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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### A PAGE FROM A LIFE.

BY SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

[Conclusion.]

Half an hour later, and our heroine had the chaise and Brown Bess to herself, and was speeding, as fast as possible, to the arms of her mother. What a pleasant ride that was! Here my pen falters, for I would fain linger amid the soft glory of that autumnal morning, forgetting that blighting frosts and chilling winds ever came to scatter the gold and crimson of the woods, and rob the beautiful Indian Summer of her crown and scepter.

In that hour, Ernestine Wilder looked abroad over the fields of waving grain, and at the distant hills, bathing their brows in purple mist, and realized that life was growing sunny. Yes! Time, with gentle hand, had thrown a veil over the grief in her heart; and the ring upon her finger had brought her tenderness, and was bringing her peace. No wonder she gazed down upon it with reverent awe, and for the moment likened it to a magician's wand, for had it not lifted her out of the darkness into the light. At first the plain circlet had made no revelation unto her spirit; but, latterly, its utterances had been always of duty, and she was too true a woman not to listen attentively when that was its theme. As she thought of the past, a shade of regret swept over her face and centred in the curves of the scarlet mouth; but the great, dusky eyes, shining beneath their white lids, like stars in an evening sky, looked straight out into the future. She remembered her wild longings for death with a shudder, then. But ah! how did she think of them when she went home that night, and found the smiling landscape of the morning hidden by a cold, gray fog, that lay upon the mountains, and in the valleys, but heaviest of all upon her own soul?

Wonder, surprise and delight shone in the faces of the inmates of the cottage, when Brown Bess stopped before the door, and the sweet, rare smile of Ernestine beamed upon them. When they fully realized her actual presence, Mrs. Grey wept upon her neck, and Jessie danced with joy, while Atherton uttered a shout that would have raised the neighbors, had there been any in that vicinity. At last she shook herself clear from their embraces, and informed them that as it was her intention to spend the day, it was really desirable that they should moderate their transports a little.

How many questions there were to ask and answer, and how rapidly the hours flew. The sun mounted higher and higher in the heavens, and the afternoon was drawing near its close, before they had fairly recovered from the bliss of meeting. This Ernestine, so full of life and animation, was very different from the pale, spiritless one, who had left them four months before. Not since those radiant days, when Death's cold fingers had snatched no blossoms from her path, had she been so merry and glad. No wonder that her brother and sister declared, for the tenth time, that they did not see how they had ever lived without her; while the fond mother's glistening eyes echoed the remark. What a fund of information she had to impart, and how interesting the simplest incident grew, related in her charming manner.

It was while she was in the midst of a comical story with regard to some of their adventures among the mountains, and her listeners were all laughing heartily, that there came a sharp, quick rap upon the outside door. At the sound, Jessie started up, exclaiming, with a frown:

"Dear me! I did hope that we should not have any interruption to-day; but Mrs. Osgood and that old gossip of an aunt of hers, are always on the watch for something out of the common course; so I presume that they saw the chaise go by this morning, and have accordingly hastened down to pay their respects to Mrs. Kenneth Wilder, and to hear the news; although you see if they do not pretend that they had not the remotest idea that you were here?" and with a grimace extremely indicative of the disagreeableness of her task, she went to admit the visitor.

Upon opening the door, however, she found that her surmise was not correct, for a man in the garb of a soldier stood there; but what was there in the appearance of a blue coat, or in the smiling, sun-browned face before her, that should deprive her of the power of speech, blanch her lips and cheeks, and cause those fearless eyes of hers to take on that wild, afrighted look?

"I am not a ghost, Jessie!" he said, with a laugh. "But tell me, is Ernestine well, and at home?" She nodded her head, and put out her hand, with a vague idea that she ought to let him know that her sister had another home now. But he dashed by her, and the next instant stood in the room from which their light laughter had floated out to him like a welcome.

The sight of that eager, handsome face, thrilled Ernestine Wilder with a rapture akin to that which we experience when life's most blessed boon, that which we deemed wholly lost, is suddenly restored to us. She forgot that she was a wife! Indeed, all thoughts were swallowed up in the joy of knowing that the dead had been resurrected, and that Wallace Cameron stood before her. It was only for an instant, though; the next she remembered the grief that was between them, and with a low cry sank back white and stony in her chair. Then he sprang forward to clasp her in his arms, but she put out her hands, saying:

"Nay! nay! remain where you are, Wallace. Oh God! what shall I do?"

The young man regarded her for a moment in silent amazement, and then broke into a laugh, which in its utter unconsciousness of what was in store for him, was terrible.

"Why, you are as absurd as Jessie," he at length

exclaimed. "She seemed to think that I was an apparition, and here you are infected by the same fear; but, indeed, my darling, I am flesh and blood, although, I must say, that it is a matter of wonderment to me that I should be, considering all that I have undergone; but there, that has passed, and the most that I want now is for you to understand that I am decidedly and intensely human," and again he advanced toward her with outstretched arms, but she still waved him back, crying, brokenly:

"Oh Wallace! Wallace! better that you were a ghost, than to come in this shape to torture me." Her singular words, together with the wild horror in her face, smote his heart with a sudden fear, and turning to Mrs. Grey, he said, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Is my promised bride, my Ernestine, crazed, that she receives me in this strange manner?"

"Tell him! oh, tell him, mother, for I cannot!" pleaded the wretched creature.

Thus adjured, Mrs. Grey strove to speak; but there was something so awful in the pallid countenance of the young man, that her very soul shrank within her, and the words died unuttered upon her lips. The silence which followed was agonizing. At last Jessie came to the rescue: Had those moments, so full of suffering to others, stamped the rash, impulsive girl with the golden seal of womanhood? It would seem so; for with a gentleness entirely at variance with her usual impetuous manner, she laid her hand upon the soldier's arm, saying, in a voice whose tenderness appeared to deprecate the blow that she was giving him:

"Wallace, you must think of my sister no longer as yours, for she is now the wife of another!"

Thus the truth came, sudden, swift and sure. It was like a thunderbolt! He had stood the shock of war, but he staggered under this. Death had looked him in the face on battle-fields, scores of times, and he had never blanched; now, every drop of blood in his veins seemed to surge about his heart. He recovered from the stroke almost immediately, though, and the next instant turned upon his informant, as though he would dash her to the floor; but the great, dark eyes that looked so fearlessly into his, conquered his purpose; and presently the fierce anger smothered. Then hope rose again, and he cried, imploringly:

"Oh Jessie, say that you were only in fun. I remember your tricks of old; this is one of them, is it not? I used to tease you, I know, but it was cruel of you to pay me back in this way."

She did not speak. Poor child! she could not, for tears were in her throat. He gazed from one to the other in perplexity; their silence was ominous. Then his anger blazed again, and striding to the white-faced occupant of the rocking-chair, he fiercely exclaimed:

"Answer me, Ernestine! Is this horrible thing that she tells me, true?"

"I thought that you were dead," she faltered.

"Great God! I did not ask your reason for the act; I wished to know if it was so."

"Oh, if you had only come before!" she wailed, scarcely conscious of what she was saying. It was well that she did not look up when her aching heart found utterance in that agonized cry, else the withering contempt with which he surveyed her might have chilled her very life-blood.

"Pray do not waste your sympathy upon me," he said ironically. "I shall probably survive this desertion. Indeed! I am already inclined to congratulate myself upon my fortunate escape. There is one point, though, upon which I am curious: how long was it before you were sufficiently recovered from the shock of my death as to be able to receive consolation in the shape of a husband? I do not ask this question because of any personal interest in the matter; oh no! but simply from a desire to benefit the human race. You see I may get out a work some day upon that entertaining subject—a lady's heart—and your ideas with regard to the proper duration of grief, and about what time a little comfort may be safely administered, would be of incalculable importance to disconsolate females in deep mourning."

Oh, how she writhed beneath his words! She scarcely knew him with that mocking demon in his voice. Was it possible that she had lived to hear such language from his lips? and—oh! sharp pang of all—to feel that she deserved it? Should she ever be able to lift her head again?

"What! have you no answer? no disposition to assist the world with your experience?"

"Oh, Wallace! spare me!"

"Ah! it is fitting that you should ask me for mercy; you, who have robbed my life of its sweetest blossoms. Great Heaven! Ernestine! do you think that I can meet with such a disappointment as this, and not have it change my very nature? Do you know what you have been to me? Do you realize that thoughts of you have carried me safely through seas of slaughter? that even the horrors of a rebel prison could not quite strangle the hope that I had of one day clasping you in these arms? that that desire laughed at bolts and bars and even the vigilance of sleepless sentinels, and plunged me at last into forest depths and trackless swamps? that there, when the fierce baying of bloodhounds sounded loud on my track, and I grew faint and disheartened, the remembrance of the past and the promise of the future came to me like a strengthening cord, until I spurned the thought of death or capture? and that when I reached the Federal lines and was received as one risen from the grave, I mourned because of the sorrow which I fancied that you had known? I even—foolish dreamer—pictured your face with all the life and beauty drenched out of it by reason of the hot, scalding tears you had shed; and so I hastened to bring the light to your eyes and the smile to your lips; and now this is the end! Well, I have heard of the constancy of women before, and to my sorrow, believed in it; but, thanks to you, I have learned to-day that all such stories are but pretty fables, related by poets

and dreamers, and swallowed by innocent young men, to the infinite amusement of the fair sex."

Oh, the bitterness in his voice! It stabbed her through and through. She did not speak, however, for what defence could she make? and words of consolation coming from her lips would seem like a mockery; so she sat there with her small hands tightly clasped, looking with troubled eyes into the distance; outwardly there was paleness and rigidity; within, a white heat.

At last something in her face—perhaps its dreary hopelessness—riveted Wallace Cameron's gaze, and then his mood changed. After all, could he have so mistaken her character? What a proud purity there was about her once! Was it possible that she had so degenerated? Then the memory of the loving, winsome ways of the girl, and the sweet, gracious dignity of the woman took his heart captive; so all the old tenderness came flowing back into his tones as he cried:

"Oh, Ernestine, this affair is so unlike you that my reason and judgment will not believe it even now! but if it is true that you are really a wife, there must be something behind the scenes which I have not yet fathomed. Tell me, darling, did circumstances that you could not control bear you into this cruel, unnatural position? I feel that such was the case when I look into your face, for, try as hard as I may, I cannot connect deceit with that brow and mouth, neither can I reconcile your love for me with the fact of your giving your hand to another; for that I was once first in your heart, I cannot doubt. Explain the strange riddle, then, dearest, and forgive me for not having sense enough to think of it before, instead of hurting you by my harsh words."

What a transformation the proud face underwent while he was speaking. She was no longer a lily, cold and stately, but a superb tropic blossom with a vivid coloring on cheeks and lips, and eyes large and dark, that alternately glowed and melted under the dusky gold of her lashes.

Oh, the sweetness in his voice had been like rich wine unto the weary, fainting heart, or, better still, like a cup of pure, cold water. Should she tell him of the weakness that came over her when she heard that he had fallen, and yet of the strength that would not let her yield up her life in the long, terrible agony? Should she let him know that she sacrificed herself for her dear ones? that because hope's bright rays no longer illumined the future she ceased to struggle, with circumstances, thinking that the grave would soon free her from all fetters? Then he would not despise her, nor curse the day when they pledged their vows, but would pity her sufferings and love her still. Love her! Had she forgotten that she was a wife, that her mind wandered in that way? Had duty and gratitude no claim upon her that the memories of the past thus swayed her? Did she not deliberately take a lie upon her lips when she gave her hand to Kenneth Wilder, and should she shrink now because the punishment followed in the footsteps of the offence? She had weakly striven to lay off one burden; could she not, for the honor of her womanhood, be brave enough to bear this? Wallace Cameron had already quailed the bitter cup, and though, to be sure, her hand had held it to his lips, she had done it all unconsciously; but if her husband's heart and home were desolated, could she plead ignorance then? Now that her fate was sealed, was it not better that Wallace Cameron should believe that she was perfectly satisfied with her lot? Deeming her all unworthy, then, he would fiercely banish her image from his heart, and, in time, happiness would visit him again. As for her, perhaps Death would come soon; meanwhile she could draw comfort from the thought that she had not been such an ungrateful thing as to sting the hand that was ever seeking to scatter blessings in her path.

Thus she reasoned, with her head bent slightly forward, away from the eyes of fire that were striving to search her face, and not two minutes had elapsed after he ceased speaking, before she arose, and, walking to his side, laid her hand upon his arm, saying with an expression such as we wear when we are gazing on our loved ones for the last time, ere the coffin-lid shuts them from our view:

"Wallace, life does not always bring us the things that we most crave; and yet, as the years advance, we learn patience and contentment, and sometimes more than these; for do we not often realize, with the experience of riper days, that our desires, when once they had been gained, would have turned to ashes on our lips, and that the path which we entered upon with reluctant feet, may be, in the end, delightfully pleasant and peaceful? By this I do not intend to convey the idea that it is my opinion that you and I should not have been happy in the marriage relation;—her face whitened now, but there was no tremor in it as she went on—"how that might have been we may not know, and perhaps in mercy to us both it is so decreed; the time for all such speculations has passed, however, and to revert to the by-gone now, save to gather warning from its lessons, is worse than useless. My fate has come to me; yours is yet in the distance; and that you may be brave to meet it, letting no thought of me cloud your future, I hope and trust. But do not condemn me utterly, Wallace. Remember that if the threads of our lives had indeed been twined together, I should never have given so willing an ear to words of love from another; and the day may come when you will be inclined to thank me that I did so listen, and thus left you free to wed some gentle girl whom your heart will recognize as approaching much nearer your ideal than I ever did. Go, then, and think of me as one who, in patient endurance, could not rise to the height of your soul, and who, not being an angel, but a faint and weary woman, gladly found rest in the arms of as good and true a man as ever lived."

Her companion did not speak immediately; he had shaken off her light touch long before, and now stood erect, regarding her fixedly with eyes in which all the old scorn and indignation blazed

again. Well, she had known it would be so! Had she not spoken to that end? Because her words had made the impression that she intended, should she shrink away with clasped hands? Was there such weakness in her nature, that her heart still hungered for some sign of tenderness? That thought sent her to the window with shame-painted cheeks.

"And so this is all the explanation that you have to make?" The voice, so hard and stern, made her start. "I might have known it would be so. I was a fool to think for one moment that there were any extenuating circumstances; but we do not easily believe evil of those we love, and so I trusted that you would make the matter all clear, and you have! but not in the way in which, owing to your protestations in the past, I had a right to expect. The fact that you wearied of me, and accordingly turned your attention to some one else, is, by your own showing, glaringly apparent."

"You forget that I had every reason to believe that you were dead when I accepted the love of another," she answered, with a tone and manner so cold and calm that they were almost mocking.

"An excuse that you were, without doubt; very glad of, although, whether the knowledge that I was still in the land of the living, would have made any material difference in your plans, I will leave for your conscience to determine, that is, if you are provided with such an inconvenient article. By the way, you have not yet told me the name of the very excellent man who has been so fortunate as to win such an exemplary creature for a wife. What a pity that he is not here, that I might congratulate him upon his acquisition. Pray, does he know how many hearts you were obliged to toss from you, in order to find a sufficient room for his to rest in?"

"Since you are so curious about the matter," she laughingly, "I am happy to inform you that Kenneth Wilder did not become my husband until he was fully acquainted with my past history."

"Ah! then the poor fellow took the fatal leap with his eyes open! Well, I do not know that it is surprising, considering that he was in the power of such a siren. I can imagine with what wonderful pathos and beauty the narration was clothed. You always were ambitious, Ernestine, and you certainly did not forget yourself, when you spread your net for such high game as you have had the good fortune to snare. The thought of being the mistress of that beautiful estate upon the hill, would have made many a woman do more than cast the memory of a dead lover out of her heart. Really, I do believe that if I had known before that I had had the honor of being forgotten for the benefit of the owner of Beechwood, I should have been quite consoled by this time; for of course I could not think of competing with him. Under the circumstances, I deem it just possible that it might have been the glitter of his gold, instead of his goodness and truth, that made you so gladly find rest in his arms. A reasonable conclusion, is it not?"

An indignant denial came rushing to her lips, but conscience spoke, and it never left them. Yes, he was right; she did marry for money; and in that moment a sense of such utter meanness pervaded every fibre of her being, that she wondered that the earth did not open to receive her as a thing not fit to remain upon it. She struggled against this feeling, presently, thinking that if she had wanted wealth it was for the sake of her invalid mother and to benefit her young brother and sister, and surely, the desire to surround the former with every comfort, and to assist Jessie and Atherton into the positions which they were best fitted to occupy, was praiseworthy. But had her motives been purely disinterested? Could she wholly shelter herself behind them? The being the mistress of Beechwood, might not have tempted her particularly, but was there not something in her nature that shrank from poverty, and that loved the refinements which wealth brings? Was it not the thought of the hand to hand struggle with want through the weary years of the future, that cast her down so utterly in those sorrowful months that followed that day of tears and moans in the schoolroom? But then, if Kenneth Wilder had been less than the man that he was, his gold could never have had any power over her. That reflection lifted her out of the valley of humiliation, caused a little of the crimson to depart from her cheeks and made her raise her head again, to find Wallace Cameron watching her with a mocking smile upon his lips.

"I am really glad to perceive that you are honest enough not to deny the charge," he said, almost tauntingly. "In that one thing you are like the Ernestine Grey of my remembrance."

"When it is plainly apparent that an individual not only prefers, but is determined to believe a particular assertion, although I may know it to be utterly false, I never waste my time nor strength in endeavoring to convince that person that he or she is in the wrong," she retorted, with an assumption of dignity that she was far from feeling. "And now, Lieut. Cameron—"

"I beg your pardon," bowing with great politeness, "Captain Cameron; I have been promoted."

"Indeed! Allow me to congratulate you! Also accept my thanks for the correction. Well, then, Captain Cameron, I was about to observe that it strikes me that we have already unnecessarily prolonged this interview; but be that as it may, its continuance, at least, is not desirable."

"Just my mind exactly, Mrs. Wilder. I am exceedingly sorry that I interrupted you, if that was to have been the completion of the sentence. You see I had no idea it was so important."

"Oh Wallace, must we part in this chilling manner?" she cried, the anguish at her heart breaking into her voice a little, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, as she saw him turn to go.

"Think whose fault it is that we separate at all," he answered sternly.

"I do, I do! but if one of us should die, would not the survivor wish that the farewell words on both sides had been, to say the least, friendly?"

"I cannot pretend to have a knowledge of what you might desire," he fiercely rejoined; "but as for me, the joy of the thought that you were in the grave, away from the heart and home that you sacrificed so much to win, would occupy my mind to the exclusion of every other feeling."

"Very well; if that is your mood," relapsing into all the old stateliness again, "I certainly have nothing more to say," and then she turned to the window, and waited with throbbing heart to hear the door open and shut. Perhaps three minutes passed; it seemed an age to her, and then a step sounded at her side, and she looked up to find the soldier still in the room.

"Ernestine!" he said, his face working strangely. "It may be a weakness, but by the memory of what you once were to me, I cannot leave you in anger. I hope and trust that we may never meet again on this side of eternity, but no other wish than that you may be happy shall ever find a resting place in my heart;" and then he caught her hand in his, the touch of the slender fingers, icy though they were, filling his veins with a liquid fire, gave one hungry look at the beautiful, agitated face, and then was gone; while she stood there wondering if it was very sinful in her to long to fall down upon the floor and yield up life in one single pang.

Suddenly she became conscious that her mother and sister were both in the room, although when they entered she did not know, and that the latter was talking in an excited way.

"Ernestine! I do think that you have treated Wallace Cameron the meanest that I ever heard," she was saying, her large, passionate eyes all aglow under their tear-gemmed lashes.

"Do you?" wearily. "Well, I guess that I will be going home; those clouds seem like rain."

"Pray tell me if you were made up without a heart?" cried the astonished Jessie. "I should really suppose, judging by your cool, indifferent manner, that the scene through which you have just passed, was nothing but a common-place, every-day affair. Oh, to think that a Grey could not have been more constant! I would hide my head in very humiliation, if I were you, instead of wearing that serenely unconscious air. Yet, you had better go back to Beechwood; but all the splendor there, would not make me forget what a bitter cup I had mixed for the lips of one of Liberty's brave defenders, whatever it may do for you."

"Oh, hush, Jessie!" turning with eyes similar to those of a deer at bay; but if the words had been like dagger thrusts to her, they came to Wallace Cameron, standing just outside the gate, where he had paused to speak to Atherton, like the blessed notes of a comforter.

"That little thing is as true as steel," he thought, as he strode down the quiet road, crushing the rustling, whispering leaves of the forest under his heel, and comparing their rich coloring of crimson and gold to the bright hopes that so lately fluttered in his heart, never fearing frost, but now, alas! withered and lifeless, and scattered to the four winds of heaven.

That evening, instead of her husband the train brought a note to Ernestine, in which Mr. Wilder stated that imperative business compelled him to remain in the city that night, much to his regret, but that he would certainly have the pleasure of dining with her the next day, provided the fates were willing, which of course they would be.

The absent one might have been a little astonished, had he seen the glad light which flashed over his wife's face, and heard the expression of relief that dropped from her lips after she had perused the lines which had at least caused him some sadness to write.

The fact was, she had a duty to perform before she felt prepared to meet her husband; for, packed carefully away in a drawer, to which she alone had the key, was a lock of dark-brown hair, a photograph, a bunch of withered flowers, half a dozen fondly-cherished letters, and an opal ring; these she must put out of her sight forever. While she believed that Wallace Cameron had folded his tent of life and joined the shadowy army on the other shore, she had felt that she did Kenneth Wilder no wrong in retaining these mementoes of a dead love; but circumstances were changed now, and she must no longer indulge in sentimental musings, tears and regrets over what was clearly irrevocable, but make such atonement for her sins as conscience should dictate; in spite of the weakness which might still lurk in the depths of her heart.

I do not like to dwell upon the anguish which filled the lonely watches of that night. Only those whose feet have pressed the same thorny path can understand the keen torture that she endured in thus yielding up, at the call of duty, the only treasures, teeming with the fragrant memories of a bright and happy girlhood, that she had been able to save from the wreck of the past.

That photograph, together with the faded flowers tied with the bit of blue ribbon—he had called her attention to the color, and told her that it meant fidelity—that now looked so reproachfully at her from the flames into which she had consigned them, were given to her upon the same day. How very becoming the army blue had been to his handsome face and commanding form, and how proudly she had smiled upon her brave, young soldier.

Those travel-stained letters, a heap of ashes now, had flown with wings that never wearied over wide stretches of country, until they reached the cottage door, where, their rough journey being ended, they nestled in her soft, caressing hands, and delivered up the messages of love and good cheer entrusted to their faithful keeping, always repeating the same sweet story, that whether in the battle-storm, or performing lonely picket duty, or passing through the routine of camp life, thoughts of her ever came to infuse new strength into his veins, and calm his soul with their blessed presence. There was one among them—his last!—she should hardly have thought that the fire could have burned that, it was so



damp with the tears she had shed in thinking that it was the only farewell that she should have from him. Oh! better that than the one which, perhaps, because of her mourning, had been vouchsafed her that day.

Then that look of waning, chestnut hair, that clung to her fingers so like a thing of life, as she strove to shake it into the grate, how well she remembered the night when she covered the precious token from his hand, and then knelt, laughing, by his side, and let him cut off one of her own shining tresses. It was in May, and the trees were not more laden with rose-tinted anticipations of what the future would bring than was she. Well, to carry the simile further, a blighting wind passed over them in some instances. Would he keep that long, golden curl, and, marrying, show it to his wife some day in the future, and tell her of the faithfulness of her who once wore it? Or, had he already fiercely laid it where she was now tearfully placing his?

And now, with the opal ring following the others, her work was done. Oh! that was the dearest of them all! How it glowed and flashed in the dimly-lighted room! Again she saw Wallace Cameron bending over her, marked the tender triumph in his eye, and heard the joyous ring in his voice, as he held the jeweled circlet upon her finger, and bade her never to take it off, not even when he should bring another of plain gold to confirm its pleasing story. How the color flamed in her cheeks then, and he, observing it, smilingly told her that he believed she was already stealing some of its beautiful fire. Well, its place had been made good by two since then. Oh, no! God forgive her! she could not say that yet; perhaps she might by-and-by, though, when duty and gratitude had so schooled her heart that it throbbed a little less painfully.

After that she went and laid herself down, thinking that if her eyes could close in that slumber which only Sleep's "twin-brother" can bring, it would be the happiest thing that could befall her.

The morning dawned cold and pallid, and in at least one face that looked out from its Beechwood, it saw a reflection of its own grayness and gloom. The hours were certainly not winged that followed; but at last noon came and went, and then, with a strange numbness at her heart, Ernestine heard a voice, which she supposed was hers, returning her husband's greeting. He had brought a friend home with him; so she exerted herself to entertain them both, and during dinner laughed and chatted in such away as to pause occasionally, and wonder in her own mind if she were not some one else, while the guest, completely fascinated, mentally pronounced Mrs. Kenneth Wilder as the most charming of women, and took the earliest opportunity to congratulate his delighted host upon the possession of so admirable a wife.

Oh, how slowly the afternoon and evening wore away, at least to Ernestine; but to her husband and his friend the hours passed very quickly and pleasantly, thanks to her efforts.

At last, the visitor bidding them good-night, was shown to his room, and then the trembling wife knew that the moment had come which she had been longing and yet dreading to have arrive.

"Kenneth," she said, standing by his side, with downcast eyes, "something has happened since you have been gone which I have been very anxious to tell you about, but owing to the presence of Mr. Clayton, have had no opportunity until now. Wallace Cameron's name did not belong in the list of those who were killed, although it was very natural that it should have been placed there, considering that nothing was definitely known with regard to him. He was one of the unhappy number, however, who fell into the hands of the rebels, but he had the good fortune to escape from their clutches, after a time, so he is now at the North, and—I have seen him."

"Well," with a catching of the breath that went to her heart more than words would have done, "if you have anything more to say to me, Ernestine, in mercy speak it quickly."

"That is all, Kenneth," and now the broad lids flashed up, revealing, in the shining depths below, what, if it was not love, was at least a tenderness powerful enough to send the fear out of his face as suddenly as it had entered it.

"By the feelings of that one moment I know how to pity him," he said, presently. "Ah, if he had come four months before, I should have missed the greatest happiness of my life!"

"And I should have been spared the greatest misery," she thought, and then she let go the past utterly, and turned a resolute, if not a cheerful face to her present life and its duties.

A month slipped away, and then Jessie was sent to New York to put the finishing touches to an already good education, and to pay particular attention to music, for which she seemed to have considerable talent, while Albertson was placed at an academy in an adjoining town, and Mrs. Grey came to reside at Beechwood—changes that were pleasing to all concerned.

Life now moved on calmly and happily, until a year had flown without bringing any material alterations, except in Jessie's leaving school at the expiration of six months and accepting a situation as companion to a blind girl, much to Mr. Wilder's regret; but as she seemed very happy there, and always was a little willful, her mother and sister made no attempt to interfere with her plans.

There came one morning, however, when a new thought was thrown into the quiet circle at Beechwood, and it certainly succeeded in bringing a few ripples to the smooth surface.

"Ernestine, guess, if you can, who has been writing to me," exclaimed Mrs. Grey, entering her daughter's apartment early on this particular day with an open letter in her hand.

"I should say Jessie, if you did not seem so very much surprised. Can it be that any of your old acquaintances, after ignoring your existence for so many years, have suddenly felt a desire to revive the dead friendship? If so, I should very quietly inform them that there is no resurrection for it."

"No; you are mistaken, as I supposed you would be; for of course you would never suspect that Wallace Cameron would have anything to say to me now, at least anything so important as to oblige him to write. But there, you may as well see the letter, and when you comprehend its meaning please explain it to me, for I really cannot believe that I fully understand it as yet."

Thus desired, Ernestine took the note in a bewildered sort of way—for that name introduced so suddenly had stirred old memories—and glanced her eye over it. Part read as follows:

"And now, my dear Mrs. Grey, I will inform you as quickly and as briefly as possible what you are no doubt wishing to learn—why I have intruded upon you in this manner. The fact is, I am still desirous of becoming your son-in-law; and as you have but one daughter to give away now, you will readily understand to whom I refer. This may take you by surprise. Well, so it did me; for it was only the other day that I awoke to the knowledge that I did want a second mother. Yes, the merry, roguish Jessie has crept into a place in my heart which her grave, quiet sister,

much as I loved her, never entered. Lately I have been thrown into her society a great deal, for Emily Sinclair is no recluse, if she is blind; and perhaps it was the attentions which the little willful spirit so smilingly received from others, that first aroused me to the fact that the small fingers had tuned my heart-strings, and were filling the chambers of my soul with a melody such as I had deemed could never echo there again. Say, may I have the little musician, if I can win her? I do not think she hates me, and if you will write that you have no objections to her becoming Mrs. Cameron, why, I will attack the citadel at once. And now, before I close, allow me to say one word to Mrs. Wilder. Tell her that I have arrived at that time when I can thank her for having gone where her heart led her, thus leaving me free to choose one who, with all respect to her, does approach nearer to my ideal than she did. She assured me that I should realize this some day, but I listened with incredulous scorn then, and in my anger flung her words fiercely from me; but they come floating back to me now, and in this love of my manhood I see wherein she was wise and I was foolish."

"Thank God! oh thank God that that burden is taken from my soul, and that his feet have turned into blossoming fields again," thought Ernestine, as she read those lines.

"Well, what do you make of it?" inquired her mother, perceiving that she had laid the letter down.

"Why, it is certainly very clear that he wishes to marry Jessie, provided she will have him."

"I thought so; but then I could not believe that my eyes told me right. Why, she is only a child."

"Rather a large one, mother," laughing, "considering that she is nineteen in the winter."

"Why, so she is. Well, I had quite forgotten that the years were carrying her from me. I suppose, then, that she will be marrying soon, and I am sure that if I could select a husband for her, I should prefer Wallace Cameron to any one that I know; but will she look upon him with the favor that I do? An important question. Can you answer it, Ernestine?"

"Not positively, of course. Still it is my opinion that she will prove a willing listener. Indeed," as her mind reverted to her indignation on that memorable afternoon—"I almost know that she will."

And Mrs. Wilder was right; for when Jessie came to Beechwood the ensuing spring, the saucy black eyes were full of a tender light, and the ring upon her finger—not an opal, but a diamond—proclaimed that Wallace Cameron's wish was likely to be realized.

They are to be married next month; and Ernestine, looking down into her babe's sweet face and then into the proud, fond eyes of her husband, thinks very calmly of the approaching wedding-day.

#### A KISS, A SMILE, AND A TEAR.

A kiss, a smile, and a tear;  
These sisters different are,  
Yet all agree;  
They dwell in harmony together,  
Love and friendship seem to tether,  
While each is free.

A kiss oft tells the lover's tale;  
A smile betrays the loved one's ail;  
While teardrops start,  
Hiding beneath the silken lid,  
Then stealing forth, although forbid,  
Of love a part.

A kiss will oft do more than words:  
'T will make the heart to sing, like birds,  
Sweet nature's song.  
A smile may chase away the gloom,  
And play like sunshine on the tomb  
Of joys long gone.

But then the tear in pitying eye,  
At scenes of grief or misery,  
Is e'en a gem,  
Whose untold value none may know,  
But those whose hearts are steeped in woe,  
Or those condemned.

Let those prefer the kiss who will,  
Give me the pearly teardrop still;  
It tells a tale  
Of love, deep in the felon's heart,  
Of every mortal soul a part,  
However frail.

The hardest criminal may live  
Without an inkling of the live  
Of honey-dew within;  
But touch the spring, the fountain bursts,  
The honeyed water gushes forth,  
And all is love again.

As when in infancy he slept,  
And his fond mother softly crept  
To gaze again on him,  
Her proud heart swelling with new joy  
As she looked on her lovely boy,  
Nor thought what time would bring.

A kiss the token is of love;  
The smile of friendship oft will prove,  
And both are sweet;  
But then the tear in pitying eye  
Is a heaven-born gift, not doomed to die,  
The soul's best treat.

But neither kiss, nor smile, nor tear,  
Can symbol that great love, I fear,  
That dwells in angel hearts;  
Nor tell the sympathy they feel  
For human woe or human weal,  
For each and all have part.

Richmond, Ind., 1865.

#### Moral Freedom.

There is a crisis in the history of nations, as well as of persons, that estranges, as it were, their feelings and affections, and writes their character for prosperity. The vermin of human language fails to convey the true impress of God upon the heart. Its mistaken evidence; its portrayals of power have deluged the world with grief, and mantled the fair abodes of peace with unending ruin. The national marts of civilization have proven but too truly the native impress of God, speaking everywhere. The subjugated forces of human thought have rebelled, and we behold this power encircling immensity. For the triumphant trains of popular theories are surging to and fro beneath this mighty convulsion that binds Humanity in one hand and Freedom of Thought in the other. Beneath that Divine impress of a God which holds life and death as the subjugation of right and wrong, behold the convulsive stream of the soul! It responds beneath the light of day. It mingles with the mighty changes of time, and throws the discordant mantles of repose over the frailties of the common lot.

Must we go back, then, and traverse the primitive era to endow a soul with the consecutive lineage, that it may obtain a hope that shall inspire the dwarfed imaginings of those who hold God in one hand and eternity in the other? Is the ministering spirit of bliss and woe foreboding there, to give life and vigor to the soul? The auspices of this blessed day are unfold. The unmeasured depths of unending wrong must realize its legitimate construction. No compromise can effect the inherited right of heaven; no prevailing theorem can disperse one ray of light upon the midnight darkness that robs the soul of only its faintest beams of present, and form make up the mighty whole upon which an endless destiny is cast.—Dr. J. M. Ferguson.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

(Original.)

## GREAT SUCCESS.

### CHAPTER IX.

For a few weeks after his dismissal from Squire Niles', Abraham and his mother managed to live quite comfortably, for the good man had carried them a load of vegetables, and some finely ground wheat; but Abraham began to see, as the winter days came on, that their store decreased, and there was nothing to replenish it. He also saw that his mother's face looked paler and thinner, day by day, and an anxious fear settled down on her brow, that took the form of deep wrinkles. Something must be done, that was certain; and yet Abraham knew not what to do. Miss Jones, Mr. Potham, Gerinda and John Dean, had kept up their busy talking and wondering, until the people of the village were all ready to think that something was amiss because Abraham was in no business. And so careful had they been to circulate all their own imaginary reasons for his leaving Squire Niles', that no one felt willing to employ Abraham for any length of time. Once in a while he would get a day's work at wood-sawing, and Mr. Stamp had hired him a week in his store. But as Mr. Potham kept winking and hemming, and saying, "aha," and "well, I do declare!" Mr. Stamp, being a man much indebted to other people for his ideas, concluded it was not best to hire him any longer.

But the cold weather had come, and with the winter, many wants. Abraham knew that his mother needed some warm flannels, and he needed a new cap and coat. His old cap was so small for him that he could scarcely keep it on his head; and his coat had many a patch besides those of long standing in the elbows. To be sure, he had earned considerable at Squire Niles', but he had generously given all to his mother, intending to remain and get himself an outfit for the winter. Many thoughts of bitterness came to Abraham in these days. He remembered his Uncle Isaac's words with a feeling of disappointment. He had been very sure that they were true as long as he had been tolerably well prospered; but now that repeated ill luck seemed to attend him, he concluded that, after all, Uncle Isaac spoke from his own experience only, which he was sure must have been one of good fortune.

One day as he was looking over some boxes in his mother's back chamber, he came across some papers, and because he had nothing else to do, he began to read them. Among them he found some letters of his Uncle's, written, when quite a boy, to his mother. They gave an account of his early struggles, his failures and success. One sentence Abraham read over and over again. "I am determined to do my very best; and God helping me, that will be success." In some letters of quite recent date, he read, "I have found that very often what I feared would be a great misfortune, proved a great blessing; and that what I called failure, was, after all, success."

Nothing could have cheered Abraham more than these words. They seemed like the living voice of his good Uncle speaking to him. He more and more resolved that he would treasure his Uncle's memory, and his words, and not be entirely discouraged because his efforts had failed to bring him all he expected.

"After all," said he, as he sat on the chamber floor, looking out of the little window at the dark, wintry clouds, "I learned a great deal of Squire Niles; and then Mary taught me so much about plants, it was like going to school to be there. But I have graduated from that school, and I wonder whose I shall enter next."

Even while he was thinking thus, he heard a loud knock at the door of the kitchen, and hastened down. A stranger stood there; a rough man in appearance, with broad shoulders, long hair, unshaven beard, and clothes of the coarsest quality. But there was in his eye a sparkle of kindness and intelligence, that pleased Abraham at once.

"I've come," said he, "from the recommendation of Squire Niles. I want a good, hardy lad to go into the woods to chop. It's tolerable hard work, and no one can play at it, because it takes lively work to keep warm; but it's good, wholesome work, and good pay; and there's a plenty of food, and good quarters to sleep in."

Now Abraham had just been thinking of Mary Niles, and how pleasant a teacher she had been, and hoped he should find another such. He could not comprehend that this rough man could in any way answer his wish. But he immediately determined to engage to work for him; but it was with a feeling of disappointment and doubt if his Uncle's words could prove true in his case.

Mr. Hardy liked Abraham's prompt decision, and immediately made him an offer; and it was settled that Abraham was to go to his work the next week. In the meantime he was to provide himself with some coarse, warmer clothing, the money to purchase which was thoughtfully advanced by Mr. Hardy.

A clear, cold winter's day, found Abraham in the forest, several miles to the northeast of the village, in company with his employer. Their business was to fell the huge trees and chop them, and prepare the wood for the market. It was hard work, and there was no play in it. The first day Abraham's hands and arms ached, his feet were numb, and the frosty air made the tears flow from his eyes. He was too gloomy to talk much, but worked well at the task given him. At night he slept in some little log huts that had been built for the purpose, and in which the woodman's wife prepared their food. As he was tired when his work was done, he went early to bed. Several days passed in this way, and Abraham grew more and more gloomy. He thought it a hard, cruel life, and he did not care how soon it ended. He could see nothing to be gained from his labors only the little money that he needed.

One night, when they had been driven in early by a drifting storm, and he was not weary, he sat up later than usual, and was surprised to find that the woodman and his wife were talking upon subjects that much interested him. They were discussing the probabilities of the continuance of weather suited to chopping, and then the advantages of taking their dry wood early to market. A proposal was immediately made to Abraham to improve the first roads suitable for sledding, and take the wood to the town several miles distant. This would give Abraham a chance to see something of a world he had longed to know of. He was so elated with the thought that he could scarcely sleep after he laid down upon his buffalo robes, for his night's rest. The next day's work was a pleasure, instead of a toil. How great a change had suddenly come to him!

In the course of a few days the deep snows made

it difficult for them to prepare the wood, and they broke a path out to the main road, that they might improve the already smooth sledding. Abraham started on his first journey with his heart full of wonder and thankfulness. The woodman accompanied him, and told him many amusing stories of life in the large town. Abraham fancied it to be a place full of elegances and beauty.

When his load of wood was safely deposited, he had an opportunity of looking about him. He found a plenty to absorb him. The busy streets, the shops, the strange faces, to a boy who had never been in a town larger than the little village he called home, and who thought Mr. Stamp's store a marvelous place, containing all that could possibly be needed for man, woman or child, was pleasure enough. He was not a boy to look stupidly at anything. He noticed, among other things, that a quantity of the skins of animals that abounded in the forest where he had been at work, were sold. He immediately resolved to commence himself catching these animals, such as were to be caught in the winter, and to bring their skins to market. He also discovered that some kinds of gums were sold that flowed from resinous trees, and he resolved to gather such, and thus increase his means of helping his mother.

He went home with a cheerful heart, thinking of all that he could do in such a busy, active world as he had just seen. He planned with the woodman for making traps for the foxes, whose tracks they often saw. One night, also, they had heard wolves barking, and they planned the best methods of killing them, and preparing their skins for sale. In all Abraham's plans the good-natured woodman entered eagerly, and helped him in many ways. His wife also gave him advice about the collection of gums from the balsam and spruce and white pine.

Abraham spent many delightful days in the sport that was to bring him in so much ready money. He soon collected many fine skins, which he dressed carefully, and which he readily sold and bought some delicacies for his mother, whom he went to see every Sunday. He also indulged himself in purchasing several books, which he read aloud to the woodman and his wife the long winter evenings.

Mr. Hardy showed so much good sense and knowledge of the world, that he found him able to explain many things that he could not understand.

Thus the winter was passing pleasantly, and Abraham was gaining much valuable information, and, besides, a rugged, healthy body. He had begun to think that, after all, it was quite fortunate for him that he was obliged to leave Squire Niles, for now he was able to learn more of men and things than he could have done for years. But he did not forget Mary and her kindness to him. He bought her a book in which to arrange her pressed flowers, and he wrote to her to tell her how he was getting along, for he had not been able to see her when he went home. He received in return a very short note of thanks; but he understood why she had written no more. One day, however, he found a letter from Sophia awaiting him at his mother's. She had returned to Adams, to finish her education. It read thus:

My dear friend Abraham—I thought I would like to tell you that Charlie and I are engaged. Mamma says we are very young, and papa says it makes no difference; but both of them were very good, and let Charlie send me a ring. It is very broad and very heavy, and has engraven in the inside, "The love is true that I. O. U." Is it that pretty? I am sure I do not know when we shall get married, but I hope soon, for I wish very much to go to New York and live. Shall you be sorry when I go so far away? I think of you a great many times, you were so good not to tell of Charlie! I wrote to him that it was a real shame for him to be afraid to tell; but you know he is a dear little kitten, and does not want anybody to think ill of him—not even Betsy Aurella. Oh! did you know that Miss Jones was in great trouble? She has burned her right hand and cannot work, and they say she never can. I am real sorry for her, and wanted to send her some of my spare money, but that very day I got a letter from Charlie, saying he had got into a little trouble, and a little, a very little money would help him out; so of course I sent it directly. I'm sure I don't see what trouble he could get into in New York! Don't you think Gerinda a dreadfully selfish girl? She would not go near Miss Jones when she was suffering so; but Mary Niles went and took care of her two days and nights; I can't write more, for Mrs. Ames says it is time that we retired for our nocturnal refreshment. I'm glad it does not consist of dry bread and mouldy cheese!

Your true friend, SOPHIA TAFT.

Now Abraham had, ever since he had thought much about his future life, always fancied that he was to spend it with just such a girl as Sophia Taft. Whenever he thought of her defects of character, he immediately covered them over with so many charms, that she became the best and most agreeable person in the world. Notwithstanding he saw that she was not quite honorable or courageous, yet he imagined that it must be some other person's fault than hers. When he worked for Peter Hink, he was always imagining whether Sophia would be willing to be a shoemaker's wife, and when he was tolling in Squire Niles's fields, he used to think of Sophia making butter and cheese on some nice farm, just like this. Again a feeling of bitter disappointment came over him. He saw a failure there greater than he had ever thought of before. The beautiful picture vanished from his future. Even in the forest, at his hard labor of loading the wood, he had fancied how Sophia would some day welcome him home to a bright fire in a snug little cottage, not far from some grand old forest, if he should conclude to become a woodman.

These dreams went out of his sky very much as the fading light had gone from the west, and he fancied it was very dark all about him; but he resolved to toll on faithfully for his new friend, and in his gloominess he made up his mind to live with them always in the little log hut, and drive a team to market, and catch foxes and minks for their skins. Sometimes it seems to us, when the clouds are heavy, and no sunlight sends its bright rays into our homes, as if on the morrow it would still be dark and dreary, and perhaps many morrows; but the sunlight breaks through the heaviest clouds, and so it is of the dark days of the spirit. We think there will be no gladness more. But God did not intend that our spirits should be gloomy, more than the sky, and unless we shut out the beautiful light of his love, we shall find it making the dark places bright, even in our greatest sorrows.

Abraham returned to his labors feeling many years older than a few days before, because he had lived a heart experience that he had never known before. He was more attentive to his books than ever; and sought from the good-natured woodman to learn all that he could that was useful. He told of his journeys into the wild country to the north; of his encounter with the Indians; of his sickness among them; and of their tender care of him. He told him of the many

plants they gathered, and used for his cure, and some of them Abraham found to be the same that he and Mary had studied the summer before.

"What makes plants cure people?" said he to himself. "It must be that we are related to them in some way. I wish I knew all about it."

While matters were going on thus with Abraham, he was growing more and more content in his labor. He found he had a ready hand for chopping, and he could load his wood neatly and quickly. There was no finer looking load went to market than his. "After all," he thought, "it was not all a failure when I left Squire Niles. I have had a good teacher in hard toll, and I believe I have learned a good deal; but I think I will not graduate from this school at present." This he was thinking as he drove his team up to the shanty that served for a barn, near the log hut. But how little we know what we will do! The fire was burning brightly as he entered, but there was something unusual in the room. The cheerful welcome was wanting. He found that the kind, motherly Mrs. Hardy was very ill. In a few hours she died. It was a dreadful night to Abraham. He had never seen death before, and he had never been told anything beautiful about it, but only gloomy ideas about its great terror and the doubts of the strange future. But here death had come close to him, and to one he had learned to love. The good woodman was heart-broken; but Abraham knew not how to console him. They sat through the gloomy night watching the pale face, and Abraham longed to know what had made so great a change. At last he could bear the silence no longer, and he said:

"Where is she? I do wish I knew."

"Well, I'll tell you what I know. I'm an ignorant man, and don't know any of the minister's talk, but I've seen a deal of the world, here and there, and death is just the same everywhere, and I know it is just like the going down of the sun; to-morrow it shines again. She's in the sunshine before this, and it's not far off either, I know by the way I feel it. She may be up in heaven, but she's right here, if I can't see her. I tell you, Abraham, folks would n't go far away from right if they knew who was looking on to see. I'm glad I know all about it, and don't feel afraid for her. But I tell you what it is, I can't stay here any longer. I shall just shut up the old cabin and leave it forever. I'll go where nobody knows me, so that I shan't seem to be like a cloud to anybody. I give you all the wood that is ready for market. You've served me well, and many's the good time we've had together. But you see I should just make it dark and miserable for you. I did think perhaps you'd conclude to live with me, and that we would all have many a sunny day together; but it wasn't to be; I'll risk you in the world anywhere. We shall see each other after we part to-morrow."

Abraham laid himself down on his buffalo robe with his heart aching, and it seemed to him his sky had never been so dark. Again he was without employment, and again he must seek for something to do. He thought of every word that Mr. Hardy had said to him, and wondered if Uncle Isaac did really know of his failures.

[To be continued.]

## MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER SIX.

Chirp, chirp, chirp! cheerfully cried my neighbor, the cricket, who gave me a most friendly call. It was just at twilight, that beautiful hour when one remembers none of the busy cares of the day or the troublesome fears of the night, but dreams about heaven, and sees the beautiful curtain that shuts out the spirit home lifted—it was at this hour that my little visitor began his cheerful song. "What are you trying to say, you dear little fellow, and why do you not come out of that corner and tell it all?" thought I.

"Chirp, chirp, chirp! why I was just asking you, if you remembered when you was a little girl and used to sit by the hearthstone and look in at the embers and dream sweet dreams about the pictures there? Don't you remember the happy faces you saw there, and the beautiful castles with their glowing turrets? And don't you remember the bright seas and the radiant sky, and the silver clouds that came marching out of the glowing embers? Oh, you remember! Well, I just want to know if you've ever found those castles, and glowing hills and loving faces. I am only a poor house cricket, that knows nothing about the world, and all I know about you is what my great, great, and ever-so-great grandmother told to her daughter." What could I answer the little cricket. I kept thinking in my heart how many beautiful things the dear angels had shown me, and of the many good things that the loving father had given me—of beautiful eyes of little children looking at me lovingly, of sweet words spoken to me, of great sorrows that had been changed to great blessings, and I was about to begin to tell the cricket a very cheerful story about all the journey I had taken through this life, when he got impatient, and began "chirp, chirp, chirp! You don't answer, and my opinion is, that you grown up men and women never find the castles to live in that they dream about when they are children, just because you don't know where they are."

Now there is a castle full of splendor and beauty, and the way into it is just as plain as the way into your garden; and I keep telling about it all the time. Why if you'll believe me, it was that very castle that my great, great, ever-so-great grandmother was telling you about when you was a little girl; and we've all been telling about it ever since. Its name I try to sound every time I draw my wings together. It is the castle of *Cheerfulness*. Just find that, and you will always dwell in a palace and have loving eyes to look on you, and beauty all around you. That is the story I try to tell to all the children, for I don't believe that any other castle will ever satisfy them."

A little noise disturbed my talkative neighbor, and I went to thinking again; and I came to the conclusion that every word was true. I will try to tell you something about the habits of crickets that I think you would like to know. The field cricket is larger than the house cricket that loves to creep about the chimney corner; but, both belong to the genus *Acheta*. The field crickets eat grass, seed and fruit, and they carry their provisions into their abodes. These they make by digging holes into the ground in some dry place. The first make the hole in a horizontal direction, and then they dig downward, and they always enter their holes backward, and when chirping are usually standing in front of their holes. They drink only the moisture that adheres to the leaves. They make their music by rubbing the sharp edges of their wings together, and they may be called skillful fiddlers.

I am sorry to say that crickets are not altogether amiable in their disposition, but quarrel with each other, especially the field crickets. These often drive the house crickets from their abodes, and then they dig down again, and I came to the conclusion that every word was true. I will try to tell you something about the habits of crickets that I think you would like to know. The field cricket is larger than the house cricket that loves to creep about the chimney corner; but, both belong to the genus *Acheta*. The field crickets eat grass, seed and fruit, and they carry their provisions into their abodes. These they make by digging holes into the ground in some dry place. The first make the hole in a horizontal direction, and then they dig downward, and they always enter their holes backward, and when chirping are usually standing in front of their holes. They drink only the moisture that adheres to the leaves. They make their music by rubbing the sharp edges of their wings together, and they may be called skillful fiddlers.

I have read that boys in Germany are so fond of hearing the songs of the crickets that they catch them and put them in boxes and carry them into their bedrooms at night, and are snug to sleep by their continued chirp. I am quite sure that all boys and girls are fond of the pleasant noise, and I think they are right in that they should be cheerful that all crickets try to lead us into.



# The Lecture Boom.

A LECTURE, BY J. S. LOVELAND,

Delivered in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Mass.,  
June 11th, 1865.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

TOPIC.—"The duty of Spiritualists to establish a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the City of Boston."

[The following lecture, though designed for the latitude and longitude of Boston, will answer for the entire Union, and is earnestly commended to the careful attention of our readers.]

Perhaps no theme could be more distasteful, in some respects, than the one selected for this afternoon. This arises from the fact that we propose to speak of duty. A feeling exists, to some extent, that whoever speaks of others' duties is an officious intermeddler in their affairs, and that each one should be the sole judge of his own personal obligations. There is a truth in this which should not be lost sight of, or lightly overlooked, and should make us cautious in settling questions involving another's conscience and conduct. We are apt, from our inherent selfishness, to wink our duties out of sight, or become remiss in their performance, unless stimulated by the living thought of another. We are also not aware of claims upon us often times, till some one lays the case before us. It is right and proper, therefore, to sometimes discuss the question of duties. I am this afternoon to present to you a theme, comparatively new, and, in relation to which, you have not had fully, the requisite means for forming an intelligent conclusion. Every question of duty involves three things. First, something to be done. Second, somebody to do it. And third, the relations between the first and second; for duty grows out of, and is based upon, relations. We have these three categories in the theme before us. 1. The thing, or work to be done, is the establishment of a Children's Progressive Lyceum in the City of Boston. 2. The assumed actors, or agents in this work—the Spiritualists. 3. The relations of this work. Now, before we can have authority for assuming duty in the case, and much more of defining it, we must very carefully examine the relations between the two. This will, of course, compel us to a definition of Spiritualism and Spiritualists—their principles, professions and position, as compared with other classes of people. We must also inquire into the nature of the Lyceum—its constitution—what it can do—whether it is designed to aid in the work Spiritualism proposes for itself—in fine, is it a part of our system? When we have settled these questions, we can easily decide that of duty. Indeed, it will be so decided, by doing this, as to leave nothing for us to do but to act at once, or else dismiss the topic entirely. Let us then inquire, who are Spiritualists? or what is Spiritualism? To answer one replies to both questions.

Three, and only three answers can be given to these queries. Spiritualists are (1st) mere negationists, i. e., general fault-finders, denunciators, destroyers of other people's faith and work; or, (2d) they are a sect; or, (3d) Spiritualism is a New Dispensation. We will examine these propositions *seriatim*. The first affirms that we are mere negationists—that "desolation marks our progress," but no up-building follows destruction—that we are fierce iconoclasts, destitute of either disposition, or power to engage in positive, or constructive efforts. I confess there has been much reason for making this charge. We have been savagely destructive to old things. We have ruthlessly assailed the sacred institutions of men, without thinking of supplying them other and better ones. We have pulled down the hovels of poverty, and have not raised others in their stead. We have torn off the ragged, filthy garments of old theology, and have left its adherents poor and miserable, and naked, with no clothing to screen them. So general has been the destructive, and so little and feeble the constructive work heretofore, that it is not strange that superficial minds should conclude that we are nothing but negationists. So egotistic and positive are the dogmatists of the old, that the first aspect of the new is somewhat necessarily more destructive than constructive. When the query is proposed, what have you done, and what do you propose to do, we are obliged to admit that destruction has been our principal business, and that we are in no good position at present for any other. We are not in trim for positive work. To be sure, we have a vast power in numbers, means, etc., but they are as yet not positioned for mighty work in the positive direction. We have, as we will yet show, positive ideas and principles, but they are held in a sort of abeyance, while the opposite has full scope. It is wonderful, then, that we are regarded by the Church as only a new phase of infidelity, or negationism? Positive work alone can dispel this notion, and prove them to be mistaken. It is for us to make the correction, and it can be made by deeds, not words.

The second supposition is, that we are a new sect. A new sect is of the old, and its distinction from those which have preceded it is this, a new interpretation of some of the dogmas common to all the sects. It is, therefore, special, not general. Generally, it belongs to the past—accepts and pays fealty to the ideas of the past, and only claims a better apprehension of that idea than others. And however much it may magnify the importance of its interpretation, it dare not shut out the existing bodies from the common Patronymic, even though their bigotry, for a time, may deny it to the new claimant. All history verifies this assertion. It is not disputed that some ground has been given, for the supposition that Spiritualism was, or would be, a new sect. Many Spiritualists have clung to the old churches, and have sought to justify themselves in and to the Church by new interpretations. Some call themselves Christian Spiritualists, which means, if it mean anything, that we are only a new phase of Christianity—a new sect. But the name is a misnomer. Who ever heard of Christian Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, or any other sect? It would imply that Methodists, Presbyterians, etc., were not, as a general rule, Christians; and the use of the term Christian in this way, is an admission that Spiritualism, as a whole, is not a sect, is not a mere form of Christianity. You might as well talk of Christian Mahometans, Hindoos, or Atheists, as of Christian Spiritualists. Nor is it possible to deceive the old Churches in this way; for however ignorant they may be of the nature and principles of our religion, they know it is not theirs—is no form, or sect of theirs. They cannot comprehend it; they can but misrepresent it; for it is a mystery, or a stumbling-block to them. Yet, of one thing they are sure, it is radically unlike their own.

But, say some enthusiastic ones, here are certain manifestations just like those of the times of Jesus and his apostles—we are the true Christians, instead of the old sects. In the meantime, the D.D. come forward and prove that this whole thing is a precise counterpart to the Demonism of ancient times. Still the Spiritualists know they

are not a sect of the mythological Demonism of Greece, and the Church knows they are not Christians; and they themselves feel in their very heart's core, that they are not sectarians.

We have only one more possible supposition, which is, that Spiritualism is a New Dispensation. What constitutes a New Dispensation? A new ideal! Nothing more, nothing less. If we can find an idea distinctively new, one unknown before; and also, find this to be the very centre and core of Spiritualism, we shall have the demonstration required in the case.

The Mosala Dispensation had a new idea—the absolute oneness of the Deity, in contradistinction to the Polytheistic notions of the prior ages. Jesus taught charity, in the broadest sense, and that was the central idea of Christianity, the enunciation of it constituted an Era. Dispensations give new interpretations, as well as sects, but they also do more. They have a revelation of their own, while sects appeal to the one common to their Era. Judaism, Christianity and Brahminism, have each a revelation of their own, but Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists, all appeal to the same primary authority.

Dispensations make all things new. This they must do of necessity, for a new element of human consciousness comes into felt existence. If to a chemical compound you add one more element, the whole mass becomes changed, and often there is not a single original function left; they have all become new. So if you introduce one new idea into the human consciousness, "all things become new." Every element of conscious life and power become positioned and polarized anew. The old has passed away, and we have a new man, in every respect. A new religion, Church, State, philosophy, science; in fact, everything has been transformed.

To be sure, nothing has been destroyed, and yet, nothing is as it was. Dispensations do not "come to destroy, but to fulfill." They are complementary—supplying a want, or filling a defect. Christ fulfilled, that is, he complemented Moses, supplied what he lacked; filled a vacant niche in the human soul. The one idea of charity, changed the whole programme of human experience. Judaism is fitly symbolized by Moses killing the Egyptian, and hiding him in the sand; Christianity, by Jesus upon the cross, saying, "Father, forgive them." One is vengeance, the other mercy. The incoming of a New Dispensation does not prove the utter falsity of the old, only its imperfection. They are true to the time of their birth, and also to the necessities of man in that era and condition. Their falsity lies in the assumption of finality, and completeness on their behalf. This was the falsity of Judaism, the falsity of Christianity, and of every sect claiming that as its generic name.

But, what is the new idea, the positive demonstration? I answer: *The Naturalness of Spirit Manifestations!* And consequently: *The Naturalness of Revelation!*

All the Religions, all the Dispensations of the past, have rested upon the assumed Supernaturalness of all actual, and possible revelations from the land of spirit-life. All revelations are of the mere will and pleasure of the Deity, and given through some special interposition of his power, contrary to the immutable methods, or laws of nature. And unless unmistakable proofs were supposed to exist of such supernaturalism, nothing was allowed to be a revelation from the invisible sphere. Deity was above law, and only by acting as above, and beyond law, could he demonstrate his existence and will. The natural theologians endeavored, indeed, to prove the being of Deity, but failed, and never essayed to deduce his will, or law, save from a supernatural revelation.

But, on the other hand, the Naturalists, the Infidels of the ages denied all spiritual manifestations—all revelations from the hereafter, of every kind, because supernaturalism was to them inconceivable and absurd, and they had no conception of any possible spiritual existence or manifestation, aside from the notion of the supernatural. They glorified nature and reason, and scouted the idea of spirit revelations. Spiritualists complement the old, by announcing a *Natural Spiritualism*. Future, or continued life is a certainty. The world of spirit-life is a reality; and, communication with that life and world is a natural process, just as much so as telegraphing, or any other method, by which human beings transfer their thoughts to each other. It is no more supernatural than writing a letter, addressing an audience, or composing music. This is a *NEW IDEA*. It is not the old naturalism of Deism, Atheism, or Pantheism, as they have existed heretofore; for the *Nature* of Spiritualism includes an immortal, conscious life. Nor is it the Supernatural Spiritualism of Moses, Jesus, or Mahomet; for no capricious, venereal, jettison, personal God, critically, or jealously watches their acts and thoughts. Our God is not their God, themselves being judges. His laws are not thoughts, volitions, or caprices; but they are the spontaneous outgoings, the eternal outworkings of his incomprehensible Nature. His laws are not statutory, and, therefore, penal; but are working powers, always accomplishing perfectly their end. Our God never fails, never mistakes, and therefore never mends. In esse, changeless—in manifestation, progressive. Behold, then, all things made new. The old Bible and religions, as they were, are revered no more. They cease to produce any awe; for they are fulfilled, that is, complemented by another idea; which, while it does not destroy, so positions and relates them to itself, and to each other, that they cease to be what they were, and become something entirely different. Hitherto they have possessed man, and dominated him, by means of the idea of supernaturalism; but now, man possesses and dominates them. He is greater than his accidents. Still, we more truly and loyally reverence the past than religionists of the old school can; for we reverence the real for its value, instead of venerating a caprice of credulity, as a reality.

Spiritualism has no war to make with Christianity, or its Bible, for they are facts of consciousness and history. But it is qualified to judge of what constitutes Christianity. The new always judges the old, though, of necessity, the old is utterly disqualified from judging the new. The child cannot judge the man, he lacks the comprehension of man's experience; while the man, having been a child, comprehends him perfectly. As a consequence, if any man, or sect of men, present themselves under the Banner of Christ, while they wear the uniform, and speak the language of Moses, we shall disallow their claim, and take the Banner from them. Nor can we allow any class to limit the resources of the Infinite, or circumscribe the vast possibilities of human progress and happiness. The present sects of the various religions, are no more able to judge of the spiritual possibilities of man, than a Hottentot can comprehend the actualities of our civilization.

They have become natural men to such an extent, that they cannot "discern the things of the spirit." They are confounded and obliged by the same class of phenomenal manifestations as

characterized the opening period of their own dispensation. They have so long depended upon the mere letter reading and intellectual interpretation of the word, as sufficient, and psychological excitement of the sensibilities as spiritual experience, that they have become incapable of a true and just appreciation of anything which is truly divine and spiritual. There are some few persons in the old sects, who could see and understand, if allowed the opportunity; but they are so hedged about by unpropitious circumstances, that they are really prisoners. Spiritualism would be a mighty deliverer to such, it would give them the freedom for which they so earnestly long. Our ostensible Christianity reverences the Bible, and affirms it to be an inspired book. But it is utterly incomprehensible to them, as to its true meaning, for they multiply books like leaves, and give interpretations without number, and yet come to no definite agreement as to its fundamental ideas. They have no common basis of method, and are, therefore, lost in the endless maze of conjecture and supposition. They are entirely ignorant of the law governing inspirational utterances, consequently grope hopelessly in the dark. A New Dispensation can only fully interpret the old. The sealed book has become unsealed. The lost key has been recovered, and the old time Scriptures can now be read understandingly, for the first time since they were given. The New Dispensation will, in time, give a full and complete interpretation of all the Holy Books belonging to man. I said it came not to destroy, it is eminently a builder. It does not, and will not, with blind, unthinking rage, dash in pieces the institutions of man's past. It brings a new idea, but does not falsify all that have been heretofore. It correlates them to itself, and thus positions them anew to each other. The new is mostly made of the old. Institutions are only incarnations, manifestations of ideas. All ideas are true; though no single one, is the whole truth, consequently, institutions, *per se*, are true, and not false, and need only to be modified in accordance with the new correlatedness of ideas, to become the truth.

But this modification is a new method; and, to those who are in the dark, seems the utter destruction of all the cherished good of the past. They cannot see that the seeming destruction is absolute conservation. On the other hand, persons equally blind, cannot see how anything that has been, can be of the slightest value, or entitled to any fate but annihilation. They fail to perceive that nature never destroys, only changes. A New Dispensation supplies a defect in man's life, meets a want which nothing else could fill. How admirably is all this illustrated in the present. That man's manifested life was imperfect, that his institutions failed to meet his aspirations, that, in spite of all the claims of theologians, to perfection for their religion, and plenary inspiration for their Scriptures, men were becoming more and more infidel every year, prior to the advent of Spiritualism; cannot be disputed. That it exactly meets the existing want, supplies the flagrant defect, is equally demonstrable.

But it is needless to pursue the argument further, for we shall find it constantly cumulative. There is nothing, which can be affirmed of a dispensation, which is not possessed by Spiritualism. True, it has not yet unfolded all that pertains to one completed, for it is yet in its nascent period. It is the infant in its cradle, not the strong man in his maturity. Its Pentecost has not yet come, but is not far in the future.

The next question for us to settle is, whether the Children's Progressive Lyceum is in harmony with, or, in other words, does it belong to the New Dispensation? If we attach any credence to the declarations of Mr. Davis, this Lyceum method is only a transcript of what constitutes the educational process in the Summer Land. I am free to say that I have as much confidence, to say the least, in the revelations made by him as any other person whatever. But we are to subject all things to the test of reason, before we adopt them. Let us do so in this case. What is the core of the Lyceum method? What its fundamental assumption? It is this: All science, all philosophy, and all religion are in man; and its inference, is, therefore, that a true method of education, is to educate, or draw out what is in man, rather than seek to put into him what is already there by nature. Is this not Spiritualism? Does not the old, or theologic method regard man as destitute of all these, and does it not urge, and command him to get religion—to get an education? Does not its God give religion, and its teachers give an education? Most certainly this is so. And it is equally true that our Dispensation ignores that method, and indicates the other. The Lyceum then belongs to us. Its central idea has been one of my most cherished ones for years gone by. It is not merely a method for Sundays, but what we propose now to initiate is the germ of what shall overturn the whole system of schools, from the Primary to the University. Indeed, it is already doing it, to some extent. But our system goes further. It affirms that the process of education requires that the uneducated should be placed in given relations with those who are educated—that through the outer agents of human converse, and especially through physical rapport, the work is to be accomplished. Is this not a part of our Dispensation? All dogmatic, or authoritative dictation, as to what is true, is excluded. The opening, feeble, yet growing powers of the young are stimulated, assisted and led out in their own channels, by natural methods. So mightily is this method, especially in the acquisition of positive science without any of the ordinary methods, that we need not be surprised to find many in the future astonishing the world with science which they "have never learned," that is, in the ordinary manner. Does not our Spiritualism already illustrate this principle? How are we to interpret Mr. Davis, and others, except by this principle? The Lyceum proposes to work this "lead" to its utmost capacity. It aims to institute such conditions, that every object shall reveal a principle, every word an idea, that from the play of internal powers, the whole external universe shall be interpreted, or understood.

The young are being educated in some way. If not in the right, certainly in the wrong. Not a few of our children are in the Sunday Schools of the Churches. They are being demoralized by its falsities; they are having memory stored and fancy perverted with the monstrous notions of the old mythology. Instead of having a healthy development of conscience, they are being made the victims of a morbid fear, of a psychological phantom which may embitter years of their future. And is this a slight misfortune? Why are you so jubilant over your new-found light? Is it not because you have suffered for years in consequence of the errors instilled into your minds when young? Do you wish to bequeath the same heritage to your children, or suffer it to be done by others? The most common dictates of humanity will answer these questions; but the answer will require us to institute some means to protect the young from the snares which lie in their way. Compassion for those exposed would demand

action on our part, if no other reason urged on us the obvious duty of the hour. But we must survey the question from another point of view. Notwithstanding the damnable good we have personally received from Spiritualism, we cannot suppose that we are capable of giving it as perfect an expression and manifestation as is possible. We are too much influenced by the Old. Our tastes and habits have been all formed under the influences of the Old Dispensation. The New needs, for its perfect expression, those who have been born and educated under its influences. But how can this ever transpire if we pay no attention to the training of children in the right way? And what proof of our own sincerity do we give while we send or allow our children to be sent to nurseries of falsehood? Certainly he who should declare us insincere, would have good ground for his allegation. We cannot, for a moment, suppose that the wisdom and goodness of the Heavens, in ushering in a New Dispensation, have done so without the understanding that it is for adult persons only; that the young are to be turned loose, with no provision in principle, or methods for their culture, save what pertains to the by-gone and effete systems of the past. Such a supposition would be simply affirming that we are not in a new era—that we are simply a sect, or, even worse, more negationists.

Thus, every way in which we view the subject serves to show the intimate relationship we sustain to this matter, and, as an unescapable inference, imperative duty demands that we should act. Each separate view is conclusive argument in the case; but when we aggregate the whole, the demonstration is complete. Considering Spiritualism, with its principles, and the end proposed, and the Lyceum, with its perfect adaptation of means, appealing, as it does, to all the opening faculties of our nature, we are left no resource but to admit our duty and resolutely and gladly perform it.

But when we have established the binding force of moral obligation in this matter, we have mapped out no rugged, thorny path for you to travel with blistered and bleeding feet; we have laid no weary burden on your shoulders to make life sad and bitter; we ask no groanings and tears, no fastings and painful self-denials, nor sleepless vigils in the performance of this duty; nay, we do not invite you to a tedious and dangerous pilgrimage over deserts or through wildernesses to reach the promised land. No, no; far from this. We propose a duty which any angel in heaven would covet as a privilege; a duty which involves possibilities of growth and happiness to ourselves beyond all power of words to express. It is to draw out and culture the vast resources of the loving souls of childhood; it is to place ourselves in the very midst of the most glorious sunshine of earth. Spiritualists have become too sour and thorny—there is too much asperity and uncharitableness among us; there is a lack of that loving gentleness which so glorifies human nature when possessed. The reason is: we have been doing comparatively nothing; certainly nothing for childhood; and, therefore, the gentle influence, the sunny gladness thereof is wanting in us. The Lyceum opens to us a field of duty; a field of labor, I grant, but it is also one of surpassing beauty and deathless joy. Every child admitted to the Lyceum is a Fountain of Eternal Life, whose uprushing waters shall refresh you with their crystal clearness, and, led out in fitting channels, shall cause the living flowers of beauty to send forth an aroma fragrance as delicious as the perfumed atmosphere of the Summer Land; yea, in the recitations, singing, marchings, etc., of the Lyceum, it shall be to thee like the musical Portentum on the Isle of Akroponamede. This duty, then, is to us a great necessity, as it shall be one of our brightest glories and sweetest blessings. The duties required by truth are usually pleasant, because they are in accordance with the law of wisdom and progress, while those exacted by false systems are onerous and painful, being contrary to our nature and happiness. The duties we urge here, accord with the highest and best of our nature, and brighten with their radiant light the promise of a glorious destiny.

## THE LONG LOOKED-FOR MILLENNIUM: ITS HISTORY AND ORIGIN.

BY K. GRAVES.

NUMBER TWO.

Commotion of the Elements, Stars Falling, and the Planetary System Broken Up.

The great millennial epoch, or golden age of the future, so long and so universally prophesied of by the Oriental nations, so frequently realized in their dreams, so often breathed into poetry and song, and sometimes portrayed by fearful and frightful ditties, was to be inaugurated not merely by the fiery consumption of our terrestrial home-stand, but by the destruction of some of those vast and boundless orbs which roll their massive forms along the broad cerulean concave—the illimitable archway of heaven. Millions of times larger than this pigmy planet on which "we live and move and have our being," as some of them are, they are nevertheless to break loose from their moorings, and, straying from their iron-bound orbits, to tumble pell-mell to this little spheroid or ellipsoid which we call "the earth." What tiny little footballs—mere playthings—the starry worlds (including sun and moon) must have been in the conception of the ancient Pagan "Second Adventists," and their religious heirs, the Jews and Christian gospel-writers and Roman Catholic Christians, when they imagined them flying hither and thither at the dictum of man, or at least for his accommodation.

The writer of Judges (if we accept the literal as the true meaning) must have supposed the stars to be intelligent locomotive beings when he declared "the stars fought against Siserah."—Judges, iv: 20. And St. John declares, "I saw a star fall from heaven unto the earth."—Rev., vi: 1. And the same mystified revelator avers that the old Dragon Tempter, Commander-in-Chief of the rebel angels, on one occasion tore loose with his ubiquitous or endless caudal appendage, and brought down, at one haul, one-third of all the stars which be decked the boundless canopy of heaven.—(See Rev., xli.) And here we will note it as a remarkable fact, that the stars were in every instance to play a conspicuous part in the great millennial drama of all the ancient nations who believed in and cherished the tradition, including also the Christian edition of the story. Christ, when foreshadowing or forecasting this terror-melting event, apparently so confidently expected by him and his followers to occur in that age and generation, is reported as declaring, "Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken."—Mat., xxiv: 29. Now it is worthy of remark that this sounds much like a prediction found in a much older Bible than the Christians'. The *Zend-Avesta* of the Chaldeans declares, "The dread event approaches. The good will weep over the evil, and the evil will weep over themselves. A star (quot-

ed before) with a tail, in the course of its revolutions, will strike the earth and set it on fire. The fierce heat will make metals run down from high mountains and flow over the earth. All men must pass through them. But the good will be purified through fire, and come forth excellent and happy." Now mark, this is a very ancient prediction of the votaries of a Pagan religion, and must be at least three thousand years old; and it is a curious as well as an instructive fact, that its practical fulfillment and solemn realization was most confidently expected to take place in that very age and generation. And similar phenomena to those here portrayed are preaged in the millennial prophecies of ancient Greece and Rome. Seneca declares, "The constellations will dash together, and the whole universe, plunged in the same common fire, will be reduced to ashes." And Plutarch reports Cleanthus as declaring, "The moon, the stars and the sun will perish, and the celestial ether (the component substance of the Deity, according to the stoics) will convert all things into his own nature, or assimilate them to himself." The Buddhist and Brahmin Bible, in a like prophetic strain, announces and proclaims that "at his approach (the Second Advent Saviour, or new Messiah), the sun and moon will be darkened, the earth will tremble, and the stars will fall from the firmament."—(Veda.)

Thus it will be observed that the stars were to act an important part in the great millennial drama, as pictured in the fearful forebodings and portrayed in the trembling hopes of the Oriental nations who gave birth, in their childish and credulous dreams, to this solemnly and confidently anticipated future event. "He who hath ears to hear, let him hear," and learn from history the groundlessness of all fears relative to an event which cannot transpire without transforming "the meek and lowly Jesus, the Prince of Peace," into a rabid, ferocious, vindictive warrior, and "the all-loving Father" into a rash, reckless, suicidal demolisher of his own handiwork.

N. B.—If any reader should object to my making Jesus a Millionaire, I reply, that if he was not, then the doctrine falls to the ground; but if he were, then it is evident, from the foregoing historical facts, that his belief in the matter was borrowed from the Orientals.

Harveysburg, O.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A Remarkably Precocious Medium.

I am happy to be able to lay before the readers of the Banner an account of the most wonderful spiritual phenomena of the age. A Mr. and Mrs. —, whose names they refuse to the public, at least for the present, are each precisely forty-four years of age, both having been born on the 10th of August, 1821. They were married quite young. During their courtship, they mutually agreed not only to be true to each other as wife and husband, but also agreed to abandon the use of all kinds of flesh as food just as soon as they were married and became masters of their own household, which pledge they declare they never have violated.

During the first eight years of their married life, they had four children, one son and three daughters. The daughters all died in infancy, the eldest at the age of sixteen months. This child was named Anna, and from the parents' account, must have been a wonderful child, and medium, yet the parents kept most of her peculiarities to themselves.

About one week before little Anna died, she was controlled to write with a pencil a few lines of poetry. These lines have been very carefully preserved, and were shown me yesterday.

A little over eleven months since, these same parents, now forty-four years of age, had the fifth child born, who was a daughter. This child, though the parents keep the precious gift as quiet as possible, is really a wonder of wonders. I have been acquainted with the family over thirty years, and know them to be scrupulously exact and just in all they say or do, and it is only my long acquaintance that gave me an opportunity to witness the great manifestations through the child. Last night was the third time I have been permitted to witness the manifestations, two other friends only being with me. Before commencing, we were obliged to promise on oath or affirmation, that we would not reveal the names of the parents until the time appointed by the child—for the child gives every direction in regard to the course to be pursued. This done, we were admitted to the room. The child sat on the floor, with a small slate and pencil in its hands. As soon as we entered, the child wrote our names on the slate and handed it to us to read. They were handsomely written and correctly spelled. I returned the slate, and the child wrote, saying of herself, "my name is Anna, and I am nineteen years old." This would have been the age of the first Anna, had she lived. I remarked, "you seem small of your age." She then threw her slate aside, and leaped upon her feet and then on to the table, and began dancing a beautiful figure. This being done, she rose to the ceiling of the house, about ten feet high, saying, "now, sir, am I small?" This I had never witnessed before, and my heart was too full to speak; indeed I felt that I had almost blasphemed the wonderful works of God in making such a careless remark.

The child then spoke in a clear, full voice, saying: "These things appear strange to you; but when the people of this world learn and obey the divine law of reproduction, their children will be angels instead of animals, as you now see them. My parents begot me quite too soon. At that time, they had nothing to spare; and had I and all of the others lived, my parents would have died years ago; but as they were the stronger, we poor children had to go down; but I am now here, and my name is Anna the first. And now, as my parents have gained strength, through obedience to the law of their spiritual and physical natures, I shall live and continue my individualization forever and ever. When my little temple arrives at full stature, the world will see and hear what it now believes to be a lie, or as some say, a false and ruinous doctrine; but what is false to your present notions, will become beautiful and attractive in less than twenty-five years. But let me tell you now to preserve the whole man, if you would share the glories which will soon break upon the earth. Good-bye."

The child was now carefully let down, and resumed its seat on the floor, and we left the room. JOHN WINSTON.

The above is a true statement of what we saw and heard. ALFRED DODGE.

AMY DODGE.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 10th, 1865.

HOW TO SERVE A DOG.—When attacked by a bloodhound, or any other dog, raise your left arm and let him seize it; then instantly grasp his hind-paw with your right hand and squeeze it with all your might; that will disable him in two seconds. He opens his mouth to growl, and in two seconds, you will be free. If you wish to kill him keep your hold for a minute or two—he is done! You are ready for another. One at a time is all you need. The writer speaks from experience with big dogs.



### Letter from Dr. H. T. Child of Philadelphia.

Perhaps there are few questions more frequently asked, than "How is Spiritualism getting on? Is there any increase in the interest felt in it, or in the number of Spiritualists?"

First, then, Spiritualism is getting on very well, notwithstanding the croakers and those who on interest, or any other motives, are endeavoring to defame it. It is rounding itself out into more harmonious and beautiful proportions; many of the exercises which, like fungus plants, grow in the dark, that have attached themselves to the rich and luxuriant soil of this new philosophy, are beginning, under the influence of the bright sunlight of Truth, to fall off from that which, for a time, seemed to furnish them sustenance, but which had no affinity for them.

A higher philosophy; a truer religion; a diviner system than true Spiritualism, has never been presented to the world; and there are thousands to-day who are beginning to realize these great facts.

My intercourse with all classes of the community, convinces me that there is a deeper and more earnest and general interest in the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism; a higher and better appreciation of its grand and glorious realities, which alone can feed and satisfy the soul in its immortal aspirations after truth.

But I shall not attempt to prove to the numerous readers of the star-eyed Banner, that waves so nobly for mortals and spirits, and advocates their cause so truly, by mere assertion and general theory, that these things are so, but shall refer to some facts in the case; not feeling like a person who, having put forth a very plausible theory, was informed by a friend that although it was good, it was at variance with the facts. "So much the worse for the facts," said he.

And second, we have held free meetings in Sanson street Hall, during the past year, and have had larger and more appreciative audiences—and especially is this the case with our Conferences during the summer, which have been nearly twice as large as in former seasons. Inasmuch that the croakers who have usually visited us on these occasions, and when many of our friends were absent from the city, have taken the opportunity to inform us that "Spiritualism was dying out," and "in a few months there would be nothing left of it." These have either not visited us, or have concluded that silence was the better part of wisdom. In addition to this, we have established and carried into very successful operation, a large Progressive Lyceum for the children.

I know by the number of persons who call on me daily for information, for light on this great philosophy, which lies at the very basis of all our knowledge, "life and immortality," not figuratively speaking, but in reality, and both here and hereafter, that Spiritualism to-day has risen to a position to command the respect and the investigation of the best minds of the age. It is no longer to be left in the hands of charlatans and superficial observers, who, valuing supposing they know "all about it," set about teaching the world, either from motives of pecuniary interest, or the hope of notoriety, the great lessons which they have utterly failed to appreciate themselves. The spirits smile at these puny efforts, as they have in the past, and feel that the car moves on.

Though there are many who, in their sudden zeal for knowledge, have outrun wisdom, even from the first there have been men and women who have investigated this subject with care and judgment, and from time to time presented to the world the results of their labors; and to such minds we are indebted for much of our knowledge.

Among the early investigators of Spiritualism, I learn, was Judge Carter, of Cincinnati, a man occupying a position on the bench for many years, and possessing the logical acumen which belongs to his profession; and one who was willing to sacrifice reputation and position in the fearless advocacy of an unpopular cause.

We have recently had a visit from the Judge, and invited him to lecture for us on the evening of the 13th of August. His subject was "Progress—Universal, National and Individual." He handled it in a masterly manner. H. T. CHILD, M. D.

### Decora—Spiritualism, etc.

Spiritualism in Decora "is not dead, but sleeping." The latent germ lives in the hearts of its votaries, and is only waiting auspicious developments of the elements of the outer world to burst forth into new life and vigor. We need test mediums. We have had quite a number of addresses and several series of lectures by able and popular expounders of the glorious doctrine, and very many of the good people yield a tacit assent to its truths, and now only need some practical or physical demonstration of spirit power and control, to enlist their energies in the noble cause. We have many out-and-out Spiritualists here who have for years faithfully kept up their groups or circles, tending greatly to cement their feelings and to create around them an atmosphere of tranquil harmony and cardinal love, but they have failed to bring forth other satisfactory developments. The prime object of these gatherings was to develop some good and reliable medium of spirit power and intelligence, and in this we have as yet been unsuccessful.

We have a beautifully and picturesquely located town, of about three thousand energetic, intelligent and refined inhabitants. Decora is located in a beautiful valley, of from one-and-a-half to two miles in diameter, and is surrounded on every side by majestic hills and towering bluffs, while the lovely Upper Iowa gracefully meanders through the vale and town, hurrying its pellucid waters over its rocky bed eastward, to the "Father of Waters." There are many wonderful curiosities and interesting objects, that present themselves in an impressive manner to an admirer of nature.

A single instance: About one half mile north of the town and on the margin of the river, is a cave, commonly known as "the Ice Cave," wherein the water which trickles down its rocky walls is congealed, forming a coating of transparent ice several inches in thickness. But what is most novel and extraordinary, is the fact that the ice begins to form about the middle of June, increasing in thickness and quantity all through the summer months and until about the middle of September, when it gradually melts away, until the walls are left dry and barren through the winter months. This portion of Iowa, for agricultural resources, for the abundance and purity of water, for its healthful and invigorating atmosphere, for its romantic scenery, for its rapid and permanent development, is unsurpassed, as I believe. Why do not more Eastern tourists, especially the mediumistic class, visit our hospitable people and our charming country?

Certainly we have a good field for the spiritual missionary, and as many inviting scenes as can be found elsewhere.

W. H. H.

Decora, Iowa Territory, Aug. 17th, 1865.

An endorsement is like a tooth-brush—neither to be borrowed or loaned.

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

This Paper is issued to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

### The Banner of Light New York Office.

It gives us much pleasure to announce to our numerous readers everywhere, that we have purchased all the stock in trade and good will of Messrs. C. M. PLUMB & Co., book and periodical publishers, 274 Canal street, New York. This was formerly the publication office of the "Herald of Progress," and also "The Friend of Progress," a monthly magazine.

The friends of Messrs. A. J. Davis and C. M. Plumb will be pleased to know that we have appointed Mr. J. B. LOOMIS, formerly head clerk of A. J. Davis & Co., and, later, of C. M. Plumb & Co., as our agent, who is authorized to receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT and receipt for advertisements.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors of the Banner of Light.

### The Colchester Case.

We have foreborne from setting ourselves up as a tribunal for giving judgment on this case, simply because that is not our office. The practice in these columns has been to invoke clarity and brotherly feeling, to excite a spirit of kindness and forgiveness, and to inculcate the habit of looking for the real good in men rather than the evil. Not that evil is not to be resisted and condemned, although it plays a necessary part in the conflict by which human character is developed, trained and strengthened. But we hold that if we give the preference in our consideration to what is pure and noble and lovely and of good report, these will, in due time, master and subdue their opposites, and visit them with sterner judgments than any which proceed from other quarters.

It seems, at any rate, that the jury having Colchester's case in their hands, believed that some, if not all, of the manifestations coming through him were made by himself, with deceitful motives like those of professed jugglers and sleight-of-hand men, and did not proceed from unseen intelligences. It is not improbable that they would have said the same thing of any other medium known. It was a case whose merits really did not rest on the point of the spiritual origin of the manifestations, but on certain selected and disconnected statements, which the public prosecutor expected to sustain by the testimony of professional jugglers, and by nothing else. The question with him was—and the only one he presented to the jury—if Anderson and Macallister and others of that class of showmen could "perform certain tricks" which, it was alleged, Colchester performed. And he simply introduced these men to prove that they could. The jury were satisfied with their testimony, and brought in a verdict in compliance with the prosecutor's wish. The whole object of the prosecution was to compel Colchester to pay revenue into the United States treasury. And the only object with Anderson and the rest was to advertise their business as widely as possible by their connection with this case, which they knew would be discussed all over the country.

Thus it is obvious that the real merits of the question, whether Colchester is a medium or not, through whom spirits manifest, were not so much touched. None of the jury sat down opposite him at a table, to test the matter for themselves. And hence there need be no anxiety on the part of the great body of the Spiritualists of the country, lest the Courts may have inaugurated an era of attempted religious persecution. That would be a dangerous experiment indeed for them to try now.

If the witnesses are to be believed, and did not "juggle" with their testimony as they openly profess to do with other things, the jury may not be severely criticised for believing that Colchester was not at all times conscientious and honest in those performances which should have been manifestations only. If he really offered to teach Anderson certain "tricks," and now finds himself convicted by a jury, of being liable to take out a regular license for the continued performance of those "tricks," he merely suffers the penalty that belongs to such fraudulent conduct, and will become wiser in consequence of his present suffering. We would not seek to release him from it, in that case, for it belongs to his personal experience, and will result in his permanent good. But, whatever may have been proved against him by this trial, it has not yet been disproved that he is a powerful medium, whose occasional departure from strict truthfulness could not impair the overwhelming evidence that the spirits have employed him, and do employ him, as a remarkable agent in their great work with mortals.

The letter of Judge Edmunds on the case we have read. With deference to the views and judgment of so clear a mind and so truthful a nature as his, we must still decline to take part in that public and unqualified condemnation of Mr. Colchester which he thinks his conduct demands. The sinners needs our charity rather than our judgment. We would not pass over his fault as if it had our approval, neither would we heap cruel and vindictive judgments upon him in the hopes to make his fault appear odious in his eyes. The object should be to save and lift men up, not to cast them in kindness to cast off their errors; not to cast them away for the sake of holding up their wrong practices to condemnation. The immortals would have Mr. Colchester as widely useful as possible by being thoroughly pure and true. They would not delight in his ruin, nor will we.

### The Banner of Light at Retail.

Our New York patrons will always find a full supply of the BANNER, on our counter, 274 Canal street.

### The Spiritual Convention at Darlington, England.

We published in our paper some time since a notice of the Call for a Convention of Spiritualists, on the other side of the water. We were cordially invited to be present, and should have been pleased to have met with our European friends in Convention, had circumstances permitted. The London Spiritual Times, in alluding to the event, says: "The first Convention in connection with this movement amongst us has been successfully carried out. The idea originated, and was triumphantly carried out, by Mr. John Hodge, of Darlington, an old and consistent Spiritualist of the true progressive stamp."

The call for this gathering had been before the public for some weeks, and on the 26th ult., a goodly number of friends of progress assembled in the Lower Hall of the Mechanics' Institution, Darlington. Mr. and Mrs. Spear were present, from London, with many earnest friends from different parts of the country. The Convention shaped itself by unanimously voting Mr. Hodge in the chair, and business commenced by a rich address from Mr. Spear, composed under inspirational influence. Three interesting sessions were held that day.

On the 27th the Convention assembled an hour earlier, to give an opportunity for all the useful and original papers to be read and commented on. The chair was occupied by various members of the Convention of both sexes, and the interest increased toward the close. The question of "Woman's Influence in Society" was ably discussed by Mrs. Spear. "Literature and Theology" by Mr. Gardner, of Newcastle. Dr. McLeod gave an excellent paper embodying many striking and instructive experiences. Amongst other speakers, we notice that Mr. J. Burns, proprietor of the Progressive Library, London, (where the Banner of Light can be had each week,) read a long paper embodying the positive teachings of Spiritualists.

A practical Mesmerist, says the Times, was in the camp, and contended that the phenomena were mesmeristic. This was ably rebuked by the Spiritualists, and much light was thrown on the subject. Many wonderful personal experiences, inspirational addresses, and suggestive remarks were recorded during the proceedings, on which we need not dwell at present, as they are in the hands of Mr. Burns, of the Progressive Library, who has been entrusted with their preparation and publication.

An association was formed under the name of the "Association of Progressive Spiritualists of Great Britain," and Dr. McLeod, Newcastle-on-Tyne, was appointed Secretary.

It is the intention of this body to encourage similar Conventions in other towns. The Times thinks it was a novel feature of the Convention that woman took equal rank with her brother, man, in managing the business, and acting as officer in the new association.

The members of the Convention were delighted and refreshed, and their souls enlarged, by this never-to-be-forgotten event, adds the Times, and expresses the hope that the friends of humanity and religion, in their truest sense, will ardently improve an opportunity which has been so successfully inaugurated.

### Autumnal Jaunts.

Those who have had the grace and courage to stay pretty well at home through the hot days of summer, will be sure to avail themselves of the earliest autumnal weather to push out into the country and up to the mountains. As the frosts begin to make themselves felt, and the leaves of trees that stand in low and rather damp places begin to show signs of discoloration, the mornings and evenings are cool and the noons are full of an exhilarating heat. The sharp contrasts are so delicious that those who have enjoyed them once like to repeat their enjoyment. It is a great deal pleasanter to try the country in the autumn than in the summer. In the latter season, it is too warm, as a general thing, to be out of doors as much as one would like. The atmosphere begets lassitude. But in the autumn the air is better than the finest wine, making the blood tingle with a calm delight, and suggesting very forcibly to the heart given to contemplation that life is a delight for its own sake merely.

More people go off on autumnal excursions than were wont, as if they had but begun to find out where true pleasure lies. They have probably tasted the soothing pleasures of a perfect day in autumn, the sun tempering the air to just the right heat, the cool nights inviting to the soundest of slumbers, food tasting better than all the artificial relishes could make it, and the nerves kept up to a healthy state of excitement from sun to sun. It is worth while to tramp off across the fields and into the woods now, for it is not attended with fatigue, as in summer. Then the landscape looks so attractive seen through the tinted atmosphere, which does not permit the sunlight to blaze and burn upon it as it does in July and August. We can indeed commend an autumn jaunt. It is full of fresh pleasures not plucked in the summer, and no influences out of doors are so purely spiritual as those of autumn.

### The Bishop of Natal.

Bishop Colenso, whose writings on the Pentateuch have recently made such a stir in the English Church, and who has been passing some time at home with his brethren, has come out of his trial before an ecclesiastical court without receiving the least damage from the charge of heresy, and of course is not deprived of his office as Bishop of Natal. But as it is a post which has hitherto been supported by the voluntary contributions of the Home Church, those who sought his disgrace but failed to achieve it, are now resolved to cut him off from support. But even in this they have not succeeded. His friends, of whom there is a large number in England, have privately made up a purse of several thousand pounds, with which he will be able to keep his post at Natal for at least three years to come; and he has just returned to it from the mother country. His triumph, ecclesiastically and pecuniarily, is complete. The Bishop, therefore, can take courage and proceed with his free commentaries on the Old Testament and its history.

### Mrs. Stearns going to New Brunswick.

We are informed that Mrs. H. T. Stearns will spend the month of September in New Brunswick, lecturing in St. Johns City and vicinity. She will answer calls to lecture in Maine, or any part of New England, during the fall and winter. Her permanent address is South Exeter, Me.

A correspondent, in speaking of her recent lectures in Monroe, Me., says: "We were highly pleased with her efforts, and were benefited morally, intellectually and spiritually. God bless and strengthen her for her great mission."

Prof. Stearns has been delivering a course of lectures on psychology in Belfast, Me., to crowded audiences, who were well pleased. Mrs. Stearns has also recently lectured in that city, to the satisfaction of her audiences.

### Meetings in Boston.

We are daily asked "When are our meetings to be resumed?" From the best information we have, we feel safe in replying "very soon." Mr. J. S. Loveland, whom the invisibles, as well as mortals, have selected to inaugurate and conduct a Children's Lyceum, is making arrangements for a suitable place for the accommodation of both the Lyceum and the meetings, and hopes to be able to announce, in a very short time, the perfection of his plans. Our friends should not be discouraged, but show a disposition to help Mr. Loveland in this arduous and important undertaking, for without such aid no one can hope to succeed. It is his wish and intention to secure the most competent lecturers to be had, which together with the expenses of the Children's School, will require considerable money, as every reasonable person must readily see. Every one who can, should personally use their efforts to raise the necessary means. Do this, and success is sure. Mr. L. is a man of sterling ability, and we know of no one more suitable to take charge of the meetings and Lyceum than he.

In this connection we call the attention of our readers to an address, to be found on our third page, delivered by Mr. Loveland, in Lyceum Hall, last June, on the duty of Spiritualists in regard to this matter.

Our friends will also bear in mind that a Library is needed for the use of the Lyceum, and that Mr. Wilson, who undertook the task of completing one, made a call through these columns, for those who had books suitable for such a purpose, old or new, to forward them to his care, at this office. A few friends have responded to the call, but nothing like a sufficient number of books has yet been received, and we hope more attention will be given to this matter, at once. Mr. Wilson will also receive donations in money to aid the Lyceum.

### Steam Lines South.

Our merchants are not disposed to be behind with the movements which are making elsewhere for reopening the relations of trade with Southern ports. They have already established a line of steamers to New Orleans, and now have taken hold of another to Havana. Connections are likewise making with the various coastwise ports, all the way down to Florida, and soon to Mobile and New Orleans. This is a good omen. It heralds the return of commerce between the sections so long estranged by war, and this means the re-establishment of fraternal relations. How often within the last four years, have we all of us prayed for the return of just this time? We thought, when pressed down with the burden of our woe, that we should welcome it with public rejoicings, as for some great deliverance. Those who love the things which make for peace and progress will do so now. Let the wounds of war be healed as fast as they can be induced to.

### Accidents.

People will not be very apt to forget the present summer, if only on account of its fatal accidents. Crimes of all sorts have been numerous enough to startle the most indifferent; but when we come to add to them the array of fatalities by land and water, by car and steamer, which blacken the path of what should have been a joyful summer—because the first summer of peace—it makes so ugly a record that one instinctively averts his eyes from regarding it any further. The most of this is proved to proceed from negligence and recklessness. There ought certainly to be stringent statutes for the cure of such an evil, and there, no doubt, will be before the evil has gone so far as to clean the present generation off the face of the earth. We suppose we must all be as patient as we can until the law-makers take up the subject and see what they can do with it.

### Meetings in Charlestown.

The free meetings which have been inaugurated this season in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Chelsea street and City Square, Charlestown, under the management of J. B. Hatch, are likely to prove a success, at least as far as attendance is concerned. The meetings commenced on the first Sunday in this month, when N. S. Greenleaf, one of our best trance speakers, addressed the large audience in his usual excellent style. He will also speak there next Sunday.

The meetings in City Hall, where they have been held for several years past, under the supervision of A. H. Richardson, are continued every Sunday, as usual, and excellent speakers are engaged to fill the desk. A Children's Lyceum has also been formed, which meets in the forenoon. Mrs. N. J. Willis speaks there next Sunday; and Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith the following Sunday.

### Legislative Reform.

Movements are making toward inaugurating a reform in the character and calibre of our Legislature. It stands badly enough in need of it. We are passing through times which demand the best talent and the largest wisdom; more politicians and fagmen are of no account; there should be the best heads and hearts in all this proud Commonwealth collected at the State House, to pilot us through weather such as this generation has not seen the like of. There is a plan on foot to have the Senators hold office for two years instead of one, and have half of them elected every year; also to double the districts, so that the House shall be composed of but half the number of Representatives which make it up at present. A smaller body of men, it is believed, will secure more men of intellect and ability.

### Saw a Spirit.

The following item is going the rounds of the secular press as "a singular affair," although among Spiritualists the seeing the spirits of those who have once lived with them in the form, is but an every-day occurrence. The story is, that a young lady in Chicago was betrothed at the beginning of the war to a Lieutenant in the army. He was killed in battle, and his body taken home and buried by his nearest friend and comrade who was with him when he fell. To this young man the lady's affections were transferred in time, and she engaged to marry him. On the day when they were to be united, and while the clergyman was about to join their hands, the lady suddenly fainted. On recovering, she said she had seen the spirit of her lover, who had forbidden the marriage.

### What the West Needs.

Our co-laborer in the spiritual ranks, J. L. Potter, now in the West, says, "Here more test mediums are wanted; why will they not come and satisfy the demand? Every place I stop at the cry is, 'Give me some test that my friends are around me, then I will believe.' I cannot blame them for not believing without some such evidence. I observe a general progress toward Spiritualism throughout the country. A little exertion by the part of those who possess the gift would satisfy many as to the reality of spirit communion."

### THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY JOHN B. ADAMS.

How sweetly falls upon our souls  
The ministry of angel love!  
How are we blest on earth below  
By those in heaven above.

Dusty and weary-worn, we walk  
Along the pathway of our life;  
Vexed by its ills on every hand,  
And by its bitter strife—

When, gently as the falling dew,  
There comes to us a holy calm,  
And, in the hushed repose of earth,  
We hear heaven's blessed psalm.

We know not when the blessing falls,  
Until our soul looks up to bless  
Our Father, whose dear angels come  
To make our burdens less.

### An Astonishing Record.

The deluge of railroad disasters which have occurred in this country of late, has been far more destructive to life and property than many have any idea of. A New York paper estimates that there have been about forty-five railroad "accidents" (so-called) since the close of the civil war in April last. The precise number of the "casualties" (so-called) is not easily ascertained; but it is certain, from researches made, that the killed and wounded do not number less than fifteen hundred. If to the casualties by railroad during this time be added those resulting from steamboat and steamship "disasters" (so-called) during the same period, the grand aggregate of killed and wounded will be found to foot up not short of five thousand.

It is computed that the loss of property destroyed altogether or partially damaged, including baggage, freight, mails, personal effects, ruined bridges, trains, machinery, and the expenses of inquests, doctors' bills, damages, &c., would not come short of thirty millions of dollars.

### The Hop Crop.

Those who ought to know all about it report that the crop of hops this year will be minus. Perhaps ten thousand bales will be picked—perhaps twice as many. Between these limits the whole will be comprised. The great bulk of the American hop crop is grown in New York State, and in a few of the central and western counties. The great breweries of the West and the East depend for their supplies upon these annual crops. If they give out, the brewers have to look abroad for their quotas, which cannot always be supplied thence. This year, however, the crop of England and Germany is going to be large enough to export, and so our manufacturers of beer and ale need be in no such trepidation. Yet the failure of our own crop will have the effect to cause a rise in everything made of hops at home. When the season is a poor one in England, it is sometimes compensated for by the vines growing and even bearing later; but our autumns would not permit anything like that.

### A New Disease.

The New York papers announce a new disease, which has not been given a name as yet, arising from over-crowding, ill-ventilated street car travel. Something of the kind might be looked for, when day after day cars that were arranged to seat twenty persons at the most are packed with sixty and seventy, in all weathers, the passengers heated and perspiring, their garments wet sometimes with the rain, the doors, windows and passengers clogged up so that ventilation is impossible, the breaths of three-fourths of the passengers unwholesome, if not positively impure and fetid, and the cushions to the seats stuffed and saturated with the principles of the worst forms of disease. The sequel is showing itself now. The medical faculty have a new thing to study into. As we change our social habits, of course we offer entertainment and hospitality to a new class of diseases.

### Petroleum.

The excitement in rock-oil speculation has wonderfully subsided from last winter, yet discoveries appear to be continually made in the oil regions, particularly in Western Pennsylvania, that establish the oil mining business on a solid and permanent foundation. From gambling it has come down to sober reality. We do not hear so much of new oil companies as we used to. Men are more chary of the dollar a share stocks than they once were, and there are few such things now offered in the market, either. Our exports of oil to foreign countries are indeed very large, and make the whole oil trade shrink wonderfully in comparison. Our trade in oil is destined within a few years to be of the first importance, leading as cotton used to do and will in time again.

### Cheating by Army Officers.

The people are doomed to still another surprise, in being told that certain military officers have been discovered to be defaulters to a large amount. They were concerned in paying off a lot of Government bonds for the value of their face, and putting the advance interest, specially authorized by Congress, into their pockets. The difference really belonged to the soldiers. If anybody, but these self-sacrificing officers have managed to make a clean swindle of the thing and helped themselves. They are being overhauled by the authorities, and their villainies will be exposed. How hard it seems to be honest in these latter times! Honesty is the exception, rather than the rule. A trader might make his fortune by being only honest and above board.

### Off for California.

We stated two weeks since that Miss Ada L. Hoyt, the writing and rapping test medium, intended visiting California in the present month. We now announce that she has engaged her passage, and will leave in the steamer which sails from New York, on Saturday, the 16th. We congratulate our California friends on the acquisition of so excellent a medium of communication with their invisible friends, who are ever anxiously waiting for the doors of their hearts to be opened that they may enter, and give them a knowledge of existence beyond the grave. We doubt not she will be the means of doing much good in spreading the truths of our glorious Philosophy. Her address after the 16th will be San Francisco, Cal.

### "Important, if True."

A few days ago President Johnson informed a delegation of Western gentlemen, who called to see him on business, that he had decided to restore the writ of *habeas corpus*, and would issue a proclamation to that effect in a short time. He also told them that the army was to be reduced to the lowest possible limit, by the withdrawal and mustering out of the troops serving in the Southern States as soon as they reconstructed their governments satisfactorily. So says a telegram from Washington.



**Dr. Newton, "the Healer," at Portland, Me.**

[Knowing that Dr. Newton had engaged a large hall in Portland, Me., and had offered to heal, free of charge, all those who would call on him on Sunday, Aug. 27th, we requested Hudson Tuttle, Esq., who was spending a few days in this city, to visit Portland on that occasion, and observe what was done. The following letter from Mr. T. briefly gives the result.—ED. BANNER.]

I premise that I was extremely prejudiced against Dr. Newton. My prejudices had grown from the various rumors floating about his extreme severity of manner and repeated failures in his treatment. In justice to him I make this statement, for the purpose of showing how very different is his true character. He is gentle and suave in his manners, and even when treating an eager throng of over a thousand patients he preserved perfect equanimity, and evinced no more sternness than the positive condition he assumed necessitated.

The first cures I saw him perform were at the office of the Banner of Light. A lady and gentleman came in and were treated before those in the room. The lady deaf in both ears; the gentleman in one. Hearing was restored to both by a few manipulations.

Interested in the phenomena, I visited Portland to witness the free healing of all who chose to come on Sunday, Aug. 27th, and the scene of that day my pen utterly fails to describe.

More than a thousand people were present in the hall. After a short speech explaining his method of cure, the doctor requested any one who was suffering to come forward and be healed. Such a rush as then occurred is rarely seen. From the centre of the dense mass, as fast as they received the magnetism, the cured sufferers made their way rejoicing, and their number was not few. By this method great confusion was created, and he was obliged to retire to an ante-room and allow the people to pass continuously before him as they left the hall. I preserved many names of those who were cured; but the crowd was so dense that your reporter found it almost impossible to obtain the names of all those treated.

An old lady nearly blind, left the room in a delirium of delight, saying she could see as well as when a child.

Another lady with lung complaint, said she was perfectly well.

A gentleman walking with difficulty with a cane, walked away as well as any one.

Miss S. A. Southworth, of Neponset, the well known authoress, received treatment for deafness with very satisfactory results.

Mrs. Sawyer, of Portland, Me., was successfully treated for blindness.

J. E. Baker, Portland, Me., had deficient sight restored.

F. E. Dow, of Portland, subject to catarrh for several years, was completely cured.

I might multiply cases indefinitely, but it would be simply a repetition of the same story, only using different names. But, you ask, did he cure all who came? No; nor did Jesus Christ. Many cases are beyond the reach of any power. Organic difficulties, such as fractured limbs and distortions from birth, are not benefited. Diseases originating in a disturbance of the balance of the vital fluids, such as can be traced to a nervous origin, were cured as by the touch of a magician's wand, and so far as I could learn, almost without exception.

The physiognomy of the crowd passing by him would have furnished a fine subject for an artist. The joy lighting the faces of the cured, the disappointment depicted on those who were incurable, and the eagerness of those who rushed in to have their cases decided, can only be told by a brush daring as Angelo's. Amidst this scene stood Dr. Newton, with a smile and a cheerful word to all, and a positive command for the suffering: "be healed!"

He is as gentle and meek as a child, wishing to ascribe all his power to the spiritual world rather than himself, and using it not for his own benefit, but for the good of mankind. He is doing a great and good work, and we hope wherever he goes success will attend him.

On the 10th of Oct. next he intends to commence practice at Columbus, Ohio, and we congratulate the people of that State on the opportunity he thus will afford them, of not only being cured of disease, but investigating phenomena far exceeding what are called the miracles of Christ and the Apostles.

HUDSON TUTTLE.

**Complimentary to New England.**

A correspondent of the Providence Journal, in giving a sketch of three weeks' summer touring, pays the following high compliment to the intelligence and refinement of New England:

"I traveled some eleven hundred miles, extending through the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont; and during that entire route I did not see or hear of one drunken, intemperate or disorderly person. Nor did I hear, throughout the entire route, a profane word or a word that bordered on obscenity. I do not doubt that there are to be found there drunken and disorderly persons; but it so happened that I did not come across them; and the remark I now make was frequently made by the goodly company with which we by chance associated. Everywhere there was to be seen thrift, industry, independence, cheerfulness, health and happiness. Intelligence marked the brow and countenance of every individual, and, though there are undoubtedly hours and days in New England, they certainly kept themselves housed while we were in the land of frugality, hospitality and plenty."

**Overliving.**

The times are so puffed up that simplicity and truth are hard neighbors to get acquainted with. It is no such easy matter to come across a man who is really contented with a little, who does not make haste to be rich, who loves honor and honesty more than money, who really esteems his character more than his style. The rapidity with which fortunes have been made of late years has had the effect to unsettle everybody and everything. So that the shows might be secured, men have resorted to thieving and forgery, and it has all culminated at last in a panic among muddled men. They are thinking now, seeing to what a pass things are come, that it is time to put an extinguisher on this exaggeration and extravagance, and come back to simple, ancient principles again. They must do that or lose all.

**Phillips, Me.**

A correspondent writing from Phillips, Me., under date of Aug. 28th, says: "We had two very able discourses two Sabbaths since, through the mediumship of Charles Hayden. His remarks so stirred up our sectarian friends that one of their preachers was emphatic in his denunciations: 'The Bible says curse them; and we say curse them.' Now there are very many intelligent and well-meaning people here who say: 'Wise and loving angels, guard Brother Hayden, and return him to us soon.'"

**New Publications.**

We have on our table, and for sale at the counter of the Banner of Light Book Department, a pamphlet entitled "The Spiritual Invention; or, Autobiographic Scenes and Sketches, by Frank Chase." This comprises but a single chapter of his personal story. It is prefaced by a letter from Emma Hardinge, which appeared in the Banner three years ago last April. It is a sketch of how the spirits gave him the secret of making a self-adjusting Blind and Shutter Fastener. As the invention will be widely called for, those who profit by it will want to know how the secret of it came into the possession of Mr. Chase, through the agency of the spirits. This little pamphlet tells the whole story in a graphic way.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September offers an exceedingly attractive table of contents. Mrs. Stowe is a contributor—so is Mr. Marvel; and Jas. Russell Lowell gives a caustic and smart article, as usual; and other writers of promise and power offer readable contributions. The present is a fresh, various, and able number.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September has great variety and spice. The illustrations are profuse and good. The opening poem on September is a pretty idyllic piece, followed by travels, essays, sketches, tales, and political and literary reviews. The Easy Chair and Drawer are as racy as ever, and will be sought for by all who are eager for pleasant summer reading. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

HOURS AT HOME for September, published by Scribner & Co., of New York, keeps up its interest, and maintains a fine list of writers. Its subscribers should be many, if they want real literary merit. The tone of this Magazine being "religious," of course a different class of articles is to be found in it from those usually read in other magazines of the day. This number has a finely engraved view of the Sea of Galilee and City of Tiberias. Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem is also given. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

A. Williams & Co. likewise have for sale the Lady's Friend, now on its second volume, edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson. The leading engraving of this, the September number, is entitled "Chasing the Butterfly." The fashion plates are fine, and so are the engravings. The literary contents are truly attractive for the ladies.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for September is out, and for sale at the counters of A. Williams & Co. The pictures, patterns and receipts are just as abundant as ever, and the letter-press up to the Peterson standard.

The ninth number—the first we have seen—of a Magazine entitled "The Soldier's Casket," has been received. Its professed object is to encourage Soldiers' Unions and to help pay off the national debt. For this purpose, 20 per cent. of the Magazine's receipts are to be set apart. Those who would help us get rid of this great burden, therefore, can send two dollars to the publisher, C. W. Alexander, of Philadelphia, and feel relieved in knowing that they have contributed four cents toward wiping out of existence the four thousand millions of national debt.

Mason Brothers, of New York, have published a new collection of music for singing schools, choirs and musical conventions, entitled "The Praise of Zion." It makes a handsome volume. Any work of this character coming from the house of the Masons, is sure of immediate success. The authors of this book are Solon Wilder and Fred. S. Davenport.

**To the Sick, Poor and Unfortunate.**

The poor and the unfortunate, whether suffering in body or mind, will rejoice to learn that Dr. U. Clark has been so wonderfully successful at his Institute, No. 18 Chauncy street. He now opens his large parlors to treat them free, every Tuesday and Friday forenoon, commencing Sept. 12th. The parlors will seat from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. Doors will be opened at 9 and close at 10 1/2 A. M. The visitors will be favored with appropriate vocal and instrumental music, and a brief conversational lecture on life, health and healing, with lucid instruction on the natural and divine method of cure without medicines; and the Doctor will then treat and address each patient separately, and bid all go on their way rejoicing. Heaven bless this philanthropic enterprise!

**Poor Mexico.**

The natives of Mexico hardly know what to do with themselves, whether they are bothered with an invader or are left to their own self-tormenting devices. War has for forty years been a natural state of their society. If they were deprived of this blessing, and the acts of violence and robbery that accompany it, it would go hard with them to say what they would do. They are certainly getting their education in republicanism at an extravagant cost, and may never secure it after all. The Mexican mind, a cross as it is of such a variety of minds and temperaments, hardly seems fitted for a genuine republican experiment. People must learn how to govern themselves as individuals before they attempt it as communities.

**J. L. Potter in the West.**

We learn that this noble worker in the spiritual ranks is doing a vast amount of good to the people of the West, in imparting to them the noble truths of the Spiritual Philosophy. He is an earnest and eloquent lecturer, and gives the most complete satisfaction wherever he is heard. Our Western friends cannot be too grateful for the privilege they now enjoy of listening to such an able exponent of Spiritualism. We are constantly receiving letters from various parts of the West, speaking in high terms of his efforts, and the benefits resulting therefrom. His present address is at Cedar Falls, Iowa.

**National Convention of Spiritualists.**

The Local Committee of Arrangements for the Second Annual Convention of Spiritualists, calls the attention of delegates to the fact that the Convention will assemble in Concert Hall, in Philadelphia, on Tuesday morning, Oct. 17th, at 10 o'clock. Delegates are requested to report as early as convenient to the Chairman of the Local Committee, Dr. H. T. Child, or to M. B. Dyott. We hope Spiritualists in all sections of the country will take the necessary steps to secure a representation in this Convention.

**On a Vacation.**

Our associate, Mr. William White, is spending his summer vacation up among the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, and we are happy to learn from him that his health is much improved by the invigorating air of those regions. We trust he will return to us in the full vigor of health.

**Announcement—A New Story.**

We are pleased to announce that we shall commence the publication of a SPIRITUAL STORY in the first number of our next volume, the present volume closing with one more issue. It was written expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Cora Wilburn, author of "Agnes, the Step-Mother; or, The Castle of the Sea," etc. It is entitled,

**DREAM LIFE:**

**A STORY OF THE IDEAL AND THE ACTUAL.**

Those who desire every issue containing Miss Wilburn's best production should subscribe at once, as we anticipate a great demand for the papers containing it.

**Grove Meeting in Beverly.**

A Picnic will be held at Stanley's Grove, Beverly, on Tuesday, Sept. 26th, under the auspices of the Spiritualists of Charlestown, who have recently organized a free meeting in that city. They make this call in order to raise a fund with which to help sustain their meetings. We hope all who feel interested in the cause of Spiritualism and the continuance of free meetings, will attend, and by their presence and contributions encourage the undertaking. Tickets can be obtained of the Committee at the Eastern Railroad Depot. Trains will leave directly for the Grove at 9 and 10 1/2 A. M. Tickets, we are informed, are also good upon any of the regular trains.

**Mr. Foster, the Test Medium.**

This excellent medium is in Washington at the present time. We make this statement thus publicly, because several friends of the cause and others have traveled long distances to see him, thinking to find him in Boston. From others we are receiving letters asking that he visit their localities, viz., California, Canada, Kansas, etc., etc.

**D. D. Home.**

A private letter received here from St. Petersburg says: "D. D. Home, the 'spirit medium,' is passing the summer in Russia. He has been staying for three or four weeks at one of the crown palaces of the Emperor, the English palace at Peterhoff, and is holding sances with the Emperor and the Duke Constantine."

**Transatlantic Cable.**

The London papers are smoothing over the failure to successfully lay the Atlantic cable, and say it will be accomplished next season. We have our doubts. When the cable is successfully laid, it will be manufactured in the United States, and start from our shores.

**Picnic in Worcester.**

The Spiritualists of Worcester will hold a picnic at Lyceum Grove, (New Worcester), on Thursday, Sept. 7th, at ten o'clock A. M. N. Frank White and other able speakers are expected to be present. A cordial invitation is given to all Spiritualists in the adjoining towns. All those intending to be present, are requested by the Committee of Arrangements to meet at Horticultural Hall at nine o'clock, to be in readiness to take the horse cars to the grove.

**Picnic at Excelsior Grove.**

The Spiritualists of Lowell and vicinity will make their last picnic excursion for the season, at Excelsior Grove, Westford, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, if fair weather; if not, on the following Thursday. Nellie Temple Brigham, Charles Hayden, N. Frank White and N. S. Greenleaf will be in attendance and speak to the people on that occasion.

**ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.**

Charles Goodyear, the inventor of India rubber cloth, has a communication in our Message Department this week, to which we call the attention of those who are growing rich from his invention, and hope they will comply with his request to do something for his family, who, he says, are in want. We give the message as it came to us, without any previous knowledge of the facts therein contained.

We shall print in our next paper an article from L. Judd Farde, entitled, "Ten Tablets in the New Dispensation."

We call the attention of our readers to the admirable story, concluded in this number, by that child of genius, Miss S. A. Southworth.

The Spiritual Philosophy is making steady advancement in the West, says our correspondent, I. F. Adams, writing from Lima Springs, Iowa, and its adherents are taking fresh courage, knowing that truth is sure to overturn all obstacles and come out victorious.

Read carefully Dr. Babcock's advertisement, in which he mentions, in a candid manner, the advantages to be gained by his treatment of those suffering from scalp diseases, loss of hair, etc. The Doctor is an upright, conscientious man, who thoroughly understands his business, and deals honestly by all.

Ex-Gov. Brough, of Ohio, died on the 20th of August.

The wife of Dr. Carlos Marston, of South Dedham, Mass., in a fit of insanity, killed her husband and daughter, and then shot herself, early on the morning of Sept. 1st.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson, who has been suffering from a long and painful illness, was pleased to learn has again resumed her labors in the lecturing field. She is at present speaking in Lumber City, Pa., and vicinity.

George Livermore, Esq., of Cambridge, father-in-law of Anson Burlingame, Minister to China, died at his residence on the 30th of August, aged fifty-six.

The Suez Canal was opened on the 17th inst., and a vessel laden with coal passed from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea.

They have found a piece of petrified wood full of nails in California, and the Colusa Sun asks who drove those nails in that wood? The Indians who inhabit the country have no idea of working in iron. Perhaps it is a piece of one of Solomon's ships that he sent to the land of Ophir after gold.

The steamer Pennsylvania, which arrived at New York from Liverpool on Tuesday, brought one thousand eighty-eight passengers—the largest crowd ever brought in one steamer.

Nearly half a million people in New York live in tenement houses and cellars.

A few days since, near Prescott, C. W., a cow attempted to butt a railway train off the track, and succeeded. The locomotive and all the cars were thrown off, and some of them, with the engine, fell down the embankment. There was plenty of beef after the collision, but not much cow.

We understand that the steamer Eastern Queen, which piles between this port and Bath, Maine, carrying passengers for the low price of twenty-five cents each way, brought twelve hundred passengers to this city on her trip last Friday.

Jo Cose was asked whether he had laid in his coal. "Never," said Jo, emphatically, "I never lay there."

The recent big robberies in New York aggregate five million nine hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

The Charleston, S. C., News says of the \$400,000 worth of property in South Carolina in 1860, but little more than \$50,000,000 now remain.

It would be but justice if some of the locomotives should blow up their engineers. Reprimand them, we mean, of course.

When once a concealment or a deceit has been practiced in matters where all should be fair and open as day, confidence can never be restored, any more than you can restore the white bloom to the grape or plum that you have once pressed in your hand.

Helen Western was lately married to a Philadelphia actor named James Herne.—Ez.

Well, what of it? James is as he was before. He's her'n."

"Your hand annoys me exceedingly," said a nobleman to a talkative person who was sitting near him at dinner, and who was constantly sulking the action to the word. "Indeed, my lord," replied the gabbler, "we are so crowded at the table that I hardly know where to put my hand." "Put it in your mouth."

A correspondent in Sacramento, Cal., says Spiritualism is rapidly increasing in all parts of that State, and that mediums and speakers are in great demand.

The meanest thing Congress ever did was to tax matches.

"Who wouldn't be a wife?" softly says the happy young bride. "Who would?" fiercely exclaims many a matron.

A correspondent, writing from New York city, says that Mrs. Cottrell, residing at 111 East 23rd street, is an excellent healing medium.

HOW TO LEARN ALL YOUR DEFECTS—Quarrel with your best friend.

A woman on Long Island gave the census man the names of twenty of her children, and said she could not just then remember the names of two or three more.

Gail Hamilton says one can be daughter, sister, friend, without impeachment of one's sagacity or integrity, but it is a dreadful indorsement of a man to marry him.

Fair opportunities are swift to go; But in returning they are, ah, how slow!

The trustees of Antioch College, Ohio, have unanimously invited Gov. Andrew to become the President of that institution.

The rise and fall of the tide on this side of the Isthmus is only about fourteen inches, while at Panama, on the Pacific, the rise and fall is about twenty-two feet.

The use of the term "horse-power" is very common, yet few, except good mechanics and engineers, attach a definite meaning to it. It means the power required to lift thirty-three thousand pounds, avoirdupois, one foot high in one minute.

"Saratoga and Newport—you've seen 'em," said Charley one morning to Joe, "Pray tell me the difference between 'em." "For better my wig if I know." "Quoth Joe: 'Tis the easiest matter At once to distinguish the two: At one, you go into the water— At t'other, it goes into you."—Saxe.

A toast at an Irish society's dinner at Cincinnati: "Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Nastery, and may he live to eat the hen that scratches over his grave."

Two hard things: First, to talk of yourself without being vain; second, to talk of others without slander.

In a Chicago street car, the other day, a pale but pretty young woman gave up her seat to a one-legged soldier, and the gracious act led to the recognition of the man as her husband, long mourned as dead. The scene closes with each in the other's arms.

Capt. Anderson, of the Great Eastern, in a letter says it will require ten months to provide proper gear for lifting the Atlantic cable and to make the necessary repairs to the Great Eastern. He suggested that a new cable should be made and laid in May next, and the old one then picked up and repaired. He has every confidence in the future success of the cable, but thinks it useless to renew the attempt to lay it during the winter months.

A prominent bachelor politician on the Kennebec remarked to a lady that soap stone was excellent to keep the feet warm in bed. "Yes," said the young lady, who had been an attentive listener, "but some gentlemen have an improvement on that, which you know nothing about." The bachelor turned pale and maintained a wistful silence.

**Business Matters.**

A SHORT STORY, BUT INTERESTING.—No genuine European extract for the handkerchief could be afforded here, under the present tariff, at less than twice the price of Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," a more delicious, permanent and healthful perfume than any one of them. Sold everywhere.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—As the time for which many of our patrons have paid for the Banner expires with No. 26 of the present volume, we hope they will renew at once. By doing so, it will save us much extra labor in our mailing department, as all names are withdrawn when the time is out, unless subscribers previously renew. It will also prevent disappointment to those who wish to continue the paper. We are obliged to be governed in this matter by our established rules.

**PARTICULAR NOTICE.**

We wish to call the special attention of those who communicate with us by letter, particularly subscribers, to the necessity of writing the name of the town, county and State in which they reside, or where they wish the paper sent, as we are often put to great inconvenience by the omission of name of State, and often the town. A little care will be of service to both parties.

L. J. FARNSWORTH, MEDIUM FOR ANSWERING SEALED LETTERS.—Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$3.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, 1170 Washington street, Boston.

PHOTOGRAPH OF EMMA HARDINGE.—We will send to any address a carte de visite photograph of Miss Emma Hardinge, on the receipt of twenty-five cents.

JAMES V. MANFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four three-cent stamps.

**To Correspondents.**

(We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.)  
D. S. F. BATAVIA, N. Y.—"Biographical" has been received, and placed on file.

W. A. L. TAYLOR, N. J.—We do not know that the pictures are made anywhere at present. We cannot go over the ground again. The Banner files contain all the facts you wish to know.

Blacking, Blurring, &c. Use the Liquid or Army and Navy Paste Blacking, and also the "Laundry Blue," made by B. F. Brown & Co., Boston. Ask your grocer for them; you will be sure to like them. cove 6m—March 25.

**ADVERTISEMENTS.**

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first insertion, and ten cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

Letter Postage required on books sent by mail to the following Territories: Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Utah.

**DR. BABCOCK.**

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN AND DERMATOLOGIST. DEVOTES his attention to the diseases and functional derangements of the Skin, Loss of Hair, Premature Baldness, or Greyness, and to the treatment of all diseases of the Skin, by the use of the most scientific and successful methods. He has been successful in the treatment of the following: "Eczema," "Psoriasis," "Acne," "Furunculosis," "Scabies," "Tinea," "Vitiligo," "Leucoderma," "Alopecia," "Hidradenoma," and other diseases of the skin, all of which can be removed safely, expeditiously and permanently by remedies which the Doctor has for many years used, in his practice, with extraordinary success.

The Doctor would call attention to the fact, that of every case of skin disease, there is not more than one which is incurable. All other cases may be greatly ameliorated, or perfectly cured, under proper treatment. His remedies are perfectly safe, harmless, and pleasant in application. He is at all times, and in all places, accessible to his patients.

Patients are earnestly advised to attend personally for advice or to describe their cases fully and minutely in writing, as the Doctor prepares no quick mixtures as standard prescriptions in all ailments, but combines and modifies his remedies to suit the peculiar requirements of each individual case. It is of course impossible that any one remedy, or set of remedies, should meet the exigencies of the complicated and various derangements of those delicate and important organs, and hence the advantage of consulting a skillful physician, who will prescribe understandingly for each patient according to the symptoms and causes with which he is afflicted.

OFFICE, NO. 210 WASHINGTON STREET, Boston, Mass.

Room No. 1, up stairs.

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