money which we covet as the primary condition to anything and everything else, then we forthwith surrender those very objects and purposes between which and ourselves we have placed so foolish an obstacle. We undertake to say that a stock of health is worth a good deal more to an individual in pursuit of happiness than a store of riches. Ask the feeble rich man how it is, and he will tell you as we have told you about it. But even health is to be had only by complying with the condition of simple living and the entertainment of innocent and refreshing thoughts. Turn which way we will, we find that Nature teaches the same plain lesson invariably, and that overloading only begets unrest, spiritual disease, and permanent unhappiness.

## No Speculation.

We are glad to see combinations everywhere making up to defeat the ends of grasping and unprincipled speculators. It is a fact that the people of the country are to-day suffering vastly more from the effects of speculation than from those of war. The Government really does not levy one-half the tax upon us which we have to carry on our shoulders in consequence of the extortion of the speculators. They are the army which is fast eating out our substance. In various localities, and more recently in Boston, we see that organizations are set on foot for the purpose of bringing the plans of this class of men to naught. The matter of coal is exciting particular attention, and arrangements are making for procuring this necessary article at a lower rate, thus lopping off what the middle man has come to think is his by a sort of divine right. We only wish that traffic in every article could be taken out of the hands of these Shylocks in commerce, and they made to work like other people, for an honest living.

## Letters for Camp.

Write often, and always write long and warm letters to your sons and brothers in the Army of the Union. It is scarcely possible to make an estimate in words of the value of such letters to our brave troops. Many of them pine with homesickness, and this brings the door of home close to their feet again. Many want just this sort of healthy and reasonable check, to keep them free from the entanglements of low temptations, which would in no sense be temptations, if anything else came in to fill up the time. A good home letter warms a soldier's heart better than wine. Its influence is permanent. Its kind and affectionate words echo in the heart on the march, in the dead watches of the night, and in the roar of battle. Let no one omit to write to friends in the army, very, very often.

## Intemperance.

The Gloucester Telegraph learns that a gentleman named Saunders, recently deceased at Cambridge, has left the sum of ten thousand dollars to the town of Gloucester, and a like sum to the city of Newburyport, to be devoted to the suppression of the evils of intemperance in those two places. If the gentleman had left that amount to aid in suppressing the poisonous "mixtures," sold everywhere in the Commonwealth as "wines and other liquors," by unprincipled men, who are sending their victims to premature graves by thousands every year, he would have been instrumental in accomplishing much good. We fear Newburyport and Gloucester will not be perceptibly benefited by the donations above alluded to. Intemperance was never as rife as now.

## Lyceum Hall Lectures.

The Spiritualists of Boston, and others interested in the promulgation of great truths tending to the amelioration of the human race from the bondage of ignorance and bigotry, are notified that the platform of the above hall will be occupied by Mrs. S. E. Warner, on next Sabbath, afternoon and evening. We mentioned this fact last week; but we again refer to it, for we desire that the friends of the cause in Boston fill the hall on this occasion.

These meetings, as heretofore, will be under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner. Several prominent speakers have been engaged, among whom we may mention N. Frank White, J. S. Loveland, Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, etc.

## Mr. Foster, the Test Medium, in Boston.

It will give our friends pleasure, we know, to learn that one of our best mediums for test has returned to Boston, and taken rooms at No. 6 Suffolk place.

All those desirous of communing with their spirit friends, whether skeptics or believers, should embrace the present occasion to visit Mr. F., as perhaps they may not again have an opportunity to secure his services, he contemplating at no distant day making a tour on the Continent of Europe.

## Spiritual Books in London, Eng.

By an advertisement on our eighth page it will be seen that Mr. J. BURNS, No. 1 Wellington Road, Camberwell, London, has a supply of all spiritual and progressive works published in this country or in England. He is also agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and will receive subscriptions.

Persons on the other side of the Atlantic who desire to procure works which elucidate the Spiritual Philosophy, will find Mr. Burns's Bookstore very convenient for their accommodation.

## Dr. J. R. Newton in Rochester, N. Y.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that this world-renowned benefactor is to be located for the present in Rochester, N. Y., where he will administer to the wants of the sick and suffering, curing them—if curable—by the "laying on of hands." He has taken rooms in Washington Building, corner of Clinton and Main streets, where he invites all to come and be healed—the poor "without money or price." He will be ready to receive patients on Saturday, Oct. 1st.

## Jennie Lord's Circles.

According to the New York City and Brooklyn papers, Miss Lord's séances at Brooklyn are causing quite a sensation. An article in the N. Y. Daily News devotes half a column to the "Mysterious Manifestations," headed as follows: "A NEW SENSATION IN BROOKLYN—MUSIC, MIRTH AND MYSTIFICATION." And then follows the details of what was performed by the spirits, which we are unable to copy, owing to the crowded state of our columns.

## The Meetings in Charlestown.

The Society of Spiritualists in our neighboring city, Charlestown, resume their regular meetings in City Hall, under the management of Mr. A. H. Richardson, on Sunday next. Mrs. M. S. Townsend will occupy the desk on that occasion and the following Sundays during the month.

## New Publications.

History of the Rebellion: By Horace Greeley. Vol. 1. Hartford: O. D. Case & Co., Publishers. For sale by Horace King, 81 Washington street, Boston. General Agent for Maine, New Hampshire, Eastern Massachusetts, and the British Provinces.

We took occasion to give an extended notice of Mr. Greeley's history of the American Conflict, on the appearance of some of the specimen pages of the work. We said, at that time, that few pens in the country could furnish a history of this struggle, which would be half so readable and impressive as that which Mr. Greeley's pen is capable of supplying. The appearance of the entire first volume of the work is all that is needed to satisfy any one who will examine it, that for vigor of description, clearness of conception, and naturalness of division, so far as the several causes and stages of the conflict are concerned, it is hardly possible to surpass this work of Mr. Greeley. His long experience as a leading journalist, has fitted him peculiarly for this very task. He is perfectly familiar with the subject and with its history. His habits of mind make him alive to those very points, always the most striking and salient, which the general reader will look for when he opens the volume.

His style, to be sure, is not that of Bolingbroke, not yet of Sir James Mackintosh, yet there is no denying that it has a singular rush and sweep which have very strong attractions for the reader, while finish is sunk in considerations of race and vigor. No man could tell a straighter or more stirring story than Mr. Greeley. He goes right to the heart of his subject, and lays out his work without the tediousness of very many preliminaries. Of course he has his own personal theory to support in connection with his narrative, and well and strongly does he support it, too; but no one can deny that he collects around that theory an overwhelming mass of facts, which scarcely seem to leave any room for any other theory than his own to stand upon. The slavery question, and its far and near relations to the war, are very ably and thoroughly discussed; and this portion of Mr. Greeley's work, say what party critics will, is the part which displays the philosophic turn of his active mind to the greatest possible advantage.

The first volume of this History forms a noble book, in respect of type, paper, printing, and binding. It is a noble monument of the industry, taste, and business energy of the popular house which has undertaken the task of its publication. We are glad to hear that the demand for this History of the Rebellion is enormous; the first volume is turned out by the press by the tens of thousands, and sent to every corner of the country. It will be one of the books which will be perpetuated with the recollection and history of this most important era. The publishers, since undertaking the publication, have found that the cost of each volume has increased by about eighty cents, on their hands, and they have, therefore, felt compelled to increase the retail price of the same, by the rate of twenty-five per cent.

This History, be it remembered, is sold only by subscription, and Horace King, No. 81 Washington street, Boston, is the general agent for this section.

THE WRONG OF SLAVERY, THE RIGHT OF EMANCIPATION, AND THE FUTURE OF THE AFRICAN RACE IN THE UNITED STATES. By Hon. Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. For sale by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, 288 Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio.

This is a very handsome and a very striking book. It would attract immediate attention, were it only known of it that it is written by such a man, and so widely known a writer, as Robert Dale Owen. It takes up the African Slavery question in this country, and discusses it legally, historically, and politically. And in the course of such a discussion, almost all topics of leading and vital importance to the country come in naturally for treatment. Questions are here discussed, on which hang the destinies of the country. Mr. Owen has enjoyed the best opportunities for fully qualifying himself to write such a book as this, having been engaged for many months, as all our readers know, as Chairman of a Government Commission to examine into all reports upon the condition of the Freedmen of the United States. He traveled with that Commission into all the disturbed districts; and the large mass of fresh and reliable information which he then obtained was placed at his disposal by the Department, and from this he has drawn the material for his present work.

This may, in brief, be termed a text-book on the whole subject. It treats of Emancipation, and treats fairly and reasonably of it, as a measure of National policy, essential to the preservation of the Constitution, indispensable to the reestablishment of peace, and inseparable from the future maintenance, North and South, of domestic tranquility. It goes on to trace the connection of the white and black races in the past, and to set forth the duty of the one race to the other in the present; and it seeks to furnish a solution to the problem, how the two races are likely, both being perfectly free, to live together in the future; whether, in the language of the preface, "we shall have a race among us unwilling or unable to support itself—whether admixture of the races, both being free, is probable or desirable—whether, without admixture, the reciprocal social influence of the races on each other promises good or evil; what are the chances that a base prejudice of race shall diminish and disappear; and lastly, whether, in case the colored men shall outlive that prejudice, disgraceful to us and depressing to him, and shall be clothed by law with the same rights in search of which we sought this Western world, there will be anything in connection with his future in these United States to excite regret or inspire apprehension."

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE for October has its usual variety of excellent reading matter and elegant embellishments. It is for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October opens with a finely illustrated narrative, written by the popular author, J. Ross Browne, entitled "A Tour through Arizona." The description of the "Union Straw Works, at Foxboro, Mass.," is quite interesting, and well illustrated. The other contents of this number are up to the usual standard of Harper. A. Williams & Co., have it for sale.

## A Great Victory.

The recent brilliant victory of Gen. Sheridan over the rebel army under Early and Breckenridge, in the Shenandoah Valley, inspires every lover of the Union. This is the way to destroy armed rebellion against the Government. Early was doing much for Lee, while he held the Valley, but Sheridan has by this glorious victory accomplished more for Grant. We expect now to see the latter avail himself of the full advantage which has been placed in his hands by this last triumph. The soldiers of the Union fought bravely, and drove the enemy for thirty miles, making their army a disorganized mass of fugitives, killing four generals and three thousand men, and taking as many more prisoners.

## Announcements.

F. L. Wadsworth will attend the Yearly Meeting of "Friends of Progress," at Richmond, Ind., Oct. 14th, 15th, and 16th. Address until that time, Box 67, Richmond, Ind. After that, till further notice, 274 Canal street, N. Y.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen speaks in Belfast, Me., Oct. 21; in Camden, Oct. 29th; in S. Thomaston, Oct. 31.

James M. Allen will speak in Waldo, Knox, and Hancock Counties, Me., until further notice. Address *Seaside, Me.*, care of M. Bailey.

Mrs. S. E. Warner, of Berlin, Wis., will lecture in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 30th; in Chelsea, Nov. 6th and 13th.

Lizzie Matten will speak in Chelsea, Nov. 20th and 27th.

The friends of progress meet every Sunday evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, No. 138 Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## U. Clark's Illness.

Uriah Clark has been prostrated with typhoid fever, for several weeks, in Janesville, Wis. At the last writing, Sept. 15th, he was convalescent, and wished us to say to the friends in Wisconsin and Illinois, where he had appointments, that he will report as soon as possible and fulfill his engagements. His address is in care of Dr. H. S. Brown, Milwaukee, Wis.

## New Music.

W. S. Blanchard's spirited song, entitled "Liberty's Call; or, Hurrah for Abo and Andy," has been set to music by L. B. Starkweather, and published by Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street.

## "Basket" Picnic.

There will be a two days' meeting of Spiritualists at Independence, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2d. Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm, M. D., and others are expected to address the audience. A pleasant and profitable time may be expected.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH has just been spending a pleasant week with a few of his very many friends in and near Boston. The Doctor looks as young, and is as full of life, hope and enthusiasm as ever. He is about to resume his travels shortly, and will spend some time in the Southern States, probably in Louisiana, whither he goes in company with his nephew, Frank A. Potter, Esq., of this city. Their main object in visiting the South is to inaugurate a movement for the secular education of the freedmen thereaway—a labor of love for which they are both eminently fitted by education and desire. We congratulate the friends of the freedmen South in being able to thus secure the services of two such gifted men as Mr. Potter and P. B. Randolph.

Bro. F. L. Wadsworth, writes us that the spiritual cause is alive in the West, despite the political excitement consequent upon the Presidential campaign. It is alive everywhere.

Gen. Fremont has withdrawn his name as a candidate for the Presidency, giving his reasons therefor.

The Commercial's special Washington dispatch says, "A Virginian reports that he had conversed with an acquaintance from Richmond, who stated that Lee has positively but 40,000 troops, independent of Early's command."

One of the best substances for cleaning knives and forks is charcoal, reduced to a fine powder, and applied in the same manner as brick-dust is used.

The Wheeler & Wilson lock-stitch Sewing Machine is considered by those who have used it, the most simple and practical of any in use.

"Henry, you ought to be ashamed to throw away that bread. You may want it some day." "Well, mother, would I stand any better chance of getting it then, should I eat it up now?"

Henry Ward Beecher says: "I can pick out men in New York—great men, that count millions to their names—of whom, if you should take away their wealth, there would be nothing left—you might hunt with a lighted candle, and you could not find them to all eternity." That's true.

How common it is for people to use expressions which have a directly opposite meaning from that the words import. For instance, they say they shall pass when they unshuck them; that they husk corn when they unhusk it; that they dust the furniture when they undust it, or take the dust from it; that they skin a calf when they unskin it; and that they scale fishes when they unscale them.

Why are pen-makers very bad persons? Because they make people steel pens and say they do write.

Dr. H. A. TUCKER.—It will be seen by reference to his advertisement, that this well known clairvoyant Physician, has arranged definite office hours in the various places where his crowds of patients flock after him, so that no disappointment in finding him need now occur.

Water kept in leaden vessels for only a day has been found to contract a sweetness of taste and become poisonous for internal use. And yet people continue to drink lead-pipe water. No wonder they have neuralgia.

A Vienna letter states that in the aristocratic circles of that capital it is now considered most stylish for ladies not to wear crinolines in public assemblies. This change appears to be the result of an example set by the Empress of Austria. When the change first went into fashion it must have caused—so Digby thinks—a considerable bustle in certain quarters.

An English carrier-pigeon lately took a message from London to Exeter, 171 miles, in five hours and twenty minutes.

Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, recently captured by our naval forces, originally cost the United States Government, in its construction and armament, about \$1,500,000, and is capable of mounting 132 guns, and of garrisoning 700 men for siege operations.

ENGLAND NO LONGER A FIRST CLASS POWER. The London correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer, says Lord Palmerston has recently made some significant declarations in explaining the policy of the British Government. In discussing the affairs of America and Poland, he said England would go to war—would have gone to war several times during the last five years—if she dared. She dare not, he says. She has not the power. She has not the means. She has only an army for defensive purposes. And again, in treating of the Danish question, he said in substance: "The German armies were too strong for us. Our object is defence, not aggression. We can hold our coasts with the help of the volunteers, but we must never again venture on a battle-field in



Europe." This is really the effect of what the Premier did say, and almost the exact language he used. No other possible construction can be put upon it, and the result is that Lord Palmerston has distinctly and formally abdicated, on the part of Great Britain, her position and character as a first-class power.

General Confidence has command of the legions of the North, just now. The last great victory of the war, by Gen. Sheridan, will encourage enlistments fourfold.

London is now connected with Sion and Jerusalem by telegraph. St. Petersburg and Boston will be soon, when a telegram dispatched from Jerusalem at noon, may reach us before noon of the same day.

The crop of cotton will be so profitable on the leased plantations at the South this year, that one lessee, formerly a newspaper correspondent, will realize a profit of \$100,000 this season alone. The last we can say is that our newspaper friend is a lucky fellow. He possesses more sense (cents) than all the rest of the newspaper correspondents in the United States.

The ancient theatre of Ephesus has recently been examined and measured. Its diameter was six hundred feet, and it would accommodate seventy-five thousand spectators. It is memorable for the uproar described in Acts vi., when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. It was also the scene of Apollonius's miracles.

THE KINGDOM OF ITALY.—The kingdom of Italy, according to the last census, counts 21,777,334 inhabitants, and occupied the fifth place in Europe in point of population. If Venice and Rome were re-annexed to it, it would present an aggregate of 27,000,000, and be, after France, the most populous country in Europe in which a single language is exclusively spoken.

Some writer says: "I call every man intolerant from principle, who conceives no man can be a man of virtue and ability who does not believe exactly what he does, and unmercifully consigns to perdition all those who do not think like himself."

The BANNER OF LIGHT is cheap at three dollars a year, and there are Spiritualists enough in America to sustain a dozen such papers.—*Progressive Age.*

You are quite right, friend Hull. And it will be sustained. The Spiritualists are waking up to the importance of sustaining their organs, since the demise of the Herald of Progress. We all have a mighty work before us to do, brother Hull, and a mighty opposition to contend with; but as our faith is based upon the immutable principles of Truth, Justice and Right, however much the storms of Prejudice and Bigotry may beat against our bark, we shall ride out the gale in safety, and fulfill our mission, we trust, acceptably to the Father of us all.

Fan should be cultivated as a fine art, for it is altogether a fine thing. Whoever knew a funny man to be a bad one? On the contrary, he is not, nine times out of ten, generous, humane, social, and good?—*Exchange.*

Mr. Ames, of Falls Village, has completed one of his great wrought iron cannon, and will soon take it to Bridgeport for trial. The gun is fourteen feet long, weighs twenty thousand pounds, and it is expected will throw a hundred and fifty-pound shell from seven to ten miles. Digby says he can't see what Mr. Ames was aiming at when he made such a gun. "Why, he aims to hit a seven-mile target," Jo Cose responded; "and as he is a very amiable man, he don't wish his country's enemies to come too near."

Washington and Franklin were of Northamptonshire, England lineage. A foreign correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune recently rode through Stillgrove, Northamptonshire, and in the village church, read on the tombstone of President Washington's great grandfather, the brief inscription: "Lawrence Washington, Gent., 1694." He was the father of thirteen children.—*Exchange.*

Digby can trace his lineage to Whales; he says there was a large family of them, who were well educated, because they were often seen in "schools."

Anonymous scribblers are still flinging their slime at Spiritualists through the columns of a city press that should have more sense than to allow such attacks a place there.

Cardinal Wiseman asserts that the Roman Catholics are steadily gaining ground on the Protestants in England.

An employe at the depot in New Haven drove away a boy who was playing around the cars. The boy's father threatened to prosecute him if he did it again. The next day the boy was run over by a freight train, and lost a leg.

The London Times in a recent editorial on the economic effects of the American war, shows that its influence has reached the remotest corners of the earth.

The cause of this war has influenced the remotest corners of the earth; but the effects are yet to be developed.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

We are under great obligations to our host of correspondents, who have of late sent us a vast amount of interesting matter for publication, much of which it is utterly impossible for us to absorb. If some of our able contributors should fall to see their lucubrations in print, they must not attribute to any design on our part to reject them, for such is not the fact. Were our sheet double its present size and it would be, we were to be adequately remunerated for our labors by sufficient patronage—we should even then lack for space to accommodate all our friends.

"Error."—Write to the Misses Bush, Principals of the Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., and you will obtain all the information you desire upon the subject.

J. B. W. COLCHESSTER, CT.—See Dr. Newton's advertisement in another column.

F. L. W.—Would like a report of the meeting of the Friends of Progress.

N. H. R. PORT HORN.—Your question has been presented to the controlling spirit of our circle, and will be answered in due time.

## Spiritual Basket Picnic.

The friends of the Harmonical Philosophy will hold a two days' meeting at Independence, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2d. A free platform will be sustained, each speaker being responsible only for his or her ideas.

A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made, so far as possible, to entertain all from a distance. Friends in the surrounding country will please remember the basket of provisions.

Come, friends; come, one, come all, and let us have a Pentecostal feast, one that shall be remembered for the outpouring of the spirit of Truth. Speakers and test mediums from abroad will be in attendance.

Per Order of Committee.

## Bread for the Destitute Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the destitute poor on tickets issued at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

## OFFICIAL REPORT

OF THE  
"National Convention of Spiritualists,"  
HELD IN  
CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 9th to 14th, 1864.

(Reported by the Secretary, F. L. WADSWORTH.)

SIXTH DAY.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 14.

Convention called to order by the President at 10 o'clock.

Judge A. G. W. Carter said he rose to a question of privilege. He understood that the protest offered by himself and others had been rejected by the Convention. He protested against such action, considering that he had an inalienable right to protest, and the Convention were under obligations to spread the protest on the record, and allow them a hearing before the world. He respectfully withdrew, with Mrs. Carter, from all committees and appointments of the Convention, and retired.

Mr. U. Clark said it was not the protest, but the style of the protest that we objected to. It was false in assertion, and insulting in language.

The President announced the following named persons as a Committee to select a National Executive Committee of Thirteen: S. J. Finney, Dr. H. F. Gardner, W. Chase, Leo Miller and C. M. Plumb.

Warren Chase moved that the official report of the Convention be furnished the BANNER OF LIGHT and FRIEND OF PROGRESS for publication.

Mr. C. M. Plumb, in behalf of the Committee on Publication, wished to know if the BANNER would publish the official report, as he understood they already had a reporter at the Convention.

Mr. Charles H. Crowell said the BANNER would publish an official report; but he thought that others were as well qualified to decide what was an official report as the Secretaries.

Mr. F. L. Wadsworth said he had always supposed that the official report of a Convention was the one furnished by the Secretaries, and signed by them and the President, and that no other was official, whether it was correct or not. There was a distinction between an official report and a fair report of the proceedings of the Convention.

Mr. C. M. Plumb moved as an amendment to Mr. Chase's motion, "that the whole matter of publication be referred to the Secretaries, and that they be requested to procure the publication of the official report in the BANNER OF LIGHT."

The motion thus amended was unanimously adopted.

"Only Waiting"—a song of unusual sweetness and beauty, was appropriately sung by the Chicago Choir.

Mr. Wm. Huddleston, of Indiana, said he was self-delegated to this Convention, but as a non-resistant and "peace" man, he wished to say a few words. He spoke in opposition to the war and the action of the Convention in its favor.

The President, in consequence of the absence of Dr. Gardner from the Convention, appointed J. S. Loveland to fill his place on the Committee of Five to select a National Executive Committee.

Mr. Loveland resigned, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Massachusetts, was appointed in his stead.

Dr. Wm. White, of Michigan, spoke in favor of reform in educational systems, and in the relations of capital to labor, urging the importance of rising above mere physical conditions.

Mr. Ira Porter said he thought the Convention had made a great mistake in rejecting Judge Carter's protest. He wished always to preserve the right of protest as sacred to all parties.

Mr. Seth Paine moved a reconsideration of the vote rejecting the protest.

Mr. Daniel Shaffer supported the motion, and hoped it would prevail.

Capt. Kilgore said in consequence of debility, he was away from the field of battle. He had called upon the Convention on his way home to seek rest, hoping that his spirit might be refreshed; but he found persons here that seemed better entitled to shoulder straps than himself. Years ago he had taken a firm stand in favor of liberty and human rights. He fought for them on the battlefield, and he would plead for them and stand by them at home. He hoped the parties who wished to protest against the action of the Convention would be granted the right of protest. Capt. Kilgore spoke of the interest felt by officers and soldiers of the Army in the subject of Spiritualism, and beautifully portrayed his own experience and longings for spiritual life and associations, during his quiet hours in camp. The Secretaries regret their inability to make a full verbatim report of his remarks.

Mr. S. Van Nest opposed the motion to reconsider.

Leo Miller said he did not deny the right of protest, but objected to the acceptance of this because of its grossly insulting language, and its flagrant misrepresentation of fact. Most of the allegations are unqualifiedly false, and he hesitated not to pronounce it a tissue of lies. Let them bring in their protest couched in respectful language, and with a decent regard for the truth, and this Convention will not hesitate a moment to spread it upon the records. He was also in favor of peace, but would not purchase it at the price of Liberty and the Union. He had little confidence in the opposition's clamor for peace. Peace Democrats were War Democrats in the Mexican War and in the present war. But now there is a war for the preservation of our national life, and all in the interest of freedom and free institutions, they would have us believe they were all "saints," Christ-like "non-resistants," "Peace Democrats." Be assured it is nothing but hypocritical cant. The Peace Democrats which supports Vallandigham, murderers in cold blood Union soldiers down in Colorado, and is continually finding fault with the Government, is a miserable spawn of Secession, and breeds only treason and bloodshed.

Mr. Seth Paine favored the motion to reconsider, if for no other reason than to place the parties side by side. He would spread the protest on the records of the Convention. He believed that the character of Jesus shone all the brighter for being side by side with Judas.

Mr. Charles Partridge favored the motion. He was in favor of dealing equally with all, and saw no reason why we should reject the protest on the ground of improper language, when the Convention sat under language uttered by some of the speakers as objectionable as the protest itself.

F. L. Wadsworth moved to lay the motion to reconsider on the table.

Adjourned till 2 P. M.

## AFTERNOON SESSION—SUNDAY.

Convention called to order pursuant to adjournment by the President.

Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm was announced as the first speaker for the afternoon. She gave way, for a limited time, to Mrs. E. G. Willard, of Chicago, who read the following essay:

## MRS. WILLARD'S ESSAY.

One of the speakers of this Convention has given us a text, which he would have us all remember, that "the demands of Nature are the commands of God." Perhaps the speaker did not so intend, but he did leave the impression upon my mind, and I knew upon the minds of others of his audience, that all the demands of our nature are from God, and therefore God, and ought to be obeyed. Now

I do not believe in the total depravity of human nature; neither do I believe in its total inamenable perfection in which it would consist, would it be divided by every individual, according to his or her idea of what nature is. We use language in a very vague and indefinite sense, and therefore we do not understand each other. Language is not arbitrary, it is natural, and no words have exactly the same meaning. Spirit and nature do not mean the same thing. All that is spiritual is natural, but all that is natural is not spiritual. Now I see that many so-called Spiritualists are only naturalists; and I am sorry to say that some of them are only natural sensualists. They have not arisen above the natural, intellectual, phenomenal plane of Spiritualism.

The speaker said he "did not mean that the demand of the perverted appetite of the tobacco-chewer was to be obeyed." Now I ask, are not our very natures, more or less, perverted, in many ways, from all that is right and good? We know that it is the nature of the lion or the wolf to kill the lamb. This is right to the lion or the wolf, but it is not right to the lamb, nor to us, and we do not permit it; we guard and fold our lambs. The natural instincts of brutes are right to them, because they are not endowed with sufficient reason for individual cultivation, education and progress.

But with human nature to-day it is very different. We cannot and we must not excuse the vicious appetites, passions and demands of our nature on the ground of mental imbecility, or a lack of sense and reason. As intelligent beings, we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to seek to excuse the indulgence of our vices and call them rights, on the ground that we apply to the brute, on the ground of mental and moral imbecility. What do we mean—or rather, what does this audience understand by nature, as manifested in human beings? When we say that a man's hair is naturally black, we understand that it is not dyed black by human artifice. We understand that a child is a natural idiot, when it is born so, and not made so by the action of its mental faculties. When a child is born with a curvature of the spine, or any other deformity, we say that it is a natural deformity—a deformity not produced by accident, or after natal misfortune.

Our nature, then, as generally understood, is in our organization; it is whatever is developed in us from outer natal conditions. It is whatever is born in us with our birth, and grows in us with our growth. Now the worst vices of humanity are organized into us. They are wrought, by natural forces, into our physical, mental and moral constitutions; and they are developed in us with our physical, mental and moral growth. A vast number of our children are conceived, and generated, and born in the very worst kind of iniquity, and this is called nature.

"The world is full of natural thieves, natural tobacco-chewers, natural drunkards, natural gluttons, and natural libertines. Now it will not do to say that all the demands of such natures are the commands of God; if they are, God is only a very bad man and a very bad master. If we are to obey all the commands of such natures, we put ourselves on a level with the brute—say, we put ourselves on a level with a much lower level—for the demands of such natures are unspeakably lower than the brutes.

If all the commands of such natures are right and ought to be obeyed, then we ignore the very first principles of progression—we ignore our reason, we ignore our intelligence, we ignore our moral responsibility, and we ignore the power of our will.

Of all the most pitiable objects in creation, it is a man, or a woman, without a will—with no strength of purpose for good or evil. Such are always passively either good or bad, according to surrounding circumstances. But because men and women are naturally weak-minded, or weak in the will-power, shall we enslave them? Shall we enslave them to the lowest depths of infamy? Nay, let us rather impart to them the strength of our own will; let us lift them up; let us surround them with our own will-power, as crutches to support their feeble steps through life. But let no man, with strength of purpose and with a glorious intellect—an intellect that can understand the laws of life and health and spiritual elevation—seek to exalt himself, by the use of his reason, his intellect, and his (the) false maxims that all the demands of our nature are the commands of God, and therefore right, and to be obeyed.

I do not believe that "whatever is, is right;" but I do believe that whatever is, or ever was, or ever will be, is a necessity. All that is to-day, is a necessity from all that is past; all that will be to-morrow is a necessity from all that is to-day, and so on ad infinitum. The development of intellect, and the power and exercise of our own free will, from which comes our moral responsibility, are the most glorious necessities of the universe, and they shall redeem this beautiful earth from sin and shame and blood.

A patriotic song was well sung by Mr. Harris, of Indiana.

Mrs. A. C. Wilhelm, M. D., of Philadelphia, then came forward and announced as her subject, "WOMAN'S FALSE AND TRUE CONDITION." "In every department of nature are unmistakable signs, that health is the true and natural condition of all things, and that all laws tend to one end, namely: to the establishment of perfect harmony; and there is nothing so completely qualified to enjoy and represent that condition as the human constitution, which is attainable through a knowledge of, and practical obedience to the laws of health.

Of the several departments of knowledge, domestic science is the one that is least known, and most deserving of attention, or embracing a larger sphere of practical usefulness, than the study of the human organism, based upon the well-founded sciences of "Anatomy, Physiology and Chemistry," a proper understanding of which furnishes the key of solution to many truths heretofore mystical, and opens the door of investigation into the causes, relations, and laws of our being.

Notwithstanding the opposition of conservative scientists, and the educated prejudices of our own sex, against any advancement in this direction, the demands of the age are claiming its truths in behalf of woman for the highest good of humanity. All credit is due the few noble, daring men who have stepped aside from the beaten tracks of a selfish, degenerate, ventured to the stake of woman, and bid her with such advantages as would tend to alleviate suffering humanity; to open wide their college doors and bid her enter in, and fulfill the magnificent uses, before every aspiring nature; to bid her go forth, an honor to the profession, not only capacitated, but armed with a power to deal successfully with the bodies and minds of her fellow creatures.

"We can see no limit to the power of woman to enter the chambers of knowledge; we can see no bound which should hedge in her genius, but we can see in the fine and ever revolving wheels of her nature so many levers or propelling powers that demand a mission, from fathers and mothers, guardians and society, from the very cradle to the grave, to begin with the education of character, and every institution, should be opened which will instruct, upon whatever plane of action her adaptations have determined for her.

"Let it be as disgraceful for the daughters and sisters of life to have no occupation, as it is for man to fritter away the noble energies of manhood—the thrones of life—and woman can no more bear the absence of this specialty than can man, without injury to body and mind. Such are the dolls of the dressing-room, the glittering children of fashion, who wander along the highways, desolate, for want of an occupation, with aspirations that cannot be crushed out of existence; hence, when misdirected, they find an outlet into the paths of disease and crime." Such is woman's false condition to herself and the world. Again, she has been falsely educated as to the modes of labor. Sewing has been considered a noble, able, while other branches of labor have been ignored, by the over fastidious, as belonging only to a certain class, whom we should call helps, but only recognize as servants. This distinction of honor or dishonor should never exist or become associated with any form of labor so long as individuals possess morality and worth. Mothers, for the sake of your daughters—daughters, for the sake of younger sisters exposed to the vicissitudes of earthly changes, instill no longer such precepts of error. Labor is glorious, and ever elevated by the mental and moral power. Such false sentiments have crowded your needle market, and to-day there is found, in the city of Philadelphia, twenty thousand of the sewing women working at almost starvation prices, ap-

pealing tearfully for help and strength to every earnest worker of humanity.

Need we longer ask for causes that add to the number of the frail and erring sisterhood? Here they stand out in all their painful realities: "a false education;" "the small remuneration of female labor;" and "disease;" and never can we look for reform, until we strike at the causes.

Woman's true condition, the uses and abuses of the marriage law, its influences upon our children for good or evil, its high design when properly understood, and its fulfillment, were lucidly discussed by the speaker, and listened to with deep attention by a highly appreciative audience.

Mr. J. H. W. Tooley, was introduced as the next regular speaker. Mr. Tooley had prepared an essay for the Convention, but time did not permit its full presentation. He spoke substantially as follows:

"The world has its serious and its comic sides; and religion has its internal and its external—besides its inner and its outer deaths. These natural divisions are oft forgotten, and logically confounded; so that mental confusion follows, to the great hurt of the science of life and the practical dismemberment of some portion or portions of the grand-man. But in keeping this easy and practical division in mind—the ideal and the actual balance each other—and suggest the order of development, in pointing out the characteristics of individuals or peoples.

As an idealist he was sympathetic to and worshipped with the Hindu, the Egyptian, the Jew, the Christian and the Mahometan, and every son and daughter of earth; but practically and dogmatically there were few to fellowship with. In aspiration he knelt with the humble dweller in the log-cabin, and cherished the desire, that promote him to stand beside "the rapscallion that adores" in "the Inner Temple" of the infinite spirit.

"This was the transcendental, sympathetic, dreamy side of the reverent and venerative in Nature; and in passing from its ideal splendors to the things of earth and the developments of time, it often seemed like passing from one extreme to another. Yet such were the necessities of life and the needs of the individual, that such must continue to be for a time, the distance and the difference between the ideal and practical of religion.

But to be more direct and definite. Marriage in Christendom is supposed to be a Sacrament, and the existing form of conjugal union, combines the moralism of law and the solemnities of religion, and the solemnities of the first of "Bible" teachings. And so general is this conclusion, that it is presented as convincing and conclusive proof of the efficacy of the Christian religion and the uselessness of any other. More: it is disreputable to think otherwise, because of its supposed injury to social order; and writers and speakers, in discussing marriage, appear to infer both which are supposed to justify a forcible conclusion. This, in America in particular, has silenced investigation; cut off inquiry, and for centuries made marriage exceptional to the searching spirit of reform. And reflection, it is difficult to conceive how it could be otherwise, historically or practically, considering the popular notion of the held of Jesus and his ministers. But these assumptions, like much that belongs to the theologies of the schools, are built on the credulity of the believers, rather than on the statement or practice of Jesus. They assert more for the master and his man, than they affirm of themselves. Let us learn of them.

1st. The three leading expositors of marriage in the New Testament, are Jesus, Paul and Peter. The latter two were married men; but Jesus, who lived in the most practical marriage, Jesus the idealist and revolutionist, preoccupied with "his mission," was too busy and too poor to marry. Paul, the Pharisee, with his "bachelor" conceit and poor opinion of women, would not marry; but Peter, the fisherman, having few aristocratic notions of a heavenly or an earthly character, found it both natural and necessary to marry, and did so.

2d. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

3d. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

4th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

5th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

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7th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

8th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

9th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

10th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

11th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

12th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

13th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

14th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

15th. These characteristics antedate the advent of "the Gospel," and are constitutional to the men. Jesus was an enthusiast and a Spiritualist from his youth; Paul was a Pharisee and the son of a Pharisee—an extremist before and after his conversion to "the Lord"; while Peter was a married man, and the father of children, and he knew Jesus as a fisherman, and did so.

truthfulness to higher law and less fear of public opinion; more of everything that helps to make healthy, happy and noble, self-sustaining men and women, and less of everything tending to sickness, cowardice and slavery; for in this change of relations, a scientific and a practical people will accomplish what Christianity and theology has failed to do—worthy the ideal to the actual, and make life the worthy gift of the infinitely wise.

Mr. H. C. Wright said he had a proposition to make to the Convention, concerning a protest and its reception. If the Secretary would withdraw his motion to lay the motion to reconsider on the table, he would proceed.

The motion to lay on the table was withdrawn. Mr. Wright resumed: If the Convention would adopt a statement of facts, embodying the history of those resolutions, and the method of discussion upon them, and place it on record with the statements of the protesters, he would be willing that the protest should go on record; otherwise he objected to its reception, for he considered it unqualifiedly false in fact, perverse in spirit, uncourteous and insulting in language.

Horace Dresser hoped the motion to reconsider would not prevail. He likened the protesters in the Convention to Southern representatives in the House and Senate, previous to their final secession.

Mr. J. K. Daily rose to a privileged question. Explained his relation to the protest as one of the signers thereof.

Mr. U. Clark hoped the motion to reconsider would not prevail.

Benj. Todd moved the previous question, which was carried.

After the motion to reconsider the vote taking the motion to receive the protest was then taken. A large majority voting not to reconsider—or against the reception of the protest.

Mr. H. B. Storer, from the Committee on Resolutions, offered the following:

1st. Resolved, That the authority of each individual soul is absolute and final in deciding questions for himself or herself as to what is true or false in principle, and right or wrong in practice; therefore the individual Church, or the State, that attempts to control the opinions or the practices of any man or woman by an authority or power outside of his or her own soul, is guilty of a flagrant wrong.

2d. Resolved, That the hour has come to recognize the eternal unity of Science, Philosophy, and Religion; that Science, divorced from Religion, is atheistic; that Religion, divorced from Science, is fanaticism; and that the Church, or the State, that attempts to control the opinions or the practices of any man or woman by an authority or power outside of his or her own soul, is guilty of a flagrant wrong.

3d. Resolved, That the relations existing between capital and labor in our Republic, are unjust in the highest degree, and must be modified, or we shall ere long become an oligarchy, when the few will be nobles, and the many paupers and slaves.

4th. Resolved, That the earth, like the air and light, belong in common to the children of men, and on it each human being is alike dependent. Each child, by virtue of its existence, has an equal and an inalienable right to so much of the earth's surface as is necessary by proper culture to support and perfect its development, and none has a right to any more; therefore all laws authorizing the appropriation of land for the purpose of speculation, and which prevent men and women from possessing any land without paying for it, are as unjust as would be laws compelling them to pay for air and light, and ought to be at once and forever repealed.

5th. Resolved, That—in the language of Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham—Honor to WOMANHOOD, reverence for MARRIAGE, and the treatment of which springs from these sentiments as elements of the social system, are conditions of permanency in any people, nation, or race.

6th. Resolved, That this Convention express its heartfelt sympathy with our brave sons and brothers who are now seeking by exposure to mutilation and death, in the camp and on the field, to defend the Republic and Free Institutions against those who seek by arms and blood to blot out the United States from the map of the world, and we will do all we can to care for their loved ones at home, whose natural protectors are exposing their lives to defend freedom from earth's worst tyrants.

7th. Resolved, That Spiritualism in theory, is belief in man's immortality and eternal progression, and that departed spirits from earth-life, can and do under favorable conditions, communicate with mortals in the flesh, as well as in the days of Noah, Moses, and Daniel, and that inspiration is now vouchsafed to man and woman, as surely and effectually as in the days of Jesus, Paul, and Peter.

8th. Resolved, That any people or class of people







## Mediums in Boston.

**DR. MAIN'S**  
**HEALTH INSTITUTE,**  
**AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET,** is now open as  
heretofore for the successful treatment of diseases of  
every class, under Dr. Main's personal supervision.  
Patients will be attended at their homes as heretofore; those

dealing board at the Institute will please send notice two or three days in advance, that rooms may be prepared for them.

**Office Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.**

Those requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address plainly written, and state sex and age.

Medicines carefully packed and sent by Express.

A liberal discount made to the trade. if Aug. 20.

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**MRS. R. COLLINS,**  
**CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,**  
 No. 8 Pine Street, Boston

**C**ONTINUES to heal the sick by laying on of hands, as Spirit Physicians control her. The sick can be cured; miracles are being wrought through her daily. She is continually benefiting suffering humanity. Examinations free. Call and see for yourselves. All medicines furnished for the wholly composed of roots and herbs from the garden of Noah.

P. S.—Mrs. C. is giving so much business to attend to she will not be able to examine locks of hair by letter. tf—Aug. 20.

**MRS. A. C. LATHAM.**

**MAGNETIC AND CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN,**  
292 WASHINGTON STREET, ..... BOSTON.  
OVER JOSEPH T. BROWN, APOTHECARY.

**MRS. LATHAM** will treat diseases of Body, Mind and Spirit with *Vitalizing Manipulations* and Magnetic Remedies.  
Sept. 17.

**MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS CLAIRVOYANT**, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicines. Her **ROSE OINTMENT**, for Scrofula, Sores, Pimples

**DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Chlino**  
vayant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, cures all diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON PLACE, (leading from South Bennet street), Boston. Sept. 10.

**M. C. GAY, Medical and Business Chiropractor**  
636 Washington street. Hours—9 to 1 and 2 to 6 P. M.  
Sept. 17.

**SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM**  
13 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Aug. 27.

**MRS. S. J. YOUNG, Medium, No. 80 WARREN**  
 STREET, Boston, Mass. 3mos<sup>3</sup> Aug. 13.

**SOUL READING,**  
 Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

**MRS. A. B. BEVERIDGE** would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit with her in person, or send their autograph, or lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereof; what business they should pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those I

teaching marriage; and hints to the inharmoniously married whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love.

Seven years' experience warrants him in saying that those who do what they advertise without fail, as hundreds will be willing to testify. It is not a mere advertisement, but a business. Everything of a private character **KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH**. For Written Delineation of Character, **\$1.00**.

Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to either by me or the others.

Address, **MRS. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,**  
Aug. 26. **47 Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.**

**MRS. M. TOWN, Magnetic Physician and Medical clairvoyant, 106 Bleecker street, New York.**

**I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD:** Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healing Physicians of twelve years' experience. No 1 St. Marks Place, New York. Sept. 24-25  
Sept. 24-25

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**The Great Indian Catarrh Remedy**

Curing thousands of those afflicted with a cold in the head or Catarrh. It excites action without inflammation, and the only remedy yet discovered, whether in the form of a liquid or a snuff, that does not aggravate the disease. It does not require the recommendation of Congressmen to make it sell, but by its own merits it finds a rapid sale and recommendation.

Dr. HIGGINS—*Sir:* Please send me one more box of your Indian Catarrh Remedy. I have been afflicted with a true Catarrh of the Uterus and Vagina for the last year, and have employed a prominent physician to doctor me. Did no good. grew worse. I applied to physicians in my own town, and was told I could not be helped. About three weeks since I wrote you, and you sent me a box of your Catarrh Remedy. I have been using according to your directions; in a few days I began to get better, and am now able to be about the house. I have more faith in the poor old Seneca's remedy than all else, 'till I die. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, MRS. E. ABBOTT

Jackson, Wis., 1864.

Sent by mail on the receipt of 50 cents and a 3-cent stamp. Address by mail, DR. A. J. HIGGINS, Box 1908, Chicago.

Aug. 2

**SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND**  
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE.  
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the vision he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in Spheres, embracing the Home of a group of Sages. Wise men who desire to have the same view as himself, the terrible land beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published the popular **CARTES DE VISITE** form. Single copies 25 cents, set of postage. Large size photograph, \$1; large size color \$2. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office, June 25.

**PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.**  
WESTERN DEPOT, No. 336 STATE STREET, corner H  
son street, Chicago, Ill.  
Agency for the "Banner of Light,"  
AND ALL  
LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE A  
REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS  
A fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, I  
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April 30, 1906. Box 2222 Chicago, Ill.

**DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.**

HAVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Dr. H. Kneeland, Esq., we have fitted it up for the receipt of patients, and invite the attention of the suffering through all kinds of diseases to our country to our new treatment. "We challenge the scientific physician to prove the fact, that all disease comes to the system by way of fluids, and diseased nervous fluids; hence, to regulate the fluids, is to remove all cause of disease from the system, whether chronic or acute, nervous or muscular." We can accomplish this with Animal Magnetism. We send to the afflicted a free trial. We can cure all curable disease, and re-

and  
suffering in all stages of the disease. Patients have been  
visited at their residences. All cases accurately diagnosed  
by DR. PERSONS. } PROPRIETOR  
MRS. C. A. GOULD, M. D. }  
Residence on Marshall, second door south of Div-  
street. P. O. Box 215.  
Consultations free. Examination \$1.00.  
Milwaukee, Aug. 20, 1864. Aug.

**THE EYE, THE EYE.**

**DR. E. KNIGHT**  
HAS discovered a new treatment for the Eye, by which

It is curing some of the worst cases of Bilhness and Rheumatism, without loss of time or pain.

**CANVER'S DISINFECTANT'S** new treatment for cancer surpasses all others now in use. It cures without plaster or pain, and heals without a scar.

Every kind of disease treated with great success. Humane and economical treatment of the system. No charge for consultation. Office 229 Tremont street, Boston. 3rd-Sept.

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**EMANCIPATION AND PROCLAMATION.**

**LIBERTY AND FREEDOM OURS!**

**AN AGENCY FOR THE THOUSAND!**

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A GOOD, reliable AGENT wanted in every county to sell the entire control of some of the BEST and MOST PROFITABLE ARTICLES ever presented to the public. The right man would make money fast. For Circular, with full description, address JACOB LEWIS, 82 Nassau street, New York. Box 3391. 3m Aug 17

**Walter Hyde's Specialty**  
CONSISTS in Teaching the Art of Healing by the LAYMAN of Hands, and the principles Address, 244 MULBERRY street, New York. AUG 17

**VERMONT BOOK STORE.**

**S** & O. B. SCOTT, EDEN HILLS, VERMONT. Books  
kindly consented on hand and for sale on most reason-  
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**I** KEEP CONSTANTLY FOR SALE all Spiritual and  
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**TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOCAL**  
(Italian Method), and FRENCH and LATIN LANGUAGE  
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her  
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**W. M. L. JOHNSON, Dentist, NASSAU HALL,**  
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Aug. 20. M. D.

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50 School Street, next door East of Parker Ho





